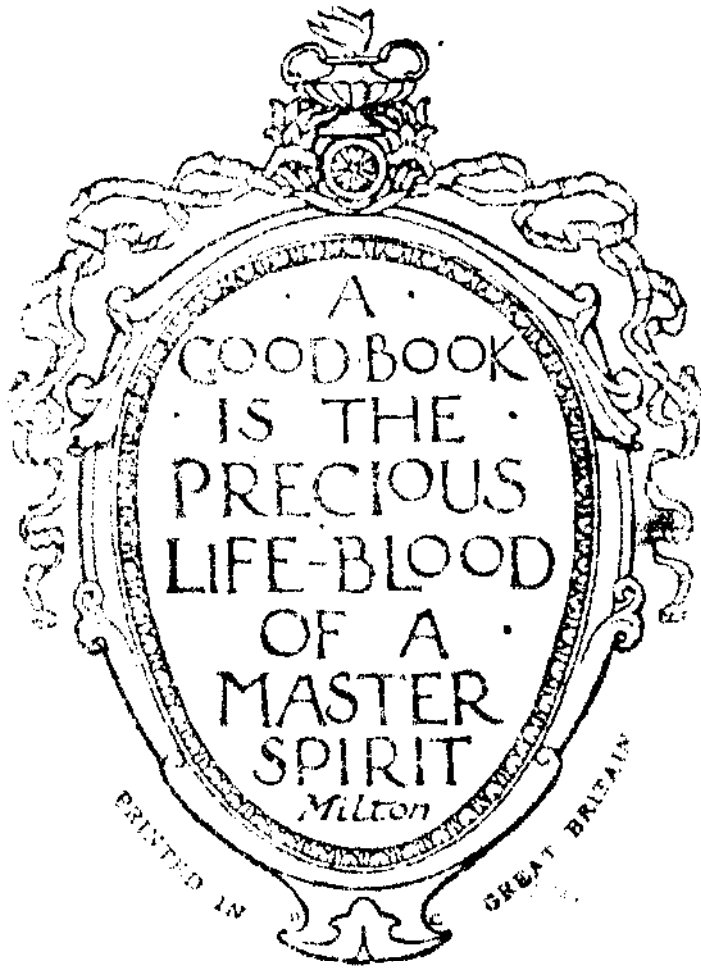


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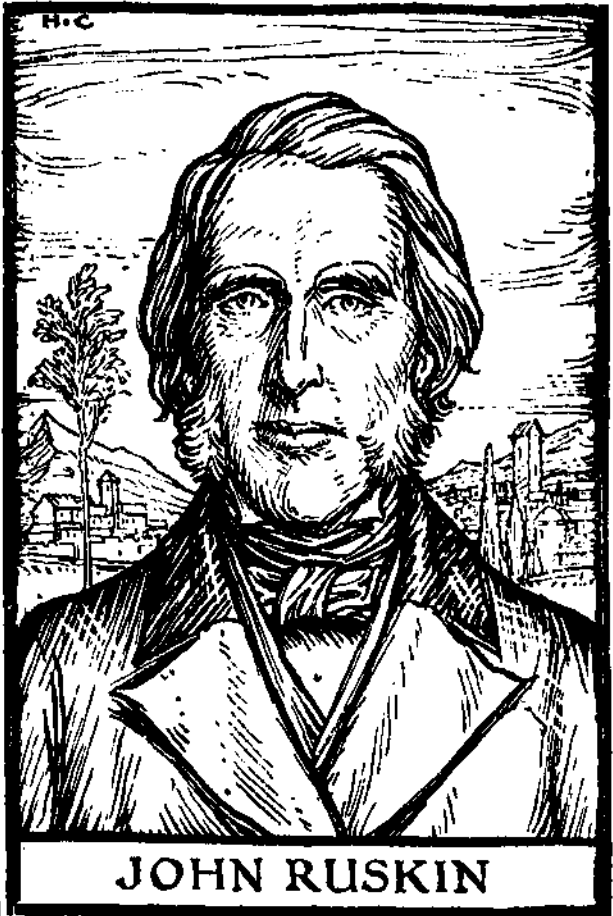
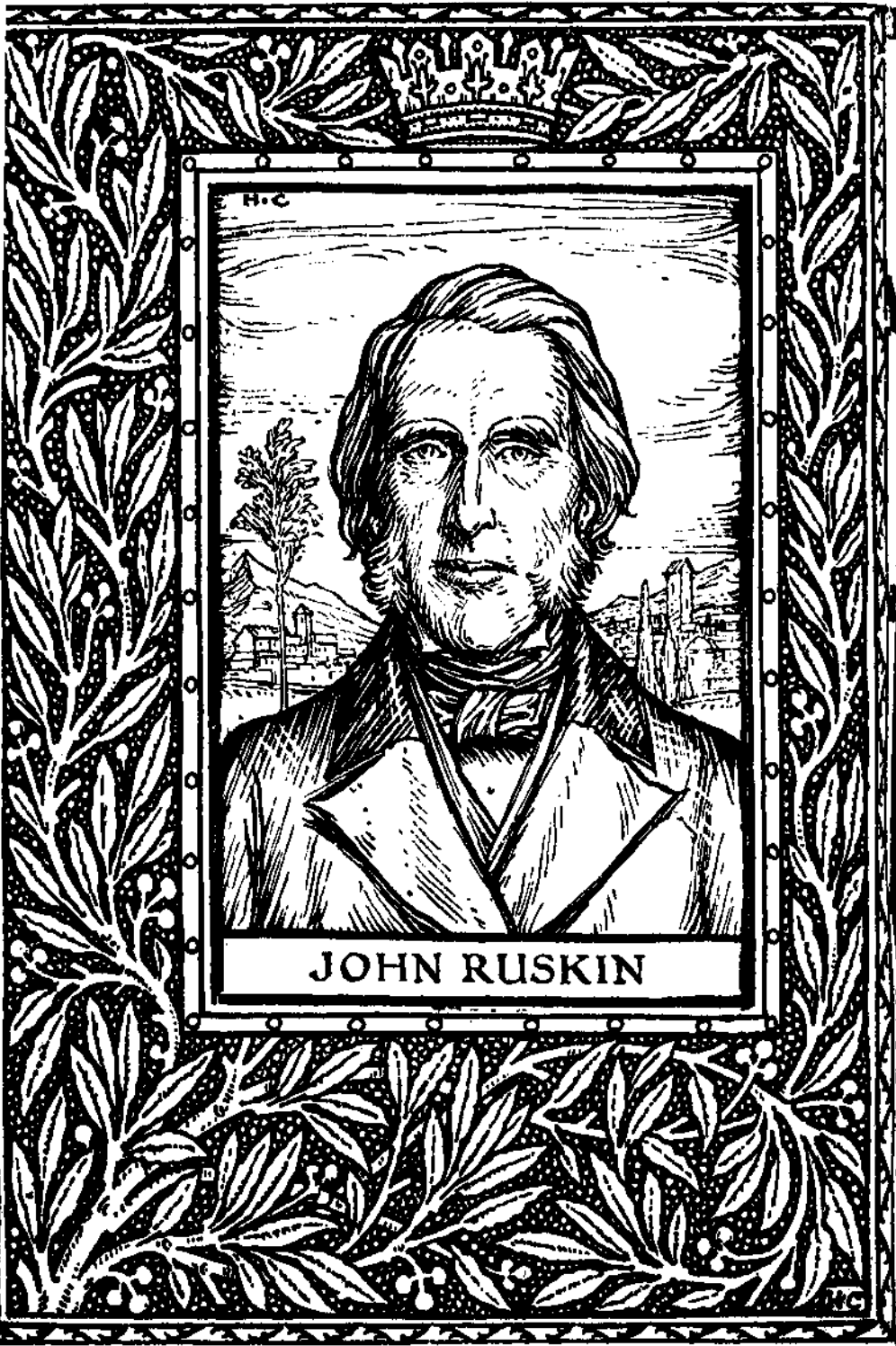


The **KINGS TREASURIES**
OF LITERATURE

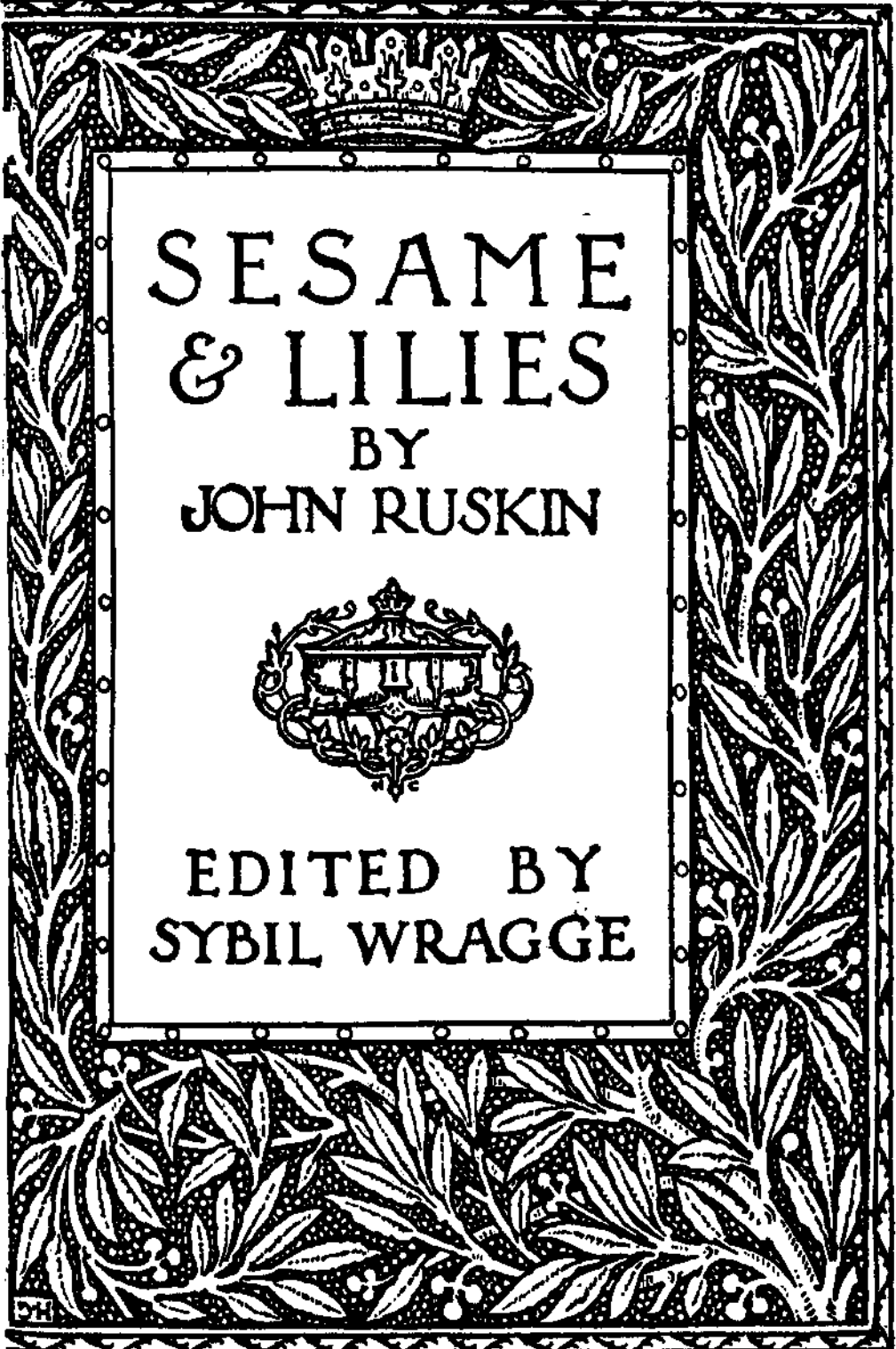
GENERAL EDITOR
SIR A.T.QUILLER COUCH



LONDON :J.M.DENT & SONS LTD



JOHN RUSKIN



SESAME
& LILIES
BY
JOHN RUSKIN



EDITED BY
SYBIL WRAGGE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION.	7
LECTURE I.—SESAME—	
OF KINGS' TREASURIES	13
Analysis of the Lecture.	87
Questions on <i>Kings' Treasuries</i>	90
LECTURE II.—LILIES—	
OF QUEENS' GARDENS	95
Analysis of the Lecture	142
Questions on <i>Queens' Gardens</i>	144
COMMENTARY—	
The Life of John Ruskin.	146
The Personality of Ruskin	161
Ruskin's Style in <i>Sesame and Lilies</i>	168
The Works of Ruskin.	177
General Questions on <i>Sesame and Lilies</i>	186
Materials for Further Study of Ruskin's Thought.	187
Bibliography.	189

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INTRODUCTION

THE volume which we know as *Sesame and Lilies*, first published in 1865, consists of two lectures delivered by Ruskin in December, 1864; the first, *Of Kings' Treasuries*, at the Rusholme Town Hall, near Manchester; the second, *Of Queens' Gardens*, in Manchester Town Hall.

The occasion of the lecture *Of Kings' Treasuries* was an appeal for funds for the formation of a library in connection with the Rusholme Institute. Naturally, therefore, books are Ruskin's theme. He desired, he tells us, to dwell on "the majesty of the influence of good books";¹ to urge that in a civilised country "valuable books should be within the reach of everyone"; to prompt the questions "How and What to read," and yet more earnestly "Why to read." All these thoughts are suggested in a kind of shorthand by the curious double title which the lecture bears: *Sesame: Of Kings' Treasuries*.

Sesame is "that old enchanted Arabian grain which opens doors." At the magic word, Sesame, the cave, containing the spoils of the forty thieves, opened before the astonished gaze of Ali Baba; but

¹ All quotations, unless otherwise stated, are from the texts or prefaces of *Sesame and Lilies*.

the Sesame which Ruskin would have us utter opens to us doors "not of robbers', but of Kings', Treasuries," yet "of quite another order of royalty and another material of riches than those usually acknowledged." The treasury which is to be found within this enchanted vault is wisdom, and the kings to whom it belongs are those who have exercised the only "pure kind of kingship; . . . the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state and a truer thoughtful state than that of others," enabling them to guide or to raise their fellows. "There is no true potency but that of help; nor true ambition but ambition to save."¹ Ruskin's first lecture, therefore, was designed to direct men how to obtain that wisdom which is the treasury of true kings, and so to become true kings themselves.

This, however, does not exhaust the meaning of the title. In a dialogue by the Greek poet, Lucian, the philosophers are induced to appear for judgment before Philosophy by the promise that "each shall have a cake of sesame." According to Aristophanes "to feed on white sesame grains" is one of the features of the ideal Ufe of the birds contrasted with the eager pursuit of unworthy objects among men. The former of these passages Ruskin selected as the motto for the lecture; its association in his mind with the latter is proved by a cross-reference in his copy of Lucian's dialogue. When, therefore, he named his

¹ *Crown of Wild Olive*, 112.

lecture *Sesame*, he intended to suggest both that there is a reward promised to those who seek wisdom, and that this reward is not that upon which ordinary people set chief value. The attainment of wisdom will bring advancement in Ufe, but advancement in life must be understood not as "becoming conspicuous in life," but as becoming increasingly "mighty of heart, mighty of mind,—magnanimous."

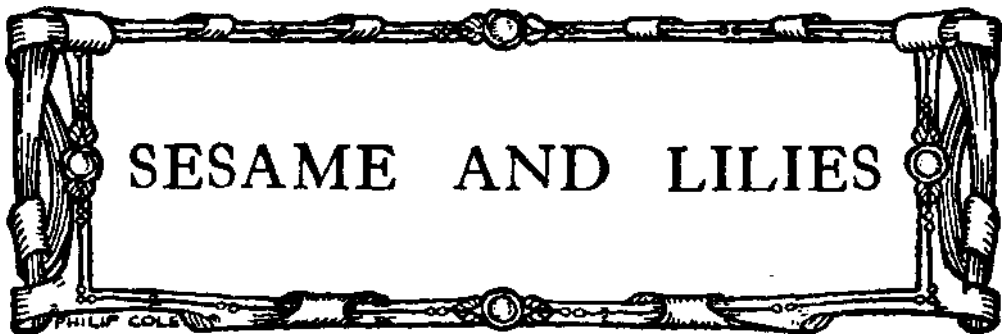
The second lecture, *Of Queens' Gardens*, was delivered in aid of a fund for additional schools in a crowded district of the city. Having in the preceding lecture indicated the nature and source of true royal power in men, Ruskin here discusses "what special portion or kind of this royal authority . . . may rightly be possessed by women," both in their household office and with respect to the state. Since all true royal power arises "out of noble education," he considers in detail what education a girl should receive to fit her for the exercise of her queenly office, so that the territory over which she reigns with "benignant power" may be as a garden in which her path is "strewn with flowers" "rising behind her steps, not before them." Such a woman is "as the lily among thorns"; under her influence shall "the desert be made cheerful and bloom as the lily"; her sceptre is the lily, symbol of purity. Fittingly, therefore, this second lecture bears the title, *Lilies*.

The title under which the two lectures were published, *Sesame and Lilies*, strikes at first strangely

upon the ear; but an inquiry into its meaning confirms Ruskin's statement in his *Ariadne Florentina* : " I am not fantastic in my titles, as is often said; but try shortly to mark my chief purpose in the book by them."



LECTURE I.-SESAME
OF KINGS' TREASURIES



LECTURE I.—SESAME OF KINGS' TREASURIES

ἐξ αὐτῆς ἐξελεύσεται ἄρτος, . . . καὶ χῶμα χρυσοῖον.

i. I BELIEVE, ladies and gentlemen, that my first duty this evening is to ask your pardon for the ambiguity of title under which the subject of lecture has been announced; and for having endeavoured, as you may ultimately think, to obtain your audience under false pretences. For indeed I am not going to talk of kings, known as regnant, nor of treasuries, understood to contain wealth; but of quite another order of royalty, and material of riches, than those usually acknowledged. And I had even intended to ask your attention for a little while on trust, and (as sometimes one contrives in taking a friend to see a favourite piece of scenery) to hide what I wanted most to

ἐξ αὐτῆς κ.τ.λ. Motto for editions 1-4, a footnote giving the references to Job xxviii. 5, 6: "As for the earth, *out of it cometh bread*; . . . *and it hath dust of gold.*" In the later editions the motto is from Lucian's dialogue, *The Fisherman*: "You shall each have a cake of sesame,—and ten pound." See Introduction.

show, with such imperfect cunning as I might, until we had unexpectedly reached the best point of view by winding paths. But since my good plain-spoken friend, Canon Anson, has already partly anticipated my reserved "trot for the avenue" in his first advertised title of subject, "How and What to Read";—and as also I have heard it said, by men practised in public address, that hearers are never so much fatigued as by the endeavour to follow a speaker who gives them no clue to his purpose, I will take the slight mask off at once, and tell you plainly that I want to speak to you about books; and about the way we read them, and could, or should read them. A grave subject, you will say; and a wide one! Yes; so wide that I shall make no effort to touch the compass of it. I will try only to bring before you a few simple thoughts about reading, which press themselves upon me every day more deeply, as I watch the course of the public mind with respect to our daily enlarging means of education, and the answeringly wider spreading, on the levels, of the irrigation of literature.

2. It happens that I have practically some connexion with schools for different classes of youth; and I receive many letters from parents respecting the education of their children. In the mass of these letters, I am always struck by the precedence which the idea a "position in life" takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. "The education befitting such

and such a *station in life* "—this is the phrase, this the object always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself: the conception of abstract Tightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But an education " which shall keep a good coat on my son's back;—an education which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitors' bell at double-belled doors;—education which shall result ultimately in establishment of a double-belled door to his own house; in a word, which shall lead, to advancement in life." It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which, in itself, is advancement in Life;—that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death;—and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and by no favour, to be got, if they set about it in the wrong.

3. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of this busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of " Advancement in life." My main purpose this evening is to determine, with you, what this idea practically includes, and what it should include.

Practically, then, at present, " advancement in life " means becoming conspicuous in life;—obtaining

a position which shall be acknowledged by others to be respectable or honourable. We do not understand by this advancement, in general, the mere making of money, but the being known to have made it; not the accomplishment of any great aim, but the being seen to have accomplished it. In a word, we mean the gratification of our thirst for applause. That thirst, if the last infirmity of noble minds, is also the first infirmity of weak ones; and, on the whole, the strongest impulsive influence of average humanity; the greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure.

4. I am not about to attack or defend this impulse. I want you only to feel how it lies at the root of effort; especially of all modern effort. It is the gratification of vanity which is, with us, the stimulus of toil, and balm of repose; so closely does it touch the very springs of life that the wounding of our vanity is always spoken of (and truly) as in its measure *mortal*; we call it "mortification," using the same expression which we should apply to a gangrenous and incurable bodily hurt. And although few of us may be physicians enough to recognise the various effect of this passion upon health and energy, I believe most honest men know, and would at once

3. *The last infirmity of noble minds.* A. reference to Milton's *Lycidas*:

"Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days."

acknowledge, its leading power with them as a motive. The seaman does not commonly desire to be made captain only because he knows he can manage the ship better than any other sailor on board. He wants to be made captain that he may be *called* captain. The clergyman does not usually want to be made a bishop only because he believes that no other hand can, as firmly as his, direct the diocese through its difficulties. He wants to be made bishop primarily that he may be called "My Lord." And a prince does not usually desire to enlarge, or a subject to gain, a kingdom because he believes that no one else can as well serve the state upon the throne; but, briefly, because he wishes to be addressed as "Your Majesty," by as many lips as may be brought to such utterance.

5. This, then, being the main idea of advancement in life, the force of it applies, for all of us, according to our station, particularly to that secondary result of such advancement which we call "getting into good society." We want to get into good society, not that we may have it, but that we may be seen in it; and our notion of its goodness depends, primarily on its conspicuousness.

Will you pardon me if I pause for a moment to put what I fear you may think an impertinent question? I never can go on with an address unless I feel, or know, that my audience are either with me or against me: (I do not much care which, in beginning); but I must know where they are; and I would fain find out, at this instant, whether you

think I am putting the motives of popular action too low. I am resolved, to-night, to state them low enough to be admitted as probable; for whenever, in my writings on Political Economy, I assume that a little honesty, or generosity,—or what used to be called "virtue"—may be calculated upon as a human motive of action, people always answer me, saying, "You must not calculate on that: that is not in human nature: you must not assume anything to be common to men but acquisitiveness and jealousy; no other feeling ever has influence on them, except accidentally, and in matters out of the way of business." I begin accordingly to-night low down in the scale of motives; but I must know if you think me right in doing so. Therefore, let me ask those who admit the love of praise to be usually the strongest motive in men's minds in seeking advancement, and the honest desire of doing any kind of duty to be an entirely secondary one, to hold up their hands. (*About a dozen of hands held up—the audience partly not being sure the lecturer is serious, and partly shy of expressing opinion.*) I am quite serious—I really do want to know what you think; however, I can judge by putting the reverse question. Will those who think that duty is generally the first, and love of praise the second, motive, hold up their hands? (*One hand reported to have been held up, behind the lecturer.*) Very good: I see you are with me, and that you think I have not begun too near the ground. Now, without teasing you by putting farther question,

I venture to assume that you will admit duty as at least a secondary or tertiary motive. You think that the desire of doing something-useful, or obtaining some real good, is indeed an existent collateral idea, though a secondary one, in most men's desire of advancement. You will grant that moderately honest men desire place and office, at least in some measure for the sake of their beneficent power; and would wish to associate rather with sensible and well-informed persons than with fools and ignorant persons, whether they are seen in the company of the sensible ones or not. And finally, without being troubled by repetition of any common truisms about the preciousness of friends, and the influence of companions, you will admit, doubtless, that according to the sincerity of our desire that our friends may be true, and our companions wise,—and in proportion to the earnestness and discretion with which we choose both, will be the general chances of our happiness and usefulness.

6. But, granting that we had both the will and the sense to choose our friends well, how few of us have the power! or, at least, how limited, for most, is the sphere of choice! Nearly all our associations are determined by chance, or necessity; and restricted within a narrow circle. We cannot know whom we would; and those whom we know, we cannot have at our side when we most need them. All the higher circles of human intelligence are, to those beneath, only momentarily and partially open. We

may, by good fortune, obtain a glimpse of a great poet, and hear the sound of his voice; or put a question to a man of science, and be answered good-humouredly. We may intrude ten minutes' talk on a cabinet minister, answered probably with words worse than silence, being deceptive; or snatch, once or twice in our lives, the privilege of throwing a bouquet in the path of a Princess, or arresting the kind glance of a Queen. And yet these momentary chances we covet; and spend our years, and passions, and powers in pursuit of little more than these; while, meantime, there is a society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation;—talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and so gentle,—and can be kept waiting round us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it;—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly furnished and narrow anterooms, our bookcase shelves,—we make no account of that company,—perhaps never listen to a word they would say, all day long!

7. You may tell me, perhaps, or think within yourselves, that the apathy with which we regard this company of the noble, who are praying us to listen to them, and the passion with which we pursue

7. *Apathy, etc.* In this sentence the words "apathy," "regard," "noble," "praying us," in the first part are contrasted with "passion," "pursue," "ignoble," "despise us," respectively, in the second part.

the company, probably of the ignoble, who despise us, or who have nothing to teach us, are grounded in this,—that we can see the faces of the living men, and it is themselves, and not their sayings, with which we desire to become familiar. But it is not so. Suppose you never were to see their faces;—suppose you could be put behind a screen in the statesman's cabinet, or the prince's chamber, would you not be glad to listen to their words, though you were forbidden to advance beyond the screen? And when the screen is only a little less, folded in two, instead of four, and you can be hidden behind the cover of the two boards that bind a book, and listen, all day long, not to the casual talk, but to the studied, determined, chosen addresses of the wisest of men;—this station of audience, and honourable privy council, you despise!

8. But perhaps you will say that it is because the living people talk of things that are passing, and are of immediate interest to you, that you desire to hear them. Nay; that cannot be so, for the living people will themselves tell you about passing matters, much better in their writings than in their careless talk. But I admit that this motive does influence you, so far as you prefer those rapid and ephemeral writings to slow and enduring writings—books, properly so called. For all books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last,

and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go farther.

9. The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for, strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper

8. *Species.* Class included in a higher division. Thus under the general term, books, are included the two species, books for the hour, and books for all time.

may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such and such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor, in the real sense, to be "read." A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him;—this the piece of true knowledge, or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock,

if he could; saying, "This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory/" That is his "writing"; it is, in his small human way, and with whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a "Book/"

10. Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness? or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

11. Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and life is short. You have heard as much before;—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read

9. *As the vapour.* James iv. 14: "For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Inscription, scripture. Both words contain the root of the Latin verb meaning "to write" (*scribere, scriptum*).

that—that what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow ? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here, and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

12. " The place you desire," and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates.

12. *Guardian of those Elysian gates.* According to the Greeks Elysium was the abode of happiness to which those who were considered worthy were admitted after death by Cerberus, the dog who kept watch at the entrance of Hades, or the under-world.

In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, "Do you deserve to enter? Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms?—no. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognise our presence."

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them, and show your love in these two following ways.

13. I.—First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and to enter into their thoughts. To enter

That silent Faubourg St. Germain. The Faubourg St. Germain was the residential district in Paris of the French noblesse. Until the end of the seventeenth century it lay outside the city fortifications; hence the name Faubourg, meaning "the portion of a city lying outside the gates."

Feign, interpret. These two words correspond with "assume," "explain" in the preceding phrase, and contrast with "share our feelings" and "rise to the level of on thoughts" in the following phrase, which suggests the alternative course.

into theirs, observe; not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, "How good this is—that's exactly what I think!" But the right feeling is, "How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day." But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, will not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There

13. *Physical type of wisdom.* That which stands for or represents wisdom, when you are speaking of it in terms of like physical world; an emblem.

seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where: you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

14. And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, "Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow, and my breath good, and my jtemper? And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patientest fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

15. And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly

and authoritatively, (I *know* I am right in this,) you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called "literature," and that a man versed in it is called, by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with that accidental nomenclature this real principle:—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly "illiterate," uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter by letter,—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces, he pronounces rightly;

15. *Literature.* The word is derived from the Latin word, meaning a letter. In speech we use sounds to convey our meaning; in books we use letters. Hence the study of books is known as "literature" or "the study of letters"; and a man who has made no study of books is called "illiterate" or "without letters." Ruskin suggests that if we read books without studying their words letter by letter we still remain "illiterate."

above all, he is learned in the *peerage* of words; knows the words of true descent and ancient blood, at a glance, from words of modern *canaille*; remembers all their ancestry—their inter-marriages, distantest relationships, and the extent to which they were admitted, and offices they held, among the national noblesse of words at any time, and in any country. But an uneducated person may know by memory any number of languages, and talk them all, and yet truly know not a word of any,—not a word even of his own. An ordinarily clever and sensible seaman will be able to make his way ashore at most ports; yet he has only to speak a sentence of any language to be known for an illiterate person; so also the accent, or turn of expression of a single sentence will at once mark a scholar. And this is so strongly felt, so conclusively admitted, by educated persons, that a false accent or a mistaken syllable is enough, in the parliament of any civilized nation, to assign to a man a certain degree of inferior standing for ever.

16. And this is right; but it is a pity that the accuracy insisted on is not greater, and required to a serious purpose. *It* is right that a false Latin quantity should excite a smile in the House of Commons; but it is wrong that a false English [meaning should *not* excite a frown there.] Let 'the accent of words be watched, by all means,

***Canaille.* Pack of dogs, a contemptuous term for the rabble or mob.**

but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. There are masked words droning and skulking about us in Europe just now,—(there never were so many, owing to the spread of a shallow, blotching, blundering, infectious "information," or rather deformation, everywhere, and to the teaching of catechisms and phrases at schools instead of human meanings)—there are masked words abroad, I say, which nobody understands, but which everybody uses, and most people will also fight for, live for, or even die for, fancying they mean this, or that, or the other, of things dear to them: for such words wear chameleon cloaks—"groundlion" cloaks, of the colour of the ground of any man's fancy: on that

16. *Information.* According to derivation the word means "giving form," and so "giving form or shape to the mind by the imparting of knowledge." Ruskin suggests that the wrong kind of knowledge, or knowledge given in the wrong way, will not form the mind, but deform, misshape it.

Chamaleon. The second part of the word is the Greek word for "lion"; the first part is the Greek for "on the ground," or "close to the ground." The whole word thus means "a dwarf lion," and was the name given to a kind of lizard. This lizard has the power of changing the colour of its skin, and Ruskin therefore interprets the name as meaning "that which takes the colour of the ground." The suggestion of the lion is kept in the following metaphor of the creature of prey, lying in wait to spring upon and rend the man.

ground they lie in wait, and rend him with a spring from it. There were never creatures of prey so mischievous, never diplomatists so cunning, never poisoners so deadly, as these masked words; they are the unjust stewards of all men's ideas: whatever fancy or favourite instinct a man most cherishes, he gives to his favourite masked word to take care of for him; the word at last comes to have an infinite power over him,—you cannot get at him but by its ministry.

17. And in languages so mongrel in breed as the English, there is a fatal power of equivocation put into men's hands, almost whether they will or no, in being able to use Greek or Latin forms for a word when they want it to be respectable, and Saxon or otherwise common forms when they want to discredit it. What a singular and salutary effect, for instance, would be produced on the minds of people who are in the habit of taking the Form of the words they live by, for the Power of which those words tell them, if we always either retained, or refused, the Greek form "biblos," or "biblion," as the right expression for "book"—instead of employing it only in the one instance in which we wish to give dignity to the idea, and translating it everywhere else. How wholesome it would be for the many simple persons who worship the Letter of God's Word instead of its Spirit (just as other idolaters worship His picture instead of His presence,) if, in such places (for instance) as Acts xix. 19, we retained

the Greek expression, instead of translating it, and they had to read—" Many of them also which used curious arts, brought their bibles together, and burnt them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver "! Or if, on the other hand, we translated instead of retaining it, and always spoke of " the Holy Book," instead of " Holy Bible," it might come into more heads than it does at present that the Word of God, by which the heavens were, of old, and by which they are now kept in store, cannot be made a present of to anybody in morocco binding; nor sown on any wayside by help either of steam plough or steam press; but is nevertheless being offered to us daily, and by us with contumely refused; and sown in us daily, and by us, as instantly as may be, choked.

18. So, again, consider what effect has been produced on the English vulgar mind by the use of the sonorous Latin form " damno," in translating the Greek κατακρίνω, when people charitably wish to make it forcible; and the substitution of the temperate " condemn " for it, when they choose to keep it gentle. And what notable sermons have been preached by illiterate clergymen on—" He that

17. *Kept in store.* 2 Peter iii. 5-7: " By the word of God the heavens were of old; . . . which, by the same word are kept in store."

18. *The vulgar mind.* The mind of the common people. The root of the word " vulgar " is that of the Latin *vulgus*, " the multitude " or " common people."

believeth not shall be damned "; though they would shrink with horror from translating, Heb. xi. 7, " The saving of his house, by which he damned the world," or John viii. 12, " Woman, hath no man damned thee? She saith, No man, Lord. Jesus answered her, Neither do I damn thee; go and sin no more." And divisions in the mind of Europe, which have cost seas of blood, and in the defence of which the noblest souls of men have been cast away in frantic desolation, countless as forest-leaves—though, in the heart of them, founded on deeper causes—have nevertheless been rendered practically possible, namely, by the European adoption of the Greek word for a public meeting, to give peculiar respectability to such meetings, when held for religious purposes; and other collateral equivocations, such as the vulgar English one of using the word " priest " as a contraction for " presbyter."

19. Now, in order to deal with words rightly, this is the habit you must form. Nearly every word in

The Greek word for a public meeting. The Greek word, *ecclesia*, means " assembly." Ruskin suggests that the unjustifiable restriction of the use of the word *ecclesia* to the assembly for religious purposes assisted the confusion of thought which underlay the attempt to give special authority and sanctity to such an assembly, *i.e.*, to the Church. It was, therefore, indirectly, one of the causes of the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Priest, presbyter. The word " priest" is probably a contracted form of the Greek or Latin " presbyter." Yet, Ruskin suggests, bitter divisions have been caused in the Church over the question whether its officials are to be priests or presbyters, though, in reality, the two words are one and the same.

your language has been first a word of some other language—of Saxon, German, French, Latin, or Greek; (not to speak of eastern and primitive dialects). And many words have been all these;—that is to say, have been Greek first, Latin next, French or German next, and English last: undergoing a certain change of sense and use on the lips of each nation; but retaining a deep, vital meaning which all good scholars feel in employing them, even at this day. If you do not know the Greek alphabet, learn it; young or old—girl or boy—whoever you may be, if you think of reading seriously (which, of course, implies that you have some leisure at command), learn your Greek alphabet; then get good dictionaries of all these languages, and whenever you are in doubt about a word, hunt it down patiently. Read Max Miiller's lectures thoroughly, to begin with; and, after that, never let a word escape you that looks suspicious. It is severe work; but you will find it, even at first, interesting, and at last, endlessly amusing. And the general gain to your character, in power and precision, will be quite incalculable.

Mind, this does not imply knowing, or trying to know, Greek, or Latin, or French. It takes a whole life to learn any language perfectly. But you can easily ascertain the meanings through which the

19. *Max Muller's lectures.* Max Muller (1823-1900), the German scholar from whom Ruskin learnt much of his science of language. He delivered his lectures on *The Science of Language* in London in 1861 and 1863.

English word has passed; and those which in a good writer's work it must still bear.

20. And now, merely for example's sake, I will, with your permission, read a few lines of a true book with you, carefully; and see what will come out of them. I will take a book perfectly known to you all. No English words are more familiar to us, yet nothing perhaps has been less read with sincerity. I will take these few following lines of *Lycidas*.

Last came, and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake;
 Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain),
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake,
 How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
 Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else, the least
 That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!

20. *What will come out of them.* According to Ruskin's reading of this passage of *Lycidas* the central idea is that of the bishop's office. Milton, by investing St. Peter with the signs of episcopal power, shows that he believes there is such an office (20). The words "creep and intrude and climb" indicate the different kinds of false episcopate (21). An investigation of the meaning of "blind mouths" introduces a discussion as to the duties of the true episcopate (22). The effects of the religious teaching given under a false episcopate are suggested in the phrase "swoln with wind" (23). Lastly, the true episcopate is shown to have in a real sense the keys of heaven and hell (24).

What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped;
 And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
 Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said.

Let us think over this passage, and examine its words.

First, is it not singular to find Milton assigning to St. Peter, not only his full episcopal function, but the very types of it which Protestants usually refuse most passionately? His "mitred" locks! Milton was no Bishop-lover; how comes St. Peter to be "mitred" ? "Two massy keys he bore." Is this, then, the power of the keys claimed by the Bishops of Rome, and is it acknowledged here by Milton only in a poetical licence, for the sake of its picturesqueness, that he may get the gleam of the golden keys to help this effect? Do not think it. Great men do not play stage tricks with the doctrines of life and death: only little men do that. Milton means what he says; and means it with his might too—is going to put the whole strength of his spirit presently into the saying of it. For though not a lover of false bishops, he *was* a lover of true ones; and the Lake-pilot is here, in his thoughts, the type and head of true episcopal power. For Milton reads that text, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven," quite honestly. Puritan though he be, he

The keys of the kingdom of Heaven. Matthew xvi. 19, Christ's promise to Peter.

would not blot it out of the book because there have been bad bishops; nay, in order to understand him, we must understand that verse first; it will not do to eye it askance, or whisper it under our breath, as if it were a weapon of an adverse sect. It is a solemn, universal assertion, deeply to be kept in mind by all sects. But perhaps we shall be better able to reason on it if we go on a little farther, and come back to it. For clearly, this marked insistence on the power of the true episcopate is to make us feel more weightily what is to be charged against the false claimants of episcopate; or generally, against false claimants of power and rank in the body of the clergy; they who, "for their bellies' sake, creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold."

21. Do not think Milton uses those three words to fill up his verse, as a loose writer would. He needs all the three; specially those three, and no more than those—"creep," and "intrude," and "climb"; no other words would or could serve the turn, and no more could be added. For they exhaustively comprehend the three classes, correspondent to the three characters, of men who dishonestly seek ecclesiastical power. First, those who "*creep*" into the fold; who do not care for office, nor name, but for secret influence, and do all things occultly and cunningly, consenting to any servility of office or conduct, so only that they may intimately discern, and unawares direct, the minds of men. Then those who

"intrude" (thrust, that is) themselves into the fold, who by natural insolence of heart, and stout eloquence of tongue, and fearlessly perseverant self-assertion, obtain hearing and authority with the common crowd. Lastly, those who "climb," who, by labour and learning, both stout and sound, but selfishly exerted in the cause of their own ambition, gain high dignities and authorities, and become "lords over the heritage," though not "ensamples to the flock."

22. Now go on:—

**Of other care they little reckoning make.
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast.
Blind mouths—**

I pause again, for this is a strange expression; a broken metaphor, one might think, careless and unscholarly.

Not so: its very audacity and pithiness are intended to make us look close at the phrase and remember it. Those two monosyllables express the precisely accurate contraries of right character, in the two great offices of the Church—th&se of bishop and pastor.

A Bishop means a person who sees.

A Pastor means one who feeds.

The most unbishoply character a man can have is therefore to be Blind.

22. *Bishop.* The word is a shortened form of the Greek *episkopos*, "one who keeps watch over," "overseer." Ruskin says later: "The bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock."

The most unpastoral is, instead of feeding, to want to be fed,—to be a Mouth.

Take the two reverses together, and you have "blind mouths." We may advisably follow out this idea a little. Nearly all the evils in the Church have arisen from bishops desiring *power* more than *light*. They want authority, not outlook. Whereas their real office is not to rule; though it may be vigorously to exhort and rebuke; it is the king's office to rule; the bishop's office is to *oversee* the flock; to number it, sheep by sheep; to be ready always to give full account of it. Now it is clear he cannot give account of the souls, if he has not so much as numbered the bodies of his flock. The first thing, therefore, that a bishop has to do is at least to put himself in a position in which, at any moment, he can obtain the history from childhood of every living soul in his diocese, and of its present state. Down in that back street, Bill, and Nancy, knocking each other's teeth out!—Does the Bishop know all about it? Has he his eye upon them? Has he *had* his eye upon them? Can he circumstantially explain to us how Bill got into the habit of beating Nancy about the head? If he cannot, he is no bishop, though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple; he is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the masthead; he has no sight of things. "Nay," you say, it is not his duty to look after Bill in the back street. What! the fat sheep that have full fleeces—you think it is only those he should

look after, while (go back to your Milton) " the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw" (bishops knowing nothing about it) " daily devours apace, and nothing said " ?

" But that's not our idea of a bishop." Perhaps not; but it was St. Paul's; and it was Milton's. They may be right, or we may be; but we must not think we are reading either one or the other by putting our meaning into their words.

23. I go on.

But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw.

This is to meet the vulgar answer that " if the poor are not looked after in their bodies, they are in their souls; they have spiritual food."

And Milton says, " They have no such thing as spiritual food; they are only swollen with wind." At first you may think that is a coarse type, and an obscure one. But again, it is a quite literally accurate one. Take up your Latin and Greek dictionaries, and find out the meaning of " Spirit." It

It was St. Paul's. Compare, for example, Acts xx. 28, where St Paul exhorts his hearers, " Take heed . . . to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers."

23. *The vulgar answer.* The answer of the ordinary person. Compare 18.

Spirit. The word means literally " breath," or " wind." To have spiritual food, therefore, means to be filled with the breath of God. A flock of sheep may be pastured on the hills and breathe the air of heaven, which gives health; or it may be pastured in the fens, and breathe nothing but

is only a contraction of the Latin word "breath," and an indistinct translation of the Greek word for "wind." The same is used in writing, "The wind bloweth where it listeth"; and in writing, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit"; born of the *breath*, that is; for it means the breath of God, in soul and body. We have the true sense of it in our words "inspiration" and "expire." Now, there are two kinds of breath with which the flock may be filled; God's breath, and man's. The breath of God is health, and life, and peace to them, as the air of heaven is to the flocks on the hills; but man's breath—the word which *he* calls spiritual,—is disease and contagion to them, as the fog of the fen. They rot inwardly with it; they are puffed up by it, as a dead body by the vapours of its own decomposition. This is literally true of all false religious teaching; the first, and last, and fatalest sign of it is that "puffing up." Your converted children, who teach their parents; your converted convicts, who teach honest men; your converted dunces, who, having lived in cretinous stupefaction half their lives,

fog and vapour, the result being inward corruption, of which the outward sign is swelling, puffing up. So people may be filled with the breath of God, which "is health, and life, and peace"; or with the breath of man, which is "disease and contagion," indicated by "puffing up."

Born of the Spirit, John lii. 8.

Puffing up. Compare I Corinthians viii. I: "Knowledge puffeth up."

Cretinous. Imperfectly developed physically and mentally; deformed and idiotic.

suddenly awaking to the fact of there being a God, fancy themselves therefore His peculiar people and messengers; your sectarians of every-species, small and great, Catholic or Protestant, of high church or low, in so far as they think themselves exclusively in the right and others wrong; and pre-eminently, in every sect, those who hold that men can be saved by thinking rightly instead of doing rightly, by word instead of act, and wish instead of work:—these are the true fog children—clouds, these, without water; bodies, these, of putrescent vapour and skin, without blood or flesh: blown bag-pipes for the fiends to pipe with—corrupt, and corrupting,— " Swollen with wind, and the rank mist they draw."

24. Lastly, let us return to the lines respecting the power of the keys, for now we can understand them. Note the difference between Milton and Dante in their interpretation of this power: for once, the latter is weaker in thought; he supposes *both* the keys to be of the gate of heaven; one is of gold, the other of silver: they are given by St. Peter to the sentinel angel; and it is not easy to determine the meaning either of the substances of the three steps of the gate, or of the two keys. But Milton makes one, of gold, the key of heaven; the other, of iron, the key

Clouds, these, without water. Compare *Judo 12*: "Clouds they are without water."

24. *Weaker in thought.* In *Purgatorio*, ix., Dante describes how the gate of purgatory is approached by three steps, " of different colour each." He is admitted by an angel who opens the gate with " Two keys, of metal twain."

of the prison, in which the wicked teachers are to be bound who " have taken away the key of knowledge, yet entered not in themselves."

We have seen that the duties of bishop and pastor are to see, and feed; and, of all who do so, it is said, " He that watereth, shall be watered also himself." But the reverse is truth also. He that watereth not, shall be *withered* himself; and he that seeth not, shall himself be shut out of sight,—shut into the perpetual prison-house. And that prison opens here, as well as hereafter: he who is to be bound in heaven must first be bound on earth. That command to the strong angels, of which the rock-apostle in the image, " Take him, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him out," issues, in its measure, against the teacher, for every help withheld, and for every truth refused, and for every falsehood enforced; so that he is more strictly fettered the more he fetters, and farther outcast, as he more and more misleads, till at last the bars of the iron cage close upon him, and as " the golden opes, the iron shuts amain."

Entered not in themselves. Luke xi. 52: " Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

Shall be watered also himself. Proverbs xi. 25.

Rock-apostle. The name Peter is from the Greek word, meaning "rock." Compare Matthew xvi. 18: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church."

Cast him out. Matthew xxii. 13, the verdict passed on the man who came to the wedding-feast without the wedding garment: " Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness."

25. We have got something out of the lines, I think, and much more is yet to be found in them; but we have done enough by way of example of the kind of word-by-word examination of your author which is rightly called "reading"; watching every accent and expression, and putting ourselves always in the author's place, annihilating our own personality, and seeking to enter into his, so as to be able assuredly to say, "Thus Milton thought," not "Thus I thought, in mis-reading Milton." And by this process you will gradually come to attach less weight to your own "Thus I thought" at other times. You will begin to perceive that what *you* thought was a matter of no serious importance;—that your thoughts on any subject are not perhaps the clearest and wisest that could be arrived at thereupon:—in fact, that unless you are a very singular person, you cannot be said to have any "thoughts" at all; that you have no materials for them, in any serious matters;—no right to "think," but only to try to learn more of the facts. Nay, most probably all your Ufe (unless, as I said, you are a singular person) you will have no legitimate right to an "opinion" on any business, except that instantly under your hand. What must of necessity be done, you can always find out, beyond question, how to do. Have you a house to keep in order, a commodity to sell, a field to plough, a ditch to cleanse? There need be no two opinions about these proceedings; it is at your peril if you have not much

more than an "opinion" on the way to manage such matters. And also, outside of your own business, there are one or two subjects on which you are bound to have but one opinion. That roguery and lying are objectionable, and are instantly to be flogged out of the way whenever discovered;—that covetousness and love of quarrelling are dangerous dispositions even in children, and deadly dispositions in men and nations;—that in the end, the God of heaven and earth loves active, modest, and kind people, and hates idle, proud, greedy, and cruel ones;—on these general facts you are bound to have but one, and that a very strong opinion. For the rest, respecting religions, governments, sciences, arts, you will find that, on the whole, you can know NOTHING,—judge nothing; that the best you can do, even though you may be a well-educated person, is to be silent, and strive to be wiser every day, and to understand a little more of the thoughts of others, which so soon as you try to do honestly, you will discover that the thoughts even of the wisest are very little more than pertinent questions. To put the difficulty into a clear shape, and exhibit to you the grounds for indecision, that is all they can generally do for you!—and well! for them and for us, if indeed they are able "to mix the music with our thoughts, and sadden us with heavenly doubts." This writer, from whom I have been reading to you, is not among the first or wisest:

25. With heavenly doubts. Quoted from Emerson's To Rhea.

he sees shrewdly as far as he sees, and therefore it is easy to find out his full meaning; but with the greater men, you cannot fathom their meaning; they do not even wholly measure it themselves,—it is so wide. Suppose I had asked you, for instance, to seek for Shakespeare's opinion, instead of Milton's, on this matter of Church authority?—or for Dante's? Have any of you, at this instant, the least idea what either thought about it? Have you ever balanced the scene with the bishops in Richard III. against the character of Cranmer? the description of St. Francis and St. Dominic against that of him who made Virgil wonder to gaze upon him,—"*disteso, tanto vilmente, nell' eterno esilio*"; or of him whom Dante stood beside, "*come 'l frate che confessa lo perfido assassin*"? Shakespeare and Alighieri knew men better than most of us, I pre-

Character of Cranmer. In Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*
St. Francis and St. Dominic. Described by Dante in *Paradiso*, xi. and xii.

Neir eterno esilio. In *Inferno*, xxiii. Dante comes upon Caiaphas:

" I noted then
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal."

Perfido assassin. In *Inferno*, xix., Dante meets with Pop^o Nicholas III.:

" There stood I like the friar, that doth shrive
A wretch for murder doom'd."

Alighieri. Dante's family name.

sumel They were both in the midst of the main struggle between the temporal and spiritual powers. They had an opinion, we may guess? But where is it? Bring it into court! Put Shakespeare's or Dante's creed into articles, and send *that* up into the Ecclesiastical Courts!

26. You will not be able, I tell you again, for many and many a day, to come at the real purposes and teaching of these great men; but a very little honest study of them will enable you to perceive that what you took for your own "judgment" was mere chance prejudice, and drifted, helpless, entangled weed of castaway thought: nay, you will see that most men's minds are indeed little better than rough heath wilderness, neglected and stubborn, partly barren, partly overgrown with pestilent brakes and venomous wind-sown herbage of evil surmise; that the first thing you have to do for them, and yourself, is eagerly and scornfully to set fire to *this*; burn all the jungle into wholesome ash-heaps, and then plough and sow. All the true literary work before you, for life, must begin with obedience to that order, "Break up your fallow ground, and sow *not among thorns.*"

The Ecclesiastical Courts. Courts having jurisdiction in church matters. In 1864 a good deal of excitement had been roused because the Privy Council had reversed the decision of one of these courts, the Court of Arches, on cases arising out of *Essays and Reviews*, a book published in 1860, which had caused considerable religious controversy.

26. *Sow not among thorns.* Jeremiah iv. 3.

27. II. Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their Thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their Hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty Passion. Passion, or "sensation." I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another,—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earth-worms, liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade, perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, *it is* good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

28. You know I said of that great and pure society of the dead, that it would allow "no vain or vulgar person to enter there." What do you think I meant by a "vulgar" person? What do you yourselves mean by "vulgarity"? You will find it a fruitful subject of thought; but, briefly, the essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation. Simple and innocent vulgarity is merely an untrained and undeveloped bluntness of body and mind; but in true inbred vulgarity, there is a deathful callousness,

which, in extremity, becomes capable of every sort of bestial habit and crime, without fear, without pleasure, without horror, and without pity. It is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar, precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy,—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the "tact" or touch-faculty of body and soul: that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognise what God has made good.

29. We come then to that great concourse of the Dead, not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is Righteous. Now, to feel with them, we must be like them; and none of us can become that without pains. As the true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge,—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to

28. *Tact.* The word is derived from the Latin verb meaning "to touch" (*tangere, factum*). It means, therefore, "a fine sense of touch," or "sensitiveness to the touch," or, as Ruskin defines it, "fineness and fulness of sensation."

them they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. Its nobility is in its force and justice; it is wrong when it is weak, and felt for paltry cause. There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think that the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door, or a servant prying into her master's business;—and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the place of the great continents beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the source of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven,—things which "the angels desire to look into." So the anxiety is ignoble, with which you linger over the course and catastrophe of an idle tale; but do you think the anxiety is less, or greater, with which you watch, or *ought* to watch, the dealings of fate and destiny with the life of an agonised nation? Alas! it is the narrowness, selfishness,

29. *The angels desire to look into, I Peter i. 12.*

The life of an agonised nation. A reference to the suppression of Poland by Russia in 1863-64. Compare 30.

minuteness, of your sensation that you have to deplore in England at this day;—sensation which spends itself in bouquets and speeches; in revellings and junketings;—in sham fights and gay puppet shows, while you can look on and see noble nations murdered, man by man, woman by woman, child by child, without an effort, or a tear. *J*

30. I said " minuteness " and " selfishness " of sensation, but in a word, I ought to have said " injustice " or " unrighteousness " of sensation. For as in nothing is a gentleman better to be discerned from a vulgar person, so in nothing is a gentle nation (such nations have been) better to be discerned from a mob, than in this,—that their feelings are constant and just, results of due contemplation, and of equal thought. You can talk a mob into anything; its feelings may be—usually are—on the whole generous and right; but it has no foundation for them, no hold of them; you may tease or tickle it into any, at your pleasure; it thinks by infection, for the most part, catching a passion like a cold, and there is nothing so little that it will not roar itself wild about, when the fit is on;—nothing so great but it will forget in an hour, when the fit is past. But a gentleman's, or a gentle nation's, passions are just, measured, and continuous. A great nation, for instance, does not

30. *Constant and just.* Constant, because they are the result of " due contemplation " ; and just, because they are the result of " equal thought."

spend its entire national wits for a couple of months in weighing evidence of a single ruffian's having done a single murder; and for a couple of years, see its own children murder each other by their thousands or tens of thousands a day, considering only what the effect is likely to be on the price of cotton, and caring nowise to determine which side of battle is in the wrong. Neither does a great nation send its poor little boys to jail for stealing six walnuts; and allow its bankrupts to steal their hundreds of thousands with a bow, and its bankers, rich with poor men's savings, to close their doors "under circumstances over which they have no control," with a "by your leave"; and large landed estates to be bought by men who have made their money by going with armed steamers up and down the China Seas, selling opium at the cannon's mouth, and altering, for the benefit of the foreign nation, the common highwayman's demand of "your money *or* your life," into that of "your money *and* your life." Neither does a great nation allow the lives of its innocent poor* to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords;¹

¹ *Author's Note.* See the evidence in the Medical officer's report to the Privy Council, just published. There are suggestions in its preface which will make

Selling opium at the cannon's mouth. In 1857 and again in 1860 England took military action against China, to compel the Chinese to allow the sale of opium, which they were endeavouring to suppress on account of its injurious effects.

and then debate, with drivelling tears, and diabolical sympathies, whether it ought not piously to save, and nursingly cherish, the lives of its some stir among us, I fancy, respecting which let me note these points following:—

There are two theories on the subject of land now abroad, and in contention; both false.

The first is that by Heavenly law, there have always existed, and must continue to exist, a certain number of hereditarily sacred persons, to whom the earth, air, and water of the world belong, as personal property; of which earth, air, and water these persons may, at their pleasure permit, or forbid, the rest of the human race to eat, to breathe or to drink. This theory is not for many years longer tenable. The adverse theory is that a division of the land of the world among the mob of the world would immediately elevate the said mob into sacred personages; that houses would then build themselves, and corn grow of itself; and that everybody would be able to live, without doing any work for his living. This theory would also be found highly untenable in practice.

It will, however, require some rough experiments, and rougher catastrophes, even in this magnesium-lighted epoch, before the generality of persons will be convinced that no law concerning anything, least of all concerning land, for either holding or dividing it, or renting it high, or renting it low, would be of the smallest ultimate use to the people, so long as the general contest for life, and for the means of life, remains one of mere brutal competition. That contest, in an unprincipled nation, will take one deadly form or another, whatever laws you make for it. For instance, it would be an entirely wholesome law for England, if it could be carried, that maximum limits should be assigned to incomes, according to classes; and that every nobleman's income should be paid to him as a fixed salary or pension by the nation; and not squeezed by him in

murderers. Also, a great nation having made up its mind that hanging is quite the wholesomest process for its homicides in general, can yet with a variable sum, at discretion, out of the tenants of his land. But if you could get such a law passed to-morrow ; and if, which would be farther necessary, you could fix the value of the assigned incomes by making a given weight of pure wheat-flour legal tender for a given sum, a twelvemonth would not pass before another currency would have been tacitly established, and the power of accumulative wealth would have re-asserted itself in some other article, or some imaginary sign. Forbid men to buy each other's lives for sovereigns, and they will for shells, or slates. There is only one cure for public distress—and that is public education, directed to make men thoughtful, merciful, and just. There are, indeed, many laws conceivable which would gradually better and strengthen the national temper; but, for the most part, they are such as the national temper must be much bettered before it would bear. A nation in its youth may be helped by laws, as a weak child by backboards, but when it is old, it cannot that way straighten its crooked spine.

And besides; the problem of land, at its worst, is a bye one; distribute the earth as you will, the principal question remains inexorable,—Who is to dig it? Which of us, in brief words, is to do the hard and "dirty work for the rest—and for what pay? Who is to do the pleasant and clean work, and for what pay? Who is to do no work, and for what pay? And there are curious moral and religious questions connected with these. How far is it lawful to suck a portion of the soul out of a great many persons, in order to put the abstracted psychical quantities together, and make one very beautiful or ideal soul? If we had to deal with mere blood, instead of spirit, and the thing might literally be done (as it has been done with ; go that it were possible, by taking,

mercy distinguish between the degrees of guilt in homicides; and does not yelp like a pack of frost-pinched wolf-cubs on the blood-track of an unhappy crazed boy, or grey-haired clodpate Othello, "perplex'd i' the extreme," at the very moment that of blood from the arms of a given number of the mob, and putting it all into one person, to make a more azure-blooded gentleman of him, the thing would of course be managed; but secretly, I should conceive. But now, because it is brain and soul that we abstract, not visible blood, it can be done quite openly; and we live, we gentlemen, on delicatest prey, after the manner of weasels; that is to say we keep a certain number of clowns digging and ditching, and generally stupefied, in order that we, being fed gratis, may have all the thinking and feeling to ourselves. Yet there is a great deal to be said for this. A highly-bred and trained English, French, Austrian, or Italian gentleman (much more a lady) is a great production; a better production than most statues; being beautifully coloured as well as shaped, and plus all the brains; a glorious thing to look at, a wonderful thing to talk to; and you cannot have it, any more than a pyramid or a church, but by sacrifice of much contributed life. And it is, perhaps, better to build a beautiful human creature than a beautiful dome or steeple; and more delightful to look up reverently to a creature far above us, than to a wall; only the beautiful human creature will have some duties to do in return—duties of living belfry and rampart—of which presently.

30. *Othello*. In Shakespeare's tragedy Othello puts his wife to death because he has been tricked into believing that she is unfaithful.

Perpiex'd i' the extreme. At the end of the play, when the truth has been brought to light, Othello describes himself as one
 "not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perpiex'd i' the extreme."

it is sending a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their fathers' sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a country butcher kills lambs in spring. And, lastly, a great nation does not mock Heaven and its Powers, by pretending belief in a revelation which asserts the love of money to be the root of *all* evil, and declaring, at the same time, that it is actuated, and intends to be actuated, in all chief national deeds and measures, by no other love.

31. My friends, I do not know why any of us should talk about reading. We want some sharper discipline than that of reading; but, at all events, be assured, we cannot read. No reading is possible for a people with its mind in this state. No sentence of any great writer is intelligible to them. It is simply and sternly impossible for the English public, at this moment, to understand any thoughtful writing,—so incapable of thought has it become in its insanity of avarice. Happily, our disease is, as yet, little worse than this incapacity of thought; it is not corruption of the inner nature; we ring true still, when anything strikes home to us; and though the idea that everything should "pay" has infected our every purpose so deeply, that even when we

A Minister of the Crown. A reference to the appointment of a new English ambassador to Russia in September, 1864, at the very time when Russia was suppressing the Polish rising with the utmost severity.

Root of all evil. In 1 Timothy vi. 10, St. Paul declares: "The love of money is the root of all evil."

would play the good Samaritan, we never take out our twopence and give them to the host, without saying, "When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence," there is a capacity of noble passion left in our hearts' core. We show it in our work—in our war,—even in those unjust domestic affections which make us furious at a small private wrong, while we are polite to a boundless public one: we are still industrious to the last hour of the day, though we add the gambler's fury to the labourer's patience; we are still brave to the death, though incapable of discerning true cause for battle, and are still true in affection to our flesh, to the death, as the sea-monsters are, and the rock-eagles. And there is hope for a nation while this can be still said of it. As long as it holds its life in its hand, ready to give it for its honour (though a foolish honour), for its love (though a selfish love), and for its business (though a base business), there is hope for it. But hope only; for this instinctive, reckless virtue cannot last. (No nation can last, which has made a mob of itself, however generous at heart. It must discipline its passions, and direct them, or they will discipline it, one day, with scorpion whipsj

31. *Thou shalt give me fourpence.* In Luke x. 35, we are told that when the Good Samaritan departed, "he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

Scorpion whips. The scorpion is a creature with a tail hooked like a claw. The word was later applied to a kind

Above all, a nation cannot last as a money-making mob: it cannot with impunity,—it cannot with existence,—go on despising literature, despising science, despising art, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on Pence. Do you think these are harsh or wild words? Have patience with me but a little longer. I will prove their truth to you, clause by clause.

32. I. I say first we have despised literature. What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a biblio-maniac. But you never call any one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellars? What position would its 'expenditure on literature take, as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best part of us; yet how long most people would of whip armed with points like those of a scorpion's tail. Ruskin has in mind Jeroboam's threat to the Israelites in 1 Kings xii. 11: " My father hath chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions."

look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munching and sparkling; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wise people forget that if a book is worth reading, it is worth buying. No book is worth anything which is not worth *much*; nor is it serviceable, until it has been read, and re-read, and loved, and loved again; and marked, so that you can refer to the passages you want in it, as a soldier can seize the weapon he needs in an armoury, or a housewife bring the spice she needs from her store. Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey, if he would eat it, in a good book; and the family must be **poor** indeed which, once in their lives, cannot, for such multipliable barley-loaves, pay their baker's bill. We call ourselves a rich nation,

32. Multipliable. Capable of being multiplied. There is an allusion to the miracle by which Christ fed the five thousand with " five barley loaves and two small fishes," John vi. 9.

and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries I

33. II. I say we have despised science: " What I " (you exclaim) " are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions? " Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is done in spite of the nation; by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science; we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to *us*, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science? We are obliged to know what o'clock it is, for the safety of our ships, and therefore we pay for an observatory; and we allow ourselves, in the person of our Parliament, to be annually tormented into doing something, in a slovenly way, for the British Museum; sullenly apprehending that to be a place for keeping stuffed birds in, to amuse our children. If anybody will pay for their own telescope, and resolve another nebula, we cackle over the discernment as if it were our own; if one in ten thousand of our hunting squires suddenly perceives that the earth was indeed made to be something else than a portion for foxes,

33. *Resolve a nebula.* Distinguish between the different bodies or elements, making up what had hitherto been known only as a nebula, *i.e.*, an indistinct cloud-like cluster of distant stars or a luminous patch of gaseous matter.

Portion for foxes. Psalm lxiii. 10,

and burrows in it himself, and tells us where the gold is, and where the coals, we understand that there is some use in that; and very properly knight him: but is the accident of his having found out how to employ himself usefully any credit to us? (The negation of such discovery among his brother squires may perhaps be some discredit to us, if we would consider of it.) But if you doubt these generalities, here is one fact for us all to meditate upon, illustrative of our love of science. Two years ago there was a collection of the fossils of Solenhofen to be sold in Bavaria; the best in existence, containing many specimens unique for perfectness, and one, unique as an example of a species (a whole kingdom of unknown living creatures being announced by that fossil). This collection, of which the mere market worth, among private buyers, would probably have been some thousand or twelve hundred pounds, was offered to the English nation for seven hundred: but we would not give seven hundred, and the whole series would have been in the Munich museum at this moment, if Professor Owen¹ had not, with loss

¹ *Author's Note.* I state this fact without Professor Owen's permission: which of course he could not with propriety have granted, had I asked it; but I consider it so important that the public should be aware of the fact, that I do what seems to me right, though rude.

The negation of such discovery. The fact that there is no such discovery.

Professor Owen. Sir Richard Owen (1804-92), a great naturalist, especially famous for his researches among extinct animals.

of his own time, and patient tormenting of the British public in person of its representatives, got leave to give four hundred pounds at once, and himself become answerable for the other three! which the said public will doubtless pay him eventually, but sulkily, and caring nothing about the matter all the while; only always ready to cackle if any credit comes of it. Consider, I beg of you, arithmetically, what this fact means. Your annual expenditure for public purposes (a third of it for military apparatus), is at least 50 millions. Now 700/. is to 50,000,000/. roughly, as seven pence to two thousand pounds. Suppose then, a gentleman of unknown income, but whose wealth was to be conjectured from the fact that he spent two thousand a year on his park-walls and footmen only, professes himself fond of science; and that one of his servants comes eagerly to tell him that an unique collection of fossils, giving clue to a new era of creation, is to be had for the sum of seven pence sterling; and that the gentleman, who is fond of science,, and spends two thousand a year on his park, answers, after keeping his servant waiting several months, "Well! I'll give you fourpence for them, if you will be answerable for the extra threepence yourself, till next year! "

34. III. I say you have despised Art! " What! " you again answer, " have we not Art exhibitions, miles long? and do not we pay thousands of pounds for single pictures? and have we not Art schools

and institutions, more than ever nation had before? " Yes, truly, but all that is for the sake of the shop. You would fain sell canvas as well as coals, and crockery as well as iron; you would take every other nation's bread out of its mouth if you could; not being able to do that, your ideal of Ufe is to stand in the thoroughfares of the world, like Ludgate apprentices, screaming to every passer by, " What d'ye lack? " You know nothing of your own faculties or circumstances; you fancy that, among your damp, flat, fat fields of clay, you can have as quick art-fancy as the Frenchman among his bronzed vines, or the Italian under his volcanic cliffs;—that Art may be learned as book-keeping is, and when learned, will give you more books to keep. You care for pictures, absolutely, no more than you do for the bills pasted on your dead walls. There is always room on the walls for the bills to be read,—never for the pictures to be seen. You do not know what pictures you have (by repute), in the country, nor whether they are false or true, nor whether they are taken care of or not; in foreign countries, you calmly see the noblest existing pictures in the world rotting in abandoned wreck—(and, in Venice, with the Austrian guns deliberately pointed at the

34. *What d'ye lack.* The old cry of the salesman to the passers by.

The Austrian guns. In 1859 Sardinia, in alliance with France, declared war against Austria, with a view to making Italy free. England, greatly to Ruskin's indignation, held aloof from the struggle.

palaces containing them), and if you heard that all the Titians in Europe were made sand-bags tomorrow on the Austrian forts, it would "not trouble you so much as the chance of a brace or two of gameless in your own bags in a day's shooting. That is your national love of Art.

35. IV. You have despised nature; that is to say, all the deep and sacred sensations of natural scenery. (The French revolutionists made stables of the cathedrals of France; you have made race-courses of the cathedrals of the earth.) Your *one* conception of pleasure is to drive in railroad carriages round their aisles, and eat off their altars. You have put a railroad bridge over the fall of Schaffhausen. You have tunnelled the cliffs of Lucerne by Tell's chapel; you have destroyed the Clarens shore of the Lake of Geneva; there is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire; there is no particle left of English land which you have not trampled coal ashes into—nor any foreign city in which the spread of your presence is not marked among its fair old streets and happy gardens by a consuming white leprosy of new hotels and perfumers' shops: the Alps themselves,

All the Titians. All the pictures by Titian, an Italian painter (1477-1576), greatly admired by Ruskin.

35. *Stables of the cathedrals of France.* Ruskin had himself seen this, as described in a letter dated 3rd December, 1840: "St. Julien—a noble cathedral turned into a coach-house; 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."

which your own poets used to love so reverently, you look upon as soaped poles in a bear-garden, which you set yourselves to climb, and slide down again, with "shrieks of delight." When you are past shrieking, having no human articulate voice to say you are glad with, you fill the quietude of their valleys with gunpowder blasts, and rush home, red with cutaneous eruption of conceit, and voluble with convulsive hiccough of self-satisfaction. I think nearly the two sorrowfullest spectacles I have ever seen in humanity, taking the deep inner significance of them, are the English mobs in the valley of Chamouni, amusing themselves with firing rusty howitzers; and the Swiss vintagers of Zurich expressing their Christian thanks for the gift of the vine, by assembling in knots in the "towers of the vineyards," and slowly loading and firing horse-pistols from morning till evening. It is pitiful, to have dim conceptions of duty; more pitiful, it seems to me, to have conceptions like these, of mirth.

36. Lastly. You despise compassion. There is no need of words of mine for proof of this. I will merely print one of the newspaper paragraphs which I am in the habit of cutting out and throwing into my store-drawer; here is one from a *Daily Telegraph* of an early date this year; date which, though by me carelessly left unmarked, is easily discoverable; for

Towers of the vineyards. Isaiah v. i.: "My well-beloved hath a vineyard in a very fruitful hill: and he fenced it, . . . and built a tower in the midst of it."

on the back of the slip, there is the announcement that " yesterday the seventh of the special services of this year was performed by the Bishop of Ripon in St. Paul's "; and there is a pretty piece of modern political economy besides, worth preserving note of, I think, so I print it in the note below.¹ But my business is with the main paragraph, relating one of such facts as happen now daily, which, by chance, has taken a form in which it came before the coroner. I will print the paragraph in red. Be sure, the facts themselves are written in that colour,² in a book which we shall all of us, literate or illiterate, have to read our page of, some day.

"An inquiry was held on Friday by Mr. Richards, deputy coroner, at the White Horse Tavern, Christ Church, Spitalfields, respecting the death of Michael Collins, aged 58 years. Mary Collins, a miserable-looking woman, said that she lived with the deceased

¹ *Author's Note.* It is announced that an arrangement has been concluded between the Ministry of Finance and the Bank of Credit for the payment of the eleven millions which the State has to pay to the National Bank by the 14th inst. This sum will be raised as follows:—The eleven commercial members of the committee of the Bank of Credit will each borrow a million of florins for three months of this bank, which will accept their bills, which again will be discounted by the National Bank. By this arrangement *the National Bank will itself furnish the funds with which it will be paid.*

» In the ordinary editions the section following is printed in red.

and his son in a room at 2, Cobb's court, Christ Church. Deceased was a 'translator' of boots. Witness went out and bought old boots; deceased and his son made them into good ones, and then witness sold them for what she could get at the shops, which was very little indeed. Deceased and his son used to work night and day to try and get a little bread and tea, and pay for the room (zs. a week), so as to keep the home together. On Friday-night week deceased got up from his bench and began to shiver. He threw down the boots, saying, 'Somebody else must finish them when I am gone, for I can do no more.' There was no fire, and he said, 'I would be better if I was warm.' Witness therefore took two pairs of translated boots to sell at the shop, but she could only get 14d. for the two pairs, for the people at the shop said, 'We must have our profit.' Witness got 14/6. of coal, and a little tea and bread. Her son sat up the whole night to make the 'translations,' to get money, but deceased died on Saturday morning. The family never had enough to eat.—Coroner: 'It seems to me deplorable that you did not go into the workhouse.'—Witness: 'We wanted the comforts of our little home.' A juror asked what the comforts were, for he only saw a little straw in the corner of the room, the windows of which were broken. The witness began to cry, and said that they had a quilt and other little things. The deceased said he never would go into the workhouse. In summer, when the season was good, they sometimes made as much as 10s. profit in the week. They then always saved towards

*the next week, which was generally a bad one. In winter they made not half so much. For three years they had been getting from bad to worse'.—Cornelius Collins said that he had assisted his father since 1847. They used to work so far into the night that both nearly lost their eyesight. Witness now had a film over his eyes. Five years ago deceased applied to the parish for aid. The relieving officer gave him a 4lb. loaf, and told him if he came again he should 'get the stones.'*¹

¹ *Author's Note.* I do not know what this means. It is curiously coincident in verbal form, with a certain passage which some of us may remember. It may perhaps be well to preserve beside this paragraph, another cutting out of my store-drawer, from the *Morning Post*, of about a parallel date, Friday, March 10th, 1865:—"The *salons* of Mme. C——, who did the honours with clever imitative grace and elegance, were crowded with princes, dukes, marquises, and counts—in fact, with the same *male* company as one meets at the parties of the Princess Metternich and Madame Drouyn de Lhuys. Some English peers and members of Parliament were present, and appeared to enjoy the animated and dazzlingly improper scene. On the second floor the supper tables were loaded, with every delicacy of the season. That your readers may form some idea of the dainty fare of the Parisian demi-monde, I copy the menu of the supper, which was served to all the guests (about 200) seated at four o'clock. Choice Yquem, Johannisberg, Lamtte, Tokay, and Champagne of the finest vintages were served most lavishly throughout the morning. After supper dancing was resumed with increased animation, and the ball terminated with a *chaine diabolique* and a *cancan d'enfer* at seven in the morning. (Morning service—'Ere the fresh lawns appeared, under the opening eyelids of the Morn.—') Here is the menu:—' *Consommé de volaille a la Bagra-*

That disgusted deceased, and he would have nothing to do with them since. They got worse and worse until last Friday week, when they had not even a halfpenny to buy a candle. Deceased then lay down on the straw, and said he could not live till morning.—A juror: ' You are dying of starvation yourself, and you ought to go into the house until the summer.—Witness : ' If we went in we should die. When we come out in the summer we should be like people dropped from the sky. No one would know us, and we would not have even a room. I could work now if I had food, for my sight would get better/—Dr. G. P. Walker said deceased died from syncope, from exhaustion from want of food. The deceased had had no bedclothes. For four months he had had nothing but bread to eat. There was not a particle of fat in the body. There was no disease, but, if there had been medical attendance, he might have survived the syncope or fainting.—The coroner having remarked upon the painful nature of the case, the jury returned the following verdict, ' That deceased died from exhaustion from want of food and the common necessaries of life ; also through want of medical aid.* "*

37. " Why would witness not go into the work-house? " you ask. Well, the poor seem to have a tion; 16 hors-d'oeuvres variés. Boucheés a la Talleyrand. Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote. Filets de boeuf en Bellevue, timbales milanaises, chaudfroid de gibier. Dindes truffées. Patés de foies gras, buissons d'écrevisses, salades vénétiennes, geleés blanches aux fruits, gâteaux mancini, parisiens et parisiennes. Fromages glacés. Ananas. Dessert.' "

prejudice against the workhouse which the rich have not; for of course every one who takes a pension from Government goes into the workhouse on a grand scale: only the workhouses for the rich do not involve the idea of work, and should be called play-houses. But the poor like to die independently, it appears; perhaps if we made the play-houses for them pretty and pleasant enough, or gave them their pensions at home, and allowed them a little introductory peculation with the public money, their minds might be reconciled to it. Meantime, here are the facts: we make our relief either so insulting to them, or so painful, that they rather die than take it at our hands; or, for third alternative, we leave them so untaught and foolish that they starve like brute creatures, wild and dumb, not knowing what to do, or what to ask. I say, you despise compassion; if you did not, such a newspaper paragraph would be as impossible in a Christian country as a deliberate assassination permitted in its public streets.¹

¹ *Author's Note.* I am heartily glad to see such a paper as the *Pall Mall Gazette* established; for the power of the press in the hands of highly-educated men, in independent position, and of honest purpose, may indeed become all that it has been hitherto vainly vaunted to be. Its editor will therefore, I doubt not, pardon me, in that, by very reason of my respect for the journal, I do not let pass unnoticed an article in its third number, page 5, which was wrong in every word of it, with the intense wrongness which only an honest man can achieve who has taken a false turn of thought in the outset, and is following it, regardless

" Christian " did I say? Alas, if we were but wholesomely un-Christian, it would be impossible: it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction. The dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, of dawn-service and twilight-revival—the Christianity which we do not fear to of consequences. It contained at the end this notable passage:—

" The bread of affliction, and the water of affliction—aye, and the bedsteads and blankets of affliction, are the very utmost that the law ought to give to *outcasts merely as outcasts.*" I merely put beside this expression of the gentlemanly mind of England in 1865, a part of the message which Isaiah was ordered to " lift up his voice like a trumpet " in declaring to the gentlemen of his day: " Ye fast for strife, and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor *that are cast oat* (margin, * afflicted ') to *thy* house." The falsehood on which the writer had mentally founded himself, as previously stated by him, was this: " To confound the functions of the dispensers of the poor-rates with those of the dispensers of a charitable institution is a great and pernicious error." This sentence is so accurately and exquisitely wrong, that its substance must be thus reversed in our minds before we can deal with any existing problem of national distress. " To understand that the dispensers of the poor-rates are the almoners of the nation, and should distribute its alms with a gentleness and freedom of hand as much greater and franker than that possible to individual charity, as the collective national wisdom and power may be supposed greater than those of any single person, is the foundation of all law respecting pauperism."

mix the mockery of, pictorially, with our play about the devil, in our *Satanellas*,—*Roberts*,—*Fausts*, chanting hymns through traceried windows for background effect, and artistically modulating the "Dio" through variation on variation of mimicked prayer: (while we distribute tracts, next day, for the benefit of uncultivated swearers, upon what we suppose to be the signification of the Third Commandment);—this gas-lighted, and gas-inspired, Christianity, we are triumphant in, and draw back the hem of our robes from the touch of the heretics who dispute it. But to do a piece of common Christian righteousness in a plain English word or deed; to make Christian law any rule of life, and found one National act or hope thereon,—we know too well what our faith comes to for that! You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion. You had better get rid of the smoke, and the organ pipes, both: leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost

37. *Satanellas*, *Roberts*, *Fausts*. Balfe's *Satanella*, Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and Gounod's *Faust* are mentioned as representative of the fashionable opera of the day on the theme of the struggle between God and the Devil for the soul of man.

Dio. The Italian word for God.

Carburetted hydrogen ghost. Ghost of the footlights. Carburetted hydrogen is the chief constituent in the gas used for lighting purposes. Ruskin means that there should be an end of the false sympathy expended on those who die on the stage (give up the ghost), and a practical evidence of sympathy for those in real suffering.

in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the doorstep. For there is a true Church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be.

38. All these pleasures then, and all these virtues, I repeat, you nationally despise. You have, indeed, men among you who do not; by whose work, by whose strength, by whose life, by whose death, you live, and never thank them. Your wealth, your amusement, your pride would all be alike impossible, but for those whom you scorn or forget. The policeman, who is walking up and down the back lane all night to watch the guilt you have created there; and may have his brains beaten out and be maimed for life at any moment, and never be thanked: the sailor wrestling with the sea's rage, the quiet student poring over his book or his vial, the common worker, without praise, and nearly without bread, fulfilling his task as your horses drag your carts, hopeless, and spurned of all: these are the men by whom England lives; but they are not the nation; they are only the body and nervous force of it, acting still from old habit in a convulsive perseverance,

Lazarus at the doorstep. Luke xvi. 20: "There was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gates."

38. *Convulsive perseverance.* The nerves and muscles of the body continue to act by convulsion, *i.e.* by involuntary movements, although the mind, that should control them, is gone.

while the mind is gone. Our National mind and purpose are to be amused; our National religion, the performance of church ceremonies, and preaching of soporific truths (or untruths) to keep the mob quietly at work, while we amuse ourselves; and the necessity for this amusement is fastening on us as a feverous disease of parched throat and wandering eyes—senseless, dissolute, merciless.

39. When men are rightly occupied, their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour-petals out of a fruitful flower;—when they are faithfully helpful and compassionate, all their emotions become steady, deep, perpetual, and vivifying to the soul as the natural pulse to the body. But now, having no true business, we pour our whole masculine energy into the false business of money-making; and having no true emotion, we must have false emotions dressed up for us to play with, not innocently, as children with dolls, but guiltily and darkly, as the idolatrous Jews with their pictures on cavern walls, which men had to dig to detect. The justice we do not execute, we mimic in the novel and on the stage; for the beauty we destroy in nature, we substitute the metamorphosis of the pantomime, and (the human nature of us imperatively requiring awe and sorrow of *some* kind) for the noble grief we should have borne with our fellows, and the pure tears we should have wept with them, we gloat over the pathos of the police court, and gather the night-dew of the grave.

40. It is difficult to estimate the true significance of these things; the facts are frightful enough;—the measure of national fault involved in them is perhaps not as great as it would at first seem. We permit, or cause, thousands of deaths daily, but we mean no harm; we set fire to houses, and ravage peasants' fields; yet we should be sorry to find we had injured anybody. We are still kind at heart; still capable of virtue, but only as children are. Chalmers, at the end of his long life, having had much power with the public, being plagued in some serious matter by a reference to "public opinion," uttered the impatient exclamation, "The public is just a great baby!" And the reason that I have allowed all these graver subjects of thought to mix themselves up with an inquiry into methods of reading, is that, the more I see of our national faults or miseries, the more they resolve themselves into conditions of childish illiterateness, and want of education in the most ordinary habits of thought. It is, I repeat, not vice, not selfishness, not dulness of brain, which we have to lament; but an unreachable schoolboy's recklessness, only differing from the true schoolboy's in its incapacity of being helped, because it acknowledges no master.

41. There is a curious type of us given in one

40. *Chalmers.* Thomas Chalmers (1780-1847), a great Scotch theologian and preacher, leader of those who broke off from the Established Church of Scotland in 1843, and formed the Free Church.

of the lovely, neglected works of the last of our great painters. It is a drawing of Kirkby Lonsdale churchyard, and of its brook, and valley, and hills, and folded morning sky beyond. And unmindful alike of these, and of the dead who have left these for other valleys and for other skies, a group of schoolboys have piled their little books upon a grave, to strike them off with stones. So do we play with the words of the dead that would teach us, and strike them far from us with our bitter, reckless will, little thinking that those leaves which the wind scatters had been piled, not only upon a gravestone, but upon the seal of an enchanted vault—nay, the gate of a great city of sleeping kings, who would awake for us, and walk with us, if we knew but how to call them by their names. How often, even if we lift the marble entrance gate, do we but wander among those old kings in their repose, and finger the robes they lie in, and stir the crowns on their foreheads; and still they are silent to us, and seem but a dusty imagery. .because we know not the incantation of the heart that would wake them;—which, if they once heard, they would start up to meet us in their power of long ago, narrowly to look upon us, and consider us; and, as the fallen kings of Hades meet the newly fallen, saying, " Art thou also become weak as we—art thou also become one of us? " so would these kings,

41. *Last of our great painters.* J. M. W. Turner (1775-1851).

with their undimmed, unshaken diadems, meet us, saying, " Art thou also become pure and mighty of heart as we? art thou also become one of us? "

42. Mighty of heart, mighty of mind—" magnanimous "—to be this, is indeed to be great in life; to become this increasingly, is, indeed, " to advance in life,"—in life itself—not in the trappings of it. My friends, do you remember that old Scythian custom, when the head of a house died? How he was dressed in his finest dress, and set in his chariot, and carried about to his friends' houses; and each of them placed him at his table's head, and all feasted in his presence? Suppose it were offered to you, in plain words, as it *is* offered to you in dire facts, that you should gain this Scythian honour, gradually, while you yet thought yourself alive. Suppose the offer were this: " You shall die slowly; your blood shall daily grow cold, your flesh petrify, your heart beat at last only as a rusted group of iron valves. Your life shall fade from you, and sink through the earth into the ice of Caina; but, day by

One of us. Compare Isaiah xiv. 9, 10: " Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming: it stirreth up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth. . . . All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we? art thou become like unto us?"

42. *The ice of Caina.* Caina is a division in the lowest circle of Dante's Hell :—

" A lake whose frozen surface liker seem'd
To glass than water; . . .

Blue-pinch'd and shrined in ice the spirits stood."

See *Inferno*, xxxii.

day, your body shall be dressed more gaily, and set in higher chariots, and have orders on its breast—crowns on its head, if you will. Men shall bow before it, stare and shout round it, crowd after it up and down the streets; build palaces for it, feast with it at their tables' heads all the night long; your soul shall stay enough within it to know what they do, and feel the weight of the golden dress on its shoulders, and the furrow of the crown-edge on the skull;—no more. Would you take the offer, verbally made by the death-angel? Would the meanest among us take it, think you? Yet practically and verily we grasp at it, every one of us, in a measure; many of us grasp at it in its fulness of horror. Every man accepts it, who desires to advance in life without knowing what life is; who means only that he is to get more horses, and more footmen, and more fortune, and more public honour, and—*not* more personal soul. He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into Living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. All other kingships, so far as they are true, are only the practical issue and expression of theirs; if less than this, they are either dramatic royalties,—costly shows, with real jewels instead of tinsel—the toys of nations; or else, they are no royalties

Living peace. Ruskin gives the reference to Romans viii. 6: "To be spiritually minded is life and peace."

at all, but tyrannies, or the mere active and practical issue of national folly; for which reason I have said of them elsewhere, "Visible governments are the toys of some nations, the diseases of others, the harness of some, the burdens of more."

43. But I have no words for the wonder with which I hear Kinghood still spoken of, even among thoughtful men, as if governed' nations were a personal property, and might be bought and sold, or otherwise acquired, as sheep, of whose flesh their king was to feed, and whose fleece he was to gather; as if Achilles' indignant epithet of base kings, "people-eating," were the constant and proper title of all monarchs; and enlargement of a king's dominion meant the same thing as the increase of a private man's estate! Kings who think so, however powerful, can no more be the true kings of the nation than gad-flies are the kings of a horse; they suck it, and may drive it wild, but do not guide it. They, and their courts, and their armies are, if one could see clearly, only a large species of marsh mosquito, with bayonet proboscis and melodious, bandmastered, trumpeting in the summer air; the twilight being, perhaps, sometimes fairer, but hardly more wholesome, for its glittering mists of midge companies. The true kings, meanwhile, rule quietly, if at all, and hate ruling; too many of them make

" Il gran rifiuto "; and if they do not, the mob, as soon as they are likely to become useful to it, is pretty sure to make *its* " gran rifiuto " of *them*.

44. Yet the visible king may also be a true one, some day, if ever day comes when he will estimate his dominion by the *force* of it,—not the geographical boundaries. It matters very little whether Trent cuts you a cantel out here, or Rhine rounds you a castle less there. But it does matter to you, king of men, whether you can verily say to this man, " Go," and he goeth; and to another, " Come," and he cometh. Whether you can turn your people as you can Trent

Il gran rifiuto. The great refusal or renunciation. Among those whom Dante finds in torments on the outskirts of Hell, because they had lived meanly, taking the side neither of good nor of evil, is one " who through cowardice made the great renunciation." The reference is probably to Pope Celestine V., who abdicated five months after he had been elected Pope. See *Inferno*, iii. Ruskin means that too many " true kings " find the difficulties of ruling so great, that they give up the attempt.

44. *Cuts you a cantel out here.* In Shakespeare's *I Henry IV.*, iii. 1, Hotspur, Glendower, and Mortimer discuss how England is to be divided between them if their rebellion is successful. Hotspur complains that the course of the river Trent cuts " a monstrous cantel " (an enormous piece) out of his proposed share, and declares that he will alter its course, so that it shall run in a new channel. He is, therefore, one of those who estimate their dominion only by " the geographical boundaries," and does not consider whether he can turn the people as he can the river.

" *Come,*" and he cometh. Like the centurion in Matthew viii. 9, who says: " I am a man . . . having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh."

—and where it is that you bid them come, and where go. It matters to you, king of men, whether your people hate you, and die by you, or love you, and live by you. You may measure your dominion by multitudes, better than by miles; and count degrees of love-latitude, not from, but to, a wonderfully warm and infinite equator.

45. Measure!—nay, you cannot measure. Who shall measure the difference between the power of those who "do and teach," and who are greatest in the kingdoms of earth, as of heaven—and the power of those who undo, and consume—whose power, at the fullest, is only the power of the moth and the rust? Strange! to think how the Moth-kings lay up treasures for the moth, and the Rust-kings, who are to their peoples' strength as rust to armour, lay up treasures for the rust; and the Robber-kings, treasures for the robber; but how few kings have ever laid up treasures that needed no guarding—treasures of which, the more thieves there were, the better! Broidered robe, only to be rent—helm and sword, only to be dimmed; jewel and gold, only to be scattered—there have been three kinds of kings who have gathered these. Suppose there ever should arise a Fourth order of kings, who

45. *Do and teach.* Matthew v. 19: "Whosoever shall do and teach them (*i.e.*, these commandments), the same shall be called great in the kingdom of Heaven."

The moth and the rust. Matthew vi. 19: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal."

had read, in some obscure writing of long ago, that there was a Fourth kind of treasure, which the jewel and gold could not equal, neither should it be valued with pure gold. A web more fair in the weaving, by Athena's shuttle; an armour, forged in diviner fire by Vulcanian force—a gold only to be mined in the sun's red heart, where he sets over the Delphian cliffs;—deep-pictured tissue, impenetrable armour, potable gold!—the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought, still calling to us, and waiting at the posts of our doors, to lead us, if we would, with their winged power, and guide us, with their inescapable eyes, by the path which no fowl knoweth, and

An obscure writing of long ago. Job xxviii. 12-19, especially verses 16, 17: "Where shall wisdom be found? . . . It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold."

Athena, Vulcan, Apollo. Athena is the Greek goddess of wisdom, inventor of the spindle (compare 62); Vulcan is the Roman god of fire and the forge, a worker in metals; Apollo is the Greek god of the sun, dispelling darkness. To Ruskin they stand for "the three great Angels of Conduct, Toil, and Thought," or, as he describes them in *Cestus of Aglaia*, § 12, Athena is "the spirit of Wisdom in Conduct"; Vulcan is "the Spirit of Wisdom in serviceable labour," and Apollo "the Spirit of Light."

Delphian cliff. There was at Delphi a famous oracle of Apollo, through which he answered the questions of those who consulted him.

Potable gold. Gold which can be drunk, *i.e.*, which really ministers to man's life.

Which no fowl knoweth. According to Job xxviii. 4-7, man's search for gold leads him to traverse a path that "no bird of prey knoweth; neither hath the falcon's eye seen it."

which the vulture's eye has not seen! Suppose kings should ever arise, who heard and believed this word, and at last gathered and brought forth treasures of—Wisdom—for their people?

46. Think what an amazing business *that* would be ! How inconceivable, in the state of our present national wisdom. That we should bring up our peasants to a book exercise instead of a bayonet exercise!—organize, drill, maintain with pay, and good generalship, armies of thinkers, instead of armies of stabbers!—find national amusement in reading-rooms as well as rifle-grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target. What an absurd idea it seems, put fairly in words, that the wealth of the capitalists of civilized nations should ever come to support literature instead of war!

47. Have yet patience with me, while I read you a single sentence out of the only book, properly to be called a book, that I have yet written myself, the one that will stand, (if anything stand), surest and longest of all work of mine.

"It is one very awful form of the operation of wealth in Europe that it is entirely capitalists' wealth which supports unjust wars. Just wars do not need so much money to support them; for most of the men who wage such, wage them gratis; but for an unjust war, men's bodies and souls have both

47. *The only book. Ruskin's Unto This Last.*

to be bought; and the best tools of war for them besides, which makes such war costly to the maximum; not to speak of the cost of base fear, and angry suspicion, between nations which have not grace nor honesty enough in all their multitudes to buy an hour's peace of mind with; as, at present, France and England, purchasing of each other ten millions' sterling worth of consternation, annually (a remarkably light crop, half thorns and half aspen leaves, sown, reaped, and granaried by the 'science' of the modern political economist, teaching covetousness instead of truth). And, all unjust war being supportable, if not by pillage of the enemy, only by loans from capitalists, these loans are repaid by subsequent taxation of the people, who appear to have no will in the matter, the capitalists' will being the primary root of the war; but its real root is the covetousness of the whole nation, rendering it incapable of faith, frankness, or justice, and bringing about, therefore, in due time, his own separate loss and punishment to each person."

48. France and England literally, 'observe, buy *panic* of each other; they pay, each of them, for ten thousand thousand pounds' worth of terror, a year. Now suppose, instead of buying these ten millions' worth of panic annually, they made up their minds to be at peace with each other, and buy ten millions' worth of knowledge annually; and that each nation spent its ten thousand thousand pounds

a year in founding royal libraries, royal art galleries, royal museums, royal gardens, and places of rest. Might it not be better somewhat for both French and English?

49. It will be long, yet, before that comes to pass. Nevertheless, I hope it will not be long before royal or national libraries will be founded in every considerable city, with a royal series of books in them; the same series in every one of them, chosen books, the best in every kind, prepared for that national series in the most perfect way possible; their text printed all on leaves of equal size, broad of margin, and divided into pleasant volumes, light in the hand, beautiful, and strong, and thorough as examples of binders' work; and that these great libraries will be accessible to all clean and orderly persons at all times of the day and evening; strict law being enforced for this cleanliness and quietness.

50. I could shape for you other plans, for art-galleries, and for natural history galleries, and for many precious, many, it seems to me, needful, things; but this book plan is the easiest and needfullest, and would prove a considerable tonic to what we call our British constitution, which has fallen dropsical of late, and has an evil thirst, and evil hunger, and wants healthier feeding. You have got its corn laws repealed for it; try if you cannot get corn laws established for it, dealing in a better bread;—bread made of that old enchanted Arabian

grain, the Sesame, which opens doors;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries.

Friends, the treasuries of true kings are the streets of their cities; and the gold they gather, which for others is as the mire of the streets, changes itself, for them and their people, into a crystalline pavement for evermore.

ANALYSIS OF THE LECTURE

1-5. *The part played in our lives by the desire for recognition, considered especially in relation to our choice of companions.* The object of education is advancement in life. By this we ordinarily mean recognition by the world, the satisfaction of our thirst for applause; and this is the primary motive which governs our aspirations, as, *e.g.*, in our choice of companions. Yet other considerations do also affect the choices we make.

6-12. *The choice of companions.*

A. There is open to us: (1) the company of the living, with certain limitations; (2) the company of the kings of all time. Suggested reasons for our indifference to the latter are: (1) we can only know their sayings, not themselves; (2) they do not talk of passing matters, affairs of the moment. The second reason explains why, even when we do seek the companionship of books, we prefer the book of the hour to the book of all time. Yet in the latter the greatest men in all ages offer to us freely that piece of true knowledge which they had been able to seize.

B. The companionship of the kings of all time has advantages over that of the living, but we must fit ourselves for it. The companionship of the wise is open only to those who love them.

13-26. Love of the wise is shown in the first place by the endeavour to enter into their thoughts.

A. To do this it is necessary that we should: (1) try to ascertain what they thought, not look for the expression of our own thoughts in their writings; (2) be prepared for difficulty and the need of effort and labour; (3) make a close study of words. Accuracy in the use of language distinguishes the educated from the uneducated man, while inaccuracy, especially in a mixed language like English, does untold harm. The exact meaning of each word must be discovered through an investigation of its derivation and history. A passage from *Lycidas* treated in this way reveals a great wealth of thought and suggestion.

B. As a result of this discipline of thought we should become less certain of our opinions, and more willing to be taught.

27-31. Love of the wise is shown in the second place by the endeavour to enter into their hearts, or share their sensations. Sensation is good, not bad, but, like thought, it needs discipline, such as that given, through reading, by intercourse with the wise and noble. The marks of noble sensation are its force and its justice; the sensation of the English is marked instead by narrowness, selfishness, and injustice, which are the characteristics of mob-sensation. Great, therefore, is the need of discipline; yet the English are incapable of the discipline given by reading, because they are incapable of thought. The capacity for noble sensation still left in the heart of the nation will be lost, if the nation, through lack of self-discipline, remains insensible to the noblest causes of sensation, namely literature, science, art, nature, compassion.

32-41. *The contempt of the English for literature, art, science, nature, compassion.* The English regard the man who cares greatly for books as a maniac; they spend little on books, valuing them little, because they cost little, and content to borrow them from a circulating library instead of possessing them (32). They care only for those scientific discoveries which bring material profit, neglect men of science, and refuse to pay for research or for the acquisition of specimens (33). In art, too, they care to be proficient only because it may be commercially profitable to be so, and are ignorant and indifferent as to the pictures in the possession of the nation or the destruction of pictures abroad (34). They are insensible to the beauties of nature, ruthlessly destroying the fairest scenes with railroads, factories and mines, and finding even in the mountains no more than a means to senseless amusement (35), They have no feeling for the sufferings of the poor (36), while they luxuriate in a falsely emotional religion (37). Still the nation is sound at heart and has the natural-kindness of a rather thoughtless child (38-41).

42-50, *The treasuries of true kings.* True education, *i.e.*, intercourse with the kings of all time, will lead men to desire growth in life itself, *i.e.*, to become increasingly "mighty of heart, mighty of mind," not the acquisition of the mere trappings of life. The true kings of the earth are those who have this life in them; their ambition is to be the source of such life for their people, and to distribute to them treasures, not of jewels or of gold, but of wisdom. It would be well, if the rulers of the earth, instead of expending the national funds on armies, intended to secure or acquire material possessions, were to devote the money to the establishment of national libraries which would open to all the doors of true Kings' Treasuries.

QUESTIONS ON *KINGS' TREASURIES*

1. What reasons does Ruskin give for people's neglect of the "kings of all time"? Can you suggest any others?

2. State in your own words Ruskin's distinction between "the book of the hour" and "the book of all time." With what arguments would you defend the reading of the former?

K 3. What does Ruskin mean by "masked words"? Can you give any examples of "masked words" at the present time?

4. State in your own words Ruskin's conception of the function and powers of a bishop.

5. Summarise Ruskin's advice as to our method in reading.

6. How far do you consider that Ruskin's accusation of the contempt of the English for literature, science, art, nature and compassion, in 32-37, holds good of the English at the present time? Give instances in support of your opinion.

7. "You ask for freedom of thought; but if you have not sufficient grounds for thought, you have no business to think" (*Queen of the Air*, iii., § 144). Discuss this, with special reference to *Sesame and Lilies*, 25, 26.

8. "Vulgarity shows itself primarily in dulness of heart, not in rage or cruelty, but in inability to feel or conceive noble character or action" (*Modern Painters*, V., pt. ix., ch. 7, § 23). Discuss this with special reference to *Sesame and Lilies*, 27-30.

9. "It ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish, because he has deserved well of his

parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country, because he has deserved well of his country " {*A Joy for Ever*, § 129). Explain or discuss this, with reference to *Sesame and Lilies*, 37.

10. " Never read borrowed books. Tō be without books of your own is the abyss of penury." (*Fors Clavigera*, xxxiv., § 20.) Discuss this with reference to *Sesame and Lilies*, 32, 49, 50.

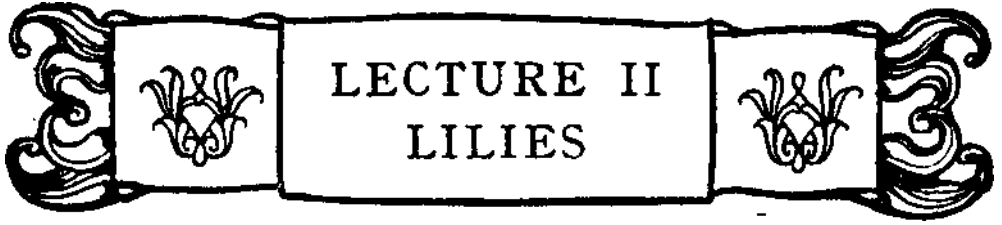
11. Look up the words given on the next page in a good dictionary, and

- (a) Find out the original meaning according to derivation; *e.g. collateral.*
- (b) In the case of words which are used in different senses, show how each meaning is developed from the original meaning; *e.g. peculiar, casual.*
- (c) In the case of words, the meaning of which has changed considerably, trace the development of the meaning from the original; *e.g. vulgar.*
- (d) Find out, and give the exact meaning of, other words derived from the same roots; *e.g. apathy, sympathy, antipathy, passion, compassion.*

Ambiguity (1), prevalent (2), effective (3), impulsive (3), mortal, mortify, mortification, morbid (4 and 76), accidentally (5), collateral (5), beneficent, benevolent, benignant (5, 10, 53), anterooms (6), apathy (7), casual (7), peculiar (9), chamaeleon (15), singular (15), vulgar (16), salutary (17), type (20), servility (21), commodity (25), tact (28; compare contact, tangent), proboscis (43).



LECTURE II—LILIES
OF QUEENS' GARDENS



OF QUEENS' GARDENS

ὡς κρίνον ἐν μέσῳ ἀκανθῶν, οὕτως ἡ πλησίον μου.¹

51. IT will, perhaps, be well, as this Lecture is the sequel of one previously given, that I should shortly state to you my general intention in both. The questions specially proposed to you in the first, namely, How and What to Read, rose out of a far deeper one, which it was my endeavour to make you propose earnestly to yourselves, namely, *Why* to Read. I want you to feel, with me, that whatever advantages we possess in the present day in the diffusion of education and of literature, can only be rightly used by any of us when we have apprehended clearly what education is to lead to, and literature to teach. I wish you to see that both well-directed moral training and well-chosen reading lead to the possession of a power over the ill-guided

¹ *Author's Note.* Canticles, ii. 2.

οὕτως ἡ πλησίον μου. The motto in editions 1-4, from Song of Solomon ii. 2: "As the lily among thorns, so is my love," In the later editions the motto was from Isaiah xxv. 1: "Be thou glad, oh thirsting desert; let the desert be made cheerful, and bloom as the lily; and the barren places of Jordan shall run wild with wood."

and illiterate, which is, according to the measure of it, in the truest sense, *kingly* ; conferring indeed the purest kingship that can exist among men: too many other kingships (however distinguished by visible insignia or material power) being either spectral, or tyrannous;—Spectral—that is to say, aspects and shadows only of royalty, hollow as death, and which only the " Likeness of a kingly crown have on "; or else tyrannous—that is to say, substituting their own will for the law of justice and love by which all true kings rule.

52. There is, then, I repeat—and as I want to leave this idea with you, I begin with it, and shall end with it—only one pure kind of kingship; an inevitable and eternal kind, crowned or not: the kingship, namely, which consists in a stronger moral state, and a truer thoughtful state, than that of others; enabling you, therefore, to guide, or to raise them. Observe that word " State "; we have got into a loose way of using it. It means literally the standing and stability of a thing; and you have the full force of it in the derived word " statue "—" the immoveable thing." A king's majesty or " state," then, and the right of his kingdom to be called a state, depends on the movelessness of both:—without tremor, without quiver of balance; established and enthroned upon a foundation of eternal law which nothing can alter nor overthrow.

53. Believing that all literature and all education

51. *Likeness of a, etc, Milton's Paradise Lost, ii., line 673.*

are only useful so far as they tend to confirm this calm, beneficent, and *therefore* kingly, power—first, over ourselves, and, through ourselves, over all around us, I am now going to ask you to consider with me farther, what special portion or kind of this royal authority, arising out of noble education, may rightly be possessed by women; and how far they also are called to a true queenly power. Not in their households merely, but over all within their sphere. And in what sense, if they rightly understood and exercised this royal or gracious influence, the order and beauty induced by such benignant power would justify us in speaking of the territories over which each of them reigned, as "Queens' Gardens."

54. And here, in the very outset, we are met by a far deeper question, which—strange though this may seem—remains among many of us yet quite undecided, in spite of its infinite importance.

We cannot determine what the queenly power of women should be, until we are agreed what their ordinary power should be. We cannot consider how education may fit them for any widely extending duty, until we are agreed what is their true constant duty. And there never was a time when wilder words were spoken, or more vain imagination permitted, respecting this question—quite vital to all social happiness. The relations of the womanly to the manly nature, their different capacities of

53. *Beneficent.* Bestowing benefit. Compare 5.

intellect or of virtue, seem never to have been yet measured with entire consent. We hear of the mission and of the rights of Woman, as if these could ever be separate from the mission and the rights of Man;—as if she and her lord were creatures of independent kind and of irreconcilable claim. This, at least, is wrong. And not less wrong—perhaps even more foolishly wrong (for I will anticipate thus far what I hope to prove)—is the idea that woman is only the shadow and attendant image of her lord, owing him a thoughtless and servile obedience, and supported altogether in her weakness by the pre-eminence of his fortitude.

This, I say, is the most foolish of all errors respecting her who was made to be the helpmate of man. As if he could be helped effectively by a shadow, or worthily by a slave!

55. Let us try, then, whether we cannot get at some clear and harmonious idea (it must be harmonious if it is true) of what womanly mind and virtue are in power and office, with respect to man's; and how their relations, rightly accepted, aid, and increase, the vigour, and honour, and authority of both,

And now I must repeat one thing I said in the last lecture: namely, that the first use of education was to enable us to consult with the wisest and the greatest men on all points of earnest difficulty. That to use books rightly, was to go to them for help: to appeal to them, when our own knowledge

and power of thought failed; to be led by them into wider sight, purer conception than our own, and receive from them the united sentence of the judges and councils of all time, against our solitary and unstable opinion.

Let us do this now. Let us see whether the greatest, the wisest, the purest-hearted of all ages are agreed in any wise on this point: let us hear the testimony they have left respecting what they held to be the true dignity of woman, and her mode of help to man.

And first let us take Shakespeare.

Note broadly in the outset, Shakespeare has no heroes;—he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, except the slight sketch of Henry the Fifth, exaggerated for the purposes of the stage; and the still slighter Valentine in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. In his laboured and perfect plays you have no hero. Othello would have been one, if his simplicity had not been so great as to leave him the prey of every base practice round him; but he is the only example even approximating to the heroic type. Coriolanus—Caesar—Antony, stand in flawed strength, and fall by their vanities;—Hamlet is indolent, and drowsily speculative; Romeo an impatient boy; the Merchant of Venice languidly submissive to adverse fortune; Kent, in *King Lear*, is entirely noble at heart, but too rough and unpolished to be of true use at the critical time, and he sinks into the office of a servant only. Orlando, no less noble, is yet the despairing

toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved by Rosalind. Whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope, and errorless purpose: Cordelia, Desdemona, Isabella, Hermione, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Perdita, Sylvia, Viola, Rosalind, Helena, and last, and perhaps loveliest, Virgilia, are all faultless; conceived in the highest heroic type of humanity.

57. Then observe, secondly,

The catastrophe of every play is caused always by the folly or fault of a man; the redemption, if there be any, is by the wisdom and virtue of a woman, and, failing that, there is none. The catastrophe of King Lear is owing to his want of judgment, his impatient vanity, his misunderstanding of his children; the virtue of his one true daughter would have saved him from all the injuries of the others, unless he had cast her away from him; as it is, she all but saves him.

Of Othello I need not trace the tale;—nor the one weakness of his so mighty love; nor the inferiority of his perceptive intellect to that even of the second woman character in the play, the Emilia who dies in wild testimony against his error:—" Oh, murderous coxcomb! What should such a fool do with so good a wife? "

In Romeo and Juliet, the wise and entirely brave stratagem of the wife is brought to ruinous issue by the reckless impatience of her husband. In Winter's

Tale, and in *Cymbeline*, the happiness and existence of two princely households, lost through long years, and imperilled to the death by the folly and obstinacy of the husbands, are redeemed at last by the queenly patience and wisdom of the wives. In *Measure for Measure*, the injustice of the judges, and the corrupt cowardice of the brother, are opposed to the victorious truth and adamant purity of a woman. In *Coriolanus*, the mother's counsel, acted upon in time, would have saved her son from all evil; his momentary forgetfulness of it is his ruin; her prayer, at last granted, saves him—not, indeed, from death, but from the curse of living as the destroyer of his country.

And what shall I say of Julia, constant against the fickleness of a lover who is a mere wicked child?—of Helena, against the petulance and insult of a careless youth?—of the patience of Hero, the passion of Beatrice, and the calmly devoted wisdom of the "unlessoned girl," who appears among the helplessness, the blindness, and the vindictive passions of men, as a gentle angel, to save merely by her presence, and defeat the worst intensities of crime by her smile?

58. Observe, further, among all the principal figures in Shakespeare's plays, there is only one weak woman—Ophelia; and it is because she fails Hamlet at the critical moment, and is not, and cannot in her

Unlessoned girl. In *Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2, Portia describes herself to Bassanio as "an unlessoned girl."

nature be, a guide to him when he needs her most, that all the bitter catastrophe follows. Finally, though there are three wicked women among the principal figures, Lady Macbeth, Regan, and Goneril, they are felt at once to be frightful exceptions to the ordinary laws of life; fatal in their influence also in proportion to the power for good which they have abandoned.

Such, in broad light, is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of women in human Ufe. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counsellors,—incorruptibly just and pure examples—strong always to sanctify, even when they cannot save.

59. Not as in any wise comparable in knowledge of the nature of man,—still less in his understanding of the causes and courses of fate,—but only as the writer who has given us the broadest view of the conditions and modes of ordinary thought in modern society, I ask you next to receive the witness of Walter Scott.

I put aside his merely romantic prose writings as of no value: and though the early romantic poetry is very beautiful, its testimony is of no weight, other than that of a boy's ideal. But his true works, studied from Scottish Ufe, bear a true witness, and in the whole range of these there are but three men who reach the heroic type—Dandie Dinmont, Rob Roy, and Claverhouse: of these, one is a border farmer; another a freebooter; the third a soldier in a bad cause. And these touch the ideal of heroism only in their courage and faith, together with a

strong, but uncultivated, or mistakenly applied, intellectual power; while his younger men are the gentlemanly playthings of fantastic fortune, and only by aid (or accident) of that fortune, survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain. Of any disciplined, or consistent character, earnest in a purpose wisely conceived, or dealing with forms of hostile evil, definitely challenged, and resolutely subdued, there is no trace in his conceptions of men. Whereas in his imaginations of women,—in the characters of Ellen Douglas, of Flora MacIvor, Rose Bradwardine, Catherine Seyton, Diana Vernon, Lilius Redgauntlet, Alice Bridgenorth, Alice Lee, and Jeanie Deans,—with endless varieties of grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, we find in all a quite infallible and inevitable sense of dignity and justice; a fearless, instant, and untiring self-sacrifice to even the appearance of duty, much more to its real claims; and, finally, a patient wisdom of deeply restrained affection, which does infinitely more than protect its objects from a momentary error; it gradually, forms, animates, and exalts the characters of the unworthy lovers, until, at the close, of the tale, we are just able, and no more, to take patience in hearing of their unmerited success.

So that in all cases, with Scott as with Shakespeare, it is the woman who watches over, teaches, and guides the youth; it is never, by any chance, the youth who watches over or educates his mistress.

60. Next, take, though more briefly, graver and

deeper testimony—that of the great Italians and Greeks. You know well the plan of Dante's great poem—that it is a love-poem to his dead lady, a song of praise for her watch over his soul. Stooping only to pity, never to love, she yet saves him from destruction—saves him from hell. He is going eternally astray in despair; she comes down from heaven to his help, and throughout the ascents of Paradise is his teacher, interpreting for him the most difficult truths, divine and human; and leading him, with rebuke upon rebuke, from star to star.

I do not insist upon Dante's conception; if I began I could not cease: besides, you might think this a wild imagination of one poet's heart. So I will rather read to you a few verses of the deliberate writing of a knight of Pisa to his living lady, wholly characteristic of the feeling of all the noblest men of the thirteenth century, preserved among many other such records of knightly honour and love, which Dante Rossetti has gathered for us from among the early Italian poets.

For lo I thy law is passed
That this my love should manifestly be
To serve and honour thee:
And so I do; and my delight is full.
Accepted for the servant of thy rule.

Without almost, I am all rapturous,
Since thus my will was set
To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence:

60. *The early Italian poets.* The poem, which is by Panuccio dal Bagno, is to be found in Rossetti's *Dante and his Circle*.

Nor ever seems it anything could rouse

A pain or a regret,

But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense;
Considering that from thee all virtues spread

As from a fountain head,—

That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail, -

And honour without fail ;

With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

Lady, since I conceived

Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,

my life has been apart

In shining brightness and the place of truth ;

Which till that time, good sooth,

Groped among shadows in a darken'd place,

Where many hours and days

It hardly ever had remember^d good.

But now my servitude

Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.

A man from a wild beast

Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.

61. You may think, perhaps, a Greek knight would have had a lower estimate of women than this Christian lover. His own spiritual subjection to them was indeed not so absolute; but as regards their own personal character, it was only because you could not have followed me so easily, that I did not take the Greek women instead of Shakespeare's; and instance, for chief ideal types of human beauty and faith, the simple mother's and wife's heart of Andromache; the divine, yet rejected wisdom of Cassandra; the playful kindness and simple princess-life of happy Nausicaa; the housewifely calm of that of Penelope, with its watch upon the sea; the ever patient, fearless, hopelessly devoted

piety of the sister, and daughter, in Antigone; the bowing down of Iphigenia, lamb-like and silent; and, finally, the expectation of the resurrection, made clear to the soul of the Greeks in the return from her grave of that Alcestis, who, to save her husband, had passed calmly through the bitterness of death.

62. Now I could multiply witness upon witness of this kind upon you if I had time. I would take Chaucer, and show you why he wrote a Legend of Good Women; but no Legend of Good Men. I would take Spenser, and show you how all his fairy knights are sometimes deceived and sometimes vanquished; but the soul of Una is never darkened, and the spear of Britomart is never broken. Nay, I could go back into the mythical teaching of the most ancient times, and show you how the great people,—by one of whose princesses it was appointed that the Lawgiver of all the earth should be educated, rather than by his own kindred;—how that great Egyptian people, wisest then of nations, gave to their Spirit of Wisdom the form of a woman; and into her hand, for a symbol, the weaver's shuttle: and how the name and the form of that spirit, adopted, believed, and obeyed by the Greeks, became that Athena of the olive-helm, and cloudy shield, to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue.

62. *Athena of the olive helm, and cloudy shield.* The olive tree was a gift to the Athenians from Athena, and is therefore one of the symbols of the goddess. Another symbol is the cloak or breastplate (not, as Ruskin calls it, the shield).

63. But I will not wander into this distant and mythical element; I will ask you to give its legitimate value to the testimony of these great poets and men of the world,—consistent as you see it is on this head. I will ask you whether it can be supposed that these men, in the main work of their lives, are amusing themselves with a fictitious and idle view of the relations between man and woman;—nay, worse than fictitious or idle; for a thing may be imaginary, yet desirable, if it were possible; but this, their ideal of women, is, according to our common idea of the marriage relation, wholly undesirable. The woman, we say, is not to guide, nor even to think, for herself. The man is always to be the wiser; he is to be the thinker, the ruler, the superior in knowledge and discretion, as in power.

64. Is it not somewhat important to make up our minds on this matter? Are all these great men mistaken, or are we? (Are Shakespeare and iEschylus, Dante and Homer, merely dressing dolls for us; or, worse than dolls, unnatural visions, the realization of which, were it possible, would bring anarchy into all households and ruin into all affections ?) Nay, if you could suppose this, take lastly the evidence of facts, given by the human heart itself. In all Christian ages which have been remarkable for their purity or progress, there has been absolute yielding
known as the aegis. This signified originally the storm cloud, used by the gods to produce terror among men. Later it was represented in the form of a garment, and in this form became a special attribute of Athena.

of obedient devotion, by the lover, to his mistress. I say *obedient*—not merely enthusiastic and worshipping in imagination, but entirely subject, receiving from the beloved woman, however young, not only the encouragement, the praise, and the reward of all toil, but, so far as any choice is open, or any question difficult of decision, the *direction* of all toil. That chivalry, to the abuse and dishonour of which are attributable primarily whatever is cruel in war, unjust in peace, or corrupt and ignoble in domestic relations; and to the original purity and power of which we owe the defence alike of faith, of law, and of love;—that chivalry, I say, in its very first conception of honourable life, assumes the subjection of the young knight to the command—should it even be the command in caprice—of his lady. It assumes this, because its masters knew that the first and necessary impulse of every truly taught and knightly heart is this of blind service to its lady: that where that true faith and captivity are not, all wayward and wicked passion must be; and in this rapturous obedience to the single love of his youth, is the sanctification of all man's strength, and the continuance of all his purposes. And this, not because such obedience would be safe, or honourable, were it ever rendered to the unworthy; but because it ought to be impossible for every noble youth—it is impossible for every one rightly trained—to love any one whose gentle counsel he cannot trust, or whose prayerful command he can hesitate to obey.

65. I do not insist by any farther argument on this, for I think it should commend itself at once to your knowledge of what has been and to your feeling of what should be. You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails. Know you not those lovely lines—I would they were learned by all youthful ladies of England:—

Ah wasteful woman!—she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
 How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men. and men divine.¹

66. Thus much, then, respecting the relations of lovers I believe you will accept. But what we too often doubt is the fitness of the continuance of such a relation throughout the whole of human life. We think it right in the lover and mistress, not in the husband and wife. That is to say, we think that a reverent and tender duty is due to one whose affection we still doubt, and whose character we as yet

¹ *Author's Note.* Coventry Patmore.

65. *Men divine.* Quoted from Coventry Patmore's *The Angel in the House*, prelude i. to canto vii. of book i., part i.

no

SESAME AND LILIES

do but partially and distantly discern; and that this reverence and duty are to be withdrawn, when the affection has become wholly and limitlessly our own, and the character has been so sifted and tried that we fear not to entrust it with the happiness of our Uves. Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love?

67. But how, you will ask, is the idea of this guiding function of the woman reconcileable with a true wifely subjection? Simply in that it is a *guiding*, not a determining, function. Let me try to show you briefly how these powers seem to be rightly distinguishable.

We are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

68. Now their separate characters are briefly these. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest

necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise: she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest. By her office, and place, she is protected from all danger and temptation. The man, in his rough work in open world, must encounter all peril and trial:—to him, therefore, the failure, the offence, the inevitable error: often he must be wounded, or subdued, often misled, and *always* hardened. But he guards the woman from all this; within his house, as ruled by her, unless she herself has sought it, need enter no danger, no temptation, no cause of error or offence. This is the true nature of home—it is the place of Peace; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home; so far as the anxieties of the outer life penetrate into it, and the inconsistently-minded, unknown, unloved, or hostile society of the outer world is allowed by either husband or wife to cross the threshold, it ceases to be home; it is then only a part of that outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may

68. *A vestal temple.* Vesta was the Roman goddess of **the** fire of the hearth.

come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

And wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot: but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

69. This, then, I believe to be,—will you not admit it to be,—the woman's true place and power? But do not you see that, to fulfil this, she must— as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good; instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his

In a weary land. In Isaiah xxxii. 2 there is the promise: "A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, . . . as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Pharos. A lighthouse. Originally the name of an island off Alexandria on which stood a famous tower-lighthouse.

Painted with vermilion. Part of a description of "a wide house and large chambers" in Jeremiah xxii. 14: "It is ceiled with cedar, and painted with vermilion."

side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—" *La donna è mobile,*" not " *Qual pium' al vento* "; no, nor yet " *Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made* "; but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

70. II. I have been trying, thus far, to show you what should be the place, and what the power of woman. Now, secondly, we ask, What kind of education is to fit her for these?

And if you indeed think this a true conception of her office and dignity, it will not be difficult to trace the course of education which would fit her for the one, and raise her to the other.

The first of our duties to her—no thoughtful persons now doubt this,—is to secure, for her such physical training and exercise as may confirm her health, and perfect her beauty; the highest refinement of that beauty being unattainable without splendour of activity and of delicate strength. To perfect her beauty, I say, and increase its power; it cannot be too powerful, nor shed its sacred light too far: only remember that all physical freedom

69. *Qual pium' al vento*. As a feather in the wind; quoted from a song in Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

By the light quivering aspen made. Scott's *Marmion*, vi. 30.

is vain to produce beauty without a corresponding freedom of heart. There are two passages of that poet who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others — not by power, but by exquisite *tightness* — which point you to the source, and describe to you, in a few syllables, the completion of womanly beauty. I will read the introductory stanzas, but the last is the one I wish you specially to notice:—

Three years she grew in sun and shower,
 Then Nature said, A lovelier flower
 On earth was never sown.
 This child I to myself will take;
 She shall be mine, and I will make
 A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
 Both law and impulse; and with me
 The girl, in rock and plain,
 In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
 Shall feel an overseeing power
 To kindle, or restrain.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
 To her, for her the willow bend;
 Nor shall she fail to see,
 Even in the motions of the storm,
 Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
 By silent sympathy.

And *vital feelings of delight*
 Shall rear her form to stately height,—
 Her virgin bosom swell.
 Such *thoughts* to Lucy I will give,
 While she and I together live,
 Here in this happy dell.

70. *That poet.* Wordsworth.

" *Vital* feelings of delight," observe. There are deadly feelings of delight; but the natural ones are vital, necessary to very life.

And they must be feelings of delight, if they are to be vital. Do not think you can make a girl lovely, if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on a good girl's nature—there is not one check you give to her instincts of affection or of effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features, with a hardness which is all the more painful because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue.

71. This for the means: now note the end. Take from the same poet, in two lines, a perfect description of womanly beauty—

**A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.**

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise;—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

72. Thus, then, you have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains

71. *Promises as sweet.* Quoted from Wordsworth's poem, beginning " She was a phantom of delight."

will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

All such knowledge should be given her as may enable her to understand, and even to aid, the work of men: and yet it should be given, not as knowledge,—not as if it were, or could be, for her an object to know; but only to feel, and to judge. It is of no moment, as a matter of pride or perfectness in herself, whether she knows many languages or one; but it is of the utmost, that she should be able to show kindness to a stranger, and to understand the sweetness of a stranger's tongue. It is of no moment to her own worth or dignity that she should be acquainted with this science or that; but it is of the highest that she should be trained in habits of accurate thought; that she should understand the meaning, the inevitableness, and the loveliness of natural laws, and follow at least some one path of scientific attainment, as far as to the threshold of that bitter Valley of Humiliation, into which only the wisest and gravest of men can descend, owning themselves for ever children, gathering pebbles on a boundless shore. It is of little conse-

72. *On a boundless shore.* In Milton's *Paradise Regained*, iv. 328, a man who is

" Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,"
is said to be

" Gathering toys
As children gathering pebbles on the shore."

quence how many positions of cities she knows, or how many dates of events, or how many names of celebrated persons—it is not the object of education to turn a woman into a dictionary; but it is deeply necessary that she should be taught to enter with her whole personality into the history she reads; to picture the passages of it vitally in her own bright imagination; to apprehend, with her fine instincts, the pathetic circumstances and dramatic relations, which the historian too often only eclipses by his reasoning, and disconnects by his arrangement; it is for her to trace the hidden equities of divine reward, and catch sight, through the darkness, of the fateful threads of woven fire that connect error with its retribution. But, chiefly of all, she is to be taught to extend the limits of her sympathy with respect to that history which is being for ever determined, as the moments pass in which she draws her peaceful breath; and to the contemporary calamity which, were it but rightly mourned by her, would recur no more hereafter. She is to exercise herself in imagining what would be the effects upon her mind and conduct, if she were daily brought into the presence of the suffering which is not the less real because shut from her sight. She is to be taught somewhat to understand the nothingness of the proportion which that little world in which she lives and loves, bears to the world in which God lives and loves;—and solemnly she is to be taught to strive that her thoughts of piety may not be

feeble in proportion to the number they embrace, nor her prayer more languid than it is for the momentary relief from pain of her husband or her child, when it is uttered for the multitudes of those who have none to love them,—and is "for all who are desolate and oppressed."

73. Thus far, I think, I have had your concurrence; perhaps you will not be with me in what I believe is most needful for me to say. There *is* one dangerous science for women—one which let them indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. Strange, and miserably strange, that while they are modest enough to doubt their powers, and pause at the threshold of sciences where every step is demonstrable and sure, they will plunge headlong, and without one thought of incompetency, into that science in which the greatest men have trembled, and the wisest erred. Strange, that they will complacently and pridefully bind up whatever vice or folly there is in them, whatever arrogance, petulance, or blind incomprehensiveness, into one bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh. Strange, in creatures born to be Love visible, that where they can know least, they will condemn first, and think to recommend themselves to their Master by scrambling up the steps of His judgment-throne, to divide

73. *Bitter bundle of consecrated myrrh.* In the Bible myrrh is referred to as being used in the purification of women, as a perfume and for embalming. Ruskin probably intends a contrast with the verse in Song of Solomon i. 13 : "A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me."

it with Him. **Most** strange, that they should think they were led by the Spirit of the Comforter into habits of mind which have become in them the unmixed elements of home discomfort; and that they dare to turn the Household Gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own—spiritual dolls, for them to dress according to their caprice; and from which their husbands must turn away in grieved contempt, lest they should be shrieked at for breaking them.

74. I believe, then, with this exception, that a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's; but quite differently directed. A woman, in any rank of life, ought to know whatever her husband is likely to know, but to know it in a different way. His command of it should be foundational and progressive, hers, general and accomplished for daily and helpful use. Not but that it would often be wiser in men to learn things in a womanly sort of way, for present use, and to seek for the discipline and training of their mental powers in such branches of study as will be afterwards fittest for social service; but, speaking broadly, a man ought to know any language or science he learns, thoroughly, while a woman ought to know the same language, or science, only so far as may enable her to sympathise in her husband's pleasures, and in those of his best friends.

75. Yet, observe, with exquisite accuracy as far as she reaches. There is a wide difference between elementary knowledge and superficial knowledge

—between a firm beginning, and a feeble smattering. A woman may always help her husband by what she knows, however little; by what she half-knows, or mis-knows, she will only tease him.

And indeed, if there were to be any difference between a girl's education and a boy's, I should say that of the two the girl should be earlier led, as her intellect ripens faster, into deep and serious subjects; and that her range of literature should be, not more, but less frivolous, calculated to add the qualities of patience and seriousness to her natural poignancy of thought and quickness of wit; and also to keep her in a lofty and pure element of thought. I enter not now into any question of choice of books; only be sure that her books are not heaped up in her lap as they fall out of the package of the circulating library, wet with the last and lightest spray of the fountain of folly.

76. Or even of the fountain of wit; for with respect to that sore temptation of novel reading, it is not the badness of a novel that we should dread, but its over-wrought interest. The weakest romance is not so stupefying as the lower forms of religious exciting literature, and the worst romance is not so corrupting as false history, false philosophy, or false political essays. But the best romance becomes dangerous, if, by its excitement, it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for useless acquaintance with scenes in which we shall never be called upon to act.

77. I speak therefore of good novels only; and our modern literature is particularly rich in types of such. Well read, indeed, these books have serious use, being nothing less than treatises on moral anatomy and chemistry; studies of human nature in the elements of it. But I attach little weight to this function: they are hardly ever read with earnestness enough to permit them to fulfil it. The utmost they usually do is to enlarge somewhat the charity of a kind reader, or the bitterness of a malicious one; for each will gather, from the novel, food for her own disposition. (Those who are naturally proud and envious will learn from Thackeray to despise humanity; those who are naturally gentle, to pity it; those who are naturally shallow, to laugh at it.) So, also, there might be a serviceable power in novels to bring before us, in vividness, a human truth which we had before dimly conceived; but the temptation to picturesqueness of statement is so great, that often the best writers of fiction cannot resist it; and our views are rendered so violent and one-sided, that their vitality is rather a harm than good.

78. Without, however, venturing here on any attempt at decision how much novel reading should be allowed, let me at least clearly assert this, that whether novels, or poetry, or history be read, they should be chosen, not for what is *out* of them, but for what is *in* them. The chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a

powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl; but the emptiness of an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way: turn her loose into the old library every wet day, and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot: for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as the narcissus does, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall, and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

**Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty.**

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you; and the good ones too, and will

78. *Virgin liberty.* From Wordsworth's " She was a phantom of delight."

eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought were" good.

79. Then, in art, keep the finest models before her, and let her practice in all accomplishments be accurate and thorough, so as to enable her to understand more than she accomplishes. I say the finest models—that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefullest. Note these epithets; they will range through all the arts. Try them in music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion; again, the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefullest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them.

80. And not only in the material and in the course, but yet more earnestly in the spirit of it, let a girl's education be as serious as a boy's. You bring up your girls as if they were meant for sideboard ornaments, and then complain of their frivolity. Give them the same advantages that you give their brothers—appeal to the same grand instincts of virtue in them; teach *them* also that courage and truth are the pillars of their being: do you think that they would not answer that appeal, brave and

true as they are even now, when you know that there is hardly a girl's school in this Christian kingdom where the children's courage or sincerity would be thought of half so much importance as their way of coming in at a door; and when the whole system of society, as respects the mode of establishing them in life, is one rotten plague of cowardice and imposture—cowardice, in not daring to let them live, or love, except as their neighbours choose; and imposture, in bringing, for the purposes of our own pride, the full glow of the world's worst vanity upon a girl's eyes, at the very period when the whole happiness of her future existence depends upon her remaining undazzled?

81. And give them, lastly, not only noble teachings, but noble teachers. You consider somewhat, before you send your boy to school, what kind of a man the master is;—whatsoever kind of man he is, you at least give him full authority over your son, and show some respect to him yourself: if he comes to dine with you, you do not put him at a side table; you know also that, at his college, your child's immediate tutor will be under the direction of some still higher tutor, for whom you have absolute reverence. You do not treat the Dean of Christ Church or the Master of Trinity as your inferiors.

But what teachers do you give your girls, and what reverence do you show to the teachers you have chosen? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you

trust the entire formation of her character, moral and intellectual, to a person whom yōu let your servants treat with less respect than they do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries), and whom you yourself think you confer an honour upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing-room in the evening?

82. Thus, then, of literature as her help, and thus of art. There is one more help which she cannot do without—one which, alone, has sometimes done more than all other influences besides,—the help of wild and fair nature. Hear this of the education of Joan of Arc:

" The education of this poor girl was mean according to the present standard; was ineffably grand, according to a purer philosophic standard; and only not good for our age, because for us it would be unattainable. * * *

" Next after her spiritual advantages, she owed most to the advantages of her situation. The fountain of Domremy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in any decent bounds. * * *

" But the forests of Domremy—those were the glories of the land; for in them abode mysterious powers and ancient secrets that towered into tragic strength. ' Abbeys there were, and abbey windows,'

—'like Moorish temples of the Hindoos,' that exercised even princely power both in Touraine and in the German Diets. These had their sweet bells that pierced the forests for many a league at matins or vespers; and each its own dreamy legend. Few enough, and scattered enough, were these abbeys, so as in no degree to disturb the deep solitude of the region; yet many enough to spread a network or awning of Christian sanctity over what else might have seemed a heathen wilderness."¹

Now, you cannot, indeed, have here in England, woods eighteen miles deep to the centre; but you can, perhaps, keep a fairy or two for your children yet, if you wish to keep them. But *do* you wish it? Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden, large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I think not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold.

83. Yet this is what you are doing with all England.

¹ *Author's Note.* "Joan of Arc: in reference to M. Michelet's History of France." De Quincey's Works, vol. iii., p. 217.

The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace-ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it. For the fairies will not be all banished; there are fairies of the furnace as of the wood, and their first gifts seem to be "sharp arrows of the mighty"; but their last gifts are "coals of juniper."

84. And yet I cannot—though there is no part of my subject that I feel more—press this upon you; for we made so little use of the power of nature while we had it that we shall hardly feel what we have lost. Just on the other side of the Mersey you have your Snowdon, and your Menai Straits, and that mighty granite rock beyond the moors of Anglesea, splendid in its heathery crest, and foot planted in the deep sea, once thought of as sacred—a divine promontory, looking westward; the Holy Head or Headland, still not without awe when its red light glares first through storm. These are the hills, and these the bays and blue inlets, which, among the Greeks, would have been always loved, always fateful in influence on the national mind.

83. *Coals of juniper.* Psalm cxx. 3, 4: "What shall be given unto thee? or what shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue? Sharp arrows of the mighty, with coals of juniper." Juniper is a kind of broom which grows in Palestine, the roots of which are suitable for burning and are said to give an intense heat.

That Snowdon is **your** Parnassus; but where are its Muses? That Holyhead mountain is your Island of *Ægina*., but where is its Temple to Minerva?

85. Shall I read you what the Christian Minerva had achieved under the shadow of our Parnassus, up to the year 1848?—Here is a little account of a Welsh School, from page 261 of the Report on Wales, published by the Committee of Council on Education. This is a school close to a town containing 5,000 persons:—

" I then called up a larger class, most of whom had recently come to the school. Three girls repeatedly declared they had never heard of Christ, and two that they had never heard of God. Two out of six thought Christ was on earth now" (they might have had a worse thought, perhaps), " three knew nothing about the crucifixion. Four out of seven did not know the names of the months, nor the number of days in a year. They had no notion of addition beyond two and two, or three and three; their minds were perfect blanks."

Oh ye women of England! from the Princess of that Wales to the simplest of you, do not think

84. *Your Parnassus.* Mount Parnassus in Greece was celebrated as the home of Apollo and the Muses.

Island of Ægina. On this island there are the remains of a temple, thought at the time Ruskin was writing to have been dedicated to Athena (Roman Minerva).

85. *The Christian Minerva.* The wisdom recognised by Christians.

your own children can be brought into their true fold of rest, while these are scattered on the hills, as sheep having no shepherd. And do not think your daughters can be trained to the truth of their own human beauty, while the pleasant places, which God made at once for their school-room and their playground, he desolate and denied. (You cannot baptize them rightly in those inch-deep fountains of yours, unless you baptize them also in the sweet waters which the great Lawgiver strikes forth for ever from the rocks of your native land,—waters which a Pagan would have worshipped in their purity, and you worship only with pollution. You cannot lead your children faithfully to those narrow axe-hewn church altars of yours, while the dark azure altars in heaven—the mountains that sustain your island throne,—mountains on which a Pagan would have seen the powers of heaven rest in every wreathed cloud—remain for you without inscription; altars built, not to, but by, an Unknown God.

86. III. Thus far, then, of the nature, thus far of the teaching, of woman, and thus of her household office, and queenliness. We come now to our last, our widest question,—What is her queenly office with respect to the state?

Generally, we are under an impression that a man's duties are public, and a woman's private. But this is not altogether so. A man has a personal

An Unknown God. St. Paul found at Athens " an altar with this inscription, To The Unknown God." See Acts xvii. 23.

work or duty, relating to his own home, and a public work or duty, which is the expansion of the other, relating to the state. So a woman has a personal work or duty, relating to her own home, and a public work and duty, which is also the expansion of that.

Now the man's work for his own home is, as has been said, to secure its maintenance, progress, and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness.

Expand both these functions. The man's duty, as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the state. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the state.

What the man is at his own gate, defending it, if need be, against insult and spoil, that also, not in a less, but in a more devoted measure, he is to be at the gate of his country, leaving his home, if need be, even to the spoiler, to do his more incumbent work there.

And, in like manner, what the woman is to be within her gates, as the centre of order, the balm of distress, and the mirror of beauty; that she is also to be without her gates, where order is more difficult, distress more imminent, loveliness more rare.

And as within the human heart there is always set an instinct for all its real duties,—an instinct

which you cannot quench, but only warp and corrupt if you withdraw it from its true purpose;—as there is the intense instinct of love, which, rightly disciplined, maintains all the sanctities of life, and, misdirected, undermines them; and *must* do either the one or the other;—so there is in the human heart an inextinguishable instinct, the love of power, which, rightly directed, maintains all the majesty of law and Ufe, and misdirected, wrecks them.

87. Deep rooted in the innermost life of the heart of man, and of the heart of woman, God set it there, and God keeps it there. Vainly, as falsely, you blame or rebuke the desire of power!—For Heaven's sake, and for Man's sake, desire it all you can. But *what* power? That is all the question. Power to destroy? the lion's limb, and the dragon's breath? Not so. Power to heal, to redeem, to guide, and to guard. Power of the sceptre and shield; the power of the royal hand that heals in touching,—that binds the fiend, and looses the captive; the throne that is founded on the rock of Justice, and descended from only by steps of mercy. Will you not covet such power as this, and seek such throne as this, and be no more housewives, but queens?

88. It is now long since the women of England arrogated, universally, a title which once belonged to nobility only; and, having once been in the habit of accepting the simple title of gentlewoman, as correspondent to that of gentleman, insisted on the

privilege of assuming the title of "Lady,"¹ which properly corresponds only to the title of "Lord."

I do not blame them for this; but only for their narrow motive in this. I would have them desire and claim the title of Lady, provided they claim, not merely the title, but the office and duty signified by it. Lady means "bread-giver" or "loaf-giver," and Lord means "maintainer of laws," and both titles have reference, not to the law which is maintained in the house, nor to the bread which is given to the household; but to law maintained for the multitude, and to bread broken among the multitude. So that a Lord has legal claim only to his title in so far as he is the maintainer of the justice of the Lord of Lords; and a Lady has legal claim to her

¹ *Author's Note.* I wish there were a true order of chivalry instituted for our English youth of certain ranks, in which both boy and girl should receive, at a given age, their knighthood and ladyhood by true title; attainable only by certain probation and trial both of character and accomplishment; and to be forfeited, on conviction, by their peers, of any dishonourable act. Such an institution would be entirely, and with all noble results, possible, in a nation which loved honour. That it would not be possible among us, is not to the discredit of the scheme.

88. *Lady, lord.* Ruskin is right in regarding "lady" as the modern form of an Old English word, the root of which is Old English *hlaf*, Modern English "loaf." He regards "lord" as a compound of Old English *lagu*, "law," and *weard*, "warden" or "keeper." It is really a compound of Old English *hlāf*, "loaf" and *weard*, "warden," and so means "keeper of the loaf."

title, only so far as she communicates that help to the poor representatives of her Master, which women once, ministering to Him of their substance, were permitted to extend to that Master Himself; and when she is known, as He Himself once was, in breaking of bread.

89. And this beneficent and legal dominion, this power of the Dominus, or House-Lord, and of the Domina, or House-Lady, is great and venerable, not in the number of those through whom it has lineally descended, but in the number of those whom it grasps within its sway; it is always regarded with reverent worship wherever its dynasty is founded on its duty, and its ambition co-relative with its beneficence. Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies, with a train of vassals. Be it so; you cannot be too noble, and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed *you*; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed,—whom you have redeemed, not led into captivity.

90. And this, which is true of the lower or house-

Known in breaking of bread. The two disciples, journeying to Emmaus, did not recognise the risen Lord until " he took bread, and blessed it, and brake, and gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him." See Luke xxiv. 30-35.

89. *Ambition co-relative with its beneficence.* The ambition for power is inspired by the desire to do good.

hold dominion, is equally true of the queenly dominion;—that highest dignity is open to you, if you will also accept that highest duty. *Rex et Regina*—*Roi et Reine*—"*Right-doers*"; they differ but from the Lady and Lord, in that their power is supreme over the mind as over the person—that they not only feed and clothe, but direct and teach. And whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned: there is no putting by that crown; queens you must always be; queens to your lovers; queens to your husbands and your sons; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will for ever bow, before the myrtle crown, and the stainless sceptre, of womanhood. But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power, which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

91. "Prince of Peace." Note that name.. When kings rule in that name, and nobles, and the judges of the earth, they also, in their narrow place, and mortal measure, receive the power of it. There are no other rulers than they: other rule than theirs is

go. *Rex et Regina, Roi et Reine.* The Latin and French words respectively for king and queen. The root of all these words is the same as that found in the English word, "right."

The myrtle crown. The myrtle was sacred to Venus, the goddess of love.

but wtsrule; they who govern verily " Dei gratiâ " are all princes, yes, or princesses, of peace. There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies lastly with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle; but men are feeble in sympathy, and contracted in hope; it is you only who can feel the depths of pain; and conceive the way of its healing. Instead of trying to do this, you turn away from it; you shut yourselves within your park walls and garden gates; and you are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate; and of suffering which you dare not conceive.

92. I tell you that this is to me quite the most amazing among the phenomena of humanity. I am surprised at no depths to which, when once warped from its honour, that humanity can be degraded. I do not wonder at the miser's death, with his hands, as they relax, dropping gold. I do not wonder at the sensualist's Ufe, with the shroud wrapped about his feet. I do not wonder at the single-handed

murder of a single victim, done by the assassin in the darkness of the railway, or reed-shadow of the marsh. I do not even wonder at the myriad-handed murder of multitudes, done boastfully in the daylight, by the frenzy of nations, and the immeasurable, unimaginable guilt, heaped up from hell to heaven, of their priests, and kings. But this is wonderful to me—oh, how wonderful!—to see the tender and delicate woman among you, with her child at her breast, and a power, if she would wield it, over it, and over its father, purer than the air of heaven, and stronger than the seas of earth—nay, a magnitude of blessing which her husband would not part with for all that earth itself, though it were made of one entire and perfect chrysolite:—to see her abdicate this majesty to play at precedence with her next-door neighbour! This is wonderful—oh, wonderful!—to see her, with every innocent feeling fresh within her, go out in the morning into her garden to play with the fringes of its guarded flowers, and lift their heads when they are drooping, with her happy smile upon her face, and no cloud upon her brow, because there is a little wall around her place of peace: and yet she knows, in her heart, if she would only look for its knowledge, that, outside

92. *Chrysolite*. A bright yellow, precious stone. See *Othello*, v. 2:

" Had she been true,
If Heaven would make me such another world,
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it."

of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood.

93. Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least, may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have, instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns; and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. "Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy."

94. You think that only a lover's fancy;—false and vain! How if it could be true? You think this also, perhaps, only a poet's fancy—

Even the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread.

93. *Left the daisies rosy.* So the lover declares in Tennyson's poem, *Maud*, I. xii. 6.

94. *Her airy tread.* Quoted from the description of Ellen Douglas in Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, i. 18.

But it is little to say of a woman, that she only does not destroy where she passes. She should revive; the harebells should bloom, not stoop, as she passes. You think I am going into wild hyperbole? Pardon me, not a whit—I mean what I say in calm English, spoken in resolute truth. You have heard it said—(and I believe there is more than fancy even in that saying, but let it pass for a fanciful one)—that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them. I know you would like that to be true; you would think it a pleasant magic if you could flush your flowers into brighter bloom by a kind look upon them: nay, more, if your look had the power, not only to cheer, but to guard them—if you could bid the black blight turn away, and the knotted caterpillar spare—if you could bid the dew fall upon them in the drought, and say to the south wind, in frost—"Come, thou south, and breathe upon my garden, that the spices of it may flow out." This you would think a great thing? And do you think it not a greater thing, that all this, (and how much more than this!) you *can* do, for fairer flowers than these—flowers that could bless you for having blessed them, and will love you for having loved them;—flowers that have eyes like yours, and thoughts like yours, and lives like yours; which, once saved, you save for ever? Is this only a little power? Far among the moorlands and the rocks,—far in the darkness of the terrible streets,—these feeble florets

Come, thou south, etc. Song of Solomon iv. 16.

are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken—will you never go down to them, nor set them in order in their little fragrant beds, nor fence them in their shuddering from the fierce wind? Shall morning follow morning, for you, but not for them; and the dawn rise to watch, far away, those frantic Dances of Death; but no dawn rise to breathe upon these living banks of wild violet, and woodbine, and rose; nor call to you, through your casement,—call, (not giving you the name of the English poet's lady, but the name of Dante's great Matilda, who, on the edge of happy Lethe, stood, wreathing flowers with flowers), saying:

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad
And the musk of the roses blown?

Dances of Death. In a note Ruskin refers the reader to a description (quoted in a note to *Kings' Treasuries*, 36) of a ball given by a certain Madame C, which "terminated with a *chaine diabolique* (of the devil) and a *cancan d'enfer* (of hell)."

Dante's great Matilda. In *Purgatorio*, xxviii., Dante, wandering through the forest of the Terrestrial Paradise, is checked by a stream, on the other side of which he sees:

" A Lady, all alone, who singing went,
And culling flower from flower."

The stream is Lethe, " happy " because it has power

" To take away
Remembrance of offence,"

The Lady is Matilda, who represents " the virtuous use of earthly things, directly ordered to the love of our neighbour " (Cary).

Blown. *Maud*, I. xxii. 1.

Will you not go down among them?—among those sweet living things, whose new courage, sprung from the earth with the deep colour of heaven upon it, is starting up in strength of goodly spire; and whose purity, washed from the dust, is opening, bud by bud, into the flower of promise;—and still they turn to you, and for you, "The Larkspur listens—I hear, I hear! And the Lily whispers—I wait."

95. Did you notice that I missed two lines when I read you that first stanza; and think that I had forgotten them? Hear them now:

**Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown:
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate, alone.**

Who is it, think you, who stands at the gate of this sweeter garden, alone, waiting for you? Did you ever hear, not of a Maud, but a Madeleine, who went down to her garden in the dawn, and found One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener? Have you not sought Him often;—sought Him in vain, all through the night;—sought Him in vain at the gate of that old garden where the fiery sword is set? He is never there; but at the gate of *this* garden He is waiting always

95. *Alone. Maud*, I. xxii. 10.

The gardener. See John xx. 15.

The fiery sword is set. After the expulsion of man from the Garden of Eden, God "placed at the east of the garden of Eden Cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." See Genesis iii. 24.

—waiting to take your hand—ready to go down to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine has flourished, and the pomegranate budded. There you shall see with Him the little tendrils of the vines that His hand is guiding—there you shall see the pomegranate springing where His hand cast the sanguine seed;—more: you shall see the troops of the angel keepers that, with their wings, wave away the hungry birds from the pathsides where He has sown, and call to each other between the vineyard rows, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." Oh—you queens—you queens! among the hills and happy greenwood of this land of yours, shall the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; and, in your cities, shall the stones cry out against you, that they are the only pillows where the Son of Man can lay His head?

The pomegranate budded. Song of Solomon vii. 12: "Let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth."

Tender grapes. Song of Solomon ii. 15.

Can lay His head. Compare Matthew viii. 20: "Jesus saith unto him, The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

ANALYSIS OF THE LECTURE

51-53. *Introduction.* Literature and education are only valuable so far as they tend to develop a true royal power over the ill-guided and illiterate. The questions to be discussed in the lecture are what kind of royal power is to be possessed and exercised by women, and what kind of education do women need to fit them for the exercise of this power.

54-69. *The place and power of woman.* A consideration of their women characters reveals that according to the consistent testimony of Shakespeare, Scott, the great Italians and Greeks, Chaucer and Spenser, it is always the woman who "watches over, teaches and guides" the man (54-63). The evidence of facts confirms this, for the teaching of chivalry, which assumes the obedient devotion of the lover to his lady, is generally accepted; and it is unreasonable to reverse this at marriage (64-67). This relationship between man and woman is the result of their different powers, by which each completes the other. The man's powers are for battle and discovery, the woman's for judgment and ordering; and the woman is shielded from the dangers and temptations by which the man is misled or hardened. The woman's function, therefore, is through a judgment "infallibly wise" to make the home a place of shelter "from all terror, doubt* and division" (68-69).

70-85. *The education of woman.*

A. In a girl's education we have first to provide for such physical training as will confirm her health and perfect her beauty. The essential elements of such training are freedom and happiness.

B. Secondly we have to provide for her mental training and development, (i) This part of her education should be in its material, course (74, 75), and spirit (80) as serious as a boy's. (2) But it is to be differently directed, for the woman needs knowledge, not for itself, but that she may be able to sympathise with the interests and activities of men (74). She needs, for example, knowledge of a language, or of science, or of history and geography, or of contemporary affairs, in order that she may be able to feel with others, and understand and judge of what they are doing (72). The one science on which woman should not exercise this function of judgment is that of theology (73). (3) This education will come to her through (a) literature, in which she should be early led into deep and serious subjects (75-77), but should be allowed much freedom in her choice of books (78), (b) art, in which she should study only the best models and should learn to be accurate and thorough in all practice (79); (c) nature, which should be to her both a playground and the haunt of the Divine (82-85).

86-95. *The power and office of woman in relation to the state.* In relation to the state the woman's work is to be an expansion of her work in relation to the home, namely, "to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness."¹ The desire for power is a natural and right instinct in woman as in man, and consequently women are right in desiring to be ladies and queens, provided that they have a true conception of the kind of power these titles imply. Through the misdirection or neglect of the powers they undoubtedly possess women become responsible for the agony of the world, which, if they chose, they could convert from a wilderness into a garden.

QUESTIONS ON *QUEENS' GARDENS*

i. State in your own words the views, according to Ruskin, of (a) Shakespeare, (b) Scott, as to the relation between men and women.

2. Discuss Ruskin's estimate of any of the characters of (a) Shakespeare, (b) Scott, with which you are acquainted.

''' 3. State in your own words Ruskin's distinction between the office of the man and the office of the woman, both in personal and public work or duty.

4. Explain and illustrate Ruskin's meaning in the statement: " a girl's education should be nearly, in its course and material of study, the same as a boy's; but quite differently directed" (74). Do you agree?

5. On what principles would Ruskin select a novel to read?

6. What evidence can you find in *Queens' Gardens* of the way in which girls were being educated at the time that Ruskin wrote? To what extent are the conditions now different?

7. " From the beginning, consider all your accomplishments as means of assistance to others " (Preface to 1871 edition of *Sesame and Lilies*. Illustrate what Ruskin means by this from *Sesame and Lilies*, 72-75, and 79.

8. " The giving of loaves is indeed the lady's first duty, the first, but the least. Next comes the giving of brooches; seeing that her people are dressed charmingly and neatly as well as herself, and have pretty furniture like herself. But her chief duty of ail—is to

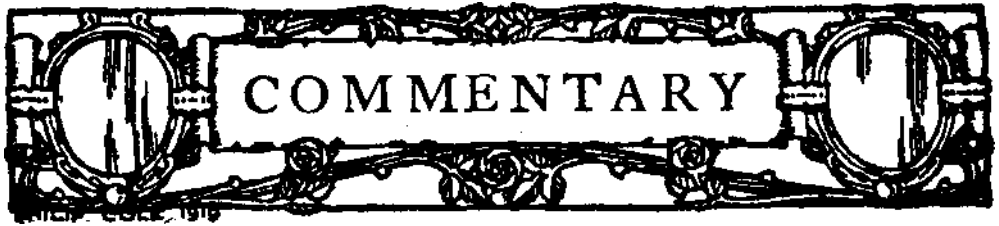
be, Herself, lovely " (*Fors Clavigera*, xlv.). Compare this with the description of the lady's duty in *Sesame and Lilies*, 88-95.

9. " The real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe, is simply that you women . . . are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles " (*Crown of Wild Olive*, § 130). Explain and illustrate what Ruskin means by this, in the light of his teaching in *Queens' Gardens*.

10. " Look at the stream of girls one meets going to work of a morning, round-shouldered, cheap, and underfed. They aren't queens, and no one is treating them as queens " (H. G. Wells). Discuss the justice of this retort to Ruskin's statement in *Sesame and Lilies*, 90.

11. " I cannot praise a fugitive or cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat " (Milton, *Areopagitica*). How far do you consider that Ruskin's conception of woman's virtue is liable to this criticism ?

12. Study, in the ways suggested in question 11 on *Kings' Treasuries*, the following words:—vital, vitality (54 and 77), adamantine (57), infallible (58), involuntarily (59), sustain (59), concurrence (73), poignancy (75), imminent (86), incumbent (86), royal, regal (90), contracted (91), whit (92).



THE LIFE OF JOHN RUSKIN

JOHN RUSKIN, an only child, was born on 8th February, 1819, at 54 Hunter Street, Brunswick Square. When he was about four years old, the family removed to a house on Heme Hill, in those days almost a country district, though sufficiently a part of London for Ruskin's father to be able to go every day to his place of business in the city. "The view . . . on both sides was, before railroads came, entirely lovely: westward at evening, almost sublime, over softly wreathing distances of domestic wood. . . . On the other side, east and south, the Norwood hills . . . 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." ¹

In this home Ruskin grew up to manhood under the watchful protection and regular discipline of his mother. She guarded him "with steady watchfulness from all avoidable pain and danger,"² so much so that she "never allowed me to go to the edge of a pond, or be in the same field with a pony."³

¹ *Præterita*, i., § 56.

²

Ibid., i., § 13.

³ *Ibid.*, i., § 100.

Otherwise he was allowed to amuse himself as he liked, "being always summarily whipped if I cried, did not do as I was bid, or tumbled on the stairs."¹ Toys were not permitted, other than a cart, a ball, and some well-cut wooden bricks. Consequently the child learned to spend his days contentedly "in tracing the squares and comparing the colours of the carpet;—examining the knots in the wood of the floor, or counting the bricks in the opposite houses."² "In the garden my time was passed chiefly in the same kind of close watching of the ways of plants";³ and "the proceedings of any bricklayers, stone-sawyers, or paviours," which he could watch on his walks or from a window, likewise became objects of "rapturous and riveted observation."⁴ To this early training in concentrated attention to little things Ruskin attributed those powers of steady contemplation and close analysis which are marked in his later work.

Another feature of Ruskin's early training, the effect of which is to be traced on every page of his writing, was the daily Bible reading. Every morning, immediately after breakfast, mother and son read two or three chapters together. "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. . . . In this way she

¹ *Præterita*, i., § 14.

³ *Ibid.*, i., § 66.

² *Ibid.*, i., § 14.

⁴ *Ibid.*, i., § 65.

began with 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." ¹ Thus he acquired a knowledge of the Scriptures on which he frequently draws for support or illustration of his views, and a familiarity with the rhythms of Biblical language which greatly influenced the formation of his own prose style.

In the evenings he would listen to his father reading aloud to his mother, and thus became early familiar with Scott's novels, and the histories and comedies of Shakespeare, and somewhat later with Byron; and to these might be added Pope's translation of Homer which he read for himself. It was from Scott and Homer, his first masters, that he learnt "a most sincere love of kings," ² and learnt also to expect that true kings should both work harder and get less than other people.

Ruskin's father was a wine merchant, and every summer travelled for a couple of months for orders for the firm. Ruskin's contempt for those who raced through the country in trains is traceable partly to his happy memories of these leisurely carriage journeys of forty or fifty miles a day, a stage or two done before breakfast, "with the dew on the grass, and first scent from the hawthorns," ³ the destination reached in time for the four o'clock dinner, and

¹ *Praterita*, i., § 46. ² *Ibid.*, i., § 3.
³ *Ibid.*, i., § 34.

pauses made on the way to visit any famous house which might be open to visitors. He spoke from experience, when he declared: "There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they never so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast";* and he had proved the truth of his saying, "we must *rest* at a place, before it can be known/'²

The earlier journeys were through the English counties, and sometimes into Scotland. Later, Ruskin and his parents made several foreign tours in France, Italy and Switzerland, in the same fashion. The first of these, in 1833, Ruskin regarded as one of the turning points of his life. On his birthday in the preceding year he had been given Rogers' descriptive poem, *Italy*, illustrated by vignettes by Turner. Although at that time the boy had "never heard of Turner," yet, he tells us, "I had no sooner set 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."³ In 1833, in the delight given by Prout's *Sketches in Flanders and Germany*, it was determined that the summer tour should take them to some of the wonderful places pictured by him and Turner. The journey from Calais through France, the Rhine, Italy, Switzerland—each had its special charm; but above all memorable was Ruskin's first sight of the

¹ *Modern Painters*, III., iv. 17, § 35.

² *Diary*, 4th July, 1852.

³ *Praterita*. i., § 88.

Alps from Schaffhausen: "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."¹

"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."²

Ruskin was at this date fourteen years old. To the daily Bible reading had been added Latin grammar, and later this home education was supplemented by teaching in Latin, Greek and mathematics by different private tutors, and at a small school in Camberwell. His private pursuits better reflect his real interests. Map drawing, sketching, copying engravings, the repeated and prolonged contemplation of pictures, the study of architecture, the tireless watching for hours of sky or sea, the study of geology and mineralogy and the rapturous collection of specimens, all these in turn held the attention of the boy, as they did later of the man. In Ruskin's later judgment there were, in 1834, four distinct directions in which his powers might have been definitely turned. "There was first the effort to express sentiment in rhyme. . . . Then secondly there was the real love of engraving: . . . thirdly the violent instinct for architecture; . . . fourthly there was the unabated, never to be abated geological instinct."³ All these, except the first, remain characteristic of him through life.

¹ *Praterita*, i., § 130.

² *Ibid.*, i., § 135.

³ *Ibid.*, i., § 139.

In 1837 Ruskin went into residence at Christ Church, Oxford, and should have taken his degree in 1840, but shortly before the examination his health gave way under the double strain of overwork and a fruitless passion for Adèle Domecq, the daughter of his father's senior partner. In the autumn the doctors ordered him abroad, and Florence, Rome, and Venice were visited in turn. Although Ruskin's diaries for these months contain many records of close and enthusiastic study of art and nature, afterwards embodied in *Modern Painters, I.*, yet they also reveal much restlessness and even hopelessness of spirit. As on so many other occasions of Ruskin's life, it was the mountains that at last brought healing. The first morning among the hills after the months in Italy led him to declare: "I had found my life again;—all the the best of it";¹ and gave him fresh resolution to use his powers to the utmost.

The period of preparation was now drawing to a close. On his return home in June, 1841, he began again to work for his Oxford degree, which he took in 1842, while his other interests, artistic and scientific, continued also to occupy him. Two incidents in this year determined the direction of his energies for the following period, 1842-46. The beautiful composition of "a bit of ivy round a thorn stem"² on the Norwood road taught him to value a representation of "what was really there" in nature, above

¹ *Præterita*, ii., § 57.

² *Ibid.*, ii., § 73.

any conventional rules as to its treatment; and the attack on Turner's pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition impelled him to do battle on behalf of an artist who seemed to him superior to all others in truth to the inmost spirit of nature. The outcome was the first volume of *Modern Painters*, published in 1843.

The book immediately made its mark; was treated with respect by the reviewers, and keenly appreciated by such people as Wordsworth, Tennyson, the Brownings, Miss Brontë, as well as by the general reader. Ruskin at once set himself to the studies necessary for the continuation of the work, the second volume of which appeared in 1846. Eight years were then to elapse before the third volume was published, an interval due to the opening up of a whole field of fresh study to Ruskin during his visits to Lucca and Venice in 1845. At Lucca the tomb of the Lady Ilaria turned him "from the study of landscape to that of life";¹ and in the nave of the Church of San Frediano he began his first serious study of architecture. In Venice the pictures of Tintoret were a revelation of unexpected power and beauty in early Italian art, to the interpretation of which Ruskin henceforth devoted much of his time. Consequently, during the years 1846-54, Ruskin's attention was mainly given to the study of the early Italian painters, and of architecture, especially the architecture of Venice,

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, 45, § 2.

with an ever increasing concern for the life of the workman as well as for the beauty of the work produced. This was the period of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, 1849, and *The Stones of Venice*, 1851-53, a book of which Ruskin declared that it taught "the dependence of all human work and edifice for its beauty on the happy Use of the workman."¹

In the early summer of 1854 Ruskin's marriage, which had taken place with Miss Euphemia Grey in 1848, was annulled, and in order to escape the inevitable gossip Ruskin spent some months in Switzerland. Here, in daily view of the mountains, the work on *Modern Painters*, never entirely discontinued, was taken up with fresh vigour, and the third and fourth volumes appeared together in 1856. Three years later he brought the work to a conclusion, and the fifth volume was published in 1860.

While, however, Ruskin was thus completing the work with which he had begun his career as an art critic, and was adding to his reputation with each new volume, he was also beginning those activities as a social reformer, which in the second half of his life were to bring him the increased reverence and devotion of the few, but the contempt of the many. During his study of the architecture and history of Venice the perception of a close relationship between the achievements of Venice and the char-

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, 78, § 14.

acters and institutions of her people led him to study the conditions of labour in the modern world, and to find in them a reason for the lack of artistic sense and ability in the modern workman. From 1854 to 1858 he gained practical experience of the modern workman, his possibilities and difficulties, at the Working Men's College, where he took a class in drawing. In 1857 he lectured in Manchester on *The Political Economy of Art*, urging that the State should be responsible for putting each man to the job for which he was most fit, for providing comfortable homes for the veterans of industry, and for the establishment of model workshops in which goods of a standard quality should be produced with consideration for the welfare of the workman as well as for the cheapness of the article.

There had, therefore, been indications of the direction that Ruskin's thought and sympathies were taking; with the conclusion of *Modern Painters* in 1860, economics, the laws which should govern industry, began to take in his work the foremost place, which had till then been held by art. In that year Ruskin published in the *Cornhill Magazine* the essays afterwards reprinted as *Unto this Last*, in which he inquires into the real meaning of capital, profit, wages and wealth, and affirms: "There is no wealth but life. . . . That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings."¹

¹ *Unto This Last*, § 77.

Ruskin considered these papers " the most serviceable things " * he had ever written; but his readers thought differently, and such was the storm of protest that after the fourth paper the editor refused to accept any more contributions on political economy from Ruskin. A similar fate befell some papers he wrote for *Fraser's Magazine* in 1863, later republished under the title *Munera Pulveris*.

Thus refused a hearing on subjects which he felt to be of the first importance, and checked by his father's distress at the unpopularity he was incurring, Ruskin seems for awhile to have hesitated as to the path he should tread. He was much abroad in the years 1861-63, living alone the greater part of the time, and writing comparatively little. Hours of intense delight in beauty, whether of art or nature, came to him; but the prevailing mood of these years and of much of his after-life is expressed in a letter of 1872: " I am tormented between the longing for rest and lovely life and the sense of this terrific call of human crime for resistance, and of human misery for help." ²

This brief pause in the manifold activity of his life ceased on the death of his father in 1864. It was in December of this year that he delivered in Manchester the lectures on *Kings' Treasuries* and *Queens' Gardens*, published in 1865 as *Sesame and Lilies*.

¹ *Unto This Last*, Preface.

² Letter of 1862, quoted by F. Harrison in *John Ruskin*, p. 152.

The year 1866 saw the publication of *Ethics of the Dust*, talks about crystals, written for the girls of a school at Winnington where Ruskin was a frequent visitor; and of *The Crown of Wild Olive*, consisting of three lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. In 1867 he was writing the letters to a working-man entitled *Time and Tide*, and in 1869 he delivered before a large audience in Dublin the lecture called *The Mystery of Life and its Arts*, which was included in some of the later editions of *Sesame and Lilies*. This tale of Ruskin's work during these years might be much extended. Though social and economic questions were now claiming so much of his energy, yet he continued to contribute to both art and science, and also played some part in public affairs. A still busier period of his life opened in 1870 on his appointment as first Slade Professor of Art at Oxford. During his first tenure of the Professorship (1870-78) he delivered and published six courses of lectures; he founded and endowed a drawing school; he arranged and catalogued an art collection for students; he wrote three books intended to guide travellers to the treasures of Italian art. All these fell within Ruskin's conception of the duties of an Art Professor; but he was not content to be that alone. In 1871 he wrote: " I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it

not. . . . Therefore I will endure it -no longer quietly, but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery."¹ With these words Ruskin inaugurated the monthly letters for the working classes, published under the title, *Fors Clavigera*, and his scheme of the Guild of St. George for the revival and reformation of agricultural life in England. Little of this was ever realised, and in many of its details it was entirely and perhaps consciously impracticable; but the underlying principles have helped to give the direction to many later attempts at reform, and the articles of the St. George's vow have inspired the lives of many who never became Companions of the Guild. More especially the Companions pledged themselves to faith in the goodness of God and of man, and to the principles of service and co-operation. "I will labour, with such strength and opportunity as God gives me, for my own daily bread; and all that my hand finds to do, I will do with my might."² "I will strive to raise my own body and soul daily into higher powers of duty and happiness; not in rivalry or contention with others, but for the help, delight, and honour of others, and for the joy and peace of my own life."³

This incessant and varied work, involving the expenditure of so much mental and physical energy,

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, 1, § 2.

² Article 3. *Fors Clavigera*, 58, § 2.

³ Article 6. *Fors Clavigera*, 58, § 2.

was carried out under the strain of a deep, personal grief. In 1874 Ruskin wrote: "The woman I hoped would have been my wife is dying,"¹ and in May, 1875, "the news came that the little story of my wild Rose was ended, and the hawthorn blossom, this year, would fall—over her."² When Ruskin in 1858 first met Rose La Touche, then but a child, their relationship was that of master and pupil; but, as time passed, Ruskin became her lover and he sought her in marriage. She was the "one girl" for whom he said he wrote *Lilies*; it was for her and not for the big Dublin audience that he uttered his deepest thoughts on the *Mystery of Life*; and it was to her that he was speaking, when he said in the same lecture: "The highest and purest love too often does but inflame the cloud of Ufe with endless fire of pain."³ Rose died, just when after years of alternating hope and despair it seemed that they might have been united. Ruskin allowed no sign of his grief to be seen by any but his closest friends; but to them he often spoke of Rose, and his memories of the early days of their friendship inspired the tender and gracious pages of one of the last things he wrote.⁴

The moment came when he had to pay the penalty for his unceasing labours. In the summer of 1878

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, 49, § 13.

² Letter to Carlyle, 4th June, 1875.

³ *Mystery of Life and its Arts*, § 128.

⁴ *Praterita*, iii., chapter 3.

he suffered from the first of those brain attacks, the recurrence of which during the next few years gradually brought his work to an end. Nevertheless he still accomplished much. He continued *Fors Clavigera*; he wrote on pictures, architecture and Uterature, on science, economics and religion. He was even re-appointed in 1882 to the Slade Professorship which he had resigned in 1878, and delivered two courses of lectures in Oxford. But all such work became increasingly difficult to him, and in 1885 he resigned his professorship, and thus brought his career as lecturer to an end. From 1885 to 1889, between periods of "brain storm," he found peace and joy in writing *Præterita*, those recollections of his life and parents and friends, which reveal him to us more perfectly than does any of his other work.

The last years passed in almost complete silence, Ruskin's chief solace being now, as in his boyhood, in the pictures of Turner with which his rooms were hung, and in the beauty of the hill country which he never tired of watching from the windows and garden of his home at Brantwood.¹ Canon Scott Holland wrote of him in 1896: "He lifted his voice in praise of high and noble things through an evil and dark day; and now he sits there, silent and at peace, waiting for the word that will release him and open to him a world where he may gaze on the vision

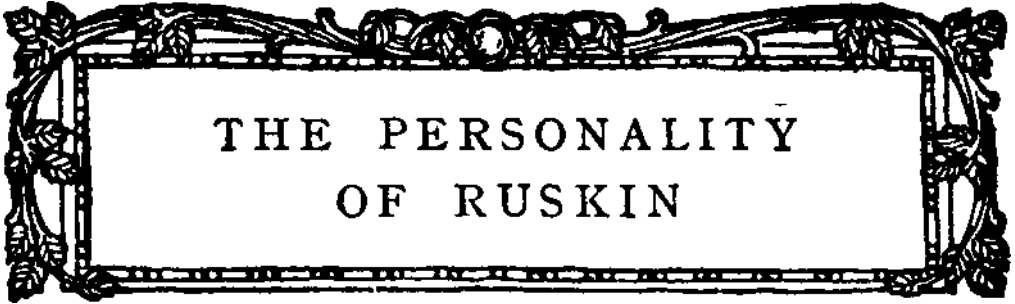
¹ Brantwood, on Coniston Water, Cumberland, the home of Ruskin's later years, was bought in 1871.

of Perfect Beauty unhindered and unashamed."¹
The word of release came on 20th January, 1900,
just at sunset, when " the brilliant gorgeous light
illumined the hills with splendour."²

¹ *The Commonwealth*, July, 1896.

² *Times*, 23rd January, 1900.





THE PERSONALITY OF RUSKIN

THERE is something about Ruskin which recalls Stevenson's "Child's Verse":

**The world is so full of a number of things,
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.**

Books, pictures and beautiful buildings; the mountain glory of the Alps and the quiet valleys of England; the discoveries of science and the symbolism of ancient religions;—for all these and much more besides he cares intensely. In such enthusiasm and self-forgetting admiration for all the beauty of creation and of human life and endeavour he sees man's chief source of happiness. In *Kings' Treasuries* he seeks to awaken us to the joy that may be ours in intercourse with the kings of all time;¹ he would wish that every human soul should thrill with the wonder of "the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them."² The purpose of education, he says, is "to give the faculties of admiration, hope and love,"³ and he seeks to convince us of the

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 11. ² *Ibid.*, 29.

³ *Fors Clavigera*, 67, § 19.

joy to be found " in the continual discovery of new ignorance, continual self-abasement, continual astonishment." ¹

Nevertheless, Stevenson's conclusion that we should, therefore, all be " as happy as kings " does not seem to follow in Ruskin's own case. His discouragement over the indifference of others to the beauties of nature and art and science and human life is stronger than the joy brought him by his own perception and worship. Fineness and fulness of sensation, the God-given passion of humanity by which men may recognise and love what God has made good, is to Ruskin " the ennobling difference between one man and another, between one animal and another."² " What we like determines what we are, and is a sign of what we are; and to teach taste is inevitably to form character."³ It is no trivial matter, therefore, to Ruskin, when he sees men expending their passions on ignoble things, reading poor books, enjoying mean amusements, caring nothing for the pictures of early painters or the labours of modern scientists or the death-struggle of a nation for liberty, in comparison with the making of money or the securing of their sports. Instead of merely cultivating his own powers of appreciation and understanding, of love for " that which deserves love," he gave himself without measure to the attempt to win others " to enjoy the right things,"⁴

¹ *Stones of Venice*, III . ii., § 28. ² *Sesame and Lilies*, 27.

³ *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 56. ⁴ *Ibid.*, 56.

to deliver them from that deadness of the heart which is the essence of vulgarity.¹ The note of disappointment, and at times of intense irritation and contempt, which runs through his work is due to his sense of the impossibility of making any real impression on the great mass of insensibility and apathy which surrounds him. "It is not my work that drives me mad," he wrote, "but the sense that nothing comes of it."²

Intense in his manifold enthusiasms, Ruskin is no less so in his indignation and compassion. He breaks off his argument for the wiser use of good books to write in letters of the colour of blood a story of desperate misery and starvation:³ he pleads that the gracious power of womanhood should be used to succour those feeble florets which in the darkness of our terrible streets "are lying, with all their fresh leaves torn, and their stems broken":⁴ his indignation leaps out against a nation which allows "the lives of its innocent poor to be parched out of them by fog fever, and rotted out of them by dunghill plague, for the sake of sixpence a life extra per week to its landlords,"⁵ or which sends "a Minister of the Crown to make polite speeches to a man who is bayoneting young girls in their fathers' sight, and killing noble youths in cool blood, faster than a

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 28.

² Letter quoted by F. Harrison in *John Ruskin*, p. 154.

³ *Sesame and Lilies*, 36. ⁴ *Ibid.*, 94.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 30.

country butcher kills lambs in spring." ¹ It is no wonder that, feeling the wrongs of the world thus intolerably, Ruskin is not eminent in the virtues of moderation, self-restraint, impartiality. Such qualities are not to be looked for in one who is forced out of the guarded place of peace in which he might have found delight, because he is ever conscious that "outside of that little rose-covered wall, the wild grass, to the horizon, is torn up by the agony of men, and beat level by the drift of their life-blood." ² Ruskin is impetuous and vehement in attack, often exaggerated in statement, extreme in his denunciations. His passionate eagerness to move us to feelings corresponding to his own often betrays him into inconsistency of argument, so that he can in the same lecture first urge certain functions upon women just because they are guarded in the home, that "place of peace," from the dangers and temptations which the man has to encounter in the open world; ³ and then, a few paragraphs later, reproach women because they shut themselves within "park walls and garden gates." "You are content to know that there is beyond them a whole world in wilderness—a world of secrets which you dare not penetrate; and of suffering which you dare not conceive." ⁴ His feelings are too hotly engaged on one side of a question for him to be able to state the evidence impartially; he calls only those witnesses who will

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 30. ² *Ibid.*, 92. ³ *Ibid.*, 68.
⁴ *Ibid.*, 91.

support the principles he has at heart.- We are to find, for example, in the work of Shakespeare, Scott, the Greek writers, Spenser and Chaucer, the consistent testimony of the poets as to the relations between men and women; we are not invited to take into account at all the opposed view of such writers as Milton and Pope. So certain, too, is he of the rightness of his conclusions, that he employs an almost hectoring tone towards his audience. " I know I am right in this " ¹ is a parenthesis which, even when not stated, is always to be understood. He does not call you to conference with him, but to an acceptance of his direction. He always tends to undervalue the contribution which others may make to the solution of his problems on lines other than his own, and consequently he laboured all his life under a sense of loneliness and exaggerated individual responsibility. In whatever direction he sees the need of work to be done he plans to do it himself; in the working-out of the schemes of the Guild of St. George and other experiments in social reform he retains all control in his own hands; all his teaching on art or economics is in the tone of one who feels that, if the world will not listen to *him*, its case is desperate.

Ruskin himself was conscious of this quality in his writings. Of the first volume of *Modern Painters* he wrote: " It is not self-confidence, but only eagerness and strong feeling which have given so over-

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 15.

bearing a tone to much of what I have written."^J On other occasions he excused himself for the arrogance with which he was charged, on the ground that he only wrote on subjects to which he had given much thought and study, and on which, therefore, he had the right to express his opinion strongly. Undoubtedly his self-confidence was combined with a great capacity for reverence. His theory as to the power which women may exercise over their lovers is based on his belief in the need in man's nature to feel a great and reverent loyalty for some beauty or goodness outside himself. Reverence, shown practically in a willingness to take pains and a lowly estimate of the value of our own judgment, is insisted upon as essential to any true reading. He himself would spend days in copying a small portion of some great picture, or in drawing a bit of foliage, desiring only to see and understand what his copy had to teach. His reading of the passage from *Lycidas* or of the lines from Wordsworth, or his description of Turner's picture of Kirkby Lonsdale Churchyard in *Sesame and Lilies*, gives evidence of the closeness with which he studied the works of a master, and reveals him as essentially humble-minded in spite of surface arrogance of expression. He was convinced that he had something of value to teach, but he was also always ready to learn, and for those who came to him in the same spirit he had nothing but a chivalrous

¹ Letter to H. G. Liddell, 12th October, 1844.

courtesy and an eager helpfulness which delighted to share whatever of knowledge or insight the years had brought him. "If ever a man lent out his mind to help others, Ruskin is the man,"¹ said a friend who knew him well. He was equally generous with his money, giving away within a few years the whole of his inherited fortune, and with his art treasures, which he distributed among various collections where they might be most useful to genuine students. His life, both public and private, was inspired by that conception of the joy which is of the Kingdom of Heaven, described in the Preface to *Sesame and Lilies*: "joy in anything you have deserved to possess, or that you are willing to give; but joy in nothing that separates you, as by any strange favour, from your fellow-creatures, that exalts you through their degradation, exempts you from their toil, or indulges you in time of their distress."²

¹ *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin and Browning*, by Lady Ritchie.

² Preface to edition of 1871, § 16.





RUSKIN'S STYLE IN *SESAME AND LILIES*

Sesame and Lilies, it must be remembered, consists of lectures, not essays, Ruskin's thoughts at the time of their delivery "habitually and impatiently putting themselves into forms fit only for emphatic speech."¹ The exclamations, whether of feigned astonishment or real indignation; the questions which expect no answer; the direct address to the hearers; the abrupt and even extreme variations of emotional tone;—all these are the qualities of passionate speech rather than of considered writing. To do them full justice we should need to regain the atmosphere of a crowded meeting, addressed by a speaker of singular charm and strong personality. Ruskin recognised, when reviewing the lectures for a collected edition of his works, that "phrases written for oral delivery become ineffective when quietly read";² and he himself came to dislike "the declamatory forms in which what I most desired to make impressive was arranged for oral delivery."³ Over-emphatic perhaps the style is in certain parts, but those who are at all sensitive to the eloquence of oratory cannot fail to respond

¹ Preface of 1871, § 3.

² Preface of 1871, § 3.

³ Ruskin's note in 1875 on *The Crown of Wild Olive*.

to the splendid strength of the more solemn passages, the leaping fire of the denunciations, the haunting beauty of the quieter appeals.

The style of the lectures reveals Ruskin to almost as great a degree as does the substance. The moulding influence of the Bible on his thought and language is constantly evident. He illustrates the danger of "masked words" from the frequent abuse of certain inexact New Testament words or phrases;¹ the all-pervading commercial spirit of the time is suggested in the picture of the modern good Samaritan who cannot take out his two pence and give them to the host, "without saying, 'When I come again, thou shalt give me fourpence.'"² A phrase from Isaiah assists a picture of the Swiss vintagers;³ the thought of the Queens' Gardens brings with it the thought of that "old garden where the fiery sword is set," and of that "sweeter garden," where Mary Magdalen "in the dawn" found "One waiting at the gate, whom she supposed to be the gardener."⁴ Direct quotation is frequent with him; even more frequently the form or turn of a sentence is due to recollection of Biblical language; allusions, more or less explicit, to thoughts, parables or incidents of both Old and New Testaments constantly make themselves felt.

It could also be readily discovered from his style that Ruskin was a man of wide reading and culture.

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 17. ² *Ibid.*, 31. ³*Ibid.*, 35.
⁴*Ibid.*, 95.

He quotes freely from authors as far apart as Dante, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Coventry Patmore, Emerson. He has evidently made a close study of Shakespeare, and of the Greek writers; and is familiar with Scott, Chaucer and Spenser. In addition to quotation and direct reference to authors, there are many phrases which show how naturally Ruskin's ideas took a form suggested by his reading. A murderer, whose crime is due to moral bewilderment, not viciousness, becomes a "clodpate Othello."¹ The hour of testing in the face of acknowledged ignorance and limitations, which the wisest and bravest of men must endure, is pictured as a descent into that Valley of Humiliation through which Bunyan's Pilgrim has to pass on his way to the Celestial City.² A verse of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* has contributed to the phrase, "the world in which God lives and loves";³ and some lines in *Othello* suggested the fancy of an earth "made of one entire and perfect chrysolite."⁴ The world of classical mythology and religion also is often drawn upon for the expression of his thought. The home is likened to the vestal temple of the Romans;⁵ Snowdon should be the Parnassus of the English, "but where are its Muses?"⁶ Contemporary opera, an anecdote

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 30. ²*Ibid.*, 72.
³ *Ibid.*, 72. Cf. *In Memoriam*, Epilogue.
⁴ *Ibid.*, 92. Cf. *Othello*, V. ii. 146.
⁵ *Ibid.*, 68. ⁶ *Ibid.*, 84.

of the great preacher, Chalmers, European politics, the debates in Parliament are other sources of illustration or comparison, and an extract from a newspaper of the moment is inserted bodily into the text.

With all his intense study and detailed description of actual, concrete objects, such as pictures, trees or minerals, Ruskin combined a constant inclination to read into them a meaning for the world of ideas or principles, to trace analogies between the facts and laws of the material universe and those of the world of thought, feeling, ideals. Thus gold is "the physical type of wisdom";¹ or the facts about crystals illustrate principles of character and conduct;² or the fertilising or destructive power of a river is a symbol of the action of wealth.³ To a mind of this quality metaphor is a natural form of expression; and in *Sesame and Lilies* Ruskin frequently passes, as it were unconsciously, from direct to metaphorical presentment of his thought. Sometimes the metaphor is confined to the choice of a single word, as when he speaks of "the irrigation of literature,"⁴ or declares: "He is no bishop,—he has sought to be at the helm instead of the mast-head."⁵ Sometimes it appears that the use of a metaphorical word starts a train of ideas or suggests

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 13.

² See *Ethics of the Dust*.

³ *Unto This Last*.

⁴ *Sesame and Lilies*, 1.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 23.

something in the nature of a parable which he then eagerly pursues. The "masked word" wears a chameleon cloak, a cloak of varying colour, and immediately the use of the word chameleon, brings to Ruskin, through knowledge of its derivation, a picture of the Hon waiting to rend its prey.¹ The comparison of an ignorant person's judgment to the "entangled weed of castaway thought" leads on to a complete little parable of the "rough heath wilderness" to which most men's minds correspond.² In other cases the metaphor is deliberately adopted and worked out, as when the search for the full meaning of an author is pictured as mining for gold;³ or a girl's instinctive choice of the right books is compared to the fawn's selection of the right food.⁴

It is another consequence of the same bent of mind that Ruskin reads into the ancient religions of Egypt, Greece and Rome, or into an ancient Scythian custom, or even into present-day usages, a deep, moral significance. In the story and symbols of the Greek goddess, Athena, he reads the history of the Spirit of Wisdom, "to whose faith you owe, down to this date, whatever you hold most precious in art, in literature, or in types of national virtue."⁵ He asks us, "Have you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies . . . in our custom of strew-

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 16. ² *Ibid.*, 26.
³ *Ibid.*, 14. ⁴ *Ibid.*,
⁵ *Ibid.*, 62. 78.

ing flowers before those whom we -think most happy? " ¹ and for him there is a sense in which the saying " that flowers only flourish rightly in the garden of some one who loves them," ² may be profoundly true.

Ruskin's own writing is characterised by just that sensitiveness to the exact value of words which he urges every serious reader to acquire. When he writes that " a gentle nation's passions are just, measured, and continuous," ³ the three adjectives exactly give the contrast with the mob sensation described in the preceding sentence: just, not without foundation; measured, not roaring itself wild about a trifle; continuous, not forgotten in an hour when the fit is past. In the declaration that the younger heroes in Scott's novels " survive, not vanquish, the trials they involuntarily sustain," ⁴ the words have been most carefully chosen to distinguish the different relationships in which a man may stand to the difficulties he encounters. Scott's heroes merely " sustain," *i.e.* " hold up under," trials encountered " involuntarily," *i.e.* independently of the exercise of their will; they do not " definitely challenge and resolutely subdue " forms of hostile evil met with in pursuance of " a purpose wisely conceived." They merely " survive," *i.e.* outlive, their trials; they do not vanquish them.

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 93. ² *Ibid.*, 94. ³ *Ibid.*, 30.
⁴*Ibid.*, 59.

Ruskin had always used dictionaries in the way that he advocates in *Sesame* ; and as a result he is ever conscious of the original meaning of the words he uses. He cannot use the word "state"¹ without remembering its connection with the Latin word meaning "to stand," nor "vulgar"² without associating it with the Latin *vulgus*, "the common people." To him magnanimous "means mighty of heart, mighty of mind,"³ for it is derived from the Latin *magnus*, "great," and *animus*, "mind," or "soul"; and an illiterate person is one not versed in letters (Latin *littera*, a "letter").⁴ He remembers that "information" means, properly, not the imparting of knowledge, but the shaping of the mind through such an imparting of knowledge, and so he corrects "information" to "deformation," as more applicable to the results of the so-called education of the day.⁵ Nor is this all; he would have us learn from the original meaning of a word a right conception of the office or idea for which it stands. We may discover one of the duties of women by an inquiry into the derivation of "lady";⁶ or the nature of true kingly power by studying the word "royal."⁷

Ruskin's earliest masters in prose rhythm were the Bible and Dr. Johnson; from either he may have

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 52. ² *Ibid.*, 28.
³ *Ibid.*, 42. ⁴ *Ibid.*, 15.
⁵ *Ibid.*, 16. ⁶ *Ibid.*, 88.
⁷ *Ibid.*; 90.

learnt the balance of word with word, -phrase with phrase, which is a feature of his style. In the statement that we come to the concourse of the Dead "not merely to know from them what is True, but chiefly to feel with them what is Righteous,"¹ each word in the second half of the sentence balances with a word in the first half. Often alliteration, or the repetition of the same sound in different words, helps to mark more strongly the contrast between the opposed words, or to bind together in a special closeness the words in one or other of the balancing phrases. Thus marriage is the seal "which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal *love*."² We might "bring up our peasants to a *book* exercise instead of a bayonet exercise; . . . find national amusement in reading rooms as well as *rifle* grounds; give prizes for a fair shot at a fact, as well as for a leaden splash on a target."³

Of these two lectures Ruskin said that they cost him "much thought and much strong emotion"; they are "the passionately written" expression of a mind which had known "years of thinking over subjects full of pain."⁴ He believed that in them there was much that was "accurately and energetically said"; but his first object had

¹ *Sesame and Lilies*, 29.

² *Ibid.*, 66.

³ *Ibid.*, 46.

⁴ Preface of 1871, § 3.

been, not to write eloquently, but to awaken " the youth of England . . . to take some thought of the purposes of the life into which they are entering, and the nature of the world they have to conquer." ¹

Preface of 1871, § 4.





THE
WORKS OF RUSKIN

To the majority of his contemporaries Ruskin was pre-eminently "the author of *Modern Painters*," a work of five volumes, the composition of which extended over seventeen years, and of which Ruskin said that, though he had finished it, yet it had no conclusion. He began it as a defence of Turner, but as he wrote and as he studied, fresh elements in his problem became apparent and demanded investigation; and these investigations in turn discovered to him painters whose works forced him to reconsider the very principles of art from which he had set out. -It is to be approached, therefore, not as a carefully planned whole, expressing a completed theory of art; but rather as the record of Ruskin's own gradually expanding experience and comprehension of the mind of man in relation to beauty. The object of the first volume was to prove the superiority of modern painters in the art of landscape painting to all the ancient masters, the argument being supported by examples of "the true, the beautiful, and the intellectual" from the work of one modern painter in particular, J. M. W. Turner.¹ The later pictures of Turner had been assailed as wanting in truth to nature, and Ruskin,

¹ Title page of 1st edition.

in proving that the very opposite is the case, is led into descriptions of what he had himself seen, marked as much by close observation and keen discrimination as by sensitive appreciation of beauty. The volume is thus at once a work of close reasoning and of eloquent word painting. In the second volume Ruskin endeavoured to define "the beautiful," and to relate all beautiful things to one source, as being "the expression of the creating spirit of the universe."¹ His examples of the beautiful he takes, however, in this volume not from the pictures of Turner, but from those of Fra Angelico at Florence and Tintoret at Venice, whom he discovered on his foreign tour of 1845. The call he felt to be the interpreter of Tintoret led him into new paths, and he gave little further work to *Modern Painters* until 1854. In the interval his enthusiasm for the early Italian artists and his defence of the Pre-Raphaelite School of English painters (Millais and Holman Hunt) had seemed to many to be inconsistent with the theories of the earlier volume and with his exaltation of Turner as the great master of landscape painting. In resuming *Modern Painters*, therefore, he had in the first place to attempt to harmonise his judgments of such different kinds of painting. This he did by an inquiry into the principles according to which we are to decide what is great in art, and an analysis of the way in which these principles are to be seen in the work of Turner.

¹ See Cook. *Life of Ruskin*, pp. 109-202.

To him now, even as he had declared-in the first volume, " all art was great according to the greatness of the ideas it conveyed" ;¹ and consequently he planned in the rest of the work to discuss " the kinds of ideas conveyable by art, . . . ideas of Truth, Beauty and Relation."² Ideas of Truth he dealt with in his defence of Turner; ideas of Beauty he intended to treat according to the subdivisions, beauty of mountains, beauty of water, beauty of vegetation and beauty of sky. For this part he wrote the historical account of the feeling of man in the presence of external nature as revealed in his art and literature, in *Modern Painters*, III., ch. xi.-xvii.; the chapters on Mountain Glory and Mountain Gloom in *Modern Painters*, IV., splendid alike in thought, feeling and expression; and the chapters on Cloud Beauty in *Modern Painters*, V. If he were ever to complete the book, it was impossible to treat the other parts of the subject on the same scale; and beauty of water and beauty of the sky are almost entirely omitted, while his discussion of " Ideas of Relations " in *Modern Painters*, V. is obviously much curtailed.

Ruskin's championship of Turner was not confined to *Modern Painters*. He gave many days of labour to cataloguing, arranging for exhibition, and writing notes on the great numbers of sketches and drawings

¹ See an account of *Modern Painters* found among Ruskin's papers at his death, quoted by Cook, vol. i., page 343.

² *Ibid.*

which Turner left to the nation; and he cheerfully spent many hours of his busy life in "saying the same thing over and over" to the people who came to see his own Turner collection.

Other painters also owed much to his energetic support, and in the course of many years of writing and lecturing he gained the understanding and appreciation of the public for the most varied forms of art. In his *Academy Notes* for the years 1855-59 he did much to win recognition and sympathy for the work of the Pre-Raphaelites; as Professor at Oxford he described and interpreted Tuscan art in *Vol d'Arno*, 1873, the engravings of Botticelli and Holbein in *Ariadne Florentina*, 1872, Greek sculpture and coins in *Aratra Pentelici*, 1871, the pictures of Rossetti, Holman Hunt and Burne-Jones in *The Art of England*, 1884. In all this abundant and varied work for art Ruskin himself thought of special value his interpretation of five great painters. "I say with pride which it has become my duty to express openly, that it was left to me and to me alone, first to discern, and then to teach, so far as in this hurried century any such thing *can* be taught, the excellency and supremacy of five great painters, despised until I spoke of them—Turner, Tintoret, Luini, Botticelli, and Carpaccio. Despised, nay scarcely, in any true sense, known."¹

During his studies of Fra Angelico and Tintoret for *Modern Painters*, II, Ruskin was fired with

¹ Epilogue to *Modern Painters*, vol. ii., 1883.

indignation at the rapid destruction, due to neglect or so-called restoration, of the architectural treasures of Italy. While there was yet time he set himself to record the beauties of some of these ancient buildings and to analyse and explain the principles of Gothic art of which they were examples. It was his firm and lasting conviction that "all good architecture is the expression of national life and character/* This is the determining idea of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, which sought to show that the "magic powers by which all good architecture had been produced" were "certain right states of temper and moral feeling,"² symbolised under such figures as the Lamp of Sacrifice, the Lamp of Truth, the Lamp of Obedience. Venetian architecture, so studied, forced Ruskin into "the study of the history of Venice herself."³ In *The Stones of Venice*, therefore, the art and history of Venice are closely associated, features of its pictures and architecture being explained by reference to the conditions, either of natural surroundings or of social institutions, which were moulding the lives of the artists. Equally important Ruskin considered the recognition that work itself will influence the characters of the workers; his condemnation of modern industry is that "we manufacture everything except men";⁴ and he declared in 1860: "In my works on architecture the preference

¹ *Crown of Wild Olive*, § 54.

² *Ibid.*, § 65.

³ *Praterita*, ii., § 140.

⁴ *Stones of Venice*, I I. vi., § 16.

accorded to one school over another is founded on a comparison of their influence on the life of the workman."¹

Although Ruskin said, "All that I did at Venice was by-work,"² yet the study of architecture from this date continued side by side with that of painting. His first public lectures were on *Painting and Architecture*, in Edinburgh in 1853. *St. Mark's Rest*, 1877, written during his Oxford Professorship, was designed to help travellers to an understanding of the monuments of Venice. One of the most popular of his later works is *The Bible of Amiens*, 1880, in which he interprets the lessons taught by the architecture and sculptures of the cathedral at Amiens.

It is unwise to attempt to distinguish too sharply between the different subjects of Ruskin's books. In the last volume of *Modern Painters* he makes excursions into the fields of mythology and literary criticism which he later extended in such works as *The Queen of the Air*, 1869, a study of the Greek myths of storm, and *Fiction Fair and Foul*, 1880. He introduced his lectures on *The Art of England* with the assurance that he had "no intention of making his art lectures any more one-half sermons"; yet in the greater part of his art criticism moral teaching has almost as important a place as it has in his treatment of the definitely religious subject of his *Letters to the Clergy on the Lord's Prayer*, 1879.

¹ *Modern Painters*, V., pt. ix., ch. 1, § 7.

² *Præterita*, i., § 180.

Moreover, almost from the first, in his studies of art or nature he had in view the practical problems of the lives of the people affected. For instance, of the magnificent studies of mountains in the fourth volume of *Modern Painters* Ruskin said: "All the investigations undertaken by me at this time were connected in my own mind with the practical hope of arousing the attention of the Swiss and Italian mountain peasantry to an intelligent administration of the natural treasures of their woods and streams."¹

Consequently the study of social questions enters into his works of art; while art is constantly called upon to illustrate or illuminate his theories of social life and government. Among his works more definitely given to social reform perhaps the letters of *Fors Clavigera*, begun 1871, are the most characteristic in this mingling of varied elements and the discursive treatment of the theme. Somewhat of the same type, though written with more restraint and less direct personal expression, are the letters of *Time and Tide*, 1867; more systematic treatment of social problems is found in *Unto This Last*, 1860, *Muneta Pulveris*, 1862, and *Crown of Wild Olive*, 1866. In these works Ruskin offers criticism and suggestion on a great many different aspects of our social life. He elaborates a detailed scheme of government, carefully distinguishing between the functions of the various officials, kings, bishops or dukes.² He discusses the essentials of a right education,

¹ *Deucalion*, ii. ² *Time and Tide*, *Fors Clavigera*.

making due provision for physical development and manual work as well as for intellectual and moral training.¹ He has much to say on the right use of books, and the advantages and disadvantages of public libraries and cheap printing.² He lays down ideal provisions for courtship and marriage.³ He pictures an agricultural England in which no steam-driven machinery is used, and a commercial England dependent as of old on her sailing vessels.⁴ He attempts to analyse the effects of war on a nation, and to determine the principles on which a nation should go to war, and insists more than once on the responsibility of women for the continuance of war.⁵ He is, however, most frequently occupied with the problems of industry. He endeavours to suggest a truer conception of what constitutes wealth, or of the right function of capital. He inquires into the relations between employer and employed, the basis of wages, the means by which his best work is to be obtained from the workman, the treatment that should be given to the bad workman. Above all he seeks to teach employer and employed alike to regard commerce and industry as a national service; to think of themselves as agents for the provision of the needs of the nation, and to be

¹ *Time and Tide, Crown of Wild Olive, Fors Clavigera.*

² *Ethics of the Dust, Time and Tide, Fors Clavigera, Munera Pulveris.*

³ *Time and Tide.*

⁴ *Crown of Wild Olive, Fors Clavigera.*

⁵ *Crown of Wild Olive, Time and Tide.*

actuated by the motive, not of selfish gain, but of loyal performance of their obligations to the community.¹ In no department of his work is the statement truer than in this of political economy: "With Ruskin to take up any new subject meant to turn upside down anybody else's treatment of it."²

In 1882 Ruskin wrote a preface for a new edition of *Sesame and Lilies*. He had already suffered from three brain attacks, and though at the moment in good health and full of plans for fresh work, he could not but know that the greater part of what he was to achieve lay behind him. Looking back over the incessant labours and multifarious productions of the past forty years, he gave his verdict as to the place *Sesame and Lilies* should hold among his works: "If read in connection with *Unto This Last*, it contains the chief truths I have endeavoured through all my past life to display, and which, under the warnings I have received to prepare for its close, I am chiefly thankful to have learnt and taught."³

¹ *Unto This Last, Time and Tide, Fors Clavigera, and elsewhere.*

² Cook, *Life of Ruskin*, i. 531.

³ *Sesame and Lilies*, Preface, 1882.

GENERAL QUESTIONS ON *SESAME AND LILIES*

1. From the various references in *Sesame and Lilies* to contemporary topics what can you conclude as to Ruskin's views on political and social questions?

2. State Ruskin's views on (a) kingship, (b) war, (c) the purpose of education.

3. What evidence does *Sesame and Lilies* afford of (a) Ruskin's appreciation of the beauty of nature, (b) his interest in natural science, (c) his love of pictures.

4. From *Sesame and Lilies* draw up a list of the books Ruskin had read. With which authors does he appear to be most familiar?

5. Examine carefully the different ways in which Ruskin makes use in *Sesame and Lilies* of Biblical phrases, references, or incidents.

6. Note instances of Ruskin's use of (a) metaphor, (b) balance of phrase, (c) alliteration, (d) allusion to classical mythology.

7. "Ruskin's titles seem to have had no purpose except to give the inventor of them a few minutes' amusement" (F. Harrison). Discuss this with reference to *Sesame and Lilies*.

8. State the opinion you think Ruskin might form of your own school, and the education you are receiving.

9. Write, in the person of Ruskin, a short speech on the subject of establishing a school library.

MATERIALS FOR FURTHER STUDY OF RUSKIN'S THOUGHT

For further discussion of topics dealt with in *Sesame and Lilies* reference might be made to the following passages, among others, in Ruskin's works:

(a) Education.

Fors Clavigera, viii., lxxv. and others.

Time and Tide, xvi., xvii., xxv.

Crown of Wild Olive, § 55.

Stones of Venice, iii., App. 7.

(b) Influence of women.

Crown of Wild Olive, §§ 129-31.

Fors Clavigera, lxxx., xc.

(c) True kings and bishops.

Time and Tide, xiii., xxi., xxiii., xxiv.

Crown of Wild Olive, §§ 80, 109-28.

Fors Clavigera, lxii.

(d) Cheap books, and libraries.

Political Economy of Art, ii.

Fors Clavigera, xcii.

A Joy for Ever, §65.

Munera Pulveris, § 37.

(e) War.

Crown of Wild Olive, iii.

Modern Painters, II, Part I I I . , Section i., ch. 1, §§4-7,

Time and Tide, xxiv.

Fors Clavigera, vii.

Modern Painters, III . , Part IV . , ch. 18, §§ 33-39.

(l) **Vulgarity.**

Modern Painters, V', Part IX., ch. 7, § 23.

Academy Notes for 1859.

Modern Painters, III., Part IV., ch. 7, § 9.

(g) **Advancement in life.**

Crown of Wild Olive, § 73.

Mystery of Life and its Arts, § 135.

Time and Tide, ii., xvi.

(h) **Novels, and novel reading.**

Fiction Fair and Foul.

Time and Tide, Appendix 3.

Fors Clavigera, xxxi., xxxiv.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Among the great number of books, which treat of Ruskin, the following may be found more particularly useful:

The Library Edition of the Complete Works of Ruskin.
Edited by E. T. COOK and A. WEDDERBURN.
(This is invaluable for its supply of information of all sorts.)

E. T. COOK. *Life of John Ruskin*, in 2 vols. 1911.

W. G. COLLINGWOOD. *The Life and Work of John Ruskin.* 1893. (Collingwood was Ruskin's private secretary during his later years, so had exceptional opportunities of knowing him.)

F. HARRISON. *John Ruskin.* 1902. (English Men of Letters Series.)

A. MEYNELL. *John Ruskin.* 1900. (This summarises the contents of Ruskin's principal works.)

A. C. BENSON. *Ruskin. A Study in Personality.*

G. W. KITCHIN. *Ruskin at Oxford; and other studies.* 1904.

F. HARRISON. *Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and other literary estimates.* 1899. (This contains a study of Ruskin's prose style.)

Interesting glimpses of Ruskin are to be found in

many of the biographies of people of his day, for instance in:

W. M. ROSSETTI. *D. G. Rossetti, His Family Letters.*

W. M. ROSSETTI. *Ruskin, Rossetti, Pre-Raphaelitism.*

W. HOLM AN HUNT. *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.*

T. CARLYLE. *Letters.*

M. C. EDMUND. *Life of Octavia Hill.*

G. BURNE-JONES. *Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones.*

J. W. MACKAIL. *Life and Letters of William Morris*



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