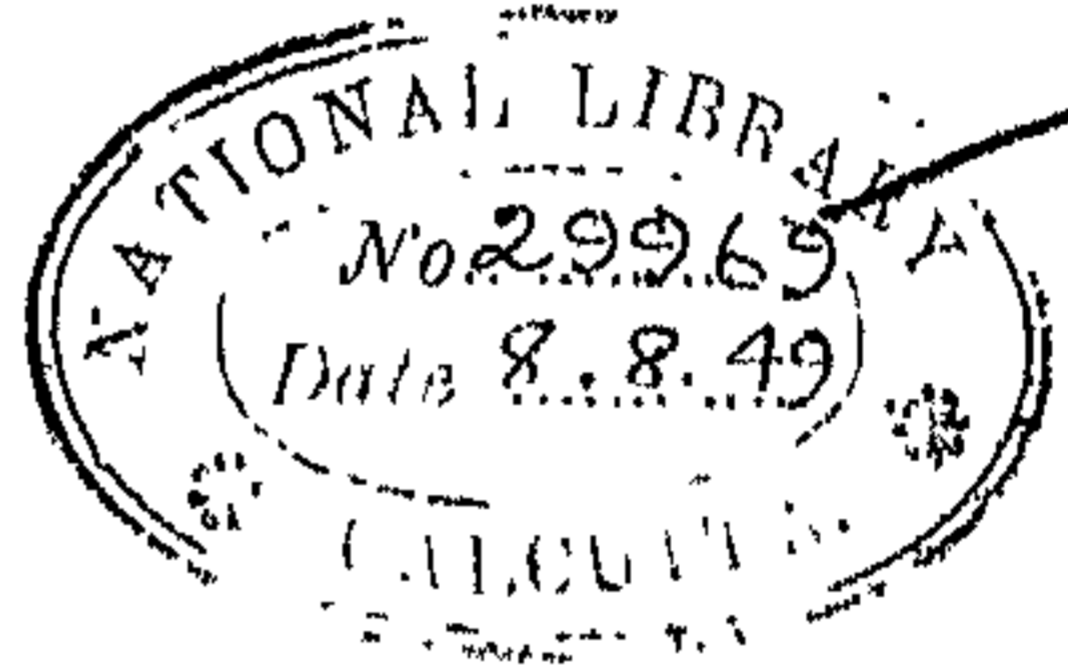


RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

LETTERS
FROM
JOHN RUSKIN
TO
REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE, M.A.

Edited by Thomas J. Wise.



VOLUME I.

London : Privately Printed.
1895.

. 1697.

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PREFATORY NOTE,

BY THE

PRINCIPAL OF WHITELANDS COLLEGE.

ON the 28th July, 1877, after reading *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 80, I wrote to Professor Ruskin begging him not to be over anxious or over worried at the slow progress of Good, for supposing the High Master had counted *His* followers at *His* coronation *d'épines* ! I said, further, that I believed in him and his work, and that I liked deeds better than words, therefore I enclosed a cheque for five pounds. This Mr. Ruskin promptly returned, and I expended the money in the purchase of my first six volumes of his works. I think I have all now except a few of the rarer pamphlets.

Shortly afterwards I asked Mr.

Ruskin's permission to reprint his *Letter to Young Girls* in my 4th *Standard Reading Book*. This request was not granted, and it will be seen upon a perusal of the following pages that Mr. Ruskin mistook the meaning of the word "Standard." This will sufficiently explain Letter I.; and, with the addition of a few foot-notes, every other letter, I think, carries its own meaning.

There are many things in these letters quite worthy of preservation in print, and, as the words of a great man, even the slightest of them are "worthy of memory." I have therefore consented to their being printed for private circulation, Mr. Wise having assured me that no copyright will be infringed, and that he is editing these volumes with Mr. Ruskin's sanction and approval. The letters themselves of course remain my property.

J. P. FAUNTHERPE.

LETTERS.

LETTERS
TO
REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE.

LETTER I.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
August 3rd, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am sincerely obliged by your letter and gift, but must decline on St. George's part to accept the last because I am sure that you can help us better by retaining all the power you have for meeting expenses connected with right education, in purchase of instruments, engravings, etc., and if you really

sympathise with St. George your designs will be continually extending.

I am not of course able at once to judge of the character of your proposed Standard Books,* but I think the term 'Standard' a little saucy, unless you are more sure of your ground than I perceive you to be; and I am obliged to decline permitting any entire publications of mine to be issued in other forms else I should have them in cheap small print at every book stall.

Always faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* *The Whitlands Series of Standard Reading Books for Girls.*

LETTER II.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

September 5th, 1877.

My DEAR SIR, ♦

Your very kind and interesting second letter, and the report which accompanied it,* give me much to think of; but I cannot at present think of it, being in every way overworked and overthoughted.

I am entirely sensible, however, of the privilege of being brought into contact with the teaching in an establishment of this character, and hope to be useful to you. Would the Church of England's principles permit

* Report of Whitelands College.

you to accept the published series of my books to begin with? * I am unable, to my sorrow, to take part in any prize-givings, or the like,

But always most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The Rev. J. P. Fawcett.

* Of course we accepted the books, and they now form part of the College Sunday Library.—J. P. F.

LETTER III.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

September 10th, 1877.

MY DEAR SIR,

Yes, I shall be proud that you should make such a selection*; but please don't put "wise," only necessary. If it *be* this it *must* be that.

Faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

* A Selection from *Letters to Young Girls*, which Mr. Fauntorpe proposed to include in one of the Reading Books in the Whitelands Series for Girls, Mr. Ruskin afterwards withdrew his permission, and the selection never appeared.

LETTER V.

[BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
October 19th, 1877.]

Please no publishing of gift, which is mere nothing to such a school. I am so very glad Miss Stanley likes the Book,* but surely the red and blue ornamentation is easy enough to copy?

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* A manuscript Bible of the fourteenth century, presented by Mr. Ruskin to Whitelands College.

LETTER VI.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
7 December 14th, 1877.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I chance fortunately to be in town at my pet cousin's, who, as ladies say, is "dying" to see the waistcoat, so I send my servant over to bring it. I should have come myself had I not been laid up with cold, and shall not be long in writing of its reception to Miss Stanley.

I hope at any rate to wait on you and Miss Stanley a day or two after Christmas, if she will be then at

Chelsea. The Report of the Students is indeed one you may be happily proud of.

Ever most faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

The Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe.

LETTER VII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 17th, 1878.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I can yet say nothing to all my dear and noble friends, but what would grieve them,—this illness having been one continued vision to me of my selfishnesses, prides, insolences, failures, written down day by day, it seemed to me, with reversed interpretation of all I had fondly thought done for others, as the mere foaming out of my own vanity. If only those dear good girls could know how much more I always in truth thought of their doings than of

my talkings, and how ashamed I am to cause them any concern, when there are thousands of suffering people, how much worthier than I. And yet how thankful I am to them, and how helpless to say it. I am not allowed to write, but they will believe my gratitude to them, and my sorrow that I have been no more to them, except in fruitless intention.

Ever faithfully theirs and yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER VIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
January 5th, 1880.

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

It may be very likely that under present conditions you cannot 'utilize' at Whitelands one of the most glorious books ever written by any nation in any language.

But I hope I may some day convince you that you cannot utilize Shakespeare by letting your young women print articles on the character of Ophelia, nor utilize anything for them while they think themselves able to write lives of Dryden, or called upon to do so.

Nor is there the smallest reason in your giving them my final definition of money, any more than in your insisting on the mathematical definition of a line. But you can perfectly well make them understand that two right lines cannot enclose a space, and that three can ; and that persons who have money in quantities, can order labour in quantities, can employ armies in assassination, fools in machine making, whores-mongers in painting lewd pictures, and horse breeders in destroying the morals of every boy in England. And that all these powers of Money have nothing to do with any matters of Exchange.

And these things you have the power and intellect to ascertain, *if you will*. You entirely waste your time in reading my *Lamp of Truth* ;* you know all that is in *that* beforehand, and it comes to nothing in the end. Master

* *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Chapter II.

JOHN RUSKIN. 17

my *Munera Pulveris*, and you will be
master of many things beside that.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER IX.

BRANWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[June 6th, 1880.]

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

The long letter is in my mind to be written to you, but I think it will come broken into other forms now, about ugliness, and get into my Scott articles.*

I do so wish I could come and see the picture frames, and much else. But what you mainly want, and without which nothing will be of real use, is lovely figure picture. I shall be in

* *Fiction, Fair and Foul*—five papers contributed to *The Nineteenth Century* between June 1880, and October 1881; reprinted in *On the Old Road*, vol. II. pp. 3-166.

JOHN RUSKIN.

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town next month, and will choose you some, and give them to you with St. George's love—if you will promise to hang up no more beastly Aphides, and Cockroaches, and things.*

Ever most truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* Mr. Ruskin did send some beautiful drawings, which were duly hung upon the walls at Whitelands

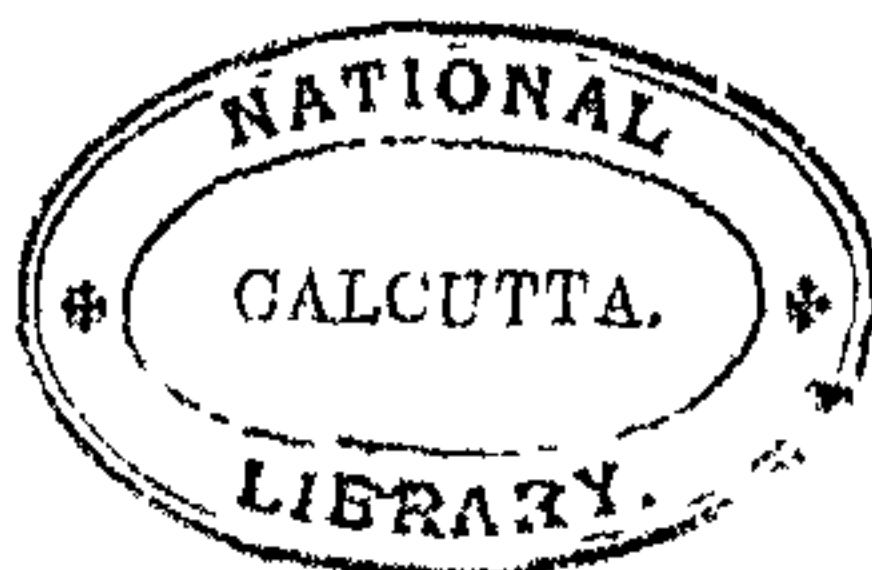
LETTER X.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
June 8th, [1880.]

DEAR MR. FAUNTIERPE,

It is wet to-day, but I hope to dispatch a nice parcel of pretty things. I'm very happy in the thought of being allowed to do so. Please make the girls understand once for all that if I send Saints or Angels I don't want to make papists of them, but only to give them creatures to think of who have no physical constitutions to bother them, and must be taken as a whole, wings and all, for better or worse.

Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.



LETTER XI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
December 18th, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

You call me 'Master' in private. I know you dare not confess me for one in public;—but—do you know accurately and thoroughly *why* you dare not?

In your article on *Money* you quote an entirely common and valueless bit of me, but you repeat deliberately the lie which I have been twenty years fighting against, with my entire heart and soul. You have much more than the power of mind necessary to

understand the nature of that Lie. What is it that makes you shrink from using the mind God gave you, in this one direction? The Lie is, apparently, a very innocuous one—"Money is a Medium of Exchange."

You might find it out to be a lie merely by defining its words. Ask just *what is* a Medium? Having defined that, ask farther, when you give a penny for a loaf, *where* is the *Medium*? You have a penny; Somebody else has a loaf; you exchange the penny for the loaf. But where's the *Medium*? But you might find it out to be a lie by substituting the false definition in the most important passage in which the word Money is used in all human literature.

"The love of Money is the root of all Evil." Try it with: "The love of a Medium of Exchange is the root of all evil." Will it still be true? Is it still 'Word of God'—in evangelical sense?

Is it still word of a wise man, in human and common sense? Now *you* have assuredly commonsense enough, and divine spirit enough, to understand the difference between this Lie-definition and the true one. "Money is an order for goods." And you can see that though the Bible sentence will not read so musically, it will read as truly, and with much *more* meaning, when you substitute *this* definition: "The love of Orders for Goods is the root of all Evil." That is to say, the love of Power, to begin with, and of Consumption, to end with. The endeavour to get the *grasp* of Goods, instead of to *produce* them? and to get the privilege of *devouring* them, instead of the faculty of *creating* them.

You can see, also, that when you define the terms farther this true definition becomes a hundredfold more precious. For you have to define the word 'Goods,' and to distinguish

'Goods' from 'Evils,' which to do is of all the work proposed in any Training College the precisely Primary. I am going to print this letter in next *Fors*; and probably also for separate circulation.* But will you first give me an answer to be printed with it? And be assured that I should not have written it unless, first, I had trusted much in your friendship, your courage, and your sincerity; And, secondly—so much admired both the substance and arrangement of this volume of yours on Household Science, as to hope with all my heart that it may become oracular in every English and un-English Household, alike to those that are far off, and to them that are nigh.

Ever yours respectfully and
affectionately,
JOHN RUSKIN.

The Rev. J. P. Baunthorpe, M.A.

* This letter has never yet been printed, either in *Fors Clavigera* or separately.

POSTSCRIPT :—*Note* to be put to the question 'Where is the Medium' when the letter is published.

You would probably at first answer :
"It is not a penny, but my knowledge, that I *really* exchange with the baker for bread, and the penny is the 'Medium' of *that* exchange!"

But, if the Baker wanted your knowledge, you would not need the penny, *nor he take it*. He would give you the loaf for the Latin lesson at once. That exchange needs no 'Medium,' and can have none. The exchange of English coals for American meat indeed needs the 'Medium' of a ship, but not of money. If there were none in the world the exchange would still take place, as it does now, and a tally of notches on the masts would express every condition of debt and credit. And you will find, in every other conceivable instance, that money is not a 'Medium of Exchange,' but an

‘Order for Goods’; and that, therefore, its reality as Money depends on there *being* Goods to Order,—which your vulgar economist, and your England taught by him, never considers it his or her business to ascertain! And the essential difference between having a thousand pounds in your pocket-book, or only a penny in your purse, is not that you can become a Mediator of your Exchanges, but that you *can* become a consumer of more goods.

LETTER XII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
c [December, 1880.]

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

You would see that my letter was written hastily, in the first passion of sorrow at finding you still in that net of the Fowler, and amid noisome pestilence. My secretary sent it off before I had revised, either it or your article, and I must throw it into completer form. But the first appeal of it, the main thing, is the question—Why you do not examine into the truth of this mighty thing, this *accurate* Enemy of God.

Your whole article is a series of confusions between Coin, Money, and Goods—not worth separate notice, but leading to such terrific generalizations as—“if everybody agreed to take tin, tin would do as well, etc., etc.,” and—“the use of money is to *buy* what we want,” as if it could not be used to *produce* it also; as if it could not be *abused*, in that fatallest of all ways, for reproducing itself! Not but that, for your simple readers, the immediate purchase is of course the thing to be lectured on first, but how of saving? how of giving? The postscript, scribbled yesterday, then copied that you might see it clearer, I send to-day—copy and manuscript draft, in case you like to keep the letter by itself! There are all sorts of verbal niceties requiring to be dealt with in your definitions. ‘Means’ in English, has entirely ceased like ‘moyen,’ to translate ‘medium.’ That word is

properly used in science (and in Spiritualism ?)—but in your article it stands for ‘instrument,’ method of, way of, a totally different thing. Again, ‘Money is the measure of value’; consider what equivocation is in that sentence. It is the *denomination* of value, but not the *means, instrumentum* of measurement. A pint *pot* does measure bulk of liquids, a foot *rule* bulk of solids, and a pound weight the weight of both. But the thing that you say Money is the measure of, *Value*? What *is* that itself? You *mean* that *Money* measures *Money* price—*i.e.* is the denominator of it. But, what is it that money price measures?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
December 23rd, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I am deeply grateful for your kind letters. It, with others equally kind, but not a thousandth part as important, must be only thanked to-day, for Christmas brings more duties than I am able for, and I have only read yet the beginning and end of yours.

But at once let me pray you to reconsider your first sentence, 'The essence of a lie is its intention.' The essence of *being a liar* is intention; the essence of a Lie is--its own falsehood.

If you affectionately tell a child that hemlock is good for him, the memory of your intentions may make your regret light, but not the earth on his coffin. I criticize your book for your *readers*, not for *you*. And I used the ugly word 'lie' as the equivalent of a Falschhood —first, because it is shorter and plainer; secondly, because (not by you, but by those whose teaching you have followed) the Falschhood *is* intended, deliberate, continual, and in its work Deadly, more than the black plague.

I can say no more to-day, but am ever,

Faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
December 24th, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I wish you a Happy Christmas. But so I do to the robins, and the wrens. *You* cannot but have a Thoughtful Christmas, *if* a happy one, being a Messenger of Christ. And are you not also by vow a priest of the Most High God? And are you not trusted with the training of the trainers of Christ's little ones in the way they should go—govern-esses, to whom, more than to their mothers, England now trusts her girl-souls? the Mothers

being mostly incompetent, and having wings only like butterflies, not hens.

Governesses, or Schoolmistresses, or teachers in schools of this or that useful thing, whatever they are to be, in whatever rank, over whatever rank, what a mighty power this is, given to you ! I do not know, clearly, how wide it is, or how deep. For the lowlier it is, the deeper it is, and the more necessary it should be true and pure in its teaching. The Mistress may learn at any time of her life, but the Servant must at the village school, if ever.

To *you*, therefore, if to any ordained man in all this England, comes straight and close home St. Paul's charge* :
" *Thou*, Oh Man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness — I give thee charge in the sight of God who quickeneth all things, and

* See 1 Timothy, vi. 11-14. Mr. Ruskin's translation differs somewhat from the authorised version.

before Christ who before Pilate bore the good confession, *thou* who before many witnesses hast confessed the good confession, that thou keep the commandment spotless, unrebukable, until the Epiphany of our Lord." Flee *these* things! What things? Keep *the* Commandment, What Commandment? Will you look, and tell me, What things? What Commandment? and if you are minded to obey it, or to dispute it?

Ever your loving friend,

JOHN RUSKIN.

P.S. Perhaps this letter may begin a quieter and more accurately arranged examination of the matter at issue between us, than my first hastily written appeal to you. And, for the first step in the scientific part of it, will you tell me why, if Money be a Medium of Exchange, and no more than that, we may not all of us have all

we want of it, and equal use of it, Why should not the government issue any quantity ; and why should a miser be looked on as unkind, if the thing he pleases himself in hoarding can be supplied for the asking to everybody else ? Why should any soul of us be poor, if the issuing of bank-notes by the ton would make us rich ? Can a Medium of Exchange in your pocket be rendered useless by putting more of it in mine ?

LETTER XV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
December 31st, 1880.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

The Camellias are here, and I thank Mrs. Faunthorpe for sending them.

But I have written to you in weariness and painfulness, and I must have answer to the three quite definite questions in my last letter before I speak of any of the matters entered upon in your non-answer of two days ago. You cannot possibly begin the year with any work more pertinent, or more

JOHN RUSKIN. 37

imperative. Very earnestly I wish you
health, and power, and peace in its
days. And am,

Your faithful friend,
JOHN RUSKIN.

The Rev. J. P. Fauntleroy, M.A.

LETTER XVI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
January 2nd, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I am most truly grateful for your loving and kind letter. A good deal of what is worst in the bottom of me—and saddest in the midst—had been stirred up by the implication in your former letter that I was likely to engage you in oppositions of science, falsely so called ; and by the reading of the *White-lands Annual*, which I will not speak of to-day,—but only ask you to add to your present compliance with me the careful reading of paragraphs 120 to 137 in the old copy of *The Queen of the Air*, which perhaps you may like to keep—

only you must make some of the girls copy the corrections on a copy * I will send for that operation ; and please let them also copy the enclosed note † into it, and into their own, which I will send also if they hav'n't one.

I have sent a book ‡ to Whitelands, which, if they could study every word of (I doubt not their willingness) would be an education better than any living queen's.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

[The following is the "Note" referred to in the preceding letter. It is to be observed that the Note is headed "Denmark Hill," although the

* These corrections were made by Mr. Ruskin on a copy of the first (1869) edition of *The Queen of the Air*. They were, however, but trivial, and were made use of by Mr. Vaunthorpe when preparing the fourth (1883) edition of the work, which he edited for Mr. Ruskin.—See *The Bibliography of Ruskin*, 1893, vol. I. p. 153.

† The "Note" referred to follows this letter—*post*, pp. 30-31.

‡ *Virgil's Æneis, translated into Scottish Verse by Professor Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld*, 1710.

letter itself is addressed from Brantwood. Doubtless it was an old note, written in London at some earlier date, and now for the first time made use of.]

DENMARK HILL, S.E.

Real value, as opposed to mere price in market, which is the received value among buyers and sellers of it under particular circumstances.

The conditions of real money-value may be best understood by supposing the represented property first infinitely large, and then infinitely small.

Imagine a territory so richly productive as to require no labour. Every kind of necessary or pleasant food, fruit, or flower, laid up in store or gatherable on the instant, and only a few inhabitants on it unable to consume the thousandth part of its abundance. No one would have to pay for anything but the trouble of carriage, and for an

incommensurably small sum might possess whatever he chose—the value of money being thus infinitely large, and passing through that infinity into nothing.

Suppose on the contrary the food consumed by pestilence, gradually to the last grain of corn; the inhabitants would gradually pay more and more for a little food, their whole fortune at last for a handful of corn—and the value of money thus becoming infinitely small, would pass on this side also, as the last food was consumed, into zero.

Between these two zeros—the uselessness which signifies that everything may be got *without* money, and the uselessness which signifies that nothing can be got *with* it—the real value of money oscillates according to the actually attainable quantity of goods, and the market value of money according to the caprices and panics of commercial minds.

LETTER XVII.

BRANFWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
January 25th, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Queen of Air shall be sent by to-morrow's post, and thank you for reminding me, and for all your letter.

Very thankfully I will give the annual *Proserpina*, but not as a prize. I have deep and increasing sense of the wrong of all prizes, and of every stimulus of a competitive kind. There should be a strict and high pass-standard in all skills and knowledges required, but one which it should be dishonourable to fall short of, not a matter of exultation

or ground of praise to reach. In all competitions, success is more or less unjust. The best marker for instance means, first, the best eyes. Why should a poor ill-sighted girl strain herself against a hawk? Let all who have fair sight, learn to mark neatly; those who have pride in doing supremely well, have enough reward in doing so. And, again, it would not in the least follow that the best marker was the girl who would best enjoy, or use, *Proserpina*. Do you recollect the pretty story of 'the Bracelet' in *Parent's Assistant*? While I intensely dislike all forms of competition, I believe the recognition of uncontending and natural *worth* to be one of the most solemn duties alike of young and old. Suppose you made it a custom that the scholars should annually choose by ballot, with vowed secrecy, their Queen of May? and that the elected queen had, with other more important rights, that of giving

the *Proserpina* to the girl she thought likeliest to use it with advantage? It would be a stimulus to me to get out another volume quickly!

I forget what my letter of *December* 24th was. Perhaps I could mend it if you wish really to use it. I have done nothing lately but half-well.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
January 28th, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am mightily delighted by your concession to my romantic fancies, and greatly interested to know how the thing will work! Your idea of intrusting the queen with some queenly duties of helping others is very delightful also. In my first endeavour to get this notion realized, it was to be in a country town,* all the school girls over seventeen and under twenty-one being eligible, and the electors to be all between ten and seventeen. The queen

* This was at a girl's school, Winnington Hall, Northwich, Cheshire—the scene of *The Ethics of the Dust*.

was to choose two maiden colleagues—
 ‘ministers’ rather—whom she would,
 and with their advice and personal
 aid was to administer a certain sum
 annually to the poor of the town, for
 their better comfort and pleasure. Not
 parish relief, nor physic, nor coals and
 blankets, but nice things, and unheard
 of and unthought of except by the
 May Queen. I had nearly got this
 done by a girl who was at one time a
 very steady disciple of mine, and Rich I
 Her relations moved Heaven and Earth
 to stop it (moved the *other* place and
 Earth, I mean) and got it stopped,
 until the girl fell in love with somebody,
 who, I suppose, taught her to make a
 better use of her money, for I have
 never heard of her since ! *

* These very interesting letters refer to the institution of the annual May Queen Festival at Whitelands College, one of Mr Ruskin's happiest inspirations. Mr Fauntorpe has twice written a detailed account of the proceedings; *i.e.*, in *The English Illustrated Magazine* for April 20, 1889, and in *The Nineteenth Century* for May, 1893. Mr. E. T. Cook has also included a chapter upon the subject (chap. iv., *Mr. Ruskin's May Queens*) in his *Studies in Ruskin*, 1890.

But I think in the quieter and yet more dignified conditions under which this experiment will be tried at Whitelands, it has better chance of success. And for my own part of the business, I will give you the entire series of my *constant* publications, every year, from the first to the last. This does not include the *Seven Lamps*, of which the supply

pp. 127-139. Mr. Faunthorpe's article in *The Nineteenth Century* was published when this volume was already in type, and includes several extracts from Mr. Ruskin's letters here given at length. Mr. Faunthorpe also prints the following Collect "for the giver of the day's pleasure," which is introduced into the service held each May-day in the College Chapel :—

O Lord God Almighty, Lord and Creator of the bodies and souls of men, Maker and Inspirer of the mightiest intellects, we all pray Thee to bless and preserve John Ruskin, to whom we owe the pleasures of this day: stand by him in troubles, so that they may have no power over him: let Thy holy angels ever guard him: comfort him with the love of the young, for he is now Thy aged servant: and finally take him to Thyself, for Jesus Christ His sake. Amen.

The Whitelands College May Queen Festival has been largely copied, and many similar celebrations are now held in various parts of the country. Even in Ireland the idea has taken root, and at the High School for Girls in Cork (whose Head Mistress, Miss Martin, is an old Whitelands governess) a Rose Festival has been established, Mr. Ruskin presenting each year a gold cross to the Rose Queen, together with a number of his books for distribution among her Maids of Honour.

is limited, nor *Fors*,* which is not meant for girls—but all the blue-backed ones, with *Fronde*s, the new *Stones of Venice*, the *Bible of Amiens*, etc. ; and the queen shall, by necessary rule, keep for herself either *Sesame* or the *Queen of the Air*, whichever she likes best ; and the rest she shall give, one book to each of the girls whom she shall choose for it. I return bit of letter, which is really very nice, and I can't much mend it. And I want to know if you've room for some more pictures and things, and if any of the girls can draw pretty well in my sort of way? leaves and so on?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* Although Mr. Ruskin here excluded *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *Fors Clavigera* from the series of books promised, both works have always been given



THE MAY QUEEN'S DRESS (FOR 1886).
Designed by Miss Kate Greenaway.

LETTER XIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 4th, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

It is still winter here, but by count of days the May is coming, I suppose I've almost ceased counting them, in this last illness; but am awake out of the wild sleep once more, and hope that I may still see a May morning in this, and yet another or another, year. I hope the May Queenship is beginning to be thought of? I wrote to-day to my publisher to get a perfect set of books ready.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER XX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 6th, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I am deeply thankful and happy for your lovely letter, and really trust that I shall live to show my sense of the affection, and all else that is best in heart and thought, which you are all giving me. I'll write to Miss Stanley very quickly.

This one line of thanks is to you and the College, and to say that I've written to-day to a goldsmith in whom I have confidence about a little cross of gold, and white May-blossom in enamel, for

the Queen.* I think it will be more proper for the kind of Collegiate queen she is to be, than a crown or fillet for the hair.

I don't think you need be anxious about me any more just now. The illness has done me very little mischief, and that little mendable in time—nor that a long time, with common prudence.

And so always believe me,
Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

* The Cross of Gold has at various times been designed by Mr. Arthur Severn, Mrs. Severn, and Sir E. Burne-Jones. In 1888 the May Queen's dress was designed by Miss Kate Greenaway.

LETTER XXI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
April 16th, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

It grieves me to answer your kind letters with cavils, but I must say a word or two about Constance. It is surely no proper part of your training at Chelsea to teach your girls to scold? What else can they learn in *King John* or his company? The play is more gross than *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, without one spark of its humour or tint of its grace. It is as ghastly as *Richard III.* without its power; and as impossible as *Midsummer Night's Dream* without the relief of Titania and her Donkey! It was written for the

lower English audience, which could be pleased by seeing a child kill himself by jumping off a wall, and entertained by the deliberation whether its eyes should be burned out. There is not one character of honour, strength, or ordinary human intellect in the whole play—*except* the poor boy, who only speaks a sentence or two beyond the one scene with Hubert; and the Bastard is a mere libel and blot on English courage and virtue (see his mean speech on Commodity). As for Constance; if your girls care to study good scolding, they may see it fresh and natural in Billingsgate, without the forced and loathsome death metaphors with which the stage-effect is garnished. Have any of them ever read my *Strait Gate* * with any vestige of attention? It is the most important educational piece I ever wrote, and touches, as near as I can word it, all I have to say

* Part V. of *Mornings in Florence*.

in this my old age concerning the weakness of so many young women of good fiery gifts, "who think it finer to be a sybil or witch than a useful housewife." But Constance is neither a sybil nor a witch, and never speaks a word or thinks a thought that is either becoming or availing.

After this tirade I console myself with conveyance of a piece of, to me, very pleasant news, that Mr. Severn has made a sketch of our hawthorn cross which I think quite lovely, and I've sent it to be put in hand to-day. I send you a *Strait Gate* in case you haven't one. I would send you a lot if you would give them for lessons. See the account of Rhetoric especially.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S.—I am afraid Mrs. Severn is taking great advantage of your good

sempstresses. I hear to-day of entirely new pillow-cases "cut out," to be sewn up, I suppose, and marked J. R. ! What pride and luxury for us, and Frederick the Great with a wisp of straw !

LETTER XXII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
April 21st, [1881.]

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

In case anything should be already in debate of the May matters (though I hope you're still all at play, and nobody come back), this is just to say that all your letter was delightful to me, and nothing on my part to be said either more, or modifying—except only that I think there's just a *souppçon* of too much fuss about the matter. I should rather have liked the girls to have chosen their queen in their own time and way, and presented her to the Principal (who should have been

.

studiously kept out of Sight, Knowledge, and Fear, during the Election, and profoundly in the dark afterwards as to its result! till May morning) in a crown of primroses and violets at breakfast, the Principal being expected to be her Most Obedient all that day, and then think no more about her! That would seem to me a little the healthier way; it will be very Awful for the queen, surely, as you have planned it! but, I suppose, more Morally Tremendous and impressive to everybody.

But, quite seriously; we *all* here, Mrs. Severn and I and our sympathetic friends, do wish that *all* the girls, to the very juniorest, junisseseest—what *ought* the word to be? littlest, I mean, and foolishest—and that wouldn't be the youngest by any means, as young women are now a days! and make themselves—down to the youngest anyhow, had a vote! Surely the little

minds are one element in appreciation, of a very critical sort indeed?

Can't write a word more to-day, except just over leaf. Surely *Richard II.*, with *Henry's IV.* and 5th and 8th, ought to be read *always* as a part of English History, consecutively by every girl you pass?

And *Coriolanus* is *all* Roman History B. C. in few words, and mighty for ever-more. Those would be my five plays for boys and girls alike.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN

LETTER XXIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
April 24th, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

What a lot of work there is in this Colony book of yours! I've been writing such disagreeable letters lately that I —won't *say* your time might, but only *ask* whether your time mightn't have been better employed! Anyhow I may say *I* don't care about Colonies, but it looks a perfect book for people who do. Do you really think I've written no more than 18 books! You'll have to send me some more labels.*

* The Whitelands College prize label, inserted in each volume, and signed for many years by Mr. Ruskin

I've ordered the books to be sent directly. The Cross is sure to be ready in good time, I doubt not, but the hawthorn blossom will only be in gold *this* time; I couldn't get enamel done safely.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.



THE MAY QUEEN'S GOLDEN CROSS (FOR 1888)

Designed by Mr. Arthur Severn.

LETTER XXIV

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[April 26th, 1881]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Yes, somebody must write about Colonies; let them do it *in* the Colonies! How you ever get anything done with those Seniors and Juniors to look after, I can't think! If I were a girl, I'd like to see anybody calling *me* a 'Senior'!! They should have their faces scratched if I was put in the coalhole for it. Also if I were the Principal, I'm not sure whether I shouldn't ordain that the Queen was to be chosen *among* the Juniors!

R

Of course there's to be a Cross *every* year! The being the likeablest or nicest girl of 160 is surely a thing which deserves memory, from all who care for her or will care, worth at least so much fastening of it as may be in a little golden trinket! The books are sure to come all right, but I'm getting nervous about the Cross, and must write by this post about it. So, goodbye.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
April 29th, [1881.]

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

So far from being stupid, or not enough, this letter of yours is as sweet and full as one of our prettiest pools or kindest streams.

I am particularly happy in the change to the Juniors for the Queenship. It seems to me to avoid the harm of serious mortification, or even anger, in the higher minds. *Animis cœlestibus*, it will answer all prudential conditions in the wise hand-maidens, and image more completely what should be the typical state of

young Queens and Kings, having graver advisers. Also, it makes the whole thing less tremendous, more amusing, and in the following year, the position of the Queen much less invidious, or to herself difficult. The little Cross is safe here, and will *do* for this year; but it may be much improved upon next year when I'm able to see after it in time. It shall be sent so as to reach you registered. I forgot this was Friday; I had to telegraph for another pattern of the chain, but it is sure to be in time if posted on Saturday. I send a dozen more signed labels; some come more glibly off than others, and there may be a little choice. I really thought the books would have come to two dozen,* but two or three are out of print. I send only the first volume of *Doors*, which has pictures, and it includes the rest. The *Seven Lamps of Architecture* may

* They invariably totalled more than *three* dozen.

be out of print in a year, but I hope *The Bible of Amiens* will be *in* print, it is much the better book.

I return the Comparison figures, which are inscrutable by me. *Your* satisfaction is enough for me, in competitive questions. The essays I return also. They seem entirely well done, and would give me more information than I can take in just now were I to read attentively. It afflicts me to find Edward the Confessor objecting to May jollities. In case any friends of Mr. and Mrs. Severn, or of mine, should appeal for admission on Monday, I am sure I may trust your kindness to allow them to express their sympathy in the proceedings.

Ever affectionately and gratefully
yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXVI.

BRANFWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 1st, 1881.

BUT what *do* the girls know then, if they don't know about the Cross or the Books! And what a confusion you'll have in their heads all at once! I do hope no accident will hinder the arrival of the Cross in due time, but in case such a mischance should befall, the girls can always make a little Cross of Flowers which will do for the Coronation.

I am pleased with the chain now, and think it well worth the little risk of delay. Next year there shall be more than one thorn in the Cross, however, it isn't moral to be all blossom

and no pickle. As I count, the labels I sent will be exactly enough. I threw away the others, but, if any are wanting, they can easily be put in afterwards. I hope you will all have a happy and not harmful day.*

And am,
Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

You will be a little happier to know that I am really very well myself, and am painting currant leaves, and have proof of the *Dabchick* † from Press this morning, and I think it reads well. Perhaps you might read the first paragraphs to the girls to-morrow. I've put the punctuation in, and if you kindly send the scrap to Mr. Jowett, Printing Works, Aylesbury, on Tuesday, it will be in excellent time.

* "We all did," writes Mr. Fauntleroy. "On the whole, it was the most perfect May Queen Day, just because no one knew anything about it, and the students elected the right Queen."

† *Love's Labour's Lost*, Lecture iii. *The Dabchick*.

LETTER XXVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
May 3rd, [1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

How *could* you find time to write me such a nice letter in your busy day! But it has made us all here intensely happy. It is very delightful to me that the girls honour each other's beauty, as well as goodness, and I like the three "queen likes her," for reason good. The only thorn to *me* in the matter is a little ashamedness of giving my own books only.

I am so grateful to you for those proof corrections, that I presume farther on them. There is no trouble

greater to me than the final revise, and as you would certainly be good enough to me to read the book some time or other, might I send you the last revises to be read? There would be no hurry for passing on to printer, and you should have *carte blanche* for emendation or correction, so that you would not have any tiresome questions to write about. May I?

Love to the queen and her maidens.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
May 16th, [1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

When am I to have my photographs? * I've been getting more and more excited at every post, and there are two a day even *here*. I have told my assistant who takes care of the drawings at Oxford, Mr. Crawley, to wait upon you with measures of two, uninteresting, yet more or less decorative and illustrative, bits of oil painting connected with the histories

* Photographs of Mrs. Ellen Osborne, the first May Queen.

of St. Ursula and St. Jerome,* for which I wonder if you can find room, till they go to the—not yet built! (nor begun!!) new room at Sheffield? One is the bit of convent in the distance of Carpaccio's *St. Jerome and the Lion*, well and freely copied, and curiously graceful as a piece of monastic living and feeling; the other is only the window of St. Ursula's room, full size, to show the free yet subtle way in which the leaves of the pinks are painted. I am having a photograph of the whole picture coloured for you which will make this piece of it interesting.

With these will come a very lovely, though not quite finished, drawing of the south door of the Cathedral of Florence, but I can't tell you about that to-day. This is only to give Crawley credentials to you. I want to

* These drawings are now in the Ruskin Museum, Sheffield.

make those college rooms and passages more Romantic! these two oil things may go in any passage corner where there's a little light.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
May 22nd, [1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Photos both quite safe, but I'm rather frightened of my queen. She looks to me between 35 and 38,* and rather as if she would bring back the inquisition and trial by the rack. Photographs are horrid things! I am so glad you like the Door. I've a lot more things in my head for you.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* She was about twenty.

LETTER XXX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
June 9th, [1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I send you the *Dabchicks*,* trusting in your kindness to read them for me. I'm dreadfully afraid you'll be able to tell me some of the things I don't want to know! What *Tringa* means, or the like. I'll bear it, if you do, as well as I can.

Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

* *Love's Meinie*. Chapter iii. *The Dabchick*.

LETTER XXXI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 1st, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am so very glad to hear of this success of the May Queen's choice. That Apothecary Gold Medal is a real distinction.* I will send Miss Croucher† my next *Proserpina* the moment it's out. I am hard busy on it, with *The Bible of Amiens*, and two numbers of *Love's Meinie*, at once. Couldn't help it, had to do

* The Gold Medal given for Botany by the Apothecaries' Society, which the College won several times.

† The winner of the Apothecary Gold Medal.

appendix of nomenclature. I shall be quieter now the spring flowers are over.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
July 3rd, [1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Your letter to-day is very delightful, but do you mean that the Entrance Examination keeps you 'next' or 'this' week, in London? or shall I write to disturb your repose by the sea at once? I'm rather glad about the Archbishop,* as I had been pitching into him, or at least pulling his sleeves, about Usury.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

* Mr. Faunthorpe had related to Mr. Ruskin some of the sorrows of Archbishop Tait.

This St. John's, King John's I mean,
programme is dreadfully tantalizing.
To have seen the May Queen *in*
armour !

LETTER XXXIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
July 8th, [1881.]

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I am so grieved not to have answered before, but could not. Your piece about the Archbishop was lovely. I partly forgot, partly did not know, of his sorrow. The invitation for recitation is *lovely too*, but I sadly fear I must not be allowed any excitement, or even stirring from home this year.

I write to-day in haste to say that I've ordered sixty sliding wooden frames to be made, for the college, of my Oxford pattern, to hold little drawings, photos, plates, MS., leaves, etc., such as

I can send you presents or loan of. These frames should slide either into a fixed shelf with dentils for them above and below, or, as I have some of mine, and find it handy, into a seat that goes on castors, and may generally be in a window recess or the like, and be pulled about anywhere — the frames sliding down into it, and the lid cushioned, forming a seat, the frames going into it in two rows. I have told Mr. Williams, from Messrs. Koords, who has made the frames and has my orders to deliver them at Whitelands, to wait on you as early as possible for any orders you might wish to give him about the placing of them.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[*July 15th, 1881.*]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

If life were only what it used to be before Noah's time, or even 120 years good, I'd come to Ivy Cottage by return of post. But, alas! I must use my Autumn at home, for once, and see the thyme and heather at their best.

If the proof does not come let me know at once, and I'll send you another. There's no hurry as I'm on other work now, and your revision will be every way invaluable to me.

Ever your grateful,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
Wednesday [July 20th, 1881].

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Just back from a seaside lodging—saw a sandpiper, and was otherwise blest there. Your charming note just come. I am sure all your emendations will be right, and you shall have all petitions, except the softening down in general. I don't anger my soul nor vex my *own* heart, I relieve it by all violent language. Of course if I didn't believe in there being good people about, I should write nothing. *All* I write now is very seriously written as a last will and testament, and with final hammering

down of nails in the elm, and in what work I leave behind me. If I live any time there will be a good deal of gentle and pleasant soap and water, served up for washing purposes, besides these sputters of sulphur.

But pray get quit of the notion that these bursts of abuse irritate me. I *live* in chronic fury only softened by keeping wholly out of the reach of newspapers or men, and only to be at all relieved in its bad fits by studied expression. More when the proof comes, only your letter is here today.

Ever your affectionate friend,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXVI.

BRANIWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
October 3rd, 1881.

DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

Mr. Ruskin desires me to send you enclosed piece of Gold, in reference to which he will write you in a day or two.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
LAURENCE J. HILLIARD,
Sec.

The Rev. J. P. Fauntorpe.

LETTER XXXVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
October 18th, [1881.]

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

The square bit of gold means that you are an accepted adherent, or outside worker, of St. George's Company, looked upon by us as our friend, and invited to further cooperation. I am now for the first time thus distinguishing our elect candidates. I hope you will henceforward receive *The Bible of Amiens*, &c., regularly.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[October 21st, 1881.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

St. George would be poor indeed if he could not give one little bit of gold in acknowledgment for the affection and effort of all a life. I am only thankful to you for accepting it. But, not to be tiresome to you, I will accept your cheque as a contribution to my fund for Amiens photographs, drawings, etc. I've ever so much ready if I could only get it printed ; but the work I'm upon now, peeling a piece of bog-land, requires me to be engineering all day long.

The *square* of gold is only because it is more easily and equally cut so. Indeed I want to see you, but *can't* get to town till after Christmas. Anent Strait Gate: I scold Florentines for *their* sakes, but Constance for her *own* sake. I hope to send some more lovely pictures soon.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XXXIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
October 28th, 1881.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

You must not ask me to criticise poetry, nor sympathise with chapel building. What I can do for you, in my own way, I will ; but until you have dealt with the great questions of Money and Usury, I can acknowledge no religious movement as of the slightest interest or importance.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XL.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
November 3rd, 1881.

DEAR FAUNTIORPE,

It is very delightful and pathetic to me, you all enjoying those things so, and thinking so much of the cabinet; but I am especially pleased that Williams has acquitted himself properly, for I want him to do more work at Sheffield. You know it isn't *me*, but St. George, who gives the cabinet. I'm going to charge it to the Guild as a most lovely bit of our best sort of work.

I couldn't send you proofs of *The Bible of Amiens*, the thing pressed so,

Λ Λ

and I knew pretty well what I was about in *it*, but not in the *Love's Meinie*. Very thankful I am to have you under my lee when I'm puzzled. It is nice your keeping of All Saints, it is always a great day for *me*; whether I recollect it or not the Guardian Angels work for me in it.

Ever your grateful,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XLI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
November 20th, 1881.

MY DEAR QUEEN,*

Your little note was a great comfort to me yesterday, for I am in a little valley, or glen of shadow, just now, and feel wonderfully tired and cold in it, and don't quite know what's the matter. But a girl's letter always does me good, more especially a Queen's or Maid of Honour's.

I'm thinking over what next is to come in that cabinet ; but I chance to be among Minerals just now, and I

* Miss Ellen Osborne, the first May Queen at White-lands College.

want you to have a good Mineral Cabinet at Whitelands before long, as soon as I've written a grammar of Crystals for you. Meantime I've sent you to day just seven crumbs of crystallized gold, which, if you will set in order on the little tray, sent also, will be rather a pretty beginning of things. Under a lens No 5 is one of the most delicate pieces ever seen. A series of such things in a very shallow drawer under one plate of good glass is the first thing we must try to achieve, and let me try to manage it under your Majesty's reign, and remain always,
Your affectionate and faithful servant,
J. RUSKIN.

The envelope with the gold is at the bottom of the box, under the cotton.

LETTER XLII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
Thursday, November 24th, 1881.

MY DEAR QUEEN,*

It's very nice getting these pretty letters of thanks, with a little love at the end of each, which one can save up and keep, and it will make ever so much in time, won't it? I've been looking through my books to find some more that would be nice for White-lands, partly to get another letter! and partly because I am ashamed to have pretty books and never use them, and practically I find that nearly all my books get mildewed on my shelves for

* Miss Ellen Osborne.

want of use. I hope one that I'm sending is pretty safe, for it has always been near me, that's near the fire too, in my study—the Hungariafi Noble's book on the wild plants of Hungary. It is done like a gentleman, and there is a certain old Dresden China look about its covers which one doesn't get now a days! Also the plates are so well yet so simply drawn that they may almost seem for standards of right botanical drawing, and may be copied with extreme advantage.

The two volumes of Italian birds are very good for modern work, and parts of the plumage are very well drawn. The two thin folios of heaths may interest the botanical class, and are good thorough work. Finally the book on palms is one which I did get so far in using as to rend it all to pieces, and lose most of the text. That's my usual elementary operation, and then I begin to make something of

what's left. But I see well enough I shall never do, or say, anything about palms, and the wrecks of the books may be helpful here and there to the classes. I thought it immensely sweet of your Principal to accept some ruins of the like kind of my own old working books; please give him my love, and say how pleased I was with his letter as well as yours.

Ever my dear Ellen, as far as my poor little 'ever' may reach,

Affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XLIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
November 27th, 1881.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

But has Miss Stanley no fears for *my* head then? I'm sure *that's* much more likely to be turned than the queen's! But, as far as I could make out, you had both* been telling her that her letters would only be troublesome, and I was bound for 'Truth's sake to efface that impression! What a good habit she has of writing *epsilon* for *e*, look at *my* poor little *e* above in trouble-

* Both—*i. e.* Mr. Faunthorpe, and Miss Stanley, the head governess at Whitelands College.

some! and I constantly have to pull open my c's afterwards like stiff button holes.

I have no doubt Mrs. Herringham is right, but I don't know either Ghirl or Poll (it sounds very like an Irish sailor's asseveration!) well enough to have much opinion. In *either* case, remember the picture is an example of precision in execution only, and neither of colour nor sentiment. To the end of life Ghirlandajo remained the goldsmith and Pollajuolo the anatomist. In case I haven't time to write to-morrow you will, I hope, receive on Wednesday a *really* valuable gift for the school, the Noble, Half Noble, and Quarter Noble of Edward III.; only mind they're not to 'buy what you want with,' or whatever you say is the use of such things!

You have an awful respect for Reports, and Prizes, and Class lists! I think it says as much for the Reporter

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and Examiner as for you when you're pleased.

Ever affectionately yours
J. RUSKIN.

