*93. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

[1870?]

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

We have all been so happy with Mary[[1]](#footnote-2) that we are going to trust in your kindness so far as to keep her with us till tomorrow morning,—she wants herself to get back to you, but we all want her so much that I am going to assume your permission. I would not have done so, if I had been able to send to ask it, in time to make arrangements, but I have been hurried & confused to day. —She shall be back very early after breakfast tomorrow.

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin

*94. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

Saturday, 19th March, 1870

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

No, I have not forgotten Chelsea. But I have been doing all I could, and falling short of all I intended to, at Oxford—(yet, it is well on the whole, hitherto) and for seven weeks, have had either cold—cough—face ache—or sore throat—to work under and talk with.

It has been exactly as if the devil had been let worry me all he liked, provided only he didn’t stop my speaking—for every lecture—hitherto—has been fairly well heard.—They are just going to press, at the Clarendon, and as soon as I have revised free from ludicrous misprints, I will send them you as they come from press, for I think you will be pleased by what I have got stated. There have been no reports in the least intelligible—for, as you suppose—they have not been without a plan. The Morning Post also made me say the exact reverse of what I meant.—but I’ve no chance of coming to Chelsea I fear till end of next week—my throat is sore & I must stay in at nights, till the last lecture is over, on Wednesday.

Ever lovingly Yours.

J. Ruskin

*95. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill S.E.

[March 25, 1870]

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I thought perhaps you might like to see this first proof—(see the vanity of me),—so I send it you as soon as I get it. I’ve got some hard work still in writing viva voce facts—but shall be over to see you next week.

Ever your loving J.Ruskin

*96. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill S.E.,

Sunday 24th April 1870

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

Might I come at ½ past 8 to see you this evening. I have been entirely helpless lately through having planned twice as much as I could do, and getting my whole plan deranged like a campaign, again and again, by successive defeats. At last the best worst is done—unless you are displeased by anything in the enclosed, pp. 105,6. which please glance at before I come.

Ever your loving J.R.

So sorry I was not to see you when you were so good as to come with Lady A.

*97. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

[ca. September 25, 1870]

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I send you another, perhaps a little too long, study of Gotthelf’s[[2]](#footnote-3)—study—for it is hardly a story in any sense, but as you will see even from the first sentence, from “Je m’appelle Peter Koeser” to “quittai la cuisine” a most finished piece of Dutch painting of two persons only— “*moi*, et Medeli”—the “Medeli”, like the Aenneli of the miroir, [[3]](#footnote-4) is better worth painting than most queens. The “Moi”, I think you will much enjoy; and first of all, these are some notes about the author, which will answer, better than I did, your questions of last night.

—I answered rashly also that I was always safe till 2. I should have said 1., though usually I am not out till 2.

—My day is—work at any rate till one—then, on fine days out till near 5—I dine at 5., and am *always* at home all the evening, unless I go to the theatre. I go nowhere else, but to Chelsea, which is my theatre of History—& Humanity.

On Monday next, Joanna[[4]](#footnote-5) comes home, and we shall be in bustle; and on Wednesday next, I take her to Connie,[[5]](#footnote-6) (the little lady I once brought to see you) and another sister, I hope, to the theatre,—but on all the rest of the days of next week am sure to be at home in the evening.

—Would you care to come with me by ourselves or with Joan only sometimes to a private box, to see anything absurd enough to be interesting? that may be played this winter?

My sincere regards to your wise little niece.

Ever your affectionate

J. Ruskin

*98. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill S.E.

[October 1870]

Why did not you come in?

I’ll be with you at 8 ½ tomorrow. I don’t mourn over time wasted on “Friedrich” *now*.[[6]](#footnote-7)—It is the brightest among the few brightnesses left to us.

Ever your loving J.R.

*99. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

Saturday, [October 10, 1870]

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I’ve been in a misery of provocation against myself ever since the note to you yesterday was sent off—for the stupidity of its wording , as if I meant Joan only to come with us, & not your niece—it would be so nice for us to go altogether—only first I was thinking only of going quite by ourselves—& then—I said to myself in a web of parentheses— “Joan wouldn’t perhaps be merely in the way.”

But even if you won’t come, I want your niece to come with me & Joanna (moi et Medeli!), to see something pretty, when I hear or know of anything really pretty being played.

I send two daily Telegraphs with a word or two which you may care to glance at.

Ever your affe, J.R.

*100. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea

10 October 1870

Dear Ruskin,

On Saturday morning, on my first sally out into the open air, I noticed on a Newsvendor’s Placard that there was a “Letter from Mr. Ruskin”,[[7]](#footnote-8) which it would be necessary for me to see. Not having the copper penny in my pocket, I took the necessary steps immediately on my return home; and, along with my Coffee, comfortably swallowed the *Ruskin Letter* accordingly,-–more comfortably than I did my coffee, for which, alas, as for all other material things (tho’ *not* for things spiritual, thank God) there is now a clearly decaying appetite.

In the course of the day, I learnt that there had been another *Letter,* which somehow must be attained here; and by our last post, came your beneficient announcement that both *Letters* had been duly put under way by you. By you duly; but not by the Postoffice Authorities, who did not, till our second post *this* day forward your two *Daily Telegraphs* at all;—and now further, to my confusion, I discover that they are *both* copies of the Saturday’s *Telegraph*, which I had already possessed, and given away several copies of, before the week ended! Letters first, therefore, still stands as a lonely *Desideratum* in that wast-howling Wilderness of human mismanagement, disloyalties and infidelities!—You see then, what is at once to be done. Pray clip out Letter First for one, and dispatch it *quam primum*.—Your Second Letter, full of holy indignation was as if it came from my own heart; at the end, however, I think you do the Germans wrong. My notion is: Bismarck knows very well what he is aiming at; & I find withal that it is a perfectly just thing; likewise that all the World cannot prevent him from getting it; and that he is calmly taking all the necessary steps for coercing an inarticulate, mad and furious Wasps’ Nest of thirty five million delirious Mountebanks to quietly grant it him, with the *Minimum* of Sulphur applied. He seems to me at this moment to have power to cut France into thongs, and, in a few days, to convert Paris, if he liked, into a red hot Cinder; but is far from intending anything beyond the strictly necessary objects.[[8]](#footnote-9)

I am reading Bitzius, with astonishment at the dull gritty strength of him; also at his cruelty, limitation, dimness, narrowness: but there is the charm in him of a rugged Veracity; strange Dutch Picture, as you say, of an object curious to me and unknown to me. With great pleasure my little Niece will be of your party to the Theatre whenever you see good. Whether her poor Uncle, who would also *like* much, can accompany or not will depend on the complexion of the Nervous System for that evening;—The willing mind for many things is still partially here; but the Man is way-worn, weary, and rigorously ordered to be aware of the fact.

Send me the Newspaper Clipping, dear Ruskin; and believe me

Ever yours,

T.Carlyle

*101. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Oxford, 26th

—Nov. ‘70.

Dear Miss Aitken,

I’ve been ill, and besides, looking after some love affairs for both my daughters—Lily and Joan[[9]](#footnote-10)—at once, and Oxford lectures are very difficult—and my own temper difficulter—and so—and so.— I haven’t come—I’ll soon come now.

The Times letter[[10]](#footnote-11) was delicious to me beyond beyond [*sic*].

Dear love to your Uncle

Ever your affectionate Friend

J. Ruskin

*102. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

27th Dec. ‘70

I am so glad of your kind note. Lily has gone back to her moorlands; but I shall gratefully bring Joanna with me on Friday evening[[11]](#footnote-12)—if that evening would be open—though it has not been because I would not leave the two girls, but because I have only now taken breath after a very difficult piece of work at Oxford,[[12]](#footnote-13) that the year is thus so nearly ended before I again see your uncle.

I have more things of a more or less satisfactory nature to myself,[[13]](#footnote-14) and therefore I trust to *him* also, (for I am always best pleased with what I think he is likely to like,) on hands at this moment, than for some years. I hope for a happy evening in getting his counsel about them.

Ever with Joanna’s love & thanks.

affectionately Yours,

J. Ruskin

*103. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

2nd January, [1871]

My dear Miss Aitken,

It is very dear & kind of your Uncle to wish to see me. I will be at Chelsea tomorrow by one o’clock.

—affectionately Yours

J. Ruskin

*104. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

[January 18, 1871]

Dear Miss Aitken,

I was on the point of writing to say I had got a *quite* private, large, comfortable box for Drury Lane Pantomine on Saturday evening.

Would your uncle come with us. Nobody would see him, and he would see, I believe really some fairly good fooling,—but I’m going tonight to look myself, to tell him. If he won’t come, you at least we *must* have.—Of course I shall be more than glad and proud to be of any help I can to Miss Jewsberry [*sic*]. [[14]](#footnote-15) Ever your uncle’s and yours faithfully and lovingly,

J. Ruskin

*105. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

January [21], 1871

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I don’t quite know what to say about the Pantomime.[[15]](#footnote-16) I think you might get so *very* angry! and poor little Mary, who would only think it amusingly foolish, herself, might think it—as it is—wickedly foolish, if she saw you angry. You know I want you to come with us, if you can *at all* enjoy a foolish thing, well done in its way in some parts. But I’m a little frightened. We will be with you at 20 minutes past six—or soon after—and will of course bring Mary home to you, if she comes alone with us, and if you will be *good*, and come too, we’ll all come home to Chelsea together.

Ever you affe.

J. Ruskin

*106. Ruskin to Carlyle*

[April 8, 1871]

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I have been more busy than I can tell you, at Oxford,[[16]](#footnote-17) and when I came home, my old nurse[[17]](#footnote-18) died—and since, I have a cold—and have still. But may I come & see you tomorrow Easter Sunday Evening? and assure you how devotedly I am still your affectionate

John Ruskin

*107. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Denmark Hill S.E.

28th April, 1871

My dear Mary

You *must* let me thank you for your lovely letter, and say that you were entirely right in yielding to Madame Venturi,[[18]](#footnote-19)—as I think you always are in everything, & therefore, I am sure you will forgive my disobeying your request that I would not answer.—It was a most true joy to me—(I had few, on the day)—to see your gentle and firm face shining amidst the variously weak & discordant elements of London amiability on the day of the wedding.[[19]](#footnote-20) Faithful love to your uncle.

Your affectionate, John Ruskin

*108. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea, April 30, 1871

Dear Ruskin—

This *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 5th,[[20]](#footnote-21) which I have just finished reading, is incomparable; a quasi-sacred consolation to me, which almost brings tears to my eyes! Every word of it is as if spoken, not out of my poor heart only, but out of the eternal skies; words winged with Empyrean wisdom, piercing as lightning,—and which I really do not remember to have heard the like of. *Continue*, while you still have such utterances in you, to give them voice. They will find and force entrance into human hearts, *whatever* the “angle of incidence” may be; that is to say, whether, for the degraded and *in*humna Blockheadism we, so-called “Men,” have mostly now become, you come in upon them at the broadside, at the top, or even at the bottom. *Euge, Euge!*

[Yours ever,

T. Carlyle]

*109. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

1st May, 1871

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I am deeply thankful to have your letter on this day itself. I think the great help it gives me is not so much in the actual encouragement, great as that is,—as in the pleasure of giving you pleasure—and knowing that you accept what I am doing as the fulfilment [*sic*] so far as in me is, of what you have taught me.

Also, I needed your letter much, for I am at a strain in all directions at once—and was despondent, not for cause, but by over-work, about my work; and I have nothing else to fall back upon now, and can scarcely rest.

So many thanks to you.—

Ever your loving

J. Ruskin

Dear love to Mary

*110. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

10th May [1871]

My dear Mary,

I have just come home & have your letter—the Fors, with another for you, will come, I hope by next post, I have not one by me.

How thankful I am for your account of your uncle.

Ever your affectionate,

J. Ruskin

I send you a wood hyacinth I painted before my class last week—but it was only to show them how to work, & is itself poor enough—but you may perhaps like to have it.

*111. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea,

21 October, 1871

Dear Ruskin,

I cannot explain to myself the strange, and indeed lamentable, fact that I have not seen you, or heard a distinct word from you, for, I think, seven or eight months. It is a fact that has become not only surprising to me, but distressing, and the source latterly of continual anxieties both about myself and you. For three months I had no amanuensis[[21]](#footnote-22) (I in the Highlands; Mary in Dumfries-shire, far away), and without a hand could not write to you myself; about the middle of that period, too, there came the most alarming rumours of your illness at Matlock,[[22]](#footnote-23) and both Lady Ashburton and myself ( especially the latter party, for whom I can best answer best) were in a state really deserving pity on your account, till the very newspapers took compassion on us, and announced the immediate danger to be past. All this is wrong, and *not* as it should be. I beg earnestly that, wherever this may find you, you would at once devote one serious half-hour to me, and write a few words of authentic news concerning yourself, and especially a work of *prediction* as to when I may expect to see you again, if ever. The *Fors Clavigera* sufficiently assures me, from time to time, that it is not want of the old goodwill towards me which keeps you silent, but the *Fors Clavigera* itself (which very few can get hold of, though many are seeking it) awakens anxieties in me instead of satisfying them all. In short, a deliberate bit of letter in indispensable to me for all manner of reasons.

It is four weeks today since I returned hither; said by sanguine friends to be visibly “improved in health”; felt by myself to be only invisibly so, if at all. Now, as formerly, I have my daily (especially my *nightly*) battle to fight with the innumerable Beasts at Ephesus[[23]](#footnote-24)—human, diabolical, and also of the inanimate sort—which never quit a poor fellow till they have brought him to the ground altogether; against which I faintly, but really sometimes with an earnest wish, endeavour to make fight, though of course with weaker and weaker effect. Froude has returned, and is often asking about you; as indeed are many others, to whom the radiant qualities which the gods have given you, and set you to work with in such an *element*, are not unknown. Write me a word at once, dear Ruskin. Mary sends her love to you. The most mournful tragedy has happened in her and my circle—the death of her eldest Brother by the accident of leaping down from a coach here, probably with too much trust in his nimbleness of limb; an excellent, completely faithful, and valiant young man, whose loss has thrown a gloom over us all. No more today. *Do* swiftly what I have begged of you.

I remain, ever and always,

Heartily yours,

T.Carlyle

*112. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

Monday, 23rd Oct., ‘71

My dear Mr. Carlyle,

Your loving letter greeted me returning today from Oxford. My illness indeed very nearly ended me, and left me heavy in limb and otherwise helpless for some weeks. Gradually—(people say with unusual rapidity)—my strength came back—but I cannot yet run or climb as I could before.

As soon as I could use my hand or head, I had to get ready for press two books at once—lectures on Sculpture, and the old Fraser’s magazine polit.econ.[[24]](#footnote-25) This last I had to read & revise, & the Sculpture lectures—to *think* much as I finished them.—My mother was, and is still slowly declining, and liked to have me near her for a little while in the evenings—so passed, with great fear of relapse into illness, the month of August.

In the course of the month, a letter came to me from America. In my illness, at most feverish fit, my one saying was, “If only I could lie down in Coniston water.” The letter from America was from a friend,[[25]](#footnote-26) in need of money, to ask if I would buy his cottage by Coniston water, and a few acres of copse and rock with it. I answered, yes, without having seen the place,—sent to his lawyer—concluded the purchase—and went down early in September—like the wicked person who wouldn’t come to supper[[26]](#footnote-27)—to see my piece of ground.

It is a bit of steep hillside facing West—commanding from the brow of it, all Coniston lake and the mass of hills of south Cumberland.—The slope is half copse—half moor and rock—a pretty field beneath, less steep, a white two-storied cottage, and a bank of turf in front of it—, then a narrow mountain road—and on the other side of that—Naboth’s vineyard[[27]](#footnote-28) —my neighbour’s field, to the water’s edge. My neighbour will lease me enough of field and shore to build a boathouse, & reach it.

If I could write better, I should have told you all this before, but I am ashamed to inflict my writing on my friends.

—From Coniston, I went on see the coast of the Antiquary at Arbroath[[28]](#footnote-29) — and then back to superintend the putting of roof on my house: No workmen could be had—and it has but begun now. I had given 5000 pounds to found a drawing Mastership at Oxford.— To set this rightly on foot, I had to prepare an entire system of elementary teaching,[[29]](#footnote-30) and am at work on the material of that—drawings and the like—still, and have just been to Oxford, and have returned much tired and send this miserable written letter to you with my love, and will come, if I may, to see you, at ½ past 8 tomorrow evening.

Ever you loving

J. Ruskin

I need not say I am grieved at what you tell me about poor Mary.[[30]](#footnote-31) My mother is, I fear, more than slowly sinking, now, and other sad things have happened to me.

*113. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

[October 24?, 1871]

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

Dr Acland[[31]](#footnote-32) has relieved me from all instant fear about my mother’s state—and I hope, tonight without fail, to be with you a little before nine.

Ever your loving J.R.

Love to Mary. She was so sweet & kind to my cousin[[32]](#footnote-33) last night.

*114. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea

6 Decr., 1871

Dear Ruskin,

— My heart is sore for you in theses dreary moments.[[33]](#footnote-34) A great change has befallen; irrevocable, inexorable, —the lot of all the world since it was first made, and yet so strangely original, as it were miraculous, to each of us, when it comes home to himself. The Wearied one has gone to her welcome Rest; and to you there is a strange regretful, mournful desolation in looking before and back;—to all of us the loss of our Mother is the new epoch in our Life-pilgrimage, now fallen lonelier and sterner than it ever seemed before.—I cannot come to you; nor would it be proper or permissible, for reasons evident. But I beg you very much to come to me at any hour, and let me see you for a little, after those sad and solemn duties now fallen to you are performed. Believe always that my heart’s sympathies are with you, and that I love you well.

Yours,

T. Carlyle

*115. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Wednesday

[December 1871]

Dear Mr Carlyle,

Your lovely letter made me very sad—in some ways happy, too, in your sympathy.

—You must not cease enjoying your coffee. All your work is grandly done, and it is just time for coffee, & pipe, and peace. If one could do good by being unpeaceful—it would be another thing. But what’s the use of dying uselessly—Better to live uselessly, but for the joy of one’s friends.

I enclose a letter from Joanna to your niece. I sincerely hope you can spare her to us to-morrow. I’ve a bright Irish girl here; and the two Scotch ones will make the delightfullest trefoil possible—and I’ll do what I can to make her happy, for writing me you letter.

Tell her, and she will tell me, Why you call Bitzius “cruel”[[34]](#footnote-35)—he seems to me an entirely sweet and loving person.

Ever your loving

J. Ruskin

P.S. I sent the slip yesterday at last. It wasn’t worth [much].

*116. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

23rd Dec. 1871

Dear Mr Carlyle,

Only to tell you I’m thinking of you.

I am getting some work—of I hope—detonating character, charged for January.[[35]](#footnote-36)—I *must* come to see you next week.

Ever your loving

J. Ruskin

*117. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Denmark Hill, S.E.

3rd January. ‘72

My dear Mary,

I was very glad of your note, as you may well think, it is so dear of your uncle wanting to see me.

He likes me better, does he not, to come in the forenoon? Tell me this, — (and say this letter is between you & me, and he is not to see it.) I’ve sent him some books. Get him to look at the preface to Munera Pulveris,[[36]](#footnote-37) and the sentence at the end of the appendix which I think is very pretty.

I’ve sent you a little Venetian chain, which my mother used to wear.\* The gold is very pure, and if you will be at the pretty pains of washing it, will I hope gleam out with Venetian light.

Ever your affectionate

John Ruskin

\* She liked it best of all her chains.

*118. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Brantwood

Monk-Coniston

Lancashire

30th August, 1872

Dear Mr. Carlyle,

I have this moment received Dr. Carlyle’s letter. I should have written to you long since, but had only horrible things to write.[[37]](#footnote-38) I am under more kindly stars , now, but have much pain & doubt to bear yet.— I am to be here, arranging rooms in my new house, till the middle of October I believe, but will write again soon. This is to catch the post.

Ever your loving

John Ruskin

*119. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Brantwood, Coniston

Sunday, 15th Feb. ‘73

Dear Mr Carlyle,

I can’t in the least make out why you wished me to look at this enclosed letter. It seems to me out of quite one of the wooly- headiest of sheep’s heads, and by no means to be noticed in any wise—It is the sort of thing that makes me feel as if I had to fight a scarecrow stuffed with dirty cotton—that choked one with fluff if one cut it. You are too good natured to put up with such people.

And I was a little surprised, also, (I must speak true you know), by the book you gave, —or I should have written of it before. It is boastful and pompous—not the sort of thing I should have thought you would have been pleased with—the more as I have heard you laugh at Humboldt for an old woman, —though his little finger was thicker than thicker than this man’s loins.[[38]](#footnote-39)

I got down here yesterday in the evening, and a five o’clock—crossing Lancaster Sands—saw what I thought the most wonderful thunderclouds in the sunset light that I had ever seen in my life.—In five minutes more, I saw they were my own opposite snowy mountains!—I had no conception any thing so beautiful was possible, with such low elevation. I would rather have drawn that view over Lancaster bay than any I ever saw from Venice.

Thanks, so much, for what you told me of your grandmother and mother.

Happy, this northern land—in snow of lofty soul—as of sweet hillside.

Ever your loving

John Ruskin

1. Mary Aiken, Carlyle’s niece, who later married her cousin, Alexander Carlyle, editor of the Carlyle letters. See also Letter 69.

   *Letter 94*. MS: NLS, 555.37. Hitherto unpubd. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
2. *Letter 95.* MS: NLS, 555.38. Hitherto unpbd. The MS has “25 March 1870” in another hand.

   *Letter 96.* MS: NLS, 555.39. Hitherto unpbd.

   *Letter 97*. MS: NLS, 555.41. Hitherto unpbd. The MS has “October 1870” in another hand.

   Jeremias Gotthelf, pseudonym of Albert Bitzius (1797-1854), a Swiss novelist. Ruskin is here quoting from a French translation of Gotthelf’s *Leiden und Freuden eines Schulmeisters*, which was originally published in 1838-39, and begins with “Peter Kaiser heisse ich…” “Medeli,” in German *Madele*, is Kaser’s wife in the novel. See Gotthelf’s *Sämtliche Werke* (Erlenbach-Zurich, 1921), II and III. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
3. Anneli is a character in Gotthelf’s  *Der Bauernspiegel* (1836), which appeared in a French translation (Berne, 1854) under the title *Le Miroir des paysans*. For Ruskin’s further discussion of her, see *Works*, VII, 429-30; and XXVII, 545. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
4. Joan Agnew [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
5. Constance Hilliard, daughter of Reverend J.C. Hilliard, and niece of Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan. Her sister’s name was Ethel. Apparently Joan did not return in time, for Ruskin visited the Hilliards alone from the end of September to Thursday, October 6. See Burd, *Winnington*, 669-70; also Ruskin, *Diaries*, II, 703-4. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
6. *Letter 98*. MS: NLS, 555.42. Hitherto unpbd.

   A reference to the Franco-Prussian War, which was going on at the time. In a letter to C.E. Norton on August 26, 1870, Ruskin exclaimed, “Dear old Carlyle—how thankful I am that he did his Friedrich exactly at the right time!” (C.E. Norton, ed., *The Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton* [Boston and New York, 1905], II, 24).

   *Letter 99*. MS: NLS, 555.40. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
7. *Letter 100*. MS: Yale University Library. Pbd: Sanders, pp. 231-32.

   This and the letter mentioned in the next paragraph were both entitled “The Franco-Prussian War,” and appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* on October 7 and 8 (see *Works*, XXXIV, 499-500). [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
8. Carlyle further expounded these ideas in his letter “On the French-German War” in the *Times*, November 18. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
9. *Letter 101.* MS: NLS, 555.44. Hitherto unpbd.

   Lily Armstrong, a pupil at Winnington school and the “Lily” of *Ethics of the Dust*, who was to become Mrs. William T.S. Kevill-Davies in 1875. For additional details see Burd, *Winnington*, p.442, n.4,and *passim*. Joan Agnew was soon to become Mrs. Arthur Severn. See Letter 107, n.2. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
10. See Letter 100, n.1. [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
11. *Letter 102.* MS: NLS, 555.47. Hitherto unpbd.

    On Saturday morning, December 31, Carlyle wrote to his brother John: “Last night he [Ruskin] was here, he and two extremely insipid young women; but the result to me was ….zero or at least considerable *minus* quantities” (MS: NLS, 527.37). [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
12. The lectures on “The Elements of Sculpture,” delivered in November and December, and later published as *Aratra Pentelici* in 1871. [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
13. Among other things, Letter I of *Fors Clarvigera*, which was published the next month. For Carlyle’s comments on it (which were unfavourable), see Introduction. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
14. *Letter 103.* MS: NLS, 555.48. Hitherto unpbd.

    *Letter 104.*  MS: NLS, 555.49. Hitherto unpbd.

    Mary Aitken had undertaken the responsibility of trying to get signatures for a Civil List Pension for Geraldine Jewsbury, novelist and close friend of Mrs. Carlyle. See also Letter 52, n.4. [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
15. *Letter 105*. MS: NLS, 555.50. Pbd: Ruskin’s *Works*, XXXVII, 27-28. The date, January 21, is based upon internal evidence from this and the previous letter. January 18 was a Wednesday, and Ruskin’s mention of “Saturday” would probably place the date of this letter at Saturday, January 21.

    Ruskin, having gone to the performance at Drury Lane Theatre on January 18, has enclosed a programme with his letter. It announces a “New and Original Farce” entitled “Rule Britannia” and a “New Grand Comic Christmas Annual” called “The Dragon of Wantley; or, Harlequin & Old Mother Shipton,” featuring tableaux called “Workshop of Time,” “Haunt of the Water Nymphs,” and (preceded by a “Grand Ballet of One Hundred Coryphees”) “Mother Shipton’s Abode by the Dripping Well.” Carlyle, as one might expect, chose not to go.

    *Letter 106.* MS: NLS, 555.45. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
16. Ruskin delivered his “Lectures on Landscape” at Oxford in January and February 1871. He had also endowed a drawing mastership there, and was working hard arranging an art collection to accompany it. [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
17. Anne Strachan, who had been Ruskin’s nurse in his infancy, died in April 1871.

    *Letter 107*. MS:NLS, 555.51. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
18. See Letter 52. [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
19. Joan Agnew married Arthur Severn, youngest son of Keat’s friend Joseph Severn, in April 1871. [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
20. *Letter 108*. MS: Estate of Mrs. Helen Gill Viljoen. Pbd: Collingwood, II, 411: and in Ruskin’s *Works*, XXVII, lxxxvi. Carlyle’s complimentary close and signature have been cut away. Beneath the cut the MS has, in Mrs Viljoen’s hand, “Hand of Mrs Severn:” then “Signed ‘yrs ever/ T.Carlyle’ in TC’s own hand. The signature / given to young Harvey goodwin [*sic*] / of Olton Hall,” in Joan Agnew’s hand.

    This is the famous letter in which Ruskin deplores modern science and mechanism and describes his ideals for the “St. George’s Guild.” Every man in the guild, he says, will be a “minute squire” and throughout the guild there will be “none wretched but the sick; none idle but the dead.” In a sentence that must have especially delighted Carlyle, Ruskin then insists that the land of the guild “will have no liberty upon it; instant obedience to known law, and appointed persons: no equality upon it; but recognition of every betterness that we can find.” (*Works*, XXVII, 96)

    *Letter 109*. MS:NLS, 555.52. Pbd: Ruskin’s *Works,* XXXVII, 30-31

    *Letter 110*. MS: NLS, 555.53. Hitherto unpbd. The MS has “P.Mk. 1871” in another hand. [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
21. *Letter 111*. MS: Estate of Mrs Helen Gill Viljoen. Pbd: Ruskin’s *Works*, XXII, xix-xx.

    Since 1865, Carlyle had gradually lost the use of his right hand. Most of the letters from this date on are in Mary Aitken’s hand. Send Letter 83. [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
22. In July, Ruskin caught a severe chill, followed by a severe attack of internal inflammation, and at one time he came near death. See Cook, II, 216-18. [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
23. See I Corinthians 15:32: “If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?” [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
24. *Letter 112.* MS: NLS, 555.54. Pbd: Ruskin’s *Works*, XXXVII, 39-40.

    *Aratra Pentelici* and *Munera Pulveris*, both published in 1872. *Munera Pulveris*  had appeared in  *Fraser’s Magazine* as “ Essays on Political Economy”: see Letter 38. [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
25. W.J. Linton, a poet, wood engraver, and husband of the novelist, Mrs Lynn Linton. Ruskin paid £1,500 for the sixteen-acre property. [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
26. See Luke 14:18. [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
27. See I Kings 21:1-16 and II Kings 9:26. [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
28. Arbroath, a small port on the Tay about seventeen miles northeast of Dundee. It is called “Fairport” in Sir Walter Scott’s *The Antiquary* (1816). Under the disguise of “Redlintie” it was also the site of Sir James M. Barrie’s *Sentimental Tommy* (1896). [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
29. The “Educational Series.” See *Works,* XXI, xxiv-xxxviii. [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
30. In the margin of the MS another hand—probably Cook’s—has written “Miss Aitken had lost her older brother.” [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
31. *Letter 113*. MS: NLS, 555.55. Hitherto Unpbd.

    Dr. (later Sir) Henry Wentworth Acland (1815-1900), Ruskin’s intimate friend and family physician. During a lifetime of various professional positions at Oxford, Acland not only led the study of medicine at his university into the modern world but also was in the forefront of the new curriculum in the humanities established in the 1860’s and 1870’s. He was one of Ruskin’s closest friends for more than half a century. [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
32. Joan Agnew. [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
33. *Letter 112.* MS: Luis Gordon of Luis Gordon and Sons, Ltd, London. Pbd: Ruskin’s *Works*, XXXVI, xxiii; and in Cook, II, 223.

    Mrs. Margaret Ruskin died on December 5, 1871. “Poor Ruskin has lost his mother,” wrote Carlyle, “she died Tuesday about 2 p.m. A note came from him of three short lines that night, mournful as if every word were a tear.” (Letter to this brother John, December 7, 1871: MS: NLS, 527.56.) [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
34. *Letter 115.* MS: NLS, 555.43. Pbd: Ruskin’s *Works,* XXXVII, 44-45.

    See last paragraph of Letter 100. [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
35. Either the notorious “street-sweeping experiment” that took place in London in January 1872, or the preparation of a series of ten lectures Ruskin was to deliver at Oxford in February and later publish as *The Eagle’s Nest*. [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
36. *Letter 117.* MS: NLS, 555.58. Hitherto unpubd.

    *Munera Pulveris*, which had just been published, was dedicated to “the friend and guide who has urged me to all chief labour, Thomas Carlyle.”

    The books Ruskin sent were read with Carlyle’s usual critical appreciation. On February 24, 1872, Carlyle wrote to his brother John: “I am reading Ruskin’s books in these evenings…I find a real spiritual comfort in the noble fire, wrath, and inexorability with which he smites upon all base things, and wide-spread public delusions; and insists relentlessly in having the ideal aimed at everywhere: for the rest I do not find him wise—headlong rather, and I might even say weak. But there is nothing like him in England in these other respects.” (Alexander Carlyle,  *New Letters of Thomas Carlyle* [1904], II, 282-284.)

    *Letter 118.* MS: NLS, 555.59. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
37. Earlier that month, Rose La Touche had definitely refused to marry Ruskin, after making him wait an additional three years (over six in all) for her answer. [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
38. See I Kings 12:10. I have been unable to identify either the “book” or the letter mentioned in the first paragraph. [↑](#footnote-ref-39)