*140. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea

20 June, 1874

Dear Ruskin,

That was an excellent scheme you had of writing to me daily a detached nit of thought, observation, or experience,—excellent, had you but been able to continue. The three or four you sent came duly, each of them a blazing fire‘s flake, or direct photograph of the minute passing over Rome and you; altogether strengthening and pleasant to the mind of the recipient. But, alas, it could not continue; with that wildly touching, and as if tragic disinterment of the poor old Christian Church of “the third century” into the closing epoch of Pio Nono and company, your fire flakes or quasi-living photographs suddenly ceased, and I have remained ever since, not from that cause alone though doubtless that helped, one of the most indolent, torpid and useless souls now extant on this Planet. In sad truth, except walking every morning to the end of our embankment and back on the finest sleekest most undisturbed and soothing promenade I ever had,  *nothing* has been done by me but another rather longer walk or crawl, latish in the afternoon, into one or other of the Parks, and idle reading or slumber and sleep all day and all night. I say to myself, but not too angrily, is this what they call *eu*thanasia? *eu*thanasia? Well, well! In fact there is no end to the cloudy musings I have,—especially on that benignant Chelsea embankment; unluckily until Death itself come there is no escaping the dismal necessity to eat food and the still more dismal and almost impossible ditto to digest the same. Patience, patience; Hope, too little; and thanks always and loyal reverence to the Almighty Builder. Amen.

About a week ago, I got from Aylesbury,[[1]](#footnote-2) the promised first proof sheet of your Book on Botany, which to judge from this first sample, will be a most welcome Book to me, such as I have never met with before in my struggles, completely fruitless hitherto, to get any insight into the “Science of Botany” or those strange and beautiful fellow creatures of ours that make lovely every year the face of this “rugged all-supporting Earth.” What a long-eared people that Guild of scientific gentlemen is and has been here below!—

Your Architect Gold Medal, left stranded on the waste beach, had an immense rumour for some days in London; and I doubt not is still standing like a fateful Sphinx-riddle in the minutes of many men. The blame I think was not laid heavily on you, but the astonishment, the mocking pity for the Medal and its authors was large and loud. I continue to discern that in your situation and in that of Architecture there could nothing else be done. I have heard a great deal also about your volunteer young gentlemen, delvers & diggers, now busy about Oxford; really an most miraculous thing; proof such as was not seen for long ages of the influence of an earnest man upon earnest youths; at which even the penny-a-liner pauses for a moment, uncertain what to say or do. In fact it becomes clearer to the world than ever that there is but one Ruskin in the world; an unguidable man, but with quantities of lightning in the interior of him, which are strange and probably dangerous to behold. Well, well; unguidable to outsiders you surely are; and you justly may pretend to spend your own lightning in the way you find suitablest to this wildly anarchic condition of affairs. Continue only for a quarter of a century yet as you may fairly hope to do; there will be something of result visible, something of combustion, kindling here and there in the dark, boundless belly of our Chaos; and meanwhile the clang of the silver bow will be cheering to all the select of men.

I wish you would write to me at once again, and say clearly what your address is, and is to be in the now-current weeks: what your describable employments are and when we may look for you home. Adieu, dear Ruskin; you know well enough what my thoughts towards you are. With my whole soul I wish you noble victory and success.

Yours ever,

T. Carlyle

*141. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Assisi, June 24th [1874]

My Dearest Papa,

I am so very glad of your letter and Mary‘s. I did not stop in the daily news because I couldn‘t go on, but because I was afraid you were away from home and would only find an unreadable mass of dead letters when you came back. Now I can go on again nicely. Your pleasure in the embankment[[2]](#footnote-3) is a great joy to me, what else you tell me—of your too quiet time, may well be sad. But it seems to me there are some subjects of thought, connected with your own past work, which such too sorrowful leisure might nevertheless be grandly spent in. None of your readers, I believe,—none even of the most careful—know precisely, in anything *like* practical approximation—what sympathy you have with the faith of Abbot Samson, or St Adalbert[[3]](#footnote-4)—I don‘t know myself; to me, the question of their faith is a fearful mystery, but one which I am sure is to be solved;—I mean that we shall either live up to Christianity, or refuse it. But I don‘t know what your own inner thoughts are of the faith—such as you told me of your mother—and such as so many noble souls have had in Scotland.

What final sayings you would leave to men on this, now quite near and dreadful arbitration which England has to make—& which you have left her as yet but with dim assertion upon; Truely, this might well occupy many an otherwise valuless [*sic*] hour?

I can‘t write of myself today—being tired—I am so glad of all you give me of encouragement and sympathy. The Oxford movement[[4]](#footnote-5) was, of course, long since planned by me; but I did not intend to begin it till the close of my drawing work: (the wholly ineffectual trouble of which prevented all other energy). But one or two of the men themselves asked me to begin now—so I let them.—And truly, I think it will grow.—Next October, I go out myself with them, and hope to get other tutors to join. Gradually, I mean to develop a plan for the draining of the Oxford fields, which are under water at present all winter; and—Well, enough for today.—Ever your loving

J. Ruskin

*142. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Sacristan‘s Cell

Monastery of Assisi

June 26th, ‘74 Morning

My dearest Papa,

I come down here to write, every morning now. The Sacristan makes me a cup of coffee, and then leaves me quiet for three hours, from 7 to 10,—and I get much done. The room is precisely that of a Highland cottage but too windowed,—whitewashed walls—the windows in deep recesses, three feet high by two wide, looking out on—not Scottish, but nevertheless, true Highlands—a deep valley set with olives, running up into limestone hills covered with pasture and forest, 2 to 3000 feet—then above,—rising in rocky and arid slopes of Apennine.

St. Francis lies in his grave about thirty yards from me, across the cloister—it is (for a marvel,) a sweet summer morning, and the birds sing at the windows—or at least in the wood underneath them—for the monastery is built on a slope as steep as that under Stirling castle.[[5]](#footnote-6)

I have just been having a wonderfully interesting piece of passionate legend-telling, from the Sacristan.[[6]](#footnote-7) He couldn‘t find Isaiah the other day and was looking for it hopelessly in the “index” to a commented Bible—but, set him off on the story of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes—on this lake—and he is delicious. And his heart is in it.—Also—he agrees wholly with Papa and me, that there never was on earth yet such a horrible age as this, for corruption and madness.

“Remember,” he says, “what Fra Antonio tells you—I may die or live to see it, but, before this age is over, (questo secolo) [“this century or age”] there will be such a plague, or war as has not been yet in the world,—and few men left, from the chastisement of God.”—And truly—things are too horrible to last long now. I am tired with many thoughts about what I have to do, and my own feebleness or worthlessness.

—Can‘t write more this morning.

Ever your loving

J.R.

*143. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Assisi, Sacristan‘s Cell

27th June ‘74

My dearest Papa,

There is the prettiest portrait of you here close by me, in the lower church, as the leading Wise King, kissing the feet of Christ. It is by Taddeo Gaddi, not Giotto[[7]](#footnote-8)—Terribly high up—I only can see it through my glass,—nobody in general sees anything here—or knows even what they come to see, for the monks added chapels all round, and put in dark painted glass, in the 15th century, and the frescoes, ever since, have been absolutely invisible except on perfectly fine afternoons in June and July. What I wanted to say yesterday[[8]](#footnote-9) was, more distinctly this—

You have perfectly shown the value of sincerity in *any* faith moderately concurrent with the laws of nature and humanity. Faith in Allah—or Jupiter—or Christ.—

You have shown the power of living without any faith—in charity and utility—as Frederick.

And what you say of Friederick‘s [*sic*] sorrowful surroundings and impossibilities of believing anything is to me the most precious passage of the whole book,[[9]](#footnote-10) —many though there be—priceless.

But you don‘t say what you would have Frederick *be*? You don‘t say what a Master ought now to teach his pupils to believe, or at least, wish them to believe.

And this, remember is now a quite vital and practical question for me at Oxford.—

Ever your loving

J. Ruskin

I don‘t want you to write about these things to me, but to tell me when I come.

I was so grateful to you for seeing my good bookseller—the enclosed scrap show what a pleasure you gave:[[10]](#footnote-11)—

*144. Ruskin to Carlyle*

[Assisi] 29th June,‘74

My Dearest Papa,

I can‘t easily answer your question, what I am doing;—it is so mixed; but, mainly writing a patient and true account of this place,[[11]](#footnote-12) the source of so much religious passion throughout Europe, and drawing bits that I think nobody but I can draw affectionately enough. I have been at work today on Love, Death, and the Devil.[[12]](#footnote-13) The latter is the perfect likeness of an average “practical” Englishman. Giotto has the most intense hatred of that sort of person.

Love is blind with a string of hearts round his neck, and lovely rose and violet wings— “Penitence” is flogging him and Death out of the way. I hope to let you see something, very like it, for my drawing is coming well.

Ever your loving J.R.

*145. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Sacristan‘s Cell, Assisi

Last day of June [1874]

Dearest Papa,

It is the first pure day of summer here. There is no cloud, and no poison wind. I think you will like to know the view out my little windows.

As I sit—the cloudless sky and green-and-gold Apennine;—cornfield with grass—clumps of olive, grey, and dark spots of ilex. If I rise, under the window the hill falls steeply about 500 feet, clothed with broken wood—near the window, fig and Spanish chestnut, below—ilex, down to the stream bed—the Tescio [*sic*]; (see Dante‘s account of St. Francis in the Paradiso. No, I‘ve got confused, I see Dante doesn‘t name it. L‘*acqua*, etc., in Canto xi. is it, I believe, but I don‘t know Tupino)[[13]](#footnote-14) which is all but dry; it runs beneath, *across* the window, but fronting me, comes down to it, winding for a couple of miles, a pretty tributary brook between low thickets, with rich cornfields on each side of it, and, in the whole visible space of country up to the hills, there are countable eleven rough farmstead or cottages and roofs of them—(too broken—for the good of the owners –or virtue).

Beside the brook, five reapers have begun their work in a golden field—the white specks of them gleam changefully in the sunshine.—A bird of two is singing a little.\*

The room has a summer murmur of flies in it—(just a fly or two too many—brother Anthony, the Sacristan not being careful about washing up) and I‘m writing down the measure of this upper church—very difficult to get accurately.—I‘ve been reading Lamentations IV. and thinking that I‘m precious son of Zion comparable to fine gold,[[14]](#footnote-15) but I can‘t make out who “they” is, and who “them” is in the 15th and 16th verses.

Love to Mary always and kindest regards to Mrs. Warren,[[15]](#footnote-16) and I‘m your loving

J.R.

\*Also the frogs down at the edge of the Tescio [*sic*] are talking loudly every now and then. One can always hear *them*, any distance.

*146. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Monastery of Assisi

2nd July, ‘73 [actually 1874]

My dearest Papa,

I‘m not so comfortable in my cell, this morning, for it being quite cloudless, and very hot, the cicadas are delighted, and the consequence is that the Spanish chestnut under the window is filled with a quantity of small watchman‘s rattles, which never stop going for an instant. Also I‘m a little out of temper, —for all the beggars in Assisi, that‘s five sixths of its population, know me, now; and the stupid and vile ones come at me like wasps at a rotten nectarine—wherever I move. Their unfathomable stupidity is the thing that torments me most, thinking to get money by importunity at every corner, bearing up against being sent to the Devil—with exactly the sort of obstinacy [*sic*] that flies have—or goats—

In other respects, my presence here is on the whole, healthy for the place. I made them wash down their cloister thoroughly the other day,—and got the sacristan to stop the blackguard boys of the town from playing bowls at the church door. The boys returning again and again, when he was out of the way, he took courage, under my adjuration, to confiscate three of the bowls. This ended the business satisfactorily. Two of the boys laid wait afterwards to throw stones at me, in my morning walk.—I didn‘t see them—but as Fors would have it,[[16]](#footnote-17) the Syndic—looking early out of his window—did; and put them both in prison. The church porch is now left in peace, and the respectable people touch their hats to me—So much for Liberty and Equality.

I wonder what you‘ll say to the July Fors![[17]](#footnote-18) and the French and German bits!

I‘m so ashamed of having written so ill, but am tired this morning.

Ever your loving J.R.

*147. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Assisi, 7th July, ‘74

My dearest Papa,

It is getting very hot here, and if I had not a cave to work in, I should have come away. But the lower church is always cool. You can imagine it easily as two large chimney pots cut in half and dovetailed so forming nave and transepts only instead of crossing simply at the same height—like that,[[18]](#footnote-19) where they cross, the *diagonal* arches are semi-circular also, which gives a vault like that lifted in the middle—on the four compartments of this vault, as at thus, the pictures which I‘ve mainly got to work on are painted, the figures all sloping together to the points of them.

Then the upper church is built over this lower railway tunnel one like that and finally the tunnel mouths are stopped up and the cloister and convent added and there you are on the top of the hill, like Stirling Castle.—I‘m writing to day in the convent lumber room, the coolest place I can find.—Here‘s my table and chair, look, on enclosed leaf, and all my books before me. I‘m sadly ashamed of writing this so badly, but somehow when I‘m thinking I can‘t shape the letters.

Ever your loving J.R.

*148. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Monastery of Assisi

8th July, ‘74

Dearest Papa,

If you have any word to me, now, direct to Perugia, for I am driven away from here by the noise at night, and beggars in the day. I have done two pieces of kindness, which have buzzed all over the town and produced the impression of my being either a fool, or an angel with unlimited command of money, in either case to be made the most of. And the thirsty, lazy, hungry, miserable and totally uncared for population is coming upon me like a swarm of rats.

The proper practical English conclusion upon this would be,—“there, you see what it is to give money. Never give anybody anything,” —&c. Whereas my own feeling—or better than feeling—knowledge, is exactly that of a man on a raft in the midst of a wreck, who has rescued two wretches and sees all the sea full of hands held up.

“Kick them away,” says the practical Englishman— “Haven‘t they wrecked themselves”? “Yes, of course they have. They had no pilot—no captain—no compass—and no port. They drifted here—and drank all the rum in the hold before they came ashore—You wiseacre—don‘t I know all that as wells as you—but what‘s to be done now”?

Meantime, the sense of the extreme and utterly hopeless misery of the country almost unfits me for doing any work in it at all. While the cheerful English tourist goes dancing and coquetting about—and has been fifty years finding his pleasure and education in Italy—and never done it one pennyworth of good—How much *harm,* the devil only knows.

Ever your poor savage J.R.

*149. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Perugia, 13th July [1874]

My dearest Papa,

You have never sent me that translation from Goethe[[19]](#footnote-20) yet, and I am very faithfully and deeply desirous of it. I tremble for what you will say about the German bits in July Fors.[[20]](#footnote-21)

I am worried here as Fors will have it, by an inflexible German artist to whom I can teach nothing,—and who contrasts unfavourably with a flexible young Italian, who expects me to teach him everything.[[21]](#footnote-22) Seriously, a receptive, docile, eager youth, very thankful to be shown a thing or two. The German is only anxious to prove that what he does is the best that can be done,—and it is very poor, and very narrow.

The heat has come heavy at last and I begin to think of home. I want to see the “Mont” of Simon of Montfort, by Seine side,[[22]](#footnote-23) as I come back, and if France is pleasant may linger there—but this is only a scratch today because I was getting out of my morning habit of writing, and was thinking of that translation.

Ever your loving,

J.R.

*150. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea

15 July, 1874

Dear Ruskin,

We have been bountifully furnished with these precious little showers of manna which fall on us day after day with a wonderful continuity on your part. They are really strange and charming to me, wonderfully annihilating time and space between us, bringing you and your whereabout vividly home to us as in a magic glass. It is little to say of them that I have had no such epistolary pleasure for the last eight years. If I could command or expect such a thing, I should say *Encore, encore*, do not cease while I live! but, alas, that is not in my power; and while the reciprocity is all on one side[[23]](#footnote-24) such a thing in nature is not to be expected. Go on at any rate, so long as it is not a bother to you, and know always that nothing you can do is more certain of a grateful welcome. I think we have had eight Letters since I wrote to you last, and now that you are going or gone to Perugia and we are soon to be driven out of London by the fervent heat, I write again to apprize you as far as possible when we are going whitherward, both of which points, especially the latter, are still somewhat involved in haze.

As to the time, it seems certain enough that we are still to be here for ten days; so that there is still room for a Letter or two, if you will stand good, not to say for three or four wh. could be safely and immediately forwarded to Froude‘s in Wales (J.A. Froude, Esq., Crogan. Corwen, Merionethshire);—and should we even sail to Lerwick, where we suppose my Brother John to be, diligently looking out for bathing quarters, there is a daily post to that Scandinavian locality with only an addition of two days or perhaps of only one to the distance between Cheyne Row and you. Go on therefore for at least ten days hitherward and for ten more Froude-ward. Before the latter period expire you shall have another despatch concerning our ulterior movements; and so enough, on that poor time-table head.

Mary and I turned up and punctually perused, & with great attention, all chapters and passages of Scripture appointed you in childhood, by one now sacred to you; nor did we omit the recent passage of Jeremiah‘s Lamentations; but cannot any more than yourself ascertain *who* the “them” and “they” especially are. As to the rest, I found them one and all beautifully significant and maternally fit; indeed in nearly all of them I was struck by a kind of divineness of piety, intensity and perfect sincerity not to be found in any other Book; ever wonderful old Jews! In three or four of the pieces, I forget now which, there was speech about Wisdom, of its dwelling with the Lord before anything else existed, of its being the essence and foundation of all that does or ever will exist; nay, of its being almost the Lord himself, which struck me very forcibly with a light quite new, as words springing from the very deepest region of man‘s soul, and being eternally the truth for the soul of man,—for me at this day as for the ancient Hebrew that penned them in his remote wilderness, thousands of years ago, thrice wonderful old Hebrews, sunk now to Baron Grant[[24]](#footnote-25) and his scoundrel Resuscitations of the Fine Arts in Leicester Square!—Under this head, too, I may as well mention that your earnest and eager enquiry twice repeated, 24th and 27th June, about my notions on Abbot Samson‘s religion on King Frederick‘s, Cromwell‘s and my Mother‘s have been often present to me; and at first gave me some surprise at finding you think I had still something more to tell you on that subject; though of late the surprise has gone, for I can now bethink me of almost nothing I have ever hinted, even in the obscurist way, on that point, if it be not one transient, but to myself significant allusion in *Past and Present* apropos of that duel *apud Radingas[[25]](#footnote-26)* (at Reading) where a sinful caitiff, desperately fighting for his life, sees the gigantic figure of St. Edmund, looking doomful and minatory upon him in the spendor of the evening sun, and falls down as if dead, but is brought to life again by the monks and lives as a monk many years afterwards absolved from the world. There followed that a little word or two which had much much [*sic*] meaning to myself; but I now see can have had none to anybody else. I would gladly write on the subject, were there left in me, with out fingers, the smallest power of writing, but it will be better that we first talk of it, as you propose, which I shall long for an opportunity of doing.

Froude is bound for the Cape of Good Hope and generally for the Colonies on an earnest mission from Lord Carnarvon[[26]](#footnote-27) and the government to look into that colonial problem with his own eyes, and to advise what, in his own best judgement, can by wise Government be done or attempted. He is to leave Southampton for Cape Town on the 23rd August; to be away many months, so that, probably, I shall never see him again. But the whole world, and all British men in the first place, may fairly expect to get some good of it, and in the end a boundless quantity of good by this adventure; and to himself in his silent sorrow it seems to me of all enterprises the most promising and wholesome. Everybody that I hear speaking of it warmly approves of the project & of the man selected for it. For my own part I feel well enough what I shall lose by the affair and how sad and solemn the adieu is. Of course I must see him on whatever terms for a few days before we part.[[27]](#footnote-28)

I had much to say about the last *Fors* and things relating to yourself but my unfortunate ethereal part is so crushed down into the foul mire by this intolerable heat and feebleness of nerve and muscle that I must forbear it all till a better time. I tell you only two things; *first*, that I think and have long thought that you are dreadfully in error as to the German people and the genius of Germany; which (including England & its Shakespeares, wh. are radically German) I place far above the genius and characteristics of any other people ancient or modern; very especially above whatever can be called French; and truly I wish you could get to understand how poor an affair, if you deducted those *Franks* out of it who are purely German every fibre of them, and not the best of German, la belle France, with all its boundless self-conceit, and even its pretty tailoring and cooking and ingeniously filigreeing talent, would be.

The second thing I had to say is but a repetition, namely of the dreadful shock you have given to the Fine Arts here, especially to the Architectural, by your refusal of the Gold Medal to be presented by the Queen & the tittering and *tee-heeing* of many sober minded and ingenious people by your dreadful offer to sit willingly in sackcloth and ashes with any respectable body of Fine-Artists that will invite you for such a purpose. Oh joy! Was there ever such cruelty heard of! How well deserved, I and the ingenious people do not now say.

Adieu, dear Ruskin, many kind adieus. Mary adds her kind regards and best wishes to mine.

Yours ever,

T. Carlyle

*151. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Perugia, 17th July, 1874

My dearest Papa,

I‘ve been in a somewhat wo[e]ful state, for this week past, The Root of bitterness is falling in my drawings of not being able to finish them,—the sense of—that German word you quote from Goethe, meaning weakness in one‘s craft,[[28]](#footnote-29)—being indeed worst of all to bear. But on this root, the sense of the vileness of the whole population about me,—and not less of my own, according to my better opportunities I want to lead strongly now, in this Fors movement, for I see it must be done, not said, and I am so luxurious and dependent on all that I say people should be independent of.—However, I don‘t doubt but that things will clear themselves to me as I get nearer them. It seems to me the first thing I have to do, next term at Oxford, is simply to make a present of my fine rooms, with their Titian, Turners, and Gothic MSS, value—at most temperately calculated market price, thirty thousand pounds within the oak door—to Corpus Christi College itself as a part of their library, and myself to take up a proper student‘s establishment, on the scale of a great Earl of Essex, (Froude Short studies, last series, p.330)[[29]](#footnote-30) but I don‘t feel much inclined to do this, yet awhile—and at all events, will come and have a chat over with Papa first.—You need not be frightened and think I‘m getting excited and wrong headed. I never was more lazy or less enthusiastic—but one can‘t preach simplicity of life with one‘s room-furniture worth 30,000; and I‘ve got to preach simplicity of life, if *any*thing.

Ever your loving J.R.

*152. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Perugia, Sunday

19th July, ‘74

My Dearest Papa,

I have your lovely letter,[[30]](#footnote-31) so full of pleasantness for me; chiefly in telling that I give you pleasure by putting you in the place of the poor Father, who used to be *so*  thankful for his letter, and content with so little. “If only I would date accurately,” said he: (and never got me to do it!).[[31]](#footnote-32)

What *is* the use of that terrible law of Nature that one knows all that is best to know, too late. But it is a great comfort to me to think that *you* also will be glad to see the postman stop sometimes. Your reading all those pieces that my mother chose is very wonderful and helpful to me. To think she should be able to give some new thoughts even to you!

I will note with extreme fidelity and care all you tell me of Germany and France.

I want mainly to ask you to give my love to Froude when you next see him. I will write some morning letter to him also, now—for the little while before he leaves. I am glad he is going on any mission in which he is interested, and thankful that his words are of weight with government in any matter. But what Colonial problem can there be, soluble by any formula, until the Home problem has become—I do not say soluble—but even intelligible? When your emigration is nothing but the over-boiling of a neglected pot—what sort of problems can one have out of the fat in the fire? Our modes of dealing with the Aborigines [*sic*] may indeed be looked into with advantage. I heard, and have no doubt of the truth of the hearing, from the daughter of the Bp. of Natal,[[32]](#footnote-33) that our treatment of the Caffres[[33]](#footnote-34) had been as cruel as dishonourable, and that the effect of it was now remediless.

I am drawing angels carrying buckets of roses here—with peacocks eyes in their wings.[[34]](#footnote-35) Absolutely alone with them in the gallery today; till they seemed real. But to think that only one monk, out of the hosts, should have been able to draw such! and now that they‘re drawn –I don‘t know anybody who really cares for them, but myself.

Love to Mary, & thanks for her pretty writing. Ever, my dearest Papa, Your affect.

J. Ruskin

*153. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Florence, 26th July, ‘74

Dearest Papa,

This is only to say where I am,—or where the shell of me is—for the kernel is nowhere—got all black & damp like a bad walnut with biliousness and sulkiness, the two reacting on each other wonderfully when I find 12th century churches being knocked down to build barracks, and billiard-rooms, which is the course of improvement here and elsewhere.

There‘s nobody in Florence and only one room in the inn, not under “restoration.” That room is twelve of my paces by thirteen and a half, my pace being about a yard, it has three tall windows, and six tall doors—Over every door is a chandelier with five candles in it, and in the middle of the ceiling a chandelier with 62 candles in it—at least I count thirty-one on this side as I sit, the furniture is scarlet & gold, the paper green and gold, the doors, all double-folding, hidden by crimson curtains—a landscape good enough to sell to an American for a Salvator,[[35]](#footnote-36)hangs opposite the windows, & the marble chimney piece is finely sculptured with vine leaves and a nymph going to sacrifice a goat.

The general sense of being in one of the deepest holes of Dante‘s inferno which this room produces on me, after my cell at Assisi, is very unpleasant, this Sunday morning. And so that‘s where I am—and what I am; and now I must stop, for I‘m behindhand with my letter to the landlords,[[36]](#footnote-37) and its about the right room to get on with it in.

Love to Mary.

Ever your affectionate

J.R.

I‘ve been reading Froude‘s Calvinism—State & Subject—Colonies—Progress,[[37]](#footnote-38) carefully this last week. What a trick he has of knowing everything and then polishing himself off to nothing.

*154. Carlyle to Ruskin*

5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea

30 July, 1874

Dear Ruskin,

Thanks again and again for these little showers of manna immediate from the skies, which do not wholly cease but still come to us now & then,—last night from Florence, for example, and some nights before from Perugia: wonderful things for us amid the dusty tumult of London in our little cell at Chelsea here.

The gorgeous splendour of your room at Florence, and, alas, your wild gloom of mind wild lodged in it, as it were the blackest nook of Malebolge;[[38]](#footnote-39) that is a strange but not unaccountable phenomenon, such as easily occurs in this wicked perversity of a world! But we can expect a still more emphatic and scorching *Fors* from you on that account, which is some benefit of good out of evil.

On the whole, is it not evident for one thing, that the Italian summer is getting far too hot for you; that in practical truth you ought to bundle up your notebooks and come home, or nearer home? I really think so, but must not take upon me to advise. If at the “tomb of Simon de Montfort,” in more tolerable air (in France, as that may well be), you could pick up for us any vestige of clearer evidence or intelligibility about that notable and to me inconceivable man, it would beyond doubt be a welcome thing. But wasn‘t he clearly cut down and chopped into mince meat, flesh and bones, at Eavesham [*sic*]; how then can he have got buried near Paris?[[39]](#footnote-40) Furthermore, have you not heard that his Son was “The blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green”?[[40]](#footnote-41) What a Dark Lantern is history, or worse, even a Lantern of darkness: absolutely tenebrific, instead of illuminative!

The one real object of this Letter is to tell you that we are still here, & likely to be so for at least a fortnight longer, hungry therefore for you immediate missives if you will have the charity still to send such. Froude is expect[ed] here Saturday (the day after tomorrow), stays for three weeks, and in the course of the first, must settle many small but important things with me, in case we should not meet again in this world.[[41]](#footnote-42) I am confident he will do real good in his colonial expedition; good, even in the emigration line, in spite of the pot boiling over. These things go on at an inconceivably *slow*  rate; a century, nay ten centuries , representing what would actually be but a minute in a real pot, dashing its fat into the fire. Patience, my Friend, patience; we must have patience.

Before leaving Florence I must ask you to take another look at Michael Angelo‘s Statue of David and explain to me a little (on your return) how it is that the gigantic plaster cast of this Figure (in our Brompton Boilers here) is more impressive to me than any statue I have ever seen.[[42]](#footnote-43)

Not a word more; there is an intrusion jingling at the door, peremptorily saying cease. Mary sends her love.

Yours ever, dear Ruskin,

T. Carlyle.

*155. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Lucca, 2nd August, [1874]

Dearest Papa,

I have been forces to get to my Squireen Fors,[[43]](#footnote-44) in before breakfast times, this week past, and have had no sense to write during the day, under curious vexations—which best against its modern ways. The good of which plan is, (first, at least) that my letters can be secure, and that if you or Froude have any word to say to me, if addressed Hotel d‘Arno, Florence,[[44]](#footnote-45) it will come safe & quickly.

Any scattered grain you may either, have sent me, to former addresses, I shall gradually gather.—Having only today finally resolved on this, I send you first word of it. I shall get the Squireen Fors sent off to printers tomorrow with orders to send Froude a proof. I want him to see that one can get into hot water out of Africa, if one chooses.

I‘m not going to speak of *colonies* in Fors at all.— I do hope that Froude will take up the subject on his own and gradually concentrate his influence on some practical matter which will lead on to the truth. In haste today. Ever your and his affectionate.

J.R.

*156. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Lucca, 5th August, ‘74

Dearest Papa,

I was out among the vines and maize last night, across the Serchio—now only a mountain stream, running among long banks of shingle, and *almost* clear;—but with no voice, like Tweed or Liddel. I shut my eyes and listened, to find if by any imagination—or honest defiance of imagination—I could fancy myself listening to Tweed at Melrose. But no—utterly shallow and empty—the Italian stream in voice, as an Italian opera song to the fullest of Burns, in thought. The reasons were clear enough, on looking. The shingle was as wide as Tweed‘s, but was of dull limestone instead of ringing quartz—and for twenty *round* pebbles, lay one square stone. The water flowed past, silently instead of tinkling *through*.—In the second place,—there were no deepcut channels through enduring rock, to give gush, and hollow tone—the bass to the pebble-trebble. Nothing but waste of stones and sand—the signs of the folly and misery which left the river to overflow the plain in winter.

I went on, through winding lanes between maize and vine—sunset turning into little nimbuses the bunches of white filaments at the ends of the ears of maize—the peasants at work, of old Etruscan feature, bidding me good evening rightly and quietly. At last at the turn of a path, I met a pretty dark-edged boy of eleven or twelve years old. He knelt down in front of me quickly, silently, like a dog ordered to do so, on both knees—holding out his cap. There was no servility in the action anymore than would be in the dog‘s—great beauty in it—and in the entirely quiet face, not beseeching, but submitting its cause to you. I never saw such a thing before. The real root of it is in Etruscan religion, and the Ghibelline training of the old town, in Castruccio‘s time, & before.[[45]](#footnote-46) But, if Castruccio had forseen it!—in fields of his own Lucca—as he went out on his triumphal march at Rome!

Ever your loving

J.R.

*157. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Lucca, 16th August, ‘74

My Dearest Papa,

I only got your lovely letter of 30th July this moment at breakfast, having been kept here by unlooked-for difficulties in work, and *delights* in the neighborhood.

I underline that word, because I want you to be assure I don‘t write to you in mere *bilious* misery. I‘ve plenty of that, and know it well. But I never allow it to alter my thoughts of things. I was wretched in the Florence room, because I knew it to be English Nidification in Florence, and the Sum of English Influence there. And that it was pure Hell fire—in the midst of what I have here, every evening;—a country of Marble rocks—of purple hills, and skies of softest light—under which *still* dwell a people who labour, & pray. You like the “David” because—it is the only piece of true Tuscan sculpture you have been able to *see.* Its colossal size recues it from the Kensington lumber—you cannot see any *other* piece of Florence work but in its place.—I am at work here on the statue carved in the olden time, “Lady Gladness” (Ilaria) of Caretto[[46]](#footnote-47)—it lies on her tomb quite open—at the cathedral wall, as if she had been in, and laid there while they sang the burial service. Thirty years ago, a modern radical—one of the school of that Florence drawing room—put his hat on the face of it as he was talking to me, thinking it would answer handily to keep said hat from the dust.

As I was working there, last week, two of the Lucca countrywomen came in, and stopped at it suddenly,—then knelt down—and kissed the hem of its robe. “Yes, she deserves your kiss,” I said. They opened their great black eyes wide, half-frightened, like pretty wild animals. “Che santo é?” [“what saint is it?”] said bravest of them, at last.

These are the people whom Froude is leaving to be crushed to death—to breed Englishmen on black pepper.[[47]](#footnote-48) (He had better give them gunpowder at once—for permanent diet—and then set them to, —fire-eating.) And you, Papa, preaching *patience* to me!

I happen, by Fors care, to have under my hand two leaves of an old lecture,[[48]](#footnote-49) cancelled and kept to be worked up farther—perhaps Mary won‘t mind looking over the second before reading it to you. I don‘t, so she must.—Mind it is *s*ighting not *f*ighting.

Ever your loving filius.—more tomorrow about Montfort, see 4th page. Love to Mary—I couldn‘t answer a difficult bit in her letter, tell her, about the Bible but I‘ll try to do so.

I must have made a mistake, I *meant tomb* of Coeur de Lion—*Forts* of Mont*fort*.[[49]](#footnote-50) I believe Evesham to have been the fatallest battle ever fought in Europe[[50]](#footnote-51)—But can‘t say why today.

J.R.

*158. Ruskin to Carlyle*

Lucca, 17th Aug. [1874] morning

My Dearest Papa,

I‘ve just been reading the prayer of Judith—(Judith IX). (If Froude is with you still, tell him I do so wish he‘d stop from his Missionary business, and write a *Philistine‘s*  history of Delilah.)—But how glorious those 8th and IXth chapters are.

It is no wonder you disbelieve in Art, papa. Of the history of John the Baptist, and of Judith, the practical Sum and substance, to the British and other public, is two pretty girls carrying two bloody heads,—which is what the Painters & Sculptors as a Body have seen, in these matters, with the utmost of eyes they had—the Italo-French schools giving further flavour to the apocryphal story by scornfully sniffing at Judith‘s report of the way she passed the night.[[51]](#footnote-52)

Yesterday was the loveliest day I have seen in Italy this year.—I was up after dinner 1500 feet on the hills to the south, in a little stubble field, hedged with chestnut and wild bay; the field itself terraced out of the steep hillside in banks about four feet high—which lay, like a line of steep bastions—green—successive—fragrant, with all manner of herbs—relieved against the blue mountains of Carrara, twenty miles away.

Have you ever noticed how steady I am to my purpose of terracing the Apennines like this—everywhere on their soft ground, and catching all the rain. The spear into the sickle—the Bastion, into banks like this. But I scarcely hope to see it with my own eyes.

I must get to my work. Ever your loving Filius.

*159. Ruskin to Mary Aitken*

Lucca, 18th Augt [1874]

My dear Mary,

I‘m greatly pleased with your pretty note, and account of your uncle, and of the Thames‘ future prospects, and of Mr. Elwin‘s house,—the last, to me, most interesting, but in a way you won‘t guess,[[52]](#footnote-53) though you may find out by chance some day, but I won‘t tell you.

I‘ve been thinking so often of your last letter, and the difference between the education of thoughtful young persons, fifty years ago, and now. What puzzles me, is how you all take things so quietly—and rest content in doubt, and perpetual questioning—with no answer. “He said he would come back again and tell us all about it, and we waited, and waited, but never came, “said my old German courier to me, tonight, (as he carried my hammer for me up a glen in the intensely hard Etruscan marble which needs a doubly heavier one than any rock I know)—of himself and his seven brothers and sisters after their father‘s death.

It is mainly my sense of this calamitous mystery—less and less thought of *as*  a calamity—which keeps me from putting Fors into more practical form. I can‘t get my foundation on *any* faith.

I am tired tonight and intensely stupid—but would not sleep before acknowledging your second letter, and am ever

Your affectionate friend,

J. Ruskin

I had written friend, with an r so very subordinate, that the word didn‘t *look* friendly, by any means.

1. *Letter 40*. MS: Bembridge. Hitherto unpbd.

   The Aylesbury works of Messrs. Hazell, Watson and Viney, where Ruskin‘s later books were printed. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
2. The Chelsea Embankment. See Letter 133, n.2. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
3. Figures discussed by Carlyle in *Past and Present* (*Works*, X, 39-126) and *Frederick the Great* (Works, XII, 66, 94) [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
4. Ruskin‘s Hinksey road makers. See Letter 137, n.3.

   *Letter 142.* MS:NLS, 556.79. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
5. The castle in the Scottish town of Stirling. Ruskin mentions it in *Fors Clavigera*, letter 10 (*Works*, XXVII, 170). [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
6. The same Fra Antonio who is described discussing Isaiah in *Fors Clavigera, letter 45* (*Works*, XXVIII*,* 145). His full name was Antonio Coletti, and he served as the sacristan of the basilica of San Francesco at Assisi for many years before his death on August 16, 1897, at the age of seventy-one. The *Liber Defunctorum* of the diocese (p.7) contains the following marginalium: “Fu amico del critico d‘arte inglese Ruskin, al quale spesso offri‘ la sua stanza per fare studiare il critico nella sua permanenza in Assisi” [“he was a friend to the English art critic Ruskin, and many times offered him his own bedroom so that the critic could study while staying in Assisi”]. Brother Antonio was assisted by Brother Giovanni Ferrata, who died on January 10, 1897, at the age of seventy-six. Both are interred in the cemetery near the basilica. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
7. *Letter 143*. MS: NLS, 556.80. Pbd: Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 118-19. Addr: Thomas Carlyle, Esq. / 5 Cheyne ow/ Chelsea Inghiliterra.

   This painting is one of a cycle of eight frescoes in the right transept of the lower church of the basilica of San Francesco at Assisi. Ruskin is incorrect in ascribing the painting to Taddeo Gaddi. Recent scholarship suggests that the work is by a follower of Giotto, whose name is unknown and who is now called the  *Maestro delle vele*. For a further discussion of this painter and his work at Assisi, see Emma Zocca, ed., *Catalogo delle cose d‘arte e di antichita d‘Italia­­*—*Assisi* (Rome, 1936), pp. 56-58. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
8. Actually June 24, three days previously. See Letter 142. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
9. See Carlyle‘s *Frederick*, book XXI*,* chapter ix (*Works*, XIX, 290-91). [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
10. Mr. George Allen, one of Ruskin‘s former students, who had begun printing Ruskin‘s works at Orpington. The “enclosed scrap” is part of a letter from Allen, and reads as follows: “I thought the best way to determine about Mr. Carlyle‘s health and whereabouts was to run down to Chelsea and ask after him. He very kindly told his house-keeper to ask me upstairs, and to have exchanged a few words with him will be one of the memories of my life. He is, I am happy to say, very well, and he said that it would not be long before you heard from him but he had been somewhat uncertain as to how….” [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
11. *Letter 144.* MS: NLS, 556.81. Pbd: Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 120-21.

    See *Works,* XXIII, xliv and 205 ff. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
12. Giotto‘s allegory of Chastity in the lower church of the basilica of San Francesco at Assisi. [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
13. *Letter 145.* MS: NLS, 556.82. Pbd: Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 121-22.

    See Dante‘s *Paradiso*, canto xi, lines 43-45, where Saint Thomas Aquinas describes the environs of Assisi preparatory to his praise of Saint Francis: “Intra Tupino e l‘acqua, che discende / Del colle eletto dal beato Ubaldo.” The town is situated between the streams of Tupino, on the east, and Chiasi, on the slopes of Monte Subaso to the west, where Saint Ubaldus had his hermitage. The Teschio is the local stream within Assisi itself. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
14. See Lamentations 4:2: “The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter!” [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
15. Mrs. Carlyle‘s housekeeper, who had stayed on in Chelsea. [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
16. *Letter 146.* MS: NLS, 556.83. Hitherto unpbd.

    One of Ruskin‘s favorite phrases. One of the meanings of “Fors” given in *Fors Clavigera,* letter 2 (*Works*, XXVII, 27-28) is “Fortune,” which Ruskin says, “means the necessary fate of the man: the ordinance of his life which cannot be changed.” [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
17. Letter 43, entitled “The Chateau-Rouge. French Freedon.” It speaks of the “selfishness of the German temper” and the “deeds and virtues of the French.” See *Works*, XXVIII, 106-20. [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
18. *Letter 147.* MS: NLS, 556.84. Pbd: Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 122, with facsimile reproduction of MS.

    See the accompanying illustrations.

    *Letter 148.* MS: NLS, 556.85. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
19. *Letter 149.* MS: NLS, 556.86. Hitherto unpbd. The MS has “P.Mark 1874” in another hand.

    Running vertically up the left margin of the MS is “The Gerotes-Exochier”, I think A.C.” (probably Alexander Carlyle). See Letter 133, n.1. [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
20. See Letter 146, n.2. [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
21. The two young artists are unidentified, but were connected with the Arundel Society, for which Ruskin was doing much work. [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
22. Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester (c.1208-65), was a friend and minister of Henry III of England, and was famous as a rebellious baron who was instrumental in the early stages of the development of Parliament. Francis Espinasse, in his *Literary Recollections* (London, 1893, p.189), quotes Froude as saying that in 1851 Carlyle planned a biography of Montfort, but abandoned the project in favour of the subject of Frederick the Great.

    The “Mont” in question is the ruin of the tenth-century castle of the counts of Montfort at Montfort-l‘Amaury, about thirty miles downriver from Paris. The Earl of Leicester was a member of this family and was probably born in the castle. [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
23. *Letter 150.* MS: Rylands, English MS 1191/7. Pbd: Sanders, p.233.

    Sanders (p.233) adds that this Irish phrase was “Coterie speech in the Carlyle household. Mrs Carlyle had found the expression very amusing and had used it often.” Carlyle‘s earlier reference to “the last eight years,” is to the year 1866, of course, when he last received a letter from his wife. [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
24. Albert Grant, known as Baron Grant (1830-99). His real name was Gottheimer, and he was known as a free-wheeling “company promoter.” In 1873 he had purchased unused land in Leicester Square and turned it into a public garden, with statues of Newton, Shakespeare, and others. [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
25. See *Past and Present*, book 2, chapter 14. The duel was between Henry of Essex and Robert de Montfort, youngest brother of Simon de Montfort, mentioned by Ruskin in the previous letter. The “little word or two” that followed is in *op. cit., Works*, X, 108-9. [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
26. Lord Carnarvon, colonial secretary under Disraeli, sent Froude on an unofficial visit to South Africa to investigate the possibilities of federation in that colony. Froude‘s account of this voyage is in his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Third Series (1897), pp. 343-400. [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
27. In 1873, Carlyle had turned over to Froude large numbers of his and his late wife‘s personal papers and letters. He entrusted Froude with the decision of whether many of these papers should eventually be published as a memorial record of his wife‘s life, but by 1874 Froude had not yet made his decision. On July 10, 1874, six weeks before leaving South Africa, Froude wrote a touching letter to Carlyle concerning these papers. “I should like to hear something of your plans that I may see you again before I go,” he said. “You must give me directions about the sacred letters and Papers which you have trusted to my charge.—whether you wish them to be returned to your custody during my absence—or whether they shall be locked up in a sealed parcel in Onslow Gardens with instructions, in case I never come back, to be placed in such hands as you will desire. If God so orders it, I will fulfil the trust which you have committed to me with such powers as I have.—No greater evidence of confidence was ever given by one man of mine will ever convey the obligations which I feel…I hope we may both live till I can relate my experiences to you, and witness, I trust, some effect produced which you will recognize as good. The thought of you will still be with me wherever I go to encourage, guide and govern me.” (MS: Folger Shakespeare Library.) [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
28. *Letter 151*. MS: NLS, 556.87. Hitherto unpbd.

    Probably *unkraft.* See *Sartor Resartus*, book II, chapter 7, “The Everlasting No”: “‘The painfulest feeling,‘ writes he ‘is that of your own feebleness (*Unkraft*)‘” (*Works*, I,131). [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
29. I.e., Froude‘s *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Second Series (1871), p.330. The essay is on “Education.” [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
30. *Letter 152*. MS: NLS, 556.88. Pbd. Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 123-4.

    Letter 150. [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
31. See, for example, Letter 146, where Ruskin gives the wrong year. [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
32. Frances E. Colenso, daughter of the famous missionary bishop, J.W. Colenso. See Letter 163. [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
33. Or “Kaffirs.” Kaffir tribesmen were given nominal rights in South Africa, but were generally subjugated by white rule and by their ignorance. One of the things Froude was to investigate, for instance, was the case of a Kaffir chief who had been imprisoned by the lieutenant governor of Natal, Sire Benjamin Pine, after a mock trial. Bishop Colenso, a constant friend of the natives, interfered on behalf of the chief, and Lord Carnarvon eventually recalled Pine to England. [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
34. Fra Angelico‘s *Madonna of Perugia*. See *Works*, XXXVII, 124n. [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
35. Salvator Rosa (1615-73), Neapolitan painter, etcher, poet, actor, and musician. Rosa was an academically trained court painter who proclaimed his specialty to be portraiture and historical views; the nineteenth century chiefly admired his vivid, tempestuous landscapes, which he himself considered to be his lesser work. His own vigorous and rebellious life and the atmosphere of his landscapes won for him the reputation of a precursor of the Romantic age among Ruskin‘s contemporaries; but his draughtsmanship was, in essence, as classically severe as that of his contemporaries, Claude Lorrain and Nicolas Poussin. Ruskin‘s reference to landscape here reflects the record prices Rosa‘s paintings in that genre were fetching in the 1870‘s. [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
36. Letter 45 of *Fors Clavigera*. See Letter 155. [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
37. “Calvinism,” “Reciprocal Duties of State and Subject,” and “The Colonies Once More,” in Froude‘s *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, Second Series (1871). [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
38. *Letter 154*. MS: Yale University Library, 24. Pbd: Sanders, p.236.

    The eighth circle of Dante‘s *Inferno*, mentioned by Ruskin in the previous letter. [↑](#footnote-ref-39)
39. Simon de Montfort (see Letter 150) was killed in battle with Prince Edward, later Edward I, at Evesham on August 4, 1265. He was interred immediately in an unmarked grave in the close of Evesham Abbey by the monks there, though his head was struck off and sent to Wigmore for exhibition. [↑](#footnote-ref-40)
40. Henry, Earl Simon‘s second son by his marriage with Eleanor, sister of King Henry III, was killed in battle at Evesham with his father. The legend that he survived to become the “blind Beggar of Bethnal-Green,” whose identity was revealed when he provided a rich dowry for his daughter, can be traced to a two-part Elizabethan ballad, “The Beggar‘s Daughter of Bednall-Green,” printed in Percy‘s *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* (series II, book ii, number X). The legend was enlarged considerably when it formed the plot of *The Blind Beggar of Bednal Green,* written in 1599 and acted in April 1600, by Henry Chettle (1564? – 1607?) and John Day (1574-1640?), the earliest known work of the latter. James Sheridan Knowles (1784-1862), a cousin of R.B. Sheridan, produced a successful play on the same subject in 1834. [↑](#footnote-ref-41)
41. Since 1871, Carlyle had been making arrangements with Froude for the eventual publication of his biography and reminiscences, as well as the letters of Mrs. Carlyle. He had given Froude all the private papers and manuscripts necessary for such tasks, and Froude had already begun work on them. See Letter 150. [↑](#footnote-ref-42)
42. A copy of *David* of Michaelangelo exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. See Letter 157.

    *Letter 155*. MS: NLS, 556.90. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-43)
43. Letter 45 of *Fors Clavigera* (*Works*, XXVIII, 145-66). It is dated “Lucca, August 2nd, 1874,” and is entitled “My Lord Delayeth His Coming. The British Squire.” Throughout it, Ruskin holds the British landed gentry, or “Squireens,” up to judgment before God and the poor, and finds them wanting. [↑](#footnote-ref-44)
44. The Hotel d‘Arno, later the Royal Grande Bretagne e d‘Arno, was located on the north bank of the river whose name it bears, between the Ponte Vecchio and the Ponte S. Trinità, at Lungarno Acciaioli 8. It was then a fashionable hotel with about a hundred rooms. Ruskin chose it perhaps because of the immediate proximity of Santi Apostoli, a vaulted Tuscan Romanesque basilica of the eleventh century with a High Renaissance façade.

    *Letter 156.* MS: NLS, 556.91. Pbd: Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 126. [↑](#footnote-ref-45)
45. Castruccio Castracani degli Antelminelli (1281-1328), Ghibelline leader and ruler of Lucca from 1316 until his death. The entrance of the Emperor Henry VII into Italy saw a resurgence of Ghibelline power in northern Italy under Uguccione della Faggiuola, aided by Castruccio. They occupied Lucca in 1314, and two years later Castruccio wa made captain-general of the city for a term of six months. This appointment was continually extended until, in 1320, he received the office for life. At the same time Frederick of Austria, emperor-elect, made him imperial vicar of Lucca as a hereditary duchy, but Castruccio‘s further rise was cut short by his sudden death in Lucca, Versilia and the Lunigiana. In 1327 the Emperor Louis IV gave him on September 3 of the following year. [↑](#footnote-ref-46)
46. *Letter 157.* MS: NLS, 556.92. Pbd. Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII, 130-31.

    The tomb of Ilaria del Carretto (d.1405), second wife of Paolo Guinigi, lord of Lucca. The monument, executed in 1406 by Jacopo della Quercia (1374-1438), is in the left transept of the cathedral of San Martino at Lucca. It had captured Ruskin‘s attention when he first saw it in the spring of 1845. See the catalogue of Ruskin‘s drawings in *Works*, XXXVIII, 258, nos. 862-65. [↑](#footnote-ref-47)
47. A reference to Ruskin‘s disagreement with Froude over English emigration policies. In a letter to Froude on July 27, 1874, Ruskin told him: “You have taught me…what an Englishman is, and here you are deliberately acting as if you could grow one on pepper & squash. You must grow Englishmen in England.” (Waldo H. Dunn, *James Anthony Froude: A Biography 1857-1899* [Oxford, 1963], p.355.) [↑](#footnote-ref-48)
48. The pages are printed in full in a note to this letter in *Works*, XXXVII, 130-31. They begin by describing Michelangelo‘s *David* as a view of “the entire personality of David as a youth under Divineinspiration,” and then describe a modern “somewhat clever study of David imagined at this same moment by I suppose a young student—at all events an inexperienced one—and catalogued under the title of ‘David *sighting* Goliath.‘ The youth‘s mind being probably fuller of rifle practice than of his art, he would not regard the contest otherwise than as a momentary question of handling the thong and pebble…” [↑](#footnote-ref-49)
49. The reference to the tomb of Coeur de Lion is almost assuredly to the great Romanesque abbey of Fontevrault, wherein are buried not only Richard I (1189-99), but also his parents, Henry II (1154-89) and Eleanor of Aquitaine (d.1204). The reference to “*Forts* of Mont*fort*” is more difficult. Possibly it is to the ruins of several Norman castles to be found within the apannage of the counts of Montfort in the medieval epoch, since Montfort-L‘Amaury seems to be ruled out. [↑](#footnote-ref-50)
50. See Letters 150 and 154. [↑](#footnote-ref-51)
51. *Letter 158*. MS: NLS, 556.93. Pbd: Ruskin‘s *Works*, XXXVII*,* 132.

    See Judith 8-16. Ruskin elaborates upon this thought in *Works*, XXIX, 187: “So again, all aim that is fraudful is viler than that which is violent; but the venal fraud of Delilah is not to be compared with the heroic treachery of Judith.” Carlyle had also referred to Judith as “heroic” in *Latter-Day Pamphlets* (see *Works*, XX, 65).

    *Letter 159.* MS: NLS, 556.94. Hitherto unpbd. [↑](#footnote-ref-52)
52. See Letter 161. [↑](#footnote-ref-53)