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The influence of John Ruskin (1819–1900), both on his own time and on artistic and social developments in the twentieth century, cannot be over-stated. He changed Victorian perceptions of art, and was the main influence behind 'Gothic revival' architecture. As a social critic, he argued for the improvement of the condition of the poor, and against the increasing mechanisation of work in factories, which he believed was dull and soul-destroying. The thirty-nine volumes of the Library Edition of his works, published between 1903 and 1912, are themselves a remarkable achievement, in which his books and essays – almost all highly illustrated – are given a biographical and critical context in extended introductory essays and in the 'Minor Ruskiniana' – extracts from letters, articles and reminiscences both by and about Ruskin. This twenty-fifth volume contains Ruskin's writings on birds (Love's Meinie) and flowers (Proserpina).

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The Works of John Ruskin

Volume 25: Love's Meinie and Proserpina

John Ruskin
Edited by Edward Tyas Cook
and Alexander Wedderburn

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LIBRARY EDITION

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EDITED BY

E. T. COOK

AND

ALEXANDER WEDDERBURN

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1906

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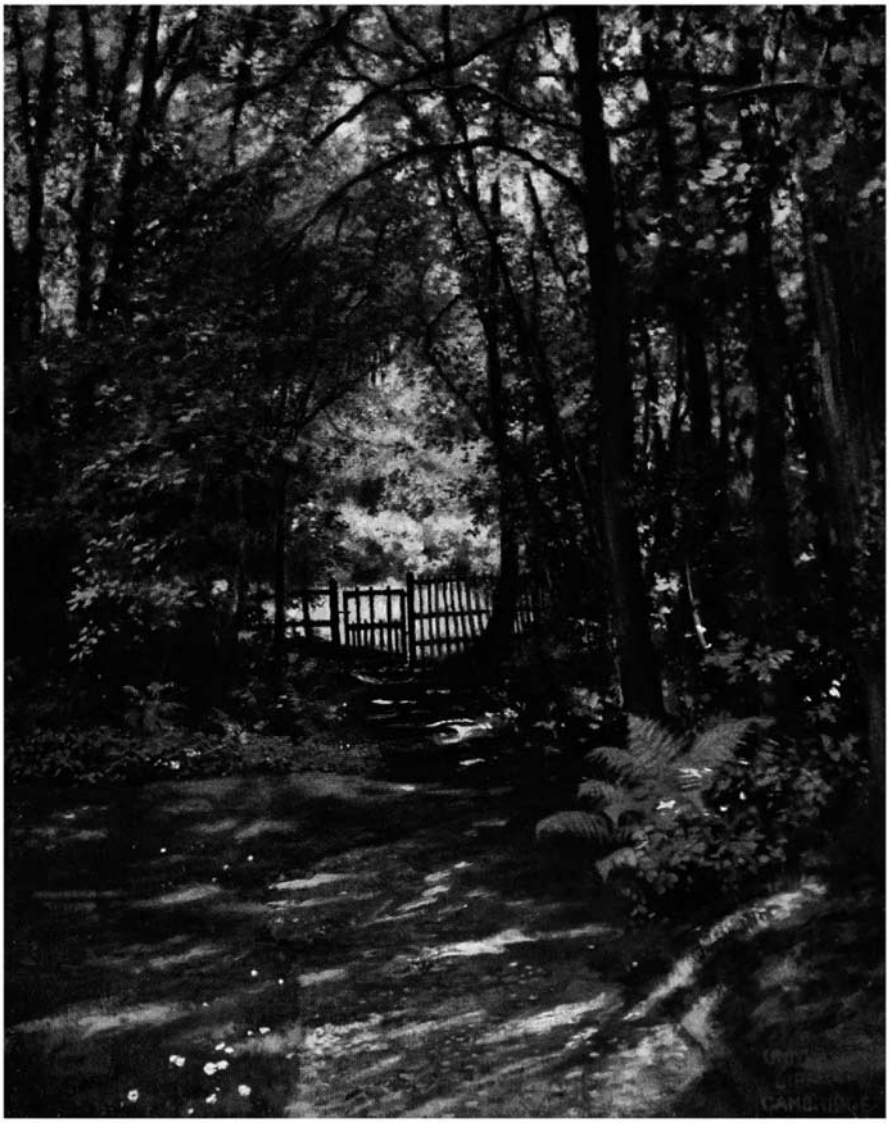
VOLUME XXV

LOVE'S MEINIE

AND

PROSERPINA



ARTHUR SEVERN, R.I. Bemrose & Sons.

THE WOODLAND GARDEN AT BRANTWOOD.

LOVE'S MEINIE

AND

PROSERPINA

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

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(*From Drawings by the Author*[1])

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IN "PROSERPINA"

[1] Except the Frontispiece and Plates XVIII., XIX., and XX.

WOODCUTS IN THE TEXT

IN "LOVE'S MEINIE"

(*Cut by A. Burgess, from drawings by the Author*)

IN "PROSERPINA"

(Cut by A. Burgess from Drawings by the Author[1]*)*

[1] Except where otherwise stated.

FACSIMILES

Note.—Of the drawings reproduced in this volume, that of Plate I. was No. 214 in the Ruskin Exhibition at Coniston, 1900, and No. 167 at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, 1901; that of Plate II. was No. 113 in the Prout and Hunt Exhibition at the Fine Art Society (1878–1880), and No. 219 at Coniston; that of Plate IV. was No. 60 at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and No. 413 at Manchester, 1904; and those of Plate V. were Nos. 220 and 221 at Coniston.

The drawing of Plate I. was published (by autotype process) in W. G. Collingwood's *Life and Work of John Ruskin*, 1893, vol. ii. p. 199; and that of Plate II. (by photogravure, smaller than here) in William White's *Principles of Art as Illustrated in the Ruskin Museum*, 1895, p. 523. The feather of Plate V. was published (by photogravure) as frontispiece to the book last named; and the filaments were published (by half-tone process) in *Scribner's Magazine*, December 1898. Plate XXXI. was used (reduced) on the cover of the *Catalogue of the Ruskin Exhibition*, Manchester 1904.

INTRODUCTION TO VOL. XXV

THIS volume is devoted to Ruskin's studies of Birds and Flowers. The two books which it contains are I. *Love's Meinie*, originally published in parts between 1873 and 1881; and II. *Proserpina*, similarly published between 1875 and 1886. In an appendix to each book, additional matter is now printed from the author's MS. or from proof-sheets. A sketch of Ruskin's life from the point at which we left it in the last Introduction down to his serious illness in 1878 will explain the incomplete character of both of these books.

Ruskin reached home after his long sojourn at Venice on June 16, 1877. It had been a busy and not an unhappy time, but some of those who saw him at Venice noticed that he was sadly overtaxing his strength. "Fairly well myself," he himself noted in his diary (July 16) soon after his return, "but anxious a little about giddiness or dizziness, scarcely perceptible, but not cured since my overwork at Venice; Joanie came in evening and all was bright." Quiet hours with Mrs. Arthur Severn were what he liked best, and were best for him. "Delicious evening with Joanie," he notes again (December 19), "telling each other ghost stories." Another great and characteristic pleasure which awaited him on his return from Italy was the sight of some drawings by Turner, recently acquired for him. While he was still in Switzerland he heard of the forthcoming sale of the Novar Collection. He asked Mr. Arthur Severn to attend it on his behalf, and to buy several of the Turners. Mr. Severn bought accordingly "Carnarvon Castle," "Bridge of Narni," and "Leicester Abbey,"[1] and Ruskin was well pleased, as he told Mrs. Severn:—

"SIMPLON, *Sunday*, 10*th June*, '77.

"... I think the getting these new Turners will be of great importance to me. It will set me *on* Turner again, and I think I shall now give a course of lectures on him at Oxford, incorporating all I've said and would say of him, and add some sufficient account of his life, and so publish.

[1] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 85, § 8.

> "The Carnarvon and Leicester were of great importance to me as perhaps his loveliest drawings of the English (British) Castle and Abbey. The sunset through the rents of the Leicester windows—the moonrise—the eddies of stream by stepping-stones—oh, isn't it beautiful?
>
> "Love to Arfie and those funny, *funny* sweets of children."

His first entry after reaching home shows the pleasure which his new acquisition gave him:—

> "17*th June, Sunday,* DENMARK HILL, HERNE HILL.—I must write both, passing my mother's window in sweet afternoon sunshine yesterday: safe home, after much labour and difficulty and some expense in persevering against winter cold. Leicester Abbey, Carnarvon, and Narni beside me; and the nightingales singing from three till now incessantly. My own old hills soft in goodly light, and I very thankful for all things—chiefly for Joanie being well and happy, and my own fairly preserved sight clear enough on the English meadows—my old nursery feeling like true home. May I value, and use, rightly, what hours remain to me in it."

Ruskin was one who ever numbered his days and applied his heart unto wisdom; but one secret of health was denied to him—he was incapable of mental rest. He knew the danger which incessant strain involved. He had been much struck, as he wrote a few years before,[1] "by the number of deaths which occur between the ages of fifty and sixty, in cases where the brain had been much used emotionally." He recognised that "the emotions of indignation, grief, controversial anxiety and vanity, or hopeless, and therefore uncontending, scorn, are all of them as deadly to the body as poisonous air or polluted water." He reflected how much of his own past life had been spent in such states; but it was beyond his power to find any remedy of emotional narcotics.

A month after his return from the Continent he spent partly at Herne Hill, partly at Oxford, and partly in paying visits. In London he went to the picture exhibitions, and wrote in *Fors Clavigera*[2] the account of the Grosvenor Gallery which, for its attack upon Whistler, was to involve him in proceedings for libel. He saw his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Burne-Jones, and Miss Ingelow, and his newer friend, Stacy Marks. He spent some days at Cowley with the Hilliards, and he visited Birmingham, as the guest of Mr. George Baker, one of the

[1] The Introduction to *Deucalion* (Vol. XXVI.), dated July 13, 1875.
[2] Letter 79.

Trustees of the St. George's Guild, in order to inspect the Guild's property at Bewdley. The beauty of the woodland and orchards above the Severn shore greatly delighted him. Then in the middle of July he settled for some weeks at Brantwood, where the usual accumulation of proofs and letters, with the constant rush of jostling schemes and thoughts, awaited him. A year or two before, in writing the Preface to *Deucalion*, he had described, as he looked through his note-books and desks, the vast stores of material which were still unused—the material for "a history of Florentine art in six octavo volumes, an analysis of Attic art in three volumes," and so on through a list of seventy-three projected volumes. The passage was ironical; though the manuscripts which Ruskin left behind him show that he had made notes on several of the subjects, and indeed that other items might have been added to the list. Elsewhere he describes the various books which he had in progress through the press at the same time; a new one was now added to the list—*The Laws of Fésole* (Vol. XV.)—of which the first part appeared in September of this year. He was at work at this same time on *Proserpina*, on *Deucalion*, on Sir Philip Sidney's Psalter (*Rock Honeycomb*), on new editions of *Unto this Last*, and *The Two Paths*, and on the usual monthly instalments of *Fors Clavigera*. Moreover, *Mornings in Florence* was only just off his hands, and *St. Mark's Rest* was still incomplete. In October he lectured at Kendal (repeating the lecture subsequently at Eton) on "Yewdale and its Streamlets." There were some quiet and restful days for him at Brantwood—mornings on which he could note "the perfectness and brightness, and delicacy and infinite quantity to be looked at, and hayfield in front of house—all Etruscan—worked with bosses, seven or eight hundred cocks at least, spotting it in zones to the water's edge" (August 11); or evenings, with "a quite exquisite Italian sky to south with divinest jewels of white cirri, and a long riband like a Renaissance angel's sash, or Botticelli Madonna's, flying to the zenith" (August 4); and there were pleasant visits to receive or pay. He went over, for instance, to Ambleside to see Matthew Arnold, with whom, however, he was "much disappointed" (September 13); he much enjoyed a visit from Mr. T. C. Horsfall, and he received Aubrey de Vere, who was "ever so nice" (September 16). But for the most part his diary for these months tells a tale of strain and weariness.

He had, too, during these months a great anxiety in the serious illness of Mrs. Arthur Severn. He records, with thanks to God, the "priceless relief" of her recovery; and so again (October 10), "Joanie

going on well, which is everything to me." It was a period, he notes, of "profoundest emotion to me." This was in October, but Ruskin was already in an overwrought state, as may be seen from letters of the time published in *Fors Clavigera*.[1] "Feel very much overworked now," he writes (July 20), "in head and eyes;" and, again, "still anxious about sense of blood going to head" (July 23). "Dim-eyed and confused with mixture of music, Yewdale streams, and St. Mark's mosaics, buzzing in my head with free trade and Venice fruit law[2] all the morning" (August 5). "Feel up to work this morning (August 6), in any single thing, but not in two dozen." Yet he went on with the two dozen to the end. "I'm perfectly overwhelmed," he wrote to Mr. Allen (September 20), "under the quantity of things which must be kept in my mind, now, going like a juggler's balls in the air—a touch first to one, then another."

In November Ruskin went up to Oxford to deliver a course of lectures, which he entitled "Readings in *Modern Painters*" (see Vol. XXII.). These were very successful, and showed little sign of failing power, except perhaps, towards the end of the course, in a disconnectedness greater even than was usual to him in delivering lectures which had not been fully written out. He spent Christmas at Oxford, and the close of the year found him in good spirits, as the entries in his diary show:—

> "*Last day of December*, 1877, OXFORD.—Up in good time, full of fruitful thoughts, but as usual jostling one another so that I can't get to work."
>
> "1*st January*, 1878.—Began the year with Turner at Egglestone and Bolton, Okehampton and Carnarvon, putting them out to look at, as the bells of Christ Church and Merton rang in the year. Now up in good time, to my work; lighted both my fires; and had good thoughts of Immortality, as taught to us by every happy work and true soul of man."

On New Year's Day he went to Windsor for a few days on a visit to Prince Leopold. The Prince was not well at the time; Ruskin sat much with him, and was glad to be able to amuse and cheer him. They went together to a "loveliest service in St. George's Chapel," and Ruskin found his pupil "very full of good." He made some notes of the pictures and drawings in the Royal Collection, but the Castle itself did not appeal to him. "It is like being prisoner in the Tower,"

[1] *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 86.
[2] See *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74.

he notes in his diary (January 2), "or a new modern jail, rather, with ornamental turrets." From Windsor Ruskin went to London for a few days, where he saw Carlyle and Miss Ingelow, and spent a merry evening with Stacy Marks. He then returned to Oxford, and set to work upon the new series of notes upon his collection, which have been printed in an earlier volume (Vol. XXI.). The notes themselves are bright and lucid, but Ruskin's diary shows that he felt the strain of them :—

> "*January* 9.—How maddeningly the days have flown since the new year at Windsor. Yesterday terrible work in the schools, the Principal of St. Mary's Hall writing for me [1] (Madonna help, surely), and yet such miserable heaping of impossibility on impossibility, in things that shriek out to be done, and at last—mere dreaming about impossibility, instead of doing. Up till twelve last night and at half-past five this morning—at work now, fairly lighting both fires, by quarter to seven."
>
> "*January* 10.—"I am the Lord that healeth thee." I really need my text to-day, being utterly cast down by the difficulty of managing either my health or my business, under present pressure."

From Oxford Ruskin went on a visit to Hawarden. He had dined with Mr. Gladstone in London earlier in the year; but, though he was warmly attached to Miss Mary Gladstone, he went with some trepidation into what he considered enemy's country. Mr. Gladstone, however, put him entirely at his ease, and he left Hawarden, almost persuaded to be a Gladstonian. "I have had two very happy days at Mr. Gladstone's," he wrote to Sir Robert Collins at Windsor (January 16), "—happy chiefly in enabling me to end all doubt in my own mind as to his simple and most kindly and unambitious character, and therefore to read all he says and does in its due light. It is very beautiful to see him with his family, and his family with him; and his quite naïve delight in showing me his trees went straight to my heart." Further account of Ruskin's intercourse with Gladstone will be found in a later volume, in connexion with a series of letters to Gladstone's daughter, Mrs. Drew.

From Hawarden Ruskin went to Brantwood, where yet fresh work was waiting. His acquisition of several drawings at the Novar Sale had, as he said, "set him on Turner again," and he had agreed to a proposal from the Fine Art Society that he should exhibit his

[1] See Vol. XXI. p. xxiii.

collection in London. The arrangement of the drawings, and the description of them, interested him greatly, but also taxed his strength severely. The exhibition was to open early in March; the catalogue was much in arrear, and Ruskin worked at it against time. He was interrupted by other calls upon his pen. The widow of W. H. Harrison had begged him to write an appreciation of his old friend; this piece of "autobiographical reminiscence," dated February 1, 1878, is particularly bright, clear, and sparkling. And so also is much of the Turner Catalogue. But this was work which excited no less than it interested him. "No one," he once said, "will ever understand what a Turner drawing is to me." The work of Turner was to him a microcosm; it represented to his imagination all the beauty, all the sadness, all the mystery and the suffering of the world. The artist-magician had in his latest period soared, more and more, "cloudlike and unpent," into strange regions of almost formless fancy. His interpreter, as Turner's drawings came one by one before him, found his feelings intensified, but his command over them, and the thoughts which they called up, gradually relaxed. His dreams became frequent. One of them, recorded in his diary, is significant enough of the race against time and strength which Ruskin was now running:—

> "*January* 31.—Yesterday had the divinest walk in snow since Salève times; hard and dry and rippled, like the lake, in its long wreaths beneath the grey rock ridges and their green mantlings of moss; and sunshine warm as summer; and air motionless; lake, a mirror. Found the exquisite farm under hill opposite me—nothing ever like it, I think; then pleasant chat with Susie and row home; chess with Lol, his first victory.[1] Then, a most strange nightmare of overturning a great sarcophagus down a hill in some ornamental Tuileries-like gardens, and sneaking away for fear of being caught —nobody else in the gardens for a mile; and then getting into an ugly town, and not being able to support conversation properly! and always wondering when the police would come after me,—finishing off with being left by an express train without courage to get into the carriage—every one going faster and faster past me. Like these days of January; but kind and grateful good-bye to them. They've been good to me."

The days rushed by, and Ruskin went on labouring after them. His birthday (February 8) found him "thankful to be down at seven in the morning, or only five minutes later, in good active health,

[1] Susie is his old friend Miss Beever; Lol, his secretary, Laurence Hilliard.

ready either for writing or wood-chopping, on my fifty-ninth birthday, and with so much in my hands to do for everybody." "Such things to do, such things to be!" but the strength to do them was gradually failing:—

> "*February* 9.—Only not wretched, from being weary with wretchedness in thinking of old days so selfish yet so happy; now I am kind and sorrowful."
>
> "*February* 11.—I stop writing, and get dreaming; and the light gains, and the day; and it has—how much to do, if it can; and a great deal that it must, even if it can't!"
>
> "*February* 12.—A day gained! I've been thinking it was 13th. Down in dreamy scatterment and bewilderment—the horror of this Turk war, and shame of my own selfishness and faithlessness, heavily weighing on me. Yet I slept well, and dreamed that φίλη wrote to me about R."

It was on this day that he finished the Preface to his Turner Notes, written in "the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning," with his thoughts set upon "those whom, by neither, I was to meet more."[1] On the next day he worked at *Fors Clavigera;* the letter shows how much he was stirred by anxiety about public affairs.[2] Dreams, visions, and spirit-messages thickened upon him. "I've done much work 'to-day,'" he wrote to Miss Anderson (February 17), "and am tired; but greatly pleased at some messages from Venice, and from other places—farther away." "I *must* get to work," he wrote in his diary on February 15, "or I shall get utterly into dreamland." Working and dreaming were alike dangerous; he chose work, and on February 21 he finished the first draft of his Turner Catalogue. It is possible to trace the connexion of the thoughts that he set down in these last-written of the Notes,[3] but the power of knitting them together—the command of form and coherence—was palpably failing. The last entry in his diary is dated February 22. Thoughts of his Lady in heaven—of loving friends on earth—of figures in favourite pictures—of the Doge Gritti and St. Ursula—jostled each other in his mind. Among the last words which came from him, before he dropped the pen, were Tintoret's saying "Sempre si fa il mare maggiore," and a verse from the *Te Deum:* "We praise thee,

[1] The passage is given in facsimile at Vol. XIII. p. 410. The writing, it will be observed, is still firm and well formed.
[2] See Letter 86, and compare Vol. XIII. p. 399 *n.*
[3] See Vol. XIII. pp. 399 *seq.*

O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." The ruling instincts of his spirit were strong even at the moment of collapse, and his mind was overthrown with the praise of God in his heart.

. . . . . .

There followed what in a blank page of his diary he afterwards called "The Dream," or (as elsewhere in it) "The Long Dream." He had fallen into a state of delirium, and for some weeks his condition caused the greatest anxiety. Daily and, afterwards, weekly bulletins were issued, and appeared in the papers, not only at home, but in America and in Italy.[1] The attack of brain fever was most severe, but Ruskin's strong constitution enabled him to conquer it. After six weeks he was able to be moved into his study, and, a month later, to resume work at the Turner Catalogue. The diary begins again upon June 18, with an entry attributing his recovery to the care of the cousin who gave and received so much love:—

> "18*th June*, 1878.—On the 7th of April, this year, I got first down into my study, after illness such as I never thought to know. Joanie brought me through it. To-day I begin my Plato again.[2] If now I can but keep in peace—and quiet labour!"

Among the first letters which he wrote after his recovery were one to Prince Leopold, and another to Dr. Acland:—

> "BRANTWOOD, 29*th April*, 1878.
>
> "SIR,—Your more than kind letter has been medicinal and cordial to me, not least in the assurance it gives me of your own recovery from illness, and of your pleasure in giving sympathy to my dear Venetian 'Papa,' Mr. Brown, and to Toni, and to his doggie, which they and I alike rejoice in, more than most other creatures canine or human, I believe, being, all of us, loyal and faithful, and still, in right old Tory fashion, 'putting our trust in Princes.'
>
> "But *I* am ready at present to treat any friend as guide rather than myself, for I have been very thoroughly out of my wits for a while—such as I had. I hope, however, that they have been only what the Scots call 'wool-gathering,' and that I may even make a web some day of what they have gathered.

[1] See Vol. XX. p. xxxiv.
[2] That is, his translation of the *Laws*.

"I am as yet, however, quite unable to write the smallest part of what I would fain say in grave answer to this most kind and thoughtful letter with which your Royal Highness encourages me to hope that I may some day obtain your help—if I yet live—in things which, alike in sickness and health, seem to me appointed for my main work under St. George and his Princes and Knights. I hope you have had at least one morning of good light for Carpaccio's chapel. Forgive—what I must as yet fail in, of better expression—and believe the unexpressed thanks, with which I remain

"Your Royal Highness's

"Faithful and affectionate servant,

"J. RUSKIN."

"BRANTWOOD, CONISTON, LANCASHIRE,
"1*st May*, 1878.

"MY DEAR HENRY,—I am getting round, I believe really. When I wrote last to you I felt so weak that I thought I should not last out April, but now I begin to think I'm good (or bad) for perhaps a May-day or two yet, after this.

"Nor am I much farther out of my wits than I always was, as far as I can judge myself. I passed through a threatening phase of humility, just after this illness left me, in that bodily weakness; but I begin to take heart of—I can't call it grace, I suppose, but of impudence again, and, as usual, begin to quarrel with my doctors first. I fancy poor John Simon went away yesterday thinking me worse than ever!

"I only write to-day, seriously, to tell you one thing of much importance to me (in case you are at any time writing to the Severns). You must not frighten Joan about me, nor think of her as able to make me do, and not do, what I am not myself disposed to do, or to leave undone. She was quite enough alarmed and shaken by my illness itself, and you, my good doctor-friends, must not put any further responsibility or anxiety on her. Her proper function is to amuse me, not to alarm—still less to be alarmed herself. I can't have her made nervous, so that she starts if I raise my voice, or thinks, if I lose my temper, that I am going to lose my wits again. I have lost my temper occasionally, before 1878, and am not likely to keep it always by me, iced and corked, even *through* 1878–1879; but the best chance of its remaining only pleasantly mousseux is in Joanie's cheerfulness. Please, therefore, send all SOLEMN orders to ME, not to her, and if I don't choose to obey, *she* can't make me.

"On the whole you will find me, I hope, as much impressed by

the fact of having passed two months in delirium as you would wish me to be. Some day, when I am stronger, I will tell you curious things of the time. You had a large part in the play yourself, as an *entirely tiresome Incredulous* person! and it greatly puzzles me to find any clue to this persistent course of imagination.

"Love to you all—though I'm even a crosser cricket[1] than I used to be, and have scarce a chirp left in me. But the flowers—oxalis and primroses with wood hyacinths—are to-day in my wood, enough to make an old stick chirp, let alone a cricket.

"Have you the English translation of Cuvier in sixteen volumes in the Museum Library?

"There are some 300 species of Ophidia in it (at a guess), and —*not* the Common Snake!!![2] which I believe I shall be the first to describe, and shall call it 'Serpens Professor.'

"Ever your loving J. R."

With what fortitude Ruskin set himself to resume the threads of his busy life—counting his mercies and seeking to "try and turn every hour to gold"[3]—we shall see when the story of his life is continued in the Introduction to a later volume. Here we need only so far anticipate the chronological order as to say, in connexion with the present volume, that the "quiet labour" which he felt to be necessary to him was at first chiefly found in studies of flowers. The first four parts of *Proserpina* (vol. i. chaps. i.–x.) had been published before his illness; the fifth appeared in January 1879; the sixth, completing the first volume, was issued in April 1879, and on February 6 in that year he noted in his diary that he was beginning work on the second volume. The publication of this was, however, prevented, partly by the interposition of quite other work (principally *The Bible of Amiens*), and then by a second illness which, at the beginning of 1881, again interrupted all his schemes. The first two parts of the second volume were issued early in 1882; but the book was then put aside, as his second Professorship at Oxford diverted him to other work. Two more parts of *Proserpina* followed in 1885 and 1886, but the writing of *Præterita* then intervened, and Ruskin's working days were destined to come to an end before the book on flowers was completed.

[1] A pet name for Ruskin in the Acland household.
[2] For Ruskin's study of snakes, see *Deucalion*, ii. ch. i. ("Living Waves").
[3] Entry in his diary for April 23, 1880.

"LOVE'S MEINIE"

First, however, in this volume come Ruskin's studies of Birds. The title of the book—*Love's Meinie*—is one of the author's happiest, if least obvious, thoughts in this kind; it has been called a poem in two words.[1] He explains it in the Preface, reminding the reader that "Meinie" is the old English word for "many," or an attendant company—as of bridesmaids round a bride, or servants of a master, or scholars of a teacher, or soldiers of a leader, or lords of a king. "A man that is at great costes in his house," says an old translation of Xenophon's *Economist*, "and can not gette as moche as will fynde hym and his meyny." "They summon'd up their meiney, straight took horse, commanded me to follow," says Kent in *King Lear* (Act ii. sc. 4, 35). "A meignye of sparrows," says a sixteenth-century writer in paraphrasing the Bible; while earlier writers apply the pretty phrase "God's meinie" both to the angels and to the poor as objects of His special care.[2] It is well to remember these uses of the word, as they must all have entered into Ruskin's play of fancy. But he was thinking chiefly, as he says (p. 13), of "the many" of living birds which attend upon the God of Love in the *Romaunt of the Rose;* with further thoughts of St. Francis and St. Bernard, and of the lovers' litany, in similitudes from the birds, in Juliet's orchard.

The poetry of Ruskin's title is significant of the spirit in which he approached the study of ornithology. He wished his pupils to look at birds and to love them, rather than to dissect or shoot them; to study their colours, their motions, their habits, rather than their anatomy; to study them alive and as they are, not dead and as they may once have been. This was his standpoint towards natural history generally. We have seen it already in *The Eagle's Nest;* and it should be remembered in reading all Ruskin's studies in the classification of birds, flowers, and minerals. His was "popular science," and science for artists; a science primarily of aspects, not the science of essences and origins. He speaks of himself as endeavouring "to deduce from the overwhelming complexity of modern classification in the Natural Sciences some forms capable of easier reference by Art students, to whom the anatomy of brutal and formal nature is often no less important than that of the human body."[3] His

[1] "Mr. Ruskin's Titles," by Mrs. E. T. Cook, in *Good Words*, July 1893.
[2] See Murray's *New English Dictionary*, whence I collect these instances. See also *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 28, § 14.
[3] Preface to *Aratra Pentelici*, Vol. XX. p. 197.