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ESSAYS AND
BELLES LETTRES

THE EVEN LAMPS OF
ARCHITECTURE WITH
AN INTRODUCTION
BY SELWYN IMAGE

INTRODUCTION

THE publisher and the editor of this new edition of *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* have asked me to write a short introduction to it. I take the invitation as a great compliment, none greater could have been paid me. I feel, however, that on my part some excuse is needed for what may seem a kind of impertinence in accepting it; for I am no architect, and there are many who knew Ruskin far more intimately than I knew him, and are more deeply read in his books than ever I may profess to be. But in the impressionable days of undergraduate life at Oxford it was he of all teachers who most affected me. Knowing and held by him first through the little volume of *Selections* from his writings, I afterwards had the privilege of becoming his pupil during his first tenure of the Slade Professorship in 1870. I attended all his lectures, and worked almost daily during term time in his school at The Tylorian. Well, I think I may say this: I revered and loved him, if ever a youth revered and loved his master. His spirit will forgive me, if since then other influences than his have told on me, and I am not to-day his disciple so exclusively as I was five-and-thirty years ago. But the debt I owe to his influence and teaching in that far-off time is inexpressible, and to-day not one jot of reverence and love is abated. The reader will forgive me this little piece of autobiography, and this frank confession. I intrude them on him merely to explain what justification in any measure I have for accepting the kind invitation given me to write this introduction.

It might be a curious, but it certainly would be hardly more than an idle exercise to attempt at this time of day a criticism of *The Seven Lamps* along the lines on which rightly it would have been criticized at its first appearance. In this, one of his earlier books, Ruskin deliberately set himself to influence the builders of his time to

certain immediate, practical, revolutionary results. And, as a matter of fact, he did influence them, directly as well as indirectly, for harm, it may be, as well as for good. But the fighting days of the Gothic revival are for us past history; and *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* we now read, and counsel others to read, not that they may learn to flout classic building and strive to refound themselves on thirteenth century gothic; but because of the great truths about all building, and about life in general, that are scattered up and down its pages—truths vital in this generation as in the early fifties, vital indeed for all time. In this introduction, therefore, to be plain at starting, I do not propose any detailed criticism of the book it introduces; but to essay a brief general appreciation of Ruskin as a teacher in art, and in other more important matters, as the significance of his work appears to me. A sufficient task even this, certainly, and one not capable of being completed adequately in the space at my disposal; yet to be attempted, I trust, not without the possibility of rendering some trifling service to my master's memory, and to those who know him but slightly, or to whom he is no more indeed than a famous name.

Now Ruskin was not only a voluminous writer, but the matters he dealt with were almost as various as are the interests of human life. This is one reason why a criticism, or, as we now-a-days call it, an appreciation of him is difficult. I suppose, however, that one may say, speaking roughly, that his work divides itself under two heads, his teaching about art and his teaching about social ethics. At any rate, beyond question, it is his teaching upon these matters which has given him his eminence in the world, given him, if I may use the expression in its proper sense, his *prophetic* eminence. His utterances upon other things, a hundred other things, are always interesting, always stimulating, always hitting some vital point, always eloquent; even if sometimes, there is no denying it, very wilful, at moments wilful to exasperation. But, after all, these are utterances by the way. The student of nature, for example, the lover of birds and

plants and minerals, of mountains and clouds, will find in Ruskin much about these marvellous and delightful things to be read and pondered on with profit—much which he can get indeed nowhere else, certainly not from professed scientific writers on these subjects. For, assuredly, to no one may be applied more fitly than to Ruskin that famous saying, "He touched nothing which he did not adorn." Yet it is not by these incursions into the regions of natural history, of natural phenomena, that Ruskin startled the world, arrested and moved it to new ideas, nay, actually to new practices. To the men of his own generation he stood pre-eminently for the great teacher of art. To the men of our generation he stands pre-eminently for a great teacher of the first, eternal principles of social economics, a preacher or prophet of righteousness—or, as he himself would have called it, justice. All else, assuredly, is by the way, though so much of it is illuminating, entrancing, invaluable. Still, by the way it is; and, therefore, in a measure negligible. But however much you may come to differ from Ruskin about art, yet, if you are meaning to be a serious, open-minded student of the thing, you cannot here ignore his teaching—it has to be reckoned with. Again, however much you may come to differ from him about, in its widest sense, political economy, yet, if you are meaning to be a serious, open-minded student of the thing, you cannot here ignore his teaching—it has to be reckoned with. Why is this? The answer is obvious. It is because his teaching about art, right or wrong, his teaching about political economy, right or wrong, have told on the world, have changed men's outlook on things, have set going new ideas and practices. We may like Ruskin's teaching on these grave matters, or we may dislike it; but, whichever be our choice, it has told. There is a fact over which there is no use trying to get. And, therefore, in dealing with these matters it is impossible for us to pass on as if he had never lived and taught.

I have drawn a sharp distinction between what Ruskin was to his own generation, and what he is to ours. The distinction is a real and an obvious one. Speaking

broadly, from the end of the forties to the beginning of the seventies Ruskin's influence as an authority on art was immense. Nor was it immense only in the region of artistic ideas. It was of a most practical kind; if I may put it coarsely, it told in terms of pounds, shillings, and pence. For he established living artists' reputations, and made men buy their work. He marred the reputation of many of the older masters, and rendered them unpopular, unsaleable. To have his imprimatur meant professional, financial success. If Ruskin applauded you, buyers flocked to your door. But more than this, and assuredly something much more important and lasting than this. He created around the whole subject of art in all its branches a new atmosphere. He aroused his generation into seeing, at any rate into professing to see, that art was not an affair of mere taste for the luxury of connoisseurs, but indeed an affair of deep, wide-spreading human concern for society at large. It was no longer to be regarded as an embellishment of life, but a thing necessary to redeem life from brutality, literally to make it *human* life. Unceasingly he insisted upon this with all the passionate eloquence at his command. No man before him had so passionately, so eloquently insisted on it. He was possessed by the fervour of the prophet on a matter which had not hitherto excited prophetic fervour. Serious artists there had been, of course, in plenty; and there had been serious writers upon art, now and again. But one may be rightly and profoundly serious over things, which yet can hardly be thought of as fundamental to the well-being of the commonwealth. And the new note which Ruskin struck was this, namely, that at all events art really was such a fundamental concern. He treated it with the intensity of conviction which hitherto had only been expended, say, on politics, or even upon religion itself. And the freshness of his ideas caught men's attention, their freshness and the eloquence with which they were propounded. His detractors sometimes make too much of Ruskin's eloquence, his unique magnificence of style, as if herein lay his virtue. That is not so. Yet beyond a doubt his eloquence did more

than half win the battle for him. It delighted, it startled, it was now seductive by reason of its delicate charm, now it swept men along by its impetuous grandeur, confounded them by its argumentative force, or thrilled them by its lofty appeal. You may like other styles better, you may think Ruskin's style too ornate, and even in consequence dislike it, but there is no denying that his mastery over language was consummate. Without such mastery, such originality of style, he would have told assuredly by reason of the originality of his ideas; but he would not have told so widely, or at least not so quickly. But, be assured of this, it was the ideas that worked the revolution. He had things vital to say, which were also things new to his generation. He was not merely, like the Hebrew prophet's description of himself, "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument." He was recognized as being possessed with a message. In the region of things artistic his message was, as I have said, this: that art was no longer to be regarded as an embellishment of life, but a thing necessary to its redemption from brutality, a thing necessary to make life human. It is no toy, he was for ever insisting, for the luxurious few, but an essential possession for the commonwealth at large.

How did he come to preach this doctrine? On what ground did he base it? We are not, for the moment, concerned with the rightness or the wrongness of his basis, but it is necessary that we should understand what it was. Nor are we left to guess at this, to deduce it generally from his writings. In the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, part ix. chap. i. § 7, he has himself shortly and plainly stated it for us. "In these books of mine," Ruskin here says, "their distinctive character, as essays on art, is their bringing everything to a root in human passion or human hope . . . every principle of painting which I have stated is traced to some vital or spiritual fact; and in my works on architecture the preference accorded finally to one school over another, is founded on a comparison of their influences on the life of the workman."

This single passage is sufficient for our purpose. Nothing can be clearer than it is; and again and again throughout his writings is the same note sounded. In his later writings indeed it grows louder; but from the first there it was, distinct enough for every one who had ears to hear. Well, it was a new note, and many did hear it. Advanced by Ruskin's passion and eloquence it threw a new light upon art, which could not be evaded even by his elders, and which to his own, the younger generation, seemed literally a redeeming light in the darkness. The conviction that art was a deeper and more widely penetrating thing, than the conventionality of the times had suspicion of, was not only an illumination, but an inspiring illumination, to eager and impetuous youth. It was teaching this that stirred them, as one may say, into the fervour of an artistic crusade. It appealed to their reverence, to their generosity. It opened before them a vision of such fundamental blessings for their own well-being, and the well-being of their fellows, as was impossible so long as art was only reckoned for one of the ornaments, luxuries, and largely indeed one of the trivialities, of leisured, well-to-do dilettanti.

Nor was this idea about art taught by Ruskin vaguely, with mere emotion and empty eloquence. He spoke as one having authority, the authority born of scholarship, experience, travel, knowledge, infinite and infinitely patient work of his own. When he made statements about painting or architecture he was as specific in his illustrations, even to minute detail, as a man could be. If he generalized, his generalizations were based upon particulars plainly set before you. There was no denying that he knew his subject thoroughly, and knew it at first hand. Quite apart from his eloquence and literary style, no contemporary writer on art had anything like his intimate acquaintance with the galleries and the buildings of England and the continent. With them all he was familiar to the finger-tips. He could overwhelm an opponent not merely with subtilty of wit, but with precision of detailed knowledge. And it was this that in no small measure established him. Further: if, in his own

language, he brought everything artistic to a root in human passion or human hope, he also set it forth as a plain intellectual conception—never indeed satisfied till he had effected this at whatever necessary length—never content to leave a matter in the vague region of fancy or emotion. Assuredly it was this detailed knowledge, this insistence upon clear-cut intellectual conceptions, which in large measure differentiated Ruskin's teaching from that of most other writers upon art, and made him prevail. For it must be remembered that he did prevail not merely amongst fanciful and emotional people, who had a turn for art to start with, but amongst hard-headed intellectual students, who had little or no turn for it. And this, certainly, he never would have done, if it had not been for his knowledge, wide and accurate, his power of intellectual analysis, his power of saying what he had got to say in the plain language of well-argued thought. The scholars and the philosophers might not agree with him; but they too, as well as the lovers of art, had to reckon with him, for he met them on their own ground, he himself as keen and subtle as they. When one thinks what Ruskin's passion, and emotion, and imagination were, it is amazing to see how hand in hand with these went cold analysis and plain statement of its results. In page after page even of his earlier writings is this surprising conjunction evident, and yet more evident was it as time went on.

To base one's teaching of art on the most universal, and therefore on the deepest emotions of human beings, to take it out of the region of luxuries into the region of necessities, to estimate much of its value not by the pleasure it bestows on the select possessor, but the good, or reverse of good, it works on its often unrecognized producer, is obviously again and again to be drawn away from the consideration of art into the consideration of questions of far wider significance—questions, indeed, not readily apprehended at first by the ordinary observer as having any relation to the specific matter in hand. In an omitted sentence of the quotation I have already given from *Modern Painters* Ruskin himself tells us of social

questions, which had for him an interest tenfold greater than the work he had been forced into undertaking. Even if this had not been so, his digressions into social questions would have been rendered inevitable by his fundamental theory of art; and when by his own confession these social questions were from the first the most absorbing of all questions to him, it is no wonder that more and more frequent became his digressions into them.

By 1860 his monumental works on art, *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*, *The Stones of Venice*, and *Modern Painters*, had been written and published; and that year saw the beginning of his first exclusive work on social economics in the articles which began to appear in *The Cornhill Magazine*, and were afterwards completed and published in the volume entitled, *Unto This Last*. From that time onward he gave us many volumes dealing more and more with such subjects; the series, if one may so say, coming to a head,—alas! also coming to a close, in the pamphlets, *Fors Clavigera*, issued during the seventies.

If earlier he had ruffled and exasperated some by his utterances upon art, their number was as nothing to those he ruffled and exasperated by his utterances on social economics. It was inevitable. His appeal here was to a wider audience upon matters which concerned them more closely than any having to do with painting or architecture. His teaching on matters social literally made men "rage horribly." For Ruskin now took upon himself the task of telling men of the world, in plain and trenchant language, how wrong they were in their conduct of its affairs, and how foolish for the most part were their accredited teachers on such subjects. The men of the world and their accredited teachers were beside themselves with contemptuous rage. In unmeasured terms they denounced Ruskin as one who had got wholly out of his element, and talked nonsense upon subjects about which he knew nothing; so that even the less savage of them maintained that he was little else than an eloquent, sentimental, impracticable cracked-brain.

With strange assurance, however, they upheld his supremacy as an oracle of art. "There lies his business," they cried, "and let him stick to it!" So little, indeed, for all their applause, nay even for all their submission, had they grasped the significance, the vital bearings of his teaching upon the one subject in which, perhaps in a sort of self-defence, they were still clamorous to proclaim his ascendancy.

Ruskin has now been dead these several years; and practically as a living teacher he has been removed from us almost a quarter of a century. The generation to whom he first spoke is nearly gone; those of the generation that followed it, and to whom he was directly so inspiring, illuminating a force both for art and life, are well on into middle age. How on the whole, and speaking generally, does Ruskin's teaching upon art and life appear to one of these, as he looks out upon the world now at the moment around him?

I may say at once, that it is still too soon finally to judge Ruskin's permanent influence either upon art or economics. So original, so exciting a teacher as he cannot be completely estimated, till the time he lived in, and so moved, has been long passed. The very fervency of such a teacher inevitably brings reaction, and judgment will only be justified when reaction itself has calmed down. It is impossible for men who were not, I will not say alive, but fairly started in life, when Ruskin was writing, to understand what gave him his influence. Why? Because they do not know at first hand, by actual experience, from what a condition of things he emancipated his contemporaries; they have themselves largely grown up into the emancipated order of things; and with new and different problems of their own to interest them, they not unnaturally undervalue the work done immediately before them; they are offended by its extravagances, are unappreciative of its virtues, and so inevitably criticize it falsely. For it is obvious that the environment of a teacher must be felt justly, if his teaching is to be judged justly.

Well, it will hardly be denied that at the present time

our fathers' estimate of Ruskin does not obtain. His books have an immense circulation with us, people are still students of them, his name stands as eminent as it ever stood, and even still rouses enthusiasm. But our fathers' estimation of him was based on their belief in him as an oracle of art; and as an oracle of art he no longer holds sway over us. His teaching about social economics, in the widest sense of the term, our fathers despised and vociferously cursed; to us of to-day it is as a prophet of life, a spiritual guide in the conduct of life, an inspirer of the fine, eternal principles and ideas which should shape this conduct, that he stands for a leader among men.

This revulsion of judgment is not unnatural, not a mere perverseness, not even a mere reaction. It is with social questions more than with any others that the present generation is concerned. From all appearances it is likely to be concerned with them for a good time yet. Old, conventional ideas about social life are all of them on their trial; and more and more is it being felt, not merely by theorists but by practical workers, that the problems they raise cannot be dealt with, so to say, by mechanical methods; but that their solution is only to be found in the frank recognition of men's moral and spiritual interests, in the understanding of these interests and their satisfaction. The apprehension of this fundamental fact, very widely at the present time spread amongst us, may not decrease our difficulties and differences, indeed it may largely accentuate them; but we are not for that reason inclined, any of us, to doubt its being a sound apprehension. About one thing at any rate we are all of us quite clear, that men cannot be dealt with as if they were machines. Their interests, the well-being of the state, the commonwealth, cannot be dealt with as if material concerns alone had to be studied and adjusted—as if, supposing them so adjusted, everything would be right, all else being merely negligible sentiment.

With these interests and this conviction more and more engaging us the force of such a teacher as Ruskin tells

upon us far more than it could tell upon a generation not so interested, not so convinced. To use a common expression, he answers to our changed needs. Even if we question or disagree with particular aspects and applications of his teaching, his spiritual insight and enthusiasm move and stimulate us; and, as he himself said, "in a science dealing with so subtle elements as those of human nature, it is only possible to answer for the final truth of principles, not for the direct success of plans . . . in the best of these last, what can be immediately accomplished is always questionable, and what can be finally accomplished, inconceivable." In these latter times no voice comparable in effectiveness to Ruskin's has been heard urging the practical indispensability of righteousness, or, as he himself would have called it, justice, if we are to understand this complex world of men, and make for its right settlement. Is it any wonder if we, who are alive to this indispensability, cannot be other than strangely sensitive to the magic of that voice, regarding what it has to tell us on these first of human interests as its utterances of highest value?

When we turn from Ruskin as a teacher of social questions to Ruskin as a teacher of art, here undoubtedly we find that his authority has waned. Art, quite legitimately from one point of view, may be looked on as a thing in and by itself; nay, on occasion it must be so looked at. Moreover, the problems with which art has to deal are constantly new problems. Now accomplished and exquisite artist as, within certain limits, Ruskin was, yet for Art regarded in and by itself he had little or no concern; and in respect of many artistic experiments or developments of his time he had neither insight, nor the patience to try and understand them. His particular judgments, therefore, upon certain artists and certain artistic movements were often prejudiced and wrong, the very intensity, indeed, with which he felt the value of such art as appealed to him constantly leading him into outrageous, and even absurd, denunciations of such as did not appeal to him. This lamentably violent narrowness made reaction from him, mistrust of him, quite inevitable; so

that not only much that he condemned came to be praised, but much that he praised came to be questioned and denied. Newer schools, too, towards which he was contemptuous or indifferent, but which wholly deserved neither contempt nor indifference—for largely they were genuine efforts in new directions—gathered around them many admirers, who revenged themselves upon Ruskin by treating him in turn with scant courtesy or justice. These facts are deplorable but true, and nothing is to be gained by ignoring them.

But though art must on occasion be regarded as a thing apart, regarded in and by itself—art, as the saying is, for the art's sake—yet such a conception of it is but a partial conception, and insisted upon too far readily becomes misleading and fatal. Since Ruskin's time it has been so insisted on often, and the fripperies, or worse than fripperies, which have resulted, are unspeakable. To put it plainly. Art is but one of our human interests, and these interests, all of them, are ultimately inseparable, interdependent. The artist after all is primarily a man, and in so far as he separates himself from the common duties and principles of his fellow-men, he does them wrong, and himself irreparable damage. Clearly did Ruskin see this, strenuously did he insist on it. It is one simple way of putting what was indeed the foundation of his teaching. And though partly, it may be allowed, through his own fault, partly through much brilliant impertinence in later artists and critics who have scorned him, the vital truth I here touch upon has lost hold on us, and Ruskin's teaching of it been flouted; yet in time we shall return to the truth, I am well assured, and be eager once again to give his due honour to this the most eloquent, the most powerful and stimulating, of its prophets.

SELWYN IMAGE.

The following is a list of Ruskin's published works :—

Ruskin wrote poetry and prose from his earliest years; among his early prose productions is a Diary, kept regularly from the age of seven.—His first printed writings were contributions to the "Magazine of Natural History," 1834-6, and poems in "Friend-

ship's Offering," 1835. His prize poem, "Salsette and Elephanta," was delivered at Oxford in 1839.

The first of his works to be published in book form was Vol. I. of "Modern Painters," 1843; second edition, 1844; third edition, 1846—later ones followed; Vol. II., 1846; Vol. III., 1856; Vol. IV., 1856; Vol. V., 1860. Selections from "Modern Painters" have been published under the titles of "Frondes Agrestes," 1875; "In Montibus Sanctis," 1884; "Coeli Enarrant," 1885.

"Seven Lamps of Architecture," 1849; second edition, 1855. "The Scythian Guest," 1849 (from "Friendship's Offering"); "Poems," 1850 (from "Friendship's Offering," "Amaranth," "London Monthly Miscellany," "Keepsake," Heath's "Book of Beauty," with others not previously printed). "Stones of Venice," Vol. I., 1851; second edition, 1858; Vol. II., 1853; second edition, 1867; Vol. III., 1853; second edition, 1867. (Selections from this work have been published in several editions.) "The King of the Golden River," 1851; "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds," 1851; "Examples of the Architecture of Venice," 1851; "Pre-Raphaelitism," 1851; "The National Gallery," 1852; "Giotto and his works in Padua," 3 parts, 1853, 1854, 1860; "Lectures on Architecture and Painting," 1854, 1855; "The Opening of the Crystal Palace," 1854; Pamphlet for the preservation of Ancient Buildings and Landmarks, 1854; "Notes on the Royal Academy," No. I., 1855 (three editions); No. II., 1856 (six editions); No. III. (four editions), 1857 (two editions); Nos. IV., V. and VI., 1858, 1859, 1875; "The Harbours of England," 1856, 1857, 1859; "Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," 1856-7 (several editions in 1857); "Catalogue of the Turner Sketches in the National Gallery," 1857 (two editions); "Catalogue of Turner's Drawings," 1857-8; "The Elements of Drawing," 1857 (two editions); "The Political Economy of Art," 1857, published in 1880 as "A Joy for Ever"; "Inaugural Addresses at the Cambridge School of Art," 1858; "The Geology of Chamouni," 1858; "The Oxford Museum," 1859; "The Unity of Art," 1859; "The Two Paths," 1859; "Elements of Perspective," 1859; "Tree Twigs," 1861; "Catalogue of Turner Drawings presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum," 1861; "Unto this Last," 1862 (from the "Cornhill Magazine"); "Forms of the Stratified Alps of Savoy," 1863; "The Queen's Gardens," 1864; "Sesame and Lilies," 1865 (two editions); "The Ethics of the Dust," 1866; "The Crown of Wild Olive," 1866 (two editions); "War," 1866; "Time and Tide," 1867; "Leoni, a legend of Italy," 1868 (from "Friendship's Offering"); "Notes on the Employment of the Destitute and Criminal Classes," 1868; "References to Paintings in illustration of Flamboyant Architecture," 1869; "The Mystery of Life and its Arts" (afternoon lectures), 1869; "The Queen of the Air," 1869 (two editions); "The Future of England," 1870; "Samuel Prout," 1870 (from "The Art Journal"); "Verona and its Rivers,"

1870; "Lectures on Art," 1870; "Drawings and Photographs illustrative of the Architecture of Verona," 1870; "Fors Clavigera," 1871-84; "Munera Pulveris," 1872; "Aratra Pentelici," 1872; "Instructions in Elementary Drawing," 1872; "The Relation between Michael Angelo and Tintoret," 1872; "The Eagle's Nest," 1872; "Monuments of the Cavalli Family," 1872; "The Nature and Authority of Miracle" (from the "Contemporary Review"), 1873; "Val D'Arno," 1874; "Mornings in Florence" (in parts), 1875-7; "Proserpina" (in parts), 1875-86; Vol. I., 1879; "Deucalion" (in parts), 1875-1883; Vol. I., 1879; Vol. II. (two parts only), 1880, 1883; "Ariadne Fiorentina," 1876; "Letters to the 'Times' on Pre-Raphaelite Pictures in the Exhibition of 1854," 1876; "Yewdale and its Streamlets," 1877; "St. Mark's Rest" (3 parts), 1877-9, 1884; "Guide to Pictures in the Academy of Arts, Venice," 1877; "Notes on the Turner Exhibition," 1878; "The Laws of Fesole" (four parts, 1877-8), 1879; "Notes on the Prout and Hunt Exhibition," 1879-80; "Circular respecting the Memorial Studies at St. Mark's," 1879-80; "Letters to the Clergy" (Lord's Prayer and the Church), 1879, 1880; "Arrows of the Chace," 2 vols., 1880; "Elements of English Prosody," 1880; "The Bible of Amiens," 1884 (first published in parts); "Love's Meinie" (Lectures delivered at Oxford, 1873-81), 1881; "Catalogue of Drawings and Sketches by Turner in the National Gallery," 1881; "Catalogue of Silicious Minerals at St. David's School, Reigate," 1883; "The Art of England," 1884 (originally published as separate lectures); "The Storm Cloud of the Nineteenth Century," 1884; "Catalogue of Specimens of Silica in the British Museum," 1884; "Catalogue of Minerals given to Kirkcudbright Museum," 1884; "The Pleasures of England" (Lectures delivered), 1884-5; "On the Old Road," 2 vols., 1885; "Præterita," 3 vols., 1885-9; "Dilecta," 1886-87; "Hortus Inclusus," 1887; "Ruskiniana," 1890-92; "Poems" (Complete edition), 1891; "Poetry of Architecture," 1892 (from the "Architectural Magazine").

"Stray Letters to a London Bibliophile," 1892; "Letters upon Subjects of General Interest to various Correspondents," 1892; "Letters to William Ward," 1893; "Letters addressed to a College Friend," 1894; Separate Collections of Letters, edited by T. J. Wise, were published 1894, 1895, 1896, and 1897; "Letters to Charles Eliot Norton," edited by C. E. Norton, 1897; "Lectures on Landscape," 1897; "Letters to Mary and Helen Gladstone," 1903.

Most of Ruskin's contributions to Periodical Literature have been republished in "On the Old Road."

Works, in eleven volumes, 1871-83; Library Edition, edited by E. T. Cook and A. Wedderburn, 1903, etc.

For Life, see W. G. Collingwood: "John Ruskin, a Biographical Outline," 1889; "Life and Work of John Ruskin," 1893; "Life of John Ruskin," 1900; Frederic Harrison: "Englishmen of Letters," 1902.

PREFACE

THE memoranda which form the basis of the following Essay have been thrown together during the preparation of one of the sections of the third volume of *Modern Painters*.¹ I once thought of giving them a more expanded form; but their utility, such as it may be, would probably be diminished by farther delay in their publication, more than it would be increased by greater care in their arrangement. Obtained in every case by personal observation, there may be among them some details valuable even to the experienced architect; but with respect to the opinions founded upon them I must be prepared to bear the charge of impertinence which can hardly but attach to the writer who assumes a dogmatical tone in speaking of an art he has never practised. There are, however, cases in which men feel too keenly to be silent, and perhaps too strongly to be wrong; I have been forced into this impertinence; and have suffered too much from the destruction or neglect of the architecture I best loved, and from the erection of that which I cannot love, to reason cautiously respecting the modesty of my opposition to the principles which have induced the scorn of the one, or directed the design of the other. And I have

¹ The inordinate delay in the appearance of that supplementary volume has, indeed, been chiefly owing to the necessity under which the writer felt himself, of obtaining as many memoranda as possible of mediæval buildings in Italy and Normandy, now in process of destruction, before that destruction should be consummated by the Restorer, or Revolutionist. His whole time has been lately occupied in taking drawings from one side of buildings, of which masons were knocking down the other; nor can he yet pledge himself to any time for the publication of the conclusion of *Modern Painters*; he can only promise that its delay shall not be owing to any indolence on his part.

been the less careful to modify the confidence of my statements of principles, because, in the midst of the opposition and uncertainty of our architectural systems, it seems to me that there is something grateful in any *positive* opinion, though in many points wrong, as even weeds are useful that grow on a bank of sand.

Every apology is, however, due to the reader for the hasty and imperfect execution of the plates. Having much more serious work in hand, and desiring merely to render them illustrative of my meaning, I have sometimes very completely failed even of that humble aim; and the text, being generally written before the illustration was completed, sometimes naïvely describes as sublime or beautiful, features which the plate represents by a blot. I shall be grateful if the reader will in such cases refer the expressions of praise to the Architecture, and not to the illustration.

So far, however, as their coarseness and rudeness admit, the plates are valuable; being either copies of memoranda made upon the spot, or (Plates IX. and XI.) enlarged and adapted from Daguerreotypes, taken under my own superintendence. Unfortunately, the great distance from the ground of the window which is the subject of Plate IX. renders even the Daguerreotype indistinct; and I cannot answer for the accuracy of any of the mosaic details, more especially of those surrounding the window, which I rather imagine, in the original, to be sculptured in relief. The general proportions are, however, studiously preserved; the spirals of the shafts are counted, and the effect of the whole is as near that of the thing itself, as is necessary for the purposes of illustration for which the plate is given. For the accuracy of the rest I can answer, even to the cracks in the stones, and the number of them; and though the looseness of the drawing, and the picturesque character which is necessarily given by an endeavour to draw old buildings as they actually appear, may perhaps diminish their credit for architectural veracity, they will do so unjustly.

The system of lettering adopted in the few instances