

Supplementary Texts

From “Notes on Pictures in Milan, Padua and Venice” (1845)¹

Boccacino Cremonese.² An interesting luminous picture[:] Madonna & Christ[,] St John B.[,] St Peter, St Catherine, & I believe St Lucia. The countenance lifted, very deep in tearful feeling. The Madonna also fine in intense meditative regardfulness. The colours are somewhat crude, but delicate, the distance cold, but sweetly touched in[:] the distance is seen *twice over*, so as to give the diminution of figures as they go away[:] the flight into Egypt, and on the right, the three Magi or Kings rather riding down a green meadow. Far on the extreme left on a rocky hill are seen the Shepherds lifting their hands to their forehead to shade themselves from the light of the white angels in the blue clear sky. Note this anachronism to get the feeling perfect. The herbage trees & figleaves most exquisitely painted, warm & precious in thin & brown greens and perfectly graceful.

From *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 20 (August 1872) “Benediction”³

[Carpaccio’s *Dream of St Ursula* is instanced in illustration of the “nature of blessedness”.]

14. In the year 1869, just before leaving Venice, I had been carefully looking at a picture by Victor Carpaccio, representing the dream of a young princess.⁴ Carpaccio has taken much

pains to explain to us, as far as he can, the kind of life she leads, by completely painting her little bedroom in the light of dawn,⁵ so that you can see everything in it. It is lighted by two doubly-arched windows, the arches being painted crimson round their edges, and the capitals of the shafts that bear them, gilded. They are filled at the top with small round panes of glass; but beneath, are open to the blue morning sky, with a low lattice across them: and in the one at the back of the room are set two beautiful white Greek vases with a plant in each; one having rich dark and pointed green leaves, the other crimson flowers, but not of any species known to me, each at the end of a branch like a spray of heath.⁶

These flower-pots stand on a shelf which runs all round the room, and beneath the window, at about the height of the elbow, and serves to put things on anywhere: beneath it, down to the floor, the walls are covered with green cloth; but above, are bare and white. The second window is nearly opposite the bed, and in front of it is the princess's reading-table [fig. 40], some two feet and a half square, covered by a red cloth with a white border and dainty fringe; and beside it her seat, not at all like a reading-chair in Oxford, but a very small three-legged stool like a music-stool, covered with crimson cloth. On the table are a book set up at a slope fittest for reading, and an hour-glass. Under the shelf, near the table, so as to be easily reached by the outstretched arm, is a press full of books. The door of this has been left open, and the books, I am grieved to say, are rather in disorder, having been pulled about before the princess went to bed, and one left standing on its side.

Opposite this window, on the white wall, is a small shrine or picture (I can't see which, for it is in sharp retiring perspective) with a lamp before it, and a silver vessel hung from the lamp, looking like one for holding incense.⁷

15. The bed is a broad four-poster, the posts being beautifully wrought golden or gilded rods, variously wreathed and branched, carrying a canopy of warm

red. The princess's shield is at the head of it, and the feet are raised entirely above the floor of the room, on a dais which projects at the lower end so as to form a seat, on which the child has laid her crown. Her little blue slippers lie at the side of the bed, – her white dog beside them. The coverlid is scarlet, the white sheet folded half-way back over it; the young girl lies straight, bending neither at waist nor knee, the sheet rising and falling over her in a narrow unbroken wave, like the shape of the coverlid of the last sleep, when the turf scarcely rises. She is some seventeen or eighteen years old,⁸ her head is turned towards us on the pillow, the cheek resting on her hand, as if she were thinking, yet utterly calm in sleep, and almost colourless. Her hair is tied with a narrow riband, and divided into two wreaths, which encircle her head like a double crown. The white nightgown hides the arm raised on the pillow, down to the wrist.

16. At the door of the room an angel enters (the little dog, though lying awake, vigilant, takes no notice).⁹ He is a very small angel, his head just rises a little above the shelf round the room, and would only reach as high as the princess's chin, if she were standing up. He has soft grey wings, lustreless; and his dress, of subdued blue, has violet sleeves, open above the elbow, and showing white sleeves below. He comes in without haste, his body, like a mortal one, casting shadow from the light through the door behind,¹⁰ his face perfectly quiet; a palm-branch in his right hand – a scroll in his left.¹¹

So dreams the princess, with blessed eyes, that need no earthly dawn. It is very pretty of Carpaccio to make her dream out the angel's dress so particularly, and notice the slashed sleeves; and to dream so little an angel – very nearly a doll angel, – bringing her the branch of palm, and message. But the lovely characteristic of all is the evident delight of her continual life. Royal power over herself, and happiness in her flowers, her books, her sleeping, and waking, her prayers, her dreams, her earth, her heaven [...]



Figure 40

John Wharltton Bunney, after Vittore Carpaccio, *Corner of St Ursula's Room, including her Book Case* (from *The Dream of St Ursula*). 1876-77

[For the contrary of blessedness – “life negative, under curse” – Ruskin opposes the memory of the two American girls with whom he had shared a railway carriage on his return from Venice to Verona. Though “specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood” they were creatures of “tortured indolence”, oblivious to the beauty and poetic associations of the landscape through which they were passing. Unlike Ursula, they were “neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers”. Above all, they knew nothing of “happy industry”, nor of “sacred imagination of things that are not”.]

“How do I know the princess is industrious?”

Partly by the trim state of her room, – by the hour-glass on the table, – by the evident use of all the books she has (well bound, every one of them, in stoutest leather or velvet, and with no dog’s-ears), but more distinctly from another picture of her, not asleep.¹² In that one, a prince of England has sent to ask her in

marriage: and her father, little liking to part with her, sends for her to his room to ask her what she would do. He sits, moody and sorrowful; she, standing before him in a plain housewifely dress, talks quietly, going on with her needlework all the time.¹³

A work-woman, friends, she, no less than a princess; and princess most in being so [...]

From *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 71 (November 1876) “The Feudal Ranks”¹⁴

[Ruskin doubts his readers *could*, like Carpaccio, wish a Princess such as Ursula had really existed, as they so little understand what a Princess, or indeed what the Feudal System is. He duly explains this last to them, moving from its basis in the landed household up through each dual (temporal/spiritual) rank to the “King of Kings, and Ruler of Empires” at its summit, noting however that because His Essence is not to be found or stayed by modern methods, the Feudal System is “verily at an end”.]

12. In the meantime, however, you can now clearly understand the significance, in that system, of the word Princess, meaning a King’s daughter, bred in such ways and knowledges as may fit her for dominion over nations. And thus you can enjoy, if otherwise in a humour for its enjoyment, the story of the Princess Ursula, here following, – though for the present you may be somewhat at a loss to discern the practical bearings of it; which, however, if you will note that the chief work of the Princess is to convert the savage minds of the “English”, or people of Over-sea, from the worship of their god “Malcometto”, to

the “rule of St. John the Baptist”, – you may guess to be in some close connection with the proposed “practice” of St. George’s Company;¹⁵ not less, indeed, than the functions of Carpaccio’s other two chiefly worshipped saints.¹⁶

13. The legends of St. Ursula, which were followed by him, have been collated here at Venice, and reduced to this pleasant harmony, in true help to me, by my good scholar James Reddie Anderson.¹⁷ For whose spirit thus active with us, no less than for the spirit, at rest, of the monk who preserved the story for us, I am myself well inclined to say another Pater and Ave.¹⁸

THE STORY OF ST. URSULA^a

There was once a just and most Christian King of Britain, called Maurus.¹⁹ To him and to his wife Daria was born a little girl, the fairest creature that this earth ever saw. She came into the world wrapped in a hairy mantle, and all men wondered greatly what this might mean. Then the King gathered together his wise men to inquire of them. But they could not make known the thing to him, for only God in Heaven knew how the rough robe signified that she should follow holiness and purity all her days, and the wisdom of St. John the Baptist. And because of the mantle, they called her “Ursula”, “Little Bear”.

Now Ursula grew day by day in grace and loveliness, and in such wisdom that all men marvelled. Yet should they not have marvelled, since with God all things are possible. And when she was fifteen years old she was a light of all wisdom, and a glass of all beauty, and a fountain of scripture and of sweet ways. Lovelier woman there was not alive. Her speech was so full of all delight that it seemed as though an angel of Paradise had taken human flesh. And in all the kingdom no weighty thing was done without counsel of Ursula.

So her fame was carried through the earth, and a king of England, a heathen of over-seas, hearing, was taken with the love of her. And he set all his heart on having her for wife to his son Æther, and for daughter in his home. So he sent a mighty and honourable embassy, of earls and marquesses, with goodly company of knights, and ladies, and philosophers; bidding them, with all courtesy and discretion, pray King Maurus to give Ursula in marriage to Æther. “But”, he said, “if Maurus will not hear your gentle words, open to him all my heart, and tell him that I will ravage his land with fire, and slay his people, and make himself die a cruel death, and will, after, lead Ursula away with me. Give him

but three days to answer, for I am wasted with desire to finish the matter, and hold Ursula in my ward.”

But when the ambassadors came to King Maurus, he would not have his daughter wed a heathen; so, since prayers and gifts did not move him, they spoke out all the threats. Now the land of Britain was little, and its soldiers few, while the heathen was a mighty King and a conqueror; so Maurus, and his Queen, and his councillors, and all the people, were in sore distress.

But on the evening of the second day, Ursula went into her chamber, and shut close the doors; and before the image of the Father, who is very pitiful, prayed all night with tears, telling how she had vowed in her heart to live a holy maiden all her days, having Christ alone for spouse. But, if His will were that she should wed the son of the heathen King, she prayed that wisdom might be given her, to turn the hearts of all that people who knew not faith nor holiness; and power to comfort her father and mother, and all the people of her fatherland.

And when the clear light of dawn was in the air, she fell asleep. And the Angel of the Lord appeared to her in a dream, saying, “Ursula, your prayer is heard. At the sunrising you shall go boldly before the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea, for the God of Heaven shall give you wisdom, and teach your tongue what it should speak.”²⁰ When it was day, Ursula rose to bless and glorify the name of God. She put on for covering and for beauty an enwrought mantle like the starry sky, and was crowned with a coronet of gems. Then, straightway passing to her father’s chamber, she told him what grace had been done to her that night, and all that now was in her heart to answer to the ambassadors of Over-sea. So, though long he would not, she persuaded her father.

^a This Life of St. Ursula has been gathered from some of the stories concerning her which were current through Italy in the time of Carpaccio. The northern form of the legend, localized at Cologne, is neither so lovely nor so ancient.

Then Maurus, and his lords and councillors, and the ambassadors of the heathen King, were gathered in the Hall of Council. And when Ursula entered the place where these lords were, one said to the other, "Who is this that comes from Paradise?" For she moved in all noble gentleness, with eyes inclined to earth, learned, and frank, and fair, delightful above all women upon earth. Behind her came a hundred maidens, clothed in white silk, fair and lovely. They shone brightly as the stars, but Ursula shone as the moon and the evening star.

Now this was the answer Ursula made, which the King caused to be written, and sealed with the royal seal, and gave to the ambassadors of the King of Over-sea.

"I will take", she said, "for spouse, Æther, the son of my lord the King of Over-sea. But I ask of my lord three graces, and with heart and soul^b²¹ pray of him to grant them.

"The first grace I ask is this, that he, and the Queen, and their son, my spouse, be baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit.

"The second grace is that three years may be given me, before the bridal, in which to go to and fro upon the sea, that I may visit the bodies of the Saints in Rome, and the blessed places of the Holy Land.

"And for the last grace, I ask that he choose ten fair maidens of his kingdom, and with each of these a thousand more, all of gentle blood, who shall come to me here, in Britain, and go with me in gladness upon the sea, following this my holy pilgrimage."

Then spake one of the nobles of the land to Maurus, saying, "My lord the King, this your daughter is the Dove of Peace come from Paradise, the same that in the days of the Flood brought to the Ark of Noah the olive-branch of good news." And at the answer, were the ambassadors so full of joy that they well-nigh could not speak, and with praise and triumph they went their way, and told their master all the sweet answer of Ursula.

Then my lord the King said, "Praised and blessed be the name of our God Malcometto, who has given my soul for comfort that which it desired. Truly there is not a franker lady under the wheel of the sun; and by the body of my mother I swear there is nothing she can ask that I will not freely give. First of the maidens she desires shall be my daughter Florence." Then all his lords rose, man by man, and gladly named, each, his child.

So the will of Ursula was done; and that King, and all his folk, were baptized into the Holy Faith. And Æther, with the English maidens, in number above ten thousand, came to the land of Britain.

Then Ursula chose her own four sisters, Habila, and Julia, and Victoria, and Aurea, and a thousand daughters of her people, with certain holy bishops, and great lords, and grave councillors, and an abbot of the order of St. Benedict, men full of all wisdom, and friends of God.

So all that company set sail in eleven ships, and passing this way and that upon the sea, rejoiced in it, and in this their maiden pilgrimage. And those who dwelt by the shores of the sea came forth in multitudes to gaze upon them as they passed, and to each man it appeared a delightful vision. For the ships sailed in fair order, side by side, with sound of sweet psalms and murmur of the waters. And the maidens were clad, some in scarlet and some in pure samite, some in rich silk of Damascus, some in cloth of gold and some in the purple robe that is woven in Judea. Some wore crowns, others garlands of flowers. Upon the shoulder of each was the visible cross, in the hands of each a pilgrim's staff, by their sides were pilgrims' scrips, and each ship's company sailed under the gonfalon of the Holy Cross. Ursula in the midst was like a ray of sunlight, and the Angel of the Lord was ever with them for guide.

So in the holy time of Lent they came to Rome. And when my Lord the Pope came forth, under the Castle of St. Angelo,²² with great state, to greet them, seeing their

^b Molto incarnalmente.

blessed assembly, he put off the mantle of Peter, and with many bishops, priests, and brothers, and certain cardinals, set himself to go with them on their blessed pilgrimage.²³

At length they came to the land of Slavonia, whose ruler was friend and liegeman to the Soldan of Babylon.²⁴ Then the Lord of the Saracens sent straightway to the Soldan, telling what a mighty company had come to his land, and how they were Christian folk. And the Soldan gathered all his men of war, and with great rage the host of the heathen made against the company of Ursula.

And when they were nigh, the Soldan cried and said, "What folk are ye?" And Ursula spake in answer, "We are Christian folk: our feet are turned to the blessed tomb of our Lord Jesus Christ, for the saving of our souls, and that we may win grace to pass into eternal life, in the blessed Paradise." And the Soldan answered, "Either deny your God, or I will slay you all with the sword. So shall ye die a dolorous death, and see your land no more." And Ursula answered, "Even so we desire to be sure witnesses for the name of God, declaring and preaching the glory of His name; because He has made heaven and earth and the sea by His Word; and afterward all living things; and afterward has willed, Himself, to die, for our salvation and glory. And who follows Him shall go to rejoice in His Fatherland and in His Kingdom."

Then she turned to her people: "My sisters and my brothers, in this place God has given us great grace. Embrace and make it sure, for our death in this place will be life perpetual, and joy, and sweetness never-ending. And there, above, we shall be with the Majesty and the angels of Paradise." Then she called her spouse to comfort and teach him. And he answered her with these words, "To me it appears three thousand years that death is a-coming, so much have I already tasted of the sweetness of Paradise."

Then the Soldan gave commandment that they should all be slain with the sword. And so was it done.

Yet when he saw Ursula standing, in the midst of all that slaughter, like the fairest stalk of corn in harvest, and

how she was exceeding lovely, beyond the tongues of this earth to tell, he would have saved her alive, and taken her for wife. But when she would not, and rebuked him, he was moved with anger. Now there was a bow in his hand, and he set an arrow on the string, and drew it with all his strength, and it pierced the heart of the glorious maiden. So she went to God.

And one maiden only, whose name was Corbula, through fear hid herself in the ship. But God, who had chosen all that company, gave her heart, and with the dawn of the next day she came forth willingly, and received the martyr's crown.

Thus all were slain, and all are gone to Paradise, and sing the glad and sweet songs of Paradise.

Whosoever reads this holy history, let him not think it a great thing to say an Our Father, and a Hail Mary, for the soul of him who has written it.

14. Thus far the old myth. You shall hear now in what manner such a myth is re-written by a great man, born in the days of a nation's strength.

Carpaccio begins his story with what the myth calls a dream. But he wishes to tell you that it was no dream, – but a vision; – that a real angel came, and was seen by Ursula's soul, when her mortal eyes were closed.

"The Angel of the Lord", says the legend. What! – thinks Carpaccio; – to this little maid of fifteen, the angel that came to Moses and Joshua? Not so, but her own guardian angel.

Guardian, and to tell her that God will guide her heart to-morrow, and put His own answer on her lips, concerning her marriage. Shall not such angel be crowned with light, and strew her chamber with lilies?

There is no glory round his head; there is no gold on his robes; they are of subdued purple and grey. His wings are colourless – his face calm, but sorrowful, – wholly in shade. In his right hand he bears the martyr's palm; in his

left, the fillet borne by the Greek angels of victory, and, together with it, gathers up, knotted in his hand, the folds of shroud^c with which the Etrurians veil the tomb.

He comes to her, “in the clear light of morning”; the Angel of Death.

You see it is written in the legend that she had shut close the doors of her chamber.²⁵

They have opened as the angel enters, – not one only, but all in the room, – all in the house. He enters by one at the foot of her bed; but beyond it is another – open into the passage; out of that another into some luminous hall or street. All the window-shutters are wide open; they are made dark that you may notice them, – nay, all the press doors are open! No treasure bars shall hold, where *this* angel enters.

Carpaccio has been intent to mark that he comes in the light of dawn. The blue-green sky glows between the dark leaves of the olive and dianthus in the open window.²⁶ But its light is low compared to that which enters *behind* the angel, falling full on Ursula’s face, in divine rest.

In the last picture but one, of this story,²⁷ he has painted her lying in the rest which the angel came to bring; and in the last,²⁸ is her rising in the eternal Morning.

For this is the first lesson which Carpaccio wrote in his Venetian words for the creatures of this restless world, – that Death is better than *their* life; and that not bride-groom rejoices over bride²⁹ as they rejoice who marry not, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God, in Heaven.³⁰

From *Collected Notes on Some of the Pictures in the St George’s Museum Sheffield (1876-77)*³¹

[Ruskin compares Charles Fairfax Murray’s copy of a detail from Carpaccio’s *The Arrival of the Ambassadors* (cat. 572 [MM1955, 95]), in which St Ursula is seen in conversation with her father, with another, also by Murray, of Filippo Lippi’s *Virgin and Child* in the Uffizi (CGSG 00768; CGSG 00292). The Lippi was another of the four “Lesson Photographs” issued to readers of *FC* (see “Part II”, n. 20). These two watercolours were the first pictures sent by Ruskin (in January 1877) to St George’s Museum in Sheffield (J. Ruskin, *Diary*, 13 January 1877, TS, BodL MSS Eng. Misc. c. 229, 72; *Works*, 30: 160; Tucker 2020a). These illustrative notes would seem to have been written at that time. For Ruskin the Lippi, of the Purist school, “represents the highest reach of pure or ideal religious art, next to Angelico”, the Carpaccio, of the Naturalist, “the highest reach of religious art, accepting”, as was habitual in Venice, “the weakness of human nature, believing in it, abiding by it, and becoming greater therefrom”. Carpaccio’s “natural charm of conception” and “simplicity of execution” meant that Murray’s copy could give “nearly as much pleasure” as the original, in its absence.]

^c I could not see this symbol at the height at which the picture hung from the ground, when I described it in 1872 [see above, 131-4]. The folds of the drapery in the *hand* are all but invisible, even when the picture is seen close; and so neutral in their grey-green colour that they pass imperceptibly into violet, as the faint green of evening sky fades into its purple. But the folds are continued under the wrist in the alternate waves which the reader may see on the Etruscan tomb in the first room of the British Museum, with a sculpturesque severity which I could not then understand, and could only account for by supposing that Carpaccio had meant the Princess to “dream out the angel’s dress so particularly”! I mistook the fillet of victory also for a scroll; and could not make out the flowers in the window. They are pinks, the favourite ones in Italian windows to this day, and having a particular relation to St. Ursula in the way they rend their calyx; and I believe also in their peculiar relation to the grasses (of which more in *Proserpina*). St. Ursula is not meant, herself, to recognize the angel. He enters under the door over which she has put her little statue of Venus; and through that door the room is filled with light, so that it will not seem to her strange that his own form, as he enters, should be in shade; and she cannot see his dark wings. On the tassel of her pillow (Etrurian also) is written “Infantia”; and above her head, the carving of the bed ends in a spiral flame, typical of the finally ascending Spirit. She lies on her bier, in the last picture but one [cat. 580 (MM 1955, 102)], exactly as here on her bed; only the coverlid is there changed from scarlet to pale violet. See notes on the meaning of these colours in third *Deucalion* [*Works*, 26: 184, 187].

2. Note first on the Carpaccio [fig. 41] the princess's hands are unfinished in form (being terrifically difficult).³² The delicacy of their colour in flat shadow, against white in shadow, is one of the special achievements of the art of Venice, as opposed to the black vulgarities of Roman chiaroscuro.

Her hair, twisted into a cable, with pearls, is a specially Venetian manner of head-dress, retained by true Venetian women to this day, without knowing the origin of it, which I do not doubt was the successful defence of Aquileia (the true mother city of Venice), in the third century, against the Emperor Maximin. Rope was wanting for the war machines, and there was not hemp enough; the women cut off their long hair, and made ropes of that. They dedicated (when the city was saved) an altar to Bald Venus;³³ and I have no doubt that not only this head-dress, but the cable-mouldings, which I used to think merely an imitation of the shipping tackle,³⁴ was influenced in its *close-wrung* form, as opposed to the graceful opened Lombardic spiral, by this tradition.

The black square behind the head³⁵ is the mythic symbol that while she puts the marriage ring on her finger,³⁶ the wedding is to death. Such another black space is put behind the head of the angel in her dream.

But the Venetian colourists always use black in larger spaces than the Florentines, being more sad and more earthly in their temper.³⁷ In order to show you this difference in these two pictures completely, it would have been needful that the shade of Lippi's landscape, exquisitely finished in the original, should have been rightly rendered in the copy; but it is here that the copy chiefly fails, for this landscape distance would have taken as much time and trouble to paint as the figures. Mr. Murray has been obliged to paint it hastily, and has not been successful in the haste.

The soft grey-green colour of it, and the more or less green tone through the whole, still more definite in the original, as opposed to the rich red and gold of the

Venetian, lead to many interesting points of inquiry, of which here are a few touched upon in my *Laws of Fésolé*.³⁸

3. The colour schools of Italy are in the main three, all dependent essentially, first on locality, and secondly on the national habits of life. These three schools are the Sienese, Florentine, and Venetian.

The first is developed in a red sandstone and clay country, with exquisite and almost miraculous springs of pure water.

The second in a white marble and green serpentine country, with clear-flowing mountain streams, but a muddy main river.

The third in a red marble and white dolomite country, with a great plain extending below it to the sea, traversed by muddy rivers.

4. The result on their art is, first, that red is despised by the Sienese as a sand-and-clay colour, good in pots, not pictures; but that green is rejoiced in by them as the supreme blessing of the earth in spring. They cannot have enough of it, and seriously injure their painting by excess of it.

The second result, for the Florentine, is the founding of his architecture on the opposition of white to green marble, with red inlaid as a glowing luxury. These, with the blue of the sky between his olive leaves, found his Etruscan school of colour, which was suddenly kindled by Giotto into glow, as of St. Francis's chariot of fire, and carried by Angelico into the colours of Paradise. But it is always liable to be subdued, when not in its full enthusiasm, towards tones of white and green, partially degraded by the earthly school of Siena.

The third result, for the Venetian, is his founding his architecture on the opposition of red and white marble,³⁹ taking up red as a precious, yet constant, colour of domestic power and life, with an exquisitely deep blue, founded on the colour of his distant mountains and plains, and of the Eastern sea; but on the whole rejecting green, as the colour of shallow, vulgar, or angry sea, and, in his own home, the colour of the street pavement, not worth painting. The only



Figure 41

Charles Fairfax Murray, after Vittore Carpaccio,
St Ursula Talking to her Father
("The King's Consent", from *The Arrival
of the Ambassadors*). 1876

thing that Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini never paint with any enjoyment is the water of their own canals.

5. As the schools developed themselves the Sienese gradually expired, having no proper painter's natural food. The Florentine and Venetian taught each other what they each needed; Venice learned from Florence some love of the spring, and Florence from Venice the glory of purple and scarlet. But to the end each remained in their several power – one the painter of the crimson of flesh and blood, the other of the power and spirit of eternal spring. Their perfect power, after each had taught the other, is seen only in Titian and Angelico; but their peculiar national character is better recognized by two exquisite pictures of more simple men – Carpaccio's "Dream of St. Ursula", a harmony of crimson and white, with subdued gold and green; and Botticelli's "Spring", a harmony of green and white, with subdued gold and crimson. [...]

7. [In comparison with Lippi's "infinitely tender precision"] Carpaccio attains a still less obtrusive and more exquisite delicacy by thinking less of the precision of form than of its mystery; and Mr. Murray's sympathy with his manner has made the drawing of the heads of both king and princess very exemplary and wonderful. The treatment of the king's hair, and the subdued light in his grieved eyes, are entirely beautiful: decoration and jewel painting, this, of highest order, while the princess's crown vanishes almost away, the painter trusting to the wreath of her tresses.

I have just noticed, as I quit the picture, the conspicuousness of the ring by which the dark tablet is fastened. I have no doubt Carpaccio meant thus to connect this tablet with the marriage ring in the princess's hand. The circular panes of glass in the window prevent the eye from being fastened on it too closely.

From *Fors Clavigera*, Letter 74 (February 1877) "Father-Law" ⁴⁰

Venice, *Christmas Day*, 1876.^d

1. Last night, St. Ursula sent me her dianthus "out of her bedroom window, with her love",⁴¹ and, as I was standing beside it, this morning, – (ten minutes ago only, – it has just struck eight), watching the sun rise out of a low line of cloud, just midway between the domes of St. George and the Madonna of Safety [fig. 42],⁴² there came into my mind the cause of our difficulties about the Eastern question:⁴³ with considerable amazement to myself that I had not thought of it before; but, on the contrary, in what I had intended to say, been misled, hitherto, into quite vain collection of the little I knew

about either Turkey or Russia; and entirely lost sight (though actually at this time chiefly employed with it!) of what Little Bear has thus sent me the flower out of the dawn in her window, to put me in mind of, – the religious meanings of the matter.

I must explain her sign to you more clearly before I can tell you these.⁴⁴

2. She sent me the living dianthus (with a little personal message besides, of great importance to *me*, but of none to the matter in hand),⁴⁵ by the hands of an Irish friend now staying here: but she had sent me

^d I believe the following entry to be of considerable importance to our future work; and I leave it, uncorrected, as it was written at the time for that reason.

also, in the morning, from England, a dried sprig of the other flower in her window, the sacred vervain,^e by the hands of the friend who is helping me in all I want for *Proserpina*, – Mr. Oliver.⁴⁶

Now the vervain is the ancient flower sacred to domestic purity; and one of the chief pieces of teaching which showed me the real nature of classic life, came to me ten years ago, in learning by heart one of Horace's house-songs, in which he especially associates this herb with the *cheerful* service – yet sacrificial service – of the household Gods.

"The whole house laughs in silver; – maid and boy in happy confusion run hither and thither; the altar, wreathed with chaste vervain, asks for its sprinkling with the blood of the lamb."⁴⁷

Again, the Dianthus, of which I told you more was to be learned,⁴⁸ means, translating that Greek name, "Flower of God", or especially of the Greek Father of the Gods;⁴⁹ and it is of all wild flowers in Greece the brightest and richest in its divine beauty. (In *Proserpina*, note classification.^f)

3. Now, see the use of myths, when they are living.

You have the Domestic flower, and the Wild flower.

You have the Christian sacrifice of the Passover, yet of the Household; and the universal worship of Allah, the

Father of all, – our Father which art in Heaven, – made of specialty to you by the light of the crimson wild flower on the mountains; and all this by specialty of sign sent to you in Venice, by the Saint whose mission it was to convert the savage people of "England over-sea".⁵⁰

4. I am here interrupted by a gift, from another friend, of a little painting of the "pitcher" (Venetian water-carrier's) of holy water; with the sprinkling thing in it, – I don't know its name,⁵¹ – but it reminds me of the "Tu asperges" in Lethe, in the *Purgatorio*,⁵² and of other matters useful to me: but mainly observe from it, in its bearing on our work, that the blood of Sprinkling, common to the household of the Greek, Roman, and the Jew, – and water of Sprinkling, common to all nations on earth, in the Baptism to which Christ submitted, – the one speaketh better things than that of Abel,⁵³ and the other than that unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea,⁵⁴ in so far as they give joy together with their purity; so that the Lamb of the Passover itself, and the Pitcher of Water borne by him who showed the place of it,⁵⁵ alike are turned, the one, by the last Miracle,⁵⁶ into sacramental wine which immortally in the sacred Spirit makes glad the Heart of Man,⁵⁷ and the other, by the first Miracle,⁵⁸ into the Marriage wine, which here, and immortally in the sacred, because purified Body, makes glad the Life of Man.

^e I had carelessly and very stupidly taken the vervain for a decorative modification of olive [see above, 138]. It is painted with entire veracity, so that my good friend Signor Caldara (who is painting Venetian flowers for us, knew it for the "Erba Luisa" at the first glance), went to the Botanical Gardens here, and painted it from the life. I will send his painting, with my own drawing of the plant from the Carpaccio picture, to the Sheffield museum. They can there be photographed for any readers of *Fors* who care to see such likeness of them [see the "Introduction", 30-1].

^f All left as written, in confusion: I will make it clear presently.



Figure 42 Charles H. Moore, *The Salute, Venice*. View from a balcony of the Grand Hotel (*Palazzo Manolesso Ferro*). 1876

“Carpaccio’s Ape” (1877)⁵⁹

This then is Venice in her Tyrian time, parallel in the history of Israel to the reign of Solomon in alliance with Hiram, and the Egyptians with the ships of Tarshish, bringing home ivory, and apes, and peacocks.⁶⁰

I always used to wonder, in reading that history as a boy, what he wanted the apes for.

Look now to the Carpaccio.⁶¹ It has the most wonderful piece of chiaroscuro in it, in architecture against sky, that I ever saw in painting – the circular temple on the right.⁶² On the steps of it you will find an ape sitting, dressed; sitting all by himself, masterless, in full dress. Carpaccio, be assured, never puts in a piece of notable grotesque without meaning it to be noted. Almost while he was painting it, Albert Dürer was engraving the monkey at the feet of his most finished Madonna.⁶³ You will find no monkeys at the feet of the Greek Athena or the Byzantine Mary. This is the first sign of the penetration into the mind of Venice, of the Northern spirit of the Jest. True Greek or Tyrian grotesque she had before, mystic and terrible – the Gorgon, the Fury, the Harpy, the Siren, but not the Ape.

Here sits on the temple steps the first figure occurrent of your Christmas pantomimes, your beloved Harlequin;⁶⁴ know you him not for a Venetian mosaic? A piece of the Divine History of Ravenna, with the Power of Miracle in his hand, become a Jest.

Now look to the end of the room.⁶⁵ You see, painted by Veronese, Christ at meat in the Pharisee’s house,⁶⁶ but with difficulty, for in front is many a piece of pantomime going on, chiefly a dwarf-fool running with a dish, and getting hit over the head by a servant. True pantomime, you observe, – farther advanced in style.

And Venice saw her danger and knew it, and considered of it; and that Inquisition of State of hers, which you have been accustomed to hear of as the Devil in many persons, interfering with freedom of conscience, forsooth, and freedom of trade, forsooth (yes, and actually burning people to death, whom it thought mischievous persons, instead of, as is proper, pitching innocent ones over seventy-feet-high bridges, and burning them in a heap at the bottom to make dividends out of them)⁶⁷ – this Diabolical Inquisition of State called the new Paul, the Apostle of Pantomime, into its court, and inquired of him what new gospel this might be. The examination of the painter by the Inquisition has been, by will of Fors, preserved for us.⁶⁸

Harlequin – mosaic of Ravenna become a Jest. Columbine⁶⁹ – Virgin Diana the Huntress, succinct of dress, become Diana of the Ephesians,⁷⁰ succinct of dress, she also, for other hunting. Against the Greek Madonna, with robes, gracefully lengthened, here is another Madonna predicate by Venice to European worship, with robe gracefully shortened.

As by Correggio the worship of the Magdalen in deserts, studious of divine literature⁷¹ – a popular evangelical sermon, delicately painted on snuffbox lids.⁷²

Then, and in England, Darwinian science and practice of Development – concluding in the investigation of the manners practised among apes as those of supreme Courtesy. These are the final issue of Solomon’s quest; this, the meaning of Carpaccio’s coloured symbol, and presently you shall see to what it brought Venice, and her beauty.

^g The history of Venice in this direction may be closed by the reader who cares to pursue it with Casanova’s account of the love-gift sent him by the Nun of Murano.

From “The Shrine of the Slaves”, “First Supplement” (ch. 10.), *St Mark’s Rest* (December 1877)⁷³

[After discussing Carpaccio’s paintings in *S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni*, the chapter goes on to comment on his *Debate of St Stephen* and *Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple* in the *Pinacoteca di Brera*, Milan, and his *Two Venetian Ladies* in the *Museo Correr*, Venice.]⁷⁴

203. And now, if you have begun to feel the power of these minor pictures, you can return to the Academy and take up the St. Ursula series, on which, however, I find it hopeless to reduce my notes to any available form at present:⁷⁵ – the question of the influence of this legend on Venetian life being involved with inquiries belonging properly to what I am trying to do in *St. Mark’s Rest*. This only you have to observe generally, that being meant to occupy larger spaces, the St. Ursula pictures are very unequal in interest, and many portions seem to me tired work, while others are maintained by Mr. Murray⁷⁶ to be only by the hands of scholars. This, however, I can myself assert, that I never yet began to copy or examine any portion of them without continually increasing admiration; while yet there are certain shortcomings and morbid faults throughout, unaccountable, and rendering the greater part of the work powerless for good to the general public. Taken as a connected series, the varying personality of the saint destroys its interest totally. The girl talking to her father in 572⁷⁷ is not the girl who dreams in 578; and the gentle little dreamer is still less like the severe, stiffly dressed, and not in any supreme degree well favoured, bride, in 575; while the middle-aged woman, without any claim to beauty at all, who occupies the principal place in the final Gloria, cannot by any effort of imagination be connected with the figure of the young girl kneeling for the Pope’s blessing in 577 [fig. 43].

204. But indeed had the story been as consistently told as the accessories are perfectly painted, there would have been no occasion for me now to be lecturing on the beauties of Carpaccio. The public would long since have

discovered them, and adopted him for a favourite. That, precisely in the particulars which would win popular attention, the men whom it would be most profitable for the public to study should so often fail, becomes to me, as I grow older, one of those deepest mysteries of life, which I only can hope to have explained to me when my task of interpretation is ended.

But, for the sake of Christian charity, I would ask every generous Protestant to pause for a while before the meeting under the Castle of St. Angelo (577).

“Nobody knows anything about those old things”, said an English paterfamilias to some inquiring member of his family, in the hearing of my assistant, then at work on this picture.⁷⁸ Which saying is indeed supremely true of us nationally. But without requiring us to know anything, this picture puts before us some certainties respecting mediæval Catholicism, which we shall do well to remember.

In the first place, you will find that all these bishops and cardinals are evidently portraits.⁷⁹ Their faces are too varied – too quiet – too complete – to have been invented by even the mightiest invention. Carpaccio was simply taking the features of the priesthood of his time, throwing aside, doubtless, here and there, matter of offence; – the too settled gloom of one, the evident subtlety of another, the sensuality of a third; but finding beneath all that, what was indeed the constitutional power and pith of their minds, – in the deep of them, rightly thoughtful, tender, and humble.

There is one curious little piece of satire on the fault of the Church in making cardinals of too young persons. The third, in the row of four behind St. Ursula, is a mere



Figure 43 Charles Fairfax Murray, after Vittore Carpaccio, *The Pope's Benediction*. 1877



Figure 44 Charles Fairfax Murray, after Vittore Carpaccio, *Distant Procession of Bishops*. 1877

boy, very beautiful, but utterly careless of what is going on, and evidently no more fit to be a cardinal than a young calf would be. The stiffness of his white dress, standing up under his chin as if he had only put it on that day, draws special attention to him.

The one opposite to him also, without this piece of white dress, seems to be a mere man of the world. But the others have all grave and refined faces. That of the Pope himself is quite exquisite in its purity, simple-heartedness, and joyful wonder at the sight of the child kneeling at his feet, in whom he recognizes one whom he is himself to learn of, and follow.

205. The more I looked at this picture, the more I became wonderstruck at the way the faith of the Christian Church has been delivered to us through a series of fables, which, partly meant as such, are over-ruled into expressions of truth – but how much truth, it is only by our own virtuous life that we can know. Only remember always in criticizing such a picture, that it no more means to tell you as a fact^h that St. Ursula led this long procession from the sea and knelt thus before the Pope, than Mantegna's St. Sebastian means that the saint ever stood quietly and happily, stuck full of arrows.⁸⁰ It is as much a mythic symbol as the circles and crosses of the Carita;⁸¹ but only Carpaccio carries out his symbol into delighted realization, so that it begins to be absurd to

us in the perceived impossibility. But it only signifies the essential truth of joy in the Holy Ghost filling the whole body of the Christian Church with visible inspiration, sometimes in old men, sometimes in children; yet never breaking the laws of established authority and subordination – the greater saint blessed by the lesser, when the lesser is in the higher place of authority, and all the common and natural glories and delights of the world made holy by its influence: field, and earth, and mountain, and sea, and bright maiden's grace, and old men's quietness, – all in one music of moving peace – the very procession of them in their multitude like a chanted hymn [fig. 44] – the purple standards drooping in the light air that yet can lift St. George's gonfalon;⁸² and the angel Michael alighting – himself seen in vision instead of his statue – on the Angel's tower, sheathing his sword.⁸³

206. What I have to say respecting the picture that closes the series, the martyrdom and funeral,⁸⁴ is partly saddening, partly depreciatory, and shall be reserved for another place.⁸⁵ The picture itself has been more injured and repainted than any other⁸⁶ (the face of the recumbent figure entirely so); and though it is full of marvellous passages, I hope that the general traveller will seal his memory of Carpaccio in the picture last described.

^h If it *had* been a fact, of course he would have liked it all the better, as in the picture of St. Stephen [*Pinacoteca di Brera*, Milan, see *Works*, 24: 360-1]; but though only an idea, it must be realized to the full.

ⁱ It is especially to be noted with Carpaccio, and perhaps more in this than any other of the series, that he represents the beauty of religion always in animating the present world, and never gives the charm to the clear far-away sky which is so constant in Florentine sacred pictures.

Notes

- 1 Ruskin 2003, 239-40.
- 2 Cat. 600 (MM 1962, 188): Boccaccio Boccaccino, *The Mystic Marriage of St Catherine, with St John the Baptist, St Peter and St Rose; The Annunciation to the Shepherds; The Flight into Egypt; The Journey of the Magi*, panel, signed.
- 3 *Works*, 27: 342-7.
- 4 Cat. 578 (MM 1955, 100): *The Dream of St Ursula*, canvas. See the "Introduction", 25-32 and 135-8 here.
- 5 See n. 20.
- 6 See the "Introduction", 30 and 145 here.
- 7 Not silver, but brass or copper apparently. As Ruskin would later recognize (see 146 here) the vessel is a holy water stoup or *aspersorium*, containing an *aspergillum* or implement for the sprinkling of the water. For untraced drawings by Ruskin and Bunney of these details, see the "Introduction", 27-8 and nn. 95-108.
- 8 About the age of Rose La Touche (born on 3 January 1848) when Ruskin proposed to her on 2 February 1866 (Burd 1979, 96; see the "Introduction", 25). Ursula's age in the *Dream* is lowered to fifteen in FC Letter 71 (138), in accordance with the version of the legend recounted there (139).
- 9 Compare FC Letter 74 (*Works*, 29: 36): "Her own dog, at the foot of her bed, is indeed unconscious of the angel with the palm, but is taking care of his mistress's earthly crown."
- 10 Compare the remark on Tintoretto's treatment of the angel in his picture of *Adam and Eve*, "[Part I]", n. 32.
- 11 Compare FC Letter 71 (138). What Ruskin here took for a scroll and later for the Greek "fillet of victory" seems simply the loose end of the angel's belt.
- 12 Cat. 572 (MM 1955, 95): *The Arrival of the Ambassadors*. Ruskin focuses on the portion in which Ursula is seen attempting to persuade her father of her decision to accept the offer of marriage brought her by the foreign ambassadors. For Ruskin's notes on a copy of this detail by Charles Fairfax Murray [fig. 41] see "From 'Collected Notes on Some of the Pictures in the St George's Museum Sheffield'" here and Tucker 2020a.
- 13 Cf. FC Letter 70 (*Works*, 28: 726): "meantime I have to correct a mistake in *Fors* [...] namely, that the Princess, whom I judged to be industrious because she went on working while she talked to her father about her marriage, cannot, on this ground, be praised beyond Princesses in general; for, indeed, the little mischief, instead of working, as I thought, - while her father is leaning his head on his hand in the greatest distress at the thought of parting with her, - is trying on her marriage ring!" Compare the extract from *Collected Notes* here.
- 14 The letter is dated "Venice, 4th October, 1876" (*Works*, 28: 732-7). See the "Introduction", 25.
- 15 See the "Introduction", 17-8 and n. 23.
- 16 i.e. St George and St Jerome.
- 17 For James Reddie Anderson, see the "Introduction", n. 90. For his "Story of St Ursula" Anderson drew principally on a vernacular version

of her legend contained in two codices in the *Biblioteca Nazionale* in Florence (*Fondo Magliabechiano*), published in Zambrini 1855. This version he combined with elements from a twelfth-century revision of the *Passio sanctorum undecim millium virginum*, which incorporated the visionary "Revelations" of Elizabeth of Schönau and Hermann Joseph (first published by Johann Hubert Kessel in 1863), and from Jacopo da Varazze's *Golden Legend* (among them the detail that Ursula was shot by an arrow, not present in Zambrini 1855).

18 See the end of the "Story" (see 138 here).

19 Though his main source, as stated in n. 17 here, is the vernacular version of the legend published in Zambrini 1855, Anderson has here for evident reasons preferred to follow a tradition deriving from the early German and British sources (and also followed by Jacopo da Varazze), making Ursula the daughter of the king of "Britain" (his translation of *Britannia*, which could, and in the sources did in fact signify either Britain or Brittany; cf. Ruskin's "Britany"), and her suitor the son of the king of England. According to the version in Zambrini 1855, by contrast, Ursula is the daughter of the King of Hungary and her suitor the son of a "re di pagania d'oltremare" ('a king of heathendom beyond the sea').

20 Anderson is following Zambrini 1855, 185, except that there Ursula falls asleep on the floor in front of the crucifix before which she has been praying all night. By contrast, at this point in the story, in both the *Passio sanctorum undecim millium virginum* and its twelfth-century reworking, Ursula has a vision in which her martyr's destiny is foretold her, whereas neither specifies that an angel appeared to her and both describe the vision as nocturnal rather than as occurring at dawn. The *Golden Legend*, on the other hand, does recount the appearance to Ursula of an angel, with prediction of her martyrdom, but places this episode at Cologne, during Ursula's journey to Rome. The expression "the clear light of dawn" (cf. Zambrini 1855, 185: "e quando fu presso all'alba" ['and when it was near to dawn']) is probably a deliberate echo of Ruskin's 1870 description of the *Dream of St Ursula* (136 above).

21 See Zambrini 1855, 187. As the editor explains (187n) *incarnalmente* means 'tenderly' or 'lovingly'.

22 Anderson adds this detail evidently mindful of Carpaccio's inclusion of the *Castel S. Angelo* in his picture of the *The Reception of St Ursula and the Pilgrims by the Pope in Rome* (cat. 577 [MM 1955, 99]).

23 Anderson again closely follows Zambrini 1855 (203): "e messer lo papa, vegliendo questa santa congregazione, rifiutò il papato, e misesi ad andare con lei in questo santo pellegrinaggio: e molti vescovi e preti e cherici e alquanti cardinali".

24 See "Part II", n. 14.

25 Compare Zambrini 1855, 184: "tutta quella notte istette nella sua camera serrata" ['all that night stayed shut up in her chamber'].

26 Cf. Ruskin's note (c) and FC Letter 74 above for his reinterpretation of the left-hand plant.

27 Cat. 577 (MM 1955, 99).

28 Cat. 576 (MM 1955, 103): *The Apotheosis of St Ursula and her Companions*.

29 Isaiah 62.5: “For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee: and as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.”

30 Matthew 22.30: “At the resurrection people will neither marry nor be given in marriage; they will be like the angels in heaven.”

31 Compiled by the first curator of the museum, Henry Swan, and issued as an undated pamphlet, some time between 1880 and 1883 (*Works*, 30: 159-60; subsequently in *Works*, 24: 451-4).

32 In December 1876 Ruskin asked Murray to “define the princess’s hands a little more” when he returned to Venice. However, towards the end of February, he wrote, “I did not touch your drawing from the King, finding it very pleasant and good as it was. I have presented it to Sheffield; and want more such, – probably as many as you care to do.” (J. Ruskin to C.F. Murray, 7 December 1876 and 26 February 1877, MLM, MA 2150).

33 Compare Ruskin’s notes on “The First Epoch of Venetian History”, for possible use in *SMR* (*Works*, 24: 428); and see Gibbon’s *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. 7. On 11 December 1876 Ruskin asked the philosopher Edward Caird to look for passages “in Gibbon or anybody else, about Christianity in Lombardy at time of first flight of Venetians from Attila” (TS, BodL MSS Eng. Lett. c. 41, 166).

34 See SV I (*Works*, 9: 259).

35 Probably a mirror.

36 Compare n. 13 above.

37 Compare MP II (*Works*, 4: 365-6).

38 As Ruskin’s editors note (*Works*, 24, 452n), he refers here to “the intended second volume of that book, which was to deal with colour”.

39 Compare “[Part I]”, 84.

40 *Works*, 29: 30-53.

41 See the “Introduction”, 30.

42 From the balcony of his room at the Grand Hotel (the *Palazzo Manolesso Ferro*) on the Grand Canal, opposite *S. Maria della Salute* – from which Charles Moore drew the view [fig. 42]. JWBJ records that this was made shortly Christmas, on 9 January 1877: “I called at 3½ on Mr Ruskin. Mr Moore was with him doing a chiaroscuro drawing of a part of the Salute seen through the balustrade of the window. We had a little conversation about it. [marginal note:] Mr R said isn’t that coming nice – I looked but did not say anything at once but looked well and asked will you darken the balustrade? Well no I think not said M. Why? Because I think it needs it to put the church in its place. Ah theres too much mist today to see properly – | I thought Bunney you would have gushed at it. | I said I like to look well first. | We were about to discuss it when Mr R said now no discussion between you two now, let us go away.”

43 The diplomatic and political issues successively arising from the decline of the Ottoman Empire in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Ruskin had allowed his name to be put forward as one of the conveners of the National Conference on the Question, held in London on 8 December (see Burd 1990, 207-8). And at the very time Ruskin was writing the Constantinople Conference between the six Great Powers was in progress.

44 At the end of the Letter (*Works*, 29: 46) Ruskin summarizes his new insights into the Eastern Question in four “myths”: “I. St. George

of England and Venice does not bear his sword for his own interests; nor in vain. II. St. George of Christendom becomes the Captain of her Knights in putting off his armour. III. When armour is put off, pebbles serve. IV. Read the psalm ‘In Exitu’.”

45 Regarding the debt owed him by a relation and its forgiveness (see *Works*, 29: 101).

46 See the “Introduction”, 30 and nn. 119, 131.

47 Horace, *Odes* 4.11.6-10: “ridet argento domus; ara castis | vincta verbenis avet immolato | spargier agno”. The plural *verbenae*, however, generically denoted the twigs and leaves of plants used in religious ceremonies. In addition to olive, myrtle and laurel, these would have included *verbena officinalis*, but certainly not *verbena triphylla* (i.e. *erba luisa*). See the “Introduction”, 31.

48 See Ruskin’s note (a), 139.

49 Zeus.

50 See the “Story of St Ursula”, 139.

51 The friend was Bunney. His children brought Ruskin their father’s copy of the *aspersorium* and *aspergillum* in the *Dream* (see the “Introduction”, 28 and n. 106).

52 Dante Alighieri, *Purgatorio*, Canto 31.97-9: (in Cary’s translation) “The blessed shore approaching, then was heard | So sweetly ‘Tu asperges me’, that I | May not remember, still less tell the sound.” Dante has been carried into the river Lethe by Matelda, having fallen to the ground at the sight of Beatrice, who has reproached him for having betrayed her love and example after her death. “Asperges me” is the Latin translation of Psalm 51.7 (“Purge me with hyssop”), whose text formed the antiphon accompanying the sprinkling with holy water of the congregation in Roman Catholic ritual.

53 Hebrews 12.24 (compare Genesis 4.10).

54 1 Corinthians 10.2.

55 Mark 14.13; Luke 22.10.

56 At the Last Supper.

57 Psalms 104.15.

58 At the marriage in Cana.

59 *Works*, 24: 445-6. The manuscript of this fragment (PUL C0199 [No. 1377]) is accompanied by a separate slip on which Ruskin has written, “The Grotesque and Harlequin – Ape”. See the “Introduction” 47, and n. 148.

60 The passage seems to refer to Gentile Bellini’s *Procession and Miracle of a Relic of the Holy Cross in St Mark’s Square* (cat. 567 [MM 1955, 62]). Compare “[Part I]”, 84. The biblical reference is to 1 Kings 10.22: “For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.”

61 Cat. 574 (MM 1955, 97): *The Return of the Ambassadors*, from the St Ursula series [figs 36-37].

62 Compare “Part II”, 107, where it is (apparently correctly) described as “octagonal”.

63 His engraving of *The Virgin and Child with a Monkey*. Cf. *Works*, 22: 225.

64 The stock comic character with the distinctive diamond-patterned costume from the *Commedia dell’Arte* tradition who, together with his

lover Columbine and her master Pantaloon, featured in the British theatrical genre of the Harlequinade, a “knockabout sequence of song, dance and acrobatics” that had formed the dominant part of the Regency pantomime but which in the course of the Victorian period would shrink to accommodate the formerly short but now expanding opening narrative sequence (Newey, Richards 2010, 140-1 and also the remainder of ch. 6 for Ruskin’s passion for the pantomime).

65 Room XVI (1877).

66 Cat. 203 (MM 1962, 137): Paolo Veronese, *The Feast in the House of Levi*, canvas. See “[Part I]”, 84; “Part II”, 114; and the “Appendix” [fig. 39].

67 See *Works*, 24: 446n: “If this was written in 1877, Ruskin may have been thinking of the accident to the Pacific Express on December 29, 1876, when a hundred passengers were killed by the fall of a bridge over a creek. The Tay Bridge disaster was later (December 28, 1879)”.

68 It is given by Ruskin in the “Appendix”. Regarding the Inquisition, compare Ruskin’s note (a), 126.

69 In the Harlequinade Columbine (see n. 64) typically wore a short-skirted costume.

70 The Artemis worshipped at Ephesus, where her statue showed her covered with what have been interpreted as breasts or eggs. The reference may have been prompted by the notion of Veronese as “the new Paul”, given the account in the New Testament (Acts 19.23-41) of the anger caused among the Ephesian silversmiths, who made shrines for her image, by Paul’s preaching against “the great goddess Diana” and her temple. A few years later Ruskin would suggest to Rev. F. Malleon, a propos of his book on St Paul, “a more clear statement of the Ephesian goddess. The article in Smith’s Dictionary on her is only about twenty lines long, and it’s exhaustive. She was not the Greek Artemis at all, but an Eastern Myth of Genesis – the very opposite of Diana – Chastity – an infinite Suckler, and mummy mother of everything that could suck – practically at last and chiefly of the Diabolic Suction of the Usurer” (*Works*, 37: 353).

71 The so-called *Reading Magdalen* formerly in the Gallery at Dresden. The traditional ascription to Correggio would be rejected by Giovanni Morelli in 1880.

72 Early in his stay in Venice Ruskin had told Charles Eliot Norton how in the afternoons, after a morning’s work on *The Dream of St Ursula* in the *Accademia*, he would “[l]ie on sofa and read any vicious book I can find to amuse me – to prevent St Ursula having it all her own way”. Currently he was “greatly amused with the Life of Casa” (Bradley, Ousby 1987, 387). He did not spell out the author’s name in writing to his cousin Joan either. Addressing her as “di ma” – “dear mother” in the baby-talk he often used in their correspondence – he teasingly summarised “a funny book I’ve got about Venice. Mr C.N. (not of the Brit. Mus [i.e. Ruskin’s friend the archaeologist Charles Newton]) – gets acquainted with a pretty nun at Murano – and the nun has a latch key and a gondola, and meets him every now and then before St John & Paul, just where I [?am] painting – and they have such larks; – and di ma, at last she sends him two pics of herself – one in her nuns dress, – and the other as the Magdalen of Correggio – with no dress at all” (J. Ruskin to J. Severn, 6 November 1876, RL L 41). The pictures were contained, one below another, in the golden snuff-box alluded to in Ruskin’s note (see Casanova 1880, 3: 45).

73 *Works*, 24: 366-9.

74 For which see the “Introduction”, 44, nn. 215-6 [fig. 16].

75 Compare the “Introduction”, 46.

76 Charles Fairfax Murray (see the “Introduction”, n. 204).

77 The catalogue numbers are those inserted by Ruskin’s editors (*Works*, 24: 366-7) and correspond to those now in use.

78 Either Murray or Bunney (see the “Introduction”, 39).

79 Suggestions for their identification are made in Ludwig, Molmenti 1906, 142-6.

80 The reference is most probably to the painting of the saint in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna.

81 See “Part II”, 105.

82 For Bunney’s copy of the gonfalon, see the “Introduction”, 39 and n. 104.

83 See the “Introduction”, 47.

84 Cat. 554 (MM 1955, 102): *The Pilgrims’ Martyrdom and the Funeral of St Ursula*.

85 Ruskin’s intention was not fulfilled.

86 See the “Introduction”, n. 201.