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FIFTY YEARS OF WORK
WITHOUT WAGES

BY FORD MADOX BROWN.

CHARLES ROWLEY JUNR.

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THE AUTHOR.
(In serious mood.)

FIFTY YEARS OF WORK WITHOUT WAGES

(LABORARE EST ORARE)

BY CHARLES ROWLEY

M.A., J.P.

AUTHOR OF "A WORKSHOP PARADISE," ETC.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she :
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

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THE HUNGRY FORTIES

B



MR. WALTER CRANE'S DESIGN FOR COAT OF ARMS ON HEARING THAT OUR ANCIENT FAMILY HAD A BOAT OF THEIR OWN AT THE FLOOD, HENCE THE PLIMSOLL LOAD LINE TO PREVENT OVERLOADING.

THE HUNGRY FORTIES

MEMORIES of over seventy years in a busy community are not easily sorted. In looking back everything seems important, but whether of interest or not to an outside world is quite another story. Manchester and Lancashire vigour and originality can easily be accounted for. We are a mixed race, much more so than our Yorkshire neighbours, separated from us by the Pennines. In the southern part of our county we are not in the least degree bucolic. We are, as is well known, on the great coal beds, and the climate is humid—which accounts mainly for our supremacy as spinners of the finest kinds of cotton yarns. This again with our racial admixtures is among the causes of our remarkable ingenuity in the invention and development of labour-saving apparatus. There is no workshop like a cotton mill, whether for spinning or weaving, to compare with it in this regard. There are in our cotton mills literally

The Hungry Forties

thousands of devices with a labour-saving aim. The Waltham watch factory, which I have seen and studied, is a marvel in such things, but even that latest wonder is a baby compared to an up-to-date cotton mill.

Thus have we used practical science to its utmost, and our mechanical engineering workshops are without rivals. Of course we pay a big price for all this. On the coal-beds of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire we have a population of some seven millions, and no tree—nothing that the Almighty could call a tree, though there are thousands of blackened sticks which console and delight us with a few months of spring leafage. We have to go far afield for pure, unspoiled nature. On the other hand, the materialistic advantage is undoubted, for not only have we bred an army of great capitalists, but the mass of the people are well housed on the whole, and their wages are, as a rule, good and steady. One supposes there is no other industrial community that is uniformly so well off on the bread-and-butter side of existence.

The alertness of mind resulting from all this is very noticeable by those appealing to our audiences, and in contrast with Southern ones the difference is remarkable. Most of the great forward movements of our time have got their

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most potent impetus hereabout, and the day of those things is not yet over.

Of course it has to be admitted that in matters spiritual and æsthetic we lack that spontaneity, that growing natural atmosphere which is essential to the best growth of these higher and nobler flowers of man's effort. How can it be otherwise, seeing that our fight is so obviously with dead matter and the conquest thereof to our usage? It must not be supposed, however, that these finer flowers of man's activity are entirely lost to us, but it is no use denying the fact that everything spiritual and æsthetic (for they are the same) has to be vigorously fought for all the time, in season and out.

When I was a lad things were not so bad. I could leave the bench in my father's workshop, change my clothes, get a snack of tea, and be in a cricket-field all within the half-hour. All that is over these fifty years or more. We have no fields now.

The survivals in all this both of fine men and women were remarkable. We had in previous generations our De Quincey and our Mrs. Gaskell. But the real founders were John Dalton, the father of modern Chemistry, and Joule, whose demonstration of the mechanical equivalent of heat is the basis of modern mechanical

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development. Chantrey's statue of Dalton and Gilbert's nobler one of J. B. Joule flank you as you enter our Town Hall at Manchester. For good or ill they are the founders of the city and district.

Sam Bamford, Edwin Waugh, Ben Brierley express our idiomatic qualities in a rare and racy folk-speech which for the most part is Greek to those not to the manner born. Bamford was a rare specimen of the sturdy Lancastrian. It was his constant pleasure to tell us all about Peterloo and how the fact that his contingent marched from Middleton, five miles off, "in beautiful order," was a salient point at his trial in his condemnation and imprisonment. These men meant business, but they did not desire turmoil. My father was at Peterloo.

Later, in the hungry forties, we had abounding distress with suffering, of course. My mother often told us that only at the consolations ensuing when one of the thirteen of us came did she have tea in the house—"except at a lying-in" was her phrase. Tea was 6s. a pound. We never felt the hunger, it must be admitted, but then we had work-folk parents with a rare genius for management, and for making the best of things by domestic skill and hard work.

BY WILLIAM TUKE.



THE AUTHOR.
(Aged three.)

The Hungry Forties

My father, though in the ordinary acceptance of the term he was not "educated" at all, had a wonderful instinct for fine literature. The publications of Charles Knight, an illustrated Bible, Shakspeare, the Arabian Nights, and other volumes, were the backbone of our library. Another quality besides the choice of fine books was his instinct for good workmanship. For example, he discovered and found work for a gifted portrait painter. Here are reproductions of portraits of my wife and myself, aged three and two years. The originals are about twelve inches by ten and are painted in oils in a truly masterly fashion. In those remote days the price of these little masterpieces was 25s. each. It is not easy to find such excellent examples nowadays at any price. The painter, William Tuke, died young, leaving many larger portraits of equal merit.

Being very delicate in childhood, I never went to school. Reading came by nature somehow, and by choice; a constant browsing on these and other fine books gave me, it is to be hoped, a good turn. Then came the life of the streets of Ancoats in the forties and fifties, working at the bench in a developing workshop; and so went on a process of education more or less valuable.

We were well off enough to go to the Great

The Hungry Forties

Exhibition in 1851. It is not to be forgotten even now. Memories of that Paxton wonder, of Hyde Park and the crowds, the Thames Tunnel, Madame Tussaud's, and many delectable meals at the "Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, still make the mouth water.

Our family friends by instinct were of a good sort. Among the rest was John Heywood, founder of the great firm of book producers and distributors, along with his brother, Abel Heywood, whose son and grandson of the same name still carry on the great stationery and book business. The first Abel was one of our finest citizens, having endured prison by defying the law with regard to stamped newspapers. John Heywood and my father were directors of the very vigorous Mechanics' Institution in the fifties and sixties. I followed on as Chairman of the School of Art and helper in the finest of Schools of Technology for more than twenty years from 1890.

The grit and public spirit of such men are the unknown factors in a community's growth. Such men are, in their day, overwhelmed for the moment by the excellent talking men, but their value is greater in the long run, for their work lasts on when eloquence is forgotten. It is a fine instinct in the Chinese to worship

BY WILLIAM TUKE.



THE AUTHOR'S WIFE.
(Aged two.)



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their ancestors, for their labours lie all about us and make our life and comforts possible.

In the days spoken of our city was fit for all to live in, the communal spirit was alive. Richard Cobden, one of our first aldermen, lived in the town, at Quay Street, where his business was conducted. The richer men all lived at their businesses and provided for the town a fine Art Gallery, Concert Hall, Assembly Rooms, Theatre, Natural History Museum, Town Hall, Infirmary, all of exceptional dignity in the classic style, but now mostly destroyed and replaced by far inferior buildings.

The next step to be noted is our connections with Church, Chapel, and Sunday School. Meantime, I was rampaging in the streets of Ancoats, and chumming with hooligans, one of whom, later on, and before he was twenty, had stabbed his man and had been tried and sentenced to death, but pardoned on account of his youth. I cannot recall any positive evil from these associations, nor did I seem to notice the horrid, stinking slums they lived in, all now abolished. The saving influence from this environment was a good home with plenty of life and jollity of a sane kind. A big family—all workers—lots of friends, liberty which never degenerated to licence—in fact, a thoroughly

The Hungry Forties

wholesome home was the only and probably the best education we could have had.

Always rambling around, I was never strong enough to join those street gangs which developed a "scuttling" instinct—this is the rivalry of one street or district against another, often resulting in free fights. Close by was a canvas theatre, a penny gaff, or "slang" as we called it. Here one got one's early taste for drama. We had famous actors then—Harry Totton, the best fencer ever known; Val Alley, the prince of backfallers in the crisis of tragedy. They had partisans, of course, and I suppose I am the only person living who saw these worthies play "Macbeth" on a memorable Saturday night for £5 a side. On another benefit night the play was the favourite "The Miller and his Men." The house was such a poor one they could not afford to burn down the mill in the last act. The hooligans were disgusted—they came out and burnt the whole show down. Here we had drama indeed.

Impatiently awaiting the rise of the curtain half an hour before its time we would yell in unison—

"Wind up the cotton
And show Harry Totton."

THE FIGHTING FIFTIES



Suggestion for a monument to be erected
in honour of C—s R—y. Esq: J.P. &c.
by admiring friends.

DESIGN BY WALTER CRANE FOR A MONUMENT TO THE AUTHOR
ON THE CINDER HEAP.

THE FIGHTING FIFTIES

THIS is the period of the Corn Law agitation, the Crimean War, and the Indian Mutiny. The community was all alive about some of these things as well as over our rapidly developing trade and manufactures. Most remarkable and potent in another field was the rise of Owens College and its development into the chief of those great modern universities which adorn and enlighten all our virile centres of industry and commerce. I cannot do better than give the following letters from Sir Henry Roscoe, F.R.S., one of the most distinguished of its professors, and from a student, Mr. George Harwood, M.P. for the great town of Bolton. Mr. Harwood, if I may be permitted to say so, is a remarkable example of Lancashire vigour and the sanest of culture. Always a cotton-spinner on a large scale, he is Master of Arts, holds from Bishop Fraser a licence to preach in churches, which he does admir-

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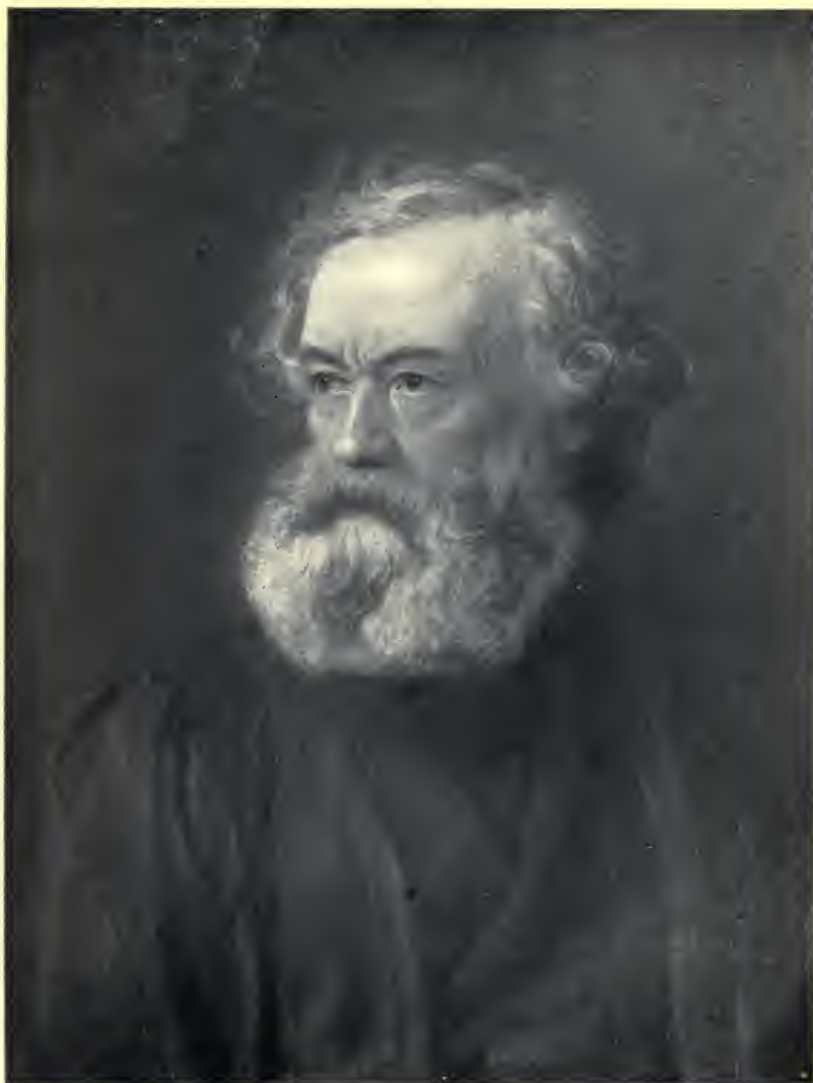
ably, is a barrister and has practised, and travelling has been a constant delight to him. He is now a vigorous member of Parliament. What he will next be nobody knows, not even his jovial self.

Our portrait of Principal A. J. Scott is by Frederic Shields, who was his cousin-removed, and is kindly given for use here by Miss Scott.

WOODCOTE LODGE,
WEST HORSLEY,
LEATHERHEAD.

MY DEAR CHARLES ROWLEY,—I cannot refuse so good and so true a friend as yourself when you ask me to give you a few reminiscences of the Old Owens College in Quay Street, and of its progress to the University in Oxford Road. My first visit to Manchester in the autumn of 1857 was for the purpose of being “looked over” by the trustees as an applicant for the Chair of Chemistry vacated by Frankland. I was received at the office of the solicitor in back King Street by an old gentleman whose speech I could barely understand. This was Mr. Aston, with whom I afterwards became intimate, and whose hospitality in the shape of oysters and porter I often enjoyed with the other members of the

BY FREDERIC SHIELDS



A. J. SCOTT, M.A.
First Principal of Owens College.
(By favour of Miss Scott.)

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College staff. The trustees were "all honourable men." George Faulkner was a sample of the fine old Manchester merchant. It was to him that John Owens proposed to leave his fortune. "No," he replied; "I have as much as I want, you had better found a college," and Owens took the advice. Then there was Alderman William Neild, another typical specimen. He was a true and punctual business man. Standing in front of the fire in a committee-room in the old Town Hall, he took out his watch. "Time is up, gentlemen," he exclaimed, and at that instant he dropped down dead! These men and their colleagues were kindly and well intentioned, but I doubt whether they had any very definite ideas as to the kind of institution which Manchester at that time needed, and I do not think that they received much assistance in this respect from their first Principal, A. J. Scott. He was doubtless a remarkable personality, and influenced many minds for good, but whether from ill-health or from other causes he failed to put the young institution on the right lines, or to impress the Manchester public with the importance of the experiment. Thus it happened that, having commenced its work in 1851 with a fair prospect of success, the institution in 1857 had reached

The Fighting Fifties

low-water mark. The total number of students when I came on the scene was 35, of whom 15 were chemical students. But the tide turned. Scott retired from the Principalship, and J. G. Greenwood was appointed in his place. Apathy and inattention gave place to activity and business habits, and soon the trustees and afterwards the Manchester public, including the *Guardian*, which had tried to write down the College, came to see that a new era had dawned, and hope sprang up in our breasts. I need not do more than hint at the long and tedious labours needed to place the College on a satisfactory basis, for are they not described in Alderman Joseph Thompson's History? Coming from Heidelberg University, I saw that the only chance of making a successful college in Manchester was to give importance to scientific studies, and in this Greenwood fully agreed. So after a few years of active work in chemistry I induced the trustees to appoint a Professor of Physics—and Clifton came and was a tower of strength. From 1857 onwards things looked up. Our students increased in number, original scientific work began, students were gradually inoculated with the spirit of research, and the College became known as a place where a manufacturer could

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send his son to learn something that would prove useful to him. Our men took high honours in chemistry year after year in the University of London, so that the name of Owens became a household word to people interested in scientific education throughout the land. There certainly was "go" and fervour about the dwellers in those old premises in Quay Street. All the "old men" of the years 1857-67 look back with feelings of fond regard to the shabby rooms, crowded laboratory, and squalid surroundings of those times. And when Clifton and I with dear John Holme Nicholson met the men of those forty years (or so) afterwards at dinner in the "Randolph" at Oxford, we might all be looking back at days spent in an Oxford College centuries old, instead of in a back slum in smoky Manchester, so bright were the reminiscences recalled and so sincere the gratitude expressed.

Our first Professor of Mathematics—Sandeman—was a typical Cambridge man of the forties. A most conscientious, high-minded man, he was unfitted both by nature and education to deal with raw Lancashire youths. He tried to explain to them why twice two makes four and not five. They barely knew their multiplication table, and could not appreciate the learned professor's argu-

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ments. But Sandeman went and Barker came. He had been Senior Wrangler, but in spite of that he was a practical man, and nobody ever taught mathematics better. So that he had the making of John Hopkinson, Horace Lamb, and J. J. Thomson, only to mention three of the most illustrious of his pupils. Then Stanley Jevons joined our crew as helping hand in form of tutor, soon to be promoted to a special professorship and to add lustre to the name of Owens. Clifton was called to Oxford, Jack threw himself with vigour into the Chair, too soon to be called away to the Land o' Cakes, where he still reigns as mathematician. Then came a great addition to our strength—A. W. Ward, now Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, became our historian, and what he was to the College, to the University, and I may add to the city, is written in golden letters on our pages. Soon also Augustus Wilkins, whose recent death we all deplore, became our classicist—for the work of Principal, so long and so ably carried out by Greenwood, was more than enough for a man even of his power. After Jack's departure my old friend the distinguished physicist and philosopher, Balfour Stewart, added another star to our firmament, and helped to raise Owens as a seat of high scientific culture. William

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Crawford Williamson was one of the original members of the professoriate, and he for long years successfully represented biological studies. But these subjects became too heavy for one man to carry, and Milnes Marshall came to the rescue of zoology. Too soon for science was he swept away by that awful accident on Scawfell, to the bitter grief of all who knew him. And geology found its upholder in Boyd Dawkins, who still wields his hammer, and is ever active in the cause of science.

But the literary side of the College was not neglected. Robert Adamson came as our logician, soon to fill a Glasgow Chair and too soon to pass away ; and Toller, the authority on Anglo-Saxon, filled with success a Chair of English Language. So by degrees the College waxed in strength. Schorlemmer became the first Professor of Organic Chemistry in the kingdom, and our Chemical School was perhaps the most active one of the time, and its prestige continues to this day, thanks to the labours of Dixon and Perkin. Physics, too, under Schuster's direction took a new lease of life, with the result that to-day the Physical Laboratory is, to say the least of it, one of the most perfect in existence and the home of research of the highest character. Then arose our Engineering School, which under

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the charge of Osborne Reynolds became renowned, whilst the published researches of its director placed him in the forefront of the engineers and scientific men of the age. Other names rise up before me—Theodores, our Orientalist, one of the most original of mortals; Gamgee, our first and most brilliant Professor of Physiology; Tom Jones, our surgeon, who fell a martyr to duty in South Africa; Daniel Leech, the beloved physician; and last, but not least, William Roberts, with whose powerful help we succeeded in founding our Faculty of Medicine and Medical School, which has been and still is one of the prides of our University.

But the work of these men, devoted as they all were to the good of the College and University, could not have accomplished the ends in view had they not been supported both by devotion and by material help from the Manchester public. It is therefore to these laymen of the city that the inhabitants are indebted to a great extent for the success which has been attained. To John Owens to start with, to Charles Beyer, to Joseph Whitworth, to Richard Copley Christie, to Thomas Ashton, to the late Duke of Devonshire, to Edward Donner, to Joseph Thompson, among others, the debt of gratitude is great.

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The foundation and successful establishment of a new English University was an event of truly national importance, but also one of considerable difficulty, and this could only have been accomplished by the cordial co-operation of all concerned, which we enjoyed in large measure. All were convinced of the righteousness of our cause, and all were determined to see it prevail. So that not only Manchester but the country is satisfied that the right thing has been done, that the good accomplished has been great, whilst that which it will accomplish is greater still.

Yours truly,

HENRY E. ROSCOE.

70, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.

MY DEAR ROWLEY,—You ask me to send you a few memories of Owens College from a student's point of view. I fear I am not a good person to do this, as I was only there one session (1862-63), but it happens that this was just the time when the College was most vigorously putting forth the shoots of its youth. It may be a fond fancy, but I am always under the impression that never—before or since—has the College been quite the place that it was when I was a student there. I

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know we do think thus of our schools, our colleges, yet I have a sneaking suspicion that in this case my predilection has some justification. The building in Quay Street might be gloomy, and the neighbourhood mean, yet the whole place was glorified with the sunshine of joyous hope. It was not merely that we were young ourselves, it was that the College itself was glowing with the gladsome spirit of youth, and we caught the infection. One suggestive fact which justifies me is that even to this day the students whose names have become most associated with the College were nearly all companions of my single session.

To come to details, I never think that the College has been quite just to its first Principal, Alexander John Scott. Of course as a Principal he was a dead failure; what success of that sort could be expected from a man who seldom remembered to wear both a collar and tie, and who, in giving a course of lectures on Elizabethan literature, did not get beyond Beowulf? You might as well set a dreaming poet to manage Marshall and Snelgrove's business. But a college is not quite like a drapery shop, and the Victoria University is to-day reaping fruit from the seed of wide ideas and deep principles which was sown, apparently so

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uselessly, by Alexander John Scott in Quay Street.

It cannot be denied, however, that the garden itself had grown a bit weedy and wild, and certainly no better husbandman could have been found to bring it into productive order than Scott's successor, Greenwood. He had only been the Principal a few years when I became a student, but already he had made everything in the College hum. I have only to speak of him, however, from a student's point of view, and the things that most struck me about him were his all-pervading kindness and gentle firmness. Perhaps I saw more of his kindness than most, because I had been accustomed to meet him previously at the house of my old schoolmaster, John Kendall of Chorlton High School, but I am sure that every single student felt that he had in the Principal a real friend, hesitating, almost shrinking in manner, but a thorough brick, in reality, who would do everything he could for every one, but would stand no nonsense from any one. Thus the College was pervaded by an excellent spirit of discipline combined with a thorough feeling of fellowship; all the students were friends then, and most of them have kept their friendship alive until now. It is remarkable that all the three successful

The Fighting Fifties

Principals of Owens have combined, to a quite unusual degree, the iron hand with the velvet glove.

The old building in Quay Street had one enormous advantage over its successor in Oxford Road in that it possessed a cosy central hall, where the students could gather comfortably round the fire. That and the jolly lunches many of us took together four days a week, and the homely teas before the meetings of the Union, had much to do with diffusing over the whole institution that aroma of comradeship which most of us, even to this day, cannot recall without the tears beginning to start.

This thread of affection not only bound the students together amongst themselves, but it also ran through the officials, from the highest to the lowest, making all of them render service with a devotion which no mere salary can purchase. Was there ever such a Registrar as Nicholson, so quick, so calm, so polite, so illimitably kind? And was there ever such a porter as Hoyle, so attentive, so human, so clever at not seeing what it was discreet to ignore?

And the professors were an exhaustless mine of interest, for we were then so few that we could venture to be amused at their oddities without jeopardising discipline. As I write now

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I can see Sandeman tapping his snuff-box, I can hear his snuffling voice as he shouted in high tones, which were meant to frighten, but failed because we knew his kindness of heart too well. Especially do I recall one occasion when he asked me how I knew that two and two make four, and poured forth his scorn for a senior mathematician who could reply that he had always taken it on trust, and his confidence had never been betrayed. How triumphantly he covered the blackboard with an elaborate proof, and how crestfallen he looked when he was shown that the same proof could be made to lead with equal certainty to the conclusion that two and two make five! It was said that he never recovered from that blow; certainly he left shortly afterwards, and when next I met him he said to me, "All I taught you was wrong." Oh no! the best things he taught us could never be wrong, for they were intellectual humility and love of truth.

Roscoe, too, was a child of another sort, in appearance and manner like a great schoolboy, but always keeping excellent order in his classes, in spite of the trying fact that his experiments so often missed the mark. "And now, when I apply a light, you will see a yellow flame!" instead of which a blue one would persist in appearing, yet we dare not laugh,

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because we knew that he would be sure to turn it against us.

Clifton, too, was in those days just the professor to stir a young student with enthusiasm. Tall, thin, romantic-looking, with pale face and large eyes and searching voice, he soon set fire to all of us who had any combustible material in our constitution. How proud I felt to be working with him, sometimes alone, far away into the night! And what an exciting time it was when the mystery and power of electricity were first being mathematically revealed!

The peculiarity of the professors of the College in these days was that they were so little professorial, they were men first and professors a long way afterwards. For example, Christie struck one as a unique blend of the retiring student and acute lawyer, whilst Theodores was half a blazing Hebrew prophet and half a shrewd Cockney, and Williamson made one think sometimes of a pampered family doctor and sometimes of an idolised Dissenting divine.

But I must put a check on my garrulity, so I will only add one word about my last day at Owens, which I remember well. Even Quay Street looked glorious in the midsummer sunshine, and as I turned away the yellow carriage with postilions started from the house next the College,

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where there lived a rich old maiden, the descendant of the author of Manchester's famous Jacobean toast. Even now I can feel the glow of that sunshine and hear the rattle of those wheels as they passed down that street where I had spent so many happy hours.

Years afterwards I came again to Owens College as a family man and a humble student, sitting on a back form and stumbling over a few simple classics. The small College had blossomed into a great University, yet I was not as happy as before, but I know that the change was chiefly in myself, so I will say no more about it.

Ever yours,

GEORGE HARWOOD.

Mr. Harwood's father had been Mayor both of Salford and of Bolton. During his latter period he once presided at a lecture on "Aids to Memory," by a Mr. Stokes of that time. At the end, as they were leaving the hall, the caretaker called out vigorously, "Mr. Harwood, that memory chap has forgot his umbrella."

In the eighties I had the opportunity of presenting to the Victoria University the following twelve large cartoons by Ford Madox Brown. They seem to be a fit decoration for

The Fighting Fifties

such an institution. In 1902, to my astonishment, I was offered the degree of Master of Arts—Honoris Causa. I certainly could have faced or passed no examinations.

The first home of the College was the house once occupied by Richard Cobden, who was one of our first aldermen. His portrait by Richmond comes in fittingly. It is a pleasure to note one's friendship with his daughter and her husband, Cobden-Sanderson, prince of craftsmen among printers and bookbinders.

The twelve fine cartoons here reproduced show Madox Brown at his best as supreme decorative craftsman. They are highly appreciated by all first-class designers. These and other works of a like kind by Brown are unrivalled by any modern in dignity, insight, and invention.

SERIES OF TWELVE CARTOONS BY FORD MADOX BROWN IN THE
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.



POETRY.
Homer, 9th Cent. B.C.



PHILOSOPHY.
Aristotle, b. 384, d. 322 B.C.

Presented by CHARLES ROWLEY.



ORATORY.

Cicero, *b.* 106, *d.* 43 B.C.



KINGSHIP.

Alfred, *b.* 849, *d.* 901.



SCIENCE.

Roger Bacon, *b.* 1214, *d.* 1292.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

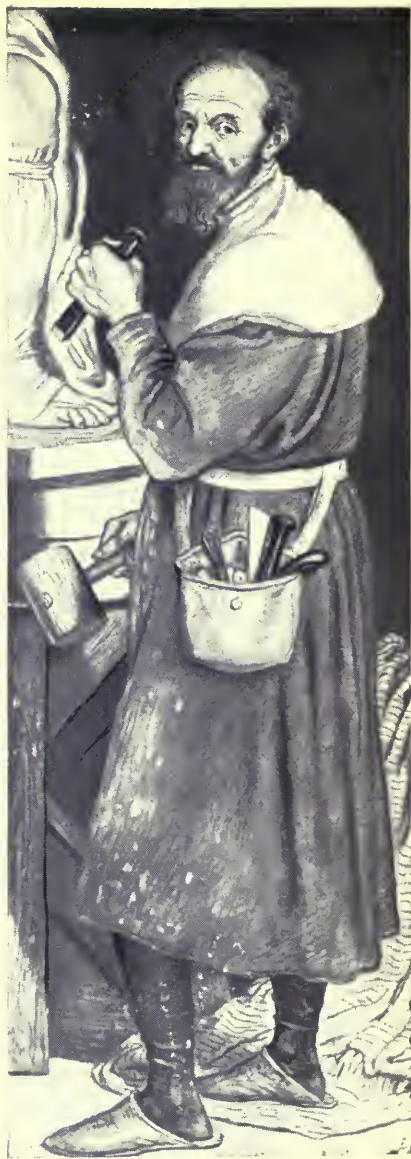
DISCOVERY.

Columbus, *b.* 1447, *d.* 1506.



PATRIOTISM.

Joan of Arc, *b.* 1412, *d.* 1431.



WORKMANSHIP.

Michael Angelo, *b.* 1475, *d.* 1564.



LEARNING.

Lord Bacon, *b.* 1561, *d.* 1626.



DRAMA.

Shakespeare, *b.* 1564, *d.* 1616.



SCIENCE.
Sir Isaac Newton, *b.* 1642, *d.* 1727.



MUSIC.
Beethoven, *b.* 1770, *d.* 1827.

THE MATURING SIXTIES



A LANCASHIRE HABIT: "I'M NOT ARGUING. I'M TELLING THEE!"

THE MATURING SIXTIES

ONE of the beneficent efforts in the early part of the nineteenth century in our city was the erection of the great Bennett Street School right in the heart of the factory population. Housing was of the makeshift kind. "You don't mean to say that your workpeople live in those dwellings?" said a visitor to a great mill-owner in the old days before the Factory Acts. "Oh dear no; my work-folk live in my mill—they only sleep in those cottages."

There was little provision for the most elementary instruction, and here Bennett Street School came in to fill the gap, and had its 2,000 scholars on Sundays and week-days, with a host of voluntary and, for the most part, untrained teachers. It did a great work, and is still at it, though with smaller numbers. All kinds of societies clustered there—sick and burial, clothing, excursions at Whitsun holidays, tea parties galore in the winter, singing classes,

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literary societies, building clubs. The Orpheus Glee Society has its home there. It has become the first musical society of its kind at home or abroad. Its leader, Mr. Nesbit, like his father, is an old Bennett-streeter. We met our future wives there, as our fathers had done before us.

A very remarkable rector at St. Paul's Church was our idol and chief, the Rev. Robert Lamb, who came from Lancaster, and was a graduate of Oxford. He was remarkably handsome, as big as Thackeray, and had a broken nose like his. He was a Tory bachelor with a keen sense of democratic duty. He wrote articles about all our doings, under the signature of "A Manchester Man," for *Fraser*, and most of us who showed any originality or mother-wit figured in those pleasant papers.

The American Civil War came upon us in the height of our prosperity, and of course vast numbers of us were plunged to the depths of misery by the Cotton Famine. At home we had our own soup kitchen, with personal aids of all kinds for our immediate neighbours. When on the larger public relief committees we saw as visitor the interiors of the very homes of these neighbours in a familiar manner which one could never hope to obtain in any other

The Maturing Sixties

way. The memories of the squalor and the potency of the odours of those appalling, stinking slums can never be effaced. We had been living next door to them all our lives, and yet were not aware of their bestial condition. This is always going on; people guess, or glance at things from the outside, but they cannot imagine what the inner state is of such dwellings where crowds live day in day out. No wonder that the death-rate was a high one—half the children died before they were five years old. Still there were truly astonishing survivals. One could tell of hundreds who emerged from the dreariest conditions and bred fine citizens in these unhallowed homes. In all such cases it was the woman who was mainly the salvation of an otherwise deplorable situation. One looks back with amazement and admiration to pay an honourable tribute to these unknown heroines of our race. The widow, left with a cluster of children, has battled for them, worked night and day, and got them well fixed in the world. Where drink and consequent carelessness or despair set in, the case was always hopeless. But all our life we have been constantly in touch with households that never knew what it was to have a hundred a year coming in, nor half of it in some cases, and yet they could and

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did attain a position of comfort and joy in life which the well-to-do, and especially the idle rich, cannot comprehend. Of course, there is the constant work, the eternal presence of the comedy and tragedy of life, the helpfulness to neighbours of those who live at close quarters, and the moving outer drama of the great seething city at its wonderful best on the Saturday night. For the most part these things breed a robust habit in the vast majority of us who must live in cities and be near our work, for our hours were long in those days.

We had in connection with the Sunday School a vigorous cricket club. A few of us of congenial taste formed an inner coterie, nine in number, which has stuck together for over fifty years. Of the nine four only survive, but the same old spirit remains. Our main desire was to see all the best in the town, but above all to enjoy the country we were getting more and more divorced from. Now Manchester is exceptionally fortunate for those who are blessed with these desires and who will seize their opportunity. In a few hours we can be in the heart of the loveliest parts of Derbyshire. For inexpensive week-ends, for good walkers, the finest of Welsh or Lake Country scenery can be at our feet in a little more time. During Saturday afternoon,

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Sunday, and Monday, losing only one day from work hours, and with a pound in your pocket, you can enjoy, if you have the capacity, the finest things our islands afford. Indeed, some of our most enchanting experiences have been gained for a much smaller sum. You form a good plan—that is essential if you are to get to the heart of the best in nature—you take your Sunday midday meal in your satchel, and you trudge along to your heart's delight, wet or fine. That is one fine way to keep sane, to build up character, to enjoy keenly the best about us. Our current temptations to money-spending do not result in half the joy and satisfaction of these simpler, truer methods.

A hard-working labourer was asked by the clergyman of his parish why he got so drunk every week-end when he drew his wages. Said he, "It's the shortest way out of Manchester." We found ways not so short but much more effectual.

A great educational experience was always alive for us in our own workshop. It had grown to be a big one, and for its day was well equipped, the best of its kind. If modern advantages of technical instruction had been available to those of us who directed it, much more might have been done. As it was, we

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depended on our mother-wit and our nimble fingers. From framing samplers galore, marriage-lines, Foresters' and Odd Fellows' emblems, we rose to the enrichment of the pictures of the middle and upper class. We saw their minds in what they admired and brought to us. The constant reflection was, "Plenty of taste, and most of it bad." Often did the family stand struck dumb at some terrible things that swells brought us to frame. We kept pegging away, always striving to go one better in our work. The result was a workshop of some fame in its small way. We of course had many fine things flowing through, and to these we owe a formation of judgment which has enabled us to enjoy the greatest productions of man, for our visits to the great capitals, where treasures were most abundant, were frequent both for business and other profit. Our plan on business visits to London, for example, was always to visit again and again the finest things there, which were common to all. Thus we became possessed of a better acquaintance with metropolitan treasures than friends who lived among them. Hampton Court, Burnham Beeches, and Stoke Poges, Thames-side glories, the National Gallery, the British Museum, South Kensington, and the rest have for forty years been a con-

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stant source of pride and profit. So did we try to fill gaps in education, not by neglecting books, but mainly by seeing workmanship, people, and by getting to the heart of things as well as one could.

And so we were preparing for that wider experience of life which came about in the most natural way possible. Always being in touch with workers, rather than with mere talkers, flattered one's bent. It must, however, be said that to some of us the best craftsmen are always the best worth listening to. I found that later on in Frederic Shields, Ford Madox Brown, and William Morris, not to speak of Bernard Shaw, and other great workers, for such as these always have something to say, and know how to say it.

As we have hinted, we began really to know our neighbours. When "Robert Elsmere" appeared it was, to the thoughtful among us, a belated record, a mere got-up job, full of those false touches which the ablest outsider must make. So with that much truer book, "No. 5, John Street." We had lived among it all our lives and knew the situation to its very marrow. But for the most part we were inarticulate. All the same we had read "The Vestiges of Creation," and Winwood Reade's

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“Martyrdom of Man,” which made us wonder at the silly fuss over “Essays and Reviews,” a preposterously dull book as it seemed to us.

Much sympathy is to be allowed to our friend who says, “I can love my neighbour till he comes to live next door to me.” Pretty much the same is to be said of our dislikes. There is the lovely remark of Charles Lamb, who, in a fit of dislike, said, “I hate him.” “But, Charles,” said his friend, “you don’t know; you have never seen him!” “No, if I had seen him I couldn’t hate him,” said the friend of all who read him. Too true. Distance lends enchantment, as knowledge dispels extravagance. But the next-door man, and especially his wife, or his daughters, or his cubs of sons, they are too often hard nuts to chew. A little glamour of distance, and a sight of them less often, would tend toward endearment. Most of us, however, do live next door. We cannot all live detached, and so the troubles of life to the weaker of us are emphasised in our worriting modern manner. The London habit is to know nobody near you if you belong to the middle or upper section. There is a truly amazing ignorance as to who and what your neighbour is. A mutual friend from a distance introduces you at a

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West End restaurant, or during the interval of a play, or at an exhibition, and you find that only a brick thick has separated you for the major part of your lives. Then your difficulties begin. The absurdity of the saying that one half the world does not know how the other half lives is obvious. Make it ninety-nine out of the hundred and we will try to begin to believe.

The rich are hopeless in this matter. The prevalent idea is, of course, to be a parasite, and a lonely one. You put a wall like a fortress around your park, and your "society" is to be somebody just like yourself, just as rich, with similar tastes, or, better, want of taste—one of your set, in fact. You can't call them neighbours; they are doubles, and the mutual stupidities strike no light. All this is evidenced by the books, the plays, the pictures, the diamonds they are overloaded and choked with. It is idle to complain of the so-called vice in bridge or other gambling, or anything else among the indulgences of a luxurious rich class. The wonder would be were it otherwise. Can anyone point to a period when it was otherwise on our Western side of the planet? In Japan we hear there is an ancient cult and practice of simple dignified living among the well-born and rich. Here, the

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“simple life” is a hypochondriac fad and one more insincerity among those whose dreary career is to kill time. There are, doubtless, noble friendships everywhere, or life would not be worth living. But there is no doubt that among the growing rich the difficulties of simple personal affection are glaring, even with their own children. Cash becomes the root virtue rather than character, for the finest character-bearers are nearly always poor by fortune or by choice. This is why your neighbour in what looks so like a dreary street is so often your chum. Neither of you has “got on.” You are as full of work as you are of affection, and the instinct of helpfulness is developed. Nobody knows, except those who live among it, what a lot of this there is in that majority of mankind which lives in cottages. Even in the remote and nearly always insanitary cottages in the country it is the same. How they glow when you call; how they hurry up when the time comes to help you! But let one of you “get on,” and the inevitable chasm yawns. Money is your true Separatist in Ireland and elsewhere. Your sense of justice goes, and your power of chumming is iced and inoperative. What your neighbour in Ireland or at home will not have, if he has a spark of dignity left,

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is patronage. He will take your kindly gifts, your help, but it must be done in the right way, or it curses him who gives and the receiver as well.

One often wonders how much of the help given by outsiders, both in time and money, in a large city like ours, bears the good fruit hoped for. It must, however, be done. Stop even our most foolish efforts—and all are foolish to some—and we can readily imagine a relapse into barbarism.

The fear is that the human touch is becoming less hearty, not so genuine, and so more precarious. The best people live apart, as well as those merely selfish rich who have the minimum of neighbourly virtue. It is very difficult, even with the best intentions, to be quite at home with people of another clan. Language, thoughts, tastes, habits are all so different. How little do we know the people we live with; how, then, can we expect to know those we seldom see?

Besides the good folks who have the neighbourly instinct so strongly that they run our municipalities, our hospitals, and our philanthropies in general, there is that prosperous and unfortunate section who have not learnt to give either themselves or their money. As the small band of givers of time or money become

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well known by their devotion, the other large unfortunate class are equally well known for their stinginess, their power of absorbing coin, and their true, but perhaps unfelt, unneighbourliness. Modern conditions have increased the number and power for evil of this section of our prosperous communities. They are known and talked about, and they are the very people who drive those who do not desire Socialism to demand that more and more should be put on the rates so as to capture everybody. There is more money being made in our district than ever there was, and yet only a few can be depended upon to support voluntary effort by time or money. The workers get their reward, doubtless, but the callous abstainers would be none the worse if their conscience pricked them now and then to help their neighbours, who certainly contribute to the general well-being, though they may live in the poorest of cottages. The old axiom on Watts's picture of the dead victor is worth bearing in mind: "What I gave I have, what I spent I had, what I saved I lost."

We are now in the midst of serious labour troubles; the unskilled have learnt to combine, to go out, and thus to bring out the skilled artisan, and paralyse workshops, the dock-side, and the carrying trade.

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What the end of all this warfare will be nobody can say. It seems clear that some way must be found to prevent the formation of a rich idle scum as well as a low poor residuum. These two have been always the real dangers to the State.

The real danger of our materialistic success is that we get divorced from Nature and have no capacity for art. Everything becomes ludicrously artificial, which artificiality is the foe to every real enjoyment that is true and sound and lasting. One has watched the separatist feeling growing since the sixties. In those days we knew our men of light and leading. We saw them daily in the streets, we knew of their abounding generousities, we went to their gardens and their houses in the friendliest way. Mr. James Crossley told us of going one day up King Street with a friend on each arm to dine at the fine old house at the top. As they passed Brown Street a rough fellow, pointing to them with his thumb, said to a chum, "There goes a dozen o' port." "Yes," said the portly James Crossley, "and we had our dozen of port, Mr. Rowley, but it was good wine; we did not mix wines; no smoking, no hurry; we dined at three o'clock, had copious talk, and went home at seven." This was the only four-bottle man I ever knew, but the habit did for him; he

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died when he was eighty. Crossley was the one Manchester link to our other noted townsman, Harrison Ainsworth, none of whose books I ever could read, though I was instrumental in inducing the mayor of that time—1882—to give a banquet in his honour in our Town Hall.

James Crossley was a huge tun of a man, a bachelor, a Tory, but as cheery as a robin. He was a ransacker of bookstalls, got together an immense mass of books, specialised on Defoe and a few other writers, but he could never find a book when he required it and so he bought another copy. He was chief of the Chetham Library, the oldest free one in our land; it is enshrined in our one piece of ancientry, the Chetham College, where a hundred poor boys are, as of old, still housed, cared for, and instructed. Crossley was intimate with Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Disraeli, D'Orsay, and all the Harrison Ainsworth coterie of the thirties and forties. He was a notable man and a perfect gentleman. He was at his zenith in the sixties, when such characters were becoming rare, for our merchant princes, the Rylands, Mendels, Penders, Ashtons, Philips, lived either in the city or near it and were always to be seen about, especially on Tuesdays and Fridays, our chief market days.

A MUNICIPAL ERA

By G. RICHMOND, R.A.



RICHARD COBDEN.
(One of our first Aldermen.)

A MUNICIPAL ERA

“The common problem, yours, mine, every one’s,
Is not to fancy what were fair in life,
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then find how to make it fair,
Up to our means: a very different thing!
No abstract, intellectual plan of life
Quite irrespective of life’s plainest laws,
But one, a man, who is a man and nothing more,
May lead within a world which (by your leave)
Is Rome or London, not Fool’s paradise.
Embellish Rome, idealise away,
Make paradise of London if you can,
You’re welcome, nay, you’re wise.”

ALTHOUGH Manchester is supposed to be the most individualistic of all places, it has undoubtedly carried out Municipal Socialism from the first incorporation in 1838 in a more complete fashion than any community known to us. The following departments have been in the hands of the community all the time: Paving, Sewering, Cleansing, Water, Gas, Markets, Town Improvement, Libraries, Parks,

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Electricity, Electric Trams, Watch. Some of these hand over enormous surpluses in relief of rates : Trams, £75,000 ; Gas, £50,000 ; Markets, £11,000 ; and Electricity, £15,000, for this year of grace 1911. The general public never seem to realise that these vast departments for Markets, Gas, Electricity, and Tramways have never cost the ratepayers a single cent, all the capital expended, the interest, and sinking fund having been paid out of revenue and the profit, as stated above, handed over in relief of rates. As regards water, the legislature treats it first as a sanitary necessity and then as a commodity to be paid for like any other. In our case we have had control from the first ; it has been self-supporting, and the whole of the expense of the last great Thirlmere scheme has been paid for out of the revenue of the ordinary water rate. It is, with the rest, a remarkable example of communal municipal finance. The rates, however, are very high in spite of these revenues in aid. The city has grown out as out-townships have grown in. With Salford and other suburbs, all black ones now, we have a population of over two millions, with a bank and postal turnover only exceeded by London itself. These facts are important in estimating the significance of such a community of business men and work-folk, who

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rank among the finest in the world, all things considered.

The problems arising are numerous and conflicting ; some of them are, we fear, insoluble. The chief disadvantage is that classes (that hateful term!) are hopelessly separated. Those with leisure and means go to the pure country ; the telephone and the motor-car enable many to do their business from a distance, while the artisans, all those who sleep in the city and are counted at the Census, are left more and more to their own devices. As at our countryside, where for the most part the men and women of light, leading, and means become more isolated from their fellows, the vast majority every year perforce still stick in the city. Now, philanthropy is excellent, but it never meets and completes the case of daily personal contact, and so our problems of social existence and betterment tend to become treated artificially, however kindly meant. You must live among folk if you are to do them and yourself any good or to get real profit from them. Some of us are driven out of the city because we are not physically capable of living in its dirt and noise ; others leave for mere pleasure and comfort and that suburban isolation which to most natures is deadly, however respectable it may be. Suburbs become the homes of coddled

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conceit and degeneracy. In our own case a series of nervous collapses began in 1870 and we were forced to go away. In 1875, being induced by neighbours to contest our native ward for the City Council, a new era of work set in. A cry was required, and this was hit upon—"Baths and Wash-houses and Public Rooms for Ancoats." Although, as we have pointed out, the city was doing high Socialism without saying so, this cry of mine was howled at as the revolutionary raving of an irresponsible incompetent and declared to be wildly impossible. We soon, however, got all we asked for, and more, for noble baths are spread all around the city and no sky has fallen in. A fresh turn was given to our activities and the Sunday School life seemed to be somewhat outgrown; moreover, we were forbidden by the doctor to return to that hive of after-work activities only to be plunged into the greater whirl of municipal ones.

The great new Town Hall, designed by our townsman, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., was approaching completion. It cost over a million, and was feared by some to be on too vast a scale. Now, after thirty-five years, it is much too small to house all our enterprises, but is still the living and notable centre of the various departments of municipal enterprise. It was with a pardonable

MURAL PAINTING BY FORD MADDOX BROWN.



THE BAPTISM OF EDWIN OF DEIRA.

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glow of native pride that we marched from the old, dignified, classic building in 1877 to the new, stately Gothic one. The old Town Hall is now the Reference Library, and it is sad to know that so fine a work will soon give way to a new commercial structure.

In the new building the architect had arranged suitable spaces in the great hall for mural decoration. How to fill them was the crux, for Mr. Waterhouse, on approaching his fellow-Academicians, was met with such an extravagant demand for municipal cash that the scheme fell flat. Four figures at the least were suggested for each panel, the delusion being twofold—that the Corporation purse was bottomless and that anything those Academic worthies could do would be worth the sum asked. The twelve spaces were, therefore, likely to remain blank unless something else was suggested. In a fit of absurd practicality a sub-committee, with the architect, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and the Town Clerk, Sir Joseph Heron, went over to Belgium to see decorative works in town halls and churches by a modern firm, Messrs. Guffens and Schwertz. These worthies sent a plan and an estimate to do the work for the sum of forty pounds a yard, and to do it within a short time.

Some of us were outraged at this procedure,

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and I fear that I mainly was guilty of a newspaper correspondence which insisted on the desirability of giving these jobs when they rarely arose to native painters, many of the most distinguished not being, of course, of Academic rank. The result was that Frederic Shields, who had just left Manchester for London, was sent for. He at once named the one man in Europe who was best fitted for such work—Ford Madox Brown. To make a long story short, Shields and Madox Brown undertook the works at the Guffens and Schwertz price—forty pounds a yard. Brown set to work, having no other commissions on hand, and in two years produced “The Baptism of Edwin” on No. 2 panel, which we illustrate. He stayed in our tiny cottage for seven months while painting this work on the wall in the Town Hall. He ultimately did the whole twelve, Shields deciding that he could not work under such disturbing circumstances, and feeling, moreover, that Brown’s mural work was so much finer for this purpose than his own. They would clash even if two such friends painted them. To express a personal opinion, one may say that eight out of the twelve panels are masterpieces of design, dramatic action, and noble colour, unequalled in our day and generation. It is only fair to say that the Corporation

MURAL PAINTING BY FORD MADDOX BROWN.



THE ROMANS BUILD A FORT AT MANCINION.

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ncreased the pay, and, on the whole, did well by the painter, in spite of the repeated assertions to the contrary by his somewhat excited grandson, Ford Madox Hueffer.

The subjects are interesting as showing a historic sequence of events, and above all the spiritual and intellectual developments during the two thousand years of our history. Thus we have the "Romans building a Fort," a portion of which still exists down at Knott (Canute) Mill. Then come "Edwin of Deira's Baptism" at York—he was king of the whole district right away to Chester—"The Expulsion of the Danes," "The Introduction of Flemish Weavers by Queen Philippa of Hainault." Then follows "John of Gaunt (time-honoured Lancaster) defending Wyclif," "The Rise of Municipal Order"; the first great event in modern astronomical science, "The Observation of the Transit of Venus," by one of our townsmen; "The Founding of the Chetham School," "First Blood Shed in the Civil War," "The Mob attacking Crompton's House on Account of his Invention of the Fly Shuttle," "The Opening of the Bridgewater Canal," and, finally, "John Dalton collecting Marsh Gas for Experimental Purposes."

Thus we get a telling series of living dramatic

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works, full of learning, humour, humanity, and it must be said of a quaintness and vigour not always agreeable to the ordinary onlooker. The works, however, grew on those who at one time disliked them, and now they are, in their way, the chief glories of our city.

Our second illustration was, as stated, the first to be painted, though it comes after the first Roman subject.

A municipal experience is a rare education, as Mr. Bernard Shaw's masterpiece shows in "The Common Sense of Municipal Trading." Every citizen should read that little book by a master who knows.

You come to close touch and often to enduring friendship with your finest neighbours and truest citizens. It is an honourable career not to be despised or avoided by our best men and women. We look with pride on the local men we have been associated with, in and out of the City Council, for the past thirty-five years. Some of these men give the whole of their time as chairmen of great departments—men fit for Parliament, but of far more use at home. One has no patience with the ignorant arm-chair sneerers at Poor Law Guardians, municipal men, and even at Justices of the Peace. Let these vain talkers come in and do better. In the

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United States the "superior persons" have forsaken their liberties simply by allowing such offices to fall to the rag-tag-and-bobtail around them. The problem over there among the best now is how to save municipalities from hopeless corruption. In our islands the public spirit of good and able men, on the whole, has kept the community sweet.

Eternal vigilance is a necessity here, as elsewhere, as our own experience over the police administration shows.

One of my vivid memories of the City Council of thirty years since is the fact that the Watch Committee was composed entirely of the elderly aristocrats of the Corporation. We younger members—I was then thirty-six—looked with awe on the Watch, the Improvement, and the Water Committees. Nowadays a wiser system of selection is in force. While experience is not neglected, a quite new member may be found on these, or indeed on any Committee of the Corporation.

This policy of exclusion led to curious results. You hardly dared to criticise, let alone find fault with such august bodies. The secrets were as the secrets of a regiment or of a Cabinet Council. Considering the delicate and difficult work the police have to engage in, a great deal

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has to be left to the Chairman, and even more, of course, to the Chief Constable. The latter is practically the prosecuting authority in most offences against the law of the land, the by-laws of the city, and of all offences against public order. The Chief must be a trusted, an honoured and honourable public servant. That goes without saying. His thousand men should be relatively in a similar position. The class they are drawn from—sturdy, healthy, unskilled labourers—supplies a body of men with everything to learn, and possessed only of a good stock of common sense. It must never be forgotten that these men are daily in front of the three chief temptations of mankind—money, drink, and women. Their duties are multifarious, night and day. They would be a body of archangels, and not men like ourselves, if all of them always resisted these potent but common temptations. About the year 1888 a few of us, who knew the streets at night as well as by day, came to the painful conclusion that all was not well with the force. We formed an abominable vigilance society, and consequently we were much more feared in certain quarters than we deserved to be. This fear of us was quite unwarranted, for we were as impotent as any society of which I was ever chair-

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man. The dread of us, I fancy, was the dread in somebody's conscience who might be guilty, or at any rate careless. We had only one object—namely, to safeguard ordinary public decency, which we knew was outraged. We were certain of police-treating by interested people, of much drunkenness in the force, of bribes being given, and of much winking at disgraceful, if minor, law-breaking. I am certainly conceited enough to believe that, if our numerous statements and persistent hints had been taken and properly followed up, there need have been no police inquiry, and none of the ensuing scandals that disgraced our city. That is now all past history. The changed condition of things amounts to a minor revolution. I personally was severely snubbed, punished, turned out of the City Council, and even threatened with lawsuits. The fact is that I was deeply grieved that men could be so foolish, and that evident scandal could not be quietly and firmly dealt with. The harassing of a person like myself was very poor sport while this other game ought to have been hunted and run to earth.

As an observer of the police in the City Courts and in the general pursuit of their great and varied duties I have no hesitation in saying that now a better or finer body of men cannot be

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found. Contrasting them with the men of fifteen or twenty years ago, I am certain of great improvement all along the line. They are better instructed (nearly two hundred are in attendance at special classes under the Education Committee), and they know their work better, thanks to the firm and able leadership of their present Chief. More and more varied work than ever has been put upon them by recent legislation, and on the whole, as any Lord Mayor can tell us, we have every reason to be proud of the Watch Committee, the Chief Constable, Mr. Robert Peacock, and all the men under them.

It must not be supposed that the force in those days was altogether inefficient. It was mainly in its inner life that a diseased condition had set in. This produced a public distrust of the force which was fatal to its real efficiency, and which, if not checked, would have been ruinous to the community. Pride, conceit, blind partiality at headquarters, not to speak of actual law-breaking in the force itself, were the chief evidences of a diseased condition in a body of men who should be above suspicion.

In big public things the work was well done. One instance may be noted. In 1888 there was much trouble in Ireland. Mr. William O'Brien was "wanted"—he could not be found

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in Ireland. One day the word went round to a few of us that he was going to turn up at our Hulme Town Hall, where he had a long-standing engagement to speak. The Chief-Constable, Mr. Malcolm Wood, had a warrant for his arrest. The hall was packed; the speakers fell flat, for we all expected that something highly dramatic was going to happen—we didn't quite know how. The police were there in hundreds in and around the hall, and the Chief sat next to me on the platform. About nine o'clock we heard a commotion outside in Stretford Road. This was a well-planned ruse, a feint to distract attention. In three minutes after that William O'Brien walked calmly past me and the Chief on to the platform. This was the critical moment, and a false move would have produced a riot and the death of some of us. Mr. Malcolm Wood behaved splendidly. He allowed the meeting to proceed, and we heard from the culprit one of the finest, noblest speeches I have ever listened to. Then the meeting simmered and it, too, behaved well in all that intense drama which so easily might have been turned to a tragedy. We waited quietly in the ante-room till eleven o'clock, Mr. O'Brien chatting calmly all the time, being accustomed to arrest and that sort of thing.

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Then a square of police was formed, with the prisoner and myself in the centre, and so we marched safely down to the Town Hall. The whole proceeding was carefully, skilfully, and judiciously managed.

I was induced, after an absence of six years, to enter the City Council again in 1890, our semi-country district having been incorporated. I venture to offer the following article which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* at the time :—

“A THREATENED VILLAGE

“In a short time—I could almost say alas!—we shall be in Manchester. We have seen the monster approaching for some years past, and now it is about to swallow us. Will it digest us? Shall we assimilate or shall we disagree? We are rather queer folk, neither town nor country, but sometimes the extreme of one or of the other, and oftener a mongrel, indescribable sort of development peculiar to suburbs. Those of us that are ‘gron grun,’ as we say of those sprung from the soil, look upon Manchester as a rather so-so kind of place, but we gaze upon the Mayor, at any rate (and from our distance), with a proper kind of awe. In contemplating these august personages, even from afar, we experience
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something like the feeling which Sydney Smith said was the proper emotion for a curate in the presence of a bishop—'a feeling of falling-down-deadness.' And then, again, Our Village is a very healthy place, with a death-rate extremely low, and only on the villa side of it is there good business for the doctors and the churchyards to be found. Fancy our peril, as one of our aborigines said, in entering on such a mad thing as joining a city which cannot reduce its death-rate below 27 per 1,000. Some of us will have to die quicker. But this is only a sample of our childlike way of looking at things. It is said that a born and bred Mostoner has been accustomed from his childhood to go to Dicky Pit to see whether it is raining or not. This would not be worth naming, only for the fact that it strikingly shows what Arcadian simplicity still reigns within four miles of the greatest of Exchanges. In the early part of the century we were noted for hand-loom weaving, and many of the old houses and a few of the looms may still be seen. Then, too, the old weavers were fairly well out of the wicked world. They were a fine type of hard-working, smooth-shaven, clean-shirted men. It is pathetic to think that the Radicals among them had set their hearts on Napoleon as a deliverer from their ill-fortunes, and a few of

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them vowed the tremendous oath that they would neither 'shirt nor shave till Boney came.' It is astonishing how much of this simple, half-knowing habit of mind still continues; but it will all go when we become Manchester. Even our dialect—strong, direct, and in some mouths a beautiful speech—will go, and we shall be all Board Schooled into commonplace. Everybody had a nickname when we were at our best, and that, of course, will soon be a thing of the past. It was 'Owd Shrop'—so called because he was thought to hail from Shropshire—whose real name nobody knew, who every 'back end,' as we call the autumn, used to fetch out his barrow and cry mussels and cockles in the district. Some polite person, having bought a quart, reviled him next night because the bivalves were not as fresh as they should be. He soon polished her off by the obvious retort, 'Why didn't hoo buy 'em a week sin? he'd co'd 'em hard enoo.' Even queerer was the case of 'Owd Yeb,' whose own wife had forgotten his gospel name of Edmund Chadderton. Some one came one day to Owd Yeb wife (we didn't use possessives), and asked for Edmund Chadderton. She knew everybody in those parts but nobody of that name. She mentioned the matter to her hus-

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band when he came home at night, and he said, 'Why, tha owd foo, that me'; and so on. Those are things of the past in more places than Our Village if they happen to be near what are called the centres of civilisation. The losing of all this is a big price to pay only to have the benefits which flow from a beneficent Mayor, coupled with the tyrannies of the Health Committee and Mr. Whiley. It is no light matter to lose our simple satisfaction of rural life and the joy of saying what we like in the vernacular.

"If we are to be absorbed into the vast conglomeration of dreary streets, with characterless populations, we want to think of what we lose in grasping our supposed advantages. In our days we used to have town's meetings, which were a glorious survival. No play was ever in it for the fun we got at those meetings. We all remember 'Owd Jim Lane.' He was a farmer and an overseer—as decent a fellow as ever stepped. He would stand no nonsense; he had things his own way at the meeting. No uproar could daunt him; no chairman could shut him up. The fun used to be rough, but now and then indescribably comic, chiefly owing to the mixing of things that would not and could not assimilate. The rude, rough mother-wit of the aborigines had full fling at these gatherings.

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Those times can never come again. Law and order has much to be blamed for. Never more at these meetings can our sturdy friend from another part of the district ask, with an oath, 'what they paid highway rates for.' His own street in the wet seasons was a foot deep in 'slutch,' and he always referred to it with tremendous scorn as 'Ichabod Street.' Of course we have, and have had, our religious experiences. We have, however—sad to say—our due proportion of pagans, who never darken door of church or chapel. The religious bias our way is Low Church and the various patterns of Dissent. All the worthy people go to either church or chapel, and if they do listen overmuch to their terrible future fate, it is to be supposed that they like it and that it is not a matter to be smiled over. There is a case of one worthy creature who could find nothing quite savage enough at home in Our Village, and who went to town for nearly fifty years to a particular Calvinist chapel, where she had the weekly consolation of hearing that she was irrevocably one of the lost. This poor creature took down her dinner, so as to stay to afternoon and evening service as well as the morning, and so home again, as Pepys would say. 'Owd Parkin,' when he was on his deathbed, had

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deferred the parson's visit as long as possible. At last the rector came to the poor old spent octogenarian. Among the rest, the parson asked the old man 'who made him.' He didn't know. At last the parson turned to a little grandchild and asked her. She gave the desired answer, and the parson said, 'Even a child knew that.' 'Aw, but,' said Owd Parkin, 'hoo'll ha' forgotten when hoo's as owd as me.' When Bill-o'-Jack's lad, who always went to church, was put in for sidesman, some fifty years since, he asked a churchwarden what his duties were. They were defined to be—'Say nowt, pay nowt, know nowt, do nowt, and carry th' churchwarden whoam when he's drunk.' Now, of course, we are deadly respectable, and these things cannot happen. Some of us remember the days when old Sam Bamford was a conspicuous figure in Our Village. He was a notable man to look at or to talk to. He always had toffy for the children, and one poor little lame chap was his especial care. Every day old Sam had sweets or a bit of pudding or a halfpenny for his pet boy. Now we have Ben Brierley among us—and for a long time yet, we hope. As for politics, we are mostly Radical, although the Tories make a fair show. So we are to be lost in the great wen of Manchester. We cannot

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hope to contribute much, as we are such very 'back-o'-behind' folk. However, it is to be hoped that both Manchester and ourselves will be the better for the new deal."

In the City Council one met, as we have said, and formed life friendships with some of the best men of my generation. To name only a few: Sir James Southern, Sir Bosdin Leech, Sir James Hoy. The latter had fourteen children. Before his last was born I had been with him one Sunday morning to hear our great preacher, Dr. Alexander Maclaren. Near his house we met Alderman Patteson and Mr. Herman Hirsch—each had thirteen children. I made the flippant remark that this triumvirate—a Jew, a Churchman, and a Nonconformist—had produced the Thirty-nine Articles.

There is a good remark to be noted by Hirsch. He heard a group of men on the Manchester Exchange reviling his race. He turned on them, asking if they would like to go to some place where there were no Jews. They at once assented. "Then go to hell," said the baited Jew.

I was at that time mainly interested in securing a fine tract of land for a park. It was in our parish (now therefore in the city), and is by far

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the most picturesque of our public parks and the most frequented too, for the population has drifted that way. It was indeed a lucky catch, and I am proud of my ten years' struggle to get it, my report to the City Council, and our victory in securing 76 acres of undulating land for all time for public use and pleasure.

It is called "Boggart Hole Clough," Boggart being our name for a mischievous ghost, while Clough signifies a dell, a cleft in the landscape. The universal ghost story which Tennyson uses in one of his early poems, "Walking to the Mail," is located here. The farmer has been harassed by ill-luck, bad harvests, sterility and death of cattle, and disasters to members of his family. He determines to flit. He meets a neighbour who has to listen to his tale of disasters. The lid of the churn on the cart is lifted, the Boggart pops his head out and says: "Yes, and I'm going, too." The poor farmer decides to turn back as his devil is "going too." We used to locate the very farm where it all happened. Thus is history written.

A MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ART

BY FAVOUR OF MESSRS. MORRIS & CO.



“THE ADORATION” ARRAS TAPESTRY.

13 ft. long by 8 ft. 8 in. Designed by Sir Edward Burne Jones, and woven on the Morris Looms at Merton Abbey, Surrey, Presented to the Manchester Municipal School of Art by Mr. WILLIAM SIMPSON.

A MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ART

It will be remembered that about 1899 the Government raised money in their Budget to compensate publicans, whose licences were to be reduced in number. The project was defeated by a storm of national indignation. Thereupon it was actually proposed by the Government of the day to hang up the money for future use for the same object. Mr. Tim Healy, however, pointed out that money raised in any year must be allotted or it goes to the reduction of the National Debt automatically. My friend Mr. Arthur Acland set to work and got this great sum allotted to the County Councils either for relief of rates or for Technical Education, a subject he had been slaving at for some years. He succeeded, and this truly English method of side-wind help was adopted. Manchester, of course, got its quota. The Technical School of that date and the School of Art were both handed over to the Municipal Authority. They

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had been bravely upheld and supported by bodies of subscribers with some Government aid. The Art School, though successful, was much crippled for want of funds. We now proceeded to put it in a condition worthy of its aims and of the great city. The School of Technology became too small for its students, and the fine old building, developed from a Mechanics' Institution to a Technical School, which my father with John Heywood and others had raised, is used now as a Teachers' College, and the new Municipal School of Technology is the largest and finest of its kind up to date. Our plans were large ones; an effort to absorb the Art School under the same roof I had to protest against, and happily succeeded in defeating. It remains in the old spot in Cavendish Street. A large piece of land behind the School was part of the gift to us, as well as £10,000, a portion of the profits from the great Jubilee Exhibition of 1887. I got the use of this land and of the money, and we proceeded to add to the School a permanent Crafts Exhibition of objects where the arts come in. Being under the same General Committee as the School of Technology, we do what we can in teaching the application of design to textiles of all kinds at that superbly equipped institution. We are now assured from headquarters, and by

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foreign and other visitors who know, that we have the most complete and best equipped School of Art in these islands at any rate, and I have never seen a finer abroad.

Being, by courtesy of my colleagues, Chairman for all these years, it can be imagined what a pleasure one has had in this work, and how we have been helped by the Municipality and by such outside expert aid as we sought and obtained. New studios for modelling, life classes, architecture studios, and lecture-rooms have been added. The School Museum contains examples of everything but pictures—metal-work of all the best periods, coins and medals, pottery, sculpture, fine printing, stained glass, engraving of all kinds, woodcuts, etchings; and a generous friend, Mr. Jesse Haworth, gave a set of first proofs of the *Liber Studiorum*. In one gallery, 35 feet square, we show Gothic casts, chiefly from the Trocadero Collection; in another, Renaissance work, chiefly Italian. The main large court is devoted to Textiles. Here are shown a fine Collection of the late Dr. Bock, a well-known European expert. This was secured for the city by Mr. C. P. Scott and myself in the early eighties, but never properly shown till now, the purely technical portions being at one school and the finer design and colour examples here, at the Art Museum. One

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crowning example was given, "in loving memory of his mother," by Mr. William Simpson, one of our finest retiring citizens. This is a replica of the Exeter College tapestry by Burne-Jones and William Morris, "The Adoration of the Kings." It is one of the chief glories of our city, and it would not be easy to find its equal in all fine qualities of work, design, colour, and permanent living interest in tapestry, ancient or modern. Thus have we endeavoured to provide a fit home for teachers and students. We had the advantage for three years of Mr. Walter Crane as Master of Design. What the effect of all this is, and may be, on the arts and manufactures nobody can say. All we can say is that we have done our best with the limited resources at our command.

It would not be germane to our present plan to discuss the whole question of Art teaching. The subject, like most educational problems, is always in the melting-pot. All we felt we could and must do was to keep the flag of excellence always flying, with little regard to fashion or passing popularity. It is surely our business not only to train the hand in these subtle crafts, but to point constantly to such standards as may be beyond dispute. In literature, in the arts, in all æsthetics, no more may or can be

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attempted. To affect current commercialism is a minor and, we have come to think, a hopeless aspect of our duty. In our special case as textile manufacturers we still remain by far the largest producers in Manchester and district—larger than can be found in any other place. Now, as 90 per cent. or thereabout of our product goes to all the outer world, nobody can say how we can affect the taste of alien races and peoples. Our manufacturers produce admirably, and with growing skill, what will sell north, south, east, and west of us. But for them to impose on their customers what we assume to be the highest taste, as we feel it, would mean loss of markets and ruin. In the multitude of Manchester warehouses you can find printed pattern and woven pattern goods which are never seen at home or in our shops. And these, it must never be forgotten, are the vast bulk of our enormous production. The home market is a fine and interesting one, but it is a trifle to that of China, India, the States, South America, and the rest. It is idle to complain that we send them horrors; they would not, nor could they, look at what we are pleased to call beauties. We send stuffs suited to their own genius, but as a rule well done and cheaper than they can produce even where

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the cost of labour is at a minimum. The modern calico-printing machine is a marvel of ingenuity and amazing facility of production, like the modern newspaper press. Those who possess machines must keep the monsters fed and going.

The trained art student from our schools has to adapt himself to the demand of the market. If he does not, if he determines to do only his best as he knows it, he has a fearful struggle against the commercial giants of the time. All the arts and crafts carried on in this high temper come, we are sorry to say, to failure so far as making a living is concerned, except in the few rare cases of supreme excellence. It is the same in all the arts. The picture shows display the same dismal prospect, and even yet the best and most gifted have to avoid them. It may be, some say it is, the same in literature, and in poetry and the drama especially. What keeps concerts and music-shops going is not the great stuff, but the shallow sentimentalities of the drawing-room, the smartness of the music-hall, or the clever frivolity of musical comedy. Even Gilbert and Sullivan are, to our loss, out of fashion.

This means that if the arts are to be fostered and saved, somehow the standard has to be maintained at all costs. "Life without industry is

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guilt ; industry without art is brutality." Ruskin never said anything truer than that.

Schools such as these emphasise the fact that we begin really to learn essentials when we leave them for the real battle of life. All the same, they have to be maintained in our present condition of things. One hopes they may at least help the gifted few in appreciation of work of supreme excellence. It is clear that schools cannot make designers or artists ; they can only foster the germ if it is there. Slade professors, Mr. Ruskin himself, have let loose a lot of jabbering about Art which has become a flood of blatant, nauseous, misleading rhetoric. Recent examples of this baneful tendency have been the terrible gushes about "impressionism," and that lowest phase of human impudence, post-impressionism. If Schools of Art, and the noblest collections in the world which we undoubtedly possess, cannot prevent these outrages getting a vogue, we must be content only to wait for the next silly craze, which is sure to arrive. We agree with Dr. Hyslop in his admirable exposition of Art crazes in Bedlam itself, where he was chief physician so long, that men who write up such stuff are "either degenerates or hum-bugs." The article we quote from is in the *Nineteenth Century and After* for February,

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1911, and it is well worth studying in regard to this latest craze for ugliness and chaotic emptiness. It is curious to note that our great Hogarth exposed crazes such as these in many of his works, and especially in my lady's boudoir scene in the marvellous "Marriage à la Mode" series in our National Gallery. Fashion in æsthetics is always a blight. Mr. Balfour was led astray by this fact when in his Romanes Lecture he contended that in matters of taste there could be no standards. Schools of Art, Chairs of Literature, Professors of Architecture, exist to demonstrate the values of highest achievement, and to discover the laws on which the works are based. This is what Mr. Walter Crane did so admirably for us in his lectures and masterly drawings, as shown in his books "Line and Form" and "The Bases of Design." After studying these things, original genius must have its free fling, of course. A neglect of established fundamentals always results in vagaries such as "post-impressionism," where impudent, empty-headed men think they are original and strong when they are only blatant and offensive. There are, in spite of Mr. Balfour, then, standards in everything, even in conduct. It is the business of our schools to keep these standards flying as best they can.

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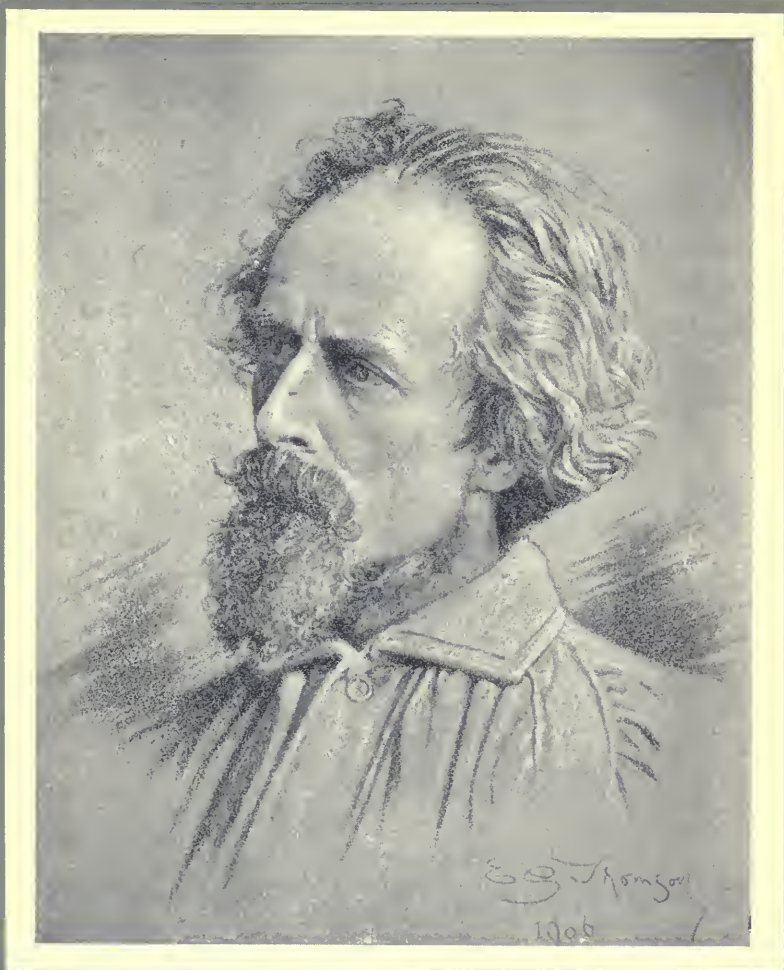
The evil effect of this neglect of permanency in standards that nobody argues about is to be seen in our provincial Art galleries. At Liverpool they have for years gone for the dregs of fashionable work at the Royal Academy. At Manchester another plan has been tried. A short time since its noble galleries were filled by French impressionist daubs of appalling ugliness, which turned out to be, for the most part, the offscourings of unsold works of an astute Parisian picture-dealer. At this moment we have a show of monochrome work of such painful imbecility that one wonders that sane men will be a party to it, and place the imprimatur of a great municipality on the scores of incompetent, mindless scrawls shown there. And yet both these galleries contain modern works of supreme quality.

The chaos in the Arts is only too evident, and schools miss their mission if they do not restore taste to sanity and order.

FREDERIC SHIELDS

G

BY E. GERTRUDE THOMSON.



FREDERIC SHIELDS.

FREDERIC SHIELDS

FOR intensity of nature all round my old friend Frederic Shields had no equal in my large circle of friends. I never knew a brain so active, so keen, so wearing. He was so sympathetic that I never knew him to be without some kind of agony or other in all our forty years of close friendship. A poor boy, a youthful period of semi-starvation and uncongenial work, he emerged through it all to a remarkable exaltation of life, and at last got the chance of doing the work he loved. Shields' early life was spent entirely among workfolk—for the most part very poor. He was a Ragged School teacher; he sketched, not only the misery but the constant humour and what beauty he could find around him. A notable series of book illustrations to a "Rachda' Chap's Visit to th' Great Exhibition" of 1851 is full of keen observation and mother wit. For bread-and-butter subsistence he did a great number of domestic and street subjects, most of

Frederic Shields

them of great charm. Red chalk and water-colour were then his media. He lived, when he could afford, in old houses in the midst of great gardens, for any kind of noise wrecked him. I knew him first in the old timbered house "Ord-sall Hall," a remarkable "maggie" relic of the sixteenth century. Many a fine time we had in the quiet evenings there. He would bring out his books of engravings of old and fine work, and tell me all about the why and the wherefore of their qualities, and show me why they endured. About 1874 he left Manchester for London, intending to devote himself solely to sacred subjects. He was fully possessed with the idea that God had given him his rare gift to be devoted to that alone. In his last great work he fully believed that his Maker would bear him up till the series was completed. He did live, to the surprise of all of us, to finish his exalted task, and then, after a year of acute suffering, he left us at the ripe age of seventy-eight. How he had lived so keenly for so long a time was a puzzle to all who knew him. The slightest outside noise tortured him, and he had a lifelong battle with street organs, bands neighbours' cocks and hens, and indeed with all the strange worries of what he called "devilisation." Yet he could not live out of it all, for he was not only sympathetic with every

IN THE MERTON STUDIO GARDEN.



FREDERIC SHIELDS AND THE AUTHOR.

Frederic Shields

phase of humanity, but wanted all of it as material for his work. He was a constant, a very rapid worker. He has left thousands of studies, some of them masterpieces. In fact, it must be said that Shields was too diffuse, too analytical: his larger work is overlaid with detail, his symbolism is profuse and over-subtle; it is carried much too far in detail, resulting in confusion to the beholder. His finest faculties were not sufficiently in leash. Rigorous selection he had, but his mind was so full, so active, it led him to redundance where quietude was the one essential needed. We all used to say that, like Walter Crane, he had more inventive power than a whole Royal Academy.

Shields met at Gabriel Rossetti's, in the late seventies, the Cowper-Temples. With them was Mrs. Russell Gurney, whose husband, the Recorder of London, had just died; his portrait, by Watts, is in the National Gallery. This group was highly intellectual and evangelically spiritual. It just suited Shields, and to Mrs. Russell Gurney he was in a real sense a god-send. This finely-natured lady wished to use her considerable means in a beneficially religious manner. Shields was just the man to help. He had done a fine series of designs for glass for Sir William Holdsworth's church at Reddish, near

Frederic Shields

Manchester, and later a series for glass and mosaic for the Duke of Westminster's chapel at Eaton Hall, near Chester. The first series illustrated the passages about faith in St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, and the second a larger theme, the *Te Deum*. If the charge of overfulness in ideas of symbolic crowding could be dismissed, both these series must be classed as among the most remarkable works of their kind of our period. They are full of noble designs, with a spiritual intensity which is all too rare in such work in our day.

Mrs. Gurney, after great effort, got possession of the chapel at the burial-ground belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square, in the Bayswater Road. It had long been disused, the graveyard being full. The old building was pulled down, and a new one erected, under Shields' guidance, by Mr. Herbert P. Horne. Then came the great task of decorating with pictorial subjects the carefully prepared interior. The idea was an original one. The scheme of salvation was to be shown from the biblical source alone, the old masters having been, in our friend's view, in the chains of paganism throughout the whole period of their work under the influence of the Roman Catholic Church. Much as our artist admired the greatest of the workers of the past, he was



CONSCIENCE DISREGARDED.



CONSCIENCE OBEYED.

Frederic Shields

certain they had been spiritually blinded by this baneful pagan tradition. All must be begun afresh.

After twenty years of hard and glorious labour the result can best be studied only at the Chapel of the Ascension in the Bayswater Road, not far from the Marble Arch, and fronting to Hyde Park. There is a book of explanatory notes by the painter, and the visitor needs such a guide. To get full value out of this truly remarkable achievement, Mr. Shields' book should be read on the spot, and the works studied from the point of view of their creator.

We present two of the latest of the designs. They are full, as Mr. Shields' notes show, of all the faults, if one can so call them, as well as the beauties, of this singularly gifted man.

These are Shields' notes on the two illustrations from monochrome works in the vestibule of the Church of the Ascension :—

MAN HEARKENS TO THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

“Their conscience also bearing witness.”

“Being convicted by their own conscience.”

Hearkening to the whisper of Conscience in the pale delinquent's ear, man turns from his descent, and laying bare his breast, suffers her to lay her finger on his heart, the foul source of his corruption.

Frederic Shields

Her still, small voice urges the vital question, "What shall it profit a man, though he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" This is suggested by the balance, wherein the butterfly, encircled by the emblem of immortality, outweighs the regal possession of the world. The storm is clearing away, and heaven opens in peace above.

"Who dares to meet his naked heart alone,
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolved to silence future murmurs there?"

YOUNG.

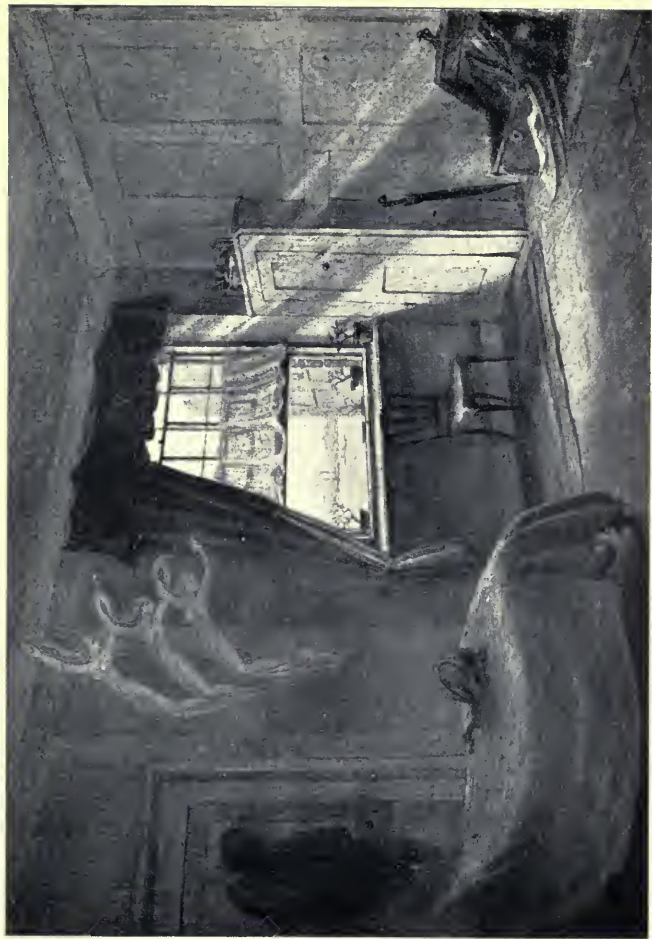
MAN REPELS THE APPEAL OF CONSCIENCE.

Conscience, casting herself upon her knees, in a last passionate entreaty beseeches man to turn from his downward course. She would have him see himself in the mirror of purity, that she holds up to him (its handle surmounted with a silver dove). Man, set upon the pursuit of his own desires, closes his eyes, stops his ear, and thrusts her gentle restraint from him, while the sensual indulgences of riot and drunkenness, of voluptuous love, of covetousness and ambition, drag him to the verge of the pit. The broken hour-glass, with its scattered sands, figures man's waste of life, and the pursuing storm the wrath to come.

His studio at Merton was in the centre of a fine old garden, and there he was always glad to see his friends. He was a wonderfully vivid and picturesque talker.

Shields, along with D. G. Rossetti, was a great student and admirer of the genius of William Blake. For the second edition of Gilchrist's "Life of Blake" he sought out the humble tene-

FOUNTAIN COURT, STRAND.
(Now abolished.)



WILLIAM BLAKE'S WORK-ROOM AND DEATH-ROOM.

Frederic Shields

ment in Fountain Court, Strand, where Blake lived, worked, and died. He made a characteristic drawing, which I possess. One evening he took it to Cheyne Walk to show to Rossetti, and next morning received this sonnet upon it:—

WILLIAM BLAKE.

(To Frederic Shields, on his sketch of Blake's work-room and death-room, 3, Fountain Court, Strand.)

This is the place. Even here the dauntless soul,
The unflinching hand, wrought on ; till in that nook,
As on that very bed, his life partook
New birth, and passed. Yon river's dusky shoal,

Whereto the close-built coiling lanes unroll,
Faced his work-window, whence his eyes would stare,
Thought-wandering, unto nought that met them there,
But to the unfettered, irreversible goal.

This cupboard, Holy of Holies, held the cloud
Of his soul writ and limned ; this other one,
His true wife's charge, full oft to their abode
Yielded for daily bread the martyr's stone,
Ere yet their food might be that Bread alone,
The words now home-speech of the mouth of God."

FORD MADOX BROWN

BY FORD MADOX BROWN.



THE PAINTER.
(By favour of Mr. Watts-Dunton.)

FORD MADOX BROWN

AT the Royal Academy banquet on May 5th, 1894, Lord Leighton spoke thus of Ford Madox Brown, who died the year before: "For there was that in his work which was apt to arouse the uneasy dread of the not-usual which mostly marks the middling mind." The "middling mind" is good, if peculiar. I had the pleasure, some time before that, of conducting the President of the Royal Academy round to see the mural paintings in the large hall of the city of Manchester. He was much impressed by their potent power, dramatic force, and superb colour, by the touches of humour, the human energy everywhere displayed—indeed, by all the high and rare qualities so conspicuously absent in his own suave excellencies. No contrast could be greater, for Madox Brown was everything but academic. That is why one suggests that his work lives and rises in power, while all the merely fashionable perfections of his contemporaries sink to their true level of

Ford Madox Brown

uninterestingness. Some of Madox Brown's really powerful designs have passages so queer, so exaggerated and wanting in control, that even his best friends "cannot abide them." This vigorous originality is part of the price one has to pay for his abounding and lasting power, but it is safe to predict one thing, that on account of his really noble and rare qualities more of his works will be permanent, and regarded in the future as treasures, than similar quantities in the whole of his fashionable contemporaries. In spite of periods of neglect and want of perception by most contemporary buyers, he seldom entirely lost heart, but kept working away on his own settled lines. When first I knew Brown, in 1875, he was absolutely without commissions, and this, too, just after the agonising loss of his talented son, Oliver Madox Brown, a loss from which he never quite recovered. (We offer a portrait of Oliver from the original in the possession of Mr. C. P. Scott, the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*. It is known as "The English Boy," and is one of a number of superb child portraits which Madox Brown did so well, never looking for mere prettiness but always for character. Gabriel Rossetti's sonnet on this gifted young man, untimely lost, will be known to our readers.)

Ford Madox Brown

I first stayed at the famous 27 Fitzroy Square house in 1876, that old Georgian residence where Thackeray located Colonel Newcome. I had been reading my *Athenæum*, and was much struck by an article on a new edition of Professor Wilson's "Noctes Ambrosianæ." The writer had trenchantly exposed the vulgarity of it, and the absurd literary "jollydogism" of that boisterous crew which seemed to revel in the horrors of haggis and Scotch whisky galore. Poor results, surely, of learning and culture. "Oh," said Brown, "you will meet the author of that article; Theodore Watts is coming to dinner."

Watts told a good story against himself. It is known from "Aylwyn," and other writings, of his passion for the Snowdon district. As a young man he was ascending our chief mountain and saw in front an old woman, whom he soon found to be one of his beloved gipsies. She was smoking a short cutty pipe, and took no notice of Watts's frequent, and no doubt eloquent, gushes at the sublimities around them. At last he could stand her irresponsiveness no longer, and said to her, "You don't seem to care for this magnificent scenery?" Her reply was a settler, as she took the pipe out of her mouth: "I enjies it; I don't jabber." Is it malapropos to say that my friend Gascoigne

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Creak, who lives at Llanberis, has just completed his one hundred and fiftieth ascent of Snowdon? He knows all the neighbours equally well, the Glyders, the Carnedds David, and Llewellyn, in every nook and summit.

Another visitor came that evening; it was Good Friday, and the British Museum Library was closed. This was C. B. Cayley, the great scholar and linguist, who had been the lover of Christina Rossetti. A fine portrait of Cayley is that in the "Transit of Venus" picture, one of the noblest of the series in our Town Hall. Thus began a series of meetings with the finest of the lesser-known men of that day at this most hospitable house. Among these may be named Philip Bourke Marston, John Payne, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, and Henry Wallis, the painter of the death of Chatterton in the Tate Gallery.

William Rossetti and Franz Hueffer, both sons-in-law, were constantly there, as also were Mathilde Blind and Algernon Swinburne; so we had ample supplies of life of the right kind.

It was a house of focus for all that was excellent and profound in literature and the Arts, though there was no silly art prattle or affectations of superiority. All was life and humanity at its best.

Ford Madox Brown

Everybody admitted that Madox Brown was not only one of the handsomest men but also the best talker in London. He could not use this delightful gift in mere society, or as a diner-out with commissions in view. He was best only when quietly amongst chums. He would do anything for his friends, for no one was ever so self-sacrificing. I used to be thoroughly ashamed, though delighted, at the time he would devote to my pleasure or comfort while I was in London. No man could be more altruistic. In fact, he spoiled his friends, and placed many of us on far too high a pinnacle.

When one had some spare money it was a delight to get Brown to do a work, and in this way I commissioned him to paint for me the fine picture now at Manchester, "Cromwell, Protector of the Vaudois." I wanted a picture of John Milton, and the result is this masterpiece—Cromwell, Milton, and Andrew Marvell, who was then secretary to the blind poet. (We reproduce the fine study of Milton as he listens to Oliver and dictates to Marvell the famous dispatch about the Piedmontese massacre.) On another occasion he painted a water-colour replica for me of the Jesus and Peter subject, the large oil painting of which is now a chief

Ford Madox Brown

treasure in the Tate Gallery. A few of us gave this fine work to the nation in memory of our friend after Brown's death. It exemplifies in a marked way some of the painter's characteristics. He painted the Christ naked, girt only with a towel, for in the passage in St. John's Gospel it is clearly indicated that Jesus classified Himself as the poorest of servants while washing the Apostles' feet at the Last Supper. This dramatic touch of profound reality was too much for the client; the noble work was returned to the painter, and he had to put clothes on the chief, Divine actor. Thus it stands in the Tate Gallery, but in my version, or replica, now in the Manchester Art Gallery, the true original idea is retained.

I saved another remarkable work, "The Entombment," one of the greatest pictures of any period. I remember Mr. Frederic Craven, who had commissioned it, sending for me when it arrived in Manchester in the early seventies, and we stood in amazement at its intense dramatic force, its glorious colour, its Giotto-like sincerity. Years afterwards it came back to Fitzroy Square, for Craven wanted the nimbus in gold on each saint painted out. Brown was in despair, though he was going to do it to satisfy his client, as he had done with the "Jesus washing Peter's

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BY FORD MADOX BROWN.



ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

BY FORD MADOX BROWN.



JOSEPH'S COAT.

Ford Madox Brown

Feet" in the matter of garments. I proposed that he should offer Craven another work, and I would raise cash to buy and thus save this superb one. We succeeded. The picture is now in one of the galleries in Australia. There is no doubt as to its surviving power as a perennial masterpiece.

On looking over his mass of cartoons which had been done in its early days for the "firm" for stained glass we came across treasures of great price. I had the good fortune to present the Saint Edith series, done for Tamworth Church, to my city. They are reckoned by Arts and Crafts men as classics of their kind. Later on we unrolled the fine series of single figures done for Peterhouse, Cambridge. Six of these, with six new ones, it was my privilege to present to Owens College, now the Victoria University.

It is as pathetic as Wagner's waiting for thirty years with masterpieces in his desk to think of this gifted man with the highest ideals and powers of the rarest order so often to be waiting for a job. In the early fifties he painted "The Last of England," a picture of the Jan van Eyck sort, so rich, so lasting, so perfect as workmanship. This masterpiece is in the Birmingham Gallery. When Brown saw it,

Ford Madox Brown

forty years after it was painted, even he was surprised at its freshness, its solidity of craft genius. What a contrast is all this to the silly, transient fashion for Raeburns, Romneys, and at the other extreme the craze for French Impressionist daubs, or, that lowest deep, post-Impressionist stupidities. There is a passion always in evidence which ignores standards, places works out of their true rank, and discards the sane faculty of true comparison. For example, Franz Hals groups, the limited Corot, fashionable pretty women of a century ago, and the works of other second, third, or fourth rate painters may at any time be victims of a boom. It seems incredible, when standards are in all our galleries, and Nature is mocking out of doors at those incompetent post-Impressionist shouters of ugliness of mind, of heart, and of craftsmanship.

Woolner had gone to Australia and most of the real men who were left at home had either no work or scant pay when they got a job. Brown thought of leaving his beloved England, as thousands of other labourers were doing. Here, in this truly historic work, is the drama of that epoch—this is real historical painting, and the wonder is that it results, out of such material, in a masterpiece like this. We

BY FORD MADON BROWN.



THE LAST OF ENGLAND.

Ford Madox Brown

can only illustrate it from the engraving in the *Art Journal* of thirty-five years ago.

With regard to his greatest production, the wonderful picture "Work" in the Manchester Gallery, we can get a glimpse, through photography, of its advancing nobility. But the great picture must be seen and studied often to secure its varied, high qualities.

Here you have Work in its fundamentals at elegant Hampstead—the navy, the resting husbandmen, and so forth. How much more picturesque are these than the elegant idlers, some of whom actually want to save their souls by throwing tracts to them! It is a piercing work. Full of quaint bits, it is all the same an *ensemble* of dignified beauty, and a lasting protest against the namby-pamby, superficial elegances of the weak-minded.

It is undoubtedly true that there is no adequate contemporary portrait of our greatest Englishman. Shakespeare's active life has been shown to have been from 1590 to 1610. There was no painter of moment living in England during that period. Holbein, after a prolonged spell of work here, died of the pestilence in 1543. Vandyck came to London in 1630, and died there in 1641. A careful study of all and every reputed portrait of our great dramatist

Ford Madox Brown

leaves one with the feeling that the man (or men) here depicted could not have done such work as he left us. The portraits are, moreover, all inferior as works of art. It was with some eagerness that one saw the latest-found oil painting, now at Stratford-on-Avon, from which the Droeshout engraving of the First Folio is supposed to have been copied. It is all conjecture. The picture is interesting but decidedly poor. The Droeshout in the First Folio, which Ben Jonson eulogises so wonderfully, is also a poor and, in fact, an impossible portrait of any human being. As for the Chandos, it is slightly better as a work, but it is certainly the lineaments of a feeble, amiable-looking person and poles apart from the man shown by Droeshout. The Stratford bust is perhaps the most acceptable, as it is the most interesting, of all the portraits. About three months ago I saw, in the studio of Mr. Lowes Dickinson, for the first time, Ford Madox Brown's attempt at a Shakespeare portrait. I was struck with its beauty as a piece of masterly painting, and even more as a representation by a great dramatic artist of the only possible portrait of our Shakespeare. It was sent down to Manchester, and I am glad to report that it is now the property of the city. The Art Gallery Committee have

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BY FORD MADOX BROWN.



COMPOSITE PORTRAIT: SHAKESPEARE.

Ford Madox Brown

purchased it, and it is to be seen as a distinguished addition to our collection. I at once asked my friend Mr. W. M. Rossetti to send a note on the work. Mr. Rossetti, it will be remembered, is Madox Brown's son-in-law, and he was the Secretary of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. This is his memorandum on this noble work :—

“Madox Brown's Diary (published in a volume of mine) shows that he began the figure of Shakespeare on November 3, 1849, 'for the Dickinsons.' He finished it in 1850, in January, and was paid £63 for it. The picture was exhibited by the Dickinsons, Brown designing a card for the occasion. Hueffer's book 'Ford Madox Brown' says, quoting the words of Brown from the catalogue of his exhibition in 1865, that 'the likeness was carefully collated from the different known portraits, and more than any other from the bust at Stratford. The picture is the attempt to supply the want of a creditable likeness of our national poet, as a historian recasts some tale told long since in many fragments by old chroniclers.' 'Brown' says Hueffer, 'selected those traits in which the best-vouched portraits agree, or else those which seemed most likely to be true to the fact.' The work was also exhibited in Liverpool

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in 1859. As this picture was begun in 1849, it may, I think, be considered the first work by Brown showing a rather marked affinity to the methods of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood established in the autumn of 1848. Two previous works of his, the 'Wiclif' and 'John of Gaunt,' exhibited in 1848, and the 'Cordelia at the Bedside of Lear,' exhibited in 1849, do indeed evince a certain tendency in the same direction ; but this (according to the dates) must be regarded as Brown's own personal tendency, and not affected by the work of the Brotherhood. At the time when the 'Shakespeare' was painted Brown's artistic friends generally, myself included, accounted it to be an extremely fine work, and such it assuredly is." (*Manchester Guardian*, November, 1900.)

The books which influenced Shakespeare are shown on the left—Plutarch's Lives, "Gesta Romanorum," Boccaccio, Chaucer, Montaigne. On the tapestry behind is a figure with a laurel branch ; the figure blows the trumpet of fame.

I had scores of happy times in Brown's tent in the Town Hall while he painted those mural works. We often stood entranced as Dr. Kendrick Pyne, our genius at the organ, played on that perfect instrument. I sat for hands and

By D. G. ROSSETTI.



MRS. MADOX BROWN.
(By favour of Dr. Soskice.)

Ford Madox Brown

other things and am in several of the pictures, mostly in my character of a defeated warrior. Brown would say now and then that he had settled the Dalton, or other subject. I saw no sketches or plans, but his method seemed to be to realise a subject fully and dramatically in his mind, and he seldom swerved from his matured conception of it. He was no sketcher, but a determined plodder, and at times the work seemed to get on slowly, but he pegged away persistently, whether at the easel or the wall, and the end came at last. How different his method from that of the dashing painter who comes to believe that anything will serve! Brown was certainly one of the patient school.

One of Brown's most lovable qualities was his touching affection for suffering and distress. Whilst in Manchester he often took boys and girls who were badly shod in wintry weather and bought them shoes or clogs. In one period of distress he actually organised a labour bureau, for nothing is so distressing to some natures as the sight of men able and willing to work and no job found for them.

Mrs. Madox Brown, whose portrait by Rossetti we give, was the *beau idéal* of womanly charm, quiet, sanctified dignity, and helpfulness to all about her.

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A constant visitor at the Madox Browns' was Mathilde Blind. Dr. Richard Garnett in his interesting memoir of her says that when first he knew her she was one of the most beautiful young women in London. She retained a distinction to the last. Intellectually she was a lambent spirit, a great Shelleyite and lover of Byron. She wrote many fine books, and much verse only short of first-rate quality by her inability naturally to command our idiom, which is always the hall-mark of the freest poetry. She was full of fire in all causes of freedom, whether Italian or in regard to the cruelties of Crofter evictions. (With regard to the latter her "Heather on Fire" is a striking composition.) In Italian affairs she became a close friend of Joseph Mazzini; in fact, she was disposed to devote her life and her fine talents to his person and his great mission. But Mathilde was blighted by a Teutonic pessimism which saddened her life, while Mazzini was full of religious feeling and hope. On these rocks they split. All the same, Mathilde Blind must be classed among the most religious and spiritual beings we have known intimately. All her yearnings were for more light, more justice, truer happiness for all. Sir Alfred Mond, Mr. Robert Garnett, and I were her trustees. She left the residue

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BY FORD MADOX BROWN.



MATHILDE BLIND.

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of her property to Newnham College as an aid to the poorer students to carry on their education. No more lovable and enlightened woman has come within the wide circle of our appreciation than Mathilde Blind. Her fine sonnet I print here contains at the least one of the finest images in contemporary verse.

THE DEAD.

The dead abide with us! Though stark and cold
Earth seems to grip them, they are with us still:
They have forged our chains of being for good or ill;
And their invisible hands these hands yet hold.
Our perishable bodies are the mould
In which their strong, imperishable will—
Mortality's deep yearning to fulfil—
Hath grown incorporate through dim time untold.

Vibrations infinite of life in death,
As a star's travelling light survives its star!
So may we hold our lives, that when we are
The fate of those who then will draw this breath,
They shall not drag us to their judgment bar,
And curse the heritage which we bequeath.

Dr. Franz Hueffer married Katherine Madox Brown. She still lives in London. Their eldest son, Ford, is the well-known writer, and his brother Oliver is now *Times* correspondent at The Hague. Juliet, the daughter, married Dr. Soskice, the distinguished Russian refugee and

Ford Madox Brown

writer. Mr. Theodore Watts and I were Hueffer's trustees.

Our friend was for many years the musical critic of the *Times*, and the advocate of Wagner's greatness before his hour had come. He coined the phrase "the music of the future," knew the great man, and his perfect expresser, my friend Dr. Hans Richter. Besides all this, Hueffer was a most accomplished man, learned in Troubadour, Rossetti, and all fine literatures. He had a remarkable power of writing English, although German was his native tongue. He too, like Miss Blind, had a pessimistic turn which marred his due enjoyment of life in spite of his rare opportunities. He was full of good fun all the same at times. Whenever I was in London I had the entrée to his box at Covent Garden. We had many country jaunts together in Surrey, Wales, and the English lakes, where he went with me to write about our acquisition of Thirlmere. I heard with him the first performance in England of "The Ring," at the old "Her Majesty's Theatre," and heard also, later on, Patti, in her final appearance in "Don Giovanni" at Covent Garden. Memorable times, they still vibrate in the memory!

BY FORD MADOX BROWN.



THE ENGLISH BOY.
(Oliver Madox Brown.)

THE ROSSETTIS

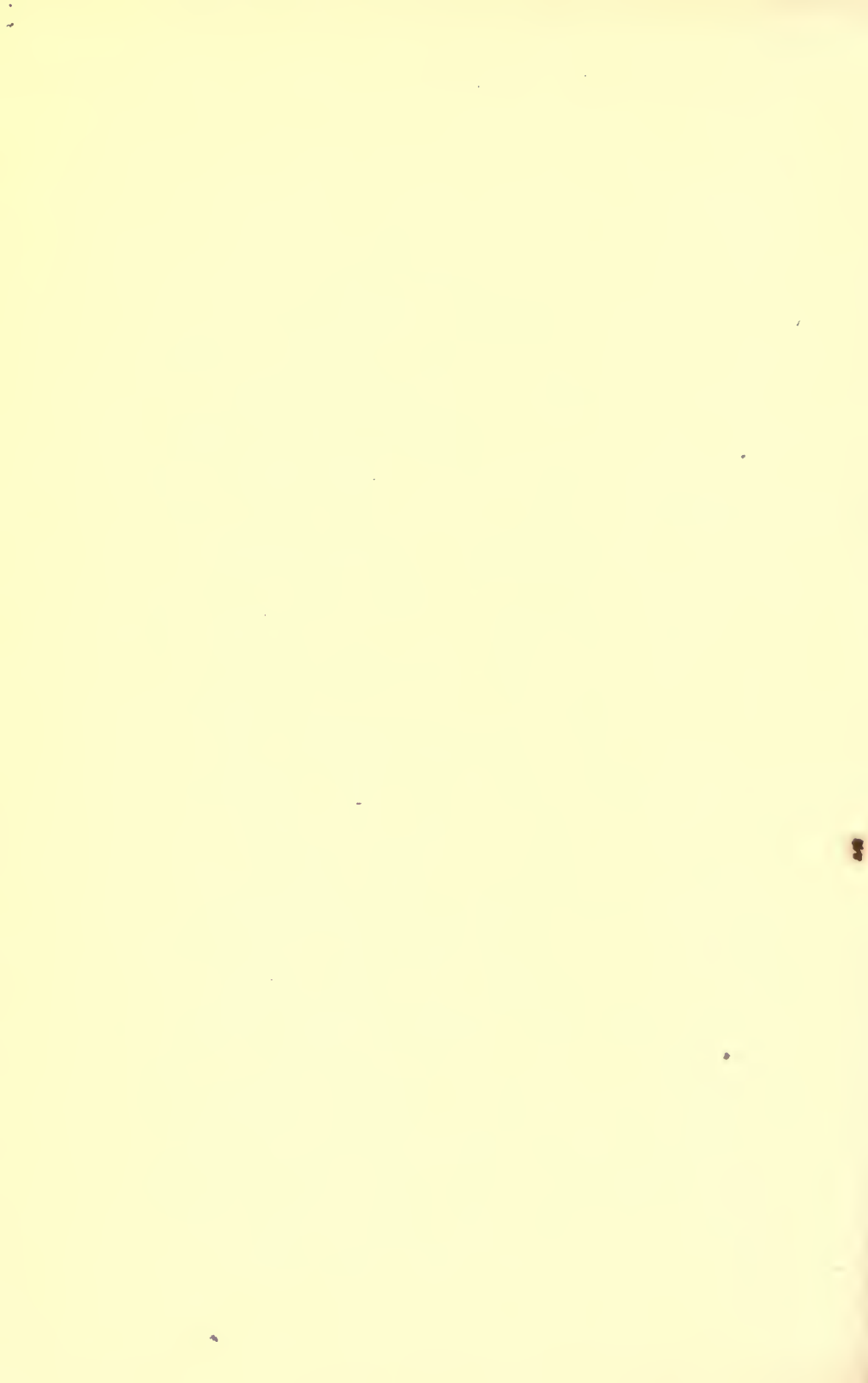


PHOTO BY LEWIS CARROL.



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THE ROSSETTIS

WITH regard to the painter and poet member of this illustrious family it may be said that the bloom has already been taken off the peach by much impertinent handling and unsympathetic reference in a host of shallow notices. No real Life of Dante Gabriel Rossetti exists. It is probable there will never be one. The subject is too subtle, too illusive. All the rumours about his fads, eccentricities, weaknesses, namby-pambyisms, are simply ludicrous to those who really knew him. He was the most complex of mortals, but no saner, common-sense man in most matters could have been found. His verse, for example, could be much too precious for the ordinary reader, but he could knock off endless masterpieces of sneer and fun, such as this which he handed to Mr. Val Prinsep one morning when that worthy was staying with Gabriel at Cheyne Walk :—

“ There is a young painter called Val,
The groom’s and the stable-boy’s pal ;
The head of a broom
And the mind of a groom
Were the gifts God had given to Val.”

The Rossettis

There are by D. G. R. many nonsense verses quite as good as this. I made some fine frames for Rossetti, and so saved him much over London prices. We had great fun over these orders, though he took the question of workmanship in the frame as seriously as in the canvas. On one occasion he showed me the famous "Dante's Dream," that great work which is now at Liverpool. He read me his prose description, some poems, and indeed all that was necessary to get at the spirit of the masterpiece. It had been returned as too large for the place in the gallery of its owner ; he was busy on a smaller replica of it. He was very anxious to have it placed in a public gallery. I gushed approval, came back to Manchester, and approached the Art Gallery chairman, but without effect. My friends had not yet risen to see Rossetti's supreme and lasting value, and this noble picture, which might have come to Manchester, is now one of the chief treasures of the Liverpool Art Gallery. I have made several other similar efforts, and suffered for being before time and in an unsympathetic environment.

My last effort was to secure for our city the superb tapestry by Morris & Co., from Sir Edward Burne-Jones's great design, "The Car of Venus." To some of us it was a masterpiece.

The Rossettis

of the first order in design, subject, treatment, and delicious colour. I have no hesitation in placing it far above any Gobelin or Royal patronage work, or even beyond the great Flemish pieces which bring such enormous prices. I had no luck ; this piece of immortal beauty perished in the fire at the Brussels Exhibition of 1909.

Theodore Watts, now Watts-Dunton, and Frederic Shields were the most frequent visitors at Gabriel Rossetti's during his later years at Cheyne Walk. Every evening for years one or both were devotedly in attendance.

I shall never forget, of course, my last dinner at Cheyne Walk. I had gone early, booked my order, and had a delightful chat with my host. In a while the two friends above came in, and later on a Mr. Davis. We chatted in the big studio, and I noticed as time went on that Shields and Watts kept going behind a screen to munch biscuits. The fact was that we were all desperately hungry, and it was nearing nine o'clock. About half-past we were summoned to an unwise but splendid repast. First, most delicious of lobsters, then a great sirloin which still makes my teeth water when I think of it, and deplore that I hadn't another cut of it, then a scrumptious pudding, fruit, wine, and the rest. Rossetti ate and enjoyed himself with all the gusto of a plough-

The Rossettis

boy. As for the wisdom of it all to a stopper at home and a hard worker, that is another reflection. Some of us asked Gabriel why he worked such long hours at his easel. "Oh," he said, "I'm too lazy to give over." I left about midnight. When the others did I never heard; they were never in a hurry to go.

One sonnet of singular distinction in thought, manner, and feeling must be quoted—to me it is one of the finest of a great series.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

SONNET LVI.

TRUE WOMAN.

I. HERSELF.

To be a sweetness more desired than spring,
A bodily beauty more acceptable
Than the wild rose-tree's arch that crowns the fell;
To be an essence more environing
Than wine's drained juice, and music ravishing
More than the passionate pulse of Philomel—
To be all this 'neath one soft bosom's swell,
That is the flower of life—how strange a thing!

How strange a thing to be what Man can know
But as a sacred secret! Heaven's own screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest glow;
Closely withheld, as all things most unseen,
The wave-bowered pearl—the heart-shaped seal of green
That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

The Rossettis

I saw Christina Rossetti only twice, and had no opportunity for conversation. The only other member of the family well known to me was my still living friend, William Michael Rossetti. He was in the Government service at Somerset House, and is now, at eighty-one, enjoying a well-earned leisure, but he is never idle. He married Lucy Madox Brown, elder daughter of the painter by his first wife. She died in Italy in the early nineties, leaving four remarkable children, three girls and a boy, all friends of mine—indeed, I was their trustee for some property. Lucy Rossetti, whose portrait by her brother-in-law we give here, was a woman of striking personality and rare gifts. She was alive to all fine movements—political, social, artistic. She wrote and painted very little, being a busy woman at home and having, as she thought, more important things to do. Her serious illnesses in her later years, and her death at Mentone, filled her family and friends with poignant regret.

William Rossetti was the literary member of the nicknamed "pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," editor of the *Germ*, and general factotum.

There are few men who have so wide and deep a knowledge and insight into all the literatures past and present. Our friend has edited

The Rossettis

editions of all the poets, and it is hard to say whether he is the greater expert on Shelley or on a score of others. He was one of the first to "intue" the supreme qualities of Walt Whitman. In the late seventies, hearing of the probable poverty of that hero, he induced a number of us to send the "good, grey poet," as Lowell called him, our offerings. Whitman sent each of us copies of his books, inscribed, and in 1887 I paid him a whole-day visit at Camden, Jersey. That is one of the high days of my life. I found him surrounded by papers and books, and reading Dowden's Shelley in a poor but comfortable frame house. He was most hopeful in heart and mind, though paralysed in body. Nothing daunts a spirit like his, and all he hoped for his country will, one thinks, in time come true. The necessary wave or flood of enterprise and materialism is bound to die down as the centuries pass or else the nation must perish. Walt Whitman is the herald of the higher spiritual life in the West, and his supposed vagaries, tediousnesses, and freedom of speech will be placed right. Even one of our apostles of culture and Renaissance lore, John Addington Symonds, in his monograph on him says that Walt Whitman "saved him from becoming an academic prig."



W. M. ROSSETTI.

The Rossettis

William Rossetti launched this great modern spirit upon us and soon he was hailed as of the clan by Tennyson, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow. Surely it is one of the greatest of works next to being a creator to make new planets swim into the ken of those who can see. Nobody has done more of this than our dear William Rossetti.

Signora Rossetti Agresti is the eldest of the four children of William and Lucy Rossetti. I remember her birth, which was signalised by Swinburne's first delightful poem on Children.

A BIRTH-SONG.

(For Olivia Frances Madox Rossetti, born September 20, 1875.)

Out of the dark, sweet sleep
Where no dreams laugh or weep,
 Borne through bright gates of birth
Into the dim sweet light
 Where day still dreams of night
 While heaven takes form on earth,
White rose of spirit and flesh, red lily of love,
 What note of song have we
 Fit for the birds and thee,
Fair nestling couched beneath the mother-dove?

Nay, in some more divine
Small speechless song of thine,
 Some news too good for words,
Heart-hushed and smiling, we
Might hope to have of thee,
 The youngest of God's birds,

The Rossettis

If thy sweet sense might mix itself with ours,
If ours might understand
The language of thy land,
Ere thine become the tongue of mortal hours.

* * * * *

Twice royal in its root
The sweet, small olive-shoot
Here set in sacred earth ;
Twice dowered with glorious grace
From either heaven-born race
First blended in its birth ;
Fair God or Genius of so fair an hour,
For love of either name
Twice crowned with love and fame,
Guard and be gracious to the fair-named flower.

October 19, 1875.

The son, Arthur Gabriel Rossetti, developed a turn for mechanics and is now in one of our great Lancashire workshops at Bolton. Another daughter, Helen, also married an Italian—Signor Angeli, who died shortly afterwards at Cairo. Thus our Signora Helen Rossetti Angeli and her daughter Imogen live at the hospitable house in St. Edmund's Terrace. With them also lives, enduring a terrible illness, the youngest daughter, Mary Madox Rossetti, one of the brightest, cheeriest of the family in spite of her great affliction.

Whenever I am in Italy I try to induce Olivia

BY D. G. ROSSETTI.



MRS. LUCY MADOX ROSSETTI.
(By favour of Mr. William Rossetti.)

The Rossettis

Rossetti Agresti to spare me some time, for she knows all the dialects and we are sympathetic in the Arts as well as with the Italian folk. Thus have we had most pleasant times together at Venice, Padua, Rome, Albano, and Nemi, and with her husband and sister Helen at Naples, Capri, Sorrento, and Amalfi. She has written several books, one being a Life of Costa the artist. But she seems to have found her life work as secretary, linguist, and general helper to Mr. David Lubin at Rome, and she writes from "The International Institute of Agriculture." This remarkable endeavour is best described in her own words. Thus does a daughter of William and niece of Gabriel and Christina Rossetti, the grand-daughter of Ford Madox Brown, help the world to its betterment :—

"Agriculture is the foundation industry; the prosperity of towns largely depends on the purchasing power of the country districts and the staples of agriculture are the raw material of the factory; it is therefore in the best interests of the nation as a whole that equity prevail in the formation of the prices of the staples of agriculture.

"The price of the staples of agriculture is a world price, and the home price is but an echo

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of the world's price, for the market for the staples of agriculture is a world market; they are bought and sold at public auction in the Produce Exchanges and Bourses of the world. The price is determined by the quantity of the supply, and the supply in this case is not the supply of one country, but of all the producing countries. How is the knowledge of the amount of this supply obtained? Hitherto a few Governments have published crop-reporting information, giving the data for the supply of their own country, but the gathering of this information has been left mostly to private and irresponsible companies, who thus had the power in their hands to largely shape the prices of the staples—that is to say, of the food and clothing—of the world, and could produce, almost at will, violent and disastrous price fluctuations.

“Mr. Lubin, a Californian merchant and farmer, saw this; he perceived that all attempts to protect agriculture by local or national measures, such as tariffs, anti-trust legislation, &c., were foredoomed to failure, for this industry is governed by world conditions, not by local conditions. He concluded that the only effective means towards equity in price formation for the staples was to make public property what has

The Rossettis

hitherto been private monopoly, and to gather and publish, under the auspices of all the nations, an authoritative official world crop-report which would give to all concerned, and in the simplest form, a bird's-eye view of the world's supply, as represented by the condition of the growing crops and the harvest yields.

“These were the fundamental ideas which Mr. Lubin placed before the King of Italy in 1904. The King ordered his economists and statesmen to study the question and in January, 1905, issued a proclamation, inviting the nations of the world to hold a conference to examine the proposal. In June, 1905, thirty-six nations sent their representatives to Rome, and a treaty was drawn up and signed and subsequently ratified by the respective parliaments, creating the International Institute of Agriculture. Forty-nine nations are now represented in the Institute, and the work is now well in hand.

“The Institute has decided to summarise the information on the world's supply, as furnished by the different adhering Governments (each of which gives the data for its own country), in the form known as the “single numerical statement.” This “single numerical statement” may be explained thus: taking 100 as a normal standard, whenever the Institute reports 101 it

The Rossettis

means that the world's supply is 1 per cent. above the normal, whenever it reports 99 it means that it is 1 per cent. below the normal, and so on.

“The International Institute of Agriculture represents the first step towards an international economic Parliament for the peaceable improvement of the economic interests of the world. One of its functions is to act as a Clearing-House for the exchange of knowledge on economic and technical questions affecting agriculture. Its Bureau of Economic and Social Intelligence publishes, month by month, a bulletin showing all that is being done in all the countries of the world to improve the conditions of the agricultural classes by means of co-operative banks, co-operative associations for production and sale, co-operative insurance, and legislation especially affecting agriculture. Its Bureau of Agriculture Intelligence and Diseases of Plants gives a bird's-eye view, in its monthly bulletins, of all that is being done in the various parts of the world to increase the productivity of the soil and open new fields to the enterprise and industry of man.

“The International Institute of Agriculture is the real Peace Institute of the world, for its purpose is to get the nations to co-operate

FROM AN ÉTCHING AFTER BLAKE BY W. BELL SCOTT.



THE NATIVITY.

The Rossettis

towards increasing the wealth and prosperity of all.

“OLIVIA ROSSETTI AGRESTI (Rome.)”

William Bell Scott was an intimate with all this group. He painted a fine series of historic works in the northern home of the Trevelyans. These works, illustrating episodes in the life of St. Colombus, as well as much northern modernism, are now copied and placed in schools up there. Scott was a great Blake admirer, as all the Rossettis were, and he gave me an etching by himself from Blake's truly wonderful design of “The Nativity.”

WILLIAM MORRIS

BY EMERY WALKER.



WILLIAM MORRIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS

AFTER my friend Professor J. W. Mackail's classic *Life of Morris* there seems nothing to say except each of our personal recollections of the most all-round gifted man of the nineteenth century. As a personality he was bigger than all his work—that of course is what makes his work so engrossing. As a man, Morris leaves a unique impression; his robustness of mind and body, his sterling handsomeness, his dignified simplicity, the great trait of being no respecter of mere personages, his varied gifts and the pains he took to make the best of them, total up to an indescribable focus of energy and accomplishment.

He lectured for us at Ancoats in his socialistic days to enthusiastic audiences of nearly a thousand, mostly men, and nearly all workfolk at that. I cannot say that they understood either his ideas or his way of putting them. Bluntly as he spoke, for the most part he was

William Morris

the great poet and artist all the time. We were always fascinated, but nobody understands the glowing poet and artist at the moment. What burned within him was the knowledge and sight of the appalling ugliness we all put up with. Those of us who are born in it, and come to be horrified with it, do not know how to rid us of it except by leaving it. That is obviously no remedy. As long as the coal at our feet lasts it seems that we are confronted with an insoluble problem which we must grin and bear, and try to palliate for the finer spirits amongst us, where and when we can. Morris would have none of this absurd toleration—sweep the beastly thing away and live like men, was his one and only policy. He had in those years the childlike notion that it could not last, that folk would surely soon get so sick of the injustice they were slaves to, and the ugly filth they lived in, that they would rise and smite it. Alas! he did not perceive that ugliness all round is as difficult to realise by the great mass as is the possibility of beauty and comfort and honest work for all under some sane conditions not yet formulated, let alone realised. There was something sublime in the glorious rages of the great man as he pounded away at us, to our delight and amazement. The first

William Morris

time I heard him in our city was at a joint meeting in Manchester of the Academy of Fine Arts and the Literary Club. His subject was "Wealth and Riches." Even with that audience of supposed superiors he could not get it into their heads that riches merely meant accumulation, and that wealth was surely well-being. How much less could he hope for success among inarticulate workfolk who knew more of the values of material they toiled among than of the glamour of mere words! But, like Lincoln, he kept "pegging away," and his influence is still vital in the few who have sparks to inflame.

Nothing was jollier than our informal meetings before or after lecture, when he coveted heckling and enjoyed the fray. It was delightful to watch his patience when the same old questions were asked by labouring men, or his vehemence when flooring some well-to-do jabberer, often a mere *rentier*, who assumed he was advocating robbery. All he urged was: "Don't rob," or, "Do not be robbed of the results of your labour." None of us could see a way out, though we reckoned to see the propositions.

What hearty suppers we had after these encounters, and what splendid talks on subjects ranging from Homer to Huck Finn! That somewhat over-rated person "John Oliver

William Morris

Hobbes" in her journal put down Morris as one of the "vulgar" personages she had met. One can quite understand—he could not abide the namby-pamby, or the artificial, and never spared them. But that he was a gentleman to his very marrow is certain. All the same, he suffered fools badly whatever their rank in life. He said to me once: "It is no use arguing with Blank—you would have to begin with his protoplasms." All shallow talk about art and workmanship at once got his rage up to rampaging point, for it is obvious on all such occasions that it is a matter, not of words, but of seeing or not perceiving. You either saw, say, a Gothic perfection or you didn't. On asking him which was his favourite cathedral, he wisely said: "Why, the one I happen to be in." But the marvels of Beauvais were, we were all certain, nearest to his heart and mind; and no wonder, for if there ever was a miracle wrought for the north folk, it is there. When a Bishop came in the early days of "the Firm" to make suggestions about some glass they were doing for the cathedral in his diocese, he made short work of his impudent interference in a matter which no bishop can be expected to appreciate. That must be left to the workman. He simply hated the Dons of his old loved Oxford because

William Morris

of their destruction of ancient workmanship, which they obviously could not see and understand, and their burdening the City with new and inferior but expensive structures. He would not compromise with them, knowing, as he did, what they had destroyed of historic significance and beauty even in his own day. He would do superb stained glass for Christ Church, but the new Gothic horrors he simply loathed. I got him in one of his sublime rages when I suggested he should meet my friend the late Mr. Thomas Worthington, who was the architect of Manchester College at Oxford. They wanted Morris Burne-Jones glass in the chapel: would he undertake it? I won't say where he would see them first before he would do it. Why didn't they erect their beastly things in Manchester? I got him to see the ever amiable Worthington, and the result is a chapel full of the most glorious works—surpassing as an *ensemble* anything I know ancient or modern, of their kind. His bark was worse than his bite. That was always so.

While Madox Brown was at work on his mural paintings in our Town Hall, I got Morris to meet him after an estrangement of years. As soon as they met they were at once quite as good chums as of old. Brown had been one of the founders of "the Firm," and being slightly

William Morris

older than the other members, was a sort of father confessor to the lot, as he was to the pre-Raphaelite brethren years before. The first house taken for "the Firm" in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, was taken in Brown's name. The old quarrel has no interest for us—the reconciliation was more important, and gave comfort not only to each of them but to all their friends.

The pleasant hours spent at the Hammersmith house, and at the works at Merton Abbey, were only surpassed by the visits to Kelmscott Manor, the old house on the upper Thames at the foot of the Cotswold Hills. It is indeed an earthly paradise, and it is still a joy to see Mrs. Morris and her two daughters there. He, of course, was radiantly happy when he worked, as he always did, or when we rambled round the fields, or went on a jaunt to see one of his beloved churches, or bridges, or ancient houses. Most of all was his gusto at the perennial loveliness of river, field, and foliage. How he deplored the growing shabbiness of the countryside, where everything that costs labour gets neglected, or cash when rent has to be raised, and when prices of produce are low! How he loved that calm countryside, with its ancient glamour of work, rest, and production, in the days rich to

BY MISS MAV MORRIS.



KELMSCOTT MANOR.

William Morris

the exuberance of producing some of the loveliest towns and churches anywhere to be found, but now in a competitive struggle which is not only against Nature development, but prevents them keeping up the old state of country calm, beauty, and content. All that provoked Morris the more to hate our modernism of rush and ugliness and profit which saves no souls.

Both his prose and his poetry are suffused with this potent calm after labour, when the struggle with Nature was enough. His poetry is not for our age of hurry and ignoble snippets. His prose romances, along with some of his verse, seem to me to be the finest history of our race. The Icelandic and other northern stories are well known, but he carried it on. "The Wolfings" recounts the early struggles of Northmen and the Latins, and might be pitched at Innsbruck, while "The Roots of the Mountains" shows settlement, industries, clearings in forests as it might be in the Thwaites of Cumberland or Westmoreland. "Hopes and Fears for Art" brings all up to date. His daughter, May Morris, is editing in most admirable style her father's works in twenty-five volumes, and I am honoured and delighted with the promise of a gift of the whole set when completed. Up to now, eight handsome volumes are issued, and to hand, with

William Morris

notes of life and family affairs, and many illustrations from pictures by Rossetti and others. Miss Morris in her notes speaks of her mother's attentions to them. Could there ever be a more enchanting head of a household? whether she carved the mutton or cut the hair of the family, tuned all the time to that delicious laugh which one never forgets.

Once at Kelmscott a number of us had been lounging and larking in the orchard. After a while Morris slipped off, and soon afterwards we saw him in a summer bower with his head bowed in his wife's lap, having his hair cropped. What a subject for a picture flashed upon one—such a man, and such a woman! But wherever either or both of them were it seemed to be supremely perfect and to leave an impress never to be effaced.

Of Morris's successful adventures in the crafts that matter much has been said. Here, again, the blight of fashion or the public's foolish desire for meretricious freshness blinds people to the perennial charm, or lasting quality, of this great man's work. There is no doubt, however, as to its fundamental rightness on the whole, just as one does not doubt, but always enjoys, a fine Persian carpet, a delicious Indian printed cotton, a Sicilian or Italian textile of the best periods,

By D. G. ROSSETTI.



MRS. WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris

or a noble printed book. It is idle to say, we repeat, with Mr. Balfour in his Romanes Lecture, that there are no standards in æsthetic production; there are standards in everything, we insist, and we can point to them. Our museums and art galleries are full of such high reaches of man's craft and cunning, even showing, as they seem bound to do, archæologically, much poor stuff of poor periods. Morris was a masterful discriminator in all this. He used to say that the great show of textiles at South Kensington was got up for him. It may be so, for you always have it to yourself and the policeman on guard. Morris steeped himself in all the finest achievements of craftsmen, as well as of poets and painters. Then he started again, worked hard, and put his own wonderful personality into his work. The result is to be seen by those who have eyes, brains, and sound judgment. Before he produced a chintz he mastered the chemical side of dyeing, then worked for months at Wardle's fine old workshop at Leek; in his out-of-work hours he was producing the finest modern epic, "Sigurd the Volsung." Before he started on the Kelmscott Press a similar experience went on. With the aid of great experts like Mr. Emery Walker and Mr. Sydney Cockerell, he studied and analysed every great

William Morris

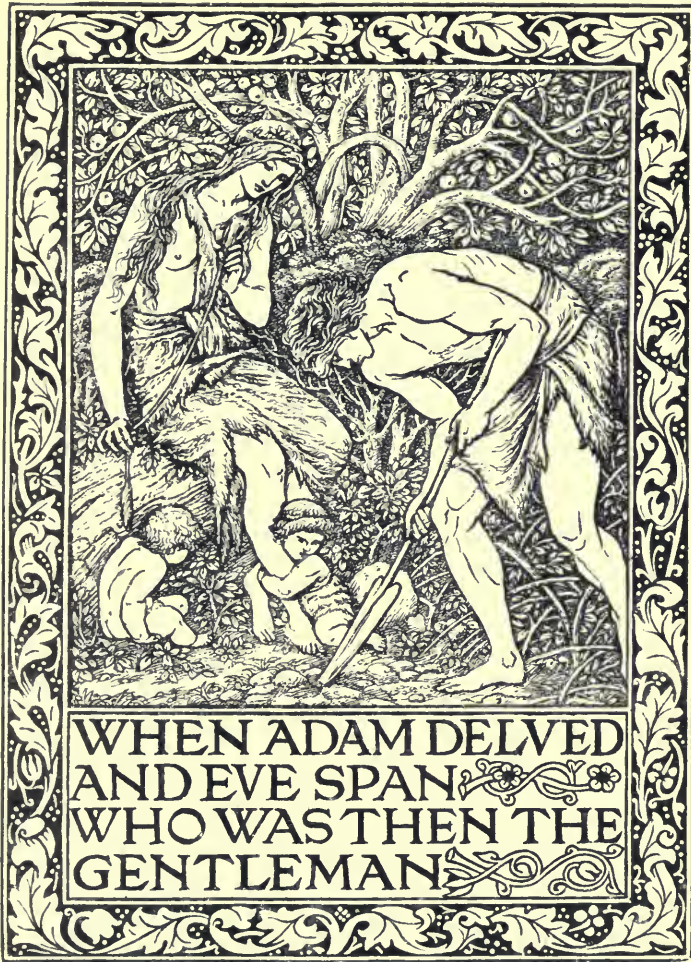
press, as well as the finest of illuminated books, and finally produced the noblest of printed works—the great “Kelmscott Chaucer.” Such was Morris as a craftsman in a score of departments.

Mrs. Morris and her daughter, May Morris, have worked many pieces of the most enchanting embroidery.

When Morris died we gave him the loveliest funeral a poet could have, and he rests in the dear little Kelmscott churchyard near the manor-house which he and his friends loved so well.

He was not only offered the post of Professor of Poetry to the University of Oxford, but the Laureate's office after the death of Tennyson. No use to him, or he to them. He gets his revenges. The throne chairs for his beloved Abbey, for King George V. and Queen Mary, are covered with a damask of his design, for the simple reason that nothing finer can be found the world through. Mr. Balfour once complained to me that these things by Morris were only for the rich and mighty. He missed the point. Morris wanted everything fine and noble to be available for all, and especially for the worthy. The best in nature is open to us all; what is the good of the fine arts if they

BY WILLIAM MORRIS AND SIR E. BURNE-JONES.



THE DREAM OF JOHN BALL.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS AND SIR E. BURNE-JONES.



A TREATISE ON THE ASTROLABE. PROLOGUS.

LORDIS MY SONE, I HAVE PERCEIVED
 wel by certeyn evidences thyn abillite to lerne
 sciences touching nombres and propor-
 cions: & as wel considere I thy busy preyere
 in special to lerne the Cretib of the Astrolabe.
 Than, for as muche as a philosofre meth, he
 wrappeth him in his frend, that condacendeth
 to the rightful preyere of his frend, ther-

for have I given thee a sufficient Astrolabe
 as for our cronicle, composed after the Lau-
 titude of Oxenford, upon which, by media-
 cion of this first tretis, I purpose to rectifie
 a certain nombre of conclusions aperteyning
 to the same instrument. I seye a certain
 conclusions, for thre causes. The furste
 cause is this, I truste wel that alle the conclu-
 sions that han ben founde, or elles possibly
 mighten be founde in so noble an instrument
 as an Astrolabe, ben unimove verifite to any
 mortal man in this region, as I suppose. An
 other cause is this: that sothly, in any tretis
 of the Astrolabe that I have seen, there ben
 some conclusions that wole nat in alle thinges
 performen hir biheste: & some of hem ben
 to harde to thy tendre age of ten yere to con-
 cepe. This tretis, divided in fyve parties,
 wole I shewe thee under ful lighte reveles &
 naked wordes in English; for Latin ne canst
 ow wir but smal, my lyte sone. But natheles,
 suffice to thee these trewe conclusions in
 English, as wel as suffyeth to these noble
 clerkes Grekes thise same conclusions in
 Grech, & to Habens in Habib, and to Jewes
 in Ebrew, & to the Latin folk in Latin; whiche
 Latin folk han hem furst out of othre diverse

REDUCTION FROM THE KELMSCOTT CHAUCER.

William Morris

are not to be enjoyed with the same freedom? No king or millionaire can beat our National Gallery, the British Museum, or the enchanting Museum at South Kensington, and they belong to all of us according to our capacity.

One cannot say that William Morris's influence has remained potent in the crafts he perfected. His value is that those who care for fine domestic things can now get them by careful search and by paying the price. The majority of middle-class homes are still hideous, but they are not so appalling as those of fifty years ago.

HOLMAN HUNT



ELIEZER AND REBEKAH.

(Genesis xiv.)

HOLMAN HUNT

IT is surely one of the greatest of privileges to have enjoyed the intimacy of men like Madox Brown, William Morris, and Holman Hunt. These immortals are among the host of the departed, but such spirits are more real than when one knew them in the flesh. Their essential, their spiritual faculty, or quality, what you will, gets more focussed now that the mere, though delightful, material part of them is to be seen no more. Nobody was more agreeable than Holman Hunt. I was always a greedy listener to his delightful talk, and he apparently liked my poor chatter. These men were, of course, happiest at work, for there is no glory like achievement. But what talkers they were! We shall never listen to their like again. The varied experiences of life and work made Hunt one of the richest and fullest of men. He was brimful of keenly observed matter, both at home and abroad; nothing escaped him. No wonder that

Holman Hunt

many less gifted ones thought his line, his colour, his facing of truths, too keen. Surely, this is why we differ so much in our appreciation of Nature and its rendering. I happen, for example, to see Nature with keen, normal eyes; everything is sharp, near and far, colour is bright and real, it is varied, and moreover, too subtle to be expressed. Hunt possessed not only the wonderful optics, but a marvellous brain behind, and a skilled, wonderfully trained hand to delineate; and so clarity of ideas and lucidity of outlook were inevitable with him. Like Morris and all the finer craftsmen, he hated mindlessness in motive and slovenliness in execution. If it were clear, open, Syrian daylight you cared for, Hunt was the man to show it to you. If it should be the more toned-down subtleties of half lights, with all their beauty and mystery, you have them in the lovely "Ponte Vecchio at Night," at South Kensington, or the marvellous "Ship," at the Tate Gallery. Here you get so-called "Impressionism," but with firm drawing, and profound, but not muddied colour. No appeal here from a dull, empty mind to those whose dreary perceptions must have incapacity impudently forced upon them.

Men such as we speak of are always, as it were, too full to speak. They are essentially

Holman Hunt

opposed by those who have nothing to say, like the needy knife-grinder, and say it badly and volubly. It is this intellectual virility of fine minds in noble workmen which lives—of course, the spirit alone survives—everything else perishes, or becomes a nuisance.

Holman Hunt was very catholic in his tastes. He had his likes and dislikes, of course—we all have. What he deplored in gifted men of all kinds was the misuse, or, even worse, the evil use, of their all-precious gifts. This is evidenced in most of his subjects. In some, indeed, one has to confess that he carried the ethic beyond the scope of his medium.

Then, also, he was a great historic painter. His definitely sacred subjects are modern treatments of ancient themes. His night scene of "London Bridge" (now at Oxford) on a royal festival is a marvel of design, grouping, character-painting, movement, and daring colour. Still more astounding is the "Holy Fire" picture, where this miracle of the Greek Church is shown with unsurpassed dramatic force. I know of nothing, ancient or modern, to match this marvellous scene in the Chief Church at Jerusalem when the fire is shown as coming from heaven to an excited crowd of devotees. Motive, action, intensity, grouping, colour, can go no farther. This great work,

Holman Hunt

along with the large "Lady of Shalott," one saw constantly at Melbury Road, and Hunt was always ready again to enlighten one on some unobserved subtlety in these masterpieces. These fine works should, of course, be where the public can enjoy them for ever. The crazy rage for indifferent old masters at ruinous prices will wear itself out, in spite of millionaire stupidity. When it does, the best of current work will get its reward—that is, a place where all the world can see it. I have no fear as to Holman Hunt's continued triumph, for his work has all the qualities which make for endurance—adequate subject, fine design, patient, masterly workmanship, a noble ethic, and dignified beauty without a trace of prettiness or academic lifelessness.

He was most loyal and helpful to his contemporaries, especially to those who had an ideal to which they clung in season and out. Differing as he did, in many ways, from Frederic Shields' manner and method, he had a profound admiration for the latter's great achievement in the Church of the Ascension on the Bayswater Road, now completed after a pious labour of a quarter of a century.

I cherish memories of a visit to the Holman Hunts' delightful country home at Sonning-on-Thames. One Sunday I was entrusted

Holman Hunt

with the veteran with his darkened vision for an afternoon walk. I had received strict directions as to the way out and home in those pleasant lanes, but, true to my character as "the Loser," we soon got wrong. It made no difference to my companion, although he knew full well that I had lost him. The rain came on, we sheltered in a cottage, where he soon grew friendly, and we got home some two hours late. But what a talk he had, and what a willing auditor! He went over the old days with Millais, Madox Brown, Gabriel Rossetti, and others, spoke of his Eastern experiences, and of a host of friends and things in London. Nothing could have been more perfect and luminous than his delightful talk.

During many conversations with Holman Hunt we discussed the prevailing fashions of Whistlerism, Impressionism, and that terrible *descensus Averni*, post-Impressionism. The basis of our objections was simply that great gifts should be used for a noble purpose. I reckon myself, unlike Hunt, as an admirer of Whistler's singular, though limited, power. I had perceived and enjoyed the subtle, delicate reflections of light in the Thames and elsewhere twenty-five years before the nocturne rage. Hundreds had done so. "Jimmy" made it

Holman Hunt

a fashion—that is all, but he did it deftly; but at times only, not always. To say, as some of his crazy adulators do, that anything from him is a masterpiece is so absurd that, once more to use Morris's phrase, to argue with them you would have to begin with their protoplasms. Whistler was a surface genius. I possess, given to me by Mr. Graves the publisher, the proof mezzotint, by Josey, of his mother's portrait, and the singularly faithful French reproduction in colour of the "Miss Alexander." In their limited, rather brainless way, they are sources of delight to me. Whistler's "Battersea Bridge," now at the Tate Gallery, does not keep its hold on you as subject or as workmanship. It is flippantly painted and should be contrasted with "The Ship," in the same Gallery, by Holman Hunt. Posterity will find the latter a masterpiece. The former will probably be dimly visible, and seen now it is a poor affair to make a fuss about. When we come to the raw landscapists of French modernism, or such things as Manet's figure subjects, we are decided as to the wickedness of such utter waste of time and talent. Who, out of a madhouse, would live with the "L'Absinthe," or the stupid but brilliantly clever "Bar at the Folies Bergères" lately shown at the Grafton Gallery? And no

BY W. HOLMAN HUNT, O.M.



THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

Holman Hunt

sane person, we trust, would place them in a public gallery—they are bad, shallow if clever workmanship, stupid in subject; and it is safe to say that, like aniline dyes, they will not last. And so the next generation will not be able to appreciate this craze of our art fashion, now at its lowest deep. In London, and in some other of our great centres, there is a crowd to be gathered for any idiocy, for placing memorials on the stupid statue of Charles the Martyr—as Coleridge said, “martyr to lies and equivocation.”

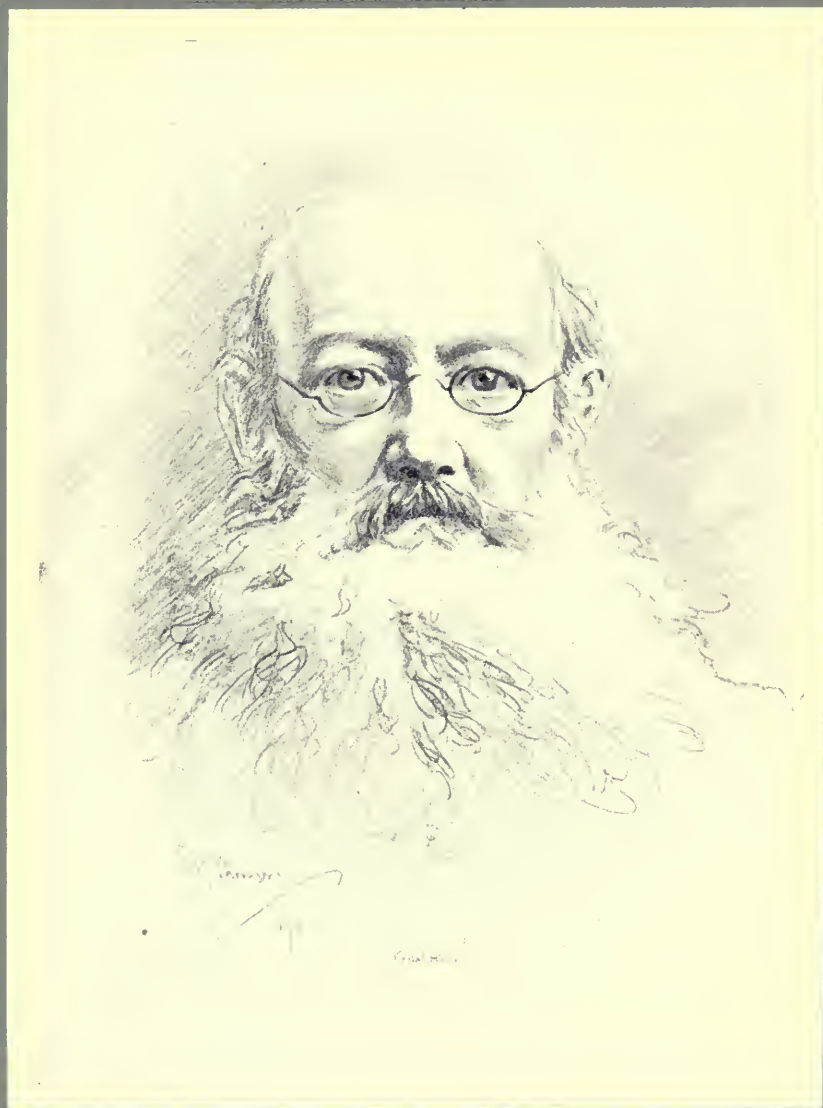
Holman Hunt was profoundly true on these lines, and he insisted on his thesis, not only in his own craft but in every other department of æsthetics.

The rage for ugliness has its counterpart in the craze for prettiness. Just lately a foolish millionaire has paid 22,300 guineas for a third-class example of a second-rate painter, the “Mrs. Robertson Williamson,” by Raeburn—a sadly poor affair. And here we note a number of masterpieces by our contemporary lying in a private home when they ought to be delighting and stimulating us in public galleries.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN AND A GROUP
OF REFUGEES



BY E. GERTRUDE THOMSON.



PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

PRINCE KROPOTKIN AND A GROUP OF REFUGEES

ON one of my Fitzroy Square visits I was only a few hours too late to meet Turgenief at Madox Brown's. The reading of Ralston's translations had fired me, for I find no modern short stories to approach those of this master, for even George Sand said "We all have to go to his school." I would rather have met this great Russian than all the crowned heads of Europe and their wives. And thus to know Kropotkin was to get nearer to the heart of the wonderful Russian character—its freshness, its singular quality of self-realisation, its unconventionality, its store of new material for the sated Western mind.

Kropotkin is a true noble, who has thrown off mere rank, riches, Court life, great possessions on account of his profound and pure love of his fellow-creatures and his dislike of wasteful artificialities. What all that means to one so closely in touch with royal purple, the personnel

Prince Kropotkin and a

of a semi-Oriental Court, high functionaries, university and military training, can best be learnt from his own masterly "Autobiography of a Revolutionist." This is not only a revelation of intimate Russian life, but a first-rate piece of English. Kropotkin does not hesitate to call himself "anarchist," for the law, and the rule he was born and bred under, drove him to the conclusion that Man is best without law as embodied in such ideas and methods. He says, too, that he is "atheist," for the orthodoxies of all the Churches paralyse for him both spiritual ideals and right actions at one stroke. All the same, he is purely law-abiding to the highest laws he knows, and his lifelong action and daily practice place him on a par with saints and martyrs.

As a scientist Kropotkin admittedly is of the first rank, especially as geographer and all that means or embraces of geology, botany, biology. His latest great work is to establish a law foreseen, but not worked out, by Darwin—that "mutual aid" is an even more supreme factor than the struggle for existence, whether in man, animals, or plants. If that law can be demonstrated and fixed, there is surely more hope for the world. He is a most accomplished linguist, and no mean performer of music. But

Group of Refugees

it is the personal charm of the man that fascinates one most.

His wife, too, is a perfect helpmeet. She comes from a rich gold-mining family of Southern Siberia. The house was a great one with an army of servants and everything that sumptuous style and riches could do in almost barbaric profusion. When quite a young woman she awoke to the folly and sickness of it all, but especially to the cruel condition of life of the workfolk on whose slavish labour they luxuriated and wasted. She left home, although she was so incompetently trained as not even to know how to make a cup of tea for herself. She escaped to Geneva, studied, took a scientific degree, met Kropotkin and they were married. What a story! They could both return to Russia under recent amnesties and claim property, but their main principle is not to live on the labour of others; and besides, as I always tell them, they could not keep their mouths shut: they would be in prison in a month and in Siberia in six. Two more hopeful and sanguine worthies it would be impossible to find. Their ideas and ideals, and, more, their life-practice, buoy them up where less noble spirits would be crushed. They are, of course, the focus of Russian refugee life in London, and their helpful-

Prince Kropotkin and a

ness is unbounded. There is no bomb-throwing plan in their policy—the spread of knowledge and ideas being their one potent force.

Kropotkin's health having been sapped in Russian prisons, he is unable to live here during our English winter. Of late years he has taken his work to Locarno and Rapallo, at both of which lovely spots I have stayed with him.

Stepniak lectured for us several times at Ancoats on Russian affairs, and we found him of profound interest, though more self-contained and reticent than most of his compatriots. He was a man of great bodily strength and with a mind of true statesmanlike quality. Volkofsky, who endured Siberia and escaped, is of another type. He gave us the most stirring account of the horrible life which he—a learned, refined man—endured for years in those terrible Siberian days. His escape to Vladivostock is far more romantic than the usual job trick of the inventive novelist who dabbles in such things. The thing that surprised him effectually, after the most thrilling adventures of his escape and months of wandering, was that at San Francisco he could go to a booking-office and take a ticket for anywhere—no questions being asked and no doomsday book to be produced as is required throughout the vast terri-

BY E. GERTRUDE THOMSON.



MRS. JULIET SOSKICE.

Group of Refugees

tory of his native land. All that is the reason why they love England, and their sole aim is to get such a state of things current in their own great country.

One of the finest of the escaped refugees is my friend Dr. Soskice, who married a ward of mine, Juliet Hueffer, whose father was musical critic of the *Times*, her grandfather being Ford Madox Brown. Soskice is a lawyer and a profound student of international economics. He is a rare example of the man whose country is not worthy of him, though he would love to serve her. He is a treasure here.

Quite another type is Wilfred Voynich, a Pole, with an ancestral territorial name. He was in the last Polish revolution, was captured, sent to Siberia, and escaped. He had been in prison at Cracow, and one evening in London, at an assembly of refugees and others, went up to a lady and told her he had seen her in Cracow. She had not seen him. No, he was in prison and saw a party of three ladies and two gentlemen in the courtyard on a certain day. Correct—she had to admit they were there. A friendship and marriage ensued. Mrs. E. L. Voynich is the author of several remarkable novels, a great linguist, and a fine musician.

Prince Kropotkin and a

Voynich is a book collector of the most rare kind. Starting without capital, he has prowled all over Europe for incunabula, with the result that he has become a jackal, a lion's provider for all the dealers in old books. He finds books of no use or value to the like o' me; rarity, uniqueness is the one supreme desire. Not long since he showed me two hundred books not in the catalogues of the British Museum or any of the great libraries. To me, not a book fit to read, and few of any great beauty. When he offered in joke to give them to me I declined to give them house room in my cottage. They have since then been secured by a few rich cranks and now cumber the shelves of the British Museum. Much good may they do! As for me, they may rest and rot in peace. But Voynich does get some beauties, all the same, from old monasteries in Italy and elsewhere. In Italy the condition is that the money received from the sale of the books shall be spent on new ones—these Voynich won't touch, for he says he knows nothing about them. His catalogues are said by library experts to be the most learned and searching ever issued. I met him in Florence in the spring of 1909. He had secured, romantically again, the great accumulations of

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BY E. GERTRUDE THOMSON.



FATHER GAPON.

Group of Refugees

a dealer. The Francheschini Library, just opposite the Bargello, was his. Here in an old palace were stored pell-mell over a million books and pamphlets. Voynich's fortune is made, for this vast mass of printed matter contains priceless treasures, of which he is sure to make the best and then to go with the spoil for fresh victories.

When Father Gapon was in England I met him several times and was much impressed by him. A Russian friend interpreted for us. There is no doubt that Gapon was murdered by Government spies. He had done what to me seems to be unwise. While doing democratic work among the people he had received money help from Government sources. He thought he was loyal to the cause of emancipation, but his double dealings brought their dread reward.

Father Gapon was, of course, a peasant. He was of quite different calibre from our other refugees, all of whom are of good family and are highly educated in the best sense.

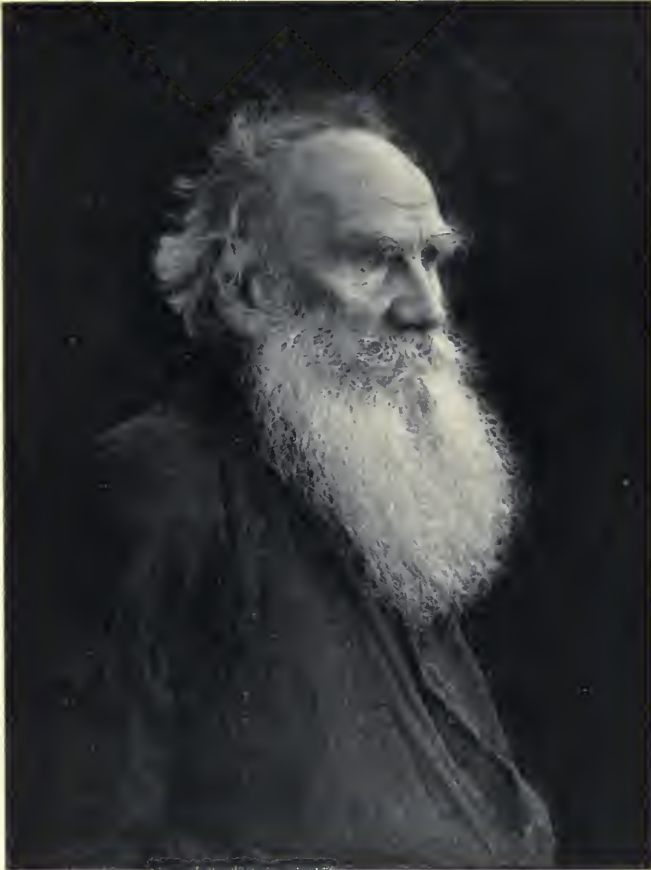
During the past twenty years we have had many lectures on the greatest of our contemporaries, Count Leo Tolstoy, whose "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" stand easily first as contemporary masterpieces of their kind.

Prince Kropotkin

Mr. Aylmer Maude has often discoursed to us on various aspects of this great man's work. Our portrait of Tolstoy is by his friend Tchertkoff, who lives and works in England as the apostle of the greatest of Russians, if, indeed, not the greatest of modern men.

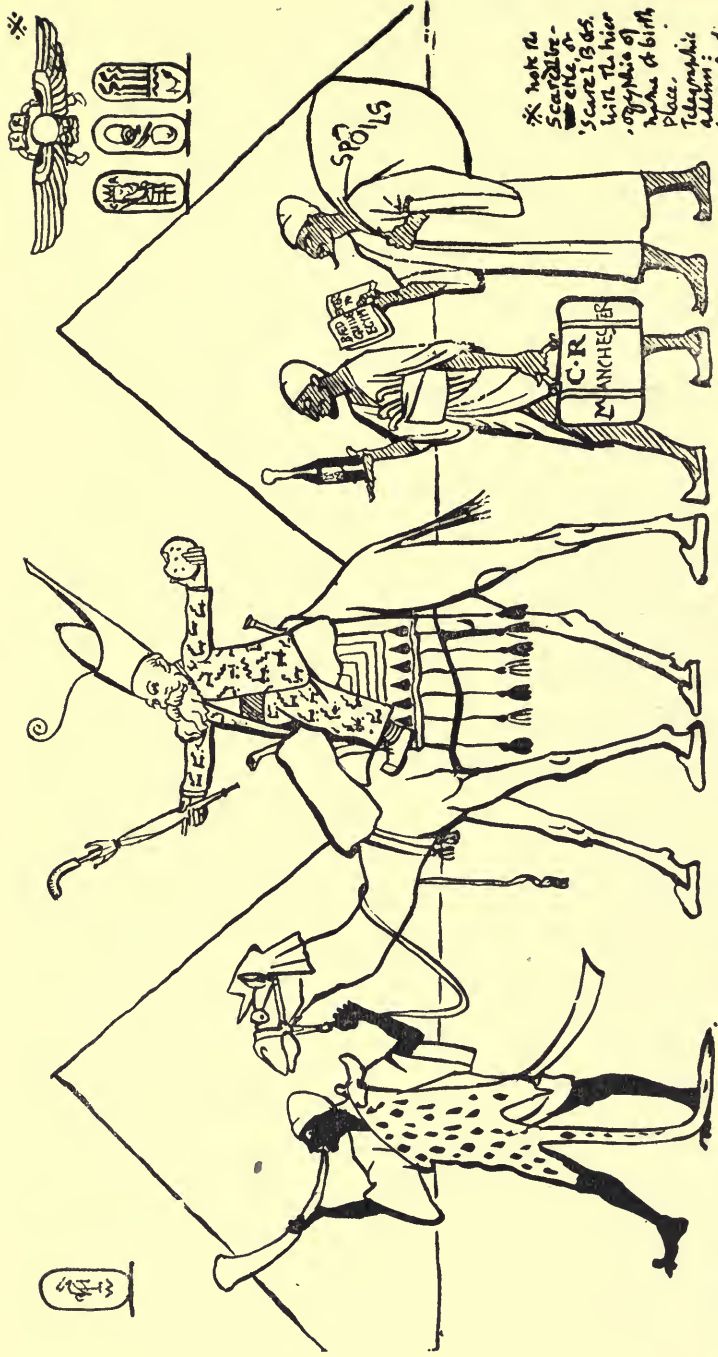
The portrait of Father Gapon is by Miss E. G. Thomson, with whom one often saw Gapon during his visit to London. Dr. Soskice translated for both of us, also helping Gapon with the articles, for which he received a great price, for the *Strand Magazine*.

PHOTO BY V. TCHERTKOFF.



LEO TOLSTOY.

SOME FRIENDS AT HOME



RECENT DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.
 DRAWN A LONG WAY, AFTER AN INCISED SLAB, SUPPOSED BY THE BEST & CHEAPEST
 AUTHORITIES TO REPRESENT THE VISIT OF KING ROWLEH POWLEH RUMMUN J.F.
 TO THE PYRAMIDS, 1897TH DYNASTY, OR THEREABOUTS.

* Note the
 Scarlette-
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SOME FRIENDS AT HOME

WALTER CRANE (*London*)

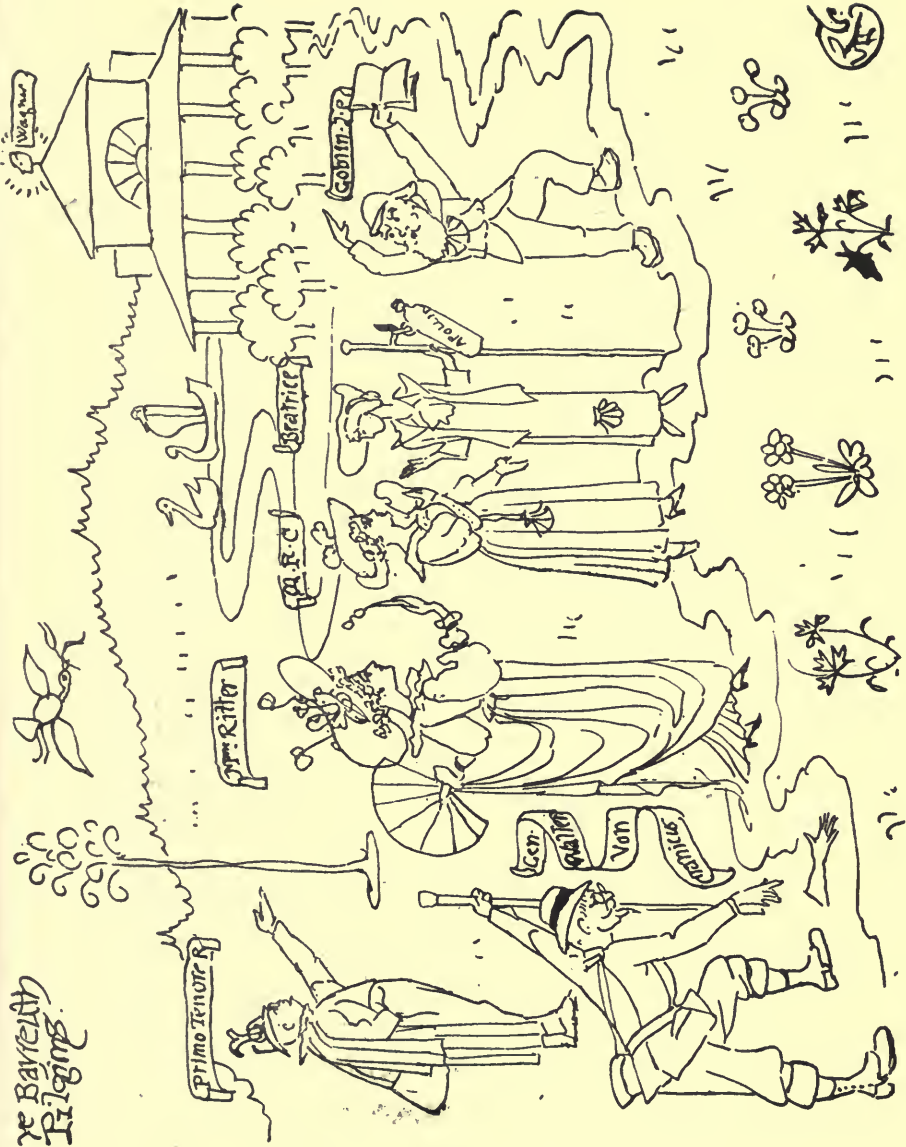
IN the note on our Municipal School of Art this gifted worker is spoken of. But Crane has other claims on our affection, for he is one of the most lovable of men and the sanest of boon companions. You will never hear an ill word about any person or his work from him; but he is all the time full of burning indignation over the cruelties and injustices of life. All that makes him a Socialist, a believer in a social state where we shall make the best of it for all and the worst of it for none, even if, unfortunately, they be low and stupid and perverse. "Who bred them?" he asks. He has produced some of the most telling as well as beautiful designs for propaganda societies. I cannot help but think that the design on page 206, given from the paper "Free Russia," is a perfect masterpiece in its way. The horrible story of Prometheus as sym-

Some Friends at Home

bolising man's suffering on earth is peculiarly apt in view of the known horrors which have gone on for so long a time in Russia.

Crane's toy-books are a perennial delight. They are the first in their class. He bubbles over with rare and pure humour at every turn. Those of us who are privileged to see the drawings which he makes in delicious abundance as journals on his holidays enjoy their racy humour as well as their cheery revelations of incidents pleasant or, at times, unfortunate. Some of his trade advertisement designs are also wonderful. I recall with especial pleasure the one produced for the Scottish Widows' Assurance Society—a masterly winged Pegasus, curbed by Time taking him by the forelock. His two or three hundred illustrations to Spenser's "Faerie Queene" are the most complete realisations of the wealth of imagery and suggestion in that much unread classic. The man's mind teems with subjects, and almost every plate is a masterpiece of design, beauty, and vigorous line.

Mr. G. F. Watts painted his portrait to such effect that Sir Hubert Herkomer considered it the first of modern portraits. Its home will ultimately be the National Portrait Gallery, where some scores of Watts's portraits of his greater contemporaries are permanently placed.



Gumbert
Bayerische
Kunstschule





STAINED · GLASS · WINDOW · ST
(MADE IN GERMANY) · TO COM
· MEMORATE · THE · GOOD · SAINT
· GOBLINVS · AND · THE · PILGRIM
· AGE · TO · BAYREUTH · 1894

Some Friends at Home

Being by such a seer as Watts, and such a workman, it is, of course, more like Crane than Crane himself. Mr. Crane is violently antagonistic to Royal Academic blight and mere fashionableness in Art. It is true there is no hope for a perennial harvest of the best so long as cash and fashion rule the roost. The result is before us—elegant sterility, pretty, feeble dullness; ideas, ideals, sterling workmanship at a discount.

I made a most delightful pilgrimage with Walter Crane, his wife and daughter, and two others, to Bayreuth in 1894. I cannot do better than insert some of his holiday skits on that occasion. These, with one other, show Crane in his "unbuttoned" manner, as Beethoven said of his freer and finer effusions. The fine Egyptian design of my poor self on a camel with retainers is a masterpiece, although there is little truth in it.

THE ANDREW WALKERS (*Surrey*).

Alas! how many of our good friends leave us lamenting on the cinder-heap. It is the good and jovial intimates that keep us alive and satisfied. Andrew Walker had done well a generation ago; he then succumbed to the blandishments of his old friend Johnstone, another

Some Friends at Home

Scotsman, who invented Bovril; he helped materially in the development of that great business, and we now look upon him as one of our unspoiled millionaire friends. He and his charming family live at Merstham, in one of the houses of Lord Hylton. The park and grounds are among the loveliest in Surrey, and that is saying much. An ancient pilgrim path runs through this lovely park. The Pilgrims' Way was from Winchester to Canterbury, and tradition says that the pilgrims bathed themselves in Merstham Park lake previous to going to service at the church close by. The latch-string is always ready for us, so one tries to get to them at least once in summer and in winter as well. The Hyltons spring from an old contracting family. They rebuilt London Bridge (1811-24), and in this home is one of the foundation-stones of the early bridge, the date of which is inscribed upon it, 1176.

The Pilgrims' Way was an old British foot and horse track from Winchester and Walsingham to Canterbury. It was traversed by pilgrims from the South of England and the Continent to do homage at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. The way passed through Gatton, Merstham, &c., the pilgrims worshipping at every shrine on the route until they reached Canterbury, where

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the soldier priest had been done to death by the order of Henry II.

À Becket was of foreign birth, so many continental pilgrims came to the shrine viâ Southampton and Winchester. The last-named town at that time used to dispute with London the title of capital of England. Hence the King's great hatred of the priest who had been his chancellor.

W. H. HILLS (*Grasmere*).

Few more enchanting retreats in these islands of ours than Easedale are known to us. You are a mile from one of our sacred haunts, Grasmere, with its hallowed graves and its still more touching shrine, Dove Cottage. Here Wordsworth lived with his sister Dora in the period of his best production. This tiny cottage and garden is now a national property and a spiritual asset. It is deeply affecting to think of the simple lives lived there a century ago, and how Sir Walter, De Quincey, Southey, Charles Lamb, visited the wonderful brother and his equally delightful sister.

My friend Hills retired in poor health from Sunderland to this district, with his wife and one daughter, a generation since. He has devoted himself with a religious zeal to the preservation of

Some Friends at Home

every shrine of interest and beauty which should remain sacred in the circle of the whole Lake country. It is due to the constant and devoted watchfulness of such men that we still have left to us many paths and roads, an absence of railway rights through the loveliest parts of England, and an all-round preservation of what we trust will be for ever this perennial beauty of lake and mountain. Its pastoral and mountain glory are equally enjoyable in winter or summer. Thirlmere and its setting is the crown of English beauty.

THE RAWNSLEYS (*Keswick*).

Fitly joined with our note on the Hills is one on our friend Canon Rawnsley, the inspiring force in the movement for securing for ever such places of beauty and historic interest, chiefly in out-of-the-way places where the busy world may forget and leave them to ruin. Mrs. Rawnsley, too, is notable as the chief force in the lovely School of Arts and Crafts at Keswick.

The Canon is one of our best preachers, whether at the lovely old church at Crosthwaite or when he goes afield to discourse to the larger world for his great mission of preserving beauty or historic shrines. He is ever ready with an inspir-

Some Friends at Home

ing poem on persons or events of note. More of such men would save any Church. It is as good as any liberal education to stay with Canon and Mrs. Rawnsley at the lovely Crosthwaite vicarage.

S. R. CROCKETT (*Peebles*).

My old friend George Milner, so long the President of the Manchester Literary Club, has four daughters. Three have been raided and taken beyond the border by Scotsmen. The mischief began at Corrie, in the Isle of Arran, where for many years we all holidayed together. Sam Crockett captured Ruth, and later became minister at Penicuik. I stayed with them there, went to chapel on the Sunday morning and heard a one-and-a-quarter-hour sermon, but I was kindly excused from a further dose at the evening service. It was good of them to endure at all a pagan southron such as me. Crockett took to novel-writing, with the results known to us all.

BERNARD SHAW (*London*).

In the old days of the Kelmscott Socialist Branch at Hammersmith I often saw and heard Bernard Shaw. I was then, so long ago, before he had boomed himself into fame, always

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struck by his remarkable personality, and that true and rare genius so dear to a minority of the "snub-nosed Saxons," as Disraeli called us. These gifts irritate some of us, but to others they are a perennial delight—they flash light on our dull monotony, they sparkle in our gloom. I have always been struck by Bernard Shaw's daring, piercing insight into the horrors of our social state at its worst. He knew it, he loathed it, he deplored the waste, the ignominy of it. Why should so huge a mass of the community lead stupid, ignoble lives even when they had got accustomed to it, and thought it inevitable? Surely the universal golden rule of "do as you would be done by" was hopelessly overlooked somehow. Obeying the rule by bits does not suit this kind of man. He wants it universally obeyed, and in active force in every relation of life. In his brilliant lectures to us at Ancoats he has been equally drastic with his Socialistic brethren who did not grasp their own dogmas as with the sorry Shakespearian, the mere bard-olaters who minimised our greatest by an all-round adoration, chiefly of his weaknesses, which, alas! probably prevented them from seeing his true genius. Then again, he was truly misunderstood when he took a Christian view of the Ten Commandments rather than the Rabbinical view

PROFESSOR GILBERT MURRAY'S "HIPPOLYTUS."



PERFORMANCE AT STONELANDS IN 1910.

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in vogue. But whatever Shaw does, like Madox Brown, he disturbs the middling mind. He knows more about the Fine Arts than all the scribbling critics. I hear him discussing music on equal terms with Dr. Richter, while, as for his economics, he must be placed in the very front, along with Sidney Webb. It is this combination of moral insight and artistic perception, backed by a marvellous power of clear writing and wit, which make Bernard Shaw the irresistible force he has become with it all. He is a most charming personality, whether in a cottage such as mine, or in his own delightful home at Adelphi Terrace, with the Thames in front and the teeming Strand behind.

THE KINGS (*Sussex*).

I do not wonder that so many writers have tried the impossible in writing of the charms of the county of Sussex. One must not be tempted to add even a mite. Suffice it to say, my friends the Kings have an ideal old house to which they have added a noble music-room, and that the garden and the woods and fields are of superb beauty. He is an alderman of the county, and a good example, not only of the gentleman farmer, but one of those able devotees to public work who are the glory of

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England, and who, when found, keep it sweet through and through. Mrs. King is a fit helpmeet in all good works. They are truly neighbourly to all and sundry. Their hospitable house is a focus for educational and all enlightened gatherings, from University Extension lectures to the performance of Greek plays. It was a real delight to see Professor Gilbert Murray's fine transcript of Euripides' "Hippolytus" performed in their garden square. All the neighbours far and near were brought in, and the "Phœdra" was beautifully rendered by their own housemaid. Mrs. King managed everything like an expert, and Gilbert Murray himself came down to rehearsals. Many other good things it has been one's good fortune to enjoy at Stonelands. Red-letter days!

CANON AND MRS. BARNETT (*The Cloisters,
Westminster Abbey*).

In the year 1880 I got up and successfully launched my first exhibition of high-class varied works of Art and Craft right among the people of our dreary Ancoats. Our catalogue is still an example and a little gem of its kind. Canon Barnett has assured me that he took our hint, and boldly went for similar things in Whitechapel. As soon as Toynbee Hall was got going, I was

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often a visitor, and learnt much from the spirit and method pursued there. How the Rev. S. A. Barnett and his wife worked there for a quarter of a century is known to all social workers. The place became a laboratory for the development of social endeavour on sound lines, bringing education and spiritual force, without patronage or cant, right into the heart of one of the most forlorn but busiest places in East London. Barnett is now Canon of Westminster, and Mrs. Barnett is the inspiring force of the remarkable garden suburb at Hampstead. They have each and both done wonders. It may be said that the Barnetts set the standard with regard to settlements among the people—in other words, to bring the realised and the supposed advantages of education and culture in touch with the equally valuable workaday world. Matthew Arnold put it thus: "Culture without Character is something weak, vain, and frivolous; Character without Culture may be something raw, blind, and dangerous."

Mrs. Barnett has been the leading spirit in the creation of a delightful garden suburb at Hampstead. It is so far a notable success, although three years ago it was wild nature. There are four thousand people in homes ranging from 3s. a week to £90 a year, and an effort

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is being made to avoid class distinction. The scheme is in its infancy, but a maturity of hopefulness and value seems to be a certainty. It is another instance of what a remarkable personality can influence when both brain and heart are right.

As to the intimate friends one sees daily, not even a list may be made. I need not say that they are the salt of the earth. How dreary the world would be without them!

FRIENDS ABROAD

AT AZZANO, LAGO DI COMO.



THE STODDARDS.

FRIENDS ABROAD

JOHN L. STODDARD (*Azzano, Lago di Como*).

IN the spring of 1909 I spent a most agreeable time at Florence, resting after a hard winter. I had pleasant experiences with Vernon Lee, Wilfred Voynich, William de Morgan and his charming wife, and spent an enjoyable afternoon with Mrs. Janet Ross at her lovely house and garden at Poggio Gherardo, where Boccaccio is reported to have recounted "The Decameron." I returned by Como and stayed for a few days once more at our favourite Cadenabbia. On my last day I was walking by those unsurpassed shores as far as Azzano, in the lovely Tremezzina Bay. Looking over a hedge at a fountain, a most courteous gentleman came and asked me if I would like to see the garden. I went in, and almost instantaneously its owner and I found that we were brothers. The lovely house and grounds were soon as good as my

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own, for I was made free to enjoy them and have often holidayed there since that fortunate encounter.

The proprietor is an American who is not known over here, but few have a wider acknowledgment on the other side of the Atlantic than John L. Stoddard. A graduate of Harvard, he was intended for, but voluntarily missed, the ministry. He came to Europe for a year and returned full of lore, pictorial illustrations, and learning about our greater historic scenes. He lectured and became famous, was run by one of the vigorous agencies, and retired ten years ago with an ample fortune to settle at that desirable haven, Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol. He and his wife were driven from this pleasant retreat by the rush of motors, and by the offensive new-rich Germans who now swarm in all those parts. They came to Azzano, bought a villa, and have created on mountain and lake side their own paradise. While at Meran, Stoddard was induced to publish the lectures he would never deliver again, with copious illustrations of Europe, Asia, and his own land, and these also have been a great success, circulating literally by the million in the vast markets of the States. Such is one of the romances of

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earned increment which has deservedly come to a lucky, hard-working scholar and most endearing man. What a catch for me, and how we struck on each other's box! That was a pleasant, rememberable spring morning in the lovely Tremezzina Bay, near the site of one of the pleasaunces of Pliny.

Stoddard assures me that he could not have settled for the rest of his life in this finest bay of the Lake of Como but for the abiding historic associations all around him. Opposite to the quiet of Azzano is the popular Bellagio, with another of the numerous Pliny pleasaunces, while a few miles north is Varenna with its peaked castle, where Queen Theodelinda lived and is buried. She it was who staved off her north-folk from Rome while she lived, and the Pope thereupon sent her that nail from the true Cross which is the basis of the iron crown now preserved below in the Cathedral of Monza. Close by also is the one island on the great lake, Comacina. Here, for scores of years, was fought the last stand of the South against the North, and the soil is literally steeped in the blood shed in those fierce final encounters. It belongs to our friend, a good Signor who knows England and the States. We often pay pilgrimages to the historic places, pagan and Christian, on this

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lovely island. Westward on the main shore is a charming little pilgrim Lombardian Church with touches of Gothic. What stories it could tell! South, again, are countless towers of old memorials, finishing with the lovely cathedral at Como itself, which has its statue in the chief piazza of Volta. The first of practical electricians was born at Como. Here, again, close by at Cadenabbia, Verdi composed some of his best work, which still rings through the world to all who love *Bel Canto*. The ordinary show villas do not figure so keenly in the mind. I for one have rather been enchained for thirty years by the sight of the countless, pathetic-looking villages high up on the mountain-side above the lake, some of them being older than Rome itself. In fact, it is impossible to find a district of more gracious beauty, steeped with the life and struggles of humanity for thousands of years and still yielding a perennial vivid interest.

Mr. Stoddard has published several volumes of verse and has edited a large Anthology of English Literature in poetry and prose. These, again, are not known in our reading world, but in the United States have a large circulation.

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MARGARET NEWETT (*Venice*).

It is pleasant to have a chum in a foreign city, especially to one who, like myself, is no linguist. Miss Newett secured a Research Scholarship at the Victoria University, and chose the Archivio at Venice as her field of operation. I have been through that vast and bewildering palace of musty documents with her. She could spot for me some of those records of crime, to which horror is added by rude drawings of the deed, and in some cases trifling pictures of the method of the execution of the criminals. It is a bewildering place, but no doubt full of interest to students with the taste and capacity for such research.

MARY DUCLAUX (*Paris*).

A. Mary F. Robinson lived with her family for many years in our city, her father being an architect and writer for our great newspaper, the *Manchester Guardian*. He was correspondent during the Franco-German War, was beleaguered, and afterwards known as "Metz-Robinson." Soon after that they went to London, where I met them at the Madox Browns'. Our friend went to live in Paris, and married James Darmestetter, the colleague of

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Renan. Some years after his death she married Dr. Duclaux, Chief after Pasteur of the Institute called by that scientist's name. He, too, died in 1904. Madame Duclaux lives still in a charming flat in Paris, where you always meet the nicest possible people. A programme which she made for a visit to Paris of about sixty of our Brotherhood will be found further on; it shows her kindly thought for the friends of her friend. She continues her literary work, both in prose and poetry—work which always reflects the rare charm of her personality.

HELEN PETRICI (*Limogardion, Lamia, Greece*).

There is a large Greek colony always in Manchester. Mrs. Petrici was born there, her father being in the great firm of Spartali & Co., a daughter of the chief having married Stillman, an American, who was for so long a period *Times* correspondent at Rome, where I visited them. Mrs. Petrici lived for a while in the Lebanon, then in Corfu, then again in England, where she essayed a career on the stage. In those days she was a great beauty, and that advantage was not marred by a remarkable accomplishment in English, French, and, of course, Greek, both ancient and modern. She

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has left Athens, and with her son is farming, growing tobacco and other specialities in the country outside the classic city. This is her account of the enterprise:—

“Did I ever tell you of our enterprise? My son and I have gone into partnership with a Danish agriculturalist, and have hired a large place on the mountains, where we have what is called here ‘colleagues’; that is to say, the men get the land and seed from us, and then share according as they have ploughed with their own beasts or with ours. The curious part is that though some of them are farm servants working for us (for we keep some land for our own cultivation till we find more ‘colleagues’), yet they all have either a little land which they cultivate on their own account with the help of their wives and children, or flocks which they have in partnership with shepherds. With the latter arrangement, of course, we have nothing to do, but when they sow for our joint account, we have all the bother of representing before Government, etc. We grow corn, beans, potatoes, etc., but the chief source of revenue to which we look is tobacco. The spot is really lovely, and being more than two thousand feet above the sea, it is cool in summer. I wonder if you will ever come as far

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as Greece. It would be very pleasant if you would come and stay with us for a week or two, as I suppose you allow yourself a holiday now and then.

“Of course the expenses have been great this first year, but I hope we may start a school for the village children next year. They are very intelligent, and appreciate the advantages of learning; but though surrounded by such lovely scenery, and often very good-looking themselves, they are quite devoid of taste in the matter of colours. We had a sad example of this on Easter Sunday. Forsaking their picturesque costume of indigo blue with a white shirt, they attired themselves in the most atrocious many-coloured dresses, imitating our blouses and flounces. They danced, and seemed much pleased with themselves. In the midst of them two *vlachs* (a kind of nomadic shepherdesses), both wonderfully beautiful, danced in their native dresses, and looked like Orpheus in the midst of the monsters of Hades. To tell these girls how hideous we think their attire would be worse than useless. Can you suggest any mode of improving their taste? You must have had experience in such things, and know how to handle these folks better than I can.”

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MARGARET NOBLE (*Sister Nivedita, Calcutta*).

Mrs. Noble is a North Country woman, of fine gifts and presence. Helped by our mutual friend the late Mrs. Ole Bull, and others, she is devoting her life sympathetically to Indian women, chiefly at Calcutta. She has joined one of those great modern orders so common in India, so unworldly, so valuable to the spiritually-minded. Her books on Indian life, "The Web of Indian Life" and others, give the best insight we know of into the subtle varieties of people and character there, which are all so alien to us Occidentals. Sister Nivedita has all the eloquence of her sex, combined with a fine cultivation and an intimate, true knowledge of the Hindu mind, whether on its domestic, national, or religious side. Though not giving up her Christianity, she is a real force among those people whom we are supposed to govern and know so little about in essentials.

BROTHERS IN INDIA.

Following on Margaret Noble, two nephews of mine may be noted, one a school inspector in Burma, the other in a fine position in the police force in the Punjaub. The former knows

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Fielding Hall, whose books about Buddhism in Burma have so much impressed English readers. This and the experience in that remote, interesting Far East is notable enough for those capable of benefiting by it all. As to our settled rule among such an alien race, we must conclude that anything from us may be an improvement on the silliness of Theebaw, and the remarkable wife who captured him, against all comers, as we read in Fielding Hall's "Theebaw's Queen." But what we are doing in regard to the "education" of these Burmese folk I have never been able to make out. I have a rooted doubt as to the good we can do them in education or religion, but am open to conviction all the same.

The other India brother married a lovely Anglo-Indian lady whose people are all military, while yet another member of the same Cocks clan has married a captain in the service. It is very wonderful to hear all their talk, the classy nature of it, and one cannot help but concluding, also, the departmental, compartmental-like nature of it all. To us stay-at-homes it only increases the wonder at the few thousands of our countrymen who are managing those vast millions on an enormous continent at the other side of the world. We are

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certainly a marvellous race ; outsiders wonder at us more than we do ourselves.

T. W. SURETTE (*Concord, Mass.*).

My old friend Jessie Fothergill, the novelist, linked me up to the Emersons at Concord in 1887. I spent a most agreeable time with Dr. Edward Emerson, saw the old home of his father, and all the notable things around—Walden Pool, “the House of the Seven Gables,” the statue of the Minute Man

“Who fired the shot
Went round the world,”

and Sleepy Hollow, where all the worthies lie buried in peace and beauty.

Twenty years after all this comes another Concord light, T. Whitney Surette. We met at Oxford, where he was lecturing at our summer meeting on music appreciation. A most learned student and admirable pianist, he devotes his rare powers entirely to the induction of appreciation of the finest in every school of music, ancient and modern. This is much needed in all æsthetics, for far too many, as we are all painfully aware, are coddled into the belief and habit of performing without talent, and with infinite boredom to their friends, and

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misleading to themselves. "Let us," says Surette, "learn to appreciate; few of us can produce." He does all this with a skill truly remarkable, all the more so in that he brings to bear on his subject of music all the resources of a mind widely cultivated in other things as well. Surette has a cultured sanity which is of the rarest. American freedom of mind, with Concord quietude and rule, have evolved a notable product, as we see in such men.

JANE ADDAMS (*Hull House, Chicago*).

While in Chicago, in 1903, I saw, at last, Jane Addams, whom I had known by friendly repute for years. She is probably the best-known woman in the United States. She has given her life to bring sweetness, light, common sense, justice and peace to the lowest drift of her fellows. Hull House is an oasis in one of the dreariest parts of that new, terrible, wonderful, wicked, excited city of the Middle West. It is appalling to witness that struggling seethe of mixed humanity, with its rawness, its possibilities of good, and its achievement of so much struggle, failure, and turmoil. The very vigour of the place frightens you if you are not at the millionaire end of it. For the most part the rest is one scene of mad energy, and, if

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you are drunken, or unlucky, a whirl of human degradation and despair. All will settle aright, no doubt, thanks to the awakening of the best men and women to better schemes of communal life, chiefly taught and inspired by Jane Addams and her band of devoted helpers.

JAMES FISH (*Alaska*).

Jim Fish is an Ancoats, Manchester, boy for whom our poor little island was too small. He is a wonder of sturdy health and endurance. After many adventures he has settled on the Pacific Coast with his family. He ought to tell his own adventures, but he is one of the rare doers, and remains for his friends much too inarticulate. Jim is a type of the sturdy, honest, kindly, hard-working Briton who carries our best reputations all over the world. Good luck to him, and more mountains to climb for this young veteran past seventy! At the time of writing our friend is in Manchester, having decided to spend a year in the Old Country, re-climb our pigmies such as Snowdon and the Glyders, and then go back to his greater friends near the Klondyke. His daughter, married to a native of San Francisco, is here too with her husband, who is now settled in Manila. So we have the spectacle of friends focussed in our grim

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city from 7,000 miles West and an equal distance East. The big earth is a small place after all. I have urgent requests to go to Alaska and the Philippines and have a good time in each.

FRASER COCKS (*Florida*).

He is one of my numerous nephews, brother of the two spoken of in India. He emigrated to Canada, tried farming, got captured by an evangelical body, went north and west among the Indians for a while on mission work, settled and married at St. Louis, U.S.A., and is now in Florida. Fraser, called so after our beloved Bishop, is just the kind of strong, energetic, good-hearted chap to show a new world what the best of England is.

RECREATION IN ANCOATS

BY WALTER CRANE.



RECREATION IN ANCOATS

THERE are all kinds of complaints, even moans, at the constant drift of the population to the big towns and cities. This tendency in some communities, our own and the United States, for example, is apparently likely to be constant, unless some unforeseen changes come upon us. The reasons for this drift are obvious, amongst them being more constant employment and better wages, but most of all, more fun, more contact with the tragedy and comedy of life. The country is, no doubt, dull to most of us, and especially to those who have tasted a vigorous town life.

Here am I, for example, born 72 years ago in the heart of the old workshop district of Manchester—Ancoats, where the huge mills are still in evidence. Ancoats was the home of fine spinning and of the machine shops which spring up alongside of all such intricately equipped factories. I was always fond of the country, so

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with a bevy of chums I lost no opportunity of tramping through the then pure district around our city. After a long experience at a great Sunday School, Bennett Street, I was, in 1875, returned to the City Council for this Ancoats district. I remember describing it then as consisting of 60,000 inhabitants, 40 churches, 40 chapels, and 140 public-houses and beer-houses. Ancoats is now the centre of a still vaster industrial community. Within a mile radius we number over a quarter of a million. It has been a veritable Klondike for over fifty years. The gold, however, had gone, but the debris, human and otherwise, was left. How to raise things up to a better level was the problem that faced all of us who thought about things at all, human and social.

It is, of course, as difficult to see ugliness as it is to see and appreciate beauty. Until you see the horror of your surroundings nothing can be attempted. I fear that much wild talk was indulged in by us about black smoke, the far worse noxious vapours, the insanitary areas, and the hundred and one things which are either cause or effect, or both, of our worst town conditions.

It is appalling to think that at that time there were seventy thousand open middens in the city.

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It was the time of sanitary revolution, and I was on a committee for eight years whose main work was to abolish those stinking horrors. Can we wonder at our record death-rate?

We got a committee together, gathered some money, and started a number of rousing things. We placed bands in the two parks in the neighbourhood; now the Corporation do it. Having got, as a result of my own election cry, baths and washhouses and a public room, we proceeded to use them profusely, the public needing no prod to enjoy the fine swimming and other baths. We had excellent exhibitions of pictures, workmanship, and flower shows for a long series of years. These things are now done, and done better, by other organisations, some municipal, some philanthropic. Our aim always has been to stimulate, to get ideas, even ideals, into practical form, and then, when more powerful bodies in command of cash take them up, we turn to something else and try fresh experiments.

In 1880 we had our first exhibition of works of art. I have the very pretty illustrated catalogue now before me. Canon Barnett, of Toynbee Hall, has assured me that he has got many hints for his exhibitions in East London from our proceedings. We were at work five or

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six years before Toynbee Hall, but with similar ideas in our minds, stimulating, offering beautiful things, natural and artistic, giving series of University Extension lectures, by such men as Michael Sadler, Hudson Shaw, Llewelyn Smith, H. J. Mackinder, Hilaire Belloc, and the best of our Owens College men, never forgetting the brilliant and genial Professor Milnes Marshall; Sir William Anson gave us a course of lectures on the English Land Laws.

As leader of the movement I have been firmly possessed of one idea—namely, to go only for the best. Surely in such a huge community of workers there is a fair percentage of good heads, strong hearts, good folk all round. We have proved this to be so, and by sticking to our ideal we have demonstrated the fact that good stuff is a requisite, for a small percentage it may be, in every community. We have had no antagonism to those who conduct their work on different lines. There is room for all of us and more. We pitch high, do as well as we can, and what is most important, we never get bored ourselves, as we should have done all these years had we been listening to and looking at indifferent stuff. We will not even have poor printing, so that our literature of announcements, voluminous quotations, from the best only, and our pictorial and

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other ornaments are an interesting study. This is not named as a bit of swagger, or a boast, but as an example of the manner in which we work.

In the autumn of 1881 we started a Sunday afternoon meeting in the New Islington Hall, Ancoats. Sir Henry Roscoe, F.R.S., gave the first lecture, the subject being "John Dalton." We had some music each day and met from three to five. These afternoons were a great success from the first, and one winter's course, on "The Story of the Nations" series of books, was the best of all in average attendance. We got together from five to nine hundred people, mostly men. By great good fortune we have had a continual series of remarkable addresses. Not going for the rhetorical or the popular in any way, we have also avoided the dry, the pompous, and the patronising. Among Churchmen, we have had Dean Cowie, Dr. Stubbs, Dean of Ely, now Bishop of Truro, Archdeacon Wilson, Canons Hicks, Rawnsley, Gorton, and many others. Many who have attained Cabinet rank have been to us. Mr. Arthur Acland and Mr. Arnold-Forster, Prince Kropotkin, and Mrs. Fawcett were prime favourites. And our list includes Sir W. B. Richmond, Walter Crane, Ford Madox Brown, Professor York-Powell,

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Thomas Hughes, Q.C., Sir Robert Ball, Sir Oliver Lodge, Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, George Harwood, and a host of others. William Morris greatly enjoyed coming to us every year, which he did until his death. We loved him as one of the most gifted craftsmen and genial men of our time.

Quite as fortunate have we been in our music, which is given before and after the lecture, sandwich fashion. Here the list of kind and voluntary helpers is endless. We can only name Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, Mr. Leonard Borwick, and the famous Brodsky Quartet, which comes to a nobly enthusiastic crowd every year. The generosity of musicians is notorious, and we have tapped it abundantly. Our afternoons have become famous for the quality of our talking, our music, our power of silently listening, and our exuberant enthusiasm. We need not say that often on these Sundays we get really ideal afternoons. I often tell them that Carnegie and Pierpont Morgan combined could not do better, and it is true. We should like to present samples of our Sunday programmes, but must refrain.

These meetings, like all others, are free. We have no reserved seats. We make a collection, however. If we were in the centre of the town we could easily make them self-supporting, but

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we stick to Ancoats. In the spring of 1889 we made a new departure, for Sunday afternoon and Extension lectures being over in February, we started smaller Sunday morning meetings. From this sprang our rambling club, our cycling club, and the Ancoats Brotherhood. I cannot do better than quote a passage from the *Manchester Guardian* of March 5, 1889, the day after the Brotherhood was launched :—

“On Sunday morning a meeting was held in the New Islington Hall, Ancoats, to consider the desirability of forming an association which will give an opportunity for continuing the Sunday meetings held during the winter months. Mr. Charles Rowley explained what had been in the minds of the promoters of the meeting. For seven years, he said, a remarkable body of men had attended the Sunday afternoon lectures. The audiences ranged from a thousand to four hundred, and many of these were regular attenders. It always seemed a pity that at the end of the winter course this fine gathering should be dispersed until another winter set in. He would state briefly what he thought might be done. Suppose they had fortnightly meetings, say in March and April, on Sunday mornings. He would be satisfied if they only met and chatted, for it seemed to him that that delightful form of

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intercourse, where people met for the sake of each other, merited encouragement. We were all a little overcome by the stress of life and the constant attention to the mere machinery of existence. When could we hope to live a bit and enjoy each other? It would be better, however, to meet as a rule and have the talk led by some one of intelligence and goodwill. It would be desirable that they, in return, should talk freely, but not for the purpose of gaining verbal victories over each other, or for making telling points. In fact, could they not agree to differ, to discuss subjects that interested them, and this without heat, but with as much light as possible? With this in mind constantly, why should they not meet and talk about subjects upon which they wanted to form just and workable opinions? All social subjects which interested them as neighbours and citizens might be faced. Had they any local patriotism, or even truly national patriotism? If so, what was its practical effect? Had they any clear ideas as to what a true municipality might do for those who lived in a big city like ours? Could they not have quiet and sensible talk about such things? Politics, too, it would be absurd to overlook. He confessed he was a bigot on some questions, and was certain that talk from the other side would do him good. In these and in

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religious subjects there was no reason why they should not recognise their differences, and give each other credit for the best intentions. He often thought that Dr. Arnold's maxim of 'being prepared each morning to consider everything an open question' was a good working rule. Not that one should readily change one's opinions, but one should always have an open mind, never a closed one, on any subject outside exact knowledge. What was one to do in religious matters, where one was conscious that in our generation the bases of thought had been revolutionised, but that all the creeds remained the same? Sensible men and women could only make up their minds to agree to differ. Heretic as he felt he was, he believed that nobody nowadays was anxious to burn him either here or hereafter. A brief review was given of the new forms of modern thought as expressed in Agnosticism, Positivism, and the forms of Christianity which tried to square themselves with modern knowledge. The point for them was, how could any or all of these help them to right action, to live their own lives well, and help those about them to live well? The days of patronage were past. The word ought to be abolished. They wanted to encourage the feeling of companionship among equals, but they must deserve to be equal with the best. Friendliness

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had to be cultivated like anything else. Could they help in its culture?"

In this department, we have now two thousand members who pay, or should pay, not less than one shilling a year. We send out a special card and some literature each spring, and to all our members the books of autumn and winter programmes. All this part of our work, being purely recreative, is self-supporting after sending a substantial sum to the Ancoats Hospital, the College of Music, the Manchester Museum, and other bodies. All our work is voluntary. We organise inexpensive rambles all round the city, varied by a pound-week-end in Wales or the Lake Country, and a big (for us) five days' Easter continental trip to Belgium, Holland, or France. One year we went to Stratford-on-Avon. And then we get friends who have the blessings of large gardens to give us an "At Home" in them. These vary in number from three hundred to fifty, there being always a difficulty in distributing tickets when the number is limited, but we are not a grumbling lot; we never argue and we won't have a row, even a little one, at any price. It is quite impossible to formulate the advantages which we feel we get from such an organisation as ours. We are widespread,

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By J. D. WATSON.

(Large drawing given by the artist in 1887.)



ABOU BEN ADHEM.

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having members as far afield as the Punjaub, Australia, Johannesburg, British Columbia—in fact, all over the world. The bulk, however, are in Ancoats and in Manchester. Our Committee consists in the main of workfolk. We have a charming workman's cottage, headquarters, at 78, Canning Street, Ancoats, but we have also the Corporation Hall, as we require it, for Sunday or weekdays. We have all kinds of friendly meetings, dances in the winter, jaunts in the fine, open weather, and chumming in our homes. We are a mixed lot. We have a bookstall, where we place nothing but the best stuff in inexpensive form. Our unexpressed ideal is "Nothing but the best is good enough for us." We are always on the look-out for something still better than we have had, and in ourselves we desire to advance while in the outer world we hope to enjoy. Our faults are, no doubt, glaring, but we pass them over, and go for the good that is certainly in most of us, or we should be lost indeed. Any person can join our Brotherhood who sends not less than a shilling, and the value returned is worth vastly more than that sum. One spring we sent out a specially designed card, a book of poems, "Brotherhood with Nature," as well as a full programme of our rambles.

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This is, of course, only a brief résumé of our doings. To give a full account would be to fill a volume, and I am not the man able or willing to write it. It would contain too much of number one, and would smack of egotism. Still, I am thankful for having hit on so many good things to enjoy, to enable others to love and enjoy, and to develop the best that is in them. We have no rules, yet are the most orderly crowd in the world. We trust and respect each other.

THE ANCOATS BROTHERHOOD.



ST. GEORGE FOR A MERRIE ENGLAND.

THE BROTHERHOOD PROPER



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MANY criticisms have, of course, been launched at our doings during the last thirty-five years. The bare idea of giving Beethoven, the best of the fine arts, noble lectures, excellent printing with a constant flow of fine quotations, in a purely working-class district! Most of this peddling fault-finding has been indulged in by people who never come to us and have really no idea what superb audiences we gather, audiences from which the finest musicians and speakers of our time assure us that constantly they draw inspiration. We go to learn and to enjoy, and our applause is not kid-gloved. We have achieved at music a Bayreuth hush: you may always hear the clock tick. One of the most curious remarks was made to me by one of our very successful cotton spinners, the late Mr. James Jardine, High Sheriff of Cheshire. He was a fine, handsome man, very rich and very generous, and had, I think, risen from the ranks, as we say. I met him

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whilst he was High Sheriff at my friend Henry Boddington's, at a dinner he gave to meet Madox Brown. Mr. Jardine and I had a pleasant chat, and then he said that he had often wanted to speak to me about this Recreation work, and how thankful he was that it had been such a success. Then came the point : he "implored me not to set class against class." For a moment I was flattened out, but on recovery assured him how "thankful we were for his financial aid, given generously for so many years past. But, Mr. Jardine, you have never been to one of our meetings ; if you had you would find no class distinctions, no reserved seats, no platform fuss ; in fact, on most Sundays, for example, we have such a crowd that you might not be able to get in the hall. We don't recognise class, but trust entirely to character." He would understand, for it was not meant unkindly, though some would call it rude to speak thus to so great a swell.

How we aroused the dormant faculties of many remarkable but obscure men and women can never be told. I have destroyed hundreds of letters of gushing thanks for help given and things enjoyed.

For over twenty years we had, as Chairman of Committee, Mr. Thomas Rogers. He was a working mechanic, but his health gave out, and he took a small business and thus got some

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freedom. He was remarkably gifted in many branches of Nature-study, and ultimately had correspondents all over the world, for he was well known to collectors and experts. He was always a perfect gentleman. He often took me to the quarterly meetings of working naturalists, chiefly botanical. A finer lot of natural worthies it would be difficult to find. They brought plants that had puzzled them. After tea these were spread out and our sturdy, peasant-like friend James Percival, bearded like an ancient Druid, would then go round and delicately, caressingly pick up each plant, give its Latin title, its folk-name and, if it was not indigenous to Britain, tell where it sprang from. It is an honour and pleasure to know such characters, and they are spread about, with varied aptitudes for music, fine thought, science, and the noblest ethic, in much larger numbers than classy people suppose. Our reading parties, our rambles, our simple fellowship without fuss or patronage, have revealed all this to the full.

Thomas Rogers, at seventy, had a most appropriate death. He was leader of one of our week-end parties around Ullswater. One day about twenty of them sallied forth to ascend Helvellyn. A little more than halfway up the ascent Rogers declared that he had had enough and would rest

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in a lovely nook, botanise a bit, and await their return. Two hours later they found that he had died on the breast of Helvellyn. He was carried down, and a few days afterwards buried in the lovely churchyard at Patterdale. We bought a couple of acres of land in the Gowbarrow Park estate, on the shores of Ullswater, in memory of him. Rogers did a very useful bit of work for the Manchester Water Committee. One of their storage reservoirs became foul and they could not find the cause. They cleansed the conduits, the filters were re-examined, but still the pollution existed. Rogers was sent for and discovered the cause: it was a minute fresh-water mollusc, which rapidly propagates by the billion. He found an antiseptic in certain plants and the water became as clear as gin.

Mr. Arthur Acland came among us in the eighties. He had been fully engaged in valuable work amongst Co-operators and in the diffusion of the best spirit in educational matters. Ancoats saw a good deal of him, and no person was more welcome. He has an extraordinary power of getting to the heart of a matter. One of his methods was to come among us, stay in our cottages, and meet us all on equal terms. His view evidently was that you must go for yourself to the people to help them, by knowing them. We

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formed a branch in Manchester of his Technical Education Society. He asked if we could not have a Town Hall meeting. I said, "Certainly, if you will send one of your swells, Lord Hartington, or, best of all, Huxley." He took the hint; Huxley came, and gave his last notable public address; we had a famous Town Hall meeting, and for the first time heard of the magnificent plans of the legatees of the late Sir Joseph Whitworth. A sum of about one million pounds was left absolutely to Lady Whitworth, Chancellor Christie, and Mr. R. D. Darbishire. They could each, or jointly and severally, do what they pleased with the money. All of it was most judiciously expended on public service, chiefly for higher education. They gave us at Ancoats the handsome sum of £500.

On another occasion Dr. Percival had a gathering at Rugby consisting of the late Dr. Paton, Acland, Michael Sadler, and myself. We discussed the Home Reading project, University Extension, and the rest. Here again I was possessed of a happy thought. I ventured to say what a good thing it would be if Extension students could be gathered at Oxford, Cambridge, or other University cities during the long vacation. I shall not forget how Sadler's eyes sparkled at the idea; he was then Secretary of the movement. But the

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Oxford men, Percival, Acland, Sadler himself, feared it could not be, as Oxford stodge and exclusiveness were something too formidable to be overcome. Sadler went back to Oxford, saw Jowett, who was then Vice-Chancellor, and with Acland's help the thing was done; for next year we had the first of those delightful summer gatherings.

In 1888 Acland, Tom Ellis, and I had our first autumn holiday together in the Tyrol, our friend managing the whole affair with rare skill. We had many a pleasant bout in the autumn after that, and at times Sir John Brunner joined us and brought one of his sons. Then came busy Parliamentary life, Acland in the Cabinet as Education minister, and Tom Ellis Chief Whip, a rare distinction for a Welshman and a man of "no family." His dear old father, who speaks not a word of English, still lives in a remote farm above the Lake of Bala. Everybody loved Tom, and his loss smote all of us. There is a capital statue of him by his countryman, Sir Goscombe John, R.A., in the chief place at Bala. I keep up my affection for his delightful county of Merionethshire, where I am at this writing, spending my forty-first spring holiday, having crossed Cader Idris ten years previously, in 1861.

The Aclands had a lovely bungalow across

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the bay yonder under the shadow of the Rivals at Clynnog. Many a good time have we had there, for the latch was always ready at my pull, and though it was delightfully remote it was only four hours from our grimy city. Our friend has built many houses at Oxford, Clynnog, Scarborough, and now at Felixstowe. Few of our contemporaries have led a more beneficent life than Arthur Acland, and his son Francis carries on the family tradition as Member of Parliament and Under-Secretary at the War Office.

Probably the best way of indicating the spirit of our movement will be to offer a few letters from friends and a hint as to the supreme quality of our programmes of outings at home and abroad :—

“ To say what the Ancoats Recreation Movement has been to me would be to give an account of the social and educational sides of my life for the past twenty-five years, so strongly has the Ancoats Recreation Movement influenced me. Looking backwards, the two things that seem to stand out are the elasticity of the methods used and the good-fellowship displayed by all connected with the work, from the men of genius down to the humblest listener. While steadily holding to the ideal, ‘ Nothing is worth

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having but the best,' the adaptation of varying methods to suit the changing ideas and circumstances of the times has kept us abreast of modern thought, whilst other institutions with their rigid programmes have been cut off from the main stream of fresh ideas and thoughts which we have received.

“One of the greatest pleasures I have had has been the good-fellowship always displayed by all. It seems to me as though an air of patronage could not exist in the Ancoats Recreation, and that all from the greatest to the least are on an equal footing and all equally anxious to serve their fellows.

“FRED WALKER.”

(A wire-drawer in an Ancoats workshop.)

“It is now nearly twenty years since I first became acquainted with the Ancoats Recreation, and I often am amazed when I think how much I owe to those meetings in Ancoats. Unlike most other organisations, “Ancoats” touches life at every point. I was like thousands of other young men who are without any definite plan, and are aimlessly drifting along. It is just at such a stage where the movement you founded becomes of such value. It sets the compass, and whether in religion, art, literature, science,

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or politics, one is guided to the study of the best ; and yet with all there is no bitterness. It is like the teachings of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Mill : it profoundly influences all who come in contact with it, and yet it never creates a creed or sect in the narrow sense ; and, above all, it never forgets the inestimable value of humour.

“ Apart from all the delightful music one has become familiar with, and the charming travels in one’s own country and on the Continent (tours organised by our friend Mr. Hadden and yourself), there is also the pleasure of meeting kindred spirits and reading together good books. I can never be too thankful for those courses of lectures on History, Evolution, and Citizenship, by Rev. Hudson Shaw and the late Professor Milnes Marshall and Dr. Pankhurst.

“ R. CROSS.”

*(A commercial traveller in the “ Five Towns”
for one of our largest firms.)*

“ Mr. Hadden has asked me to say of what value our movement is to me personally.

“ Well, sir, outside business and domestic affairs, it is nearly everything, and I often think of the lucky day many years ago when by chance I dropped in at the Hall and heard Professor Boyd Dawkins lecture on the ‘ Three Pebbles.’

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And ever since then what a continuous education it has been! the best of everything from the ladies and gentlemen best able to give it, and I know that to others like myself, men and women who have little time for quiet reading, it has been and still is an invaluable gift.

“Then the social side. What friends we all are, and what delightful times we have had, and always looking forward to more! A few years since, when thinking of leaving Manchester for Devon, the idea of no music, no lectures, and no such friendships there made me decide to stay in Manchester. I know, sir, you detest praise, &c., but I often feel we owe you such a lot.

“JOHN SQUIRE.”

(A workman from Devon, now in one of our local post-offices.)

Mr. Abraham Flatters has a world-wide connection with specialists in microscopical research. When he first attended our weekday lectures he was earning a scant living in Ancoats as lamplighter. A student who also had a turn for natural history, and who came to our lectures, has made him an excellent wife. These are some of our romances in a grim district.

“It is difficult to express in a short letter the influence my connection with the Brotherhood

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has had in shaping the course of my life since the year 1885. Prior to that time I had been struggling along in a very humble way to try to gain some knowledge relating to scientific subjects, and when it was announced that there was to be a course of eight lectures at the Ancoats Brotherhood by the late Professor Milnes Marshall, on Natural History, I determined to attend them. I was a working man, so poor that it would have been impossible for me to attend lectures of such a high standard at school or college, as the fee would have been entirely beyond my reach. The eight lectures at the Brotherhood costing only one shilling for the course enabled many others besides myself to take advantage of them. The kindness I received from Mr. Charles Rowley and the encouragement from Professor Marshall stimulated me to such an extent for the study of natural history, that a turning-point in my life was brought about.

“These lectures had a great and overpowering influence on my future, as they fired me with enthusiasm for the study of Nature, and with the hope of improving my position in life.

“The books required for this work were hopelessly beyond my power of purchase ; borrowing from the library was of little use, as I required

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them for constant reference ; hence the necessity for writing out verbatim copies, in one case (that of Asa Gray on Vegetable Morphology) of more than three hundred pages of text, and tissue-paper tracings of 695 figures ; in the second case, the entire synopsis of the British Flora by Hooker and Bentham. The incentive received at the Brotherhood converted this otherwise tedious undertaking into a real and lasting pleasure, and laid the foundation for the best that my life has been able to give. Your efforts at Ancoats infused into my nature that constant and deep-seated desire for self-help which has carried me through many vicissitudes of life : it placed me in contact with the science of microscopy and added F.R.M.S. at the end of my name.

“ABRAHAM FLATTERS, F.R.M.S.”

Mr. William Mellor is now a foreman book-binder. He is also Secretary of the Manchester and Salford Trades and Labour Council. He would make an excellent Labour M.P., for he is one of the sanest, clearest speakers, besides being a hard worker.

“I am glad to hear that you are about to tell the story of Ancoats Brotherhood : it will make

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an interesting chapter in our local history, and one that on no account ought to go unrecorded. I am sometimes haunted with a feeling that our constant familiarity with the multitudinous activities of this astonishing movement has dulled our perception of the really great work it has done and is still doing.

“After the lapse of more than a quarter of a century I recall with great vividness the feelings that possessed me when first I came within the circle of its alluring attractions. I say ‘attractions’ advisedly, because the Ancoats Brotherhood, unlike many organisations whose objects are ostensibly the ‘uplifting and elevation of mankind,’ has always wisely encouraged the pursuit of happiness in all its various forms as an article of its religion. And in the old days the Ancoats dances were things to thank God for. ‘Ancoats is gloomy enough already,’ our programmes insistently reminded us, therefore we came in sensible dress, pleasant to look upon, and easy to wear, and to the strains of good music we danced away the worries and cares of the laborious hours we had spent during the day at the bench or in the mill. My first ‘At Home’ was to me a revelation; indeed, it was a shock. I really doubted whether it was permissible for one to participate in such

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delights whilst outside and round about so much human wretchedness was in evidence. But this was but one of many such experiences that was to teach us that the war against social evils can be better fought with laughter and kind faces than by envy, hatred, and uncharitableness.

“There must be many men in Manchester like myself who have received their first real intellectual stimulus at these Ancoats meetings. We did not start with the advantages that the young folk have nowadays in the way of elementary education ; still, Michael Sadler, Hudson Shaw, Professors Oliver, Elton, Stirling, and Tout, to name a few of the University Extension lecturers that occur to me, quickened in many of us an interest in Economics, in History, in Science, and in Literature that has been of abiding interest and usefulness in all our after-lives. It may be that none of us bear any marked impress of the result of this teaching, but of this there can be no manner of doubt whatever : it has enabled many of us to play a more active and intelligent part in civic and national affairs, and has given us a less restricted outlook on men and things than would have been the case had we never known the Ancoats Brotherhood. This indeed I do know : there are few movements in the city of Manchester that make for social betterment

By E. GERTRUDE THOMSON.



AN ADVOCATE OF THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

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but have in the forefront either past or present members of the Ancoats Brotherhood. But when all this is said, it but faintly conveys to the outsider all that the Ancoats Brotherhood has been to those of us that have had the good fortune to be closely associated with the movement almost from its inception. The best and most vital influences are of too intimate and personal a nature to be recorded in a note like this. It has been a time of enduring friendship, of happy comradeship in all the good things 'that are life indeed' for great numbers of work-folk during all these memorable years.

"Of the more obvious and public side of the Ancoats Recreation Movement nothing need be said here; it is as flourishing and wonderful to-day as ever it was: 'age cannot wither nor custom stale its infinite variety' so long as its inspiring genius is spared to guide its destinies. For, my dear Mr. Rowley, we never forget that all the priceless gifts of personal service so lavishly given to the people of Ancoats by many of the most gifted men and women of the present generation would never have been ours to enjoy but for your own devoted service and zeal for the commonweal.

"Yours ever gratefully,

"W. MELLOR."

AN EDUCATION COMMITTEE

AN EDUCATION COMMITTEE

ONE looks back on twenty years' service on a Committee in charge of education, and wonders what on earth we have been doing in that galley. All the experts are at sixes and sevens. Our own valuable and most able officials are overwhelmed with detail in running the vast machine, and the wonder is that they are alive at all. There is no doubt that they are at times harassed beyond belief by expert Good Advice, and by the Supreme Superiors at Whitehall. These latter are necessarily and obviously ignorant of local conditions in all their bearings, and they issue mandates which men on the spot dare not ignore, but sometimes laugh at, yet they and their committee have to grin and abide by them.

University education is now said to be useless except for its athletic and social kudos; the great Public Schools are effete and misleading, we are told. One of the most eminent and gifted

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teachers, our own Headmaster of our famous Grammar School, Mr. J. L. Paton, thus delivers himself:—

“A system of education that had produced men capable of callous isolation was a system of education that stood condemned. It was, unfortunately, only a too true description of the great majority of boys attending public schools that, having been born with silver spoons in their mouths, and having formed, and been trained to form, expectations, *they never learned to do things for themselves.*”

Elementary education is, on all hands, condemned as being too complex for the young mind, and less and less freedom is given to the teachers, however gifted they may be. The disciplinary value of our schools is undoubted, but anything that could reasonably come under the title Education—educing, bringing out the faculty—is of the rarest under our system. Nothing is more surprising than the devotion and ability of the army of elementary teachers, even in the poorest schools. No class of workers in our complex community is more worthy of praise and honour. I never could give them skilled aid, but it was my constant delight to cheer and encourage.

We have indicated some of the difficulties in

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our School of Art. The Board of Education has a universal Art side to its Elementary and Secondary Schools. No word could be more misapplied ; it is a stupid use of it, and a misleading. Why it is not called "drawing" one never knew, for that is what it tries for, and is deplorably inefficient even at that. The Science side is no doubt better, and it cannot be altogether laughed at. What can and ought to be well done are the humanities—reading, singing, love of order, hygiene, love of country life, and a taste for good literature, avoiding the so-called Classics, our beloved Scott and the rest: the feeling for them may come later, but they bore the ordinary child. The Bible, that bone of contention, can only have its invaluable contents made explicable by the most gifted teacher—all others confuse the young mind with it, as all examinations show. The whole feeling left upon one as an outside observer is that everything wants simplifying and putting on lines of common sense and understanding. When you have captured the rare cases of fine capacity, other methods are in order and necessary. That a grounding in mathematics is neglected in the lower schools, as well as a basis of English and even spelling, is only too evident when the smart boy goes, for example, to the School of Technology. Many boys have

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to be drilled in what should have been done below.

Although the School of Technology has a workshop and purely practical aim, it would have no right of existence if it did not ground its students in the fundamentals underlying all the crafts. There we have in Manchester a great, a remarkable staff, with an equipment unsurpassed at home or abroad. Above all, the Principal, Mr. J. H. Reynolds, is not only a genius for such work but he is an enthusiast and an untiring worker. No chief at Whitehall can be so valuable as a man who has grown with the work for thirty-five years, and who knows his job thoroughly. One of my standing puzzles is how a man like Reynolds can be so completely master of so many departments, and, moreover, how he finds his supply of energy. Besides all this he keeps up his reading, for there is scarcely a fine piece of literature issued but he knows all about it. A truly marvellous man, a real chief in his native city, and one who gives unbounded hope for that blessed word, Education.

As for me, all I could do was to "sneak" into schools and such places my pet standards in human productions other than Science. In our School of Technology we have some hundreds

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of fine autotype memoranda, by Braun, of Paris, and others, of the great masters in all the galleries of Europe, besides some twenty-five casts of classic sculpture in our noble entrance-hall. Every student can daily see them, nobody can argue about them—they are beyond that, even by the newspaper man. Then we have our myriad examples of textiles, ancient and modern. In our Secondary School and Teachers' College I lured our Committee to allow me to act on these lines. You cannot do this kind of work unless you are trusted, and my well known austerity of selection has proved to be more or less convincing. To discuss details of such matters in a committee is simply fatal. Having never gone for the popular, or the archaic, or the mindless, one has got some thousands of these examples placed for those who have eyes to see and brains to understand and enjoy in several of our higher schools.

Education committees now have duties placed upon them that cover every aspect of child life. Never was the community before so well looked after; even food is provided for those who hitherto came hungry to school. It is all a mighty effort to make the best of our nation.

I was honoured by being placed on Mr. Alfred Mosely's Commission to visit schools

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and colleges in the United States in 1903. We had a most informing and delightful six weeks there, seeing everything we wanted and meeting a host of the finest citizens. The schools show abundant energy and nowhere does new experiment find a fairer field. The amazing "go" is as obvious in all these institutions as it is in all the life out there. Why it should result in municipal corruption to an extent unknown elsewhere, and a vast Press vulgar and degraded beyond words, is a standing puzzle. The best men are at their wits' end for remedies for the canker. A way will be found. A hopeful fact was to see the President's child in an Elementary School in Washington, side by side with the children of senators and their coachmen and charwomen, with no difference recognised. We spent a delightful evening at the White House with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, and were impressed by the simple dignity of everything in contrast to the exuberant vulgarities of our European palaces. The President was, as usual, full of life and hope, especially on the values of the higher studies in a great and growing community like theirs. The heads of all Universities and schools were men of the most abounding charm and enthusiasm.

One of their problems does not face us here.

An Education Committee

They absorb a million foreigners per annum. We were in a school at Chicago where there were 5,000 Poles—men, women, and children. In a down-town school in New York there were sixteen nationalities among the fascinating children, a most touching, delightful spectacle of keen eyes, olive complexions, and raven black curls. One girl asked me, "What language do you speak in England, sir?" Of course I thought she was pulling my leg, as they say. I went into a senior classroom and got permission to speak. I told them I had come 3,000 miles from England to see them, and so on; could they tell me what language we spoke in my country? I got German, French, Russian, Spanish, Polish, even Yiddish. Who is to know over there what is the native language of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, or England? They are taught American; their teachers have not only to teach the language but to make citizens of them.

We have much to learn from America, as indeed we have from other countries, and they all confess that we can teach them much as well. In the United States exuberant riches have led in some respects to paralysing extravagance. At Harvard my friend the Professor of Architecture has been enabled to create a noble

An Education Committee

laboratory of examples, but his supply of prints and photographs is so vast as to be bewildering. Some millionaire gave to the Chicago Art Gallery every autotype that Messrs. Braun have published, to the confusion of curators and students. They lie in stacks. Quantity without quality always produces the glorified marine-store. Here, we all require warning and a curb.

THE ROUND TABLE



THE ROUND TABLE

NOBODY knows the irresistible London. How is it possible? It is too vast. The worst of it is, one cannot see one's friends. Even Londoners, for the most part, lead isolated lives; they don't even know the incomparable treasures which the great wen encloses. I have an old chum who goes to Egypt every winter, but he never goes to see the finest and noblest shown collection of Egyptian workmanship in the world at the British Museum.

Choice and unrivalled as our national treasures are, personalities are even more valuable. London is richest in these. But how to get at them naturally is the difficulty.

In order to see some of London's choicest, I began, twenty-five years ago, to ask a few to lunch with me at some central spot at least once a year, on New Year's Eve. Frederic Shields and Theodore Watts were among the earliest; it has now grown to this:—

The Round Table

Round Table, National Liberal Club,

Saturday, 31st December, 1910. One o'clock.



FRIENDS INVITED.

W. M. ROSSETTI.	C. R. ASHBEE.
FREDERIC SHIELDS.	H. GRANVILLE BARKER.
ARTHUR HUGHES.	G. K. CHESTERTON.
PRINCE KROPOTKIN.	GEORGE HARWOOD, M.P.
HILAIRE BELLOC.	SIR ROBERT HUDSON.
PROF. SPENSER WILKINSON.	S. K. RATCLIFFE.
W. ROTHENSTEIN.	SIR F. C. GOULD.
G. BERNARD SHAW.	CHARLES CHARRINGTON.
S. C. COCKERELL.	DR. SOSKICE.
CANON BARNETT.	PROF. J. W. MACKAIL.
T. M. ROOKE.	WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.
LAURENCE BINYON.	DR. PERCY WITHERS.
SPENCER LEIGH HUGHES, M.P.	CHARLES GEAKE.
EMERY WALKER.	WILFRED MEYNELL.
WALTER CRANE.	C. B. CHILTON.
WILFRED VOYNICH.	RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL.
DR. L. HAYDEN GUEST.	WILL CROOKS, M.P.
R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.	L. T. HOBHOUSE.
HENRY ARTHUR JONES.	T. J. COBDEN-SANDERSON.
HALL CAINE.	REV. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P.
A. CLUTTON BROCK.	

One o'clock ; slight repast ; red wine ; abundant talk ; no speeches.

If you can and will come, say "yes" to :

CHARLES ROWLEY,
HANDFORTH, CHESHIRE.

The Round Table



A goodly company. As a rule about twenty-five turn up, and we sit round a great circular table. Hence, the "Round Table." Some go

The Round Table

RIGHT REV. DR. C. ROW(LIE) D.D.
CANT. - U. AR. ARCHB.

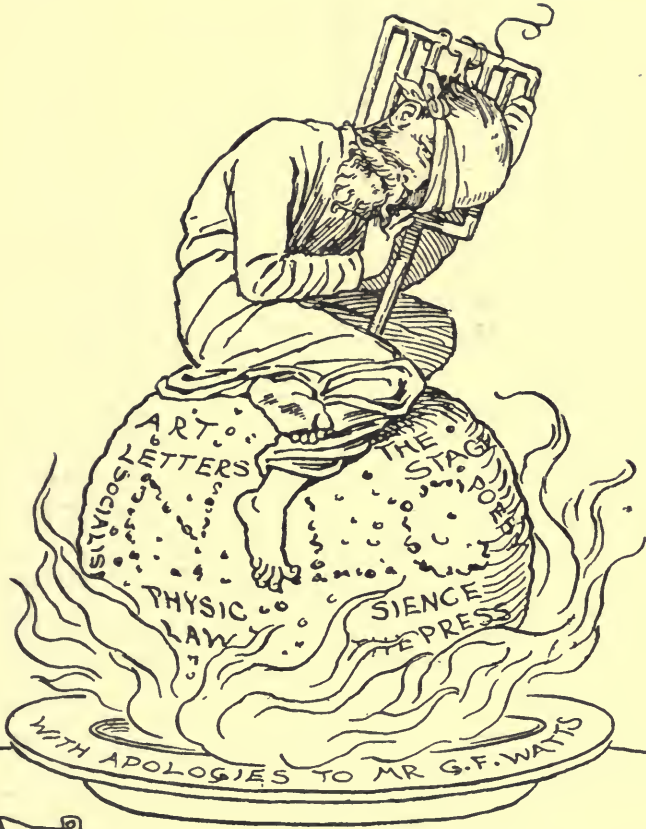


NAT. LIB. CLUB
NEW YEAR'S EVE

out of London at that time, of course. It is nice to see these friends—who are all old ones—and many of them have helped me for years past in our Ancoats work. Some get older, and even our mild festivity is too much for them, especially if the weather is savage. Since our last gathering Frederic Shields has passed away, and a few years back we lost our dear Dr. Richard Garnett. He was always as cheery as a robin. Nobody knew so much about books as he did, but they

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The Round Table

had not crushed him to fageyism, but had kept him fresh to the end. The veteran, much loved Arthur Hughes has to decline now. What can one say of him and his delightful last-generation work? No sweeter spirit has blessed our England. John Burns came once, but after lunch only, and Bernard Shaw fights shy, for he takes no carnivorous food—no alcohol, or tea or coffee, nor does tobacco allure him, and we don't have speeches, though there is no better talker, it must be said, whether he sits or stands.

What surprises all of us is our infinite variety. Kropotkin is beloved by all who know him, but he now has to take his never-ending work with him, and winter out of England. I suppose if we had speeches, we should go far into the next year, and we could not then avoid the fatality of arguing, and that is the end, or the paralysing, of friendship. There are, of course, many dining clubs up there, but it seems far better to meet seldom, and to see what one can of such friends in the quiet of their own homes. So I am inclined to think my device is a happy one, and I shall certainly keep it up as long as I live and have a fiver left.

This is almost my last and shortest chapter. I dare not trust myself to enlarge, so I say to all readers, *Au revoir!*

AN AMATEUR LECTURER

The Triumph of Coinage, Greek Work, 430 B.C.



*Arethusa, turned by a jealous goddess into
a fountain, at Syracuse.*

History in Workmanship:

A FAMILIAR EXPOSITION

BY

Charles Rowley, Esq., M.A., J.P.

ILLUSTRATED BY PICTORIAL EXAMPLES.



SYNOPSIS



NATIONAL EXPRESSION IN WORK.

The Russians in a wonderful literature.
The Japanese in a marvellous workmanship.
We are in the current of other tendencies.

EGYPTIAN.

ASSYRIAN.

ETRUSCAN.

IDEALS, GREEK.

Perfect workmanship to honour the goddess and protector of their city, Athena.

THE PARTHENON, 438 B.C.

The collaborations of Ictinus and Callicrates, architects, and Phidias, the sculptor, to the honour of the Goddess Athena: architecture, perfect in its proportions and dignity; sculpture, perfect in its conception, beautiful in composition, and exquisite in workmanship.

THE PEDIMENT. BIRTH OF ATHENA.

SEE RUSKIN'S "QUEEN OF THE AIR."

THE FRIEZE, illustrating one of the festivals in honour of Athena, where sons and daughters of noble citizens are taking part with heroes and deities; a noble ideal and a masterpiece of appropriate and beautiful decoration.

The building, with its beautiful enrichments, was the shrine for the figure of the goddess Athena, by Phidias (a standing figure 37 feet high).

IDEALS IN DETAILS.

Beauty and perfection of the human form and its realisation in marble.

The perfection of Greek Sculpture; their ideals; their workmanship.

SLIDES.

The Sphinx and Pyramid.

Statue of a Pharaoh.

Assyrian King hunting.

Front of Parthenon.

Pediment of Front.

Theseus.

The Frieze.

Various Greek Figures.

Greek Sculpture, Coinage, etc.

IDEALS, EARLY CHRISTIAN.

Honour of God, Perfection of workmanship, significance and symbolism of detail.

BYZANTINE.

A new direction of workmanship to meet the worship of a new religion, viz. : Christian.

The buildings of St. Sophia, 6th Century ; St. Vitale, 7th Century ; St. Mark, 10th Century.

No figure sculpture, but gorgeous colour in mosaics. The beautiful capitals. (Lily work.)

IDEALS, MEDIÆVAL WORK.

Honour of the Virgin Mary.

The decoration of the Church by painting in Italy and Flanders.

The earlier school of Italian Painters.

The earlier school of Flanders (Bruges).

Perfection of workmanship in form and colour.

Later school.

IDEALS, GOTHIC WORK.

Sustained efforts for completion of noble buildings in honour of their Maker.

The beautiful buildings of the Middle Ages.

GOTHIC CATHEDRALS.

Perfection and beauty of craftsmanship. Their imagery in stone. Their beautiful windows and glass. All the crafts seen at their best.

MODERN WORK.

SLIDES.

St. Sophia.

St. Vitale.

St. Mark's.

Fra Angelico.

Holbein.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Giotto.

Raphael.

Titian.

Michelangelo.

Veronese.

etc.

Sculpture of

Chartres.

Amiens.

Rheims.

Canterbury.

Salisbury.

etc.

Burne-Jones.

Madox Brown.

Holman Hunt.

Frederic Shields.

Walter Crane.

etc.

YOU ARE REVEALED IN YOUR WORK.

The faults of a work of art are the faults of its workman, and its virtues his virtues.

Great art is the expression of the mind of a great man, and mean art that of the want of mind of a weak man. A foolish person builds foolishly, and a wise one, sensibly ; a virtuous one, beautifully ; and a vicious one, basely. If stone work is well put together, it means that a thoughtful man planned it, and a careful man cut it, and an honest man cemented it. If it has too much ornament, it means that its carver was too greedy of pleasure ; if too little, that he was rude, or insensitive, or stupid, and the like. So that when once you have learned how to spell these most precious of all legends, pictures and buildings—you may read the characters of men, and of nations, in their art, as in a mirror ; nay, as in a microscope, and magnified a hundred-fold : for the character becomes passionate in the art, and intensifies itself in all its noblest or meanest delights. Nay, not only as in a microscope, but as under a scalpel, and in dissection ; for a man may hide himself from you, or misrepresent himself to you, every other way ; but he cannot in his work ; there, be sure, you have him to the inmost. All that he likes, all that he sees, all that he can do,—his imagination, his affections, his perseverance, his impatience, his clumsiness, cleverness, everything is there. If the work is a cobweb, you know it was made by a spider ; if a honeycomb, by a bee ; a worm-cast is thrown up by a worm, and a nest wreathed by a bird ; and a house built by a man, worthily, if he is worthy, and ignobly, if he is ignoble.

And always, from the least to the greatest, as the made thing is good or bad, so is the maker of it.—*John Ruskin.*

Life without Industry is guilt.
Industry without Art is brutality.

AN AMATEUR LECTURER

THE reigning Lord Mayor of Manchester, my friend Mr. Charles Behrens, assures me that our fine refreshing Sunday lectures and music in Ancoats started what is known in the North as "Pleasant Sunday Afternoons." Others have asserted this also. These have become deservedly popular, but none of them are like ours. Very properly, as they are held mostly in Nonconformist places of worship, they have a semi-orthodox character; they have prayers, hymns, a short address, and good attenders get book prizes. We keep clear of all this. A friend who is a baronet and was M.P. keeps asking me what we do for Religion in our movement. It is a vague word I have come to dislike, for nobody can tell me what it means; at least, no two people define it in the same manner. So with Art. I never use the debased word if I can avoid it, but I do aver for all I am worth that for the two funda-

An Amateur Lecturer

mental things, hidden behind these vague words, Religion, Art, we are doing something real all the time. We have had representative lectures for thirty-five years past from every school of thought and practice by the best exponents available. We are content that the churches and chapels should defend their own varied aspects of faith, but we shall never be a party to start another sect. We are content to know what the best of all schools have to say for themselves. We listen, we read, we go to services, we go for the highest we can get, never for the merely popular, and we are vain enough to think that this varied good food is nourishing.

Having got quite a big reputation in providing such fare with success, I am actually asked myself to lecture, give discourses to Brotherhoods, Literary Societies, and other centres of activity. I may accept about five per cent. of these friendly invitations, and for this amateur infliction I have actually produced some syllabuses. "Oh, do give us a lecture on Art," is the constant demand. I say "No," and where I can't refuse I promise to give a familiar talk on "Workmanship" if I may take sixty or seventy slides from the noblest achievements of man, ancient and

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modern. I venture to print the synopsis of this effusion. I find that by avoiding all technicalities I can make all this intelligible to mixed audiences by exhibiting first-rate slides, many of them unique, and by showing them on a good scale, and, if possible, with electric lantern. I am certain there is a great field for real instruction and high pleasure in such a method, but there must be no dipping to some supposed low level of appreciation. Go for the best and make it plain. Another of my schemes is to show a folio of engravings, autotypes, and Arundel coloured plates, say of Florentine travel and the best work of that wonderful people. So with Rome and its treasures, but especially with regard to St. Benedict and Subiaco, for there was the fount that fostered conduct, labour, workmanship from the first. Again, friends have given me their published works for over thirty years, and a good hour may be spent in chatting about current men, women, and books one has enjoyed. And so one works without wages by trying to give others some taste of what has been so freely given to oneself.

At the risk of undue repetition, I must insist on the point that if one presumes to touch an educational matter one must do it at the highest

An Amateur Lecturer

level. I am even more convinced on this point in spite of the fact that I have never had ordinary schooling. Failing that, I have had a craze to find, to try to understand, to enjoy everything best in human production, literature, workmanship, music.

The following syllabus shows how I try to carry forward this idea to students, and, above all, to workfolk.

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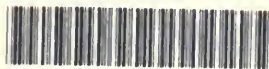
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