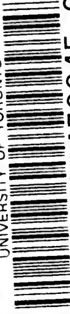
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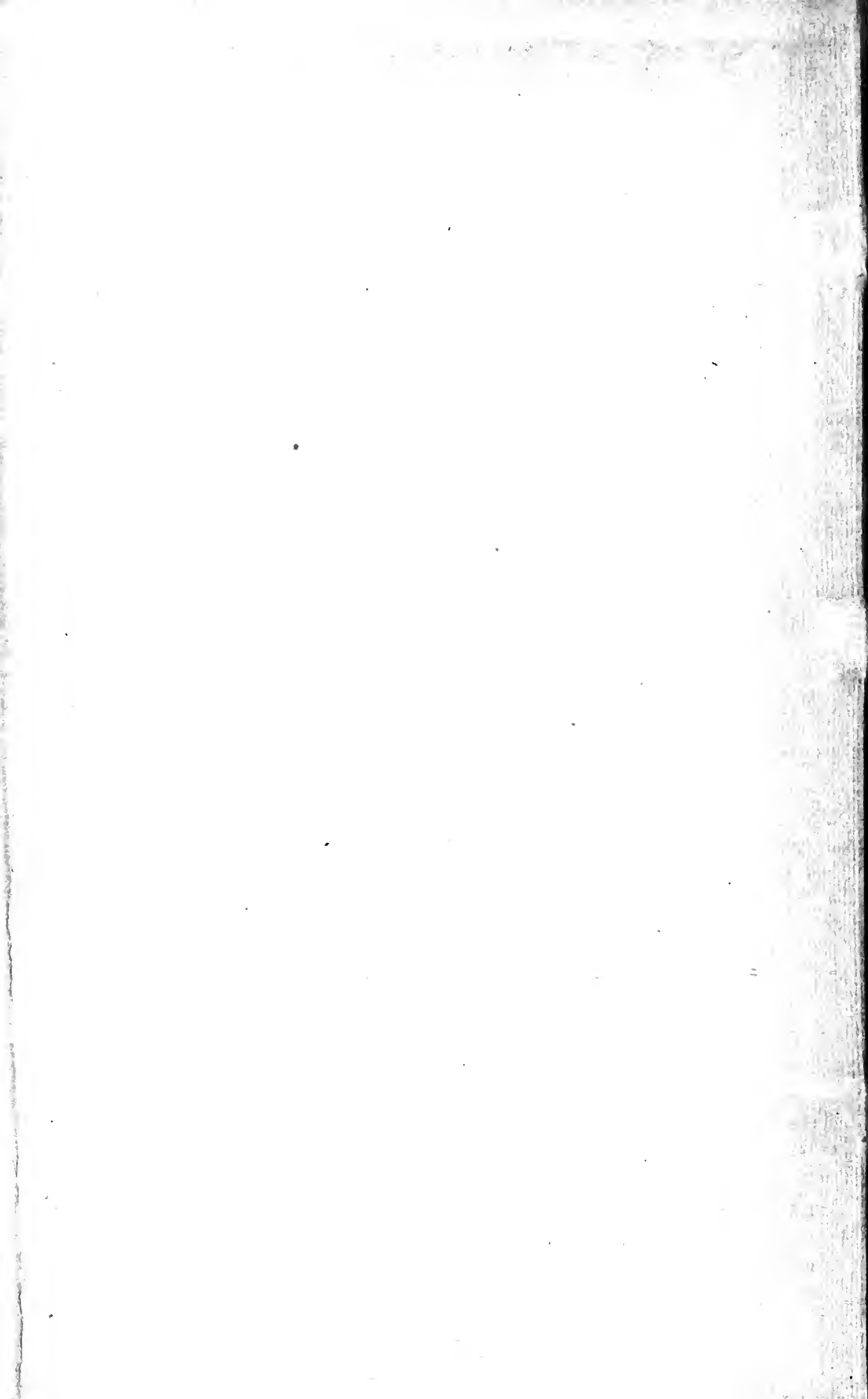

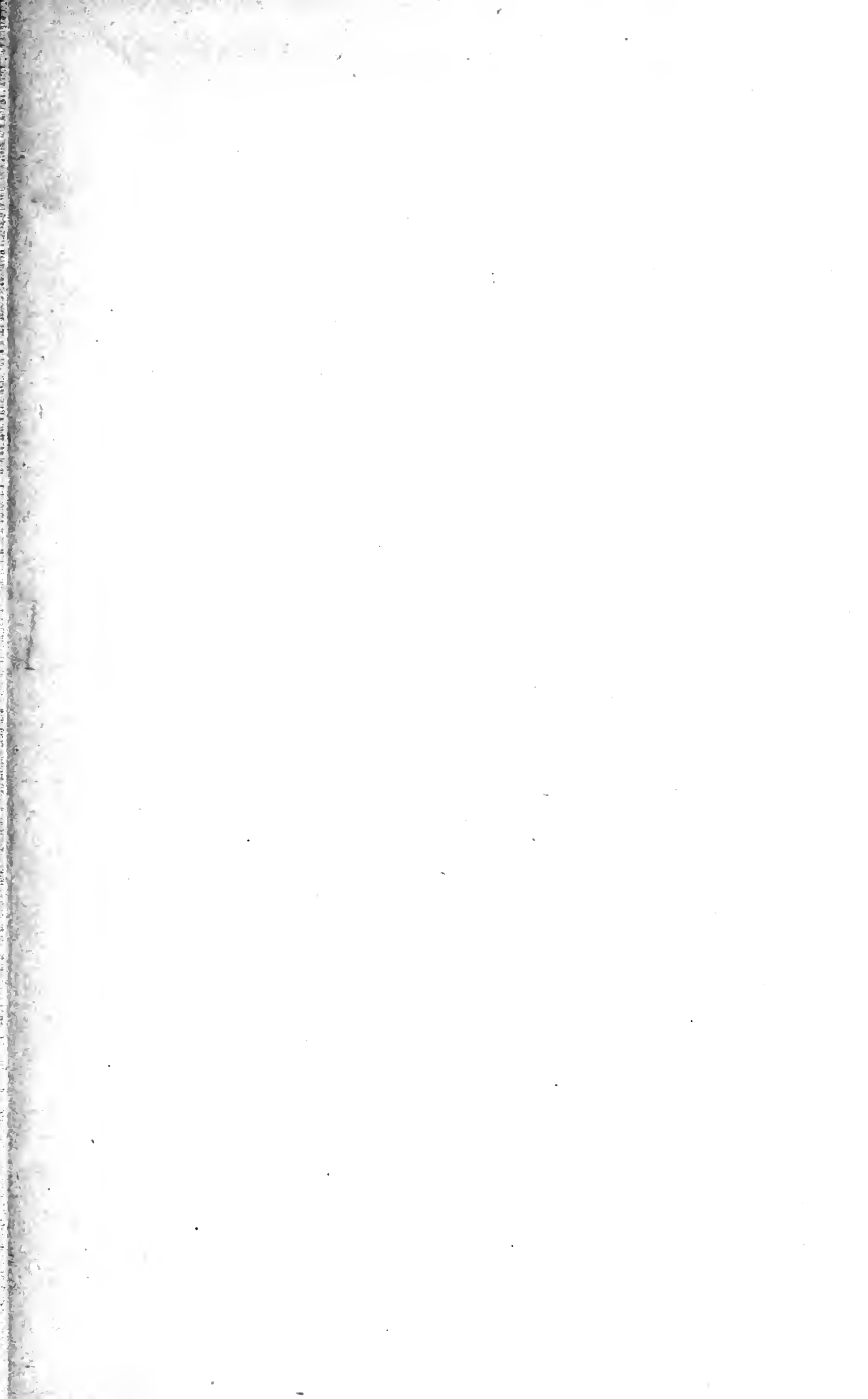

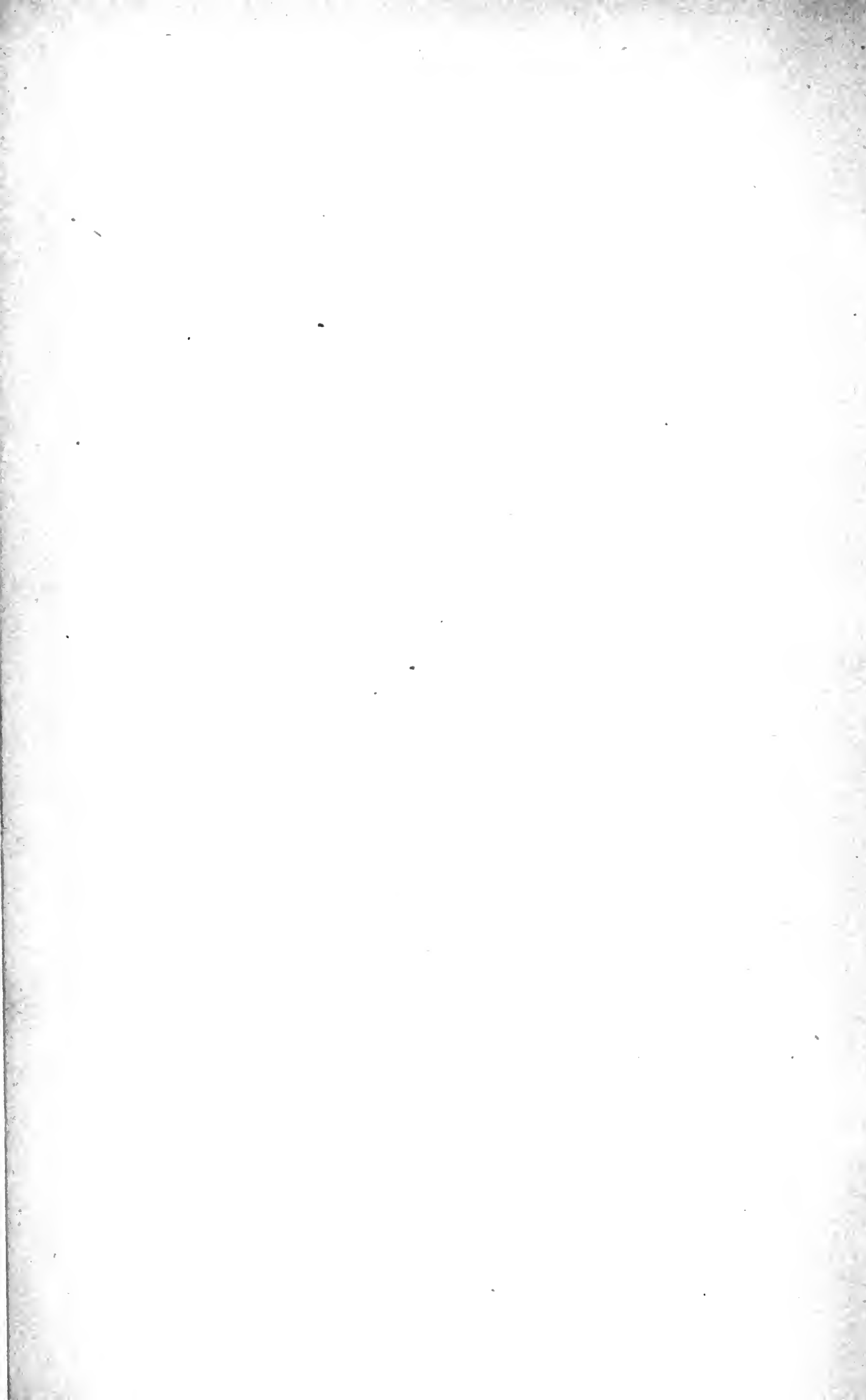

LETTERS OF
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

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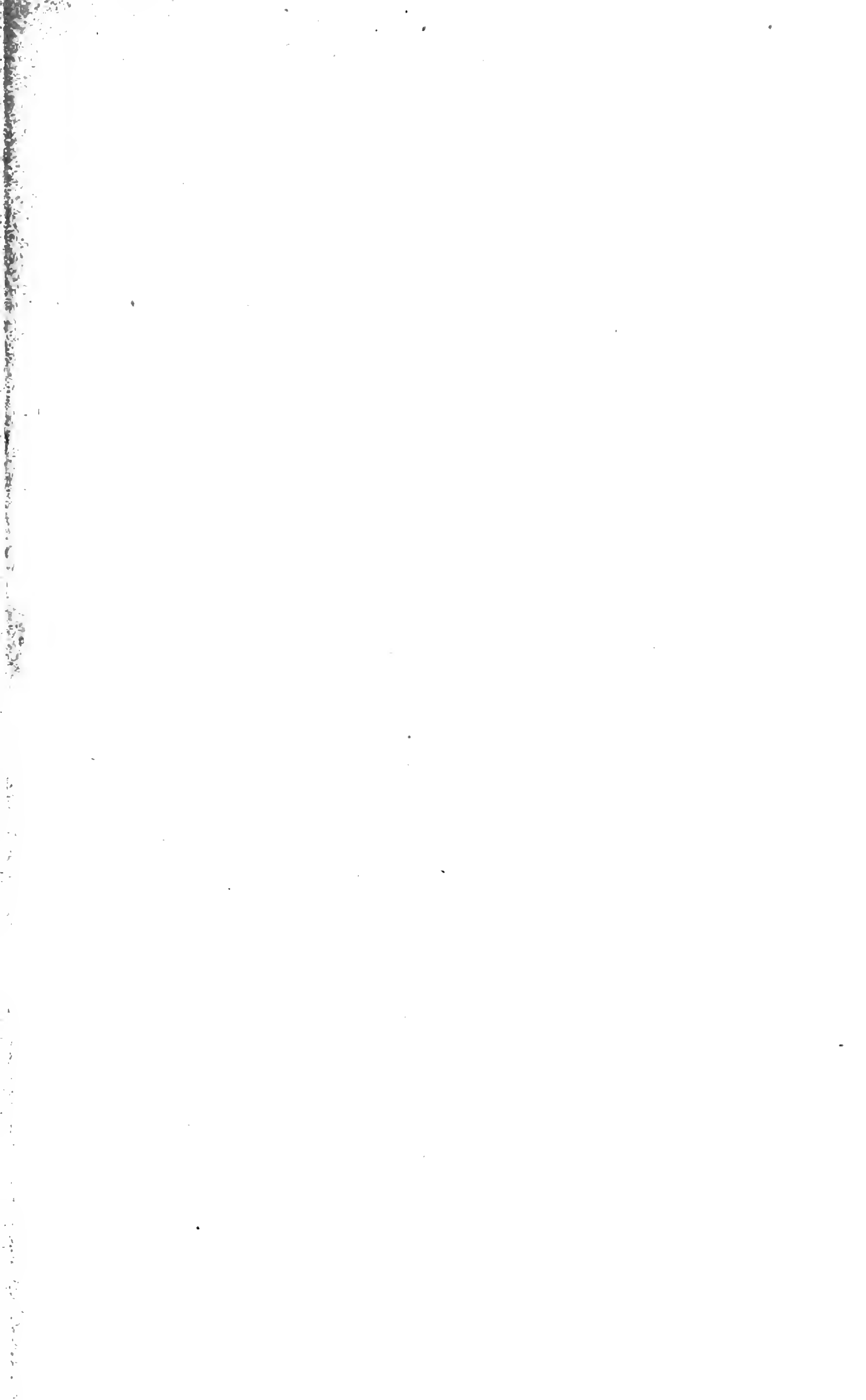

Emery Walker Ph.Sc.

Alex. Macmillan

from a portrait painted in 1889
by Sir Hubert von Herkomer R.A.

Letters of
Alexander Macmillan

Edited with Introduction by his Son

George A. Macmillan

WITH PORTRAITS

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INTRODUCTION

After my father's death in January 1896, our old friend Mr. John Morley encouraged me in making a selection of his letters, and held out some hope that if such a selection were made he might himself write an appreciation by way of preface. Unfortunately, the pressure of other occupations and the mass of letters to be read prevented my making much progress with the matter, and although now and again I found time to read through some of the early letter-books of the firm, it was not until 1905 that I found an efficient helper in Mr. A. Tilney Bassett, who, under my general supervision, went through the remainder of the books and made type-written copies of the letters which seemed worth preserving. These were then carefully sifted with the help of various members of the family, and especially of my sister Mrs. Dyer, and were eventually put into type. My idea at that time was to publish a selection from the Letters with a thread of biographical narrative sufficient to explain them and to hold them together. The Letters were submitted in proof to Mr. Morley in the summer of 1906, and he then strongly advised that, instead of publishing them as they stood with an explanatory narrative, they should be used as material for a regular biography which should present as vivid a picture as possible of the man and his work. We naturally felt that Mr. Morley himself, a master of the craft, and one who had been closely associated

with my father for nearly thirty years, was the ideal biographer. But unfortunately the cares of his important office, and other literary work to which he was committed, made it impossible for him to accept our invitation, and in the end the work was undertaken by Mr. C. L. Graves, who had already written for the firm an admirable biography of my father's old friend Sir George Grove.

As, however, so many Letters were already in type, of which only a small proportion could be used in the biography, it was thought that the collection as it stood, with a brief introduction, might be privately issued for the family and personal friends.

The following narrative may serve to make the letters more intelligible, and it seems well to preface it by the following delightful autobiographical letter to an old Irvine schoolfellow, which was sent to us by its recipient after my father's death:

STREATHAM LANE,
UPPER TOOTING, S.W.,
October 17, 1870.

MY DEAR SPEIRS:

When I came home to-night from business, I gave your most welcome letter to my wife to read, and she being a wifely-minded woman was vastly pleased therewith, and vowed that it should forthwith be placed in the family archives.

Indeed, my dear friend, your letter was very pleasant to me. It may seem strange to other people, that I who really care intensely for the simple human being and his individual worth, and not very much for what is known as "position in society," "rank," "birth," and the like, have yet the most intense interest in, and love for old memories, old associations, old friends. You have been among the old and dearly cherished memories of my very chequered boyhood. I don't think we were very long schoolfellows together, for you will remember, at least I do, how very poor our family was, so that even the very moderate school-fee that was charged at the Academy was a matter of consideration to us. But I remember very vividly some "stirring incidents" in our common school life, and your prominence in the actions,

small in the world's history, but curiously important in one's own personal life. I remember a great "stane-battle" with Scott's School (of which, oddly enough, I was *Head-Master* afterwards, for three months, when I was of the mature years of fifteen or sixteen) in which I think you were one of the leaders. I remember, too, great snowball fights, in which you and David and John Watt were among our champions, with the town-end weavers. I remember, also, one somewhat riotous and irregular affair, when you and David Watt and I went down to the shore to "dook," and varied our walk along the Halfway by shutting all the "window-brodds" as we went along, to the disturbance of the auld wives who rushed out to see what was up. I was reminding David Watt whom I see now and then here, of this affair, and charging him with being the leader, which with his native modesty, he repudiated, so it may have been *you* after all.

Poor Danie Stewart! You are quite right. He was an assiduous teacher, tho' wholly lacking as I believe in skill or manliness to draw out the gifts and strengthen the moral tone of his pupils. On the whole, I am afraid my feeling towards him, then and since, was hardly one of respect or reverence. I call to mind a great scene when John Watt took up his bag and bonnet, and rushed out of the School, flinging back some saucy taunt as he left the room. And do you remember the fines, a "bawbee" I think, imposed on us for being late, and a great conspiracy when all the bigger boys deliberately stayed some quarter of an hour late, and went in in a body gravely and quietly as if it was all right? Poor old Danie! But what a different man Connel was, the master of the Commercial Department. He stands clear and wholesome before me now, with his small well-knit figure, giving out with rare lucid skill the rules of arithmetic—not a very high region perhaps, but high enough to exhibit what I cannot doubt was as fine an intellect, and as true a skill in imparting its ascertainment, as I ever saw. And how simple and noble his whole moral tone was. Discipline was maintained in a way that commended itself at once to the conscience and judgment of every boy to whom God had given a reasonable share of either. I think I was only three months with him, and the impression he made on me was such that even now, when I know most of the head-masters of the great public schools of England, as personal friends more or less, I am constantly thinking and comparing them with Connel. You

remember he went to the High School at Glasgow afterwards. What a lesson it is in his life to think how great is the influence unseen and unnoted at the time, a man intent on doing his work simply, unselfishly, manfully, may have on the future of any man's life. I owe much to his memory. I think he was a common hand-loom weaver in early life, and taught himself most of what he knew. And yet he was a perfect gentleman, courteous, high-toned, simple, really noble, and with what keen intellect! That was my impression then, and it was singularly confirmed to me after we went to Cambridge, and had already become publishers of some of the best educational books in Higher Mathematics. After Connel's death, some one in Glasgow wrote to our house (my dear brother Daniel was then alive) sending us a copy of a work on Differential Calculus, which he had written and published in Glasgow or Edinburgh, I forget which, and asking if we would publish a new edition of it. We had just published Todhunter's book on the subject, which then was at once accepted as the best that could well be done, and which still after twenty years holds its place undisputed. But, remembering Connel, I asked several very able men to look at it, and tell me what they thought of it. While saying it would not stand before Todhunter, they, one and all, expressed great admiration of it, and thought that, considering that the author had not had a Cambridge or Oxford training, it was really a masterly work. Todhunter is a man of the very highest powers and acquirements: he was Senior Wrangler, that is, the best mathematician in his year; an accomplished tutor of his college besides, and a man far above the average even of Senior Wranglers, so that for Connel's book to be thought of at all in comparison with his, was a very high honour indeed. I can assure you that I was not a little proud of dear old Irvine and its Academy, when I got this opinion.

I am rather sorry in looking over the list of names you give as our class-fellows that I can remember distinctly only two—John Watt and William Johnston. David Watt told me in a letter I had from him the other day, that on his recent visit to America, he had seen and spent a long evening with Johnston. He is in very bad health, paralysed, I think he said. But he has been prosperous, and is wealthy and comfortable. I met him—Butterfly we used to call him—but he was then a big burly man far removed from the slight figure that led to his name—I think twenty years ago, on the top

of a coach going from Glasgow to Stewarton. I had not much talk with him, but he told me he was in some line of business in Canada, and getting on well. I don't think as a boy he impressed me much. Of all others the boy I think of with peculiar interest was Willie Boyd. Robert Buchanan, who is in London, as perhaps you know, in the shipbroking business, and whom I see now and then, came to dine with me on my birthday—the third of this month (fifty-two years old I am, alas !)—and we had a long talk about yourself, the Watts, and other Irvine boys, and I asked him about Willie Boyd. He told me he thought he was in the wood-trade in St. Johns, Newfoundland. Do you know anything about him? I should greatly like to know about him. He was a pet pupil of Connel's, wonderfully quick at figures, very manly and good as I remember him, and such a pretty boy, graceful and bright as Antinous, or any Greek youth whom Socrates would have loved. I wonder if he has fulfilled the promise of his boyhood, or if he has turned out a mere mercantile drudge like the rest of us. Pardon me, I don't mean you, I mean myself. You kindly credit me with being the *Editor* of the magazine that bears my unworthy name. It is true I projected it: to some extent I influence its tone. I once wrote two pages of it, by permission of dear old Masson, its then editor; but I am only a dealer in literature as any one might be in cheese or pork. The early tastes you kindly note, have always clung to me, and when a series of those strange sequences of events, which our pious forefathers devoutly, and, as I think wisely, called providences of God, led me into dealing in books, there can be little doubt I was led into the line for which my natural gifts fitted me. But I don't write—poetry or prose. I am like Falstaff, the cause and origin of many books, but unlike him, not a creator of books (it was wit in his case) myself. I ought never to speak of my success in my business, which has been in many respects considerable, without saying how much I owe to the noblest and best of brothers, Daniel, who was my partner and guide for fourteen years, from the beginning of our business in Cambridge in 1843 till his death in 1857. Since then, over thirteen years ago, his children have been mine. His widow, an excellent and wise woman, lived with me and my wife till about four years since, when she died. Now his three sons and one daughter are as my own children. His eldest boy is with me in the business. He is nineteen, a clever, well-behaved boy. His second gained a scholarship at Uppingham Grammar School, which pays his

education and living while at school. His third is at a private school near Oxford. His daughter is taught at home with my own two girls, by a very excellent governess. My own family are four: Malcolm, just eighteen, has been educated at King's College School, London, and is just gone to my Cambridge retail business for a little training. He is as fond of books and poetry and science and general knowledge as his father was, but rather dreamy and wayward. Still he is a good boy, and not given to evil ways. My second boy, George, gained a scholarship at Eton two years ago. He is now fifteen and is well up in the school, always comes home with prizes, and is on the way to an Oxford or Cambridge Scholarship. A capital boy in his way, sorely given to larking and chattering, hates thinking and dreaming—a droll contrast to his brother—but I think he will get on in the world. My two little girls, *of course*, are darlings. I speculate and wonder at the variety of humanity possible in a small double family. I think of the old life we all had in the dear old Irvine home. They all know that they are the children of what the world calls *humble* parents, and I pray daily that I and they may learn to be humble and helpful, and carry on the world's work as in the sight of the Lord of Man, whose very highest character was that He was humble and helpful.

Here I am going on talking to you as if I was writing an autobiography, and probably boring you to death with my moralisings and memories. But you cannot tell how a letter like yours taps old springs of memory, and deep currents of thought and feeling which have become the very well-springs of my everyday life. The really great honour which my fellow-townsmen, through that admirable man the provost, did me, pleased me to a degree I cannot tell you. It would be a wholly misleading use of words if I were to say I was proud of it. It would be affectation of a contemptible kind, if I said that I did not recognise in the work I have done in the world, and the so-called *distinction* I have gained in my calling, a reason why they should seek to honour me in the way they have done. But after all is allowed by one's legitimate self-recognition of work honestly and fairly achieved, one is always driven back on the considerations you so well put, of how much one's "success in life," as it is called, depends on what seems *accident*, but as I said before, our fathers would truly have called *Providence*. And surely you show true insight, and insight informed with the truest of all wisdom—the wisdom of the *heart*, *love*, *kindness*, that which makes us one with Him

who is Love—when you point out how much depends on *the timely helping hand* to the young struggler in the world. I remember many such helping hands with gratitude unspeakable: I hope also with the sincerest desire to do to others as has been done to me. With peculiar pleasure, therefore, I send you the small sum which enrols me among the Life Members of the "Glasgow Irvine Club." I feel it really an honour to be permitted to belong to it. I remember well, when after a somewhat foolish attempt at being a sailor, I was left in Glasgow absolutely penniless. I went about the streets of Glasgow looking out for any sort of employment, and finally accepted with the deepest joy an ushership in a school with the munificent salary of £12 a year, on which I actually *lived* (I am alive still) for nine months. I had a good many really kind friends who were willing and anxious to help me. I don't think they could do more than they did, and that in the way of help to a situation was—nothing. I found this myself, and I fancy on the whole it was a good thing. I was then light-hearted, I suppose what the English call plucky. I went at the job I got, did it as well as I could, and so got on. It chanced to be in *my line.* If I had been offered a good porter's place at 6s. a week I would have taken it, but I don't think it would have suited me so well. Still I think I would have done it as well as I could. I never had the least ambition to *rise in the world*, as it is called. I think that is the bane of life and action. *Do the work that is given you*, that seems to me the real law of life. Never mind whether you rise or not. It makes my heart ache often when young fellows call on me, as they often do, asking for situations, or for work of a higher kind than they have. I have, I am thankful to say, often been able to help a man to work. I count it a great privilege when I can, but ambitious youths who want to rise in the world, and not simply to do the little bit of work God gives them, are very hopeless. I must stop. Your letter has set me on a vein of thought that I shall not work out to-night, and I am usually so occupied through the day with letter-writing, that friendly letters like this are written after ten o'clock, when my wife has gone to bed. It is now past one——she has just rung the bell, so I must go at once.

I cannot remember John Gray whom you speak so highly of. An able unsuccessful man always interests me. Please tell me about him. Do you ever come to London? I should so like to see you. If you will give me notice, I will try to get Robert Buchanan and David Watt to meet you. Can't

you and George Brown come together? We would have an Irvine night.

Yours most truly,

Alex. Macmillan.

1818–1857.

Alexander Macmillan was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on October 3, 1818. An account of his family and origin has already been given to the world in the memoir of his elder brother and partner, Daniel Macmillan, by Thomas Hughes (Macmillan & Co., 1882). His father, Duncan, had moved from the island of Arran to the opposite mainland two years before Alexander's birth, and died when the boy was only five years old. His upbringing, therefore, as described in Mr. Hughes' memoir, depended in the main upon his mother, of whom he retained to the end a proud affection, and his elder brother Malcolm, for whom also his admiration was unbounded. Alexander was educated at the Irvine High School, to which reference is made in the preceding letter to his old schoolfellow. To the picture there suggested of the lively, high-spirited boy may be added the following story which appeared in a Scotch newspaper:

Alexander Macmillan, now the celebrated London publisher, when a boy, living in the Townhead of Irvine, learned to swim in the Annick. The locality patronised by the youth of Irvine half a century ago was the "lade," or dam above the "Slate" Mill, and, at a part of the river on the Dreghorn side, above the planting, where the bank shows a perpendicular face of a few feet, and the water is deep, the boys who could swim well were in the habit of throwing somersaults into the river. "Sanny," it may be remarked, was not in the front rank of the swimmers, but had a full share of the tenacity and pluck of the healthy Scottish urchin of ten or a dozen years of age. One summer evening fifty years ago or so, the feat of throwing a somersault into the river had just been

accomplished for the first time by one of Sanny's cronies, and, elated with his success, he had no sooner done sputtering and blowing than, from the centre of the pool, he challenged young Mac to follow his example. Mac, *in puris naturalibus*, stood hesitating on the brink. "You're frichtit; your're a coward," shouted the callan in the water. The taunt nearly cost Sanny his life. "That was never telt of a Macmillan yet," he hotly replied, and, backing to have a run on the green turf, he made an impetuous rush, and sprang from the bank. There was a miscellaneous whirl of head, legs and arms, and a terrible splash. The wind was knocked so completely out of "wee Sanny" that, but for the help of the boys who were near, it would have stood hard with the future publisher of *Macmillan's Magazine*. The characteristics of the boy, we believe, have not failed the man. A determination not to be beat, but pluckily to venture and to win, has no doubt helped materially to raise Alexander Macmillan to the high position he now occupies.

Of the period intervening between his school days and the time (October, 1839) when he joined his brother Daniel in London there is no definite record beyond what we remember to have heard from his own lips. He taught for two or three years,[1] when still a lad himself, at a school of rough colliery lads at Nitshill, in Renfrewshire, and it was sometimes a hard task for the young teacher to keep control over pupils in many cases older than himself. Later on he was engaged for a time at a school for writing and arithmetic in Glasgow, kept by a Mr. M'Dougall. One of his pupils here was Dr. Alexander Maclaren, the well-known Baptist minister in Manchester, for whom in after years he published many volumes of sermons. To two other episodes in his early life I can only refer incidentally, because I have not been able to

[1] The following extract from a letter of Nov. 29, 1869, on the subject of Sonnenschein's English method refers to this period: "Perhaps you don't know that for three or four years of my early life I was actually engaged in teaching village schools—all the early and most drudgical part of the work. The last year—1838-9—I had 130 children under my care of the poorest, a school in a mining district, many of them Irish."

ascertain exactly to what period they belong.[1] They relate to spasmodic efforts to enter two widely different professions, the medical and the nautical. We know from himself that he at one time, though how long we know not, acted as assistant in a chemist's shop in Glasgow, and there acquired a considerable knowledge of drugs. He also made a voyage to America before the mast, but never repeated the experiment, which is alluded to in the letter printed above. I should suppose that it was due to some outbreak of his always impetuous nature against something in his circumstances or prospects which was not quite congenial. It is certain that, like other young men, he had his period of *Sturm und Drang*, but the experience only served to strengthen his character, and to give him an unusually wide sympathy with "all sorts and conditions of men."

On October 3, 1839 (his twenty-first birthday), he joined his brother Daniel in London as a clerk to Messrs. Seeley, and in 1843 the two brothers started a small bookshop on their own account in Aldersgate Street. The story of the move to Cambridge, first of Daniel and then of his younger brother, is told in Mr. Hughes' memoir, and need not be repeated here. In that volume, which was written at my father's request in order that the noble character and achievements of his elder brother, to whom he owed so much, should not be forgotten, his own part in the establishment and development of the publishing business was purposely kept in the background. The letters given in the present volume sufficiently testify, however, to the strenuous work which my father did after his brother's death in 1857, and it is therefore enough to say of the earlier period that he was throughout his brother's right-hand man, in full sympathy with his high aims, while he was able from

[1] See, however, reference to his early visit to America in a letter to my mother on p. xxxvii.

his bright and enthusiastic temperament to bring valuable elements to bear upon the influence which old Cambridge men of the period from 1843 onwards agree in attributing to the two brothers.

Towards the end of his life my uncle's continued ill-health, necessitating long absences from home, threw more and more of the burden of the business upon my father, and this prepared him when the time came to carry on the work alone, but always, as he felt to the last, under the inspiration of his brother's example. For two periods of many months each, in 1848 and again in 1855, Daniel was away at Torquay, and daily correspondence passed between the brothers. The absent partner was kept informed of every detail of the business, the callers in the shop, the letters received, the sales effected, and the like. All proposals for publication were fully discussed, and no step taken without consultation. This was indeed carrying on business under exceptional difficulties, and the strain upon the partner on the spot, and the anxiety to his brother who was thus struggling against constant ill-health to keep in touch with and guide his younger brother, must have been tremendous. I print a few extracts from my father's letters to his brother, and further use of this remarkable correspondence will be made in Mr. Graves' forthcoming biography.

Extracts from Letters to DANIEL MACMILLAN.

October 15th, 1848.

About talking: I have fallen upon a passage in George Fox's *Journal* that takes my fancy much, and which I mean to keep before myself and you; it is this: He came to some town where there was a large body of professors, who had been very eminent for piety and godliness, but they had unfortunately got infected with Kantism and went all wrong. "I told them," says the honest George, "that after they had such meetings, they did not wait upon God to feel His power, to gather their minds inward that they

might feel his presence and power among them in their meetings, to sit down therein and wait upon him; *for they had spoken themselves dry*; they had spent their portions, and not *living* in that which they spoke of, they were now becoming dry." The truth-speaking George! Verily it is a most valuable and instructive book this of his. His simplicity and courage and tender-heartedness makes one almost love and venerate his extravagant doings. One day he goes into a Steeple-house (so he calls churches) and the priest was preaching from the text: "Come ye to the waters he that hath no money, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Then I was moved of the Lord God to say unto Him: 'Come down, thou deceiver; dost thou bid people come freely, and take of the water of life freely, and yet thou takest three hundred pounds a year of them for preaching the Scriptures to them. Mayest thou not blush for shame?' etc. etc. And the priest, like one amazed, hastened away"—as well he might—the hireling fleeth because he is an hireling—which the Honest George most assuredly was not.

The steeple-houses were a sore affliction to him, and he no less to them upon occasions.

Oct. 17th, 1848.

I was very glad to have your report of what Mr. Maurice said. I find everything he says as a new spring of life to me. I can assure you I am very much disposed to assimilate my being to what he says about getting out the contemptuous, not the loving and appreciating. May God's grace guide us, that the same mind be in us which was in Christ Jesus. Surely that was not a contemptuous mind. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," should lie upon us and crush out of us all impatience for others' errors, and fill us with love unfeigned for all our brother-men. Truly Christ's life is too little felt by us, and is too little our life. If it were we should not need to mourn so often over envious, hateful thoughts and feelings in ourselves and others.

Do you know, George Fox puts me marvellously in mind of Socrates. Of course there is a wide difference, but still there is that drawing of men's attention to what was *in* themselves—in Socratic language—*looking to the soul how it might become perfect*—in Quaker language, *going to Christ their inward Teacher*—that causes a wonderful similarity.

October 22nd, 1848.

Since then I have heard Mr. Carus preach a very excellent sermon. I have noticed lately that he has been dwelling on the nature of salvation—impressing on his hearers the importance of feeling that it does not consist merely nor *mainly* in deliverance from punishment—but was as much, or more, deliverance from sin. One was glad to hear this more and more preached—would to God we could have it more and more realised in our own lives. For I feel how very apt we are even of such things as that, awful and practical as the consideration is, to make them *views of doctrine* which we assert against others. "God's great gift of speech abused" to the desecration of his other gifts—which—if we might venture to say that any of God's gifts are greater than others—would seem infinitely more precious. "Words are good, but not the best," so says one,—but that "*a word in season how good it is*" —we know by daily experience, as well as from the Bible. For instance, our dear friend George Wilson's letter. What a noble and tender soul speaks there: Surely it is the voice of a heart which has been attuned to harmony with the centre of all harmony. I did not know him before he was afflicted. I suppose he was always beautiful in spirit; but his letters, and indeed all his utterances, seem to me to have the tone of a man who has been refined as by fire: "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

Oct. 23rd, 1848.

I'll suggest that when you want me to answer any questions you make an abstract of them on a piece of paper separate from your letter, which I require to be filled with pleasant gossip, advice, moral reflections, and general discussion on men and things you see and think of. If mine are dry it arises mainly from the natural barrenness of my brain, bald utterance and general confusedness of outward and inward man, but partly also that during the day, as you may guess, I am rather busy, and at night a little tired—or rather lazy—fancying that I am tired—and then I do love my pipe in my mouth, my feet on the hobs, and a book in my hand immensely. Debauchery in that style. Need I tell you that I never do debauch till quite *after business*.

February 28th, 1849.

This humanity that we have is in no single, simplest, or most shallow instance to be named suddenly. There is an

Inner Man whom we cannot see under even the vilest or shallowest face. When we learn to reverence the God within, then comes Charity to our hearts—rather is charity not this very thing?

March 5th, 1849.

I am very glad to hear so good an account of G——. I am afraid that G——'s selfish theory has a great truth lying in it which the anti-selfish theory overlooks, and therefore fails to convince. It is like the "private judgment" and "upon trust" controversy, men poking each other's eyes out about which oar pulls the boat. After all it is very clear that if I do right and proper for a kind and generous action—and if it is an act of my own—a *conscious* act—I do it for a *reason*. That reason doubtless is with all rational minds because it *fulfils* my proper being—in other words, satisfies us. It may be contrary to our apparent *interest*—certainly it is conducive to our *central harmony*. When Christ said, "He that will find his life must lose it," it seems to me to be taken for granted that the finding of life is desirable—only men are continually seeking after a narrow, exclusive life, not seeing that our life is bound up by infinite cords to all other men—as brothers—citizens—members of a Church. I cannot *be* myself till I go out of myself and find my true self in others—but in all this talk is it not evident that self—*true self*—or *life*—*conscious*—*my* life is a desirable thing? Why should we weaken ourselves by denying facts?

March 6th, 1849.

I wish I could send you the volume of Fraser containing Kingsley's *Yeast*. Hoskin lent it to me from the Union. It is really magnificent. Somewhat fragmentary and crude in its outward appearance, but informed by a most coherent and purposeful spirit. The sudden winding up is painful.

I confess I cannot see what good purpose Mr. Froude could possibly have in writing that book of his. What he says about the inconsistencies of Christians in their treatment of the poor, and also in other respects, is very instructive to Christians. But that chaotic, uncertain character, "all things are out of joint," surely it too is instructive to those who have firm ground—teaching them to sympathise with those who have not yet reached the desired haven—but to the poor strugglers so numerous in our time, it is not well to have the confusion worse confounded, the chaos made more chaotic.

INTRODUCTION

March 9th, 1849.

I have been reading the *Gorgias* of Plato. It is exceedingly fine. It would be quite worth a philanthropic man's while to print these dialogues as cheap tracts to circulate among the more intelligent of the working men in our large towns. Any Society for diffusing useful knowledge could not do better than diffuse them. One ought to learn from Socrates that violence does not form any essential part of the means for propagating it.

September 5th, 1854.

I do very heartily wish you joy this day and many such days. I do most sincerely sympathise in all your gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and in the estimation you put on the gift He this day gave you—more precious than any possible gift except His own love in its Highest Manifestation, and, indeed, is it not a portion, a type, of this very blessing? Surely God was gracious both to you and to me in this strange land, where without having to kill any Canaanites we have got a promised land.

October 6th, 1854.

Your remembrances of our course of life since we came to England should indeed fill us with gratitude and humility and hope. Wonderfully indeed have we been guided and blessed. When I look on your two noble boys and on my own fine little fellow—for such he really is in spite of his father's praise —and think on the wives whom God has given us, and our position here, and indeed in England, surely there is reason why we should gird up our loins to do something for God's Kingdom. That too is simple, and requires only patient and hopeful attention to the work given us. What do I not owe you, my noble brother, for your patience with my weakness and faults, and for your help and example all these years! God knows, who is the giver of all good gifts and the root of these blessed family ties, and who made that blessed human heart, by which indeed we do live if we live really human lives. I am far from being a good man of business, brother, husband, father or citizen, and yet I feel a power of entering into the blessedness that belongs to all these that gives me hope for myself in spite of all my failings, for it makes me feel that the Spirit of God of order and love is at least strong with me, and trying to help me in spite of my worthlessness. How naturally in these moods one looks back to home and the mother with

whom God blessed us; oh, how deeply. There is nothing to compare with this blessing. One hardly feels as if she were absent, the words of love and forgiveness she spoke in those last solemn hours before she passed into the Unseen are still here, and fill me with a joy and peace that not even the remembrance of my undutifulness can seriously disturb. But surely it should make me more eager to fulfil all present duty.

October 11th, 1854.

Much thanks for your long and most pleasant letter—wise and loving like yourself. But you must not say that there are not advantages in having larger rooms, better clothing, and better food. They do not constitute happiness certainly—indulgence causes misery. But after all, tight circumstances, no more than tight boots, are comfortable, and I confess I look forward with much pleasure to the time when everybody shall be in tolerably easy circumstances. It is not to be despised, and the old life is not to be lusted after any more than the flesh pots of Egypt.

October 14th, 1854.

Bishop Colenso dropped in to-day and asked to have some private talk. It was this: He wants to make up a companion to *Holy Communion* out of the writings of Mr. Maurice. Mr. M. has given his consent to the project, and any profits which arise from it are to be devoted to the Bishoprick of Natal. He said he thought we would forego any trade profits ourselves, as he would look on it as a great triumph to be able to make a good round sum out of Mr. Maurice's writings for missionary purposes. His idea is to make some such book as Wilberforce's *Eucharistica*. He says, and truly, that the wide circulation of such a book would do a great deal to dissipate the prejudice which so unjustly exists against him, and so do great good to England. For the excellent Bishop is not less enthusiastic in his admiration of the prophet, and even accepted this designation for him as heartily as any of us less dignified and younger men.

October 20th, 1854.

Mr. Wayte wrote to say that the executors of Mr. Deighton had agreed to go on with his book. It was a very civil letter, and there was no help, besides we ought not to grudge anybody anything. I do so deeply feel how envy in any shape and towards any one weakens and degrades. Some people debase more than others under the feeling—I most of anybody, I

think. You can hardly imagine what deep peace it gives me when I can get heartily to contemplate the success of others, even of rivals. We ought surely not even to envy those who appear to have a spite at ourselves. God make us unselfish and like Himself! Why should I have indulged in this moral reflection just at present, when I feel rather in a hurry? I am sure I don't know. There it is, however.

May 6th, 1855.

To-day is the day of rest, of your dear wife's churching, of our communion, and also of very strong promise of rain to the earth. Vipan too is very decidedly better. So one ought to have quiet and peaceful and thankful thoughts. I have been thinking several times to-day how very wrong it is to allow business cares and thoughts to intrude into the blissful Sabbath. I don't think that the old Puritan notion was wholly right; I think there were, and are, terrible evils connected with it; but after all there is a wonderful truth in it, and I certainly feel stronger and freer and better this quiet Sabbath night for the rest and restful thoughts it has brought.

May 14th, 1855.

I should so like to see you all at your breakfast table this morning. The grave, black man and the quiet, strong, gentle, wee wife. God bless you all.

May 28th, 1855.

A long letter from you is always a very great treat to me, next to what a long chat would be. My power of writing is so poor and costive that it always is inadequate both to my own wishes to what you have a right to expect. But such as it is I know you will always take it in a brotherly spirit. It surely is a blessing that God has built us in families and knit us together by natural bonds which we cannot ignore, and not left us to our wayward wills to settle for themselves whom they should love and to whom they should attach themselves. What a terrible thing it would be if we were all by some inconceivable process to be tumbled miscellaneously into this world without father, mother, brother, sister, and told to pick our path in life and our friends as we could; fancy the heartbreakings and pulings and blighted affections there would be. We should be caterwauling like midnight cats continually. Melchizedec was no doubt a pleasant old gentleman, but I don't think I envy him. No! father and mother are very excellent institutions,

and brothers too, as I know to my soul's comfort. But the best institution that ever was conceived may be made of precious little worth if one chooses; but I have not merely the institution of brotherhood to be thankful for, but a brother, and a very good one too.

May 26th, 1855.

I told you hurriedly about Todhunter's eagerness after a literary paper. His notion was for a weekly, or at any rate a fortnightly publication—made, however, rather into a magazine than a newspaper. He says he is determined it shall be done, so if that is the case we might as well have a share in it. My idea is to make a thing like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and call it *The World of Letters*. Sir James Stephen was very eagerly advising that we should do something of the kind too. "You have such material here, and it would do your general business so much good." It really was very kind of the old gentleman. I said the great difficulty in this sort of thing was to find a competent editor. He said, "Suppose an editor found," in a sort of significant way, that had I been in the position to strike a bargain I should certainly have said, "Could you name one?" . . . I believe a thing of that kind might be got up to an enormous sale if made tolerably cheap—1s. or 1s. 6d. However, it is a matter of talk after all. I am pleased with my title: *The World of Letters, or Chronicle of Literature.*

July 26th, 1855, *recording a visit to Charles Kingsley at Eversley.*

I reached Winchfield about half-past six, and had a good five miles' walk along a high road that once was very much frequented by mail coaches, and across a heath wild and wonderful—about one half of each. They were both exceedingly interesting. The road runs through two very nice little villages, Hartley Row and Hartford Bridge, and all the way is very prettily wooded. A peculiarity was that near the villages there stretched on each side of the road for a considerable distance nice grassy commons well sprinkled with very pretty trees, and frequent with geese and cows and pigs.

. . . I strolled out about the garden and churchyard and down the road towards the village and back again. I at last subsided on a gate, and lit my pipe, and enjoyed the exquisite quiet of the evening twilight. A great white owl came flapping over my head, and again all was still. It was now close on

nine and my pipe was out, and I descended from my perch and began strolling towards the village again, when I heard voices in the distance, among which I shortly distinguished the parson's well-known, although uttering something about building churches. Presently he was on me, and I had his warm shake of the hand and greeting: "Ah, Aleck, this is too delightful." He bade his friend, who seemed like a well-off young farmer, good-night, and we went into the house, where he ordered some supper—cold beef and cold plum pudding and beer. After that we retired to his "little den," as he called it, had much talk and considerable pipes and beer, till about half-past twelve, when we went to bed. I had a capital night's rest and a delightful bath, and we got into breakfast about nine o'clock. After breakfast we walked out in the garden, and then the parson, furnishing me with a pair of shooting boots, took me up through a meadow to see some men who were mowing. He had a lot of talk with them in a kindly way, asking of this man's child and that man's wife in true human interested way, that they seemed quite to understand and respond to. We then went back to the house. It was about half-past eleven by this time, and he had decided on coming up to London with me, so off we started on my walk of the night before. Over the heath he discoursed to me about the various historical associations connected with places we could see in the distance—how Sir William Cope's house, which we saw in peeping through trees over there, had been a castle built by our Scotch James for his son, Prince Henry, and how after his death he could not endure it any longer, and sold it to some nobleman, through whom it had descended to its present owner—how over there was an old Roman camp, and on the other side Alfred had fought the Danes, and similar traditions. Going through the two villages he was accosted by various farmers and butchers and peasants, and had a kindly word of enquiry and greeting for all.

August 4th, 1855.

I don't know if it has occurred to you that my dear new boy came into the world the same day that, twenty-two years ago, our dear Sainted Mother died. I find on reference that it was on the first of August, 1833, that she died. Is it Popish to say, "May her spirit watch over him"? I think it is at least a good and wholesome feeling to believe she will. I feel perfectly sure that many a time I have been saved doing and thinking wrong by the consciousness of her presence.

August 8th, 1855.

9th.—Last night I was induced to go over to Shelford to hear a young man of the name of Spurgeon preach, and after we came home William Johnson took me to see him. He certainly has the most marvellous gift of eloquence I ever heard. He used in London to fill Exeter Hall, and thousands go away not able to hear him, and after hearing him I really am not surprised. There is a curious simple-minded egotism and vanity about him in private. He is a hyper-Calvinist, as he says, but in preaching it was marvellously like Maurice.

August 30th, 1855.

Your letter to-day ought to be a lesson to me; if I were not a dull learner it would be. I really feel ashamed when I recall the querulousness of some of my late notes. You must make some allowance for a man with chronic dyspepsia. You can hardly realise, I don't wish you ever should, the utter unreasonableness of a man whose acrid stomach is always getting into his brain and clouding his heart. I don't know whether I have ever said it to you before, but I may hazard repeating it, nothing has ever struck me with more admiration than the fact that our old countryman, John Knox, should have done all that he did with a weak stomach constantly tormenting him. The dear old man; and yet we know that he was most kindly natured, human as ever man was, with the warmest sympathy and the most resolute will, writing and acting and speaking wise and healthful and helpful words and deeds, and bringing—did he not bring?—a savage and degraded people, by God's help, into something about as noble as the world has ever seen. And here am I, poor spoony individual, allowing my paltry ailments to interfere with the simple, most blessed, fulfilment of my common brotherly duty. I felt at first reading of your letter to-day a little annoyed at your complaint of *loneliness*, but on more careful thinking over it I feel indeed that so far as I am concerned it is quite a just complaint. I must just say one thing, not in my own defence, but merely as a simple statement of fact, I have never felt concerning your enforced idleness that it was otherwise than the most grievous calamity and trial your active and helpful nature could undergo, and if I have ever seemed to grumble that I had too much to do it never has been even a momentary complaint of want of help from you. In the first place, I really have not any more work than I ought to be able easily to do. And in the next place, I never for a

moment forget that I owe to you that I am in the position, with so little labour, to enjoy so many blessings. Are not my position in life, with its wonderful pleasures and duties, more blessed than pleasures, my wife and the dear *results*, under God, your gifts to me?

September 11th, 1855.

September 12th, 1855.—This is a glorious morning, and the sun is clearing all mists from the earth. One ought always to be able to live in some such atmosphere if it were not for our self-born mists and clouds. Well, here we are to do our duty under whatever sky. But the walk down from Park Terrace in the clear pleasant air has filled me with a sort of material joy, deepening down towards a truer and more rooted. Do you know I do think happiness is very good for people, notwithstanding all that the moralists do aver?

In August, 1851, Alexander Macmillan married Caroline, the eldest daughter of Augustine Brimley, a leading merchant in Cambridge, who afterwards held the office of Mayor. His son, George Brimley, the well-known essayist and contributor to the *Spectator* and Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, died in June, 1857, within a few months of Daniel Macmillan. The connexion was helpful in stimulating my father's keen interest in literature, philosophy, and religion, for all such subjects were studied and discussed with no less zest in the Brimley family than by the two Macmillan brothers.

1857–1863.

The letters which follow belong entirely to the period after my uncle's death in 1857. Even before that date the idea of starting a house, or rather a branch, in London, to give them wider opportunities of coming into contact with new authors, had been discussed between the brothers, who were agreed in thinking the step desirable. It was not, however, actually taken until 1858, when a house was leased, No. 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and my cousin, Robert Bowes (son of my father's eldest

sister, Margaret), who had been helping in the Cambridge shop since 1846, was placed in charge of it. For the next five years it was my father's regular habit to spend each Thursday night in London, and to keep open house that evening in Henrietta Street for any one who liked to come and take part in a modest meal, followed by free and easy discussion of literary and other matters. These "Tobacco Parliaments" were a very important feature in the development of the publishing business, especially after the foundation of *Macmillan's Magazine* in November, 1859.

It is well known that Daniel and Alexander Macmillan were among Tennyson's earliest and most ardent admirers, and did much to stimulate the interest of Cambridge men in the new poet. It was no doubt the influence of the *Idylls of the King* that led my father, when the project of a magazine was first under consideration, to wish to call it by the name of *The Round Table*, and it was only under pressure from his friends James MacLehose,[1] Tom Hughes, David Masson (the first Editor), and others, that he was finally persuaded to give it his own name. It will be gathered from a letter of October 27, 1858, to James MacLehose, that it was in the first instance intended that the new periodical should be a quarterly, and this idea was only abandoned because of the announcement that Messrs. Bentley were contemplating the issue of a new political quarterly, to which, among others, the late Lord

[1] As so many of the earlier letters in this volume are addressed to Mr. MacLehose, it may be well to explain that my father's intimate friendship with the well-known bookseller and publisher of Glasgow had been inherited from his brother Daniel, who had first met young MacLehose in Glasgow in 1832-3, and afterwards renewed the acquaintance in London, where from 1837-43 they were both employed by Messrs. Seeley of Fleet Street, my father joining them there in 1839. After his brother's death there was no one to whose sympathy and advice my father more constantly had recourse, though it did not follow that the advice was always taken. The tie has been drawn still closer in the present generation by a double marriage between the two families.

Salisbury was to be a principal contributor. That project in the end fell through, but not before it had been decided that *Macmillan's Magazine* should appear as the first shilling monthly. The opening number came out in November, 1859, and its great rival, the *Cornhill*, with Thackeray as Editor, first saw the light in January, 1860.

To go back to the Thursday evenings in Henrietta Street, which are often alluded to in the letters which follow, I may add that a round oak table was specially made for use on these occasions, and still exists in our London office. If we had no other evidence as to the interesting people who frequented these gatherings, this table itself still bears on its bevelled edge the autograph signatures of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, Thos. Hughes, David Masson, J. M. Ludlow, G. S. Venables, Huxley, Franklin Lushington, Edward Dicey, F. T. Palgrave, Alfred Ainger, Coventry Patmore, Llewelyn Davies, and William Allingham. The letters themselves, and many others not included in the selection, show that this is by no means an exhaustive list. In the early days the contents of next month's magazine were frequently discussed, and Masson, the Editor, and Thos. Hughes, a principal contributor, and in the first instance a part proprietor, were almost regular in their attendance.

In the year 1863, the remarkable development of the business led my father to decide that London must now be its centre, and he took accordingly the old-fashioned and commodious house at Upper Tooting, which, first under the name of *The Elms*, and then re-christened *Knapdale*, after the region in Argyllshire, where the Macmillan clan once had its seat, was his home for twenty-five years. The period from 1858 to 1863, however, covers not only the establishment of the Magazine, but the first beginnings of several other projects which helped to swell the reputation of the firm. For to these five years belong the early

volumes of the Golden Treasury series, the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, Freeman's *Federal Government*, the series of *Vacation Tourists*, edited by Francis Galton, the *Tracts for Priests and People*, Westcott's *Canon of the New Testament*, and not a few other books both literary and educational, which brought fame alike to author and publisher. Of these perhaps the most notable is Kingsley's *Water Babies*, which I well remember my father reading to us as children at Cambridge, either from manuscript or proofs.

Nothing is more striking in reading through the letter-books, from which only a small selection has here been made, than the extraordinary activity both of mind and body that they imply. Not only is every letter written in Alexander Macmillan's own hand, but it is evident from their contents that during the whole of this period, as for many years later, he himself read practically every manuscript that was submitted to him, and although he might now and again get a second opinion from a friend, he acted for the most part on his own judgment. He often refers to his difficulty in finding a "taster" whom he could trust. He would write long and able criticisms even of the rejected manuscripts, in which his love and knowledge of the best literature and his own ideals were always in evidence.[1] And the books which he published for new writers, and even for those of established position, constantly benefited by his revision both in manuscript and proof. The letters illustrate also his strong convictions in matters of religion, his keen interest in social and political problems, both at home and abroad,[2] and his desire

[1] The interesting letter to Mr. Thomas Hardy on p. 245 is a notable example.

[2] They show for instance with what keen interest and sympathy he followed the struggle for freedom in Italy, and the Civil War in the United States, where from the first he espoused the cause of the North, though fully alive to the dangers involved in the at times arrogant and high-handed action of its leaders.

to make his work as a publisher tell in favour of all that was "pure, lovely and of good report." Of his special interest in religious questions, the references in the letters to the controversy evoked by the publication of *Essays and Reviews* are a characteristic illustration, though I have given only a few out of many which deal with the subject. His feeling, it will be seen, was all in favour of the fullest and fairest discussion of religious problems.

I do not propose to say here more of my father's home life than is necessary to explain allusions in the letters, but it should at any rate be recorded that when his brother died in 1857 my father at once took his widow and four young children into his own home, and the two families were brought up side by side, first at Cambridge, and afterwards in the new home at Upper Tooting.

So long as he lived at Cambridge my father took an active interest in various public movements in the town, including the Industrial School, which was started by Bishop Harvey Goodwin, who later gave an account of its admirable work in an early number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the Cambridge Working Men's College, which was established in 1855 on the lines of the well-known College started in London by F. D. Maurice and others, and of which a record brought down to the present day has recently been published. Among the teachers in this Cambridge College were Harvey Goodwin, J. B. Lightfoot, F. J. A. Hort, H. M. Butler, H. J. Roby, and J. B. Mayor. Alexander Macmillan, besides taking part in the teaching, acted for three or four years as Hon. Secretary. In the early days of the Volunteer movement my father at once enrolled himself (see p. 44), but soon found it impossible to give the necessary time. Though he never took up any form of sport, he was, until well into middle life, an active walker, and took much exercise in that form, both in

Cambridge and near London, as well as in his scanty holidays.

1863-1873.

The period now in question is on the whole the most important in my father's life. He had reached the maturity of his powers, and the success already attained gave him confidence to strike out and develop the business in many new directions. His appointment in 1863 as publisher to the University of Oxford was a notable recognition of his business capacity, and although he claimed to be left free to carry on his own independent work in London, he threw himself with characteristic loyalty and eagerness into the development of the Oxford publishing, while he greatly valued the close and cordial relations into which his position brought him with leading Oxford men, such as Jowett, Dean Liddell, and others. Mr. Thomas Combe, at that time printer to the Clarendon Press, was also a much valued friend and co-adjutor. I have selected two or three letters only to illustrate this side of his work, but it should be said that for many years he attended regularly the weekly meetings of the delegates in Oxford, and remained until the end of his term of office in close relations, both by letter and personally, with Professor Bartholomew Price, the able and energetic secretary to the delegates.

The break-up in 1863 of the well-known publishing business of J. H. Parker & Son led to the transfer to Macmillan & Co. in this and the following year of the earlier works of Charles Kingsley (including *Yeast*, *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia*), of F. D. Maurice, of Miss C. M. Yonge (including the *Heir of Redcliffe* and the *Daisy Chain*), and of Archbishop Trench. In the case of the first two the change merely strengthened a connexion already existing, but with Miss Yonge and Archbishop Trench my father had had no previous relations. In both cases the business association led

to intimate personal friendship, which was not affected by the fact that when, some twenty years later, Archbishop Trench's son became a publisher his father's works were quite naturally transferred to the new firm of Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

It will be seen from the letters that the move to Upper Tooting almost coincided with the building of a new office at 16 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, where the business was carried on until 1873, when its steady expansion made it necessary to move once more to a larger site at 29-30 in the same street.

The letters of this period touch incidentally on most of the important enterprises of the firm. New volumes, including the *Book of Golden Deeds*, the idea of which was suggested by his sister-in-law and partner Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, were added to the Golden Treasury Series. In 1864 the appearance of the *Globe Shakespeare* marked a new departure, in offering for the first time a really scholarly text of the great dramatist at a low price. The choice of the title, which as the letters show, was upheld against the opinion of the learned editors, was the publisher's own, and was a proof at once of his vivid imagination and his sound judgment. The following years brought companion editions of Scott, Burns, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Morte D'Arthur*, Goldsmith, Spenser, Pope, Cowper and Dryden, besides prose translations of the works of Virgil and Horace. The Globe editions of Milton and Chaucer, though planned during the period under notice, did not appear until much later, the Milton in 1877, the Chaucer only in 1898. The year 1864 was signalised by the publication of Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* and Sir George Trevelyan's *Cawnpore* and *Competition Wallah*. In 1865 W. G. Palgrave's *Travels in Arabia*, Lightfoot's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*, and *Alice in Wonderland*, marked successes in widely different fields. In 1866

came *Ecce Homo*, a book, as the letters show, in which my father took the deepest interest. The authorship, as is well known, long remained a profound secret, and there is a legend, which I have been unable to verify, that on one occasion the publisher invited a party of notable men to meet the author of *Ecce Homo*, and though Professor Seeley was among them the company separated without solving the mystery. The appearance in the same year of Professor Huxley's *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* and Professor Roscoe's *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry*, marked the first fulfilment of a long cherished idea that the introductory books on a subject should be written, not by the ordinary teacher, but by the recognised masters in each branch. Both Professor Huxley and Professor (now Sir Henry) Roscoe became his intimate friends. This and the following year, 1867, saw also the publication of Sir Samuel Baker's two great books of travel, *The Albert Nyanza* and *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia*, and the publisher's letters on the subject aptly illustrate a trait which the present Lord Tennyson recently named to me as eminently characteristic of my father, I mean his loyalty and devotion to his authors, and his desire to identify their interests with his own. The same period saw the launching of various periodical publications such as *The Practitioner* (1868) and *Nature* (1869), and new series such as the Sunday Library, of which the first volume, Farrar's *Seekers after God*, appeared in 1868, Reynolds' *System of Medicine* (Vol. I. in 1866) and the *Science Primers*, edited by Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart, of which the first volume, Roscoe's *Chemistry*, appeared in 1872, and to which his old friend Sir Archibald Geikie contributed the volumes on *Geology* and *Physical Geography*. The Sunday Library was a series of my father's own devising, in which he took a keen personal interest. If, as a whole,

the Library did not quite fulfil his expectations in popular acceptance, so that in the end it was broken up, it produced some notable volumes which, like Dean Farrar's already mentioned, Hughes' *Alfred the Great*, Kingsley's *Hermits*, Dean Church's *St. Anselm*, and Mrs. Oliphant's *St. Francis of Assisi*, are still in regular demand.

Alexander Macmillan's visit to America in 1867, to which full reference is made in the letters, strengthened his already keen interest in that great country and its people, and led before long to the establishment of an agency in New York.

During this journey of nearly three months he visited New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Toronto and Montreal, and described his experiences graphically, though somewhat hurriedly, in letters home to my mother. A reference at Montreal to the effect that the town was much changed since he saw it thirty years ago seems to give the date 1837 for the voyage to America which I mentioned earlier in this narrative. As an indication of the pleasant society which he met and enjoyed so greatly, the following extract may be given from a letter dated Boston, Sept. 27 :

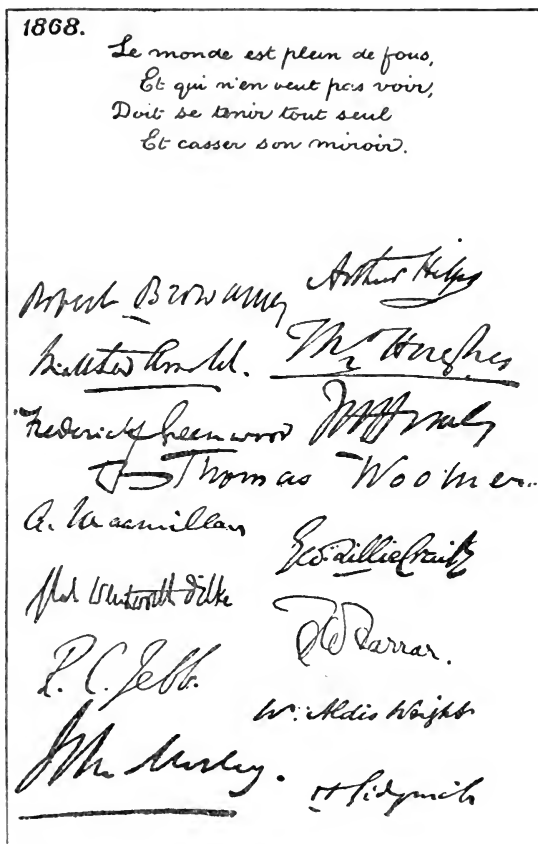
"The dinner at the Atlantic Club came off yesterday at half-past two, and a pleasant affair it was. Agassiz and Lowell were not there, but Longfellow, Emerson and Holmes were. Longfellow was in the chair. The Hon. Charles Sumner was on his right, I on his left. Emerson sat next me. Holmes was on the other side, and some six or eight others whom I cannot name were there. I had a great deal of talk with Emerson, more with Longfellow. After dinner Holmes changed his seat, and came to have a talk with me. He is a nice, brisk, clear-headed man, very pleasant and bright. Sumner, who is quite a leading statesman, and knows all the English statesmen, afterwards came to talk to me also. With him I talked politics. He is very tall and a fine looking man. Longfellow is the sweetest, pleasantest-looking man I have met since I came here. He was very gracious, and urged me to come and lunch with him to-day. Emerson

too wanted me to go and see him at Concord, which is 40 miles off. This I am sorry I cannot do, but I did go to Longfellow's to-day, and met Lowell and a Professor Child. I had a great deal of talk with Longfellow. His house is very beautiful inside—outside it is of wood, but looks quiet and nice. It is in Cambridge, but still in the country substantially, stands by itself in the midst of trees and a garden. We dined very simply at one, and went afterwards into the garden and smoked. He is as much of a smoker as Tennyson, and gave me a pipe as a memento."

Several of the letters refer to the [dinners which for many years my father delighted to give on April Fool's Day in his house at Upper Tooting, or at the Garrick Club. It was his habit to have a menu printed appropriate to the occasion, and on the back of the card he would reproduce in facsimile the signatures of his guests, among whom were to be found year by year some of the most notable names in literature, art, science and public life. Several of these menus survive, and I reproduce here the lists of signatures for the years 1868 and 1871. There was no day in the year to which the host looked forward more eagerly, and his determination that it should be an occasion for free and genial intercourse among all who thus consented to "wear the motley" under his roof, never failed to secure an evening of true enjoyment, lightened by the unrestrained flow of wit and humour. Annual gatherings of a different kind, which were no less keenly enjoyed by the giver of the feast, were those of the staff at the office, which were held in the summer for many years at Upper Tooting, and were often attended also by authors and other friends of the house.]

A word should be said of the controversy which arose in 1864, between Charles Kingsley and Dr. Newman, which led to the publication of the famous *Apologia*. My father's letter to Dr. Newman of Jan. 6, 1864, shows his desire to be scrupulously fair, but it was inevitable that his sympathies should lie with

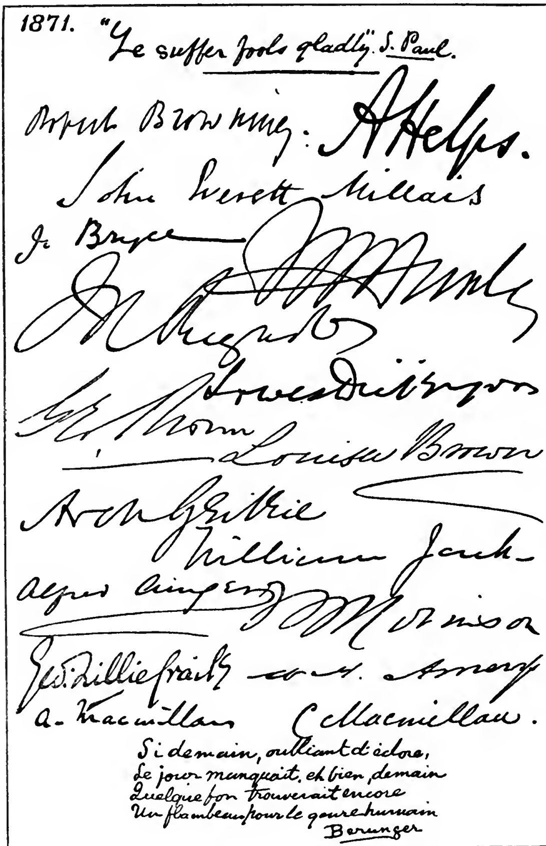
his old friend, and he accepted the full responsibility for the publication of Kingsley's first article in the Magazine. The whole matter engaged his painful



All Fools' Day Dinner, 1868.

interest, and involved far more correspondence than it would be worth while to print now that the controversy has to a great extent been forgotten, save for the addition to the permanent treasures of literature of one of the most famous of all autobiographies.

My father had for some time been conscious that he must find some one to share with him the ever-growing responsibilities of the business, and in 1865 he took into



All Fools' Day Dinner, 1871.

partnership Mr. George Lillie Craik, whose marriage shortly afterwards to Miss Dinah Mulock, drew still closer a very old tie of friendship with the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.

The letters of this period imply the making of several

new literary friendships, as, for instance, with E. A. Freeman, who became in later years a frequent visitor at Tooting. As in the letters so in verbal intercourse there were marked differences of opinion between the two men, frankly and trenchantly expressed, but the friendship, rooted on both sides in genuine admiration and esteem, and in the love of common friends like J. R. Green, triumphantly stood all such tests. And, indeed, all who really knew Edward Freeman knew that his bark was worse than his bite, and that a warm heart and real tenderness lay hidden below his downright and often combative demeanour. The *Historical Course for Schools*, planned and edited by Mr. Freeman, belongs to this period. His own masterly introduction, *The General Sketch of European History*, appeared in 1872, and Miss Edith Thompson's *History of England* in the following year. It was about 1870 that Alexander Macmillan first came, through Mr. Stopford Brooke and other friends, into personal contact with Green, which soon ripened into affectionate friendship. Abundant evidence will be seen of this in the letters from the date of the publication of the *Short History of the English People* in 1874, to the death of the historian in 1883.

Some family events, falling within this period, which deeply affected my father, and are mentioned in the letters, should here be recorded. In June, 1866, my youngest brother, Willie, a very bright and promising boy, "the light and joy of our house," was carried off by gastric fever when he was little over two years old. In January, 1867, came the death of his sister-in-law and partner, Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, after a long period of ill-health. In July, 1871, my mother died after some months' illness. In each case the blow, though bravely borne, was severely felt. The first removed a child to whose life, in his own phrase, he "had looked forward with peculiar hope." The second severed a close link with the brother who had been so much to

him, and whose memory was an abiding inspiration. The third deprived him of a companion whose unfailing sympathy and keen intelligence had been of priceless value for just twenty years of strenuous effort, and whose loving wisdom had been his stay in all family relations. It was well that he was able in the autumn of 1872 to restore his "shattered home"[1] by a singularly happy second marriage—to Miss Emma Pignatel, a former schoolfellow of our governess and dear friend, Louisa Cassell. The following extracts from letters to Mrs. Daniel Macmillan and to my mother during this period are of some interest, one giving a pleasant glimpse of home life and feelings, another as showing him in holiday mood and delighting in fine scenery, the third referring to a dinner at the Garrick Club, which from the time of his election there in the early sixties, on the proposal of Thackeray, was always a favourite resort.

Extract from Letter to his Wife of October 15*th*, 1864.

You will hear from Fanny about the Home Department. I must tell you, however, that when I paid my early visit to the Nursery this morning the first object that met my view was the illustrious Winks sitting in his chair and flourishing a spoon and looking like a man of business—with, perhaps, a cross of the cherub, at least in parental eyes—as possible. I am not sure that he has gone into the spoon line yet, I fancy suction is found more suitable as yet. But it was a grand rehearsal. I feel getting very old, and very foolish about all these things. When the young leaf begins to show its green the old begins to brown and feel weak on the stalk. Mystery of mysteries—life pursuing death and death life; youth shoving age from his chair or his tree, and so the circle moves. But we hold thankfully the faith that the life is not in the leaf but in the tree—and all life is in the Living Tree—may ours be there verily and indeed.

[1] See the letter to Leslie Stephen of June 12th, 1878, p. 301.

INTRODUCTION

Extract from Letter to Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, of September 10th, 1865, during a visit to the Border Counties with Mr. Aldis Wright.

The walk home from Fraser's after 10 o'clock was superb. We had had no moon, and only occasional glimpses of blue sky ever since we left Moffat. We had very little actual rain, and none really to disturb, but drifting mist rarely amounting to showers, thinly-veiled sunshine, sweeping winds and alternate calms, gave us throughout as pleasant an atmosphere as we could wish. There were actual gleams of sunshine sweeping grandly over the hills, but of that fierce burning sun your kind heart feared for us, there was none. But this walk back from Fraser's was as fine as heart or imagination could wish. We were hardly on the level road, after ascending that sloping retrograde from the Manse, which I daresay you remember, when we were met by a swift sweeping shower which made us hoist umbrellas, under shelter of which we marched steadily on for perhaps a quarter of a mile when the wind and rain began to subside, and very soon there was, if not a great calm, yet a comparative calm. We could put down our umbrellas and look about and above. A great breadth of blue sky prankt with brilliants finer and of a mild fineness such as jewellers might pant for eternities after, was above, and all round the sky masses of dark and thick bright clouds in the wildest and yet most self-contained confusion. Behind the moon, more than half her orb left, was struggling through her fleecy curtain. Anon she burst bravely through, silvering the stream and the valley and the hills, so as to make one shriek with delight. In the meantime we filled and lit our pipes, and the calm and imperturbable Wright muttered, "Ain't it jolly!" Another fierce gust and shower, and all subsides except the wind and our pipes under cloud and skilfully-set umbrellas; then again the subsidence and the shine. Suddenly the calm *Keeper*—that's Wright's name now—I am the *Madman*—burst out vehemently, "There's a Lunar rainbow"; and sure enough there it was, with its left foot on the foot of S. Mary's Loch, and its right lost somewhere, there was barely one half visible. But what there was was of a pearly beauty, with colours mimicking those of her stronger brother in the most enchanting way. Till we reached the Douglas Arms she kept waning and waxing and fainting and flushing in a shadowy spiritual way so as to steal down to the depths where memory is life and becomes

part of one's being now and forever. Altogether, it was about as beautiful in the dim spiritual way as anything I have ever seen—a thing to dream of all through one's life.

Extract from Letter to his Wife of February 13th, 1867.

Our dinner last night was very pleasant. Shirley Brooks was in great force. We got home by the 11.20 train. Robert Cooke was with us. The party was—Lemon, Sh. Brooks, Dicey, Morley, R. Cooke, Bryce, Charles Clay, George Meredith and ourselves.

1872–1889.

Towards the end of 1872 the constant growth of the business made it necessary to build yet roomier offices at 29 and 30 Bedford Street, where the rest of my father's active life was passed. During this period the younger generation were gradually able to give him material assistance, and finally to relieve him in great measure of the burden of responsibility. Frederick Macmillan, his brother Daniel's eldest son, after a period of training first at Cambridge, both in the bookseller's shop and at the University Press, and afterwards for five years in the New York office, settled finally in the London office in 1876. His eldest son Malcolm, from whose great intellectual ability he had expected so much, did not, unfortunately, develop the necessary business aptitude, and therefore, on the advice of friends, and especially of Mr. J. R. Green, went up late to Balliol College, Oxford, where he formed many valuable friendships, though his career there was unhappily marred by several periods of serious illness. When at last it seemed possible that his wide knowledge of literature and keen critical faculty, might after all prove of substantial advantage to the firm, that hope was again blighted by his sudden and mysterious death. In January, 1874, I left Eton to begin work in Bedford Street, and in 1882 my uncle Daniel's second son, Maurice, who had had a successful

career at Uppingham and at Cambridge, and had then held a classical mastership for several years under Mr. Walker at St. Paul's School, also came into the business. In 1876 my father's old friend, William Jack, joined the firm for a time, until in 1879 he was appointed to the Chair of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, which he still holds. Dr. Jack was himself a native of Irvine, and during his distinguished career at Cambridge was a constant visitor in the house at Trinity Street. My father kept in touch with him through his subsequent career as an Inspector of Schools, an Owens College Professor, and Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and it was a peculiar satisfaction to have his old friend and fellow townsman's help for a time in the publishing work, where his expert knowledge of mathematics and science, and his wide and varied experience, were of great value. I have printed at the end of this Introduction a short appreciation of my father from Professor Jack's pen.

I have selected fewer letters in proportion from this later period, partly because, with the help thus available, it was no longer necessary for my father to write so much with his own hand. But until my brother's death in 1889, from the shock of which my father never really recovered, he was still constant in his attendance at the office and took the leading part in all that went on. The early letters of 1873 touch on several important books in which he took a special interest, such as Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*, Sir Wyville Thomson's great record of the Challenger Expedition and Sir Samuel Baker's *Ismailia*. The letter of November, 1873, to Mr. (now Sir) Roper Lethbridge contains the first suggestion of a business in India, which has since assumed an importance hardly dreamed of in those days, though even earlier letters show that

its possibilities were in my father's mind. In 1874 was begun the publication of another great book in which my father took especial pride, *The Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, projected and edited by his old friend Sir George Grove, who had in 1867 succeeded David Masson as Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and remained actively associated with the firm until his appointment in 1883 as first Director of the Royal College of Music. The death of F. D. Maurice in 1872, and of Charles Kingsley in 1875, removed two of his dearest and most honoured friends, intimately associated with his whole career as a publisher.

The publication in 1881 of *John Inglesant* was an event which had a special interest for my father, to whom one of the privately printed copies had been sent by Mrs. Humphry Ward. As his letter of Feb. 18 shows he did not foresee, and probably no one could have foreseen, its great popular success, but it was a book which he "felt it an honour to publish," and its publication led to an intimate friendship with its distinguished author, who with Mrs. Shorthouse paid more than one visit to Upper Tooting. In 1882 a long-cherished idea was realised by the publication of Mr. Hughes' delightful *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, and several letters refer to the keen pleasure it gave him to know that his brother's noble character and work would be on record for future generations. In January, 1883, he went out with Mrs. Macmillan to Mentone to give what help and comfort he could to his dear friend, J. R. Green, who died there in March. Two letters to Archbishop Trench and to Dr. Stubbs touchingly record the final scene, and it is interesting to note only two pages later the reference to Archbishop Trench's own death, which, occurring in March, 1886, severed another old and much valued connexion. In 1884, when my father ceased to be publisher to the

University of Oxford, his services were recognised by the honorary degree of M.A., in which he took a peculiar pleasure.

Another event which also belongs to 1884 brought the fulfilment of an old desire, for in that year the works of Lord Tennyson were transferred to Macmillan & Co. More than once in earlier days negotiations were opened, and my father was always most eager that poems for which he had always felt so great an admiration should bear his imprint. But he would never press his claim against a rival publisher or take any step on his own part to persuade an author to transfer his allegiance.[1] It was therefore all the greater pleasure to him when at last the Poet Laureate felt free to propose an arrangement, which has since held good, to the entire satisfaction, as I believe, of both author and publisher. A reference in the same year to the publication of Col. (now Sir Frederick) Maurice's Life of his father recalls another publication in which my father's personal sympathies were warmly engaged.

Enough has now, perhaps, been said of my father's work and aims as a publisher to make the letters intelligible, but a few personal details may be added to complete this brief record. In his earlier years the constant demands upon his time made it impossible for him to go very far afield in his short and often interrupted holidays, but by the time of his second marriage, in 1872, he was less closely tied to the office, and the fact of Mrs. Macmillan's Italian parentage naturally led to his making, in 1873, his first visit to Italy, in which he found such keen pleasure that it was repeated more than once in later years.

In the summer of 1884 he took the Rectory at Haslemere for a month or so, and his delight with what was then the almost untouched region of pines

[1] The letter to Sir Samuel Baker, March 1, 1876 (p. 289), illustrates this point.

and heather on Hindhead, led to his purchase of the property of Bramshott Chase, where he soon afterwards built the house which became his country home for the remaining years of his life. It was here that he celebrated his seventieth birthday on October 3, 1888, and gathered round him a large company of old friends, including Mr. John Morley, Canon Ainger and Mr. Aldis Wright.

In 1888 the fact of his now having this house in the country made him feel that, in view of his advancing years, which made the daily journey more fatiguing, it would be more convenient to settle in London, and he accordingly took the house 21 Portland Place, which he occupied until his death there in January, 1896. The one thing which made him hesitate over this step was the fear that the happy home of so many years would be broken up, the fine old house pulled down, and the land fall into the hands of the speculating builder, who had already begun to change the character of the neighbourhood from a country village to the crowded and unlovely suburb which it has since become. It happened that about that time a Suffragan Bishop had been appointed to the Diocese of Rochester, and as no residence was available for him, my father decided to offer "Knapdale" to the Diocese for this purpose. His first intention was to make the offer conditional on the house being put to this use, but on its being pointed out to him that such an arrangement might lead to difficulties, the gift was made absolute. The house was actually occupied by Bishop Barry for one year only, during the tenure of the see by Bishop Thorold. On the latter's promotion to the see of Winchester, and on the present Archbishop, Dr. Randall Davidson, becoming Bishop of Rochester, for a time no Suffragan was appointed, and the house was let to a layman and the rent applied to diocesan purposes. Not many months later Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, the present Bishop of Worcester, was

appointed Suffragan Bishop of Southwark, but, as he already had a house of his own in the diocese, he could make no use of "Knapdale," which accordingly remained in the occupation of its tenant until the year 1905, when the long-contemplated division of the diocese into the sees respectively of Southwark and Rochester, made it necessary to sell the property, which was bought by its tenant, and the proceeds of the sale given to the funds of the new Bishopric. No doubt the ultimate failure to devote the actual house to diocesan purposes would have been a keen disappointment to the donor, but in so far as the proceeds of the sale have gone to help the work of the church in south London, and the house still stands in its pleasant grounds, his intention has been at any rate partially and provisionally fulfilled.

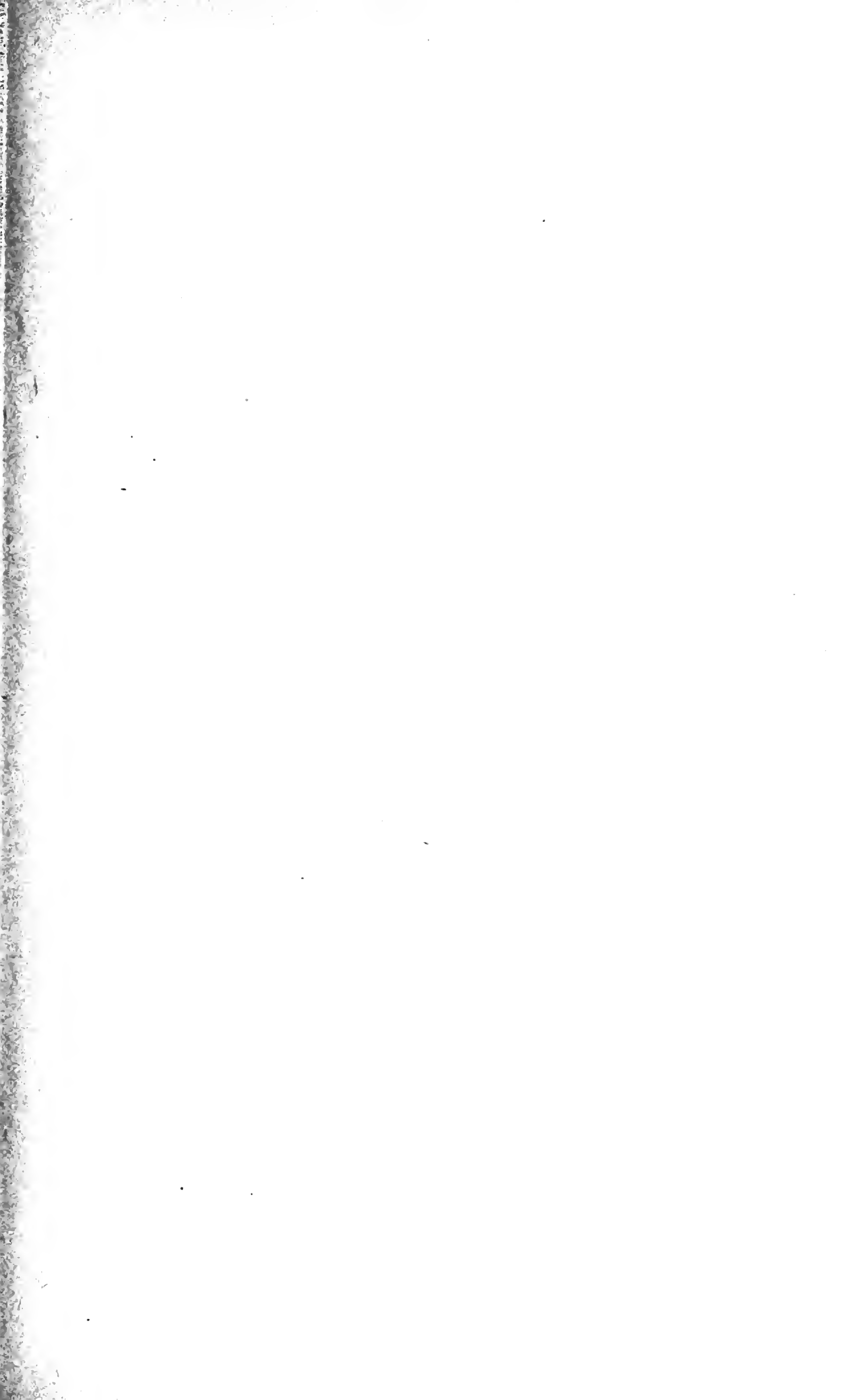
1888–1896.

We come now to the closing period of my father's life. After the move to London he still for a time came regularly to the office, but in July, 1889, came the crushing blow of his eldest son Malcolm's mysterious death. On recovering from another serious illness, my brother had gone to Greece in the autumn of 1888 with his old college friend (now my brother-in-law), Louis Dyer. When Mr. Dyer left him, early in 1889, Malcolm spent some months in Rome, and then, revisiting Greece on his way, went early in July to Constantinople, to spend a few weeks with another old college friend, Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Hardinge, who was then Secretary to the British Embassy. He had made all arrangements for coming home, but on the eve of his departure made an expedition with Mr. Hardinge to Broussa, in order to ascend Mt. Olympus. The two friends parted company near the top of the mountain, Mr. Hardinge making the direct ascent to the highest peak by the col between that and the lower peak, while my brother, who was less active, preferred the longer and easier

ascent by the lower peak, and so along the col. As he climbed the steep slope of the main peak Mr. Hardinge turned and saw his companion on the top of the lower peak, and waved his hand to him. He never saw him again. After waiting some time on the top of the mountain he rejoined the lad with the horses at the foot of the slope, and found to his consternation that nothing had been seen of the missing man. It was too late to do more that night than search the immediate neighbourhood, but on the following morning a large party came out from Broussa, and an exhaustive search was made, but without finding the slightest trace. By this time the matter had been taken up by the British authorities both in Constantinople and at home; two members of the family went out, and, suspicion having fallen on some of the Albanian shepherds who feed their flocks on the mountains, a full enquiry was held, but the charge could not be proved, and no clue whatever was found, or has been found to this day, to clear up the mystery. But the fact that no trace could be discovered of the missing man, or of any of his belongings, seems to exclude the possibility of a fatal fall.

It can well be understood how such a catastrophe, and the long-drawn agony of waiting for news which never came, must have told upon the father whose affections and hopes had always been centred in this his eldest son. Bravely as he bore the blow, and cherished hope to the last, it struck him to the heart, and he never really recovered from it. His strength, and particularly his powers of locomotion, steadily failed, and it was evident that his active life was over.

And yet in the evening of his days he found much happiness in the society of old friends who visited him either in Portland Place or in his beautiful country home, where, while strength allowed, much of his time was passed. While it was always a pleasure to him



Alexander Macmillan
in his library at Bramshott Chase
Drawn by Lowes Dickinson 1889

to recall past years of strenuous life, and the precious memories of those who had passed before him into the unseen, he never ceased to take an active interest in all that was going on around him—in the joys and sorrows of his children, and, above all, in the steady development of the business, of which he had been so large a part. Of the old friends who still cheered him by their visits, I would specially recall his partner Mr. Craik, Canon Ainger, Mr. Aldis Wright, Sir Archibald Geikie, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, Prof. William Jack, Mr. Tom Hughes (who survived him by only a few months), Mr. John Morley, Canon Benham, Dr. Hugh Macmillan, Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse, Mr. Tom Bain, and his old Irvine friend Mr. Robert Buchanan of Lloyds. To Mr. Dickinson we owe the charming sketch of him, made in his little library at Bramshott Chase, which has been reproduced for this volume. I give also an earlier photograph of him in his prime and the admirable portrait painted for the firm by Mr. Herkomer in 1889.

The end came quite peacefully on January 26, 1896. He was buried a few days later in the lovely churchyard at Bramshott, and the funeral was attended not only by the whole staff from his office, but by a large concourse of friends, many of whom had travelled long distances to pay their last tribute of affection. His grave is appropriately marked by a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the fine old Highland cross which stands at Kilmory Knap in Argyllshire, and bears the legend, "Haec est crux Alexandri Macmillan."

I shall attempt no summing up of my father's character and work. That task, to which it is in any case hard for a son to do justice, has been undertaken by another hand. And the Letters which follow, with the preceding narrative, are perhaps enough in the meantime to indicate the manner of man he was. By

way of supplement I give Professor Jack's reminiscences and appreciation, and, in order to give some idea of the impression he made upon his contemporaries, not only of his own but of a younger generation, I add a few extracts from the remarkable series of letters received after his death. At the end of the volume I have reprinted the obituary notice writen by our dear friend Alfred Ainger for *Macmillan's Magazine*, and also two of my father's own compositions, the lecture delivered after his visit to the United States in 1867, and a touching fragment, "The Child in the Midst," inspired by the memory of the boy he had lost in 1866.

GEORGE A. MACMILLAN.

PROFESSOR JACK'S REMINISCENCES

My own friendship with Alexander Macmillan dated from 1855, when I went to Cambridge from Irvine. In his house and his brother Daniel's I made the acquaintance of many of my most valued friends. Both were open with warm welcome to many Cambridge students, who learned more in them of life and its interests and problems than they had been taught in College. The two brothers—men of forty to fifty then—were full of eager sympathy with the young. Naturally, they had seen a great deal, and could introduce us to a good many of the new generation of scholars, thinkers and writers, and there were few subjects that did not come up often in the stimulating talks round their firesides. Young Scotchmen were always welcome, and perhaps, as I came from Irvine, as they did, I may have been received with some special kindness. Friends came about them like David Masson and Dinah Mulock, and Cambridge students like Alfred Ainger, John Kerr, Ralph Fullarton, Lord Justice Stirling, but the brothers themselves, whose beautiful affection for each other seemed to brighten and warm their atmosphere, were always the lights of the two homes, happy with wives worthy of them, and with their children fresh with the promise of the morning, growing up about their feet.

I continued to know Alexander Macmillan well after his brother's death, and when he had removed to London, and I had returned to Scotland. But I came to know him more intimately for what he was after he invited me to become a partner in his famous firm in 1876. Nobody could come into daily contact with him without catching something from his enthusiasm for all that was best and highest in literature and life. He was a man of incomparable force and "driving power," but what was most fascinating in him was the extraordinary freshness and the exhaustless activity of thought which made him the originator and inspirer of so many of the literary

enterprises associated with the name of the firm. I am sure that none of the famous authors with whom he was associated in them failed to recognise how much they owed to his generous initiative, his untiring energy, and the completeness with which he mastered the most complicated details of everything he took in hand, or took in charge. I look back across a generation to many of the days in Bedford Street and nights at Knapdale with him and his family and the friends and famous men who came about him, as among the happiest I have known.

IN MEMORIAM A. M.

Rev. B. H. Alford. "When such a good man goes it is a common grief in which you will not grudge others their outside share. How warmly the newspapers have spoken, and what a loss this link with the fast disappearing generation of Hare, Kingsley and Maurice!"

Mr. Stopford Brooke. "Few men have done better, steadier work for his friends and for the world. He was not only a publisher but an educator, and beyond that those who knew him loved him, and well he deserved their love. I remember the very first day I saw him as if it were yesterday, and how pleasant and eager his reception was of me. His face and eyes in those days had so vivid a life in them that they were unforgettable. I hope that when I come to die I may have done half as much good work and be remembered as lovingly."

Sir J. Crichton Browne. "He was a man whom from my first introduction to him twenty years ago I instinctively loved and trusted. . . . I have often thought of him as one of the most genial and generous of friends, and that I could lean upon his clear sagacious judgment and kind heart in any great difficulty in life."

Mr. James Bryce. "The news of your husband's death fills me with grief—when I remember all his admirable qualities and the many happy hours I spent with him in the old days, before his wonderfully keen and active mind had begun to suffer from the physical weakness of the last few years. . . . Thirty years ago he was the brightest and most genial of friends, never so happy as when he had his friends round him, and full of sympathy for whatever of joy or sorrow came to them, interested in all good causes, and ready to help in promoting them with a sense of duty and genuine simplicity of character which his success in life had left undiminished and

unspoiled. The recollection of such a character and of the admirable work he did in the world will be, I trust, a great consolation to you and his children in your heavy sorrow. He has left behind few like him."

The Master of Trinity (H. M. Butler). "Pray let me be allowed to add just one word from one who knew him first and best a long time ago, between the years 1851 and 1859. He was always very kind to me during those happy years, and greatly I enjoyed my chats with him on Hare, Tennyson, C. Kingsley, Maurice, Lushington's 'Points of War,' and many others. I remember his doing me the honour to ask if I thought it was worth while to start a new monthly, and I was foolish and ignorant enough to throw a little cold water on it, not foreseeing the individuality that was so honourably to mark *Macmillan's Magazine*. He was emphatically a good man, with a large warm heart. As long as you live his memory must be a sacred treasure to you all."

Mrs. W. K. Clifford. "His kind eyes and fine face are so plainly before me as I write. What a privilege it was to have known him. He was so full of dignity and gentleness and fineness."

Mr. Julian Corbett. "You know perhaps better than any one how much he did for me; how much I learned in those long evenings at Knapdale. It was there I found my career and all that has seemed to make my life worth living, and his memory must always be to me sweet and sacred."

Prof. Boyd Dawkins. "Your father was a good friend to me when I was young, struggling and unknown, and will always remain in my memory as one of my frankest and truest friends."

The Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott). "From the very beginning of my work your father was constant in counsel and encouragement, and I have always felt how much I have owed to his unfailing kindness. . . . At least all his friends can be thankful that the noble ambition of his life, so touchingly described in the memoir of his brother, has been perfectly fulfilled. The house is an enduring monument."

Mr. H. W. Eve. "I am indebted to him for many kindnesses in past times. Few men, I think, will have left more numerous or more attached friends."

Mrs. Henry Fawcett. "My husband always felt how much indebted he was to Mr. Macmillan for wise counsel and

generous appreciation. He will be deeply mourned and much affection will follow him to his rest."

Dr. Fowler, President of Corpus. "My intercourse with your father as a publisher, whether on his own account or on that of the University Press, has always been very agreeable, and I have very pleasant recollections of many hours spent in his company whether in London, at Oxford, or at his own house."

Sir William Geddes (of Aberdeen University). "We lose in him a link of golden memories from a great time—a good soul as ever looked forth from human eyes."

Mr. Frederick Greenwood. "It was a life so completely fulfilled in all that hope and endeavour set out to accomplish that all there is to regret is the absolutely inevitable end that awaits us all."

Mr. Frederic Harrison. "It would be very difficult to estimate all that modern English literature owes to the energy, acuteness and public spirit of Mr. Macmillan; and none know it so well as those men of letters who found in him not only a great power, but a wise friend."

Mr. Tom Hughes. "He was a man of 1000, and I doubt if I could not tell off on the fingers of one hand all the men I have known who had as strong heads and warm hearts combined."

Mr. Wilson King (formerly American Consul at Birmingham). "It was my privilege to make two visits to Knapdale, and they live among my most treasured memories. I met with so much kindness and so many interesting people; but very distinctly there stands out from that background the noble and beautiful figure of your father. . . . He was a strong, good man, and if he had never lived the world would be a worse place than it is."

Rev. Brooke Lambert. "I shall never forget a night at Knapdale, when we had been talking of the men he had known, and he looked up at me and said: 'I have lived among the gods.'"

Mr. R. B. Litchfield. "Your father's death has been sending my thoughts back to very old days—forty-five years ago—when by good luck I got to know him at Cambridge. All that long time he was a good friend to me, and I always looked up to him as one of the truest and most wide-minded men it has been my fortune to know. My thoughts go back especially to those nights in Henrietta Street, where there was

always a warm welcome for his old friends, the obscure as well as the famous. For that and other things I shall always feel grateful to him. No one could know him without feeling the force of his character, and honouring him as a good and true man."

Dean of Llandaff (Dr. Vaughan). "The remembrance of him as he sat in his private room in Bedford Street, beginning to feel the approaches of age, yet still as clear and as kind and as sympathetic as ever, is happily still in my possession, and will be cherished while life lasts."

Mr. Vernon Lushington. "Pray allow me as a very old friend of your father to express the esteem and affectionate regard in which I held him, and my gratitude for his kindness and ever cordial greetings."

Mr. James MacLehose (the younger). "He was very good to me, and I shall not forget the talks in the Knapdale library and the bright, cheery welcome at Portland Place and the Chase. His generous estimate of men and things was often a lesson to me, and his loyalty to his friends, his sympathy with younger minds, and his scorn for littleness in life are things to remember and be refreshed by."

Dr. Hugh Macmillan. "It was a noble work that he did in his day and generation. He left the world wiser than he found it. And among the forces that have made the latter part of the nineteenth century what it is, must be reckoned that which your dear husband contributed as not the least. I owe him many kindnesses, which I shall never forget; and I have many precious memories and associations connected with him which form an inalienable treasure."

Dr. J. P. Mahaffy. "His family know well what they owe to him, but far beyond that circle men like me, whom he encouraged when we were small and of no reputation, look back upon him as a benefactor who helped deserving men in the best way wherever he found them."

Prof. David Masson. "The memory of him will be among my possessions till I go too. He was one of the oldest of my friends, and connected with me by the most close and affectionate intimacy through many years. His was a remarkable character, with a combination of faculties and moral qualities such as I remember in no one else, and which has always been to me the key of explanation of his great business achievements."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

Sir ALFRED (now Viscount) MILNER. "He lives in my memory, not only by the vigour and charm of his personality, but by the great cordiality and kindness which he always showed towards me in those days when I was just beginning life in London. Such things are not forgotten. I am sure there are many others, from whom you will perhaps never hear, who have cause, as I have, to bear in mind his helpful and sympathetic warm-heartedness, as well as the liberality of his mind and the interest of his conversation."

Mr. JOHN MORLEY (to G. A. M.). "He became my friend when friends were few, and nobody was ever more helpful and considerate. Many another man will say the same of him."

Mr. JOHN MORLEY (to Mrs. Macmillan). "All of us who worked with him—and it is now nearly thirty years since he first took me by the hand—will remember to the end of our days his energy, his justice of mind, his wide sympathy, his tenacity of good purposes. It is satisfactory to see the public recognition that his death has evoked, of the great qualities shewn by him in his life."

Mrs. OLIPHANT. "He has fulfilled his long and laborious life in honour and peace, which is a good thought for those that come after him."

Mr. H. ORRINSMITH (of Messrs. James Burn & Co.). "To be worthy of the esteem of such a man as Alexander Macmillan is a sort of 'cachet.' I have just re-read with tearful eyes two letters written to me long ago full of wisdom and kindness. I leave these to my children as a witness to whatever small merit I may claim. . . . God knows how sincere was my regard for and loyalty to him. I can never forget his kindly help and consideration for me at the outset of my change of vocation."

Mrs. PAGET (late wife of the Bishop of Oxford, and a daughter of Dean Church). "I so well remember your father coming to dine at the Deanery in old days, and how much my father always liked and admired him."

Rev. FRANCIS PROCTER. "Oh, it calls back memories of years. . . . Your dear father has given and left a bright example."

Mrs. THACKERAY RITCHIE (to M. C. M.). "I am indeed glad and thankful to have known him, and to have been one of the many who cared for him, and realised his very great charm and goodness. . . . I somehow feel that there can be but one

emotion of affectionate sad sympathy with you all, and among us all who have lost so dear and kind and good a friend."

Dr. RUTHERFORD (to Mrs. Macmillan). "Many will feel to-day that for a while at least they lose a good and staunch friend. I know I lose the best friend, not kin, that I ever had. He seemed to get at the heart of all who knew him, and to bring out the best that was there. You and he made Knapdale the sort of place that no one who knew it could ever forget."

THE SAME (to M. C. M.). "Your uncle was one of my heroes—one to whom I am conscious of owing a great deal."

Professor HERBERT RYLE (now Bishop of Winchester). "As long as hard work and English literature are held in esteem in our land, so long will the influence which he exerted be understood and valued. No nobler tribute could be paid to his memory than the record of the names of those, his contemporaries, who had him as their attached friend, and who owed it to his friendship that they 'voiced' the best thought of Great Britain."

Mr. J. H. SHORTHOUSE. "He had that wonderful Scottish nature and gift which enables the possessor to *realize* life. He had a grasp of life in its claims and in its possibilities which gave him an insight and sympathy with the claims and possibilities of other men, which I fancy was not only the secret of his success, but the source of his beneficent life in helpfulness to others."

Mr. E. S. SHUCKBURGH. "It is now just thirty years ago that I remember first seeing your father . . . and I remember well to this day how I was impressed by the vigour and brightness of his mind and the width of his intellectual sympathies. His was a character and career of which you all have just grounds to be proud, and it pleases me to think that Cambridge can claim some portion of it as closely connected with itself. I think, besides the grand success of building up such a business, he will be remembered as having raised the moral position of publishing and as having shewn that success may be combined with a real and high regard for the best interests of education and the dignity of literature."

Sir JAMES STIRLING. "The announcement brought a painful sense of the loss of a friend whom I have known nearly forty years. I recall with gratitude much kindness received from him in the old Cambridge days and afterwards."

The Dowager Lady TENNYSON, after referring to the loss of "our true, sympathetic, and much valued friend," added,

"You have all the comfort of looking back on so honourable and distinguished a career, and of feeling that the world cannot but be the better for his work in it."

Mr. F. W. Walker (to M. C. M.). "I enjoyed your uncle's conversation more than that of any friend who has been spared to me. The charm of his intercourse lay, I believe, not in his natural shrewdness nor in his knowledge of men and things, remarkable as these were, but in the goodness of his heart. I do not remember ever to have heard him say an injurious word of any one, or indeed any one to have said an injurious word of him."

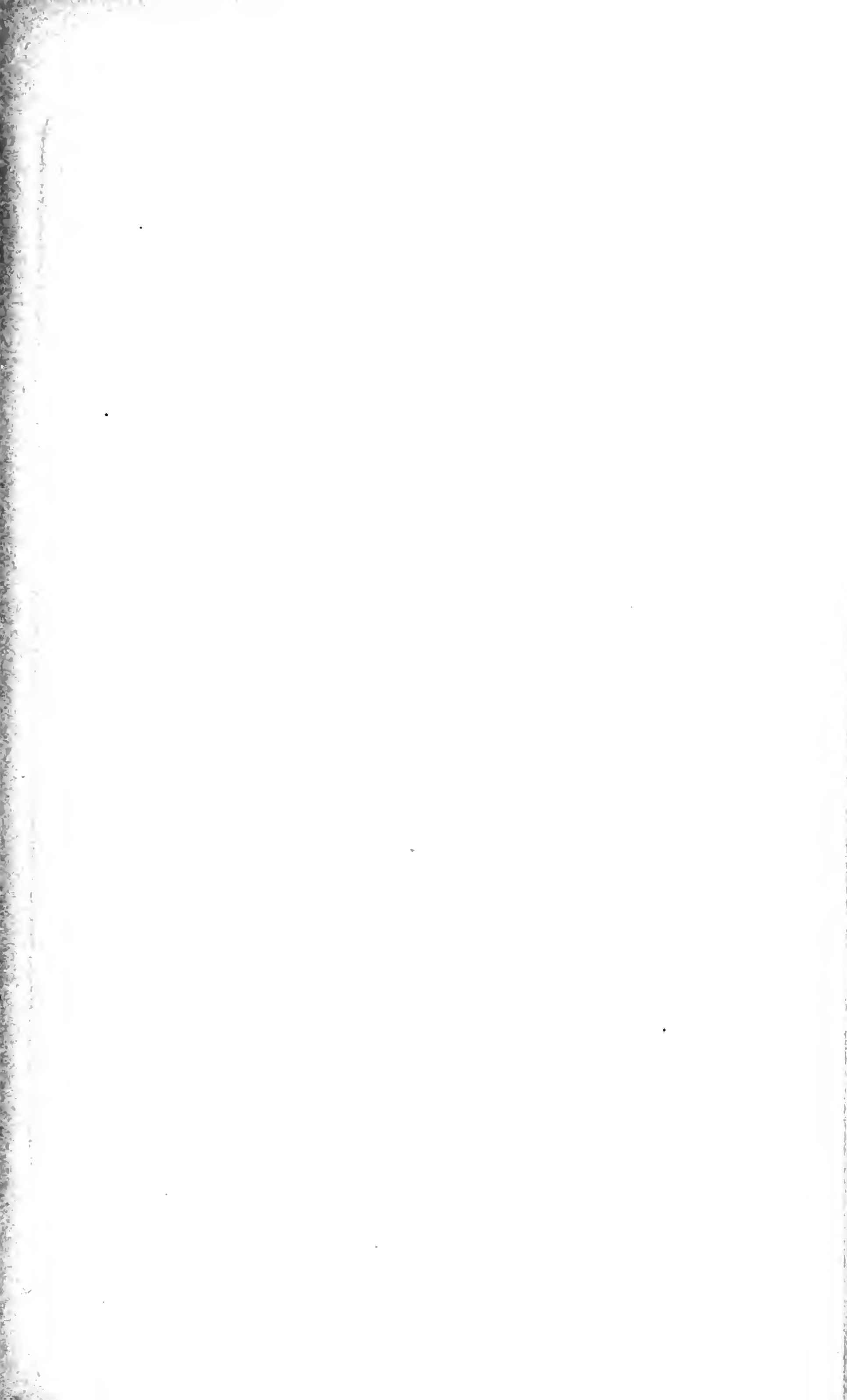
Mrs. T. H. Ward. "I am always so glad that I remember Mr. Macmillan in his vigorous energy and fulness of mind. What a rich personality!"

Dr. Welldon (now Dean of Manchester), (to G. A. M.). "His kindness to me in old days, your own long friendship, my feeling for your family, forbid me to keep silence when you are mourning for his loss. What a noble link he was between past times and present, seeming to unite the worthiness of both! I do not venture to praise him to you; but nobody whom I have known made a more distinct and vivid impression upon my mind than he, and it always seemed to me that in him shrewdness and kindliness, strength and simplicity, wisdom and piety, kissed each other."

Dr. Randall Davidson (now Archbishop of Canterbury), (to G. A. M.). "One who has so long been a foremost leader in the great work of helping us *all* to whatsoever things are true and lovely and of good report. I have so keen a remembrance of your father's constant kindness to me that I cannot forbear sending you this line of true fellow-feeling in your sorrow. . . . His loss will be felt by thousands who never saw him."

Mr. W. Aldis Wright. "He was my oldest friend, and such an event cannot but make a great severance in the continuity of one's life. . . . He has left you the priceless inheritance of a good name in the best of all senses, and his work shows a record of which you all may well be proud."

LETTERS OF
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN



Emery Walker Ph. Sc.

Alexander Macmillan
from a photograph by O. G. Rejlander
taken between 1860 and 1870

Letters of Alexander Macmillan

Cambridge, June 4, 1858.

To James MacLehose.

I don't mean to do a country business at all, or open any accounts out of London beyond those I now have. The object of the London house would be a good deal more to keep one's connection together than to break new ground. There has as you remark no sort of misunderstanding yet arisen between Bell and ourselves, and we are excellent friends and talk freely to each other of our schemes. Of course they know of my going to town, and were not at all surprised at it. . . . I have really no wish to launch out in any extensive way, but merely work the ground I have got, and quietly and naturally expand. Does it seem to you that I am now acting very imprudently?

What do you think of a book called *Pictures of the People* containing sketches of the social and physical condition of the working classes in Manchester, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, Leeds, etc., etc., telling what wages they get, how they live, what is doing for their improvement and the like? The writers my excellent friend Thomas Cooper the Chartist and another friend of his also once a Chartist leader, by name Kydd. They were mostly contributed by them to penny newspapers. They would revise, expand and alter so as to make a book and more interesting than it was in the papers. I have seen most of them and like them much.

July 30, 1858.

To an Author on a novel submitted.

I have just finished the two chapters in which you introduce the Rev. Eusebius Fairlight, and whatever modifications you may have made in his portraiture he still remains a representation that I feel convinced could do no good, but would rather damage the cause you have at heart, and in which I greatly sympathise. Your dislike of the confessional cannot be greater than mine. Were the father confessor the gentlest and purest hearted of men I would dislike it still. But what you prove by the brutality and hypocrisy of Eusebius is that he is a brute and a hypocrite, and for aught that appears the confessional in other hands might be, what very excellent friends of my own, both lay and clergy, say it is, a source of the deepest comfort and the greatest possible help to a pure and godly life. No party, no system advocates brutality like Fairlight's, and it is manifest that all the better and nobler among the Romanizers will have their sense of justice shocked and be able to appeal to the many who know them best. "Is this true? Are not these Protestants obliged to resort to slander and injustice, seeing they can't sustain their cause by argument?"

Then the dinner scene is too burlesque, I think, throughout. I am sure neither you nor I would sit still at a table where the wit and the quarrelling were so broad. I should really like something like half of that chapter left out and the rest modified. Let Eusebius be a gentleman at least. Your blows will be far more effective if they are given with a polished weapon.

August 30, 1858.

To F. D. Maurice.

Furnivall wrote asking either Vesey or myself to write some account of our college for the *People* newspaper. I asked him to send me some numbers, which

he did. Both Vesey and I refused to do anything, as we disliked the character of the paper and the character of the communication about the London college. I really think you are quite right to mark in some way very decidedly that you disapprove of this sort of thing. Perhaps there is something else that I have not seen. I often wish those Sunday excursions could be stopped. I am not superstitious about the Sabbath question, but the older I grow and the older my children grow the more I feel that the day of worship ought to be maintained in its general features as I have known it from infancy. There are many evils connected with mere Sabbatarianism I think, but I honestly feel that whatever real earnestness and gravity of purpose I possess in my character are greatly owing to the impression that these Sabbaths of my infancy and boyhood made on me. And they were not often in any degree connected with gloomy thoughts. The sober calm joy of my mother's face really was diffused over all of us on such a day, and the sweet quiet of every(thing) was certainly good for us all. Of course I see the aspect of these things as regards poor town-bound mechanics and shopmen. But I don't think that this reckless defiance of public opinion on such subjects will do them any good—they will find no rest for their souls in that sort of thing. . . .

Sept. 11, 1858.

To an Author.

You will easily understand also how much one's ordinary responsibilities as a publisher are increased by the anonymous aspect you insist on (not merely to the public but to myself). We have always refused to publish bitter controversial works on both sides. Now under the aspect of a work of art I find myself doing what conscientiously I think unfair. The whole of the tone belongs I fear to that class that adds to confusion and division, hardening opponents in their opinions,

and doing no good anywhere—except perhaps relieving yourself of a feeling of indignation which on the whole is perhaps well-grounded.

Cambridge, October 27, 1858.

To James MacLehose.

I don't think we have had any communication since I wrote telling you of our projected London house, the *Review* and our alterations here. Since then you have seen Fraser, and been told how the *Review* has been suspended, and how our other operations are going on. I cannot say that much fresh light has dawned on the former scheme since we determined to give up said *Review*, nor can we expect any till we see what Bentley's *Review* is to be like. It is said to be supported by some of the *Saturday Review* staff, but I have reason to know only very partially so. If I had known all I now know I don't think I should have been inclined to stop. As it is, however, no great harm is done. One main hindrance to me was that Kingsley was only half-hearted in the enterprise, and though he promised to write, one would have felt much more plucky had one seen him earnest about it. Now to other things! We are fairly settled now in both our new houses. I go up [to London] every Thursday, and make a point of spending the evening "at home," so that any friend coming in can have a cup of coffee or a glass of beer and a chat who likes. Hitherto town has been empty, so that very few have come. Davies and a Yankee named Hurlbert—a special friend of Hughes' and Kingsley's—who is not unlikely Kingsley's original for Stangrave, or thereabout, have been my chief guests. I think the London house will answer. It will certainly bring me the chance of having more authors. It will rest mainly with me to exercise a sound judgment in deciding what

to take, and on what terms to take it. May I be guided right! I have now a great deal of responsibility, but I seem to have been led into it by various circumstances. I have not rushed into it; so I am seeking quietly to accept the work given, and do it as well as I know how. . . .

I will now tell you about our publishing doings and prospects. First of all about Hughes' new book—so long delayed by that dilatoriest of men, Dicky Doyle. We have got all the drawings fairly out of his hands, and I hope that this day Clay has had the whole from Linton the engraver. The book will now assuredly be out by the 20th of November. We are going to press with 5000 copies, and from all I can judge, from what is ordered and the kind of anxiety with which the book is looked for, we will probably sell the larger part of the edition before Christmas. Hughes has spent a good deal of the Long Vacation in recasting a considerable portion of it by making the clerk Richard tell every thing. This gives the book more unity than it had when the "Editor" stepped in and took up the narrative—like a showman dancing among his puppets. He was urged to make this change by some literary friends, whose judgment on this point was of great value. . . . I am in hopes that Hughes may be able to let us begin the continuation of *Tom Brown* by February or March next. We think of making it a serial—say twenty shilling numbers. We think of printing it like *Tom Brown*, giving three sheets—or forty-eight pages with two illustrations to each—so making when completed a guinea book. I think we might pretty safely calculate on a sale of 10,000 copies per month. The portions that I have already seen are quite equal—if not better than the best parts of *T. B.*, and he is daily acquiring more command of his pen. Some of the parts of the *White Horse* which he has re-written are very fine indeed.

A younger brother of Kingsley's—Henry by name—who has spent many years in Australia, principally in the

back-woods, is writing a story of Australian life—chiefly back-woods—partly in England. I have seen about 100 pages of it, and so has Mrs. Macmillan. We are both delighted with it, and augur good things from it. He has his brother's power of describing, but he does not write in the same style at all; it is wonderfully quiet and yet powerful—a kind of lazy strength which is very charming; some of the characters too are drawn with a masterly hand. Convicts, emigrant gentlemen from decayed families, farmers emigrant from various reasons—these are characters he draws. Each one stands firm and clear on his feet, like a man in actual life. I will tell you more about it when I know more. Henry I saw at Eversley in the autumn, and liked exceedingly. He promises to come and see me when his story gets toward completion. Masson's *Milton* you know about. It is going to be a gigantic book—three vols., 700 pages each. But every page is solid genuine stuff. It will be the best history of the time, spiritual and literary, that exists. You must sell 100 copies at least. You can't help it. Shall I send you down some sheets. It will be out by the end of November.

Yes and No[1] stand still. Certain ultra Protestant parts I objected to, and the author promised to alter according to my wish. He did alter them, but as I think for the worse. By agreement we are to let the matter stand till I can go carefully into the whole matter with him. I am as strongly Protestant as he or any man can be; but mere tirade and misrepresentation I won't have; besides the solid part of the book, and that in which its real excellence consists, does not in the least depend on the parts I object to. So it must stand till the spring. It is hard work this, "every publisher his own taster." I find Mrs. Daniel a great help to me in this as in other matters. Her taste is excellent in

[1] A novel published anonymously but written jointly by Dr. Russell Reynolds and his brother Rev. H. R. Reynolds, afterwards Principal of Cheshunt College.

most things, and I always listen carefully to what she says. . . .

You may guess that this long letter was not written off at a sitting as I meant it should be. I am now writing at near one o'clock on Sunday morning (October 30th). I must finish before going to bed. I have little more to say than that though I write so seldom, I often wish you were near that I might consult you on points. Daniel's oldest and dearest friend I would cherish as my own, besides that I respond with the whole heart to the claims his memory makes concerning you. Your letters are always precious to me. We often have your name on our lips at our fireside, and when Fraser and I are talking in our business consultations. You may be sure that we all love you.

Cambridge, November 22, 1858.

To James MacLehose.

I don't know what the mighty critic who did Alex. Smith and has done this will say to me, but the feeling I have is that Mr. H—— has no *call* to write poetry. No verse rings with inward fire which, in spite of all his faults and all the critics in the world, is felt in every line of Smith's. Alexander Smith is a poet, and ought to be whipped if he does not make the thickest hide and ear tingle a yea to the fact. Mr. H—— is a cultured gentleman whom I should be proud to know and work with in any lawful work; but I honestly doubt if poetry is his lawful occupation—the work which "the gods have given him," as heathen-talking Thomas would say. If knowing these sentiments of mine you still would advise him to entrust his volume into my hands, I will honestly do my best for the volume.

Cambridge, December 10, 1858.

To the same.

Extract from a letter from the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of various works of merit to the undersigned.

Many thanks for the *White Horse*. I have read it through with great pleasure. I think it as a work of art an improvement on *Tom Brown*. It abounds, meanwhile, with those little touches of Dutch painting which are peculiar to him, and which, in their unexpected quaintness are to me most pathetic, even when on unpathetic matters. I know not why that man's writing has a power of calling tears into my eyes which nought else but an old ballad has. I suppose it is the undefinable thing called *genius*—what this is God wot, not I.

Jan. 12, 1859.

To F. D. Maurice.

If you think of doing anything in reply to Mansel's book I will be exceedingly glad to publish it. I quite feel with you that no work in our day is half so important as this of vindicating the reality of God's revelation of Himself to man. I assure you it is never long out of my mind how best to help you in the work which I think has evidently been given you to do in this age, and I am filled with shame when I feel how little I have been able to do. Daniel's power was, of course, in all ways greater than mine, and now I have a good deal to do single-handed—but I feel that I ought to have done more, and often regret the subsidence of the Review scheme, which in many respects seemed likely to aid the work, and [I will] think what can be done of a similar or somewhat similar kind. It was this feeling that led me to propose the publication of the Literary Lectures. Of course, you would choose your own form, but I would suggest Essays rather than Sermons, or perhaps a definite consecutive treatise

merely cut up into chapters or perhaps letters. Such a volume would be sure to sell, and I would willingly purchase the first edition, as we did of the Prophets and Kings and other works since. But if you have any other plan which you are set on, and which I can help you in, if I at all can be sure that I will.

April 16, 1859.

To G. F. Maberley in New Zealand.

I was by no means sorry to find that you had determined on entering on your old manner of labour in your new country, and continuing to sow seeds of other than cereal growths. May you prosper, for your own sake and the sake of your fellow-colonists, not to speak of the producers of books, both publishers and authors, at home. Nothing can be more important to us than to have good booksellers planted in these new colonies. I can easily perceive that it should be somewhat of a struggle at first to induce men who are striving with the more immediate and pressing wants of humanity to take an interest in what after all is only a very occasional and by no means vital want—letters. All the more needful is it to have intelligent men in these places who can in some degree create the want they mean to supply. . . .

Cambridge, April 18, 1859.

To James MacLehose.

I have heard of Smith's new Poem. When I go down I must see and have a long talk with him on the subject. The *City Poems* have fallen quite dead. What an uncertain animal the public is! I perceived from the first that Smith was overlooking certain great elements of popularity. He did not treat his subjects in a clear, properly human way; all was too dim and abstract. But in spite of all this there is not a doubt

that no one but Tennyson could write better than the *City Poems* are written. One of our first men here—Clark, who edited Brimley's *Essays*—was saying the other day that on looking into them again they had grown immensely on him, and he could only account for their not being more popular by supposing that most folks like himself had judged them too hastily. If his new volume is really fine it will help this.

May 14, 1859.

To Charles Kingsley.

You will have an opportunity of speaking a word of wisdom on all sides now. What with a Dizzy as our "Saviour of Society" and a Bright as our Champion of popular rights we require some clear strong voice to utter some plain honest truth. I am quite confident that if spoken as you can speak it, it will be listened to. For I do think England is sound at heart—only sorely perplexed at the terrible breaking up of old landmarks on all sides. . . .

What do you think of the present state of things on the Continent? Don't you remember how highly Count Cavour stood in the estimation of everyone quite recently? Does he actually believe in the honesty and goodwill to freedom of Louis Napoleon? If Austria and France would have the kindness to cut each other's throats one would leave them alone to do it with a quiet mind. But poor little Sardinia in the hobble! It is not at all comfortable. I had a man in to-day who has just come back from Italy. He says that Louis Napoleon is a noble high-souled man, and that he means all that he says! So you see that there can be variety of opinion. We are busy forming rifle clubs here, and I hope they will do so everywhere. It is just as well to be prepared for emergencies. Kindest regards to Mrs. Kingsley.

May 16, 1859.

To Robert Buchanan.

I have read the greater part of your manuscript very carefully, and found what seemed to me a vein of palpable poetic feeling of considerable merit in its kind. The kind, however, I confess does not seem to me one desirable to be cultivated. Boccaccio regretted his own work in his later years, and I don't think without reason. That Italy is the thralled place she is, is owing in no small degree to her indulgence in that luscious enfeebling vein of literature. A young Scotch poet should I think strive to make himself and others as pure and strong and fit to do God's work in the world as he can. We have enough to drag us down without our being sung down in strength and purity.

Excuse this preaching from a stranger. I might have contented myself with saying that your poems would not suit us, but a strain of real merit has led me to venture a little beyond the mere official answer.

Cambridge, May 16, 1859.

To James MacLehose.

You see I have reached home at last. I got to London on Thursday morning by nine o'clock, and down here on Friday afternoon. I found all my household well except the baby, who had some minor baby ailment, which, however, she seems to have quite got over now. I have had to give a complete journal of all my doings and seeings, and to tell all about you and your household over and over again. A pocket sample of you would have been very desirable. I am so glad to have realised to myself how you all look, and to be able to send kind regards and maintain good wishes towards definite, visual, wife and children of my old friend. You will believe that I especially enjoyed our last quiet evening, and was very glad I staid that night. I enjoyed my Edinburgh visit, too, very much. I saw

several notables. Carlyle's brother—the translator of Dante—Professor Fraser, Veitch, the editor of Sir William Hamilton, and others, besides lots of younger men. I got a glimpse of Mr. Campbell and of Mr. Erskine, but had not much talk with them.

I return your friend's paper on Carlyle. I think he should make no use of it. It really has some cleverness in parts, but he is manifestly wrong in his estimate of the book he reviews and rebukes scoffingly. The jungle of words, etc., as he calls it, is certainly one of the most masterly pieces of clear sequence given to an entangled and obscure but really, in spite of both Mr. Carlyle and his satirist, interesting period of history. Of course, it is not interesting to you if you don't feel an interest in it, and you are welcome to call it dull if you like. But I do think it a very legitimate object of human interest, that of the progress of a race or people out of confused barbarism into something like orderly human life, and surely Mr. Carlyle has produced it in a masterly way. As to the be-hero-ing of Frederick William I think that Carlyle only gives him credit for what he actually did possess, and I can see no symptom that he thinks him by any means a supreme man. Of course, no one expects to see the old growler talk sense and moderation always. It's his way, and withal I don't know who writes so much sense, and his nonsense in a general way won't do people much harm. I think our excellent and palpably clever and well-meaning (young?) friend will do better to learn from Thomas than to make faces at him. If he takes my advice he will not make any use of it in a literary fashion. The paper may be useful for other purposes. If, however, he does, do ask him to leave out the references to the *price* of the book—it proves nothing in the argument, and has a tone of vulgar personality, which I think would be very offensive to most people of moderately fastidious taste. I think your friend has palpable literary faculty, which he should cultivate in better regions.

May 21, 1859.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

. . . I was very anxious to get Mr. Kingsley's judgment and help about the lines of boys' books I wrote to him about. You remember how much you have always wished him to do something more in that line, and how much I have sympathised with you in this wish. There seems to me now an especial need of some such books as would inculcate in boys a reverence and love for the past, of their own country especially. To make them feel how this great England has grown to be so great, by what self-sacrifice and heroism men of the past have in all directions built up what is valuable in our national life and activity. This is what I should like to see brought vividly before all classes of English boys, and I know no way better than by such a series of lives as I spoke of to Mr. Kingsley when I was last down, and to which I again referred in my letter the other day. When I saw Mr. Kingsley at Eversley he seemed willing to take the Elizabethan Heroes, and surely a noble and appropriate subject for his pen. If you have opportunity I shall be extremely grateful to you if you will get his views on this subject. I should like early to do something in it.

I was also looking forward with great satisfaction to his new novel for the next winter. I hope yet that the spirit will come on him, and that he may find that he must write. There will—if the French invasion comes to nothing, which I think is most probable—be a fierce agitation among the Bright and Cobden party, and I fear we shall have more of those firebrand speakers attempting to set class against class, which is such a hindrance to all real honest co-operation for noble national ends. The story which Mr. Kingsley sketched seemed to me just a word in season. I do trust that it will not be long before we have it. Besides you know that we cannot be indifferent to business, and so true and noble an author as Mr. Kingsley is most valuable to us. . . .

June 21, 1859.

To David Douglas.

Thank you very much for your kindness in mentioning the Knox idea to Principal Tulloch. I hesitate to write to him because I should like to avoid interfering with any established relations between publishers and authors. I will set down as clearly as I can what seems to me wanting in the general estimate of Knox's character and in the story of his life.

In order to see the full force of what Knox did it would be absolutely necessary to see what the circumstances were into which he came. All the work that was done by the Lollards of Kyle, Hamilton, Wishart, and others ought to be fairly estimated. The *sources* of each specific movement ought to be traced as much as possible. Could nothing more be found, for instance, about these Kyle men, of whom Knox gives such a graphic account in his own *History?* He refers, I think, to the Glasgow documents. But there, Maene and David Laing have already been on the search. Would there not be a chance of anything being found in Ayr or any of the minor parishes? Whatever is known now ought at least to be disclosed in an ordinary graphic living way. Mr. Lorimer seems to have done a good deal, but it is in a *very* antiquarian spirit. Wishart is a grand character, and ought to make a beautiful minor figure in any picture which concerns Knox. All the tenderness, and all the fierceness, too, of Knox's nature comes up against Wishart. The description of that last night in Ormestoun is one of the most solemn and tender pictures I know in any writer. A great Scotch painter ought to do it into visible form, and a great historian into living words. I have sometimes thought that almost every phase of Knox's character might be seen best from this standing ground. Why was he so relentless and unbending in his conflict ever afterwards with all forms of Romish belief? Had not its monstrous aspect culminated in the murder—contrary to all law and justice—of Wishart? The clear

political views which Knox exhibits ever after—in his correspondence with Cecil and in all his dealings with the English—may have received their first life when he saw a feeble vacillating political chief snubbed and defied by an unrighteous spiritual ruler. The very errors into which he fell—if they are so—may in some degree have had their rise here. As Wishart is important, so must *Major* in a *minor* degree be, and indeed all the surrounding characters—Sir David Lindsay—the State papers of Hen. VIII. ought to be carefully investigated, and something at least as living and picturesque as Froude might be given. The chief features that strike me as requiring attention in Knox's own character—namely, that he was no blind fanatic—no man of a mere party—but that through whatever narrowness of creed or local prejudice hung about him, a clear, calm, loving " human man " was there. These features appear to have arrested Professor Tulloch, so that I need not do more than mention them. But I do exceedingly long to see a thoroughly popular book nicely and vividly written that will do away as much as possible with the horrible caricature which friends, no less than foes, have helped to perpetuate, and of which Sir David Wilkie's picture of Knox preaching before the Parliament seems the embodied expression. Should Professor Tulloch feel disposed to undertake such a book I would be greatly rejoiced to be the publisher. Of course, it is quite free to him to do the work and offer it to Messrs. Blackwood, who, I am sure, will treat him well. In any case I shall be glad to see it done, and the Lecture on Knox prepares me to believe that Principal Tulloch is very fit to undertake it. At the same time I should be glad if it could be done without prejudice to other duties, and feeling that we were to be the publishers.

July 18, 1859.

To George Wilson.

Our magazine is to start in October, and we would like exceedingly to have something of yours in an early number—if possible the first. You have, I know, that little thing, *Pens*, *Paper*, *Ink*, somewhere about ready for printing. Could we not have a part of it for our first number, and the rest in subsequent ones? I know that Jessie will be scolding me for inducing you to write more, but I hope this is not going to be a very great effort for you. Also could you give a little résumé of what has been doing of late—say the last few months in Science—especially as it stands related to human progress? This should be your own subject. A couple of pages of *Blackwood* would be enough for this paper. I am in great hopes that our magazine will be a success. Masson, as I told you, is going to edit it. Hughes goes on with a continuation of *Tom Brown*. Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and His Friends*, has promised us an occasional article, and I have hopes of various young Oxford and Cambridge men—friends of Hughes and of my own. But we will be sad if we want you. So scrape up something that will suit us. Edmonston, whom I saw in London on Friday morning, gave me your message. I am very glad to hear that you are making way with the *Forbes*.[1] It will be a great thing if we can have it in the course of the winter. I hope this terribly hot weather is not affecting you unfavourably. Possibly among the hills you are not having it so hot as we are in the flats. To-day people in Cambridge move about like Ghosts, silent and smitten-like, shaking heads mournfully at each other. Here am I sitting as near as I can get to the centre of draught of four doors and a window, and am hardly cool enough to write even to a friend. My wife is at Yarmouth, where they say it is delightfully cool. Happy creatures they!

[1] Life of J. D. Forbes.

July 19, 1859.

To Charles Kingsley.

. . . We are going to make the experiment of a popular shilling monthly with some new features. Masson is going to be Editor, and Hughes is going to do a story in it. Is it quite hopeless to expect any help from you? I suppose your dislike to Reviews still continues, and really I don't wonder at it. But these things have considerable influence, and ought not to be left wholly in hands that use that influence unworthily.

Whenever you have any of the story ready I shall be very glad to see it. I have been thinking a great deal about it of late. It seems to me that it ought to be most useful and popular. It could not come at a more convenient time. The external dangers which really now look formidable will dispose men more to union in all noble effort, and the line you propose to yourself of showing how each class has its work to do for the common good will be a word in season. The work of the last quarter century has not been slight, and that of the next—should God spare us as a people—ought to be much greater. That wicked fox, "our faithful ally," looks very like a trial of our faith and courage and national pluck. But does it not sadden one to think how much one man has in his hands? It is hardly less sad because one sees so clearly that the cause is the rottenness of the continental peoples. Does not the "honorary presidency of the Pope," and the alliance with Austria (seem) like one of the old Catholic Leagues?

Have you read the *Idylls of the King?* They seem to me finer than anything he has done yet. At least the last(?), Guinevere, does.

July 25, 1859.

To David Masson.

I send you by this post all the numbers of the *Lion University Magazine*, which contains a lot of

articles by Ainger,[1] whom you met one day at Henrietta Street, and who I thought would be very useful to us in the magazine. I have marked all his. You will see a very varied vein—I think a very fine one—of humour. The imitation of different writers is really fine. That of the *Saturday Review* is really amusing, and I think catches some of their "trick" wonderfully.

I also send you a small volume called *Joint Compositions*. They were written together by Henry Lushington (a brother of Frank Lushington you met at Henrietta Street one day) and Venables, Thackeray's friend. The poem called *A Rural Ride* seemed to me so charming that I judged it worth securing, if we could, for the *Magazine*, and I accordingly asked Venables for it. He has kindly consented, and if you agree with me as to its worth we will have it. I suggested that a short paragraph at the beginning had better be given to tell people a little about Cobbett and his *Rural Rides*, as I think a good many people have forgotten all about Cobbett but the name. This he agrees to do.

I have also heard from George Wilson, who promises us all the help he can. He will work up his articles, *Pen, Ink and Paper*, for us.

He advises about the résumé that it should be delayed till after the Association. But I enclose his letter, which you will kindly return.

August 29, 1859.

To Rev. H. R. Reynolds, afterwards Principal of Cheshunt College.

. . . I have been enjoying the levels of sea and shore and vaultings of sky and cloud down at Lowestoft. Not having mountains to enliven me I have been

[1] The well-known editor of Lamb, afterwards Master of the Temple.

content with the quieter beauty, which, however, is very fine. Sunsets and starshine by the sea are wonderful. Even the cloudless blaze of noon with its infinite broken reflex on the sea has a sublimity about it. I seem to live on the beach in delicious indolence, pitching stones into the sea at lazy intervals—or at one of the children, perhaps, who returns it with interest. It was very jolly I can tell you. Though it was not Snowdonia (?), it also is a "work of the Lord," for which I am most thankful.

I am a little disposed to be gloomy about mountains at present, and to ask what is the use of them. You have perhaps seen the most melancholy death of Archdeacon Hardwick, who was a very excellent friend of mine. It will be a sore trial to many a friend here, for he was exceedingly beloved by many a good man here. His career seemed likely to be distinguished in a high degree. He was only 38, and had already won for himself a name of distinction where he was only known as a name, as well as love and esteem where he was known as a true brother man. And all this hope and love seems spilt like a common thing for no earthly reason or aim. If a friend gets a fever in visiting a sick room and dies, or gets killed in doing something—but this—but I cannot go on about it. It is too sad. . . .

Aug. 29, 1859.

To Rev. F. Procter on Archdeacon Hardwick's death.

His memory will always be especially tender to me; it was he who read the solemn funeral service over the remains of my dear brother, and the touching earnestness of his tones was very precious to us all then as assuring us of the sympathy which is a pledge and token of the Higher sympathy, and we will often think of him and that day together.

Sept. 7, 1859.

To David Masson on the title of the New Magazine which A. M. had wished to call 'The Round Table.'

I return Hughes's letter. I am amused with the respective position of the three persons interested in the controversy. Here you and I are going to fight tooth and nail about a mere name. Hughes says "Whatever you like." Type somewhat of the nationalities severally represented.

Do you know the more I think on it the more I think I am right. I have written, without any indication of the side I take, to MacLehose and Douglas, two of the wisest and best booksellers in the three kingdoms, to see what they say.

There is, I am convinced, no weight in the Dickens parallel. No mortal would think that there could have been any faintest hint taken from "All the Year Round." 'Round' is in both titles just as there is a river in Macedon and one in Wales.

To David Masson.

I have a note from Mrs. Tennyson saying we shall "have beds and a cordial welcome" when we come, and the time named will suit them quite well. So we hold ourselves bound to start from London by the 10.15 train from Waterloo to Lymington on Friday. I think this is right, but will make some further enquiries in the meantime.

I look to enjoying this run exceedingly.

Oct. 4, 1859.

To Rev. H. R. Reynolds.

I have had a visit to Tennyson since I wrote you, and spent the greater part of two days with him. It was a treat as you may guess. He smokes like a good Christian.

Oct. 6, 1859.

To James MacLehose.

We are progressing satisfactorily with *Maga*. Hughes's story opens brilliantly—quite Tom Brown himself. Masson says it could not be better. I think the other articles will follow suit—good stuff all. Don't whisper it to a soul, as it may after all come to nothing, but I am in hopes of a poem from Tennyson. He was down in Cambridge for two days, and spent the great part of them with us. He was most friendly. He said several times he wished we were his publishers, but he was so tied that he could not move at present. He is such a noble, kindly man. I could not help thinking how he and dear Daniel would have taken to each other. If he respects the Macmillan blood in so unworthy a representative as myself, what would he not have done in so noble a one as Daniel? May I never disgrace that noble and sweet memory. I could not help writing a long letter to Mrs. Tennyson—she wrote one to me a few months since thanking me for a little interest I had taken in getting her husband's bust into Trinity, and invited me to come and see them. In my letter I ventured to tell her something about Daniel and George Brimley, and how they were bound up in memory with her husband's books. The result was a most warm repetition of her invitation, and Masson, who also has an old invitation on hand, and I are going down to-morrow to spend two or three days with them, in the Isle of Wight, giving Kingsley a look in on our way back.

My hope for Tennyson's poem is a half promise he made when he was in Cambridge, which I mean to try and clinch—if I can do it without obtrusiveness—when I am with him.

Have you any encouraging news of our prospects in Glasgow to give? I know your kindness and zeal.

We are all well at home. I was forty-one years old last Monday, and Daniel's Frederick eight yesterday. Lo, how the generations pass!

I hope you, Mrs. MacLehose, and the bairns are all well.

Masson works splendidly and with great cheerfulness and enthusiasm; so does Hughes. They together are doing a kind of Noctes—to be called *Colloquies of the Round Table*. Hughes has a capital song in No. 1, and the whole thing looks promising; others will lend a hand occasionally.

Oct. 11, 1859.

To Alfred Tennyson.

I can now say unreservedly that we shall be most glad to have your *Idyll* for our *Magazine*. I think I told you we would like to have it for the January number. I hope Mrs. Tennyson will feel satisfied that a poem of this length will be more appropriate to our graver monthly than to the lighter weekly, which I trust you will find able also to gratify with some smaller piece.

Allow me to remind you of our dinner on November 1 at 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. I hope you will be able to come. We will be very quiet, but I hope they will be people whom you will like, who will be with us. I would like to ask Palgrave, if I were not afraid he will think the Dickens taint too deep in us. By the way, this celebrity is coming to read his books in our town hall next week. Wouldn't that be an inducement to come and see us again? Both Masson and I got back to London much refreshed in spirits, if a little tired in body. I hope Mrs. Weld won't laugh at me very much if I say that I had the slightest possible *sensation* as I was crossing from Yarmouth.

I have sent by to-night's post a copy of Mr. Maurice's last book, which you will consider from the author. I also have ventured to send three small books for the boys. The little *Days of Old* is by a young lady. If Mrs. Tennyson has time to look at it I should like very much some time to know what she thinks of

the stories. They took me much—perhaps to a considerable extent because they are attempts to do what I have so great a desire to see done more extensively—to bring the young mind of England into reverent contact with the old English life.

I hope you will find Henry Kingsley's novel, which I am taking the liberty of sending for yourself, a relief from metaphysico-theological controversy. . . .

I am not venturing to say anything of the enjoyment your reception of us gave Masson and myself—but you will believe that the silence is not because I did not feel, or have forgotten it.

Oct. 12, 1859.

To Dr. Vaughan on his leaving Harrow.

. . . I need not say with what sorrow I saw your resignation announced. It is, however, an example that might well be followed—perhaps in cases quite parallel with some mitigations. The heads of great public schools ought never to be men in any degree worn out. It must have been a nice eye that detected any signs of flagging about Harrow. Pray excuse my remarks if they seem too obtrusive.

You ask about the *Guardian* and its silence about your books. This paper with a certain show of candour is yet most completely bound to their little clique, and is most grudging in its recognition of anything that does not belong to themselves. There is no paper where any generous treatment is given to books of a school which cannot speak one or other of the shibboleths. We must ever bide our time.

Oct. 12, 1859.

To George Wilson.

Masson and I found your paper, etc., at Henrietta Street on our return from a visit we were paying to the Poet Laureate at the Isle of Wight. Masson

took it with him, and I have not seen him since. But I have no doubt that he will be able to arrange about putting it in entire.

We had three glorious days with Tennyson, whom we found in all ways genial, manly, and pleasant. We talked and walked and smoked and chatted with the ladies, and altogether were as happy as we could be. We took Kingsley on our way home, and had dinner and a pipe at Eversley. He is not quite well, and his proposed novel is to be suspended in the meantime.

I am glad you like the *Glaucus*. Kindest regards to all.

To Mrs. Tennyson.

I very deeply sympathise with your feeling about the unusual arrangements, of which my own will more or less partake. The only apology I have to make for it is that it is a single and complete affair, and carrying with it no future harassing and unknown responsibilities. I must frankly admit a double selfishness. It will be an inexpressible delight for me to be in any way connected as a publisher with Mr. Tennyson—gratifying my vanity I fear I must honestly admit—perhaps a little of some better feeling mingles with it, and commercially, I think it will do our magazine a great deal of good. Yet I do hope you will not feel yourself induced by instincts (which I cannot but admit to be most wholesome) to persuade Mr. Tennyson to alter his mind, but that we may have the poem for the magazine as he kindly promised. I think I am honest in saying that so long as the Moxon family have any interest in the publications I would not move a finger to induce their coming to us; and I simply wish this *Idyll* for magazine purposes, and will unrepiningly see it go back to its natural publishing channels.

I am glad Mrs. Weld is able to report an improvement in your health. I hope the damp weather won't increase your cold. Will you think me very Gothic if

I say that if the earth round your house were elastic or plastic I should like to stretch the un-treed part twenty or thirty yards, and leave a free space for air and sun? I cannot think that trees pressing close round a house are other than unwholesome. There it is out! Will Mr. Tennyson ever forgive me?

Cambridge, October 22, 1859.

To James MacLehose.

Will you come up to our dinner on the 1st of November? I think you have a chance of seeing Tennyson and Kingsley—perhaps Carlyle—and various other capital fellows—including an Earl, if you care about such an article—this is a good fellow, Earl or not—Earl Ripon to wit—a great friend of Hughes's. Come and we'll be right glad to see you. We can house you somehow.

Nov. 12, 1859.

To Franklin Lushington.

I had a long chat with Mr. Masson about the omissions. He quite agrees with your principle of the names lessening editorial responsibility. In future there will be, I hope, no doubt of your getting your articles in entire, and always seeing proofs.

I am very glad you take to my notion. I cannot tell you how anxious I am that everything that we put into our *Magazine* should be manly and elevating. I don't in the least believe that the aimless and frivolous is as interesting in the long run as that which means something.

I am indeed glad to have Mr. Tennyson's *Seaside Idyll*. At present I don't want it talked about more than is necessary. I would like the announcement of it to come fresh on the public. I mean to have it in the January number, and that was one reason I wanted your article in it.

Cambridge, Nov. 15, 1859.

To Rev. Henry Whithead.

I suppose all the lectures, except Mr. Driver's on the *Strike*, which I have received here and read, are lying for me at Henrietta Street, and I will see them when I go up on Thursday. I will take the opportunity of asking Mr. Hughes about lectures, though owing to his *Tom Brown* and other matters, added to his professional work, I know that he has little time. His inclinations will at any rate be good I know. Mr. Driver seems a very vigorous person, in diction at least, and his thinkings have a character and spice about them too.

On the question of the strikes he does not say much that has not occurred to most of us before, and I fancy on some points he is only partially right—as, for instance, that the mass of the men are led by a few demagogues. I hear on good authority that this is not the case. Hughes, who has gone into the question a good deal, says that the men are often in advance of their leaders, and have to be held back. The late strike was no doubt a miserable affair, but it was not—or rather the demand for short hours was not—so arbitrary as it seems. I am inclined to think that shortening hours of labour will be the direction in which *Classes* will rise, as distinguished from individuals rising out of classes. From what I had heard of Mr. Driver I was really hoping for something very deeply interesting and new on this very complicated subject. We have not been to the bottom of it yet, and if Louis Napoleon is really coming over I would like to see some greater unanimity among the classes than there is, and all words that would promote this spoken.

To James MacLehose.

The *Saturday Review* will be chaffed back in the Colloquy. There is a short notice of a mistake they

made in a Review of a French book in another portion of the magazine, so they only anticipate the attack. I have no doubt we shall often have to fight them. They may be right, as you say, but it is a matter of very small consequence, and their talk is folly, and their allusion to the commercial views of the publisher an approximation at least to impertinence. The article, however, would do no harm.

I don't feel frightened about Thackeray.[1] My impression rather is that we shall help each other. I will try to avoid all collision and ill blood. The *Saturday* rascals will keep us before the public you may be sure. We'll see. The writer of the article—as I believe—was at my magazine dinner, and is really a most friendly fellow. His brother and he himself too are like to be occasional contributors.

Nov. 16, 1859.

To Sebastian Evans.

I am more than *rather* sorry both for the cause and the fact that we can't publish the volume. You know as well as I do that I do not shrink from publishing from fear of Dons or anyone else, but because I honestly dislike the position you occupy. I have too much reason to fear that you are right in thinking that a large and intelligent class of Englishmen is fast drifting away from the old moorings and steerings too, and don't appear either to have or to care to possess any in their stead. A kind of hopeless, aimless philosophy—somewhat of the Topsy order—is all that remains. I don't like it in any way, as you know. I fear it will paralyse many a heart and arm in the European struggle that is certainly coming. I mentioned Heine, not in the least suspecting you of imitating him. Indeed, you have every right to claim for yourself your own standing

[1] The *Cornhill Magazine* was about to appear under Thackeray's editorship.

ground. But the very essence of this modern philosophy is better seen in Heine than elsewhere that I know of.

> As if the Lord in Heaven had perished,
> And down below the Devil were dead.

The utter destruction of all hope and fear that so markedly characterises so much of our literature never was better expressed than in these two lines of his.

But, my dear Bass, I am not going to bore you with a long discussion, and much as I dislike your philosophy yet I love you, and will hope that it is only a kind of measles—though you are getting old for that—or something that you will get over. But if after all you are right, and this hopeless philosophy is right, and we are mere things, toys of circumstance, and have no distinct ascertainable relations to the Unseen Being, in virtue of which we can fight manfully and hopefully against all *im*moral and *un*moral destinies and necessities of custom, one's own passions, or Napoleonism, then we are in a worse condition than I hold we are now—and I am not unconscious of much existing evil. But holding as I do by this faith, you know I can't do other than regret that any good friend should be seeking to destroy it. At the same time honest, clear speech is surely best, and the very fact that you want—and I suppose it lies on your conscience—to publish gives you a claim to one's consideration.

I return the books by this day's post, as it is not fair to keep you an hour longer in suspense than needful. I wish you could have let us have the poem *Tod als Freund* for our Magazine if nothing else. It would do you no harm, and I should like it.

Nov. 26, 1859.

To Alfred Tennyson.

It is clearly not an easy matter to manage a magazine well. Whether we will ultimately succeed time

will prove. How wisely you have chosen in writing when and how you felt it right to yourself I feel more keenly than before. I hope you will think our number pretty good on the whole, whatever you think of the colloquy. There is a short poem, *Der Tod als Freund*, which has taken my fancy. It is by a young man who once did some sonnets on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which you spoke kindly of when they were published. I dare say you have forgotten the circumstance, but neither he nor we have. His name is Sebastian Evans.

We have had Woolner down with us arranging the placing of the bust. He seems pretty well satisfied with the position he has got. He was talking about your writing some Idylls. I do, however, long to see some English ballads from your pen, further down the stream of British life. We need it much—I feel that our modern mind should get back to the earlier simpler tone of the old time. But I dare say you think my presumption in telling you what you ought to write about, something considerable.

I was exceedingly glad to hear from Woolner that Mrs. Tennyson continues better. Mr. Kingsley, too, whom I saw on Saturday, gave me a good account of you all.

Pray look specially at Huxley's article, *Time and Life*. Darwin's book, which it mentions, is remarkable certainly. I thought of "Nature acts in tooth and claw" as I was glancing over it. I wish someone could bring out the other side. But surely the scientific men ought on no account to be hindered from saying what they find are facts.

Dec. 5, 1859.

To Rev. B. F. Westcott.

I have had a long talk with Mr. Lightfoot about the *Notes*. He promised to write you himself about a work which he is already some way into, and which if

we modified our scheme somewhat might work into ours. The great obstacle I fancy would be that he wants to give his own text with the portion which he edits. What influence this would have on any attempt at an amalgamation you can judge better than I can. Otherwise the plan of having a series of small volumes, one containing St. Paul's writings, another St. John's, another the three Gospels, and another the Minor Epistles does not appear to me at all a bad one. It would be very desirable that the scale and the general principles should be arranged beforehand. This you would naturally do.

Dec. 6, 1859.

To Henry Kingsley.

. . . Dear George Wilson has been a sufferer, and a nobly patient one, for something like twenty years. He never flinched from the call of duty or friendship, though racking coughs and aching limbs were his almost constant companions. What the man accomplished with what was but the shattered shell of a human body is to me and to all who knew him wonderful. He was never out of temper or spirits, always the same genial, playful and yet earnest manner about him. He has made that Industrial Museum of Scotland almost wholly himself; corresponding and even travelling to all parts of the country where can be found or heard of anything that would add to the value of the collection and throw light on some point of industry or art. He delivered something like a dozen lectures weekly with lungs which most people would have considered barely adequate to the exertion of simple in- and exhalation. He had been burned with caustic, hot irons, cut with cutting instruments and lancets; and blistered in every imaginable way: he had a foot cut off for scrofula, was a martyr to sciatica and rheumatism in every shape and form, had enlarged spleen—indeed I don't know what he had not—as he himself used to say

he was copiously illustrated in cuts of all sorts, and yet he could accomplish all this and be ready to make a speech at a charitable institution or deliver a popular lecture almost whenever he was asked. But indeed he has gone to rest he sorely needed, and if it can be said of any man, which he has well earned. . . .

Dec. 6, 1859.

To Mrs. Tennyson.

. . . .

If Mr. Tennyson does not know whether the *Princess* is Epic or no, it was surely presumptuous in me to lay down the law on the subject. It is quite clear, however, that it is a story told in a narrative form of some kind, which is all we meant to maintain. It is very strange to find how hard it is to get people impressed with the simple distinction that was sought to be enforced in that short paper. I had to fight the battle last night with two very intelligent men, both great admirers of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. I think we agreed at last, but it was only after a long and elaborate discussion.

Dec. 7, 1859.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . Dear George Wilson was, as you say, a good and sorely tried man. I don't think I ever knew a sweeter, nobler, more utterly unselfish nature. He was the sweetest son and brother and friend that ever lived. No one would more quietly (have) shrugged his shoulders at what you said of his article, with a remark about the variety of tastes in the world and the need of cultivating a tolerant habit of mind. I don't think he cared much for such things in his heart, but he had a playful fancy, and what might seem "affectatious" was a genuine utterance—he thought and spoke so naturally. No more severe man of science existed I

believe. Dear George—Might our lives approach the beauty and completeness of thine. How thickly the Unseen is getting peopled with those most precious—what a sense of reality it gives to so much that was too often only words in a book. . . .

December 12, 1859.

To Sebastian Evans.

. . . I should very much like to write a long answer to your interesting letter. But I really am so busy, and my mind occupied with a variety of things, that I cannot say more than a few words.

The question whether we should publish your volume of poems is a very subordinate one to the question whether they should be published at all. In not undertaking them I am giving up a long cherished hope, and the cause that makes it impossible for me to undertake them increases by much the regret I feel. But surely I would regret a great deal more, if, holding such beliefs, you did not—if your conscience so puts the matter—utter them bravely and openly. I may and do find it hard to understand how a deep earnest protest can be felt needful against any system of doctrine simply because it is either *written* or *historical*. I might have felt that truth or falsehood was a better test than written and what is your antithesis—“irrefragable faith” that “evil is to be looked in the face, and God held to be good.” I do not feel that, as you have written this in your letter to me, men of old may not have written what is true as well as modern ones. I seem to find it written in the Bible that evil is to be looked at in order to be smitten down, and that God's goodness has been marvellously attested. If I find an unwritten echo to the utterance from the book, in my own heart, I would not feel that the value of the writing was lessened by that. But what I complained of in your poems was that there was no such [conviction?] uttered,—merely a barren spirit of mockery. [You?] may be the champion

in the coming struggle, but if it is not [to be the work ?] of the devil it must be in another spirit than that of mockery. Whatever is false in modern teaching of Christianity I quite agree with you will have to go to the place of all falsehood. Go in against it with all your heart. But in the name of all that's good see that it is on better grounds than that it is written or historical that you oppose a thing.[1]

Dec. 28, 1859.

To Rev. E. W. (afterwards Archbishop) Benson.

Volumes of short sermons are not an encouraging venture generally: yet as we should exceedingly like to publish anything for you, we would be glad to know what kind of volume you proposed. If one about the size of Kingsley's *Village Sermons*, we will be glad to run the risk of it. Pray let us know. I have been meaning to write to ask you if you felt inclined to undertake a volume of a series that I have thought of having done for boys. A kind of British Biography in small five shilling volumes, such as you could put into boys' hands and hope they would read them eagerly. The plan was to include only one or two eminent men of each period and make their biography rather indicate the history, not so as to attempt to give the history, but so that afterwards when they came to read they would find more life in the facts than would otherwise be possible. One great aim was also to cultivate a reverence for the past. The characteristic of so much of our modern writing is to depreciate the bygone people and time. This can do nothing but harm, I believe, and lead to shallowness and conceit.

The person and his *confrères* whom I had thought of asking you to undertake was Wellington and the people about him. If you think you would like to consider the matter seriously I will gladly give you more particulars.

[1] Some words are almost obliterated in the Letter Book.

Jan. 11, 1860.

To James Stirling of Glasgow.

Although I had little fear that you would take offence at our return of your article, or my accompanying letter, I am not the less gratefully impressed with your courtesy in assuring me that you have not taken it amiss. I am even more gratified that you have taken the trouble to give me in some detail your reasons for speaking of the Universities as you have done in your paper: and at the risk of troubling you still further I am emboldened to make some remarks on what you said in your letter to me; as I fancy you have somewhat misunderstood the grounds on which I acted and wrote as I did.

A residence of seventeen years at Cambridge has not, so far as I can judge of my own feelings, in any degree mitigated my interest in the well-being of the class from which I sprung and to which in feeling and sympathy I still belong—the working class of our population. That it should have a larger share in the government of the country, and should grow in fitness to take that share, is one of the deepest feelings I am conscious of. That the antagonism you have marked, as existing between the aristocratic and cleric classes and the commercial and industrial, does exist I am deeply and painfully aware of. I constantly feel it in myself and see it in those around me. But its existence appears to me a matter deeply to be regretted, and I would like in every way in my power to lessen the breach. That some members of the University and Aristocracy and Clergy do speak as you suppose them to speak of the industrial classes is true, and I have never lost an opportunity, at the risk of giving offence, of bearing my testimony against this kind of speech and feeling. There are members of the University here whom we have offended grievously on this very point. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there is as large, or even a larger, number of the members

of the University of Cambridge and of the clergy of the Church of England with whom I come into contact who are as open-minded, open-hearted thinkers and workers for the elevation of the working classes of this country as any class I ever met with. When the Working Man's College was founded in Cambridge I had a considerable share in it, and the number of influential and distinguished men of the various colleges who readily and heartily entered into its working and took classes in it at great personal inconvenience was quite startling even to me, who already thought well of them. Among the students who attended the classes were some of the most vehement radicals in our working and commercial population. The University men who worked with them showed no sign of dislike, but treated them with the utmost courtesy and liberality. This Institution brought out a fact that I had long felt convinced of, that intercourse and the increase of knowledge between class and class would do more to benefit both the classes than anything else could. The petty jealousies and suspicions that exist in the one as much as in the other have done and are doing more to damage the country in all the vital interests than anything else. They exist between employers and employed as much as between clerics and laics, as between aristocrat and plebeian. What is the remedy for this? Surely not telling the commercial or industrial classes that the aristocracy or clergy are seeking their own interests and trying to press them. With definite acts of oppression or illiberality let us deal boldly and clearly. Vague general accusations against classes on the one side or the other can do no good.

The accusations that you bring against the University of unwillingness to improve their institutions are not, so far as I have been able to learn, in accordance with fact. Here as elsewhere there are many, perhaps mainly older men, who are averse to change. But I believe that it could be proved that there has hardly ever been any corporate body in the country which

made so many important improvements in its constitution away from any external pressure as the University of Cambridge and its several Colleges. I cannot prove this, but it has been stated to us by men who were among the most eager and zealous reformers, and I am bound to believe them. The obstructives themselves are often men of genuine good feeling who acquiesce and work for the carrying out of the improvements when they become law. But the number and standing of the Reformers is very large and very influential. Nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that Cambridge at least—I cannot speak for Oxford—is characterised by obstruction or illiberality. In tolerance of religious differences, it is a thing that strikes one who knows something of such feelings in our dear Scotland as wonderful. I don't know whether you are aware of the position which Maurice, whose books we publish, holds in our English Church; but I know had he or any analogue been in the Scottish Church his treatment would have been very much harsher. And I think it is capable of proof that those who led the attacks on him have been mainly under the inspiration of Scottish Calvinism, *e.g.* the *Record* newspaper. But all this talk is meant, if possible, to enable you to understand that it is not either a fear to give offence to our customers or any indifference to the progress of common-sense reform that actuated me in my feeling about your paper, or influenced the remarks I made about your reference to the Universities. Had these remarks not been made we would still have hesitated to commit ourselves to your programme of reform. Our own feeling, not I daresay founded on such careful consideration as you have given the subject, yet not without thought on it, is rather in favour of educational tests—moral too if they can be obtained without impertinent prying, and it would be, as you will admit, an act of folly to commit ourselves to measures we had not considered. As far as my own personal feeling goes, I could look forward to a not very distant advocacy

of manhood suffrage with some kind of tests as I have spoken of. But as I said I cannot claim that intimacy with the subject in all its bearings, or rather I don't know enough of the general population and its condition to warrant me in maintaining the position. The wider the responsibilities of our common government are felt the better for our country. I do not pretend to know how far giving the franchise would aid this sense. That it has not been completely successful hitherto is manifest enough.

But I must not intrude longer on you with this talk. I would only express the exceeding regret that we were unable to avail ourselves of your able pen in our poor little magazine. Its purpose will be on the whole, I think, not alien from what you aim at, though the modes of achieving that purpose may not always coincide, and perhaps you may see your way to an exhibition of forgiveness of what we have done to you by sending us something which we shall be at one upon. Any attack upon the commercial or working classes we should as readily avoid as on the aristocracy or Universities. That we do not hesitate to point out definite specific evils which are ascertained by actual knowledge will be evident from the *Tom Brown* of Mr. Hughes, as true a son of Oxford as any of her children.

I wish you could make it convenient to come and spend some time in Cambridge and see what sort of men we have among us. Should you be in London soon it is only a two hours' run down, and I shall feel honoured if you will allow me to introduce you to some of its members.

Jan. 28, 1860.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

I saw Kingsley in London on Thursday night. He is greatly occupied with Darwin's book. Have you seen it? The Thursday fortnight before I had Huxley,

Kingsley, Maurice, Hughes, Masson and Henry Kingsley all together at Henrietta Street, and had much fine talk, chiefly about this Species question. It seems of great importance. I hope it won't swallow all other interests in earnest men's minds.

Cambridge, April 25, 1860.

To James MacLehose.

On my last Thursday evening's gathering we had Tennyson and Woolner and Hughes and a dozen other good fellows, and Sayers and Heenan occupied one half the conversation. Tennyson stayed till half-past one, with only Francis Russell, an Edinburgh Advocate, who is secretary to the Lord Advocate—after twelve, and we had some nice chat on other subjects. He repeated a long poem in an impossible metre—the subject Boadicea. Its roll was wonderful. It's *not* going into the Magazine. He is going to do no more of that sort of thing. I went with him in the day to see Holman Hunt's picture. He likes it immensely. I hope you will like Miss Mulock's poem about it.

March 6, 1860.

To David Watt, an old Irvine friend then in India.

You will be thinking me a scurvy fellow to let any letter from an old friend lie so long past me without reply. But the fact is that I have not passed a week hardly or day without its coming up while turning over my unanswered letters, and saying to myself I am in too great a hurry to write the friendly letter so friendly a letter demands. So the day passes by in hopes of the nice quiet haven when a pleasant chat can be held with an auld acquaintance. But somehow one is always out in the full stream, and if I don't give a somewhat hasty shout of greeting and answer, it won't be done at all.

About the Homilist papers, being business, I did look at them and read several carefully, but I did not feel that they were likely to meet any public that I have access to. They seemed the result of careful thought, as no doubt they were. But I conceive of three classes of readers. 1. A general public to be moved by broad, strong presentations of truth. 2. A thoughtful class who demand some striking originality, or 3. a learned class who want the pabulum suited to their special digestion. I did not seem to see that you met the popular—you were too meditative, I fancied, for them; I did not feel you were, or aimed to be, so original as to attract the thinking fellows, and as for learned pundits, you did not aim at them.

I wish I could see you at Henrietta Street occasionally—or better still, down here. We are all well, I am thankful to say. My work is sometimes a little heavy, but I get on. The strain on one's mind as to what will answer and what will not is perhaps that which takes most out of one. Reading MSS., not for amusement, but with an eye to results, is heavier work than one would think at first sight. Not one in ten of what anyone reads appears, but one must do one's work wherever placed, and be thankful to have it to do.

Old life at Irvine and elsewhere is always dear to me. I grow more attached to the past, it is fuller of meanings and interest I hardly dreamed of in earlier years. May it grow more so. Dear Daniel and my mother and Malcolm and William are seldom far from me, and their society is most precious to me. Daniel's wife and children are a great comfort to me, and she is a most valuable help.

March 7, 1860.

To Dr. Vaughan on a book afterwards published under the title 'Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days.'

Books of consolation for sorrowing people are very common, and they almost all have a large sale. So far as I have seen them few, if any, are really good,

April 2, 1860.

To Rev. Henry Read.

I don't think any hint I could give would be of the slightest value to you or anyone as to keeping a Journal, beyond "keep your eyes open and put down what you see." Trollope, I understand, is a lively writer. But the chances are that anyone imitating him would become quite otherwise. To apprehend vividly is the key, I should fancy, to vivid writing. But I could not write a book myself, I believe, to save my life; and my capacity is limited to saying when a book or piece of writing is done—"This seems to me good or otherwise." I honestly doubt whether really good writing of anything beyond a private letter or an adequate sermon is the function of one man in a thousand. In these days of extensive education almost every one has *a certain amount* of literary capacity. We are taught English composition either by our Governess or in the Essay Society we belonged to when we were emerging from boyhood, but that faculty does not warrant us in telling the world what we think on this or that. A certain actual elevation, not merely above the ordinary mass of men who read, but over those who have some natural faculty of thought—an elevation either of intellectual power or moral purpose—is surely demanded of a man who will go to press. The mass of so-called literature that comes from the press ought to warn all thoughtful men against unnecessary utterance in this way. Excuse my plain speech. I am not saying don't keep a Journal or even don't publish it when written. But let your first idea in writing be to put down actually and honestly what you feel and see. If it seems to you when done something that will interest and instruct, then it is worth seeing if it can get published. But I doubt the propriety of setting to work to write with an eye to publication first.

April 14, 1860.

To A. A. Vansittart.

Darwin went to you from here on Wednesday, the 11th. . . . I trust the book will in all respects fulfil your charitable wishes. It has excited some noise here, but on the whole has been tolerantly received. The feeling evidently is among the more thoughtful that opposition or notes of alarm on the production of scientific theories are false in policy and fruitless of any real good even in the view in which they are made. "Protection of Providence" is beginning to be felt to belong a good deal to the sand-rope order of industry.

I had not heard till recently, and that from a quite new (but highly valued already) friend, Mr. Cornwall Simeon, that you had been obliged to leave England on account of your health. I hope that you will get a substantial and permanent setting up from Pau. I once got up a good deal of information about it when my brother was advised to go there. He was prevented by some cause from going so far, and I have frequently since regretted that it was not accomplished, for I don't think the three months at St. Cloud which he spent instead did him any real good. Pau must be very exhilarating both to eye and lungs—lucky place where you can get your choice of exercise for eye and leg in the mountain line. I stand up for flat country against all traversers according to my Celtic nature of standing by my kith and clan and county whatever that may happen to be: but I do long for the sight of a decent hill even and the smell of a mountain breeze.

Cambridge news! You seem to keep pretty well up, as the last piece of news in the mouth of all was that our boat had beaten the race this time. Trevelyan has given a catalogue of the Cambridge crew, which is to appear in the next number of our Magazine, which is now approaching a monthly sale of 15,000, which we may consider a decided success—as we began with

so that there is quite room for such a volume as you suggest. If you on seeing it think it good we will gladly undertake its publication at our own risk. I think the book would answer commercially, but apart from that it would be a real boon to get a wholesome, honest, genuine book of the kind. *In Memoriam*, of all modern works is the only one that bravely and plainly recognises the reality of the grounds of sorrow, and its nature. If it does not always quite as clearly show forth the sort of consolation, instructed Christian persons can better make up the defect than the other. The grounds of comfort and patience under sickness and bereavement are so often made mere bald propositions and doctrines, have so little touch of sympathy with the sorrow, that they raw the wound they seek to heal, as if they had gone to school under Job's friends—deal in something worse even than "vacant chaff well meant for grain." It will be a real comfort to us to publish such a volume as you speak of, and we will take every pains both in printing and pushing to make the book successful. . . .

I also very much like the idea of an edition of St. Paul's Epistles with paraphrase and elucidation. It would certainly be most useful and probably, I think, successful. . . .

I cannot pretend to say that it was without disappointment that I saw the paragraph regarding your final decision regarding the Bishopric. But I have not the least doubt that the determination is the one that will prove the best, as it is the most disinterested.

April 2, 1860.

To David Masson.

Mr. Blakesley asks if we would like an article on Church Rates viewed from a very secular position. I confess I doubt very much whether anything very interesting could be written on this subject, though it is occupying a good deal of attention at present, and I

really don't feel clear what side should be taken,—I don't quite like either. Church Rates are so intimately blended with the grand old idea of parochial life that to see them completely abolished seems like smiting a vital portion of our social, national life, and, on the other hand, the injustice to dissenters seems to me great from the present system. If Blakesley has some exceedingly wise scheme in view it might be well to ventilate it first in our Magazine.

April 2, 1860.

To Rev. J. M. Blakesley of Ware.

. . . I have written to Mr. Masson about the Church Rates article. As you propose to treat it I think it ought to prove interesting. In a general way the whole question has a very squabbly aspect that one rather shrinks from. During my year of office as Churchwarden I have had experience of the sort of feeling. The Dissenters in our parish are contemptuously kind—allow us a threepenny upon condition "we pay our way," ask us how much a head it would cost the regular churchgoers, supposing we were to pay for what we get ourselves, and inform us what it costs them a head to pay for their spiritual consolation. As a matter of private taste, I would rather go round with the hat. The parish feeling seems to a large extent gone, even among churchgoers; it seems a terrible evil, I confess, that it should be so. But I have difficulty in seeing how it can be kept alive by continued Church rates. We are trying dinners and teas in a small way. It seems to me to answer better. We are fortunate at present in an admirable Minister. Mr. Luard preaches and mixes with the people like a living man, and I am sure will do a great deal for us.

But I am talking about these Church rates from a somewhat personal point of view. I quite feel that the question should be considered in a wide human way, and should much like to know how you think of dealing with it a little in detail.

10,000. Are you not going to write for us? A short prose article about your present place would suit us admirably.

The Volunteer movement is the thing that occupies most space in the public mind here. Drilling and parade constantly going on. We had a grand display of the whole force—numbering over 500 men—in King's the other day. It appeared to me that they were as likely to stand bullet or bayonet as any 500 men that could be found anywhere. This rifle Volunteer movement is a piece of serious earnest in the country whether it be ever needed or not. I hope it never will—for I am one myself! The College statute revision goes on briskly too. Several of the Colleges have carried the marriage of Fellows clauses—some with modifications, some pure and simple, but with terminable fellowships. Peterhouse gives you your choice of being on the potential marriage basis or not by a declaration to be made within six months after election. If you marry being on the potential basis you can keep it for twelve years from election; the other basis is as at present. You of course saw the Classical list and were astonished and disgusted to find only two Trinity men in the first class, while there were four King's men. Trinity consoles herself with the Senior Wrangler, who was worth three or four ordinary ones, being more than 4000 marks ahead of the second man; but a drawback occurs, he has resolved not to go in for his fellowship under the new statutes. It is a curious case where what was intended as a liberal movement has proved, in one instance, narrower. Stirling, who is a Presbyterian, though a liberal one, would willingly have signed the Articles, but he hesitates, and indeed has determined to lose his fellowship rather than declare himself a *bonâ-fide* member of the Church of England. It is very fine in him, for he is by no means a rich man, and is going to the English Bar. He has, however, a strong, clear head and a brave heart, and will get on. Of course Trinity regrets the peculiarity of

his conscience, nor do I see how the thing is to be helped.

I have not seen more than a glimpse of Hardy for I don't know how long. He is wholly absorbed in the duties of his adjutancy—has become the most military of clerics, indeed the clerical function has become a vanishing, if not a vanished, quantity. Of your old friends, who remains? Clark [1]—he is as genial and manly as ever—of course his tutorial work absorbs a great deal of his time, but he now and then comes to have a pipe and a chat. Woolner, the Sculptor, has been down doing a bust of Professor Sedgwick, which everybody admires in its first form. If it comes out in the marble as well as it looks in the clay, I think it will satisfy everybody. His bust of Tennyson is now fixed at the foot of the stair ascending to the library. It is a capital place, and brings out its features well. Woolner is much pleased with it. He and Clark have been down to the Isle of Wight seeing Tennyson. I don't remember any more Cambridge news at present. We are in the chill of the Easter vacation, but I suppose everybody will be up in a day or so. When they come I will make it known that I have heard from you.

Is it of any interest to you that we are going to do a book for Mr. Cornwall Simeon—*Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History*? We think of giving the house of the "Savages" from Lowes Dickinson's picture as a frontispiece to it. I saw Dickinson last Thursday in London. He was rather done up by his exhibition pictures, which he had just sent in—a portrait of Arthur Stanley, and one of Dean Alford and some other sketches—but was as jolly as usual. I hope when you come to London you will find your way sometimes to my Thursday evening gatherings.

Pray write me again soon, and put categorically any questions that you would like to ask about Cambridge or elsewhere—and think of an article for our Magazine.

[1] W. G. Clark, Public Orator.

To Rev. J. N. Simpkinson. May 9, 1860.

There is no doubt that as you say a man who will not speak the shibboleth of either of the parties finds no favour in the eyes of either. I had a long talk with the Bishop's father-in-law, who told us wonderful things of the impression he is making; and there is no doubt this will grow. But the thing that rather frets one is that a wretched squabble about surplices and mobs gets column after column of the religious newspapers and the Charge of a man occupying such a position as Dr. Cotton does is jobbed off with two lines at the tail of an article on another book. But after all, what does it matter in the long run? The essential things and the essential men, those who have life and mean something, survive after all the evanescent is swept away. The stare of innumerable eyes is not absolutely needful for work or joy in work.

Trevelyan's little thing was not meant for anything more than a bit of broad fun to serve to raise a passing laugh. I am greatly vexed and not a little surprised that one or two good friends find the allusion to David profane. It did not even occur to me or to others who I thought would be specially fastidious that this view could be taken. I hope he will write something much more serious and valuable for us after he has taken his degree. I am very glad the *Washington* has done so well. Few people like to think that their counsel would not have led to better results than others. I fancy that had you gone the way I suggested a really very successful book might have been the result. As it is, it will no doubt prove valuable to a certain extent. I see they have reprinted you in America. I hope they paid you for early sheets.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort. May 14, 1860.

All the little Zurich volumats of Plato are to be had, so we will be able to send you any you require

at once. I had not heard of the resuscitated Plato scheme from Lightfoot. Indeed he is taken up with something else at present. I have not had an opportunity of talking over the matter with him since your letter came. Tom and Mrs. Hughes were down for two days—Friday till Monday—staying with us, and Lightfoot came in to meet them on Friday evening. But of course there was general conversation and we were not learned. You were subject of conversation—did your ear tingle about a quarter past ten that night? —hoping we all were that your trip would set you up again, and that you would come back full of life for mighty works.

I am greatly pleased to hear that Ellerton is going to get married. Who is the lady? I wonder if he ever comes to London. I should like to see him. I had a very pleasant party last Thursday. Maurice, Venables (G.S.), F. Lushington, Hughes, Masson, Ansted and a lot more good fellows. I always think of *one* who would so have enjoyed and admired such a circle. The time is drawing near which is so filled with memories to us and the excellent noble wife he left. Yesterday was the third birthday of Daniel's youngest boy—born as you perhaps remember only about two months before his father's death. Hughes is his Godfather, and I was so glad he chanced to be here on his birthday. I think they enjoyed themselves very much in spite of rain.

I had a letter from Kingsley yesterday written in very good spirits. I fancy there is something in the wind pleasant to him.

About the Darwin article, you will do what is pleasant to you. I should like to get something from your pen in our Magazine, and on that subject most of all, I think. But I don't wish you to worry yourself about this or anything else. I am a little sorry about the Plato if it takes up your time from other things you have in hand. I saw Stanley in Oxford the week before last. He was saying he never could work at more

than one thing at a time. I suspect this is something conducive to equanimity at least. Both he and Jowett, whom I also met, were very pleasant. I was only there for a day, but I think I must repeat the visit soon. What a beautiful place it is, and how much they are improving it.

May 19, 1860.

To Mr. Dick of Irvine, to whom Daniel Macmillan was originally apprenticed.

. . . As a rule we don't like and almost constantly refuse to have our names as publishers on any books of which we have not the entire control, and indeed our experience has been that no great good is done to a book by any name beyond one. But it would be a real pleasure to us to have an Irvine book, and an Irvine publisher and author in conjunction with us, so that I will be very glad to accept the honour you propose to us. I think you should have no other London name on it, however. . . . I have not the honour of knowing Dr. White, but my friend Mr. Jack has always spoken of him with so much esteem that I have meant to ask Jack when I came to Scotland next to give me an introduction. It is a great pleasure for me to know that the dear old town and dear old Academy are prospering and under worthy hands.

May 21, 1860.

To David Douglas.

I am exceedingly rejoiced to hear of your new movement, for I think it is unquestionably a movement towards prosperity. I can hardly doubt that in your hands a publishing business will succeed, and there is much to be done in that direction in Edinburgh. It also settles one point on which I had some misgivings, namely, whether I should put the printing of George Wilson's *Life of Forbes* into Constable's hands. I

suppose it was unfounded, but I had a kind of feeling of resentment that anyone but ourselves should have published dear George's own memoirs. So much of what must have been in it of literary remains must necessarily have been of a kind that was more or less directly promised to us years and years since. It was always understood that if he collected his papers, the collection was to be in our hands. His poems, his proposed *Religio Chemici* were to have been ours. His memory and my brother's were so mixed that the continuation of any literary work of his or the memorial of it in a literary form seemed to my mind inseparable from the business, which is a sacred trust from my brother to me. Well, who knows how much selfishness may be mixed with all this? and your kind proposal that we should in some way be connected with the book seems a sort of kindly chiding of it. By all means and in any way that seems feasible we will be glad to enter into the wish you express. Since the first time when I expressed to Miss Wilson my disappointment and she explained to me how Constable had come into contact with her, and in such a manner as precluded the possibility of disarranging matters, I have said nothing about it. I would gladly join you in the risk if you like. We should pay Miss Wilson a sum for the edition and then go halves in all results. I think that on the whole we could do better for the book together. If a collection of all his works were contemplated, I would be glad to join in it, and as one of the most popular is in our hands, the collection would be all the more complete for our connection. I have no objection at all to Constable printing or you managing the book in Edinburgh.

May 28, 1860.

To J. T. Fields.

I have had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of Hawthorne, and had most pleasant talks with him.

I like him exceedingly. Under his shy, reserved manner there is evidently a most kindly, pure nature. I did not like to press him on the subject of writing for the Magazine, but should be glad if you would let him know how much we would value anything from his pen.

Our new poet, Cecil Home—whose volume, I think, I sent you—has written a really striking poem on an incident in "Transformation." I asked Mr. Hawthorne to look at it, and he seemed very much pleased with it. I send you a copy by this post. It struck me that you might like to put it in the *Atlantic*. If you do I will get the author to write a little prose introduction to make it more intelligible and give it the interest additional from its connection with Hawthorne's book. Read it aloud to Mrs. Fields.

Do you know how much more there will be of Holmes's story? It seems to me excellent. I do hope it will take—it ought to.

If you can come in on Thursday next tell me how soon you will be there and I will make a point of seeing you.

May 30, 1860.

To Rev. Charles (Tennyson) Turner.

I enclose a cheque for the sonnets which you sent us through Mr. Lushington for our Magazine. It will be a great pleasure to have others from you or, even more welcome, if some of your poetry came to us in lyric form. But perhaps you find the sonnet more natural. I doubt if there are many finer in our language than the four you have sent us, but the more common English ear and tongue marks its rhythm and meaning with difficulty. Those who do admire it admire it greatly. So I suppose the range must be sacrificed in some measure to the intensity and quality of the admiration.

Are you likely to think of publishing a volume of your poems—old and new? Your first volume I have long had bound up with Mr. Alfred's two early volumes.

June 2, 1860.

To the Editor of the *Guardian*.

Sir,

I ought earlier to have acknowledged the courtesy of your letter of May 2, and confessed whatever injustice I may have been guilty of by hasty accusation against you of neglecting to review the *Bishop of Calcutta's Charge.* The paper containing the article in which the Charge was mentioned, and at the top of which it was named, reached me a few hours after I had posted my letter to you. I would have written at once to you apologising for having written at all, but that I really did not feel that the way in which the Charge was alluded to after a six months' silence on the subject materially altered the state of matters.

I apologised before for presuming to address you on the subject of your conduct of the paper under your control, and I really feel very great hesitation in writing again, but I cannot help telling you how the matter looks to me, as it may in some measure help you to understand upon what grounds I ventured to address you at all.

The *Guardian* professes to and does actually deal very largely with Ecclesiastical questions at home and abroad. From church building to Bishop making few events occur which are not written about at considerable length. One looking at things from the outside would be apt to consider that the kind of man who was appointed to such a position as the Bishopric of Calcutta (the most important, surely, of our Colonial Bishoprics) and the kind of speech he held to his clergy would be a matter of considerable interest to all churchmen—

the first Charge particularly, one would have thought, must have been peculiarly interesting. If one were to gauge by any standard of wide human results—results affecting vitally the Christian Church for good or evil—is there more than one event a week that deserves such attention? Well, for six whole months the *Guardian* never alludes to the fact of a charge having been delivered at all, and when at the end of six months notice is actually taken of it, it is merely alluded to, with a pat on the back—very kind certainly, but hardly one would think wholly satisfying the demands of the occasion. One has seen the enormous exactions of party claims and how completely it deadens men and newspapers to other, perhaps wider, human interests. Whilst recognising the perfect right of an editor to deal with men and things as they feel their importance, not as those around feel it, this seemed too much, I confess, for even party to account for; besides, the *Guardian* is in so many respects so palpably free from merely party influences, that the thing wholly puzzled and, I confess, still puzzles me.

Cambridge, June 23, 1860.

To James MacLehose.

I want you to be so kind as to tell me what you think of the chances for an edition of *Shakespeare*, edited like a critical edition of a classical author, with merely the text and such various readings as seemed to have value either from their appearance in early editions or from their intrinsic worth. An idea is prevalent here among our good scholars that they can make a better and purer text of *Shakespeare* than has ever been done, and they have in Trinity Library perhaps a better collection of the early 4to editions than have ever been got together in any one place. The claims would be that anyone possessing it would have (1) a

beautiful book in point of typography, (2) as pure and genuine a text, free from all taints of Collierism and other similar isms as can be obtained from careful scholarship and sound sense, (3) a complete list of all readings both from early editions and skilful suggestion as had any worth. No attempt at commentary is to be made. The chief editor is Mr. Clark, our "public orator" and tutor of Trinity College, one of the most accomplished and popular men in the University. I send you by this post a specimen that has been set up. I fancy it will make eight volumes, including the poems printed so, and might be sold at £4 4s. 750 copies would yield a decent profit. Tell me what you think of the scheme. It would go out as the Cambridge edition. The editors do it as a labour of love, and the publisher would only have to risk paper and print. Of course you will consider the matter as *strictly private*. . . .

June 27, 1860.

To W. Stigant.

. . . The Carlyle question is too long to go into. I would like to talk it over. I have no doubt many eminent persons at home and abroad don't approve of Carlyle, and like to see him bullied. He is very often not quite right, and I often disagree with his conclusions myself. But what matter—oneself feels to get more light from his very errors than from oceans of their aimless, accurate talk about nothing. And *Frederick* is a magnificent book if all the world and his wife said otherwise. How can you talk of him and Macaulay in the same breath! The gossip about his "sitting for hours, etc." is, I should judge from persons who are constantly in the habit of seeing him, as valuable as such personal gossip usually is. I have seen him once or twice, and he did not strike me as likely to spend much time in so unprofitable a way.

I quite agree with you in wondering at the admiration he has for Goethe, or Goethe had for him. Hardly two people could be more unlike.

But we must reserve a Carlyle discussion till we meet.

July 2, 1860.

To the same.

. . . I read the article with pleasure and interest. I thought it much above the average of periodical criticism, and in its estimate of your volume I quite agreed—so of course it must be right! There is one point that I would have dwelt on more if I were talking to you personally than the writer has done—that is the imperfections and baldness in parts of your versification and diction generally. It has the effect on me that sand between my teeth when eating a plum pudding would have. The highest poets never err in this respect. Shakespeare is quite free from it, so on the whole are Shelley and Keats—Tennyson is like gold seven times refined. And more than this, the diction is but the outward visible sign of the inward mode of dealing with things in him. The whole story or matter to be dealt with, one perceives, has been smelted and moulded in the inner conceptive crucible and workshop till all that does not bear directly and clearly on the whole purpose and drift of the poem is cast aside and the complete living whole is firmly impressed on you because so it was in the mind of the writer. I certainly felt that you had the power of grasping a whole, but I felt that you had not squeezed out all the useless matter or rather smelted it out. There was far too much in ore, and hence a feeling of tameness and inadequacy in considerable portions. I feel sure you can do better, and no doubt will.

As to Carlyle, I daresay you are right as to the worthlessness of talk. But you are evidently judging the man from a point of view that is quite different

from that in which I feel his worth to lie. I probably don't hold an opinion in common with him on some of the most vital points. The opinions concerning Christianity which appear to be his I certainly don't hold. Perhaps I should even incline to agree with you in thinking Frederick William a brute—and not merely an unusual form of poet. But, look here, there is to my mind, even in spite of the grotesque absurdity that is evident in that way of putting it—to no one, I am sure, more than to himself—a deep and kind and wise truth which only genius of the very highest order, and moral natures of the highest and purest order, can give or can reach to. Thomas Carlyle belongs to the Immortals as indubitably as Dante—who said a good many somewhat brutal things, which your small Leigh Hunts of after ages can discover to their huge delight—or, later, Milton, who was not always wise. I was not aware that he ever made a sect of religion—some foolish birds go about croaking after what they suppose to be Thomas's manner—how can he help that? I daresay he has been the occasion of as large an amount of unwisdom as most old humorous men of genius must be among those who go to them for opinions.

But we'll say no more about it. I would only suggest that if you read him as a supreme Humorist you would probably see him better. . . .

July 9, 1860.

To Dr. Vaughan.

I had an offer to publish an amended (?) *Prayer Book* recently. It was on the whole more moderate and in better taste than any previous effort I had seen—at least so far as I had looked over it. But on every side it was a palpable narrowing of the basis on which the prayer book now stands. The articles particularly must have been such as must have driven out of the Church almost every man of real thought and honesty who was not in the narrowest

sense Calvinistic. The gentleman who performed the task called on me and was exceedingly anxious that we should undertake it—without risk to ourselves; and was utterly astounded when I ventured to say that his revision was a narrowing, not widening, the basis for worshippers and communicants. He did not seem to understand that the prayer book was wide because it stated *facts* plainly on whatever side they told and was no more anxious than Nature, or Revelation, to reconcile what appears at the moment a contradiction. I was so glad to see you state this so clearly, and could hardly have had a better illustration than my conversation with this well-meaning and, on the whole, not unable clergyman.

Cambridge, July 13, 1860.

To George Kingsley.

Yes, I am guilty of having sent you *Simeon on Fishing*, etc. But you forget I suppose that you are accessory before the fact, having given me leave that night I met you at the Cos.

I asked Henry if he and you could come to dine with me on Thursday—yesterday. He appears to have misunderstood me. I hoped to have seen you in the course of the evening at any rate, and am sorry I did not write you. Huxley came in and I think you would have enjoyed the evening altogether—Darwin and conundrums and general jollity pleasantly intermixed. Had it been on the West coast of Sutherlandshire, or on the East coast of Arran, it would have been perfect.

You make my publishing palate water. Why don't you do it then? When you go North commence operations. I will send you the neatest of note books to make your jottings in. There is a whole region of unworked material lying ready for your plastic hand to shape into delicious morsels for the public. Just try your hand on an article for the *Magazine* first.

If you can find your way to us next Thursday we shall be so glad to see you.

July 13, 1860.

To Miss Mulock (afterwards Mrs. G. L. Craik).

What does it matter what the *Athenæum* says? Let them go to Jericho and fall among thieves. Words have no relation to fact or thought in such minds.

Do you know this story? Carlyle and Dixon[1] met at dinner somewhere. Carlyle was discanting on the irreverent way in which newspapers babbled about anyone and everyone—wishing some paralysis of the general gabbling faculty could be effected. "I don't agree with you, Mr. Carlyle. I should like to know everything and be able to talk about everything." "And there's Dixon there, he's sore distrest because his tongue is not long enough to do all the gabbling he wants to do."

Cambridge, July 25, 1860.

To Daniel Wilson.

Your letter of July 8 is indeed very grateful to us. Of course we shall most gladly undertake your book. . . .

The sooner you write and let me know the exact title and that I may announce it the better I shall be pleased. The subject is one that is sure to be interesting, especially at present. That Darwin controversy has awakened interest in races and origins to a large extent. Every original investigation as to the relics of bygone races is looked for with the keenest interest. Unfortunately a good deal of theological asperity has mixed up with the controversy on both sides. But I think a true scientific spirit is on the whole gaining ground. Huxley on the one side, and Hopkins on the other, are dealing with the matter in the true spirit of truth-seeking, I do believe. Between Owen and Huxley some personal soreness has hindered the enquiry from going on in a smooth, orderly, enquiring spirit,

[1] Hepworth Dixon, Editor of the *Athenæum*.

but I think this is likely to lessen. There was a wonderful passage of arms between Huxley and the Bishop of Oxford at the last British Association, in which I suspect the Bishop came off second best from the simple fact that he was suspected of using the *odium theologicum* unfairly. . . .

Huxley says definitely that he is not a Darwinian, but has the greatest anxiety in the interests of science that all justice should be done to the theory and perfect fair-play given to its discussion untrammelled by the yelping of the curs of orthodoxy.

Hopkins here, who is one of the greatest authorities on certain departments of Geology, and has been President of the Geological Society and of the British Association, has written long papers in *Fraser* on the anti-Darwinian side, which Huxley says are valuable contributions to the subject. I have had a good deal of talk with Mr. Hopkins on the subject, and he too is very strong on the importance of keeping clear of all pseudo-religious dealing with scientific questions. I have been telling you this mainly to show you that the fullest and fairest consideration is likely to be given to anything you may bring forward, and that the minds of men are running in that very direction that will make them look with interest to your forthcoming work. . . .

I shall be glad to hear from you soon. Also, for a contribution to the *Magazine* we will be thankful. I wish you could drop in to our Thursday evenings occasionally. I go to London every Thursday and at night am at home to all and sundry, when tea and stronger fluids, with occasional tobacco, are going on. I have a pair of large uncurtained rooms opening into each other. One is the Editor's room on ordinary occasions, but is absorbed into the whole this night. Masson, who is an admirable fellow, is always there, and generally Hughes (Tom Brown). Old Cambridge men and London men drop in. Science, art and letters are fairly represented in the course of the year. Holman

Hunt comes occasionally, Woolner and Alexander Munro, sculptors, often. Tennyson and Kingsley have both been when in Town. Henry Kingsley is often there. Huxley, Sharpey, and others of the scientific world come. You would enjoy it, I fancy. When you come over we will have a small dinner and get some good fellows to meet you.

Cambridge, July 28, 1860.

To James MacLehose.

I am anxious to have some talk with you about that Shakespeare matter. On the whole I feel very hopeful about it, but it is so large a venture that I am not without anxiety about it. Mr. Clark and Mr. Luard, who are the principal editors of it, have consulted a good number of their friends, who all say it is sure to answer. If we don't undertake it I have no doubt that some one else will, and as the risk is to be confined to paper and print one hardly feels justified in refusing. Stirling of Keir, Spedding, editor of Bacon, Arthur Helps, and many others like them say it is just the kind of Shakespeare that is wanted. Clark is a man of fine scholarship and excellent sense and judgment. He is, moreover, about the most popular man in Cambridge, and well known in the best London circles. I have spoken to him about Collier. He says, of course, they will look at his emendations, but he has no confidence in him. Indeed, no one I have met who has gone deeply into the question has. Dr. Kingsley, a brother of Charles's, is physician to Lord Ellesmere. He has been for many years making researches into Shakespeare matters, and going carefully over all the Ellesmere library at Bridgewater House, and also over the Duke of Devonshire's Collections. He says that Collier is a most unmitigated rogue; he says he has traced him with the most impartial care, and there can be no doubt about it. However, as I said, Clark is

carefully going over every one of Collier's readings, and will give them careful consideration. He has done the *Tempest*, and has only found *one* of Collier's readings that was of importance that he could not trace to an earlier source—Pope, Malone or some one else, and that one he thinks it likely he will yet discover. Trinity Library has Capel's Collection of Shakespeare literature, and it is one of the richest in the kingdom. I have not a doubt that our edition will be the most perfect text and the most perfect set of readings that has ever been done, and that it will in fact settle the text of Shakespeare on a firm basis for ever. They are rather anxious that we should publish it volume by volume—say one a month. I feel inclined to publish it complete. What is your feeling on this point? Of course it has one advantage, we would be getting back capital as we went along, and this is a matter of some consequence. On the other hand the chance of imperfect sets of the book is rather a drawback. If we stereotyped this would be of no consequence, but I don't feel clear on this point. The cost of stereotyping such a book comes to about three-fourths of the cost of recomposition, and our printers charge more for working from stereo. than from type, so the saving would be little, unless a third edition were required. I hope to have a long talk with you on all these points either at Glasgow or at Arran.

July 31, 1860.

To Rev. J. W. Grimes at Hong-Kong.

. . . You will, of course, have heard of the wreck of the vessel in which Lord Elgin was going out. I trust his expedition will not in a deeper sense come to a similar end. To us here at home the matter is altogether a mysterious one. I hope wisdom to deal with it as it ought will be given to those who have to act.

You will have heard of the terrible upbreak in Syria.

Many begin to wonder whether we were altogether right in the Russian war. I feel sure of one thing at least, that it was nationally a generous war, and has done good to the country. If we are ever called on to fight again I think we'll do it all the better for what was done then. Our friend across the Channel keeps us pricking our ears constantly. Perhaps he'll get tired of it by and by. They say he has been writing wonderfully pacifically to our Government the last few days.

Have you anyone on board who writes well? We would be glad to have an article for the *Magazine* really well written about what is going on in China.

When you come to England you must remember that I am also a Londoner now. I go up every Thursday. If you drop in at Henrietta Street some Thursday evening you have a chance of seeing some old Cambridge men. Our *Magazine* prospers still.

July 31, 1860.

To Rev. J. Skelton at Delhi.

I hope you have been receiving the magazine, which you kindly ordered, regularly, and I hope, too, that you do not feel disappointed with the quality of the mental food it supplies. . . . It will always be useful to us to learn what is thought of us in distant parts of her Majesty's dominions, among old friends in new places. If you ever have a few minutes to tell me about this, or anything about your own doings in these important quarters, I shall be very glad. Mr. Seeley, whom I am proud to call my friend, has often named you to me, and I have a remembrance of you beyond this. We have not been able to deal much with questions directly concerning India. Our only article was what I suppose would be felt to be a temperate view of Sir Charles Trevelyan's conduct. From all I hear, it is a serious evil that his withdrawal seemed needed. But I suppose it was.

Your excellent Bishop—I am taking for granted that you are in the Calcutta diocese, I quite forget though—promised to see if he could not send us an occasional article. I have been anxious to hear how he is liked in India, and have only heard in a general way. As he never tied himself to any of the organs of either party in the Church they don't chant his praises, or record his doings, as they are wont to do with those who please and serve them. He will find his reward otherwise.

Aug. 1, 1860.

To Sydney Dobell.

I enclose cheque for your valued poem in our August number. It seems to me to have much power, but I am so sensitive on the point of rhythmical cadence that in spite of repeated efforts I cannot read it without an inner feeling of contusion as if I had been dragged in a springless cart over rough stones. I wish you modern poets would consider poor people's nerves. Robert Browning is bad enough—but I think you have outdone him. Do give us something when you next write in a really measured strain.

Forgive plain speech—I love and admire you no less for it.

Nov. 10, 1860.

To David Douglas.

I have been thinking over the *Handbooks of Archaeology*, and would willingly join you in them—only as Daniel Wilson has written me on the subject I certainly would like that some one or more of them could be left open to him. Besides, I think there must be many points in which he is better up than any other man living. What do you think of going in strongly for a dictionary of European Antiquities on a scale corresponding to those dictionaries of Smith's? I am not sure that this would not prove on the whole a safer speculation and much more lucrative. You could per-

suade two or three thousand men in England alone that it was a thing they could not do without, and you would have a considerable European and American sale. An editor would be the great matter. I think of two, (1) George Grove of Sydenham, who has (*entre nous*) done all the real work of the Bible dictionary, (2) Christopher Knight Watson, Secretary to the Antiquarian Society, a very clever fellow, and from his position open to all men and matters antiquarian. The limits and range would no doubt be difficult to fix—but could be done. Think over this. Please let me enquire about Longueville Jones before you fix. Simpson is a first-rate man in his own way, but is open to influence of kindness. Do you look on Sutherland's note as conclusive? Would it not be worth seeing him?

Nov. 13, 1860.

To Miss Wilson.

But as you have chalked out a considerable amount of work for yourself in editing dear George's writings, before you can well touch either of these or any other scheme you had better put them both in a quiet corner of your brain, and leave them to simmer till you see what shape they take, and how each respectively approves itself to your task after mature cogitation. If you wish me to decide I think I will say the *Helkel* before the *Literary*—the *utile* before the *dulce*.

Surely! Why not? Am I unto thee as an Heathen man and a publican? Dear George's letters on religious subjects are really very precious and interesting to me. True there are certain views that seemed important to him and are so to you that I do not feel to be important. But what he and you hold to be the essentials I think I feel as essentials too, and the general aim and purpose of all I have seen and heard from his pen and lips I feel to be that which I would seek to realise in my own life and labours. I cannot tell

you how dearly I value the privilege of being one of the publishers of his *Life*, and I should feel it a great honour and pleasure that we held the same relation to his other writings, and unless you have an objection that they should be in our hands I hope they will be. One letter which he wrote to me, and from which you have quoted, has often been in my thoughts of late, and all the conversations which referred to the same subject are vividly present to me now, and the spirit of reverent charity which he there inculcated, and sympathy with other forms of religious teaching than those which appear to me best, I would gladly exhibit in helping to spread his writings. I would wish to feel that he now knows more than any one here can know on the points regarding which we may have in any degree diverged from each other, and that in the main essential points we were and are not in disagreement.

Nov. 19, 1860.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . I don't know whether it is not possible that Westcott may have been asked to write. I know Davies was, for the first volume and perhaps for the second. This may have been what Westcott spoke to you about, but I have also spoken to him and others about a definite Theological Quarterly, which is immensely *needed*—whether *wanted* I can hardly judge. I have talked over the matter with Davies several times. You have that thing of that wretched creature B——, as the exponent and guide of Theological thought and criticism in this country. Of course the difficulty would be to get a proper staff to write. I mean men who would be wise and free and tolerant of each other. Davies would be tolerant enough, but others would not perhaps write with him. I think perhaps Lightfoot on the whole would be the best Editor. All this is mere talk at present—only what I would like to see if it could be accomplished. . . .

Nov. 21, 1860.

To Rev. J. G. Dorman.

The *Essays and Reviews* are not published separately, so I think it must be as you say—you must have the whole. Indeed if you want to get an idea of it you will want it all, for there is no unity of character, hardly of aim, among the writers. Beyond this that all demand for themselves and for others free speech, none of them would, I think, wholly agree with Maurice—I know he dislikes several of the *Essays*—Baden Powell's and Wilson's, for instance—very much. And though admiring Jowett he by no means agrees with him. Broad Church must have a very wide significance if it is to cover all these men. Llewelyn Davies's recent book, *The Work of Christ*, is a better presentation of Maurice in a popular form than any other book I know of.

You should read Kingsley's *Inaugural Lecture*—it will be out next Monday. It was a great success here: I never saw the Senate House so full.

Nov. 24, 1860.

To Hon. Mrs. Norton.

. . . I can assure you it will be a real delight to me to have this letter in our *Magazine*. The recklessness with which people permit themselves to speak of persons even who are alive has always stirred my anger even more than direct lying would—on a mere rumour and often in mere vacant thoughtlessness reputations are gossiped away, the usefulness of many a man and woman destroyed, and suspicion and ill blood bred to a fearful extent. I can assure you there will be no disposition on my part—nor do I think on Mr. Masson's—to mitigate a word of censure you have written. If you made it stronger I should not regret.

I am very glad you speak of the *Lives* as now going on. I think the sooner it is begun the better now.

Nov. 27, 1860.

To J. F. (afterwards Sir James) Stephen.

When doing my weekly reading of that paper which we all abuse and all read, I come this week on another legal paper, which seems to be from the same pen as former ones, that struck me so much—*Public and Private Morals*. It makes me more anxious than ever to see those gathered together and given to the public in a permanent form, and, of course, anxious that *we* should publish the volume. If, as I conjecture, they are yours, I hope we can arrange this. I will gladly take the risk of the volume and divide profits, or if you prefer it, pay you a sum which shall be as nearly equivalent to half profits as I can calculate beforehand down on the publication of the volume. I think this volume would be of real service to the public as diffusing careful and correct views of the nature of criminal and judicial procedure generally, and inducing thought thorough and manly on such a subject.

I wish you could from your abundance spare our *Magazine* a short occasional article on such subjects.

I think the *Saturday* deserves public thanks for its article on the *Times*' view of theological controversy in last Saturday week's publication. In spite of occasional sneers, which on the whole are—if the writers would see it—as really intolerant as fire and faggot, the *Saturday* does good service on such subjects. Perhaps even the sneer is good as a North Easter is—according to Kingsley.

When you are dealing with humour and the Universities I wish you would look at Roget's *Sketches*. I meant to send you a copy. Did I not?

Nov. 28, 1860.

To Dr. C. J. Vaughan.

You appear to have entered into your work at Doncaster. That *Iconoclast* really wants dealing with by thoughtful clergymen. I remember a young inex-

perienced man who took a curacy in one of the busy manufacturing suburbs—of Manchester, I think—telling me of some of his adventures with sharp-witted mechanics, who were well up in questions that had hardly ever dawned on the mind of the Paley-bred young clergyman. Of course in time, being honest and really intelligent, he got into a better mastery of his position, but it is sad that more pains are not taken to train the younger clergy into the kind of questions they may have to meet in these regions.

Dec. 1, 1860.

To Dr. (afterwards Dean) Stanley.

You may have noticed that we have announced a volume of vacation tours by Cambridge men. The idea arose from a conversation I had with Mr. Clark, our public orator. He had been in Italy when Garibaldi entered Naples, and saw the entry, the preparation for it and the aspect of things after. He was anxious to write something, and it was rather too much for a Magazine article and not quite enough for a book, and it happened that another fellow of Trinity had been to Iceland and was very much in the same condition, so I thought a volume of *Cambridge Tourists* would just meet the case. Mr. Galton, the African traveller, is an old Cambridge man, and takes great interest in travelling and travellers on a large and small scale, so on my calling on him he willingly undertook the pilotage of the launch. After some enquiry, however, he finds that he will have difficulty in making a volume such as he would like from Cambridge men's doings, and we have therefore determined to widen our basis, and, calling it *Vacation Tourists*, ask for contributions from Oxford and other travellers and ramblers. Mr. Galton has seen Mr. Spottiswoode and hopes to get something from him, and I am now writing to see whether you made any notes or could put together anything on that interesting country where you were when

you saw the Ammergau Mystery. I don't think that the Bavarian highlands have been often described, or the manners of the people given, and the novel *Quits*, which is laid so much in that region, rather whets one's appetite for positive information about a very interesting place and race.

If you have nothing yourself you perhaps know of some Oxford friend who is in the condition that Mr. Clark was. Our present positive staff is—Mr. W. G. Clark, Fellow of Trinity; Mr. Leslie Stephen, Tutor of Trinity Hall—(Alps); Dr. Kingsley (a brother of Professor), Sutherland; Mr. Galton, some part of the Pyrenees. Besides these, we hope for something from Mr. Cyril Graham about Syria—from Mr. Dalzell about Servia and from Mr. Spottiswoode. Others are talked of, but nothing certain.

We want to get the book out early in February, so that everything ought to be in Mr. Galton's hands by the middle of January, or earlier if possible.

I shall feel very grateful for any help you can give us. We propose paying at about the rate that was paid for the *Cambridge Essays*.

You were so kind as to ask me to let you know a little before any visit I paid to Oxford. I am purposing to run down for two days next Saturday (Dec. 8), and shall take the privilege of calling on you early after my arrival.

Dec. 1, 1860.

To J. Fitzjames Stephen.

. . . I quite agree with you about the generally wholesome influence of the *Sat. Rev.* I think there is a danger of its chilling the enthusiasm of men who are rather weakly and leaving a wretched small cynical bitterness behind—about the most contemptible and melancholy aspect a human being can have. But for destroying stagnant vapours of small conceited stewing minds a blast of Saturday Reviewism is a specific, and

if they make a mistake and attack the wrong man, he must be a weakling if he is much hurt by it. But the substantial thought of the paper is higher after its kind than anywhere else, and this after all is its real value. I very much wish we could have an occasional article from some of the best of you.

Dec. 3, 1860.

To Rev. Walter Smith.

Many thanks for your careful and courteous explanation, which, if needed, is amply satisfactory. Douglas is a particular friend of mine and would do nothing he considered other than courteous and fair to me, or any one else. Perhaps if you had asked me in the first instance I might have preferred having you to myself, but as it is—as the thing happened, I think I have no pretence for feeling dissatisfied. As a rule, I like long engagements—hate the divorce court in all its aspects—don't like changing servants and have a great liking to go on with friendships and connexions when once begun, and I hope that this may obtain even here, and though bigamy is not permitted in this country yet publishers cannot come under the operation of the law.

The manner of your proposed book I like. There is something quaintly venturous in taking a bishop as the hero of a poem, and above all one so peaceful and gentle as the dear old Leighton. Poor spasmodic Shields has a pleasant and edifying piece of abuse of him at the end of *Naphtah*, which I always felt to be about as high an encomium as could be passed on anyone under the circumstances. Peden, too, is a charming subject as fit as poet could take. Do you know the county where he lived? There is a singular cave near a place called Failford that goes by the name of Peden's cave, and all that part of Ayrshire is full of beauty, rugged and yet rich with greenery and having in a strange combination many of the features of level

and mountainous country. The river rushes through ravines almost like a mountain stream. Perhaps you know the place. I shall be glad to see anything you may have finished.

That's an old quarrel of mine with young authors—that about rhythm. I don't think that it is a mere love of smoothness that induces me to cry out against imperfect rhythm. I can get at and even intensely admire Tennyson's queerest metres, because after due pains taken I can get them to go, and can gallop on or canter or trot along them without breaking my poor nag's knees. The reading of imperfect rhythm puts my teeth on edge like saw-sharpening. Our greatest poets *never could help* writing sweetly and not the less sweetly when most mighty. I remember long (twenty years) ago a young poet—who hasn't come to much in that line—prophesying to me about the grandeur of the rugged verse, and my challenging him to find an example in Milton or Shakespeare (I beg his highness's pardon, he should have been first) or any really great poet, and he couldn't.

But I am not charging you with broken-backed verses. In general your rhythm seemed to me exquisitely clear and sweet. I read your last poem—*Musings*—to a small circle in my own house last night, and there was only one place where the flow did not seem to march kindly along—perhaps even there it was my own fault and I may merely have missed seeing how the course ran.

I hope you will find your way to Cambridge before long. I should greatly like to have a talk with you, and to show you what we have to show here. The buildings will please you, and if you were coming in the summer the grounds at the backs would strike you much. But about this time you would see most men, or February would be about as good.

Dec. 11, 1860.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . There is a terrible vein of ungenerous folly and spite about the *Guardian*, in spite of their general superficies of gentlemanliness. That about Westcott is perhaps about as bad and unprovoked as anything they have done. But if that man Burgon, whose letters they have been printing, and whom I heard preach at Oxford last Sunday, has anything to do with their theology there is no wonder that they should be guilty of any piece of wild absurdity. The man talked like a lunatic. His subject was inspiration, and he maintained that every sentence, every word, every syllable, and every letter was inspired. The list of the Dukes of Edom as much as the highest of the discourses of our Lord in St. John's Gospel! Nay, even the omissions from the list of genealogies in one of the Gospels was made as much under inspiration as any insertion of any highest truth. In fact he went in a regular cropper. The wind-up too was sublime—you who are orthodox ought to be in a great passion with every least deflexion in theory you hear uttered—and give it or its utterance no quarter. Fire and faggot were plainly visible in the background of every sentence. There was a manner of jerkiness and arrogant pseudo-fun too, in comparison to which Spurgeon is a man of refined taste. The audience was evidently enjoying it as a good joke; and I was told that it was nothing to the sermon of the Sunday previous. I heard Pusey in the morning—some parts were fine in the way of exegesis; the doctrinal part—on the Atonement—was orthodox commonplace—but all eloquent and refined. I dined with Stanley, and had much talk on Saturday—I spent two hours with Jowett on Sunday evening. They were both most interesting—lamenting rather that Cambridge was not doing more. I would write more, but I have great arrears owing to absence.

Jan. 4, 1861.

To Rev. Walter Smith.

. . . Who could expect otherwise? Is it conceivable that two Scotchmen should exchange opinions and not have an argument on it? It haunts the race I do believe like the roll of the r. I had a magnificent elderly lady in the train to-day with me as I was returning from Town, and on some remark I made she politely but eagerly took exception to what I said, and we were at it hot and hard in a minute. Of course, we liked each other—at least I did her—all the better for it, and before she reached her destination I found she was a Scotch lady, though resident so long in England, and being besides cultured and high bred had so little peculiarity of any kind in her speech, that I did not discover it at once. She turned out to be a sister of my most noble friend, Mr. Macleod Campbell of Row-heresy celebrity, and I received a warm invitation to come and see her when next down at Eversley—she is a near neighbour and friend of Charles Kingsley's. Now this pleasant meeting and recognition could not have taken place had it not been for the gift of arguing which God has bestowed on our noble nation. . . .

On the whole, however, I have hopes that your book will attract attention from people at least whose attention in the first place you would care for. There are elements, too, of popularity in it. I am exceedingly glad, too, you have chosen national subjects for a volume, and have treated them in what I feel to be the true spirit. Aytoun's *Cavalier Lays* always annoy me. I never could go through one of them. That any Scotchman should in this nineteenth century not feel that all that Scotland is she owes to her Covenanters and their noble predecessors from Hamilton, Wishart and Knox till the final achievement of freedom of worship—I say nothing of their career since—I cannot understand. The theological and ecclesiastical standpoint they occupy is not mine, but what does that matter? Their grand assertion of the rights of at least

their own consciences and the steadfast courage with which through long years and against fearful odds they maintained the conflict is as grand as anything in history. I wish (you) would set to work, and with their patience, prudence, and fire sing their deeds. You would do a great work.

Jan. 5, 1861.

To Professor Phillips.

The glossary will do much, but where you can render it needless by giving an English for a technical phrase I think all the better. Forget your Geological compeers as far as possible, and fancy yourself in a strange land where no geology is, but only plain Englishmen, who are interested in the broad fact of how men and lower forms of life have been going on all these millions of years. You see how I plead for ignorance, being so well acquainted with it.

Jan. 5, 1861.

To F. T. Palgrave.

Will you come next Thursday at five, and I will arrange to be free for a talk with you about *The Golden Treasury*, as Woolner calls it?

I think the little *Byron* you mention a charming size, and will adopt it there or thereabouts very gladly.

It will be best on the whole if you apply direct to the several (authors). You must give a list of the pieces you propose extracting. Only part of Scott is out of copyright, and I don't know quite what or whether you have used any of what still remains. It will be civil to Black (Adam and Charles of Edinburgh) to ask them.

I am very glad the Laureate has permitted his name to front it. We will try and make a gem of it.

Jan. 19, 1861.

To Hon. Mrs. Norton.

I most heartily agree with you in what you say about poetry being an increasing need for the young—and the old, too, who have the blessing of human feeling and sympathy warm and undimmed by years. When Tennyson publishes a new volume, how many thousands are eager to buy and read. I think the case is this. There is less patience of commonplace and mediocrity in poetry than there was. And it is well that there should be. Simply because it is so high a form and witnesses for so high a substance, we demand, and rightly, that only really high inspired souls should speak in the language of poets. There are, Mr. Masson calculates on some trying experience, some 20,000 of her Majesty's subjects in these islands who write verse more or less respectably. In this sense poetry is a drug, but real poetry will never cease to command the ear and,—pray note the merchant spirit, strong even in high moods in the British shopkeeper—the purse of thousands everywhere.

Jan. 22, 1861.

To Prof. Daniel Wilson.

Only one point still appears to me to deserve any serious reconsideration, although I daresay you have considered it very fully already. It is this. You appear to pledge yourself to the so-called Biblical chronology, and here and there, as I fancied, you felt it rather hampering. . . . Your own arguments and most judicious remarks about the Conclave who refuted Columbus from Augustine lead me to the certain belief that you feel too much reverence for the spiritual revelation of the Book of Books to permit of your binding up the reception of it with uncertain and vaguely deductive theories of Astronomy or Geology

supposed to be found in it. I dwell on this point, because the general tenor of your book is so large and wise in dealing with these subjects that I am quite sure that you would not hesitate to modify anything that seemed to rest on a narrow uncertain basis, prejudicial alike to science and revelation.

Jan. 23, 1861.

To G. B. (afterwards Sir) Airy, Astronomer Royal.

I should have great pleasure and feel much honour, if at any time you had a book of a popular character like your *Lectures on Astronomy* to publish to take risk and divide profits with you. Such a book from a distinguished author with a perfect knowledge of the subject dealt with is a great boon to the public, who are too often dosed with jejune performances from writers who are popular in the worst sense of the term. We feel it a part of our "mission" as publishers to endeavour to remedy this. Of course, we don't pretend to be indifferent to the commercial results.

Jan. 22, 1861.

To Rev. Hugh Macmillan.

Allow me, while apologising for the delay I have been guilty of in answering your letter, to assure you that it will be a real pleasure for us to publish for a clansman. Twenty years' residence in England has by no means weakened my nationality; and though I suppose it would be difficult for us to make out a genealogical relationship beyond the mere fact of common name, yet I believe that no Macmillan will be prouder of seeing one of the Clan distinguish himself in any way. I have studied old Buchanan's *History of the Clans*, and above all of the Clan Macmillan, and

I always rejoice when I see anyone of the name prominent in good works in service of his fellow-men in any way, and feel pain when anything brings the name into disrepute. In fact I claim to have the true Clan feeling, and rejoice in it as one of the witnesses and helps which the Father of All has given us toward realising better the common brotherhood in the Brother of all.

Jan. 30, 1861.

To J. C. Phillimore.

Froude has received a large amount of criticism and nagging on all hands. I can only judge of his honesty and clear-sightedness on one portion of his writing where I had occasion to follow him through documents. His decisions then seemed exceedingly accurate and fair. His critics have been generally most intemperate in their denunciations, and as appeared to me as inaccurate in their representations of what he really maintains, given to trust rather to the strength of their language than the force of their arguments and facts—a bad method, I think, and one which Froude is quite free from. He may make mistakes—who may not?—but he tries to show reason for it, as I said before, calmly.

March 2, 1861.

To Rev. Dr. Temple at Rugby.

I do not know whether a casual introduction which I have had to you in our own shop here will exonerate me in your eyes from the charge of presumption in venturing to write; but at any rate I hope the object and motive which lead me to do so will have some weight as apology.

I have watched with painful interest the progress of the outcry which has now reached so rabid a height, and have thought of various means that might be adopted

to help to bring the mind of the so-called religious public into a mood that would enable it to judge the questions at issue on grounds of reason and conscience, and not in a spirit of imbecile panic and fury as at present, and one idea has occurred to me in relation to yourself that might perhaps have some good results. It is on this that I venture now to write you.

The nature of the religious training you give your pupils at Rugby would be best seen in the Sermons you address to them. If you felt inclined to make a selection from those you have preached, and make a volume about the size of Dr. Arnold's *School Sermons*, or even as large as Dr. Vaughan's, we should have great pleasure in undertaking its publication, and count it an honour to do so.

Should you feel inclined to adopt my suggestion and feel that my antecedent publishing relations hindered you from giving us the publication, I should not in the least feel aggrieved. I only suggest ourselves in case you have no ties elsewhere which would prevent us having the honour.

Whatever you decide on I trust you will forgive whatever of presumption may be in this note, and believe me, with sincere esteem

March 9, 1861.

To Dr. Stanley.

. . . I am also very glad to have your judgment on the project of another combined volume.[1] I never felt very eager about it. The very act of combination in this way seems doubtful. I confess a strong feeling, however, that something should be said and done on the side of honesty and fair play—also as it appears to me very largely on the side of Christian truth. Had we a Pascal to do a new set of Provincial letters, that would be the way, I think. The *Essays*[2] are too vague,

[1] Of Essays on Theology. [2] *Essays and Reviews.*

and in many places—from a rather cursory reading—seem to me too negative, and might well be met on the side of—what is called—orthodoxy by calm argument, and proved to be wrong. But this indiscriminating howl against all but stereotyped utterance, against all living thought and speech, has dangers on all sides, and should be steadily exposed—and I think without much delay and with not too bated breath. The reaction in all minds outside the narrow influence of the orthodoxies will be fearful, and hesitating doubt will harden into sneering scepticism. One sees symptoms of this already everywhere. The method of counter-protests appears to me likely to prove singularly inoperative, and so far as I can judge ought not on any account to be resorted to. When was truth ever voted into acceptance? Besides, the votes would be twenty to one against it. . . .

March 27, 1861.

To Rev. A. M. Morgan, who had written to protest against the use of strong language in certain publications.

. . . I have little doubt that the end you seek to accomplish is essentially the one all good men would wish to see carried out, care and reverence in speech as well as in action. Whether the extreme fastidiousness in reference to all words such as you allude to ever can be carried out I do not quite feel certain about. Very much depends on habit. You may justly answer that good habits in such respects are what you plead for. On the other hand an over-nicety is apt to produce a reaction, and the habit grows best from inner impulse rather than from outer pruning and washing the platter outside. I remember a friend telling me of a really devout old English lady who now and then let out quite unconsciously phrases such as you object to—even

a little stronger—yet whose whole thought and life was very high. Still, as I said, I value your candid and courteous criticism, and shall certainly give it my carefull consideration.

March 27, 1861.

To Rev. John Cairns.

I have been very remiss in not writing to you sooner to apologise for the error into which I led you, inadvertently, as to the presentation copies of Mr. Maurice's books. That I altogether regret the error I cannot honestly say, as your letter to him in acknowledgment of the supposed gift from him, and the clear way in which you state there your points of agreement and divergence is to me particularly valuable, as it convinces me more than I even felt before that there is really more agreement and understanding in what is really essential than disagreement. I know I do owe you an apology and explanation, and I will give it. Ever since we began to publish we have had lists of names of persons to whom we send certain classes of our books. Reviews for commercial purposes and private persons for other reasons. Your name has been down for a certain class of books, among which are Mr. Maurice's. It was my dear brother who made out most of these lists, and it is [owing] to the affection and esteem in which he held you and the great yearning he had that all his friends should come to sympathise with him at least in some degree in the reverence and love he had for Mr. Maurice's writings, that you have continued to receive copies of his new books since he went from our sight, as well as before. "From the author" has generally been written on the private personal copies, because generally they go to Mr. Maurice's personal friends, and I have overlooked the distinction apparently in your case. I hope you will accept this apology, and also I trust that the correspondence you have had with Mr. Maurice has not

been so painful as to render you unwilling to forgive me. . . . I gather from your second letter that dear Mr. Maurice has hardly responded to the friendly and kindly tone of your first. I don't know quite whether it is so, but I am aware that the obloquy and misunderstanding to which he has been exposed has told on a nature full of extreme tenderness and sympathy, and that he is in danger of fancying that people suspect and dislike him more than they actually do. I am sure you will interpret him in a generous spirit. I know no man who is less fitted for the jangling of controversy than he is, and it has been the deepest sense that what he has been obliged to speak against ordinary theories was an imperative duty that has led him into it. You know, I dare say, that I think he is right and all his opponents wrong in their controversy with him, so I cannot regret that, though it has cost him much pain, he has spoken as he has. But I sometimes wish that he were less sensitive—it is not a selfish sensitiveness—but perhaps it is part of the very highest natures that they should be alive to sympathy and to its opposite.

I have to thank you for sending me your little tractate on the *Essays and Reviews*. You will forgive me for saying that it afforded me very little pleasure in reading. The only part in which my heart and head were at all in sympathy with you was where you allude to the "evidence of conversion," and there I confess your admissions were wholly alien and adverse to all the rest of your pamphlet. I had been drawn to consider a good deal on the old idea of conversion, with which I was so familiar in my early life, from conversations I had with a dear old Aunt in Arran this summer. She was telling me about the conversions—revivals—that took place in Arran about the beginning of this century. This recalled much that I had heard from my mother long ago; and I could not help feeling how mighty was the spirit that wrought such works, the effects of which I had seen in the lives and char-

acters of those who acknowledged and yielded to its influence. It seems to me now as it seemed to me then, that there are terrible defects in this theory of conversion and in the whole idea of Revivals, inasmuch as they go upon the idea that the work of the Spirit of God is exceptional, monstrous, what is called miraculous, instead of being what I believe assuredly the Bible teaches us it is, orderly—orderly, universal, permanent—however men, Christian or Heathen, converted or unconverted, deny or fail to yield to His power. But this mighty truth is witnessed for in the theory of conversion: that not till the Spirit of God comes into direct contact with the spirit in a man, and only so far as this is effected, is anything real effected. The dwelling on the outward miraculous, and placing dependence upon it, seems to me clearly akin to that "evil and adulterous" spirit which so grieved our Lord when He was on earth—which produced hard dogmatic Pharisees then, and is producing them now. I do not doubt the miracles in the least, which our Lord or His servants wrought, but their significance seems to me wholly lost, when the mere wonderment is dwelt on, and when their witness to the unchangeable work of the unchangeable God and Father of all men is lost sight of. Much in the *Essays* and *Reviews* seems to be bad and erroneous in the highest degree, but the way in which they are answered seems to me far more detrimental to all sound Gospel truth.

May 14, 1861.

To F. T. Palgrave.

I have rather set my heart on having a little vignette if we can arrange it. I am not the least wedded to Leighton, and so far as an ignorant man can do it I enormously admire Woolner and all his work. The little gem, had it been done by the Archangel Michael, would not have looked well on a title

page with so small a space and all this in breadth such as ours is.

Has Woolner done his design? I don't or at least did not quite fancy a dog so well as a little child, but as you say a decent dog is better than an indecent child—or did you say it?—at least you meant it.

Do come in on Thursday and let us talk over it, and don't crush me with antitheses between Praxiteles, Woolner, and Leighton. There's much force in your objection to the bevelled boards, and I think this shall decide it. You like the olive I think better than the light green.

May 21, 1861.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . I would *a priori* have felt as you about Hughes's tract, but I hear that practically it is doing good—or at least satisfying some minds. Of course, I agree that neither it nor even the prophet's [F. D. Maurice] are quite the thing. But I think they may do something provisionally. After all the work is in Hughes's hands, and the proofs and assurances and convictions needed will come in the best form in due time. I think the young men who are astray are so greatly from an inner fault. I don't mean moral, for many whom I know are purer and nobler than I am. But from a lack of inner earnestness, and a defect of the scientific spirit of which they boast so much. The arguments and doubts which they use are such terrible side strokes—squintings and refusal to look at plain facts. I cannot put the thing as I feel it needs to be put, but I do think that it is not mere talk that will do it, but treating facts of humanity as belonging to real existence as much as stones or plants. When you claim this you are met with mere shrugging of shoulders—not with open vision. But as I said it is fortunately not in our hands to guide all—could we but guide our own lives! . . .

May 22, 1861.

To the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Jetsworth.

Your MS. only reached me by the afternoon post yesterday, and I was not able to get it read till quite late last night. I exceedingly regret to say that if the first part is a fair sample of the whole, I should not feel inclined to publish it. The statement of the grounds of communion possible to Christian men appears to me such as I could not understand a society holding on by the revelation in the Bible accepting. With every freedom of enquiry permitted and all the results of scholarship and historical research accepted, so far as I know them, surely something more definite would remain. At least so it seems to me, prepared, by the deepest dislike to all attempts at stifling enquiry, to hear with reverent attention the utterance of any earnest man. Communion I would desire to hold with any man who desired it really, but I could not understand the desire to communicate in the Sacraments and common worship of the Church, in anyone holding the existence of a personal Guide and Father of all in doubt. . . . The statement too that Christianity consists in partaking of Christ's spirit, in purity of life and heart, and not in any mere dogmatic statements, is infinitely precious. "But how can they call on Him in whom they believe not?" That He is calling them and that they are His; that all that is good in them springs from Him, that it is the spirit that quickens everything that is good in every man, that all men are redeemed in Him—this seems to me the essence of the Gospel. No denial or doubt on the part of any man alters this fact concerning him—not even any *act* alters it—it is God's eternal purpose, and cannot be thwarted, realises itself in all the diseases and pangs of remorse and despair that forgetfulness or neglect of it brings here or hereafter. But what advantage is gained by speaking of the recognition of the fact intellectually as well as morally and spiritually as of little or no con-

sequence—can the intellect after all be separated from the spirit? Is the man who can say "I *know* in whom I have believed" in no essentially different condition from him who acts though rightly yet blindly—are Plato and Paul on vitally the same altitude—breathing the same atmosphere? I think that horrible book that came from your University as a vindication of Christianity, and in pretence of this blew all on which it rests to the winds, has infected the air and deadened the sense of men's minds to the value of our God's most precious gifts in the physical as in the spiritual world. Men know and believe what they do not practise, but knowledge and faith are not therefore useless, or unessential in physical or spiritual things. I must apologise for writing so strongly and troubling you with my speculations, but I was in great hopes that what would come would be what I felt valuable, and at least to a large extent such as I would like to publish—as indeed it is in parts. But this point seems to me so important that I cannot enter into anything that contravenes it. It may be that what is to come would have altered my view of the whole, and that I may have misunderstood what I have read. If you think so and would send me the rest I would give it my careful attention, and consider anything that you may choose to say in explanation.

May 28, 1861.

To the Very Rev. Principal Tulloch, St. Andrews.

I have been thinking carefully over the idea of a series of small theological books on great subjects written by you and published anonymously. I am afraid I could hardly venture to ask you to write and let me see it on the chance of my undertaking it, as I confess I doubt whether an anonymous work on such a subject of creeds would get any fair hearing from almost any party at the present moment. There is

already rather a sense of being bored about theological squabbles in the public mind, and nothing but a well-known name, and perhaps not even that, will get anything fairly read. We are attempting a small shilling series of tracts by Mr. Maurice and some friends of his, and the small price and the names perhaps are giving them a little impetus. Had they been volumes I don't think they would have done.

I should very much like to know that you are going on with the *Life of Knox*—that is if you yourself feel drawn to the subject. I think a full and careful life drawn with present lights and a full knowledge of his mind, as seen in his writings, together with a vivid sketch of the circumstances, political and social and religious, which led up to and accompanied the Reformation under Knox, would prove a charming and most useful book, and you have given proof that you could do it. I shall be very glad indeed to hear that you are setting to work on it *con amore*. Knox's political insight has scarcely been done justice to by anyone but Froude.

June 18, 1861.

To James Burn, Junior (of the firm of binders).

I have been meditating on our little design which your artist has excellently realised according to my instructions. I am not quite satisfied, however, with its effect. The rose, thistle, and shamrock are rather hackneyed, and we ought to have some substitute. How would this do?

In the upper division have three stars clear and well marked; in the right a bee; in the left a butterfly; in the lower three acorns. All which being interpreted meaneth. The stars for heavenly glory and light; the acorns for earthly growth and strength; the bee for useful industry; the butterfly for beauty pure and aimless. All should, of course, be cut in broad clear lines

and have a sharp striking effect. We will leave out the letters altogether.[1] . . .

June 18, 1861.

To J. T. Fields.

. . . I wish much that Mr. Holmes would do a story which should be entirely one of natural manner and character, and have nothing of the wild or weird about it. The power of character-painting that is exhibited in this book is very high and very fine. The discrimination and sharpness of his delineation are not to be surpassed. The least interesting character is Elsie herself, and this only because it is conceived under circumstances which are very partially true to fact and far from interesting if it were—at least to modern and Christian times. The idea of the old Greek unavoidable fate having its consummation through all sorts of pain and crime, and ceaselessly dogging crime in spite of sorrow and repentance, has a kind of grandeur about it, but that a human being should take to poisoning because her mother saw a serpent has something at once painful and paltry about it. Buckle's view of whale blubber and starch being the extremes of man's moral and physical nature has a kind of interest as you can make your choice—but how am I to prevent my wife from seeing a snake if she lives in a snake land? Here is a passage from a letter which a *legal* friend of mine—a distinguished *Saturday Reviewer*—sent me. "It is the best American novel I have seen, but it precisely expresses that medical and therefore anti-legal view of human nature in general and of crime in particular, which is opposed to all my own feelings. I only wish Miss Venner had poisoned someone in my jurisdiction, and that her Counsel had called witnesses to prove that her Mother was bitten by a rattlesnake before she was

[1] This design was carried out and used for many years on the cover of the Golden Treasury Series.

born, by way of defence. I would have enjoyed giving Dr. Ketteridge and the Professor a bit of my mind on the subject of criminal responsibility of mad women, and I am much mistaken if the young lady would not have had a mark on her neck to some purpose."

My friend is apparently a hard natured person, but really kindly at bottom. Perhaps Mr. Holmes would not object to seeing this view of matters. I feel sure that Mr. Holmes will do something greater than this yet. If we had international copyright we would be able really to do something worth doing for such books. But I am talking about what I dare say has less interest for you than the cut of one's coat has on ordinary occasions for a sensible man. Though I have not named it, you will not think, I am sure, that I am forgetful of all the trouble and struggle you are in. You may believe that there are not a dozen real men in England who do not feel the deepest interest in the cause of justice and freedom, which is at the bottom felt to be the basis of Northern operations. I don't quite understand the furious speeches that are being made by your statesmen against England. They should know us better than this ere now. You may know where the sympathy of England really lies. . . .

July 31, 1861.

To Charles Kingsley.

I have just been reading the proof sheets of a translation of Tocqueville's *Letters and Remains*, which we are going to publish. I find a letter to Prince Albert de Broglie on a book which he had published, *L'Eglise et l'Empire Roman au IVe Siècle*. From the way in which Tocqueville speaks of it, I fancy it must be an able and original book, and as it is on the period which your lectures are to treat of, it has occurred to me that you might like to see it. If you

would, pray tell me, and I will get it for you and send it at once. I am greatly interested in this book of Tocqueville's. It seems to me charmingly translated too by Miss Senior, and her father has added greatly to the value of the translation by giving numerous extracts from his well-known, though unpublished, journals, of conversations which he had at different times with Tocqueville. These and some additional letters will make our translation much more valuable than the French original. Tocqueville appears to have been a man of peculiarly high and noble nature, such as we prejudiced islanders hardly ever expect to meet with in our Gallic neighbours. We may console ourselves with the fact that he was a great admirer of English character and institutions, and was on terms of intimate friendship with many distinguished Englishmen for the greater part of his maturer life. Nassau Senior, Sir G. C. Lewis, George Grote, Lord Radnor, and others occupy a large share in the volumes. When the book is published I will, if you allow me, send you a copy.

I shall be very glad to hear how you are in health, and how Mrs. Kingsley and your children are. When I saw Henry a few weeks since he did not give me a very favourable account of your health. I hope the Eversley air and lots of out of door enjoyments have been setting you right again.

We all returned home yesterday from Eastbourne, where my wife, Mrs. Daniel, and all the children had been for six weeks. I am thankful to say that both my wife and sister have benefited much by the change of air, and the children are as well as sea air and jollity can make them. I had about a fortnight—a few days at a time—with them, which I enjoyed much. It is a very pleasant place in a quiet way, and the fine downs with Beachy Head capping them are very much to my taste. We did sea anemones with Glaucus for our guide, and found the cras, and a little white fellow who buries himself cunningly in the sand if you look at

him and ties himself with a string to the underground in a cunning way. One of these latter disgorged two small mussels, shells and all, a few minutes after we put him in the glass. Could he have digested the shells if we had left him alone? If so he must have a better digestion than I have.

August 9, 1861.

To J. T. Fields.

Ludlow, whose name I dare say you sometimes see in our *Magazine*, and who is Hughes's intimate, and one of the best critics I know, is willing to write an article on the writings of Thomas Hughes; but he would not put any personal matter into it. Indeed, I hardly see how he or anyone else could well do so nicely. Hughes is essentially a private domestic sort of man, about whom there could be no gossip that would not savour of intrusion on the sanctities of private life. Will you tell me if you are willing to entrust a paper on Hughes to him? You will see an article on *Silas Marner* and *Elsie Venner* by him in our last, and various other literary criticisms on French writers, etc., by him in earlier numbers. It may please you all the better that he has written in our pages the strongest and ablest vindication of the Northern policy that has appeared in any English print whatever. He and Hughes are both very strongly with you, and I am sure will rejoice to see that article in the July *Atlantic*, "The Ordeal of Battle," for the sake of the clear, outspoken enunciation of an anti-slavery policy as a necessity for the North. I cannot speak as one having knowledge of all the circumstances, but I think the anti-English tone of the next article is unfortunate in so calm and wise a magazine as the *Atlantic*. Surely the task of feeding the fuel of strife between the two great free nations of the world ought to be left to the vulgarer prints who grow on excitement regardless of the claims of humanity and justice. You may be sure

the great body of the English people are heart and soul with the North, though perplexed and annoyed by the violence and unscrupulousness of the articles which the *Times* and *Saturday Review* take pleasure in quoting from your New York press. Everyone I have spoken to was disgusted with the *Times*' article on the Manessas disaster, as they felt pain and grief at the facts.

August 14, 1861.

To I. C. Wright.

I am afraid that we could not with our limited space, and the demand for variety in what is meant to be a popular magazine, insert anything more about Homeric translation. After all the true test of the fitness of the translation for meeting the popular taste will be how people like it. As I have said from the first I do not think this will be fairly tested till the whole is published. . . . But I have for a long time had a great wish to see a thoroughly good hexameter translation. Perhaps it may be a little drawback to the value of my desire that I know very little or rather nothing of Hexameters beyond the sound. I have amused myself with ringing out Virgil's lines, and know Kingsley's *Andromeda* and Clough's *Bothie*. It seems to me that some day a man with real poetic fire will transfuse the old Greek to something akin in English. The blank verse is, I agree with you, a close approach in dignity—the pulsation is wanting—the ballad seems to me a long way from it. Chapman's translation gives me no pleasure—Pope's rhyme less than none. Only that which you have chosen, and an *unattained* hexameter, are to my mind the right form. Now there you have the real extent of my divergence from you in taste; but as far as business goes surely I would do as well for your book as I knew how. That it has not sold much is, I think, considerably owing to

its being imperfect. I don't think anything imperfect in the way of a translation ever can sell.

I told Professor Blackie that I did not like the ballad measure for Homer. He is sure of his own way—which is not uncommon among Professors, and even extends to others.

May your gun speak with effect on the Yorkshire hills and moors.

Cambridge, Aug. 28, 1861.

To James MacLehose.

We are doing capitally with the *Treasury*. We have sold nearly 1500 already. We printed 2000. It is stereotyped.

I enclose with the proof of the Zulu paper the first sheet worked off of the *Bunyan*. There certainly has been no edition so beautiful ever done. What do you think of calling it the *Golden Edition*? This is the editor's notion—I am more modest.

Coventry Patmore is going to do a *Child's Golden Treasury* on a new principle—avoiding entirely poems written *for* children, and selecting such poems from great poets as he finds children can enjoy. He is to give his name, and we will have the book out by Christmas. I enclose with the *Bunyan* a specimen page.

Aug. 27, 1861.

To Rev. H. M. Butler.

. . . The *Life of Cavour* has unfortunately been delayed longer than it ought to have been. . . . I think you will like the book, though it is necessarily not elaborate. You will at least be gratified by an earnest and intelligent admiration of the great man, and a dislike of the Mazzini faction. As far as I have been able to judge from a partial and occasional knowledge of Italian affairs I agree entirely with you that

Cavour, and not Mazzini, has made Italy, and yet surely the parallel you draw between Luther and Loyola is not just to Mazzini, who might more readily be compared to some of the more fanatical fellow-workers in the cause of Reformation, who hindered not by intention, but by lack of judgment, the good cause. Mazzini must be a man of very great mark from the admiration with which all who have come into personal contact with him speak of him. And he surely did keep the idea of Italian Unity before the mind of the Italian people and of Europe. Saffi, who wrote the article I think you allude to, was by no means an unlimited admirer of Mazzini, but like many others saw no fear to the cause from calling attention in Europe to what Mazzini had really done. Every English paper has had its kick at him; it was an act of honesty as well as generosity to lift up one voice to point out that he was not all black. I think this was Nassau's real motive in inserting the articles. Wholesale abuse does no good to oneself, and I think hardens people in their errors. . . .

August 30, 1861.

To Rev. Alfred Ainger.

Taylor sent duly by post yesterday. I hope it will reach you not later than this. I am very glad you like Palgrave. The omission in Hood has been remonstrated against more than once already. I will convey yours the first time I write.

You will see in the note to seventeen that Cowper's *Selkirk* is mentioned, by number, as one of those which had omissions made.

The book is selling admirably.

We are all well, and join in kind regards to our well-beloved A.A., who is held to be A1, especially among the youngsters. Masson and I are going on a walking *tower* among the mountains round Loch Long—starting from London on Monday.

September 18, 1861.

To Rev. Dr. Vaughan.

I am sorry I know of no treatise on gambling. There must be such if one knew where to find them. I had an idea that Barrow had one on it, but I cannot find it. I am ordering two little tracts—one "on the suppression of gaming houses," one a sermon on gambling by a Mr. Jones. I am also ordering Dean Alford's volume. I can find nothing else save a novel called the *Gambler's Wife*. By-the-bye, in Warren's *Diary of a Late Physician* there is a striking story called the "Gamester." You can get that out of a circulating library if you care to look at it. I have been hunting catalogues without success for a treatise or essay. I can find only one or two legal treatises as to the obligations to pay gambling debts, which would hardly interest you. I remember Thomas Cooper—the Chartist—who is, as perhaps you know, now a very devout itinerant preacher, once complaining very bitterly to me of the terrible inroads that gambling was making, in the manufacturing districts and among the working men, on all manly generous feelings. Political and social questions, he said, were alike thrown aside for the mere selfish greed and excitement of the betting ring. He spoke very strongly, and evidently from knowledge.

September 28, 1861.

To J. H. Parker (the publisher).

I sincerely thank you for your frank and kindly postscript, and very heartily reciprocate the wish that no business misunderstanding should interfere with our friendly relations. I am sure that where people are honest and willing to give their neighbour credit for being so likewise there can be no danger of a plain statement of any cause of grievance giving offence. We are all in danger of getting selfish in our view of

things, and this leads to dodging of all kinds. May I venture to say that in all our dealings during the last eighteen years with your house we have always acknowledged to ourselves that we were in contact with generosity and high principle much beyond the ordinary run of trade? My brother had this feeling strongly in common with myself. Your last letter has certainly not diminished it in my mind.

October 21, 1861.

To ——.

Certainly the verses are very melodious, and seem to me to have a true poetic vein. But why keep up that sad, somewhat unhealthy tone? What on earth has a young fellow with health and work to do with that moping? "Murmur not as some of them murmured, etc., etc." "Rejoice, and again I say rejoice." It's not in stars, or winds, or skies, or green fields that a man must find rest and joy, but in doing his daily work and making others as happy and good as he can. It looks to me like the falling away of the old Jews into worshipping the Hosts of Heaven. The worst and poorest of men, even of slanderers, is worth any amount of skies and trees. The pseudo-Byronic vein is the poorest I know. God knows we have all our troubles, from within and from without—but what good putting your finger in your eye and grumbling, however poetically, about it? . . .

October 28, 1861.

To D. G. Rossetti.

I was hoping to have seen you one of these Thursdays to talk about your sister's poems. I quite think a selection of them would have a chance—or to put it more truly that with some omissions they might

do. At least I would run the risk of a small edition, with the two designs which you kindly offer.

My idea is to make an exceedingly pretty little volume, and to bring it out as a small Christmas Book. This would give it every chance of coming right to the public. If the public prove a wise and discerning public and take a great fancy to it, we could soon give them an adequate supply.

The attraction of the volume would be the *Goblin Market*, and this I think should furnish any designs. But we must, of course, leave that to you. If you would be so good as to look in next Thursday, I would go over the poems and indicate what seems to me needful to be left out.

I enclose a rough specimen of the sort of style I thought of printing it in.

I took the liberty of reading the *Goblin Market* aloud to a number of people belonging to a small working-man's society here. They seemed at first to wonder whether I was making fun of them; by degrees they got as still as death, and when I finished there was a tremendous burst of applause. I wish Miss Rossetti could have heard it.

A quaint wood-cut initial—not elaborate and *not* sprawling down the page, but with a queer goblin, say, grinning at a sweet, patient woman face—or something else of the kind would make a nice addition.

October 30, 1861.

To Henry Kingsley.

. . . I had not heard about the Hythe row. It is a great pity. The Unwashed are very likely to be in the wrong. Without culture or piety, which generally proves a higher kind of culture, the unwashed, and indeed the washed, are apt to feel envious and spiteful to those who are evidently better and better off than themselves. But surely culture and breeding

should give gentleness and tact in dealing with an inferior. I think some day this will be more felt than it is, and its relation to National Unity felt.

We are all greatly charmed with *Ravenshoe* as it goes on. I think it will prove a great success as a complete work, the audience in the *Magazine* will have carried its fame abroad. We do so want to see the next number. Everybody here speaks highly of it. . . .

Nov. 11, 1861.

To Rev. Hugh Macmillan.

. . . A long time spent in abridging is generally time well bestowed. I don't think people are quite as alive to this as they ought to be. I remember old Mr. Rintoul, the Editor and founder of the *Spectator*, used to dwell on the necessity of his contributors, if they would be really effective, "writing bullets," and not beating out their shot to flat ineffective sheets. The larger the surface in proportion to the mass the less the impression made. He was a wise old Scotchman, and perhaps few men of his day had more effect on the current of affairs, while he was little known by name.

But forgive my preaching. You see I have got into the publisher's pulpit, and am chuckling over the idea of having a parson as an audience—thus reversing the usual order. . . .

Cambridge, Nov. 19, 1861.

To James MacLehose.

Two of my artist friends—Woolner and Rossetti—have given their decision against the cuts to *Bunyan*, admitting a certain merit, but not such as to justify reproduction in our *Golden Edition*. So that settles it. Howsomedever I shall be very well pleased to have a copy of the book complete if I can get it, but don't take any trouble about it.

I quite agree with you as to having a different colour for the *Garland*. Indeed I mean to vary the colours of all the books of the Series according to their character. I am also giving the monogram on the outer cover a little differently. I think the book will take more than most of the kind—we'll see.

Mrs. Norton's *Poem* will be a hit, I think. It is a beautiful story, and seems beautifully told. *Tom Brown at Oxford* had a good start. We have sold 1500 copies—and will sell more. New edition on Monday. We can't have the *Bunyan* in time for Christmas.—Yours ever,

A. MACMILLAN.

Mr. Story, the minister—established of Roseneath—has sent me a life of his father, who was minister there before him. You doubtless remember that he was a great friend of Mr. Campbell's and was mixed up largely with him in the prosecution for heresy. Old Mr. Story's life altogether seems to have been among interesting men and events, and young Story tells it admirably. He is a clear and very clever and interesting writer. The account of the Free Church movement, which his father strongly opposed, is very trenchantly written, and will certainly rile the F.C. "a few." I have agreed to publish it. It ought to sell, and sell largely. Do you know young Story? He is very clever. Donald Campbell tells me he is quite young—about 24 or 25.

November 25, 1861.

To Sir Roundell Palmer (then engaged in editing 'The Book of Praise').

I have gone over a considerable portion of your Collection, and on the whole it seems to me admirable. One omission I feel keenly and nationally! There is

one of the "Paraphrases," as they call them, at the end of our Scotch version of the Psalms, beginning—

"Oh God of Bethel by whose hand
Thy people still are fed."

This has almost been to me for years *the* hymn of daily life, and when I turned up to the division, "Give us this day our daily bread," and did not find it there I was greatly disappointed. Of course, this was not over wise, for perhaps you do not know our Scotch version and paraphrases, and perhaps you don't agree with me in my estimate of this. Neither supposition would be wonderful. I send you the book by this post. There are some good hymns in that division, but I think you have most of them already.

I am going over the book more carefully, and shall see if either I or some of my friends here can do something towards collation.

I am now writing chiefly to let you know that I am doing something at the book, but also to speak about the Title. I am not quite satisfied with the one you have given, perhaps mainly for the bookseller's reason that it does not run easily in the mouth, and therefore is apt to get badly abbreviated. I had a long talk with Mr. Woolner the other night about it, and suggested two titles—one that had struck me and one my sister. "The Golden Censer" and "The Temple Treasury." The obvious objection that they both trenched on Mr. Palgrave's title was urged and felt by both of us. To-day Woolner writes to me suggesting one that I confess has entirely my approval, "The Book of Praise." Will you kindly consider this title?

December 11, 1861.

To Miss F. P. Cobbe.

. . . Certainly at any rate I shall rejoice to see your book published. The defects I complain of,

though I think in a high degree essential in relation to truth, yet *because* they are true the facts as I hold them can and do operate without perfect and formal reception, and therefore while the *fact* is essential to life, if the view we hold is correct, and therefore its reception formally in a high degree desirable, yet as many a man builds a house in accordance with the true laws of mechanics, who knows nothing personally of them, so clearly a true life is led often by those who fail to appreciate what appears to me the root of all good human life.

The book contains so much that is most noble that I would very gladly have published it, but that I think it would probably cause misunderstanding regarding others, which we ought to avoid.

Dec. 21, 1861.

To J. G. Phillimore, Q.C.

. . . I have hardly had the means of forming a judgment respecting the late Prince's knowledge of our Constitution and character. It will be a great matter when we, nationally and individually, have mastered these important subjects with a view to amending the serious defects in both, and making us the noble nation we *almost* are, bating considerable arrogance and contempt of others. But really the little glimpses I have had of his character through his published speeches and the like gave me the impression of a calm, clear-headed, generous-hearted man—tolerant of others, and anxious to learn and teach up to his ability and opportunity.

That he lived twenty-two years among us occupying a position which laid him open to all sorts of difficulties, and that his death is spoken of by nearly all as a national calamity is surely something.

December 26, 1861.

To Rev. B. F. Westcott.

. . . I hope there is some prospect now of our being saved from the hideous evils of a war with America. For hideous they would be, and not even the sense that we were driven into the conflict by a long series of insults and mad wicked braggadocio by the Yankees could do away with the deep grief one must feel at the fearful struggle between nations that by blood and all other ties should be helpers of each other. With all the suspicion that one naturally feels with regard to almost every act of the Emperor of the French, I cannot but look at that dispatch of his as a magnanimous and noble deed. I think humanity owes him a debt of gratitude for it. . . .

January 2, 1862.

To Rev. R. H. Story of Roseneath.

I am apt enough still to be hasty and fierce and—perhaps unjust—if that is a Highland virtue you desiderate. But then you see in my function as a publisher I have the opportunity of providing calm charitable justice to my authors; so making up for private rabidity. But seriously I'm sure it's good for nobody to rake up old sores; and curiously I heard that man Caird's name spoken of only two days since, by an admirable old Highlander, shrewd, clear-headed, and brave, who was through the whole Irvingite movement, with great esteem and admiration. The same man was speaking equally warmly of your father. So you see there are two sides to the question. A man may have gone wrong in one way who may have had good points, and on the whole may not have been a bad man. Above all the whole quarrel belongs to the past. Do you want to stir up a black blood feud

between generations of the Storys and the Cairds, where the pen is to take the place of the dirk? But you don't, I know, and you see I have enough of the old blood in me to go into a controversy readily enough when one opens up to me.

I have just had a visit from A. J. Scott, and had a long evening's chat with him about many matters. What a wonderful man he is. And yet I fear he will never leave anything behind him that will give the world any guess of what he could have done or even actually has done. We are going to publish his stray lectures and discourses in a volume, and I hope he may one day take up the pen and give us some sequent work that will be worthy of him. I was not aware of his relationship to you.

January 18, 1862.

To Mrs. Gaskell.

I received your very kind letter containing an enclosure on two leaves. You speak of two extracts, but it is only one continuous piece.

I feel great hesitation in expressing an opinion as to its suitableness adverse to what apparently is yours. No one can sympathise more strongly with America, or feel more the iniquity of slavery than I do, and it would certainly be by no means uninteresting to know what Garibaldi felt concerning this present rupture. But the whole thing is what Colonel Vecchj and his friends said about it and the very unwise proposal for the General to go out and assist a people so strong and even overwhelmingly outproportioning in men and money the enemy they were overmatched with. That either Vecchj or Garibaldi ever entertained such an idea is a matter of regret, and ought I think to be carefully concealed by all who know the great man. The passage throws no light upon American affairs. That

Garibaldi should sympathise with the suffering negro is what anyone would expect.

I think you will do me credit for no lack of sympathy with the American cause, when you remember that our *Magazine* has stood almost exclusively among the magazines and stands with few public prints of any kind in advocating the cause of the North. I have also made arrangements with Mr. Dicey, who has just sailed for America, for a series of articles, the great aim of which will be wisely to remove the misunderstanding between the Northern States and this country. But I think to intrude this weak and unwise advocacy in a place where there is no special propriety that even good advocacy should occur would damage both the American interests and the value of the little picture of Garibaldi, which the worthy Colonel has so well given.

I send you by this post another copy of the proof sheets as you wish.

Mr. Schwabe writes me this morning that Colonel Vecchj has a wish to say something more about America in the little memoir. What I have said above applies with additional force to this new project. I think there can be no greater mistake than to attempt to advocate the American cause under the wing of Garibaldi. The little picture of the pure, noble man will certainly do a great deal of good; to hamper it with little bits of propagandism even of a good cause would be unwise and even ineffective.

Please forgive my speaking so plainly to you whose knowledge and wisdom I would gladly learn from at any time. But this point is to me perfectly clear.

Jan. 21, 1862.

To Matthew Arnold.

I am very glad you like the look of the *Garland* [1] so far. I hope you will see that the inner stuff corre-

[1] Children's Garland.

sponds thereto. Palgrave told me that you had been kind enough to send his book to a distinguished French critic. I wish I could read French easily enough to enjoy the writings of one whom you call the Prince of critics. The stuff that passes for criticism in our common English press is, as a rule, at present the dreariest stuff—barren platitudes or stupid and impertinent witticisms. I don't read all, of course, but I see none that have an approach to the honest pains which Brimley used to take with his work. Now and then a *Saturday* article is good and honest, and as a whole, allowing for Saturdayism, there is really thought always present. But too often it is thought about how to say a clever thing, not how really to make clear the character of the book they are handling.

Could you give me the pleasure of your company on Thursday next week, Jan. 30, to dinner? Hour six. And we don't dress. Palgrave is coming.

Jan. 22, 1862.

To Sir Roundell Palmer.

. . . I hope you like the Title. It appears to me far the best that we have had suggested. It is also, as some of my friends learned in the Hebrew tell me, the title of the Psalms of David in the original. It was Mr. Woolner's suggestion. Mr. Palgrave suggested the Beauty of Holiness, but besides that it is already appropriated to Bisse's Book about the Liturgy, it is not nearly so happy as a descriptive title, nor is it so short, which last feature has great convenience among booksellers.

I hope you do not see any objection to giving your name. As the other two have names, we would not like to stop the good custom. Mr. Woolner is at work on a design.

Feb. 22, 1862.

To J. E. Jackson, from whom he had declined a novel.

. . . I have had of late a growing conviction that only the inner impulse of genius—a kind of unavoidable necessity of utterance—should cause a man to enter into the crowded arena of literature. If a man feels that he has something very special to tell his fellow-men, whether about material or spiritual things, he certainly should, and perhaps *must* speak out, but I doubt whether literature merely as such is not now in danger of being overrun. . . .

March 4, 1862.

To the Rev. R. H. Story.

. . . You ask for a text for your next literary effort. Here is one, "The History of the Argyle Family." Are you staggered? or does your courage rise to the mighty theme? It has been a pet idea with me for many years, and I have often been on the point of writing to the Duke to suggest his getting it done. Unquestionably the Argyle family stands clearest and grandest of all the Scotch noble families, and their career is bound up with the noblest struggles of the country. Scott's representation of the squint-eyed Duke, Masson, who has gone into the question, says is wholly false.

When I was reading your account of the early days of your father at Roseneath and the stories of the Highlanders which you give so vigorously and well, it occurred to me that you might be the very historian I have so long been dreaming of. Your asking me to send the Duke a copy of the book has brought my vague idea into tangible form, and here I suggest it. A difficulty of some moment presented itself to me lately. Tom Campbell, of Islay, came to my place in London a week since—to a sort of social gathering I have every Thursday—and I casually mentioned the subject to him, not, of course, naming you or anyone.

He said there does exist a sort of history of the family by one of the clan, and he has it in his hands. I don't know how far this would stand in the way, or help the realisation of my view. A history written from a mere *family* point of view would not do the great work I conceive of. If it were published, however, it might stand in the way of the success of the right book. If, on the other hand, the materials of it were put into the hands of the true Historian—yourself, for instance—who would write from a national and even broadly human point of view, it would save much trouble and prove an admirable backbone to the work. It struck me that your Mr. Campbell, who has literary capacities evidently of a high order, might do it himself. I should think, however, that the mere fact that he is one of the family would stand in the way of his writing freely. He is a modest, manly fellow, and commands my high admiration. He would not "splore," and the mere fear of that might prevent his writing in the spirit of free admiration even when the subject called for it. Hence I think it should be someone outside the family, and yet one who has knowledge of the position and the *local tints*, so to speak, connected with the family and its dependants. These qualifications you have. Now if you take my idea you might communicate with his Grace and see how far the thing could be done. I don't want a "documentary" book—but a flesh and blood history based solidly, of course, on the most thorough research into documents. Such a work well done would be a credit to author, publisher and, above all, to the noble family its subject. Perpend!

March 25, 1862.

To J. Ruffini in Paris (introducing Henry Sidgwick).

. . . A friend of mine, a young fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, is going over to Paris for the Easter Holidays. I have ventured to give him a

letter of introduction to you. His name is Sidgwick. He is one of the very ablest and best of our young Cambridge men, and will be a very distinguished man yet. He intends devoting himself to literature, philosophical and political I fancy. I should much like you to see and talk with him, as I think you will be much interested in him. He took the first place in Classical Honours two years ago, and has since been engaged partly in the tutorial work of his College, and in self-culture. He did an article on Tocqueville in our *Magazine*, which was of considerable ability.

He expressed much pleasure in the prospect of knowing you.

March 26, 1862.

To the Rev. Dr. Davidson.

. . . I have a great dislike of nicknames, and above all of this new one "Broad Church," which seems, like most of these phrases, to do infinite damage to all true freedom and individual thought. Men whose love and reverence for truth leads them to brave all obloquy, and men whose mere restlessness, possibly love of notoriety, leads them to utter things merely to shock, are classed together by such phrases. Such men, who in honest search and love of truth arrive at very adverse results, come to be labelled alike. I have a right to refuse the label of any party, and always mean to do so as far as I can. As far too as I can I would like to be *broad*, though in a true sense. And I don't want to seem anything I am not.

April 2, 1862.

To the Rev. Dr. Cunningham, Crieff.

I enclose a cheque for your very interesting article in the April number of our *Magazine*. The subject is one that I have often thought of and read

about more or less, but I do not remember anything more clear or suggestive than what you have written. It would be a most interesting and useful enquiry if you could get accurate records of a great variety of dreams from very various characters, and studied their combinations in relation to individual character and habit of mind. I have dreamt twice not very long ago of being in a house that was Louis Napoleon's, and that I was in a splendid drawing-room washing my hands when the Emperor came in. Nothing more happened, but the dream occurred twice. Now all the individual shapes have been in my memory, but their combination from memory into such an extremely impossible whole—such as I never thought or wished for—what effects that? Of course, this is far from the most improbable dream I, or hundreds of others, have dreamt. But I give it as recent, circumstantial, and altogether away in its form and combination from anything I have ever had in my mind. I know a lady who lost a very dear friend some years since, and who dreams a great deal, but much to her regret, not of the friend, who certainly is never many hours absent from her waking thoughts. Her memories must be stored with experiences concerning him, all the circumstances in which she lives are reminding her of him. How is it that in all the jostlings of the dream power, whatever it is, he so seldom comes into the field?

I should certainly like to see another article or future investigations on this curious and really important subject.

April 8, 1862.

To J. T. Fields.

Many thanks for your kind note and promise of help to my friend "Our own correspondent," Dicey. Judge how we love you when we do all this to make matters clear between the two hot and irascible cousins,

John and Jonathan, and make it clear that there is a good meaning in what, after all, seems to so many really good, upright, kindly men a mistake—a good righteous meaning—overlaid though it may be with much that is unsound like the *New York Herald*. Dicey's papers both in our *Magazine* and the *Spectator* are attracting attention. Their admirable honesty of style and thought are winning their way, and the first paper got largely quoted in all the newspapers over the country. The quiet judicial tone of them is far better than much vituperation would be. . . .

April 9, 1862.

To the Rev. G. B. Bubier, Salford.

. . . Spelling? Ah! Wright says "Go the whole hog." I am always inclined to stop at the tail or some of the bristles. He is doing his Bacon *literally*, all but the v's and u's—these are as in modern books. Bacon is a case where this seems to me clearly fair and right. He was a cultured man in every sense. Whatever spelling or punctuation he gave was given deliberately, we may be quite sure, and in these particulars—curious and important—you have the best representation of the best judgment of a specific period. In poor Bunyan's case it is clear there can be nothing of the sort predicated. I suppose it is not even certain that he read his own proof sheets. The spelling of that edition you have therefore is to a large extent accidental, and represents nothing but a casualty. Even then it may be curious—but how curious and to what extent? Enough to warrant one in palpably offending and perplexing all the good souls who, we hope, will read our edition from pure love of the "reading" and not for archaic or philological purposes? But I would preserve the general archaic character of the spelling. . . .

May 6, 1862.

To Miss Dinah Mulock (afterwards Mrs. G. L. Craik), then engaged in editing 'The Fairy Book.'

I have been terribly overwhelmed this week between work and pain. I should otherwise have written you sooner. That wretched sciatica is on me again in earnest and doubles me up.

I will send you Planché's volume and Grimm's in a day or two. The *Cabinet des Fées* which Garnett speaks of is in sixty volumes. I think it should be consulted at the Museum. The chances of picking up a copy are not great.

My idea is that you should try by every means to fix on so many of what are clearly the best as would make *one* volume. No doubt a certain arbitrariness would be the mood to go to work in. But I cannot help feeling that one volume of those *clearly the best* would have far more chance of success than any other mode—indeed, it would not realise my idea at all if one could not say with some degree of confidence—these *are* the best.

Of course I could not possibly say so, but after going over them *you* might. Do, dear Lady Dinah, mount your high horse and say 350 or 400 pages printed like the *Children's Garland shall* contain *all* the best fairy tales for children extant, so that our babies unborn shall know they have all the cream of the cream of Fairy lore. Do you perceive my mood? Does it smite you with a like affection? Palgrave read nearly every English poet through and did this for his book. Many have carped at it, but all acknowledge it a notable work.

Excuse a man writing in a somewhat distraught condition of mind and body—body at least.

May 12, 1862.

To Charles Kingsley.

Many thanks for your letter; from your description of the story,[1] I think it will suit us admirably, and form a new and interesting feature in our *Magazine*. But please send me any chapters you have ready to Henrietta Street, so that I may see them and consult with Masson. If it seems to us that it really would be better for *Good Words*, I will tell you at once. If we do take it I will certainly see that you are no loser by offering it to us first—for this as for all your loyal friendship to be sure I feel grateful, as in duty and affection bound. . . .

Do read Edward Irving's life. It *might* be better, but it is really, on the whole, well done, and with all his faults—even partial insanities—he was such a *man*. The persistence and gentleness and courage are magnificent. The mode of their exhibition and the petty way in which they were met is sad and tragic. God guides all—if He did not it would be a woeful world.

May 19, 1862.

To Rev. Charles Hole.

. . . I send you by this post a volume of *De Quincey*, which contains a paper on "Joan of Arc," which you may like to see, independently of the excellent style which De Quincey certainly had, though there is not much of narrative in his works. This style is unapproachable in its way, and the utmost one could well gain from it would be to try to catch the sweet poetical cadence of his diction, that never flings a meaning at you, or pokes it in your face, but gently and clearly lays it before you.

[1] The Water Babies.

May 20, 1862.

To Professor M'Coy.

. . . It seems an age since I heard a word of you. What are you doing or thinking of? Has your book ever come to anything like a point? There have been Professor Owen and others working at the same things. But the world still waits for "M'Coy"—asking when will he appear?

Do you want news? There are so many that it seems impossible to begin. Dear old Professor Sedgwick still holds the chair which every term for the last three years he has been going to give up. People say he would do so if he were satisfied about his successor. I daresay Mr. Hopkins would be elected at once, but partly that he is getting old, and partly that *his* geology does not appear to some likely to *interest* is held as an objection. Jukes came over from Dublin, and it was said would perhaps have been elected if he could have taken it, but he told me that he would lose £500 a year if he did, and this he could not well afford. Ansted has taken a house just near Cambridge—people think with some hopes. But I have talked a good deal with him about it, and he does not appear eager.

Carter, Babington—Professor now—and all your old friends are as usual. Young Lucas Barrett who took your work at the Museum here has been out three years in Jamaica and is back looking as young as ever. He seems to have enjoyed life there very much. But geologists are always happy and youthful—at least all my friends in that line. Did you see our book—*Forbes' Life*, by Wilson and Geikie? Do you ever read anything except the stormy *Record*? I will venture to ask you to accept a copy, and also our new volume of *Vacation Tourists*, besides a volume on lichens, etc., by a namesake—no relation of mine—we published lately.

Do write me a letter.

May 31, 1862.

To Miss Harriet Martineau.

It is with very great pleasure I am now sending you a small cheque for the contribution you have been so kind as to send to our *Magazine*. The subject and its treatment are in the highest degree interesting and important, besides the honour I feel it to be to rank you among our contributors.

Your testimony, valuable as it is, only adds to the perplexity which one feels in contemplating that fearful struggle, and strengthens the doubt as to whether after all Northern success would not after all ultimately mean perpetuation of slavery.

Our Greek Professor here,[1] who is noted for pointed sayings, has described the several treatment of the black men by the North and the South in this form. "Am I not a man and a brother?" The South answers, "No, bless you!" The North, "Yes, hang you!"

To James MacLehose. Eversley, June 2, 1862.

I am staying a day or two with the dear, noble Rector here. We are to have *such* a story from him for the *Magazine*—to begin in August when "Ravenshoe" is done. It is to be called "The Water Babies." I have read a great deal of it, and it is the most charming piece of grotesquery, with flashes of tenderness and poetry playing over all, that I have ever seen. He has written a little "L'Envoi" for it, and remembering Mrs. MacLehose's autograph collection, I have made him write on the fly leaf these verses by way of autograph for her album—which I trust she will like.

My sciatica has been troublesome, but they are so kind the dear people here, that I am enjoying myself immensely.

I will write again soon, when I get home.

Ever affectionately yours,

A. Macmillan.

[1] W. H. Thompson, afterwards Master of Trinity.

Hence, unbelieving Sadducees,
And less-believing Pharisees,
And dull respectabilities:
And leave my country muse at ease
To play at leap-frog, if she please,
With children and realities.

C. Kingsley.

May, 1862.

June 10, 1862.

To Charles Kingsley.

. . . I have a letter to-day from my friend MacLehose, of Glasgow, asking if you could be induced to go down there and give a course of lectures such as you gave to the Philosophical Society in Edinburgh. I hardly hope you can, but if you could it would be a very good and useful thing to do. I should like to see you there exceedingly for *their* sake, and I feel also that it would do a good deal to extend your influence among these wealthy, and not over-cultured, merchants. Just tell me if there is any chance of your being able to do this. I think there is much in Glasgow life that would interest you—immense energy and many considerable moral qualities as well, but of course most intellectual qualities in a somewhat primitive condition. They are eager after art and literature, and buy pictures and books and open up to the sun in a rank vigorous way. Very much through MacLehose's influence your name is familiar to a large number of them. Your personal presence would be an enormous treat, and I do not doubt would have its effect on all your writings past and to come. I don't suppose the pay would be much direct—something like what the Philosophic Society of Edinburgh gave. But the motive would be wider, of course.

They don't specify the time, but I suppose anything during the winter that would suit you would suit them.

Just say what you think about it and I will forward your note. The thing is in the hands of good men in Glasgow. A Mr. M'Grigor is the Secretary.

I am better much than I was, having deliberately taken to the burning which is not so hard to bear. I have made two holes already and make a third to-morrow. Dr. Reynolds gave me some tonic, which is doing me good too, I fancy.

I did so enjoy my Eversley visit, and its memory is pleasant to me. Kindest and most grateful regards to Mrs. Kingsley.

June 12, 1862.

To Miss Muir Mackenzie, Athens.

. . . I was staying with Professor Kingsley when your letter reached me, and I read what you say about the Montenegrins, and it interested him very much. But the whole question is involved in obscurity. People ask where Montenegro is, and have a dim notion that its inhabitants are of the "man and brother" species, and ought to be committed to the care of Exeter Hall. Won't you write us a good clear account of how the matter stands, and I will prevail on our Editor to insert it in the first possible number of our *Magazine* after its arrival. By all means say what you think the conduct of England ought to be. We can only afford you eight pages of the *Magazine* for such a subject, but as there is nearly twice as much in a *Magazine* page as in the page of the *Tourists*, you will have room to say your say pretty fully. Pray do this, and the case will go more clearly before the public than it could through private and very partially informed persons.

Mr. Kingsley promised to do whatever he could to put the matter before influential persons if he could obtain full information on it.

Please give my kind regards to Miss Irby. I am

glad you like the appearance of the book. I am sorry to say that the dulness of the season is telling against the sale of this and many other books. This wretched American war is doing much harm to business of all kinds. The *Times* this morning has an article that looks as if France and England had made up their minds to interfere. I am afraid, however, that the North is by no means as yet inclined to submit to arbitration, and England may have to suffer the consequences of meddling in the fraternal squabble. It is a hideous outlook altogether.

June 16, 1862.

To Charles Kingsley.

. . . The two chapters came to hand all right yesterday—Sunday—morning. I have been reading them to the children to their great delight. Many thanks for the songs, which are a great addition to the story, which I like the more I read of it.

I think every one liked your ode here, and thought it quite equal to the occasion. Percy Hudson came in to see me on Saturday, and said he was very much pleased with the effect in the Senate, and the words greatly exceeded his expectation of what their effect would be. I am sure everyone thinks you have been quite successful. The allusions to the Prince were especially spoken of.

Your answer about Glasgow is quite what I expected. I hope Mrs. Kingsley has made up her mind to go to Inveraray. I am sure she will be greatly delighted with the Clyde and with the West Highlands. I feel quite a personal anxiety that she should. The castle too is gloriously situated, and the fishing in the Ary must be good—though it is rather a small stream. But the Orchy is a mighty river for those parts, and has mighty salmon and trout, which would delight your heart.

June 16, 1862.

To Henry Kingsley.

. . . How are you? Would you be a kind author and come and console me? I must not stir to Town this week or more. Do come down. I shall be able to drive out, and will show you that we really have pretty sights at Cambridge and its surroundings.

The *Spectator* and *London Review* have admirable and admiring articles on you this week. Mudie has had another 100. And more small orders besides are coming in. In a good season I would certainly have hoped for a second edition before long of the three volumes. I fear we must be content with the one, but we may be able to bring out the cheap one before long.

Are you doing anything with your one volume, *Our Neighbours?*

Dicey's paper this month is very interesting. There is one point he dwells upon that is new to me. It is the strong interest the Western States have in the Union. I fancy they are the most powerful and plucky Americans, and will fight to the last. Alas! it all seems very dreadful, but it is no use going on to say as the *Times* does this morning, that the war is aimless. The aim may not be a good one, but many of less importance have served to keep blood flowing for years and years. I am thankful to see that our Government is not going to attempt mediation. If L.N. across the water chooses to try his hand at that little game, let him. Our policy is to stand by and let them fight it out. Our policy, and I suspect the just and merciful thing, too, in the long run. I do hope it will drive our merchants and monied people to see what can be done in Jamaica, India, and Australia in growing cotton for ourselves.

June 21, 1862.

To W. Stigant, who was about to go to India.

I am sorry not to have seen you last week to have a talk with you about your plans. I have a good

many friends in India, and might have been able to give you some information. The Bishops of Calcutta and Madras are old friends of mine, and I correspond with them both more or less regularly. A good many of the Civil Service people, too, I know, and some of those who have been and are in Educational positions. One man whom I know of, and indeed whom I knew a little personally, went out as Editor of a new paper in Madras, has got a Professorship in the College there, and is doing well. I believe that there are openings constantly occurring which able and assiduous men may get. There is one friend of mine in the Civil Service who is always telling me that I should encourage able young men to go out. I fancy the chief question is as to *where* you are to go, whether it will suit your health. If you feel at liberty to tell me what your work is and where you are going, I will gladly tell you anything I know.

I have doubts as to the chances of your Essays republished from periodicals being much of a success. There have been a good many such reprints of late years which have been rather failures, and I fancy the public is rather tired of them. But if you have them by you I would like to look at them. Don't you think, however, that it would be better to content yourself with *one* publication before going out—if you do decide on going—and do your best to make one decent success rather than run the risk of two failures? I must express my opinion that you would hazard both in publishing two books so closely together. Perhaps it would be better to defer the publication of your poem and send it home in a year or two in as complete and thoroughly worked up a form as you possibly can. I feel sure that a publication of a poem or volume of poems that does not command public attention is an injury to a man's reputation. It almost secures indifference to his future efforts. See how slowly Tennyson publishes, and this not by any means because he could not produce more. He told me, and I am sure it

was no mere boast, that he could write verse almost as fast as he could write prose if he liked to get at it. But slowly maturing everything he does to the very utmost of his power he never publishes now without at once commanding a large sale. . . .

August 15, 1862.

To Charles Kingsley.

. . . I hope Mrs. Kingsley has made up her mind to go with you—and is with you in those Northern regions. I think it will be a new and delightful sensation to her to see genuine Highland scenery. I don't know what she will say to my countrymen. But if you can get over their somewhat queer looks, and not *over*clean habits, you will find them not by any means commonplace, or uninteresting.

I hope you will see Loch Awe when you are at Inveraray.

I wish you could persuade the Duke to set to work himself, or get some really good literary man to work under him, at a *History of the Argyll Family*. Masson and I have often talked the matter over, and when we passed through Inveraray last year jokingly proposed calling on His Grace to talk the matter over with him. Masson says that Sir Walter Scott, for instance, has done gross injustice to Archibald, Duke of Argyll, and that he had fallen on some curious facts most creditable to the said Duke Archibald, while working in the State Paper Office. I can't pretend to say that I know the History of all the Scotch noble families, but my impression is that there is none which is so noble in itself, or bound up with all that is noblest in the History of Scotland as the Argylls. Of course, do what you like about it—but should it turn up you might just mention the idea to his Grace. I have no idea who could do it, but it should be done, and if well done would make a noble book. . . .

August 19, 1862.

To J. Wright, Sutton Coldfield.

. . . I don't quite like the idea of a History written in question and answer. Nor do I think it could well be used as a reading book. Have you considered the question carefully? A feature that I think would be important if it could be done would be to give some account, however brief, of the *sources* of the history. There have been some admirable articles in the *Saturday Review* lately on Popular Knowledge and School cram books. It has long been an idea of mine that children from a very early age should be used to the idea of evidence: that the person who writes the book, or tells them the story was not present; but heard or read of it from some authentic source. I confess I don't see how this is to be introduced without being cumbersome. But it would be a great thing if it could.

Sept. 25, 1862.

To C. Home Douglas, Edinburgh.

I certainly had not Miss Austen before me as an ideal when I spoke of shading off character, for the best reason in the world that I don't think I ever read one of her books, neither have I read any of Wilkie Collins'. We have successful enough artists living, first among whom I put the author of *Adam Bede*, who perfectly realises the idea I had formed of delicate depiction of character without hard exaggerated drawing. Dickens, whose pre-eminent genius would carry through any sort of style, is on the other hand a very faulty artist to my mind, and would be a bad model to imitate. Incident may be exciting and interesting and probable. Character (must) stand clear and firm with perfect harmony and quietness of handling.

I should like some day to see you and talk the matter over. In the bustle of business it is hard to write long criticisms. Your story did interest me, and I believe

there is power enough in the pen and brain that produced *On Change* to do something really good yet. If ever you are in London on a Thursday evening I should be glad to see you.

October 21, 1862.

To Thomas Berry, Birmingham.

Our hands at present are very full, so that I could not well undertake to give the time to the careful perusal of your Poems, which probably they deserved. The chances of our finding that they would commercially answer, are, we fear, remote. It is a most pleasant thing to know that a very large proportion of men whose stay is their right hand, as yours is, enter keenly into poetic feeling and thought, and that no inconsiderable number have to a high degree the gift of utterance in that line. But the point where that utterance is so imbued with genius that it will command a sale, is rather a nice thing to determine. I have in the course of my publishing career had perhaps a hundred MSS. of the kind. I have published about two—neither succeeded commercially, though the merit really appeared to me very high in both cases. I can't say I am surprised. People can think the sort of poetry themselves so far as it is valuable. The gift of poetry is like the gifts of light and life, a gift to Humanity—not to John Smith or Lord So-and-so. The sky with its night and day glories, the earth with its summer and winter beauties are open to all—so is the human heart divine. Unless a man has really something very high and very deep to say about these things, why should he be heard? Articulate and even rhythmical utterance is not rare, and thank God some correspondent power of thought and feeling are not uncommon either. I tell you I have frequently sent back what I felt to be beautiful and touching in verse, simply because I knew it would not sell. That is my business, to calculate what will commercially pay.

Unless it will there is no reason why it should be printed. To tell you the honest truth, when the good time comes there will be no books, the great blessed truths which men gabble about in verse and in prose will get uttered in the nobler rhythm of deed and feeling.

I am writing more than I meant, but I have had to work, and work hard, for my bread all my life, and I have a great sympathy with all who are in a like case. I perhaps know more about working men and working struggle than many who are now in the midst of it. I know that literary ambitions, good in their way, are not the best. Common love and help, everything done that can knit class to class, the highest with the lowest —that is true, human and divine work.

October 21, 1862.

To Rev. James Robertson, The School, Rugby, afterwards Headmaster of Haileybury.

. . . There is little now to tell you about in Cambridge. The lull after the British Association is again broken by the first bustle of term. There are the usual numbers at the several colleges. One hears of potential Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics in usual profusion. Not much else. Kingsley is going to lecture this term on the American Revolution. He seems full of the subject, and I rather think will give freshness to a not unfamiliar subject.

Mr. Joseph Mayor is sending out a pamphlet suggesting some change in the Poll Examinations. There seems a wish to see some way of keeping the numbers who come here up to the rate of increase in wealth and population in the Country. I don't wonder that there should be a feeling that in some way there should be evidence given that Cambridge is not "behind the age." There seems also a difficulty of getting curates to meet

the demands and requirements of the time. Mayor thinks that our Theological school should be looked to. I fear the hesitancy of good thoughtful men to take orders with a view to parish work will not be lessened by the late theological disturbances and decisions. There is one event that I fear will cause perplexity to some. Bishop Colenso has decided to publish an extremely negative book about the Pentateuch. He consulted Mr. Maurice about it, who was exceedingly averse to its publication—indeed disliked its tone and substance. He spoke and wrote earnestly—"passionately" Bishop Colenso told me—to no effect. He is going to do it. Colenso has in various ways identified himself with Mr. Maurice, and the whole matter has so weighed on Mr. M.'s mind that he has resolved on giving up his cure in Vere Street, London, and content himself with being an unpaid clergyman. All Mr. Maurice's friends have done what they could to persuade him against this step. But he too is fixed. He has written a very beautiful farewell letter to his Congregation, which I have seen in proof. I cannot say it quite satisfies me that the step he has taken is right, but it satisfies me and all his friends that as he feels it, it is a noble and unselfish act. I was afraid that it would have a bad effect on the minds of many, but if his letter, which is short and clear, is read I cannot but hope it may do good.

November 13, 1862.

To Professor Fraser, Edinburgh.

. . . I am delighted to hear there is a prospect of your doing the proposed manual [1] early next year. I have actually begun on the Political Economy volume, and have indeed three or four sheets actually in type. I enclose a specimen page, by which you will be able to form some idea of the general look of volumes we had in view. I think I told you it was being done by Henry Fawcett, the blind man who contested Southwark

[1] Of Logic, afterwards published by the Clarendon Press.

against Layard, but withdrew before going to the Poll. He is a man of great ability and I think of wonderful expository power. He is an intimate friend of John Stuart Mill's, who I think esteems him highly. So I think you will not need to be ashamed of your company. . . .

November 25, 1862.

To Professor M'Coy.

. . . There are not many Cambridge news. The dear old Professor Sedgwick was in to-day looking wonderfully well. He is having a dinner party where Professor Kingsley and Dr. Vaughan are—so that looks like life. They say his lectures have been above the average this term.

Can you say *anything* yet about the book? Oh, most silent of men. Is it become fossil, and will it appear centuries hence as new and strange to the then savants as Owen's bird-fish? Did you hear the account by-the-bye of the Owen-Huxley fight in the *Athenæum*? It was rather sad I think. Kingsley's Dundreary speech—which by-the-bye I will send you by post—is very much to the point. Why will you scientific men quarrel? "Your little hands were never made to tear each other's eyes"—but to dig fossils and dissect tadpoles' tails and such like wise and harmless objects.

I am writing hurriedly to catch the mail. Why won't you write me a good long letter? What are you doing? Where are you going? How are you and all that sort of thing? And tell me what about the book. "There was a book that was not all a book"—but only a promise.

Feb. 6, 1862.

To Rev. Dr. Tulloch, St. Andrews.

I am sure you can depend on getting help for any investigation you are on from several of our best Cambridge men. . . . You should look after Peter

Sterry and Brooke, who wrote the *Fool of Quality.* They form a peculiar and important feature in the religious movements of the century. Also Day, author of *Sandford and Merton*, is worth looking at. It is curious to watch theology influencing the popular literature of the day. By-the-bye, it would be a curious subject for an article or two—Muscular Christianity in the eighteenth century. Have you read the *Fool of Quality*? or have you read *Sandford and Merton* lately? Read old and complete editions. John Wesley at the beginning of this (century?) and Charles Kingsley recently, abridged the *Fool of Quality*—neither I think successfully. The old book is the best. It was in five volumes originally, and I have seen the fifth or sixth edition. A theology in many respects resembling Maurice's—not so profound or clear I think—and evidently generically connected with Sterry, who is called a mystic, runs through both Brooke's and Day's fiction, which were respectively among the most popular of their time. Not only in the mere speculative regions of the theologian, but in the bustle and pleasure regions should the religious influences and theories be studied.

I hope you will write again for our *Magazine.* I wish we could pay you better. Perhaps we may some day. We keep at a steady level. The number does not fall off. We do not want to go in for a gushing popularity; but by steady honest work to keep our ground.

Dec. 12, 1862.

To the Rev. Dr. Salmon, Trinity College, Dublin.

. . . If times were not so dull I would have suggested a new edition or a new volume. I hope that one day we may have the honour of publishing one for you—or else some more elaborate and formal work. Have you ever turned your attention to the class of subject of the Pentateuch, and do you not think you

could say something *apropos* of Dr. Colenso? I think if it were clearly and strongly brought out how everything that turns up in social *human* science makes clearer and clearer how deeply the Mosaic law touches the deepest needs of man, and even his physical needs, Bishop Colenso's arithmetical puzzles would cease to be of importance. Have you seen Dr. Vaughan's little volume of University Sermons? I take the liberty of asking your acceptance of a copy which I send by this post.

Dec. 13, 1862.

To Hon. Roden Noel.

. . . Circulating libraries rarely take volumes of poetry to any extent, only if the *demand* is considerable. Nor do I think you can fairly expect they would. People who want to read poetry generally buy it. But, of course, there may, and will be, some who want to look at and read slightly anything that is *talked* about, but it must be *talked about* first. Mudie is a very good friend of mine and a very good fellow, but I think his power in the way you mention has been exaggerated, and his willingness to use that power too. He must be the servant of the public in the main, and only in a very general sense its master. I never ask him to use his influence for a book we publish. I think it in all ways unfair. *That* is not his work, estimating what books should and what should not circulate. If our Reviews did their work truly it would be theirs. But who does his work as it should be done? From poets downwards we are all in too much haste—even we publishers, standing as we do on the very lowest rung of the literary ladder, are we not blundering, hasty, etc., etc.?

"There is none of us does his work, not one."

And yet when a man really does it he succeeds after all.

All of which means Circulating Libraries are not to be *depended* on, they are mere handers forth of what is

demanded, and the question of demand is one that depends on how far the supply is suited to needs, real or imaginary, of the public. . . .

December 15, 1862.

To Rev. Professor Salmon, Trinity College, Dublin.

I am very glad to learn that you have the intention of writing on the important subject of Natural Theology, and dealing with it as it stands in the new and altered condition of modern times. I can hardly see how such a subject should be treated in the midst of all the upheavings of thought and first principles now going on, but it will clearly need a very different mode from what seemed sufficient in Paley's time. I should fancy the metaphysics of the question cannot be ignored. Do you know Herbert Spencer's book, *First Principles*? He is a Comtian, with a difference. I am not very practised in such reading, but what I have read of his seemed very clear and candid and masterly. He seems to me quite wrong in his general result, which, as I understand it, hardly admits of a Theistic interpretation; though I understand that he does not feel himself that it is inconsistent with such a view. But as I said he is a very original and remarkable writer, and should be read, I think, in case of your writing the book. I confess I did not feel anything like the blank scepticism which seemed to pervade Mansel's singular defence of orthodoxy. Have you seen a little book which we published by Mr. Campbell, *Thoughts on Revelation*? I will gladly send you a copy if you have not.

Dec. 16, 1862.

To Hon. Roden Noel.

. . . I am really sorry if I appear to say what is harsh. Forgive me. I am sure you have not sent out your work with conscious haste or inconsiderateness, and

that a clear idea is before you in what you utter. But as a man must speak the language of the people he is addressing ere he can expect them to take in his thoughts, however lofty or luminous to himself, so too the poet must learn to utter himself in words that general humanity can comprehend. I really don't think it much matters whether the thought to be expressed is metaphysical or physical in the most obvious sense. *Words* are meant to express the ideas which are in one man's mind to another man. If you require fresh words to explain what your first words meant I submit that the presumption is that your first words were not the right words for the purpose. However an *argument* may, and no doubt will, be a help.

Shakespeare wrote rapidly, so did Shelley, but they are always clear even when deepest. I suppose they were born with the faculty of *human* speech in its widest sense. Is that genius? I recognise in Robert Browning a very powerful poetical faculty. But he has not quite acquired human speech in the sense I employ it. Surely Paracelsus is an impossible poem—full of power, I admit, but the power does not strike home.

But how I bore you.

December 27, 1862.

To Matthew Arnold.

I enclose a cheque for your admirable paper on the Bishop. I sent an early copy with a note to his Lordship, and had the enclosed, which please return. I am writing to him as civilly and inoffensively as I can to say that I quite accept the responsibility of your article, so far as it concerns him. It is very painful for me to say this, as he has always been kind and friendly to us. But he had no reason to say that he "didn't expect it of me," for I told him here months since what I thought of the sort of thing, and in as plain terms as I could.

Can you come and dine with me on Thursday night?

December 31, 1862.

To Mr. (afterwards Sir) W. Vernon Harcourt.

I have been turning over the question of the *Annual Register* in my mind and the leaves of the old book itself frequently and carefully since I saw you last week. The result has been to make me very hopeful about *something of the kind*, but also to make me feel that a mere reproduction or rivalry of the existing book would not be hopeful. This is how it seems to me. I cannot see that a mere *Register* of the events of the year, of debates in Parliament, prominent Law cases, Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and the like, ever can be other than dull and dry. So far as I can judge the present book gives these fairly well. The thing which I think you seemed to feel lacking, and which certainly to my mind is lacking in the present, is the absence of all speculative appreciation of the relative value of the facts. There is no philosophic dealing with any subject. The dull Toryism which, as you said, characterises any exhibition of opinion which appears is itself a very small portion of the whole, and has no faintest trace of "Vision or the faculty divine." Nor indeed can I see that within the covers of the same book—if it were to be kept within any reasonable compass. Now the bald record of events is done, as I fancy, not badly, but the appreciation of the record for the year is not done or even attempted to be done with anything approaching adequacy.

Out of all this weighing and counter-weighing of the question has arisen before my mind a project of a *Historical Review of the Year*, to be done in departments. Politics, Law, Science, Art, Social Questions. These divisions are what occur to me on a mere general thinking over the matter. But you would no doubt be able to give a more thorough and careful arrangement and partition. My notion is that each division should be entrusted to separate persons. You could do the Politics, perhaps Mr. Fitzjames Stephen might be

induced to undertake the Law. If one could induce Professor Huxley to do the Natural History we would get a considerable push in the region where that is appreciated. But the particulars of the persons I would leave to you, as well as the distinct arrangement of the subjects. One thing strikes me as in some degree essential to its success: that is, that the Essays or Treatises or Reviews, or whatever else you choose to call them, should be given as much as possible in *narrative* form, or at least be largely coloured with narrative, so as to be interesting in itself and valuable to persons of weak memory or only partially up in the current periodical literature. Another feature, if it could be introduced, would be exceedingly valuable, and that is references to all the newspapers and periodicals where the fact given in your *Review* was first mentioned.

As to pay, I fear that at first one could not be very liberal. But I suppose we might afford what we paid for the *Vacation Tourists*, and what I think was paid for the *Oxford and Cambridge Essays*—£8 a sheet of sixteen pages. The pages contain a good deal less than the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*. But this is a matter of detail which we could talk over. Of course, you would have to be paid also for your editorship. But what, I cannot foresee without some further consideration and enquiry.

Now I put the matter before you as it appears to me after reflection. Tell me what you think of my view of the scheme. If we did it, could we do it for this year? Of that I am uncertain. Future years should be ready early in January. We could not possibly get this out before the end of February or the beginning of March.

January 5, 1863.

To Charles Kingsley.

I think your friend is right about the propriety of your publishing your American lectures as soon as

you can get them ready. I am a little afraid that almost at any time for the next few years America will be the least popular of subjects, in any tolerably interesting region of modern history. One constantly is in danger of thinking that because a subject is universally talked about a book on it will do well. But the newspapers exhaust a great mass of the interest which people are willing to give, and besides, so many people write books on it that there is apt to be a "glut"—like the celebrated glut of nails to Australia. Someone wrote home that the Australians were badly off for nails, and all at once every manufacturer sent out large supplies till they had to be made into old iron.

January 7, 1863.

To Professor Shairp.

. . . As I said before, I really admired the sweet, tender, high vein of reflection running through the poem, but thought the colouring too faint and quiet to produce any considerable impression. Its genuineness I do not in the least question. It was clearly honest work and bore the marks of individual, original —that is self-ascertained—thought and feelings not *echoish*, as so much modern poetry is.

Forgive me that I doubted your accuracy in the use of certain Scotch words. I am an Ayrshire man, and fancy myself, as belonging to the classic land of Burns, to have an eye and ear for the true Doric. I certainly did think some of the words wrong—it was quite as likely I who was wrong. I find on reference to Burns that he writes "sugh." I think the commoner form is "sough." I forget what the other words I doubted of were. It is quite likely I was wrong, or at least that as in the above case there are allowable variations.

The question of rhythm is one that cannot well be discussed on paper. I have this element of critical faculty in measure, that it gives me great delight, and

I was able to master the varieties in *Maud* more quickly than most of my friends. I did in all cases of your verses get as I fancied your "lilt," but it was not always pleasant to me. Here and there I thought you might by a little change have much improved it. But there is, as you say, much variety of taste on such points.

I shall be very glad indeed if your book is published to see it succeed and do what lies in my power to make it known and appreciated.

I trust I may have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance some day, and shall feel much pleasure if it should happen that you have some other literary effort which I can undertake with a good heart of hope.

January 19, 1863.

To Rev. Barnard Smith.

. . . Here's the last:—

There was a wise Bishop Colenso,
Who counted from one up to ten so,
That the writings Levitical
He found were uncritical
And went out to tell the black men so. . . .

Feb. 11, 1863.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

. . . We are all in the bustle of an election—for my sins I am in a prominent position in it. I most sincerely pray I may never have occasion to meddle actively in a political squabble again. But I really could not desert dear old Fawcett.[1] We are making a good fight of it, but I fear there is no doubt the Liberals are hopelessly divided this time. I do think Colonel Adair has been shamefully treated—but I think not a little by his own party or fault. He has evidently

[1] A. M. was acting as Chairman of Fawcett's Committee.

been kept in ignorance that a proposal was definitely made to his friends here to meet and settle matters in a general meeting of the Electors. But why trouble you with such details? They ring in my head and so come out this way.

I hope you are all well. Kindest regards.

Ever yours most faithfully and gratefully,

A. MACMILLAN.

I will enclose the state of the Poll before I close this letter.

Fawcett, - - - - 627
Powell, - - - - - - 698

I believe more than a hundred Liberals did not vote.

February 23, 1863.

To Sir Willoughby Jones, Cranmer Hall.

I cannot help expressing my regret that you should think of Dr. Stanley's book as you do, because from the early portions of your own MS. I perceived that essentially you hold as he does that the story of the Bible is the story of actual men and women, not of dim fantasies in a book created for the mere purpose of enforcing certain doctrines. You compared David to Napoleon, Joab to Wellington, etc., etc. I think much is gained by this treatment—a sense that God is the God of the *living*. I cannot see the force of your attack on Dr. Stanley. I confess I was astonished when I came to it, after much that seemed to me hearty and human and fresh in the earlier parts. Is it that he admits it possible that historical inaccuracy on mere points of detail may exist in a book which yet reveals God's will and ways to man? I am not learned and have not the power of discussing and testing these questions, but it seems to me that a serious calamity will befall the Church that insists on binding the eternal truth of the Revelation to insignificant points of detail as did the Romish church when it stood against Galilee.

As I understand Dr. Stanley, he is seeking to draw men's minds to essential rock, that in the flood that clearly is coming on us they may not be trusting to floating straws or bits of wood. Alas! when friends of a common cause assail each other. Forgive my plainness of speech. I was interested and pleased with much in your book else I would not have entered afresh on this subject.

March 11, 1863.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . I wonder whether Professor Goldwin Smith would review *History of Federal Government* in our *Magazine*, if J. S. Mill does not do it. Masson has written to ask him I believe. I have an immense admiration for Goldwin Smith. Hardly any English writer swings his keen blade so powerfully and well. I don't know his *Saturday* articles specially. The controversy with Mansel was what interested me.

Dr. Hook's and Bishop Thirlwall's are both very interesting in their way too. The Bishop's testimony would be most important if it could be put in before the face of the Public.

The *Spectator* was very poor—quite unworthy of its general tone and character even now. It was very poor for some time after dear old Rintoul's death. But since Hutton, whom you ought to know as the Editor of the *National Review*, has taken it, it seems to me generally to have got back its old vigour. I think it quite the best paper going. It would really not be below you, I think, to put *them* right—though I admit the writer of that special article seemed to me rather a wooden fellow.

Yes, I think we are doing very fairly well—the *Saturday* articles ought to do us good. But the first did not strike me as like Prof. Goldwin Smith's. But I am not likely to know so well as you.

I am coming to live in London at Midsummer, so I hope that I may be able to see you more personally when we are printing your second volume.

March 20, 1863.

To Prof. Daniel Wilson.

. . . Thomas Wright is a man I have no liking for or belief in, though Froude and Kingsley rather hold by him. I met him at Kingsley's here one night, and he seemed to me a dull, wooden sort of person. He goes in against the Celts, and stands up for Saxons under all circumstances. And that is a small prejudice which haunts both Kingsley and Froude—why I don't know. But Wright is a general Philistine, and I believe has a peculiar delight in his dull way at pulling down all that is noble in the past. Wallace is a pet subject for his petty criticism. His theory is that our great national hero was a sort of ne'er-do-well bankrupt blackguard, who took to Patriotism as a trade. Let him go on his way. Masson holds that he has done good in mole-working line and brought up some new facts from old sources. All creatures have their uses. That he has any speculative faculty I will never believe.

I told you in my last that we were moving all our publishing work to London. I am going to live there, or at least in the neighbourhood. I have taken an old-fashioned house at Tooting. I dare say you know the neighbourhood. If not, it is about a mile beyond the end of Clapham Common. We get to it by a railway that goes from the West end to the Crystal Palace. I understand that you are bringing your youngest daughter with you, but not Mrs. Wilson. We should have been glad to see your wife, but if we are deprived of that pleasure we shall certainly be delighted to see yourself and your daughter, and we can house you both in a pleasant neighbourhood. We are within a quarter of an hour's rail of the Crystal Palace, not far from Kew, Richmond Park, and other pleasant places, which the young lady can see under favourable circumstances. We look forward to it with much pleasure.

. . . "Prehistoric Man" is the right title, let any ass say what he likes or make blunders as he chooses about you. If you are supposed to mean Preadamic,

tell the folks if you had meant it you would have said it. Everybody whom I have talked to about it says it is the right title. You stand to your colours and let the geese cackle. Please don't write me any more cantankerous letters like a dear good Professor as you are. I have done well by your book and you, though I say it myself. We have not more than thirty copies left. The season is over almost, and if the book gets out of print and sought for it will do good to the new and thoroughly revised edition you are preparing, when that appears. Kindest regards to your wife, daughter, and yourself.

March 25, 1863.

To Miss Irby.

. . . I wish you could persuade the Greeks to offer the crown to our friend Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein. He is the son of the exiled Duke, and so has no *reversionary* interests. I have known him for many years, since he was a student at Trinity College here. He was then thought an able, thoughtful man, and he has had much experience since. He is cousin to the new Princess of Wales, though I believe politically opposed to her house. This would be all the better, and likely to interest them and our Court in seeing him firmly settled elsewhere. Seriously the Greeks could not do better. He was a great favourite of the late Prince Consort, is friendly with many of our best literary men—Thomas Hughes thinks very highly of him, and singularly enough suggested this very thing that I had been already thinking of. . . . How could we have allowed an English prince to sit on the Greek Throne without increasing complications, already perplexing enough, with other nations of Europe? England has larger duties as well as larger interests than can be reconciled to her individual wishes with regard to various smaller populations in Europe. Just think

on all our colonies and dependencies, and what we owe to them. The mass of unascertained nationality that clamours for English sympathy must often seem neglected and treated coldly when really larger and more directly important claims require to be considered. The spread of information regarding these same unascertained nationalities in England is very important, but immediate action must often be delayed. I deeply sympathise with and gladly do what I can to spread that knowledge here, but I think England, while sound at heart, as I believe she is, must be borne with if no direct action flows at once from that information. We have our own perplexities at present—witness the disturbances in our manufacturing districts even after all we have done for the relief of the distress, and see if we can be expected to rush in to help all claimants abroad. But I must not enter on all these questions. I merely throw out hints that seem to me worth considering before judging too harshly our policy regarding all these perplexing questions. . . .

April 14, 1863.

To (Sir) G. O. Trevelyan, then in India.

I am delighted to learn that you take to your new life so kindly and find things so interesting. It is a sign that you will do something there that will be worth doing. Indeed from all I hear it is a country full of interest, traditions from a limitless past, and wonderful prospects in a future of which who can see the end? One prospect nearly interesting it has in store for us, that is your article. Masson will be very glad indeed to have one or two from your pen on India. But we cannot well keep too long on one string, and we have had one time and another a good many papers. The excellent Bishop has sent us three papers "On Indian Cities," which have been inserted, and a fourth is still waiting. But as I said we will be very glad

indeed to see your papers. You will make them as varied as you can, of course.

Have you quite abandoned all idea of a story such as we talked of before you left? Or is it your idea to gather your Indian Sketches round one? I shall be glad to hear about this. I am interested in what you say about Stigant. I fear he has the faults you speak of, but I do think there is a good deal of power about the man. He has taken up theories of poetry which lead him to estimate Tennyson very inadequately. I have several times had somewhat fierce arguments with him on the subject, but he always was in the *absolute* vein. I fear he has been spoilt by chagrin and disappointment—I cannot judge what success might have done for him. But that enormous self-sufficiency is a terrible hindrance to success in all ways. I shall be curious to hear of his progress. Do you ever see anything of John Stephenson? He must have reached soon after you. He has a great deal of ability, but I fear in a somewhat unpractical form. If he gets work to do I should think he could do it.

If you ever come across a young man by name Arthur Clay, I think he is worth notice. He is a fine, modest, manly fellow, with lots of talent and admirable sense, not so able perhaps in some respects as either Stigant or Stephenson, but likely to be much more practically useful. I shall be surprised if he does not prove to have great administrative power. I have known him for some years. His father is the great London printer, and tried to get him to take up with his own business; but his leanings were always to a more active enterprising life. The wise, quiet, resolute and modest way in which he brought his father round to take his own view of what was best for him was really fine. There was not the least disobedience or kicking off the traces. He worked well at the business while he was at it, and only left off with his father's consent. He was two years at St. John's, and worked very hard, and then took a capital place in the examina-

tion for the Indian appointment, in spite of great drawbacks from want of early preparation. He will be worth the authorities' notice, I am sure.

Cambridge is going on in its old way. There are lots of propositions for changes in poll examinations and the like, but it does not seem to result in much as yet. But fruit does not grow on good trees of one year's planting. One almost wonders if the changes are going to do much good after all, but we must wait in patience and hope.

I am going to live in London after next month, leaving my nephew here to manage the retail business. We are increasing our business with India both in school books and in the supply of Libraries and Book Clubs and private persons, and we could do more if it came in our way. What strides education must be making among the natives! We sell considerable numbers of our mathematical books, even high ones, every year to India. I should be glad to know something about these same scientific natives.

Please write me a longer letter when you next write.

Cambridge, May 4, 1863.

To James MacLehose, on A. M. being made Publisher to the University of Oxford.

The Oxford business is now settled all to the signing of the agreement—the terms of which were arranged at a meeting I had with the Delegates of the Press last Tuesday. I am now what you may call publisher designate to the University of Oxford. I hope it will turn out a good thing for them and for me. They have great funds, and seem willing to employ them in useful and lucrative ways. They have a good many schemes for educational and other works, and want the guidance as to business arrangements, of a publisher of experience. I hope I will not disappoint them. I

mean to try my best, and they have been reasonable and liberal in all our arrangements. Of course, besides the direct publishing for the University I will be brought into connections for getting publishing on my own account. I think if I had had this position when Stanley began to publish I would have certainly got his books. But all these things are future as yet, and how they will shape themselves must depend on circumstances, which it will be my business to watch and manage as they arise. One of the conditions which they originally attached to the arrangement was that I should open a retail shop in Oxford. I mentioned this to you in former letters, and spoke of Robert coming up to take management of it. You never seemed to take to the idea, and indeed I could place very little definite before you on the subject. I had, and still have, a general conviction that a person with a good knowledge of the kind of business, or at least a natural capacity for acquiring it, might make a really fine thing of it. But I also felt, and feel still, that in the meantime it would be beyond my power to enter into this with all that I have on my hands, and all that I will have in getting their affairs as regards publishing into a proper condition. I felt that it would be of importance that a year should elapse before I undertook anything of the kind. So I got them to agree to let the matter stand over, and I am not to be called upon to open the retail business before October, 1864, and then only if it seems to all parties likely to be conducive to general publishing interests of the University. I still think that it might be a great opening for your brother if his tastes lead him in that way. A man to be successful in such a business ought to have a considerable knowledge of classics, of German and Continental literature, or what would be quite as good, such tastes as would enable him to acquire such knowledge. I know too little of your brother's turn of mind to be able to judge as to whether the sort of thing would suit him. I have only the general knowledge that

there are few businesses conceivable that would be more pleasant to an intelligent man, and that it might be made far more lucrative than a business in Ayr or even Glasgow. I talked of giving a third share, but as my object in undertaking a retail business there at all would not be to make profit out of it, but to keep up my connection with the place I would be quite willing, if the suitable person could be found, and if he himself could give adequate capital, to make a much more liberal arrangement. I throw out all this that you may be thinking over it, and seeing if it is worth Robert's while looking into the thing.

I am now busy making arrangements for my great move to London. My house at Tooting is nearly ready, and we shall be settled there I hope in about another month. . . .

We are all well—never better. I feel overwhelmed at times with all that is on my head and hands, but feel clear and plucky on the whole. If the fates had revealed what they had in store for me ten years ago, I would have asked their worships to spare me, but it has all come so naturally that I don't seem to have had any voice in the matter. The consolation that one feels is that a Higher than the fates is ordering it all, and if we work in the right spirit we won't go wrong. . . .

May 11, 1863.

To Edward Dicey.

The *Athenæum*! It is undoubtedly annoying to *me* when I know that a brainless, spiteful fool can injure the sale of one's books, and perhaps reflectively to you. But I did not dream that you seriously cared for the judgment of a man who could write in such a strain. I was far more indignant with it for the attack on Miss Thackeray's *Story of Elizabeth* the week before.

Copies were sent to the *Mirror*, *Parthenon*, and *Examiner*.

Do come next Thursday.

Did you read the Competition Wallah in our last number? It is by young Trevelyan—and strikes me as capital.

May 16, 1863.

To Mark Lemon, suggesting 'The Jest Book,' afterwards published in the Golden Treasury Series.

Many thanks for your kind note—I have only a vague recollection of Number Nip. He is a kind of Puck, isn't he? I should be very glad indeed to look at a specimen. It would be a great pleasure for me to have your aid in our series. My only doubt in this case is whether Number Nip is not *too* grotesque and *too* local for our aim, which is to be very classic and universal—words which in their best sense are surely synonymous. If Number Nip does not do, what do you think of a real *highbred Joe Miller*? It wants doing. Think of the lot of exquisite stories floating about and getting lost. To pick out the true gems and set them in some proportion and order would be a very fine work. Please don't say anything to anybody about this if you don't think of undertaking it for us.

June 20, 1863.

To Rev. Dr. Westcott.

I have read your introduction and the programme of contents, both of which I like very much. Perhaps a word here and there might be replaced by one less scholastic. I will venture on suggestions in the proofs if you will allow me. I cannot help thinking it will be a most useful and popular work. We will print it at Cambridge, of course. Will that reconcile you in

some degree to our Hegira? I can assure you I left it with great reluctance. I have spent twenty pleasant years to myself, I wish they had been more useful to others, and that I had been able to do more to show gratitude for all the kindness I have experienced—all the blessings I have enjoyed.

July 2, 1863.

To Alexander Smith.

I have already sent you the two first sheets of the *Burns*, and to-day I send you the third and fourth. I dare say the printer will be able to set up more before calling on you to return for press. But you may as well read them over carefully and return as we go along. The copy from which the book is being printed you may take as your authority, for I collated it very carefully with the first Kilmarnock and the first Edinburgh editions, besides on the whole the Aldine edition, which is my basis, seems to have been very carefully done, and indeed well done, considering that Sir Harris Nicolas, who edited it, was, as I suppose, an Englishman. All then that you will require to do here will be to see that they have printed correctly from the copy given them. By-the-bye, there is only one point that requires looking to; it is this: In the Kilmarnock edition all, or nearly all, the "ing's" are Scotticised into "an," as "bring*an*," "stan*an*" for "bringing," "standing." In the Edinburgh and all subsequent ones it is "bring*in*," "greet*in*," and so on. Now my own idea is that the true sound is better given by the "an" than by the "in," and accordingly in some of the earlier pages I did change the spelling back to the Kilmarnock usage. But it struck me that it would have a pedantic look. And after all the Edinburgh was Burns's as well as the Kilmarnock, and though I may have a theory that he allowed himself to be swayed from the true Western (say Doric) rendering by the refined Edinburgh folks, still as it was Burns's doing I

have no right to alter it. So will you kindly keep your eyes on any "an's" you may see and make them "in's." Tell me, however, if you don't think me right in this, my last decision.

You had better keep all the leaves which are being printed from. They contain Burns's own notes, which, of course, must be given, and also notes by the Aldine editor, which you cannot use, but which will give you hints as to points requiring an explanatory note for the barbarous and ignorant Southerner. I dare say you will think of other notes yourself. The only kind of notes which should be given are explanatory ones. The Aldine edition gives "various readings"—that is, changes found in various editions, or in MS. All these and any others you can find should be given at the end of the second volume before the notes and before the Glossarial Index.

I may as well tell you my idea as to the order of the book, and you can then be working at all parts as the printing is going on and as opportunity serves.

1. The Poems and Songs. These are to be given without note or mark of note on the page. I am anxious that if possible not a misprint or blunder of any kind should be on it, and that the text should be the best. With regard to what is the authority in each case, this is my idea. The Kilmarnock and Edinburgh editions printed during his lifetime are of course absolute for those poems which they contain. As I said, I have very carefully collated the first and second Kilmarnock and first Edinburgh editions. But there is an edition in two volumes I think published the year before his death while he was at Dumfries. This I have never seen, and it contains more poems than the first two. What is the authority for any poem after that I cannot tell. I would on the whole take the Aldine text as a general rule as being satisfactory. There may, probably would be, an obvious mistake here and there, but on the whole it is admirable. An edition published in Glasgow about 1801—I forget the man whose name it

bears—appears the first edition after Burns's death that contains a very large number of new poems. Of course you should look at Currie. But after all your own judgment and the general facts must decide for you what reading to adopt. There are poems in Chambers's which are not in the Aldine. You should investigate the authority of each, and, if satisfied of its genuineness, adopt into ours all these. I don't quite know what the rule of copyright is in these cases, but I dare say in any case I would be able to make arrangements. But pray don't take Chambers's text *in any case*. He is a good fellow, Robert Chambers, but there is not a whisper of scholarly feeling about his edition. Apart from elisions on "family grounds," there is a general carelessness about small niceties that your delicate poetic feeling would naturally teach you to avoid. My wish in this respect, and I am sure it will be yours, is that it should in all respects be such a text of our author as needs no emendation from future editors. So much for the text.

2. The various readings which you can gather yourself, and which you will find in the Aldine and elsewhere, should be given immediately after the text. If you look at Wright's edition of *Bacon's Essays*, published in our *Golden Treasury* Series, you will see the sort of thing I mean.

3. Notes—explaining local allusions and the like. Of course, you will embody all Burns's own notes, and add whatever you think needful to the ordinary English reader. All should be very compact. The Aldine notes are not bad, but occasionally more is given than is needful.

4. The Glossarial Index, the nature of which I explained to you when I saw you. I think I gave you the interleaved glossary when you were here.

Please tell me if all this is clear, and if you agree with me as to what is the needful and fitting thing to be done in the matter.

I shall be glad to hear from you soon.

July 14, 1863.

To (Sir) Archibald Geikie.

I was delighted to see your signature at the foot of a letter which, on opening, I felt was from a known, though for the moment unrecognised, friend. I had heard of your being unwell, and was always meaning to write to you after the receipt of your memoir, though partly I was not quite sure whereabouts you were, but mainly I have been excessively occupied of late with changes, of which I will presently tell you. In the meantime I am very glad to hear that you are better and have in prospect being quite strong, and also that your work is progressing. You know I shall be much pleased when you are in a position with it that we can go into definite details about its publication.

About myself: First, I am now Cockney by habitation, having with much reluctance decided that London must now be my headquarters, and Cambridge a branch. I have brought all my publishing staff, with Mr. Fraser at its head, up to London, and taken a house to live in down at Tooting, about half-way between the Victoria Station and the Crystal Palace. I have room for a friend there as before, and hope to entertain the great Geologist of Scotland there as I did at Cambridge, with great pleasure to myself and family, and I hope not without some to himself.

You may guess the change was not made without some labour. And besides this I have had the office of Publisher to the University of Oxford offered to me, which I, of course, accepted, and the arrangements for this have given me a good deal of work. Still I am alive and by no means ill in health or spirits. The summer will be a busy one, I will be engaged in digging—not stones or *fossils*, but bricks and preparations for very "recent formations." I am about to make a house for myself for the business, and the building will occupy my summer, besides one's ordinary work, which is not small at present. I am glad to say that all my family is well, wife and sister and bairns—and enjoying

greatly the old rambling house and grounds which we have got at Tooting. They tumble about the grass and play croquet and jump about all day long.

July 16, 1863.

To Rev. B. F. Westcott.

I have been reading over the first sheet [1] a third time, and become convinced of what I half suspected at first, that it was somewhat impertinent in me to offer any sort of criticism to you. It has only one fault that I can point out, and that is so rare and admirable even as a fault that it should be ranked as a virtue—it is too compact and terse. The proof of this is that I who am not habitually a careless reader found much come out more clearly on the third reading than on the second. I have given one or two hints on the proof which I send with this. But indeed I don't think much of them myself, and only give them as indicating the nature of the difficulties that might be felt by ordinary readers through the great compression of style. There are others which I cannot indicate in this way at all. As an instance—on page 5 the phrase *documentary aspect* might be a little expanded to the more clear setting forth to ordinary minds of the beautiful and most important contrast you make. Many a popular writer would make a dozen pages out of what you compress into half-a-dozen lines. I am not particularly wishing you to alter anything in this sheet, but that in writing in future you may if you think it worth while write just a little more "at large."

I must say your first chapter is admirable. I don't know anywhere where the true view of an inspired book is so clearly given. I quite look to the book selling and doing much good.

[1] Of 'The Bible in the Church.'

July 21, 1863.

To (Sir) G. O. Trevelyan.

. . . When in April you were proposing a series of letters,[1] while I had been expecting news of your story, I answered with a little hesitation as to a *series*. After the receipt of the first all doubt vanished, and in May I wrote again expressing the delight we were feeling about them. I have been confirmed and strengthened in this mood by all the subsequent ones which I have had and read, and now your letter (without date, by-the-bye, and I have destroyed the envelope) comes to remind me of what I had almost quite forgotten. You will have forgotten yours long before this reaches you, so I will dwell no longer on it. Unfortunately your second letter reached just too late for June, but it was [published] in July, and No. 3 will be in August, and now we are well ahead. If I can I will get two in one month, as I have a wish, *with your leave*, to bring them all out in a little volume somewhere about Christmas. Tell me how you like the idea.

Your novel will be quite as welcome as your letters, and your practice in them will be valuable to you in that. . . .

I am now settled in London, and by coming to London curiously for the first time in my life am fairly living in the country. I have got an old brick house at Tooting, with trees and green fields about me. You are, I hope, enjoying the Neilgharies, which I suppose is cooler than Calcutta. I met Mr. Kenneth Macaulay in Hall the other day. He told me that you were not quite well. I hope the hills will recruit you.

July 29, 1863.

To J. M. Ludlow.

"Ye know not what spirit ye are of." My firm conviction that Thomas Carlyle is wrong in thinking

[1] Letters from a Competition Wallah.

that slavery and service from man to man for life are synonymous, does not render me unjust towards him. He is not "a bad old man," but a very noble and useful one, and even his wrong sayings have wisdom and significance in them which are wanting in the rabid vapid utterance of deepest truths. Instead of writing such a letter to me, which is valueless for all conceivable human uses, why don't you sit down and calmly expose the fallacy of the application of permanent relationships —which relationships, with your theories, you ought to value more highly than true Thomas himself—which has been made in slavery? I am sure you could do it if you would keep your temper and head cool. And you know very well that the pages of the *Magazine* are opener to you than to Carlyle. Wherein does the value of a theory of human freedom consist that permits no divergence of opinion, no freedom of discussion?

"The wrath of man worketh not," etc., etc. I am for freedom, my most excellent and well-beloved friend John, and mean to have it against all tyrannies over others, even in thought. I suppose swearing and cursing and other forms of virulent language have their uses—though I cannot see what they are, unless to teach one patience.

July 29, 1863.

To T. A. Aldis.

There seems to me much real power, almost genius I think, in your little allegory, especially in the poetry. It is full of palpable crudities of thought and style that would not hinder its acceptance, I should fancy, among the great body of political dissenters. If you are content with securing a sale I cannot feel a doubt that you would have a large sale if you put it into the hands of any dissenting publisher, who is up to his work. You know that I am a Churchman by deliberate choice. A dissenting chapel is not my idea of the

Palace beautiful. I know some able and admirable dissenting ministers, but they do not exclusively represent the Shepherd. I dislike dissent because of its exclusiveness. The inconsistencies which you dwell on as existing in the Prayer Book and formularies seem to me a great blessing, and there is no force to me in the arguments by which Mr. Robinson sought to hurl back the "Sin" on to the Conformists. All truth is full of such "inconsistencies." There is no such darkener of the intellect as logic when it ignores its subordinate position as a hodman to Reason. I think your representation of Tennyson hideously unfair. But I am quite sure it will make your book sell well in the proper circle, and the simple way of disposing of Broadchurchmen by a most slanderous epithet would be sure to take. For a certain kind of fame this sort of thing is most efficacious. If I were to advise according to what seems to me noble, honest, true, and of "good report" in higher regions than any of the "isms" afford, I would say abuse nothing, write *against* nothing except immorality, unholiness, forgetfulness of God in practical life and thought. I am sure you will do something in literature that will attract notice—*whose*, is a question depending on yourself.

August 13, 1863.

To (Sir) William Vernon Harcourt.

If the M'Nabs have not intercepted them you have no doubt received the two copies of your second series.[1]

I will take care to let you know of all the abuse you get from our enlightened press.

The weather in Covent Garden has been a delightful mixture, between a baker's oven and a Market Garden in decay. Rejoice in Glen Dochart if you are wise. I

[1] 'Additional Letters of Historicus on International Law.'

envy you your misery. What is a paltry shower outside to being your own rain-maker in spite of open windows which make you quake with remembered rheumatism? Shake hands with the MacNabs, if they don't give as well as take. I am consoled, however, with Lower Tooting, which is not in the Highlands.

August 17, 1863.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.

I sent off by a mid-day book-post to you to-day the copy of the *Water Babies*. I hope it will reach you in time for your purpose.

I came up to London on Sunday three weeks, with my old friend, Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto, a brother of George's, meaning to ask you to let me introduce him; but it was your Communion Sunday, and we had to get back in time for our early dinner. He was very anxious to have seen you, and thankful that he had heard you preach. He has just come from Canada, where the feeling is terribly Anti-Northern—not pro-slavery or pro-Southern. Dr. Wilson was very active in the John Anderson case, and fought hard and spoke out strongly and I believe influentially against giving him up. . . .

I did not agree with Carlyle, as you know, and think your retort in the *Spectator* merited. But I do not feel that it was open to the charge of being mere folly. There is a root of wisdom in what he said. It is an element of good in slavery that the connection has a certain permanency in it. He ignores—no doubt with a humorous wilfulness—the other side. But I do not think the grand old man is the fool you say. You will see a bit of John Malcolm's retort in the next number. Miss Martineau's was the best, " Man stealing!—hiring for life the wise call it."

September 7, 1863.

To Rev. Dr. Vaughan.

I am greatly delighted at the prospect of your proposed commentary on St. Paul's Epistles. Your plan seems to me altogether admirable, and I should do my best to co-operate with you in the typographical arrangement of the book, and I think there is every chance of a considerable success. I think on the whole the chronological arrangement of the Epistles would be the best. I do not think any English reader would demur to having the habitual order of the Epistles disturbed, when by another arrangement new light could be thrown on the mind and character of the Apostle, as I suppose it can by seeing how the changing circumstances altered the mood without disturbing the substance of what he held and taught.

However, in all these things I would be guided by you. . . .

September 7, 1863.

To Mrs. Hugh Macmillan.

I am ashamed to have been so long acknowledging your very kind letter and the interesting enclosure of your husband's poem. I feel indeed proud of my highland cousin, as a man of true intellectual qualities and sweet poetic nature. . . .

I do so wish I could get up and see your beautiful county, of which I have heard so much and seen so little. I have been a dweller in cities all my days, only rarely seeing the noble and grand in nature. A paper like Mr. Macmillan's on Heather is most delightful to me—but how much more the talk with him on the heather itself! It will come some day, I hope.

Couldn't you and he find your way South some day? We really have heather within five minutes' walk of our door—on Wandsworth Common. But the mountains

are not much I must confess—none would be quite a day's journey to the slowest snail that ever crawled. Still it is glorious in its way—when the blaze of the spring gorse is on it, Wandsworth and Tooting Commons—we live near both—are things to make a man happy. But we have pleasanter flowers than these at Tooting. I wish you could contrive a way in which two of the younger clan could meet as well as the older ones.

Sept. 22, 1863.

To W. Aldis Wright.

I have been away for a fortnight in Scotland on business—partly business, partly pleasure. I only returned on Saturday night. Mrs. Daniel was with me part of the time. We did the Clyde, Arran, Ayrshire, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Yarrow, Ettrick, and finally Moffat dale. So you may guess we were not idle. We enjoyed ourselves greatly, and would have come home perfectly content, but for an accident which occurred the very morning we were setting our faces homeward. On our way to the station the horse which was taking us ran away. Providentially one of the wheels of the carriage caught on a bridge, which stopped the animal, but smashed the carriage. One wheel came off, and on the side on which Mrs. Daniel was. The horse went on a short time after, and she was with difficulty kept from being dragged on the ground. I had hold of her hand, and this with a slight hold she had with her heels was all that kept her from serious injury. Her hand was rather severely cut in two or three places. The driver at last got down to the head of the animal, and we got out of our danger. I had to run for a mile and a half for a fresh carriage, and we just caught our train. She has been a little shaken, of course, but she behaved like a heroine. Well it is over, and we have deep reason to be thankful it was no worse. . . .

Sept. 28, 1863.

To Rev. E. B. Waren, College, Cheltenham.

It is curious that your idea has been in my mind for more than a year. I mean the Selection of Sunday Poetry for children. It arose out of a want I felt in my own family. My children have long been in the habit of repeating a hymn or a piece of poetry after our Bible Class on Sunday evenings, and their mother has expressed the difficulty she had in selecting bits for them to learn. About three months since I spoke to Sir Roundell Palmer about it, and he named a well known literary lady, whom I have meant to communicate with, but hitherto have not done. I now will—by this very post.

October 4, 1863.

To Mrs. Alexander, Strabane, Ireland.

I have for some years felt the want in my own family of a *Selection of Poetry* of such a character as one could comfortably put into children's hands on Sundays, and out of which one might set them pieces to learn. Your own two little books, *Hymns for Children* and *Narrative Hymns*, have long been familiar to the younger ones. But the number of these hymns is limited, and as the children grow up they want a change naturally. But almost ever since I had the idea of actually undertaking it, and making it one of our *Golden Treasury* Series, I have thought of asking you to make the selection for me, if I might without presumption do so. About three months since I asked Sir Roundell Palmer if he knew you and if he thought I might venture to write you. He has been kind enough to give me your address and leave to use his name. A suggestion from a Master in one of our public schools, which came to me some days ago, has hastened my purpose of writing you, which has been delayed from

pressure of work and other causes. I now write formally to ask you if you would undertake to make such a selection as I speak of to contain about as much—perhaps a little more than the *Children's Garland*, which I send you by this post. I would not, of course, object, if you are agreeable, to a few original poems, but as my object would be to have the very best poetry, the highest moral tone, and the truest piety that could be found in the whole range of English poetry that was suitable for children, say from eight to twelve, I would not either stipulate for or wish that this should be a leading feature. I have the deepest confidence in your judgment in regard to this matter, and feel sure that we would have such a work from you as would be a boon to thousands of older children, as your own compositions have been to younger ones. . . .

Oct. 5, 1863.

To Henry Kingsley.

Dicey dropped in on me last night. He has just come back from Poland, where he saw what he saw. You will see it in the pages of the *Mag*. next month with No. 1 of "The Adv."—I beg your parding, you know the name better. Curiously enough he ran against Clark—our public orator—in Warsaw. C. is in great wrath against Russia, and wants us to go to war. He will be uttering himself in some way I have no doubt. But I must tell you a little story of the noble, good fellow. A young Mr. Anderson, son of the late preacher at Lincolns Inn, and who is settled at Berlin, or somewhere else, was travelling about Poland, and on some suspicion, utterly groundless it seemed, was laid hold of and locked up in prison, and refused all means of communication with his friends. Anything might have happened to him had it not reached Clark's ears accidentally, and off he goes, insists on seeing him, gets his story, telegraphs to Lord Napier, and has Anderson

out of quod in a few days. You will assent to the opinion which the released individual expressed that our orator is a *real brick*. We will hear more of it by-and-bye. . . .

Much love to Eversley and all the kind friends there.

October 7, 1863.

To Mrs. Alexander.

I am much gratified that you enter so readily into my idea and are willing to undertake the selection I suggested to you. . . .

One thing I would gladly learn your feeling about. I do not myself feel the need of restricting the selection to formally doctrinal poetry—hardly even to what is technically called religious. I may adduce, for instance, Tennyson's "St. Agnes," the dedication of the *Idylls*, as belonging to a lofty-toned class that, though having nothing that would be perhaps called particularly religious, are yet suitable for a sacred Sunday selection. I am not pointing out these as wishing *them* in the volume, but merely to indicate a class, some of which would, I think, prove useful and attractive in such a selection.

You are aware of the many beautiful bits of sacred poetry to be found in some of our old English writers. I should be glad to send you any of their works if you wish them. I have an old copy of Anderson's *British Poets*, which contains most of them.

October 23, 1863.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . I have been long of answering your kind letter of October 4, which I was very glad to see. But I have been excessively busy with the Oxford books and other matters, and hardly knew how to get through what

each day brought, and I wanted to sit down and write you a quiet letter and a long one. I fear even now it will be neither.

I am very glad you can so far give a good account of your health, but I trust before very long you will be able to give very much better. The rest and the Naturalist work ought to do wonders. Our poor Greek Testament schemes get on slowly. It is a mercy that Lightfoot will break ground so soon. I have a great hope that a beginning once made we will be able to keep it up. I shall be very glad to have the first volume of the series fairly out. . . .

Since my appointment to the office of Publisher to the University of Oxford I have been coming into contact with all sorts of people there, and they are all civil enough. Mansel is one of my immediate masters—a brisk, clever-looking man—very clever, but such a contrast to Maurice. It was absurd for such men to quarrel. They have not the common elements whereby a discussion could be held with the least hope of mutually intelligible speech. I met Mansel in the street at Oxford on Tuesday, and stopped to talk over some arrangements together. But never did I feel what a noble, magnificent kind of man [Maurice is] so strongly as when looking in the little Oxford Professor's face. Verily the prophet is of the Celestials—verily the other is not—though by no means a bad fellow in his way, and capable of good work I daresay.

What do you think of Burgon calling on me yesterday to ask me to publish a book for him? I asked him to send me the MS. to look at. It is about *The Pastoral Office*. I don't think I can refuse it. People say he is a clever man in his way. I had a longish talk with him. He tells me he was elected to the same Fellowship that Newman vacated. "Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen."

The *Reader* is doing very well now I understand. Masson has taken the Editorship. It undoubtedly is the best literary paper we ever had in England, and will

undoubtedly improve. You should tell everybody to take it instead of the *Athenæum*. Just look at the news about foreign books which little Deutsch of the Museum gives.

I wish you could have given me half an hour when you were in Town. We could do more than in fifty letters written in the midst of business and bustle. Blunt brought the MS. I go to Cambridge to-morrow, and will convey it to Wright.

Do you see that Kingsley is going to write a *Boy's History of England*? I have seen some chapters. Of course they are good.

October 30, 1863.

To Professor Bartholomew Price, Secretary to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

I find it very hard work to draw up a list of school books from the very plethora of what might be suggested.

What has occurred to me as the most practical way of working the scheme is this:—Find out who is the man with most experience in such schools, and who also has a competent knowledge of the subject. Take Latin, for instance.

You are to teach Middle Class boys Latin: you want teaching books for the purpose; but besides you want these books constructed on a method which shall be sound in principle and easy in use—clear and simple. Also all the books should be of such a character as to stand related to each other by common principles. The Grammar should tell into the Delectus, and the First Composition Book into the Grammar. If you had [them], as I think you might have, the one should be really an introduction to the other. But the precise

books that would be required for such a course of Latin instruction as would be adapted for these elementary schools would be best fixed by the gentleman who undertook the charge of the whole course.

I think other divisions of school books might be treated in the same way. I think the books ought all to be done on a uniform plan, and in each subject the books ought to have a coherent unity. I incline to think if you had one or two courses of books so constructed they would soon justify their own existence, and need not interfere with existing school books more than would be quite legitimate. I confess it seems to me we will hardly produce anything worthy of the Universities or equal to the occasion, unless some such coherent plan is followed. That would be indeed a noble and good work. At first it might be carried out in one or two departments. Take Natural Philosophy and Latin and French to begin with.

It has been suggested to me that a good manual of Ancient History, such as Heeren's was in its day, would be a valuable book for students. I would suggest three books on the same plan—Ancient, Modern, and Mediæval. Mr. Shirley would be able to advise on such a subject.

I have had a history of Christian Literature on an elaborate scale offered to me by an able Scotch scholar. It has been a work of many years' labour. A competent friend has looked at it, and thought that without being brilliant it was sound and readable. I don't think the writer wants money for it at all, and would be content to have it printed without expense to himself. Would the delegates entertain it?

I have written to Professor Fraser about the Berkeley, and shall hope to see Mr. Mansel when I next come to Oxford. Was the Chaucer discussed?

November 5, 1863.

To Rev. Alexander Maclaren, Manchester.

Mac is the right. Mc is a humbug like a man that nips his words. I don't think my older forbears wrote it so. It must have come in with the apostrophic 'tis and other mincing abbreviations—go in for Mac by all means, and let no man identify Scotland with the stupid apostrophe.

Nov. 26, 1863.

To James MacLehose.

I enclose the last new thing. There is another also going on, not yet announced. It is to consist of poetry that children may learn on Sundays—not hymns. A very accomplished good lady, a Mrs. Alexander, who has written beautiful narrative hymns from the gospels, is to edit it. I have not quite fixed a title, but my nearest approach to anything to satisfy myself is *The Sunday Book of Poetry for the Young.* I anticipate it will be a great success in England. What you bigoted Scotch bodies, with your Strathbogie presbyteries, will do I cannot well guess. For we will have such poems as Tennyson's "St. Agnes" and others of a like sort, as well as more directly religious.

The Jest book will be excellent. I have seen a great deal in type. So will the Ballad book. I am buying the copyright of all these, as they are done at my own suggestion.

See how well the *Blake* is being reviewed. There will be a good many more important notices. We have sold about 500. As nobody knew about Blake, and the book had its way to fight, this is not bad. It goes on daily selling too. I think you should do a good deal with it, and also with Daniel Wilson's new edition.

Tell me what you think of a large type Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*, in 8vo uniform with the *Shakespeare.* I think of doing both the *Milton* and the *Burns* so.

December 2, 1863.

To the Rev. J. Earle, Bath.

I understand from Mr. Coxe of the Bodleian that he has already told you of a suggestion that had been made to the delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, for a new and thorough edition of *Chaucer*. I received yesterday an official communication from the delegates authorising me to enter into correspondence with you on the subject of your undertaking the *general editorship* of the work; as conceived of I fancy that it would be essential to have more than one Editor for such an edition. Besides yourself as general editor, two others had occurred to me as desirable and competent sub-editors, Mr. Bradshaw, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and the Rev. J. M. Jephson, who is resident in London. Mr. W. Aldis Wright, one of the editors of the *Cambridge Shakespeare*, and a great friend of Mr. Bradshaw's, would, if he can spare time from his other work, be a very excellent fellow-worker. Mr. Bradshaw's name you probably know, and his almost unique faculty for discovery and minute accurate investigation. He has found at least one unpublished poem of Chaucer's, and had through his hands and compared with a view to the arrangement of the Tales, some eighteen or twenty different MSS. Mr. Jephson did, I believe, almost all that is really valuable in the little eight-volume edition which bore Robert Bell's name, and was published by J. W. Parker. And he has since been pursuing his studies in Chaucer with much diligence. His residence in London would give him frequent access to the British Museum MSS.

My idea in originally suggesting this edition was that it should be made as nearly as possible a final and complete critical edition, giving the best possible text with all the readings of value and importance. I am aware that the large number of MSS. of Chaucer which exist—at least of the Canterbury Tales—would, supposing every one of the MSS. were to be looked on as having some authority and its readings given, be

immense, and hardly to be compassed. That it would make the edition exceedingly cumbrous would be another obvious objection to such a course. But in the course of a long conversation I had with Mr. Bradshaw on the subject a few weeks since, it seemed to him as almost certain that a general but careful examination of the whole MSS. would reduce those whose readings it would be needful to give to some three or four at most. Of this and such like matters you must, of course, determine hereafter. The Dean of Christ Church seemed to think explanatory notes indispensable. They would doubtless greatly add to the value of the book—and a good Glossarial Index would be of the greatest importance. I send you a copy of Mr. W. Aldis Wright's edition of *Bacon*, which contains an index of the kind. Chaucer would demand more etymological explanation I should think.

My idea is that the work could be got into 8 octavo volumes, and that it should be printed somewhat in the style of our *Cambridge Shakespeare*.

I have thought somewhere from £700 to £800 might be given for all the editorial work, and the delegates seemed to agree with me.

I should be glad to have an opportunity of a personal conference with you should you be seen in London. Perhaps you will kindly let me know generally what your views are regarding the above undertaking and details so far as I have been able to give them.

January 8, 1864.

To Rev. F. D. Maurice.

I really ought to have been ashamed of myself for indulging in the light chaff about your meeting Mansell. I never meant it for a moment as serious. . . . I always have felt that your position and his are as you say most directly antagonistic. I think you right and him wrong. I have said so in Oxford among

Mansell's intimates, and shall be quite ready to say so again anywhere and everywhere. But if I feel that I can mix with perfect freedom and exchange all social courtesies with Mr. Mansell, and join with him in all such useful projects as belong to my calling, I owe it, surely not to my being a "man of the world," but to the great infinite truth that you have taught me, that *we* do not hold on to the Good God and Father of all, but that He holds us, one and all, in His keeping and love. And even Mr. Mansell is not excluded from that. The little logical word-play with which he made such a stir astonished no one half so much as himself—I am convinced. . . .

I saw Kingsley on Saturday, and he is going to write to Dr. Newman as kindly as he can. Old passages about Froude and others have left a bitter flavour in his thoughts and feelings about the great pervert. I also have written to him. I hope it will do no harm ultimately.

January 6, 1864.

To the Rev. Dr. Newman.

Your letter concerning a paper of Professor Kingsley's in the January number of our *Magazine* reached me last Monday. I delayed answering you till I had seen and talked with him on the subject.

Precious memories of more than twenty years since, when your sermons were a delight and blessing shared (and thereby increased) with a dear brother no longer living, but for whom the mists and misunderstandings have, as we believe, been dispelled by the Light Himself, would add strong weight to my desire to answer such a letter from you with peculiar care and reverence.

I cannot separate myself in this case from whatever injustice—and your letter convinces me that there was injustice—there may have been in Mr. Kingsley's charge against you personally. I had read the passage, and I will confess to you plainly that I did not even

think at the time that you or any of your communion would think it unjust. Nothing has given me more pleasure for long than to learn, as I do from your letter, that I am mistaken at least in one instance. It is many years since I have had intercourse with members of the Church that holds us heretics. My intercourse then was mainly with young men—some of them as noble and good men as I have ever known. On the point alluded to in Mr. Kingsley's article as well as another point—namely, the duty of enforcing penally conformity to one form of thought concerning the Revelation of God to man in Christ—I received an impression that it was generally true that the Roman Catholic way of looking at these matters was what Mr. Kingsley says it is. I cannot now recall particulars, and it is quite possible I may have done them injustice. I never identified them personally with their theory—that truth is a matter of *enactment*. I believed, and still believe, of those I know best that they love truth in their souls perhaps better than I did. I can conceive now that I may have allowed heats of controversy to blind myself. . . . A man who, like myself, is brought into near contact with very various phases of human thought in men equally noble has often occasion to mourn over harsh, unjust words spoken by men who would not consciously wrong any. I really ought in no way to aid, even by carelessness, increase of wrong like this.

I am sure that Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Masson both will do all in their power to repair any wrong, and print a full retraction of what you feel unjust. Mr. Kingsley wished to write you himself, and I hope that before you have had this letter his will have reached you. I spoke also to Mr. Masson, who is equally anxious that you should have every and the fullest means of being set right in our pages. I am perfectly sure that both these gentlemen are incapable of wilfully slandering any man, and surely not more one whom all thoughtful Englishmen must owe so much to.

January 19, 1864.

To Miss C. M. Yonge, Winchester.

. . . The idea of the little book I spoke to your brother about was suggested by my sister-in-law (who is also my partner), Mrs. Daniel Macmillan. She was struck with the large attention that seemed to be drawn to the idea of *getting on*, as depicted in such works as *Self Help*. And noble and good and important as this idea is, it seemed to her and to me that another aspect of human effort should be brought out—help of others. She suggested to me some months since that a little book of the *Golden Treasury* Series should be made of it, and the title we hit on for it was "The Golden Deeds of all Ages and Nations." Our notion was that the greatest instances of self-sacrifice of all times should be selected, and told in as simple, terse, beautiful language as possible. The case of the Birkenhead—was it not?—I mean the ship that was sinking off the coast of Africa, and in which not a soldier moved till the women and children were safe ashore—seems to me almost typical. Not merely, not even mainly, cases where love, as of a parent for a child, or child to parent, draws men into the high heroic mood, but cases where at the call of simple duty men do the Godlike and Christlike act. Does this idea commend itself to you? I want a little book of the size of Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, so we would require great selectness, and perhaps it would be well to make our selectness as wide as possible—from the Old World and the New.

February 23, 1864.

To J. A. Froude.

I dare say you are right, and I will offer no further obstacle to Kingsley's answering Newman. Indeed, I had already set about collecting the books

published by the excellent Father since he became such. They are going down by rail to-night. What I have got are—

1. Lectures on the position of Catholicism in England.
2. Discourses to mixed congregations.
3. Anglican difficulties in receiving Catholics.
4. Lectures on University subjects.

Except his novel, *Loss and Gain*, to which he never put his name, I don't know of any others. Can you tell me of any? . . .

March 2, 1864.

To C. A. Elliott.

My nephew, who is now in charge of the Cambridge business, and who has had large experience both in Cambridge and London, is, I hope, attending to your business wants according to your mind. He writes to consult me on any point concerning which he is not able to decide. I enclose a list of memoranda as to the various queries in your letter. On one point—your enquiry as to the best book for a practical geologist's use—we sent you two books by Page, which on the whole appear to be the best extant, though not ideal. People find fault with it, and say there are errors in it. But when we ask what shall we send instead, they say we really can't tell. So if Page leads you wrong on any minor point you will have to console yourself with the fact that on the whole you could not have done better. You speak of the country where you are as being geologically interesting. You must see if you have any implements in your drift, and send me over specimens and accounts of where you found them, and I will get my friend, Mr. John Evans, who (with Prestwich) is the great authority on the point what is and what is not a genuine article in that department of manufacture. I

speak feelingly, for he blighted some fond hopes I had of great distinction for having found [tools] of *very* primitive manufacture in the gravel at Tooting. He said the formation was *natural*—just think of my feelings, when I had been showing it to all my friends and pointing out how palpable were the marks of human handiwork. I keep [them] in the hope that one day a greater than Evans may arise. In the meantime all must bow before him. The whole question is receiving great attention. The Privy Council decision has relieved men's minds in some respects on this as on other subjects. Mosaic geology is not an essential article of the faith—legally—any more than that (granting its existence) it had a moral claim to belief. Surely they did the Bible and Moses grievous wrong when they insisted on their teaching what they never intended to teach, and so placed them in antagonism to what they had no relation to at all.

What is thought of young Trevelyan's letters in our *Magazine*? The two last, I am afraid, will not please a considerable portion of the Indian public. He has the strongest feeling evidently against much of our treatment of the natives. I should be glad to hear how you generally feel towards them. He is very clever, and will be distinguished inevitably. Somewhat impetuous, but on the whole a good basis of sound sense. He is home again, and will be making a try to get into Parliament before long. We are going to publish the complete Wallah letters in a volume, and he will edit them carefully. He means too to write more elaborately a history of the war. Travelling about he had much access to documents and facts not generally known, and his sharp graphic pen will give them point. I think he will be careful, but not cowardly. Your historic doubts about Nana Sahib are amusing. Was there ever such a person? Isn't he the original Mrs. Harris?

The Crawley Court Martial brought out several things—among others Vernon Harcourt's very con-

spicuous power. Did you read his speech? I think you knew him at Cambridge? But he was gone before you came. Rowland Williams made Fitzjames Stephen's reputation, and Crawley Harcourt's. I remember them freshmen, which proves that I am not one.

You ask about an English translation of *Renan*, and why no publisher would undertake it. I believe the real difficulty was in the extravagant idea the French publishers had of what "the reserved right of translation" was worth. However, it is published now, and I have read it.

We are all in the thick of the Schleswig-Holstein complication, and when, and how, we are to get out, no mortal knows—not even Louis Napoleon.

Thank heaven for one thing at least in the Essays and Reviews case. Pusey has gone and embraced the *Record*. "Mercy and Truth"—in strange guise you will say—have kissed each other. One could laugh if one did not feel more inclined to weep. There is another small controversy got up between John Henry Newman and Charles Kingsley. I will send you the two pamphlets together—Kingsley's will be out next week.

You know perhaps that I am now living in London. My publishing absorbs a main part of my capacity in "time and talents." But my Cambridge business still goes on in its old course, and I think none the worse since my nephew went there instead of me, because he has nothing to do with publishing, and only manages the retail. When you want to write a great book you will write to me here about it, but it will not cause much delay if you do send to Cambridge. When you come back to England I hope to see you at my house, which is at Tooting.

I have been made Publisher to the University of Oxford, which has required a good deal of preliminary arrangement, else I should have written you and other friends longer and more interesting letters.

March 3, 1864.

To Mark Lemon.

Did you mean an advertisement making a final appeal for stray jokes? I remember we talked of it, but I hardly can see the form in which to put it, or where to give it prominence. "Homeless jokes will find shelter, and have their faces washed and all uncleanness removed," etc., etc. Is that the thing? Has Mr. Evans consented to give us a front line in *Punch*?

March 14, 1864.

To William Allingham.

I am sure you know how glad I would be to do anything you liked—in reason. But do consider. Your advertisements are *as well seen* on the page I gave them and *made* for them as where you want to put them. If you put them inside the half title you will vex my soul no little. I don't like to say you no, but I say in the sweetest beseeching voice, "Please don't insist." It is an abomination in the eyes of all true lovers of a book aesthetically, beyond what shepherds were to the Egyptians, to have an advertisement anywhere within what may be considered as part of the book in its integrity. All possible purpose of advertisement will be served as well in my way as yours—and I am inclined to think better.

April 1, 1864.

To W. J. Thoms, Editor of Notes and Queries.

I have read quite through your three notelets, and my feeling still is that the publication would only be disappointing and "aggra*w*ating"—people would say, "why on earth does a man who could make a most interesting book send out what only frets one with an

idea of what *might* be done?" The two first parts would make an admirable book if fairly carried out. The third I will confess to you did not much interest me. I did not feel your case at all made out. I dare say Shakespeare was a soldier—that is a historical question depending on evidence. But the evidence that he used the right words and accurately described the incidents and accidents of war only illustrates that he could see more with less trouble than other people, and use the fit words to describe it in his supreme manner. I am disposed to think that you could make out a case for his being a cook or a tapster quite as well—a better one that he was a Roman and a contemporary of Julius Cæsar. It belonged to his genius to see at a glance into the heart of every matter he dealt with.

By-the-bye, in your folk-lore I think you have made a slip in identifying Puck's boast of transforming himself into a fire with "Will o' the Wisp." I think it and all the transformations which are spoken of in the same line are more analogous to the old Proteus idea, which has more than one parallel in our old ballads, one I think is Tamlane, where the young lady has to pull the rider off his horse, and he turns himself into a great many different shapes—a fire among others, if I remember rightly—ere she can bind him and bring him back to his human form.

Forgive this talk, which may all seem presumptuous to an expert like yourself, but in which you will see at least an evidence that your work has interested me.

I would have felt honour in having your name on a title page with my own, but I have told you how the thing strikes me. Can you not at your leisure make a really thorough book on Shakespeare Folk-lore?

W. J. Thoms, Esq., Noter and Querier-General to H.M. Subjects all over the world.

April 9, 1864.

To J. T. Fields.

. . . I am sending you by this post something that will gladden your heart and make your fortune—you should sell two million copies at least. It is Goldwin Smith's pitch into Southern sympathisers in England. The most trenchant, vigorous bit of writing that has been put out on the subject. You will have ten days' start of any publication here. Send me two unpublished poems of a page or a page and a half each of Longfellow's as an exchange, and I will pay Goldwin Smith £10 10s., and you can do the same to your excellent Professor. I honour his feeling for Routledge, and am right glad to hear of fair and liberal treatment on my brother publisher's part. I am not sure that I will feel free to reprint on him at all. If I do, Longfellow shall have half my profits, whatever they are. If I make a very beautiful and not very cheap book it would probably not interfere materially with Routledge. We'll think the matter over. I cannot afford to give very extravagant prices for anything of Longfellow's, as it is sure to be reprinted at once in all the papers, and one would have difficulty in making it clear that they were original. If the poet will send us things from time to time, and trust me, I will honestly do as much as I can afford, and if it does any palpable good he shall not complain.

I enclose a list of what we send by this same post. *Clara Vaughan* promises well here. It is a book of marked ability and of more marked promise. However, you can judge of your own market.

Have you found out anything about Berkeley for me? I shall be very grateful if you can.

Your very beautiful book, *The Life of Prescott*, has duly reached me. Many thanks for it. I have been so busy as only to be able to glance at parts, but it seems charmingly written.

Did Mrs. Fields get a copy of *Blake's Life*, which I sent for her through Trübner? Do look at it—an

admirable subject for an article by Holmes. Is Lowell doing anything?

I am writing under great pressure, and hope I have forgotten nothing of consequence. Yes I have. Goldwin Smith is writing a short *History of England till the Reformation* for the Oxford University, whose publisher I now am, as you may have seen. It will be a really great book, and will not interfere with Kingsley's, being for a somewhat more advanced class. It will be a great book, as Goldwin is a man of might, in his way not inferior to Kingsley. Shall I send you early sheets?

Can't one of your crack writers in the *Atlantic* give an article of hearty recognition of your friends on this side? They are fighting an uphill, yet on the whole a winning game—as I hope you are too.

May 24, 1864.

To James MacLehose (the first suggestion of 'The Globe Shakespeare').

Please consider this confidential in the strictest sense. If my small deed is to be done it must be done silently and swiftly as well as *well*.

I enclose a page for a *Shakespeare*, which I fancy doing in one volume, on toned paper for 3s. 6d., very nicely bound in Macmillan's choicest cloth binding. The text to be gone over by our Cambridge editors, but done in this edition with an eye to more popular uses than they felt themselves at liberty to consider in their critical and scholarly edition. Now your judgment is always as you know precious to me, even when I cannot quite follow it. I want you to tell me whether you think I have a reasonable chance of selling 50,000 of such a book in three years. For if so I can do a nice stroke of business. You see it would be immeasurably the cheapest, most beautiful and handy book that has

appeared of *any kind*, except the Bible. Clark and Wright, our editors; Clay, our printer, and Fraser say it is a great idea and a safe one. What say you? No one else has been asked.

I hope you are all well. We are. But I am awful busy, nearly overwhelmed. Our new house of business is *so* comfortable. Do come and see it.

June 1, 1864.

To Mrs. Hort.

Is Mr. Hort in England? I sent a copy of the magazine with the "Simon" to Cheltenham. I suppose from your letter that he is going alone this year. The exigencies of the babies! They have no conscience, disturb one's night's rest, separate a man and his wife, fill one's life full of labour and anxiety, and yet look so innocently into one's face as if they would be very much astonished to find one did not love them. I hope your two are both well nevertheless. I am foolish enough to be anxious about my own if anything is wrong with them, and to be thankful at this moment that they are all well. . . .

June 3, 1864.

To D. G. Rossetti.

I wanted very much to have read Swinburne's poem again carefully, and if possible aloud to my wife and sister-in-law. I certainly thought it a work of genius, but some parts of it were very *queer*—very. Whether the public could be expected to like them was doubtful. I will try and test it, in the way I have indicated, soon. Do you think he would send me the minor poems to look at? I could perhaps judge better of what a volume would be like.

June 4, 1864.

To Shirley Brooks, Editor of Punch.

I have thought a good deal over the Rabelais question. I have also asked a friend who is a good judge—I did not give anything more than a general notion of the scheme. The result is, considerable uncertainty in my mind. The idea is an admirable one in many respects, but I greatly doubt whether the genius of the English makes it hopeful to them. I have been recalling the testimony that was borne to those parts of the *Water Babies*, and I find they rather hindered than helped the sale. The vulgar who knew not Rabelais thought it huge nonsense—the learned who did, said it was "a mere imitation."

I am going to get the book itself. I mean old Rabelais, and see how it strikes me. I am writing now to show that I am not forgetting your kindness in making the proposal. You will hear again more definitely.

June 18, 1864.

To Professor P. G. Tait.

I am now living at Tooting, about six miles down on the Crystal Palace line. My friends come and see me there occasionally, and as I am here all the week I don't now hold my feasts of Talk, Tobacco and Tipple on Thursdays as of old. Had you been in Town yesterday I could have given you all three at my house in perfection. I had Huxley the Professor and Tennyson the Poet dining with me, and better talk is not often to be had than was going. When you come up give me a day or two's notice, and stay with me. I have a big, old-fashioned house, and a spare bed almost always. . . .

July 2, 1864.

To James MacLehose.

. . . The *Shakespeare* is going on fast, and will be ready for November. . . . I am going to call it "The Globe Edition." There is a sort of pun in this phrase. It has a double meaning. The Globe Theatre was where the greater part of the plays were acted first, and the edition will be for the whole Globe.

We are all very well at present I am glad to say. But you should come up and see us. Why don't you? You might arrange for a fortnight's holiday in the course of this month. If you come soon I will take you down to see Tennyson, from whom I have a kind invitation to spend a few days with him. If you come with me I will go down with you to the Isle of Wight and stay at Freshwater in a hotel, and he will ask us to dine with him, and we will have a delightful evening and a dinner fit for a poet and his friends. Mrs. Tennyson devises wonderful dinners. So come, I should like a long chat with you on my own grounds.

. . . I feel sometimes a little *wearied*, and yearn for the *Island valley of Avilion*. But on the whole life is very pleasant to me, moving as I do freely and with acceptance among the best in the land. I was at a club the other night, where were Tennyson, Browning, Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, Lord Stanley, Tom Taylor, Fitzjames Stephen, and others whom I forget: with all of them I had pleasant gossip, and a very long talk with Lord Stanley. I thought how much better worthy of such company dear Daniel would have been. Alas!

July 11, 1864.

To W. Aldis Wright.

I am sorry you and Clark don't like the title "Globe" edition. I think the objection of being claptrappy will not be generally felt. No one to whom I have men-

tioned it thought so. Indeed Clay, Isaac Taylor, and others thought it just the thing. We must have a very marked title, which cannot be confounded with anything else. *Hand Shakespeare* has a rather tame, ineffective sound to my ears. I want to give the idea that we aim at great popularity—that we are doing this book for the *million*, without saying it. If our notion had been a very elegant and compact edition for the swells, I would have printed it on more expensive paper and sold it for 7s. 6d., or even more. Then a nice title would have been *The Cambridge Hand Shakespeare*. But I fear the title would not help us to the multitude, and although I don't want to "split the ears of groundlings," yet I do want and require to gain their pockets. I enclose a fancy title which I have had set up. As we will have to bend all our strength to getting out in November, I am getting all the little preliminaries respecting title and binding settled, so that when the book is actually ready there may be no delay. If you and Clark will consider well and say you consent to my title, I will be glad, in any case tell me whether my representations have no weight with you. I think our large edition has been unquestionably benefited by the title "Cambridge." . . .

I am glad you are enjoying Whitby. We had a glorious day here yesterday. The first warm day we have had I think since May. I dined with Grove at Robert Cook's on Thursday last. He does not look to me quite well. I am afraid he is too constantly strung up to his pitch. He would do better to go to the seaside and lie on his back diligently doing nothing.

August 4, 1864.

To the Rev. Hugh Macmillan.

Editor David has your paper. I have used all the influence I, a humble publisher, dare to urge its insertion in our next number. For indeed I am proud

of my clansman. Don't tantalise me too much. Shouldn't I like it? They have tamed me, these Southrons. Shall I not meanly be looking after women and babies to the extent of seventeen *souls*—not to speak of *bodies* and *boxes*—to-morrow morning going down ignominiously, *not* to the grand Highlands of Scotland, but to the accessible Isle of Wight? What is a Garden Wall to an omnibus from Lower Tooting to the Waterloo Station? Forgive a brief note. My head is full of various matters, including Stokes Bay, second-class railway fares, price of lodgings, will the baby be sick and squall as we cross? But not the less do I love my Cousin Hugh in my heart. They told me you were going to Glasgow. Is it not true?

Yours ever clansmanly,

September 16, 1864.

To Thomas Woolner.

I know it's a great shame to show my face at all, even in the shape of a simple sheet of notepaper. I take off my hat in the humblest guise, and say all manner of congratulatory and benedictory things to you and the dear lady at your side, and not detaining you a minute or so will at once proceed to business—horrid word.

We are about to publish a little book uniform with the *Golden Treasury* Series, under the title of *The Book of Golden Deeds.* The idea, which was suggested by Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, is that the very noblest actions of all time—those which added and blended most completely heroism and unselfishness—should be worthily recorded. The author of the *Heir of Redclyffe* undertook the task, and it is now nearly finished. Well, the question of a vignette occurred, and what to choose seemed difficult. The *one* subject seemed excluded. My Mr. Fraser has just suggested a picture, or something which he saw in the Great Exhibition, of Miss Nightingale with a lamp. It is your

statuette, and nothing could be better. If a little hint of the patients could be given, and if one of them were a Roman Catholic priest with a crucifix, and another a Protestant reading the Bible, the Catholicity of the idea would be complete. The cases are taken from all times, Heathen and Christian.

Could you do a drawing after your own statuette with these or some similar additions? I want the book out by early in November. Hence these lines. May all joy be yours, and I believe it will—the Golden joy above all. My deepest reverence to Mrs. Woolner, whom I trust soon to know.

September 23, 1864.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

I am glad exceedingly to hear that you are back, and so much the better for your year's laborious rest. May it be the beginning of a stable improvement!

Story—blessings on you—I have too much to tell—in a letter of reasonable dimensions. And my own conviction is daily becoming stronger that the letter—in all its aspects—killeth. If Letter singular doth so, what when as in my case murderer L (put this in Cockney pronunciation if you like) comes as legion? If you would come as you did once—and a little better than that—and eat your mutton with me, we would, could and should talk many and much and to results.

First. Maurice has a new book in hand, which he calls *The Kingdom of Heaven*. It is a commentary on St. Luke, and is meant to show clearly that Priests and religious people generally must be the deadliest enemies of the said Kingdom. You shall see. I have seen a good while since that this opinion has grounds in history and experience. Lightfoot's book will be out in a short time, and will be a book to emulate—he began long after someone I know—but the last will be first and the first will be—where? I saw Westcott on the platform of the South-Western at Waterloo as he was

going down to Swanwich—excuse spelling, and look in the map opposite to the Isle of Wight—and I was going to Sandown, I. of W. This is two months since. I fancy Harrow is at work again. I dare say you will hear from him soon. I want to see him about a reprint of the *Canon*. The little book is winning its way steadily. But people find it a little hard still. Still it is exceedingly interesting.

Do you know anything of a M. Naville, who lectures in Geneva and elsewhere? An old Cambridge man of the name of Downton has translated a series of his under the title of *The Heavenly Father*, which seem to me so good that I am going to publish them. Downton was—I suppose—evangelical, but very good and wise. . . .

October 5, 1864.

To Robert Browning.

I shall feel very much obliged if you will allow me to include a poem of Mrs. Browning's, "My Doves," in a selection of poems for the young, which I am now printing.

I have been reading aloud at home the poem about St. John's death, with great effect. My wife and sister, who constitute my audience, found it hard on first reading. I rather think the reader felt the same. But on second reading things become clearer, as they do when the dimmed eye gets used to stronger light. The early pictures are marvellous. Holman Hunt should paint the awakening of John when the boy reads the text to him.

"Sludge" and "Bishop Blougram" make a nice, somewhat peculiar pair. I have only read "Caliban" once, which was not quite enough for a dull fellow. I somewhat guessed the drift. But you do read us all riddles. "Doth he not speak in parables?" Still we are thankful he does speak.

October 13, 1864.

To Miss Alice Pringle.

I should apologise to you for not earlier answering you about your little MS. book, which I return by this post. I had read a good deal of it, and wanted to read it all carefully and write you at length upon it. . . . Your papers convinced me of what I did not need much convincing, that you have more than usual mental power—but I did not see that the power in a literary sense was quite effectively displayed. I mean plainly that none of the papers I read were in form and substance such as claimed publication. . . .

What I mean by all this talk is that young, earnest, enthusiastic people are apt to forget the enormous grandeur and glory of the common possessions of humanity. In plain truth to forget in Whose image *man* is made—and, as we believe, has been redeemed. I do honestly believe that no one rises to the really great heights who has not bowed in spirit before great common levels of humanity; and quiet, patient, humble thought and adoration are needful for every really good work in that *talk-world* in which (I think for my sins) God has given me my work to do.

I really think you have power, and therefore I speak to you plainly as I do. I have no wish to quench the spirit that impels you to utter yourself in speech to your kind. I only want to indicate certain conditions under which I think it can best be done—even where the special natural gifts are, as I have no doubt they are in your case, present. I am sorry I cannot respond to your logical speculations. I once glanced into Aristotle, and held him a dry log. Logic, like many other branches of knowledge, was not known to my youth, and I have had all my later life to fight for bread to eat.

October 14, 1864.

To Rev. W. S. Smith (at Madras).

. . . First I ought to tell you, only you have learnt it otherwise, I am now almost as much at Oxford as at Cambridge. It has been very interesting indeed for me to see the difference, and the resemblance, between the tone of the two places. I suppose I may say generally that I am in the habit of seeing among the best of both Universities. There is a very marked Oxford manner, as distinguished from the Cambridge one, and yet essentially I don't know that there is much difference. The Oxford manner has more what might be called fine gentlemanliness—everyone almost has it—a certain softness and repression of manner. I need not tell you what the Cambridge manner is. A *friend* would say it was opener and more manly—an enemy, rougher and less gentlemanly. Of course I am only speaking generally. There are individuals in both who rise out of all local manner, like say our public orator at Cambridge, and others I could name at Oxford. Then you cannot be long in Oxford among Oxford men till you feel that it seems a habit of mind in the place that they are bound to take action in some way on the world without. No Cambridge man, or very few, naturally and as a matter of course feels that he must do something to influence his day and generation. If any do it comes from either some specific religious influence, or political. Or some great event or person stirs them, as Bishop Selwyn or Livingstone did. In Oxford it seems to me different altogether. And it is rather curious as joined to the very quiet, almost finikin manner. Cambridge is always more occupied, as it seems to me, with the studies—Oxford with the results. Of course I only utter the impression made on my mind. If I am right it seems, I confess, a very providential arrangement that the one should be statical, and the other dynamical. The great body of humanity, as the great body of the Church, is made perfect by the different functions and faculties of its members.

Cambridge looks to me, on the whole, very much alive. Building is going on very briskly at St. John's. Their new Chapel will really be a magnificent structure. King's College still only talks about their new buildings, but I fancy that the screen will be replaced by a set of beautiful buildings. One of the fellows with whom I had a long talk the other day seemed to fancy that even this would not be begun for a year or two.

In other and deeper matters I don't see much difference from what has been for long. Theological and other novelties don't make anything like the same stir there that they do elsewhere. The sedate and somewhat scientific habit of looking steadily at all that comes before it, and endeavouring to appraise it at its true worth prevents panic outcry or over-ready reception of this or that new form of speculation. "Give him a fair hearing, but don't resign old convictions for attractive novelties or specious arguments." This seems on the whole the tone I fancy. It gives an air of cold indifference, which really does not exist among the best men. You see I have not lost my love for what is in a sense *my Alma Mater*, by taking an *ad eundem* place at the sister University.

Oct. 20, 1864.

To James MacLehose.

Your letters are pleasant to my soul. When one is trying to do a really good thing a voice encouraging is heartening. The trade, and others too, are a little awake to the *Globe* at last. I am going to give them a poke with this. How many copies of it shall I send you?

I meant it to have been in *Good Words* and in the *Cornhill* this month, but we can't get it ready in time, so I am begging off till December.

I am very busy, but getting on. I was at Oxford

last night dining with Professor Price. Present—The Dean of Christ Church, the Master of Balliol, Professor Mansel, Dr. Hessey, headmaster of Merchant Taylors, London, Mrs. Hessey, and Mrs. Price—besides the host and myself. It was a most pleasant evening. Mansel, who is great at a joke, made this: "In fact Colenso has found the *Fauna* of Moses a regular (Flora) floorer."

With love, yours ever (in haste) ever in haste, as well as ever yours,

October 26, 1864.

To a Lady Novelist.

. . . A person who wants to draw life must draw it truly. If he wants to interest people in his descriptions he must choose interesting subjects. When he is telling a story he should get on with it, and not turn round and preach. All this may be said, but what does it convey to your mind—only bald truism? One might point to instances. Well I will give you the very book you contemn, *Janet's Home*. This seems to me a work of genius unquestionably, though by no means of the loftiest genius. Then *Silas Marner* or *Adam Bede* in a far higher range comply with these requirements. George Eliot seems to me immeasurably the first novelist of the day—perhaps of any day, and she moves quietly, calmly, with no jerk of attitudinising. Her moral—not always by any means what seems to me right—comes home with a force and power that acres of preaching never effect. But after all how can we explain what the mysterious power is which you recognise as genius—any more than you can explain life? Forgive me for boring you with these remarks. But you asked me, and I had to answer as I could.

London, Oct. 28, 1864.

To James MacLehose.

. . . You will receive a thin 8vo volume by a Mr. Bryce—an Oxford man of high repute and promise, and a very nice, modest fellow. He is a son of a Dr. Bryce of Blantyre, known I daresay to you. I am sending advertisements to the *Herald*. If you know any one who would review it you can give them a copy. I have read the Essay, which strikes me as possessing ability of a very high order. Jowett and Stanley and all that set think him a first-rate man. The book is one that should be read with Gibbon. Pray call attention to it. Read it yourself if you have time.

October 28, 1864.

To I. C. Wright.

. . . Thanks for your kindness in sending me the copy of Lord Derby's letter to Lord Denman. As I said before, I have no sort of right to offer a judgment on the respective merits of blank verse and hexameter. I am an utterly unlearned person, and know nothing of the technicalities of metres. But no authorities, however big, can take away my private likings. Mr. Tennyson, Lord Derby, yourself, and other high authorities say I ought not to like them, but the fact remains that I do like them, and I am sure you will at least respect my honesty in saying so, however you may contemn my taste for doing such. I would give anything to see *Homer* done into a measure like Clough's poem, and with a force and fire adequate to the great original. Your own admirable renderings I admire much, but the pace does not commend itself to my ear as harmonious with the mental mood which I feel in *Homer*. Pope's jingle I dislike exceedingly, and can in no degree respond to the praise men of infinitely higher claims to judge give it. I am thankful to you exceedingly for a faithful and forcible and harmonious

rendering, but as I read I feel an impatience to see the verse break out into a gallop or a canter. Am I incorrigible? This is only my private judgment or taste. As a publisher I am most willing to do whatever you think best, and to give my own advice as to what is best for your purpose. . . .

I ought to say that I am not influenced in the Hexameter question by Professor Arnold's arguments, which indeed I have not read. If I bowed to authority—which how can I in a point of taste any more than in the colour of my hair—Tennyson would clearly be first. I spent three days with him about a fortnight ago, and the question was had over between him and two scholars of eminence—one a distinguished Senior Classic of Cambridge. Beyond a general result that you could not make English hexameters like Greek ones, I could see no result. It was not denied that a powerful and effective metre analogous to the Hexameter, and suited to the genius of the English language, would be a great thing. Even these high authorities could not settle amongst themselves whether there was *quantity* in English metre! Tennyson maintained there was. He should know.

London, Jan. 18, 1865.

To James MacLehose.

Many thanks for your opinion as to the large paper.[1] I almost think it will decide me against it, but there certainly are some who think differently. One old friend of mine—erst a Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and now a schoolmaster—will take twenty-five copies to his own cheek. It would make a very pretty book, and I almost fancy 2000 would have sold. But at any rate I will wait a few months.

But between you and me and Prester John, you have smit on a vein that has been running in my noddle for

[1] Proposed large paper edition of Globe Shakespeare.

the last few weeks, in suggesting the type a little larger. I was urged to do a *Family Shakespeare* like a *Family Bible*, and I thought if one were doing anything, the thing you suggest would be the right thing. But at present I have enough in hand. . . .

I don't see my way to any further move in the underselling matter. I can't fight well—which means indiscriminately. I have put my foot down clearly enough, and held my arm aloft, but it was not to smite, but to emphasize good advice. I was in the prophetic hortative, not the warrior mood. I am rather inclined to think that I have done some good. I had a plan, but I don't think it would have worked—which was to subscribe it to the London trade in the new edition, offering it at 2s. 7d. to all who would sign a paper agreeing not to sell it for less than 3s. 6d. If Willis, Bush, Bickers, Gilbert, etc., could be caught in this way, we might establish the rule. I think I could almost sell my second 20,000 before Midsummer, if the trade would do this. Why don't you call on Kennedy? Don't despise him—God made him, though he and the other party have marred him. You speak to the point in your letter. Couldn't you say it to him? . . .

January 25, 1865.

To Matthew Arnold.

I am very sorry our printer gave you so much trouble. You have had all the proofs at last. He has full instructions as to wind-ups, and I have seen the binder. I think therefore we may soon be out. I have read down to the end of the Guerins. I think them admirable, and if not *all* that can be said on the subjects dealt with, at least a very fair and clear view of the side you maintain. Is it a side at all? Is it not that which surrounds the whole—the *aroma*, the glow? My dear brother used to maintain that people's souls were not inside them—in stomach, heart, and brain—

but hanging or hovering round them, and according to its qualities giving expression to feature, form, action of face or limbs. It is with this kind of soul you deal.

Poor old Wright—he wants to do something good in letters. That is merit.

February 1, 1865.

To Robert Browning.

Some little time since, in the course of some conversation I had with Mr. Frederick Chapman, it seemed to us that mutual advantages might accrue if we could arrange for including the selections from your works in our *Golden Treasury* Series. Apart from mercantile motives, which as a Scotchman, and the father of a family, may be supposed to have their weight with me, you will believe me when I say that I should feel it an honour if such an arrangement could be made. I mentioned to Mr. Chapman one difficulty that lay in the way. I had pleaded on more than one occasion when I had been asked to include a volume by a living author in our Series that it was our intention to keep to those accredited by death as great poets. I might plead that there were some, who, like Enoch, or Elijah, were translated, and did not need the award of the grim King to be ranked among the immortals, and that you and Tennyson were the two in this time who had achieved that. But I would have been glad to have fortified myself with another plea, and this seemed to me more accessible in the shape of a selection from Mrs. Browning's. If the two could be published together we had an obvious answer. Besides I should have liked it on other grounds. I have spoken to Chapman about the matter again, and told him that I will very gladly do this:—print and publish at my own risk, and give you and him a royalty for every 1000 copies I printed. This, of course, to be fixed when I knew precisely what the volumes would make.

February 14, 1865.

To Mrs. Oliphant.

. . . *S. of S.*[1] would bear compression. Still it is a very noble work. But why did you put Jowett—a live man—in? Mr. Maurice was remarking on it. I said it was the wonted audacity of woman, and the wonted cowardice of man that I did not mutter a remonstrance—indeed did not even think of one. See how the coarser sex cower before you—Oh, ye tyrannesses.

February 20, 1865.

To Mrs. Oliphant.

Indeed you are wrong. As far as the keeping of your secret was in my power or in the circle of my influence it certainly has been kept. Very many in London and elsewhere, who know your writings, have guessed you as the author—no one *knows* it from me, or from my house. George Eliot had been guessed at first as well as yourself, latterly all the guesses have been on you. My methods of dealing with all such guesses is to deny no one—*professedly* so. I had in this case an additional means of "bamboozling" by jocularly claiming the authorship myself. But indeed I can say honestly that I have spared no effort to keep your secret. You know how far those whom you have told understand the nature of the obligation to secrecy which you imposed on them. I have no suspicion that the secret oozed out through them. Your "speech betrayed you," my dear friend—that is all. I have seen your name in one or two country papers, but the first that boldly put it out was the *Spectator*. Now I know Mr. Hutton and Mr. Townsend, the joint editors, very well. But I have not chanced to see them for a considerable time. Nor have we ever *in any way* had correspondence or talk on the subject. Assuredly

[1] Son of the Soil.

neither directly nor indirectly did they learn it from me. Hutton, who is sharp enough, identified your style with that of the *S. of S.* He does not yet *know* it, and you might publish with perfect safety as if anonymously. Some of these knowing ones will say it is yours. I will say, "Is it?" and there may be more or less conjecture, but no *knowledge*—if you will only lie resolutely still, and not blush confession the moment your name is uttered.

Mr. Blackett, whom I was seeing on another matter, has just been with me. He quite agrees that we might publish together the *Son of the Soil* anonymously. I will do whatever you like "for the love I bear to you," not as in the least degree believing myself to blame. Besides you might, I am sure, greatly improve the story by judicious compression, and I will gladly await your convenience. I hope it won't be *very* long, if you will undertake to do so. I fear I cannot even suggest that it is an "awful pity" you got disturbed in your first noble plan by that wretched mirage of reforming the Kirk by ceremonial and liturgy from South the Tweed. If I were Lauderdale I would get prophetic on the matter. The Parish squabbles are too local. But I must not bother you too much. The writing is so good and the thought, that I grudge the book not being a great success, as it might have been. . . .

I shall be glad if you can dismiss Jowett from the book. I have not seen him since its appearance.

Streatham Lane, March 7. Midnight.

To James MacLehose.

I have just had a telegram from poor Mrs. Fraser at Torquay to tell me that dear Fraser[1] died there to-night. May God console her. As sweet and noble a man, and as true a friend and husband and

[1] James Fraser, his much valued confidential clerk.

father as God ever made. He is gone to join the dear brother I lost. May their memory purify and strengthen me to follow their example and be worthy to join them when the good God and Father of all here and there sees fit.

March 28, 1865.

To Rev. Dr. Westcott.

I have read through your MS. I need not say with much interest, and my feeling is that it could not fail to be effective and useful. But I think if you do decide on publishing you should give your name. I cannot conceive but that it would be read and judged of on its merits quite as much with as without your name. Only with your name it would be sure of more immediate and attentive consideration. The metaphysical parts would be those which would be least attractive, and indeed might repel the practical English mind. Even to a Scotchman like myself, bred in an atmosphere of, perhaps somewhat crude, speculation, those parts where the moral aspects are dealt with, are much more valuable. I would have liked them more expanded and elaborated, and I thought more historical illustration of the growth in definiteness of the doctrine would have been valuable. There are also certain places where you make *allusions* to theories instead of telling plainly what they are. For instance, I do not know what Aristotle's view of immortality was, and I suppose a considerable number of those whom you would wish to have for readers would be in the same condition. I dare say it is not easy for you to realise the extent of ignorance, even among the clergy, but it would do no harm in some general way in most cases to give what you merely allude to. Mrs. D. Macmillan, my sister-in-law, has been reading your introduction lately, and was just saying on Thursday night how much she would like if you could give, however briefly, some of the

historical facts, opinions, and legends to which you merely allude, and ignorance of which blunts the point of your arguments. You remember I am the advocate for the ignorant.

I think your plan of printing the book in a private way, and so getting opinions upon it, is a very good one. It seems to me that you would find it needful, or at least desirable, to make it much fuller in the region I have indicated, possibly to compress it in others—this I am not so clear about. At all events you would be able to judge better when you saw it all in type. . . .

April 4, 1865.

To Charles Kingsley.

I send the Mill's *Logic* by this afternoon's rail, and hope it will reach you all right. Do you hear that he is going to stand—no, let himself be put up—for Westminster? and as far as I can hear stands a very fair chance of getting in. It looks so very odd that one cannot help thinking it is a sign of something. Can you tell what? Of course I will vote for him, but that's nothing. But our parson here, who has the reputation of being a Palmerstonian Evangelical, is going to do the same, and Westerton and Beal are moving all they have power over of heaven and earth.

Bless the weather! It is a comfort to see the sun and feel a little warmth *au naturel.*

April 12, 1865.

To James MacLehose.

Please sell 100 copies at least of Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*. It is a book of the highest literary quality. It is like a fine poem in its conception and execution.

April 12, 1865.

To Mrs. Oliphant.

I dare say Mr. Blackett will have told you that he thought it better on the whole to keep back the *Son of the Soil* for a few months. This I have agreed to. He expressed a willingness to publish it, if I chose, himself. I am considering this, though on the whole I am disinclined to part with a pet child, even though he has taken to private ways of his own. The last chapter is beautiful—very—and shows what might have been—"the not impossible" book. If you could eliminate the *polemic*, which is an artistic mistake, and dreadfully weakens the general interest, and [have] made his Oxford career a little more probable, it would do. I dare say you will see all that as you look over it yourself. . . .

I hope to see Miss Muloch when I go home to-night. She is paying us a short visit ere she changes her name and condition. You have heard she is going to be married to young Craik of Glasgow. . . .

April 13, 1865.

To Rev. Alex. Russell, Adelaide.

. . . We have so many memories in common, buried loves on each other's side, that it would be a pity, even apart from the ground of all fellowship, if we did not have some kindly desire for intercourse. Your aunt and your cousin George, and my brother Daniel! What pure, wholesome love knit them to each other in life, and knits them in one common memory—evidence, as we believe, of permanent binding together that cannot be broken. Then dear Archdeacon Hare, and the partner who was so truly a partner in high thought and noble affection. Our controversies go on, and in God's providence they have their value, I do not doubt, but how they pale in colour, and screech like spectres of the night before the *Fact*

of human and Divine love, as seen in flesh and blood, and as cherished in living memory, equally precious as when it was visible. . . . You have heard of your cousin Jessie's engagement—I understand that they are to be married soon. I have no doubt that they will be happy, and it is good that she will have a home of her own. She spent a week or ten days with us recently, and looked very well and very happy.

I live in the neighbourhood of London now. Daniel's widow and four children live with me. I have five of my own. So we make a large family. Five boys are at school—three of Daniel's and two of my own. I have my hands full enough, as you may guess.

April 17, 1865.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . Have you looked at Lightfoot's volume? It is admirably done as regards all the arrangements of page and typography. I am sorry I have not yet been able to read all the Essays, but I mean to.

You are not passing through London so as to give us a look in? I wish you could come and spend a night with us. How bald these hurried letters are, written in the middle of business. How I would like to have the power of renewing the chats we used to have—but alas! how much more than time and circumstance would need renewal.

I spent Saturday and Sunday of last week with Goldwin Smith at Oxford. What a capital fellow he is, in spite of his *crotchets* (?) on this or that point. After all his crotchets often turn out less crotchety than they appear at first sight. I find him very open to all discussion in a different sense from his own. He had much to tell us about America. If you come and see me I will give you some of it, but I must not do more now, as I am being interrupted momentarily almost, and have a good many letters to write.

April 20, 1865.

To James MacLehose.

Many thanks for your clear and candid letter. It leads me to this result. I *do* want a partner. The sense of the sole responsibility of this large and growing business is weighing on me terribly. I have had it on me really ever since Daniel left me, for though poor Fraser was most helpful in many ways, yet the ultimate decision of everything lay on me, and latterly—for the last two years—even in the matter of accounts and calculations, I had to watch and look after, else things did get overlooked. Even as it is I find a good many things have been overlooked, and are left in a state that will need a good deal of work and skill to extricate. I have had various small monitions in the shape of swimmings in the head, a sense of faintness, fits of distressing, and, as far as I know, causeless anxiety, so that at times in the night I wake with a feeling as if everything were going to crack around and leave me sinking into horrid abysses. As I said, I believe that if I can go on I have no ground for anxiety, for things are going on as prosperously as ever, and, on the whole, I believe that no house stands firmer than I do, or has a career before it brighter or more hopeful. But these things mean in plain English that I have too much on me. My life has always been a hard one, as you know. Even at Nitshill I worked at pressure—it's my way. In my early years too, as you know, I had a somewhat pinched life. When I lived the nine months in Glasgow on 5s. a week, paying lodging and washing out of it, the very poor food and confinement, I am sure, told on me. Now I eat and drink well enough, and I have no doubt it helps me to get on. But, as I said, the tension is too high. In order to have the sense that I am going on prudently, I ought to have a partner who would have a complete mastery of all the details of the past and a clear knowledge of what our calculations for the future are, and how day by day's experience justifies them. To watch each book, and

each class of book, whether it requires special attention, and of what kind. I know *perfectly how* all these things are to be done, and to a great extent I get them done. . . . But *I have to see all done.* An intelligent partner would also be of the highest value in helping me to decide on what books I should take, and in consulting and helping me to carry out my various plans. I have no power of making use of the usual publisher's taster—two attempts I made turned out failures.

I don't in the least want anyone to bring grist to the mill in the way of new ideas or new connections. I have far more of both than I can avail myself of now, and can get both at any time I want. What I do want is an intelligent, able man who would consult with me on what of several things we should undertake, on the mode of undertaking them, and who would see to the details being carried out. I would, of course, help him in this, as he would me in the other, but I would wish to be head in one department and he in the other. . . .

May 5, 1865.

To Professor Goldwin Smith.

. . . I hardly remember any public event that excited me to the same extent as that culminating crime of history, all the deeper, as it seems to me, from the ghastly sort of conscience and purpose there was in the act—if that letter is genuine. But it shows how vital goodness is, and how impotent badness, that what seemed a calamity will probably turn out a blessing. The humility and *patient waiting* of Lincoln, as contrasted with the limitless arrogance and impatience, brutal and brainless, of the southern champion, is instructive to a degree. May I learn the lesson, and may you, as is your work, teach it.

I am so glad you are going to give us a paper, though it should be a short one. Edward Dicey, who knew

the Sewards, especially the younger one, intimately, was anxious to give us a paper of personal gossip. Yours will supplement this with what is really needful. I have just had a nice letter from Fields. He is, of course, full of the assassination. He says, ' ›wever, in reference to some remarks I made about the . ritation of the North against England, "Don't mind the gasconading about trouble with England. I hope we are not such idiots as to fall out now. Don't let us talk of war between England and America. It can't be." "Tell our good friend Goldwin Smith he need not be ashamed of his friendships this side the water."

I hope your imprisonment in Oxford is not going to hurt you. When they release you, I do hope you will come and see me at Tooting.

See how the *Times* is truckling now—and my dear friend *Punch*—but then he knows no better.

July 14, 1865.

To G. O. Trevelyan.

I was indeed delighted to see your victory, and that it was so complete as, I suppose, to render you pretty secure of a quiet return as long as you like. May you have health and strength to go on till we see you Premier—a new and nobler Pam.

I have sent the *Cawnpore* to Mr. Stevenson. Where shall I send proofs of the sheets which have been cancelled? They are just ready.

Isn't it glorious to see such an access of strong, clear-headed Liberals as Mill, Fawcett, Hughes, and yourself? The sky has been clearer to me ever since. Bob Lowe can't cloud it.

London, July 22, 1865.

To James MacLehose.

I hope the old lady has been found all right after all. I should be very much vexed were anything to go wrong. I cannot deny that I was influenced in

recommending Shaw by the fact that he was poor. But as I had employed him on my own work, and been amply satisfied with him, I was not allowing my wish to do a kind act to unduly influence my duty to do a just one. Jeens, who does my little vignettes, and who really is a crack man, always spoke of Shaw's work, particularly for portraits, as quite first rate. But there is very little work going for first-rate steel engravers. Jeens ekes out his living by doing bank notes and elaborate bill heads for Insurance Companies, and look at these vignettes of ours—fit for a portfolio in which Raphael Morghen is chief. Woodcuts *à la* Routledge rule the day. Hence poor Shaw's retreat to the Antipodes, where, if he cannot get engraving to do, he may get a living by selling crockery. Please write and tell me that everything is right, and the old lady entranced.

July 27, 1865.

To the Right Honble. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

. . . May I take this opportunity of referring to a matter that was spoken of during the very brief interview I had the honour of with you at the Printers' Pension dinner. In answer to your enquiry as to the extent of sales of Clarendon Press books, I was obliged to confess how small they were. But I had hardly time to go further and explain that this was brought about by the very remarkable and somewhat sudden change that has taken place in theological study and reading of late years. Perhaps I should rather say the *fashion* in theological book-buying—for to be honest, though I was to a considerable extent partly responsible or connected with the sale of these books in Cambridge, I have my doubts whether much that could be called *reading* went on, still less *study*. I have no doubt it did go on to some extent. But it was the *purchase*

arising from interest in seventeenth century divinity that justified numerous reprints that were made at the University Press some fifteen or twelve years since. This was owing to the Oxford movement, and the praise bestowed by the leaders of that movement on these divines. The works of Jackson, Patrick, and others of that class were in high demand in their old folio form. Dr. Newman and others seemed convinced that the mind that was in them, if reproduced in our time, would redeem us from liberalism and other deleterious influences in religious and political regions. Dissent, indifference to what Irving and the devout Scotch called "*the ordinances*," was the evil thing. Pardon me if I say that ardent rising statesmen thought and spoke as if the battle lay in that direction. What wonder if the delegates of the Press, used to the *stable* and delighted to find that the most active minds were maintaining that the stable was also the advanced, went in for the reproduction of the great advocates of *order* in Church and State. I need not remind you how greatly all these controversies have changed their aspect, and how what was, ten or twenty years ago, *High* and *Savoury* has become *high and very dry*. Numerically large bodies move naturally and inevitably very slowly. There may be wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but certainly there is not much speed. Still, since they did me the honour to appoint me their publisher, I have found the greatest possible readiness to listen to any suggestion I might make, and I am sure that in a very few years you will see a considerably different class of books issue from the press of your University—*yours*, as you feel in spite of recent events. We would be glad of all help we can get, either in the way of suggestion or supply. I do not hesitate to ask if you will permit me at any time to consult you on any point where I think I may fairly do so. Had you remained member for Oxford I meant to do so. I do not think that the changed *outward* (circumstances) need prevent my fulfilling my intention. Also, as you gave them

your *Homer*, there surely is no reason why you should not publish with us a second edition of it—or any other work you may have on hand. As the University publisher I will hardly hesitate to remind her sons that in this way they can help her.

London, Oct. 26, 1865.

To James MacLehose.

I will have various news for you ere long. Don't disturb yourself about Maurice and Vaughan in Strahan's lists. They are there by their own acts, by no fault of mine. I do my work, Strahan does his. If it came to breaking stones, I don't mean to alter my style—please God! I am doing wonderfully well—never better, and stone-breaking is not ahead, as far as I can see. I sometimes think it might be better for me if it were. But *they* as gave the work knew best.

Do look at *Ecce Homo*. It *is* a book.

Palgrave [1] goes to the binders to-day. We shall have copies to send you to-morrow. Horrid Germans kept us waiting for maps. Thanks for your information about the Arran freens.

London, Dec. 21, 1865.

To the same.

You are *altogether* wrong in your guess about the authorship of *Ecce Homo*. I don't think the guessers shew much discrimination as regards style. Goldwin Smith's is as unlike as possible to that of the writer of *Ecce Homo*. However, the Oxford Dons made the same guess as your Glasgow learned men.

[1] Travels in Arabia, by W. G. Palgrave.

16 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.,
London, Dec. 29, 1865.

Palgrave is just ready: you shall have copies early in the week. *Ecce Homo* goes on Saturday—to-morrow. I sent a copy to Gladstone, and it was formally acknowledged by his son at the time. A letter from the great man himself comes to me this morning. He had sent it to Cambridge. It is dated on Christmas Day. I enclose two extracts, which you can make use of privately.

Westcott's *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels* and *History of the Canon* are reprinting—it goes on rather slowly, as he is much occupied. But we quite hope for the books early in the spring. I suppose these are the two books Professor Dickson means. He and Hort are at work on a new Text of the Greek Testament, which we once announced, but have not lately. It is going on, some sheets actually printed, but I don't expect it under a year. It will be a great book when it comes.[1] Also a little work, *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, is just about to be published.

London, Dec. 29, 1865.

To Mr. Gladstone, in reply to a letter about 'Ecce Homo.'

Your most kind letter was sent to Cambridge, and only reached me to-day. I have sent it on to the Author, who cannot fail to be deeply gratified by it.

With regard to the withholding of his name, I think he has very sufficient grounds for in the meantime doing so. Whatever benefit, if any, might come to the book from his name, I think he was moved beyond the personal considerations, which were weighty, by a desire to see the effect on men's minds of the thoughts that had seemed important to himself, unbiassed by his

[1] Actually published in 1881.

reputation or lack of reputation. It would be of very great value to effect the true estimate of the book if we could in any way make known the estimate formed of it by distinguished and earnest men. Besides your own letter, I have had letters from two eminent Oxford men in quite the same tone. On the other hand, there have been two reviews of the book in papers which generally deal with such topics—the *Spectator* and the *Patriot*. The latter is a dissenting paper of no very great power, but, on the whole, candid and fair. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, is perhaps the ablest and most influential of the weeklies. Both, while speaking of the power and originality of the work, blame the writer for doing what he specifically says he did purposely, and which it is indeed the very essence and worth of the book to have done, if done well, namely, see what the result of an investigation in a strictly scientific way of this great human fact and character would be. If this leads to an almost overwhelming sense of something beyond human being needed to accomplish all this, surely Christians should recognise this as most excellent work done for their cause. They themselves might gain too immensely by the contemplation of our Lord's Life and Work viewed simply as a man's life and work. The constant "confounding" of the two natures in our thoughts and feelings has, I cannot help thinking, a terrible tendency to make unreal His influence as our Example. When the manuscript came to me anonymously and I had read it through, this seemed to me the most valuable and important side of the influence it was likely to exert. The reality of the Temptation and the victory over it, the force of this example, His human love and righteousness and purity, came to me with a power I had never felt before, so that I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of shame at the poverty and feebleness of our Christian life. Can this be our king whom we have bound ourselves to follow, and can we be content to live as we do live? A new meaning seemed to flash on me from the familiar words of our Lord, "If

ye will do My will ye shall know of My doctrine"—and I seemed to see the true road to a unity of Christendom. I confess the vision and the conviction have not faded or even dimmed since. But these simply polemical rather petty articles make me feel that the current will in too many cases be diverted, and the effect lost. I wish much a really good article could be got into the *Guardian*. The book was written in the first instance, I believe, with an eye to the so-called "scientific" men, with whom, both at the universities and in London, the author has come a good deal into contact, but I think its reflective value on the Church might be at least as important. This view seemed to strike Mr. Goldwin Smith, who wrote me first about it. Pray pardon this intrusion on your valuable time, and believe me with deepest respect.

Streatham Lane, Upper Tooting, S.,
Feb. 24, 1866.

To James MacLehose.

America! the land of life, of liberty, the hope of the world, inheritor of our greatness, our light, our freedom, alas! inheritor to too great a degree of our arrogance, money-worship, and faithlessness to high calling and gifts of God, but which, on the whole, she is shaking off nobly in spite of our imbecile arrogance and silly sneers—our Roebucks, Cranbournes, Liverpool, and Clyde, unpatriotic pirates and worshippers of slave-holding aristocrats! There you have it back in your own coin, and you deserve it. With our merchants full of greed and reckless ostentation and luxury, what right have we to talk slightingly of the land that produced Peabody, and produces hundreds like him, men whose aim is not to "found families," but to help forward God's cause in the world. Fie, James MacLehose! use your own good brain and honest heart,

and don't echo the venomous vituperations of men who are sneaking out of the responsibility of having from mere greed and selfishness almost plunged their country into a horrible, unnatural, and most disastrous war by their treacherous aid to the wanton enemies of our best and only natural ally in the world. Of course, the Yankees have their faults, and when I see them I don't hesitate to tell them in very plain words what I think of their faults. But have we none like them? Where did they get their brag from? their love of money? their contempt of other people? Are we, their natural parents—unnatural rather—are we modest, lowly in our own eyes? patient of others' faults? Look at *Times*' daily glorification of a most partial and imperfect care of our poor! Look at our contempt of the Irish, of France, of Germany, of America, of the Nigger, of everybody and every race but our vain-glorious selves, on whom God has bestowed so much, and to whose cause, as a nation and in the mass, we have rendered back so little. I know as well as any *Times* or *Saturday Review* braggadocio that God has made a noble race in the British people, but those who puff her up in her faults and don't point out her failings and how she may mend them are no true sons of hers, and Bright, Goldwin Smith, and Matthew Arnold are fifty times better patriots than the insolent bullies who abuse them. There, no more of this, but remain yours truly till you provoke me again. Over the page to fresh fields and pastures new and pleasanter, perhaps not profitabler, if you take it to heart.

Yes, I hope to go to America this year, but I can't exactly say whether I can get away. Craik,[1] as I hope you saw, is getting a real mastery of the business, I think, and is throwing his soul into it. But we have a good deal on hand, and unless things are pretty clear, I won't like to leave Craik for three months, as I must if I cross the Atlantic. We have just bought the lease of the house next us in Bedford Street, as we are terribly

[1] His new partner George Lillie Craik.

hampered for room. There is a splendid warehouse to be got to add to our present underground one, but I fear it will want a good deal doing to it, and I must see it completed before I leave. I quite hope that our great book *Baker*[1] will be out by May. It will be a great success. I have only read about the first 120 pages, but the vigour, freshness, and truthfulness are as fine as Livingstone's, and the style is sparkling and interesting to a very high degree. He is a noble fellow, and so clever! Tell all your friends what a treat they have in store. He is so modest too. Of course, he has solved, unaided by Government or other aid, the problem of historical discovery since Herodotus—the source of the Nile. His tenderness for poor Speke's memory—the admirable yet stupid man that he was—has led him to deal tenderly, and he still will deal tenderly with his work. But he and his wife did what Speke and the Government at his back failed to do. And then he *can* tell his story. How you and the world will rejoice in the book. He has all Livingstone's steady, straightforward *human* interest, but his humour, his eye for natural features of the country, and national, personal, and race peculiarities are as good as a first-rate novelist's. Of course, the enemy will blaspheme—have done so in their mean, mendacious way in the "Quarterliar"—but we will go on our way rejoicing. . . .

Your hint about the novels is very good indeed, and I will think of it. My only fear is that people want novels cheap. I did think of a Globe Series of novels in a type considerably larger than *Shakespeare*. The difficulty is the selection. You begin with Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne. But what are you to do with their dirt? Modern taste won't stand it. I don't particularly think they *ought* to stand it. Still less would they stand castration. Edgeworth, Jane Austen —would they sell? The question is puzzling. I would be thankful for light. I am doing *King Arthur* —slightly expurgated—legitimate in this case as the

[1] The Albert Nyanza. By Sir Samuel Baker.

substance of the book is left unshaken by the very few omissions needed, which is not possible with *Fielding*, etc. In *King Arthur* the points are these, or such as these—Gawain or some other knight reaches a castle, and events happen which are the merest *accidents* of the story, but which are awkward to relate. A quarter of a page left out is not perceived or perceivable. I think a 3s. 6d. *Arthur* will sell very largely. Then I mean to do *Chaucer*. Don't speak of this. It will be *the* edition of *Chaucer* in every way.

London, April 7, 1866.

To the same.

I dined with [Robert] Cooke [1] last night. Dr. Smith —of the *Dictionary*—and Fergusson, the architect, were there. We had a pleasant party, very. I had to stand an attack on *Ecce Homo* from the big Doctor. But I think I was not much hurt. The *Quarterly* article which is coming is to pooh-pooh it out of existence—if they can. I will treat them to a dose if they are very bad.

London, April 14, 1866.

To the same.

I have sent you a lot of Baker's book. Tell me how you like it. To me it seems about the very best told story of travels I ever read—so simple and manly and interesting. The pluck and patience of these two people amount to the heroic. He is such a charming fellow. He has not Palgrave's speculative power, nor is it needful or appropriate in his story.

[1] Mr. Murray's partner.

April 16, 1866.

To H. E. Oakley, Durham.

I am ashamed to have so long delayed answering your kind and interesting letter. Anything about *Ecce Homo* is very interesting to me just now, as the book is exciting a kind of notice that I hardly expected. I had little doubt when it came to me that it must command attention, and that in all cases the general style of the argument would not be approved of. But I had no expectation that anybody would speak of it as infidel, or fail to perceive that, whether mistaken or not as to the mode, the result of the investigation must be on the side of Christianity. The *Reader* and the redoubted *Presbyter Anglicanus* did not surprise me, as I felt sure that unbelief of all meaner kinds would be riled by it. But that the *Quarterly* should follow suit did a little astonish me. However, we will survive it, I hope. Mr. Ashwell was mistaken as to my blushes. Goldwin Smith did not write it, and does not know who did; never saw nor read it till it was published. The author will not be identified, I think, till he voluntarily confesses it. I had a long talk with Mr. Ashwell—it is not Goldwin Smith. I should be very glad indeed if the book could be kept out of the slums of controversy. The whole subject is too serious for the "dory" billingsgate. . . .

May 4, 1866.

To Sir Samuel Baker, on 'The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia.'

I read the conclusion of your book only last night, and am bound to say that if it does not succeed the public is a terrible donkey! I simply never read a nobler book in fact and tone. But—I am very serious—there is a terrible defect in your summing up. You should say something about Mrs. Baker. It may be as slight as you please, very little more than

your most tender and delicate allusion at starting, but indeed something should be said. You mention Richam and his wife and your men—it struck me as strange to a degree. Of course I understand your feeling, of not wearing your heart upon your sleeve, but I do think people would wonder.

I am sure you will excuse my saying so much, and Mrs. Baker won't think me a bore.

I can say honestly now that I am proud to be your publisher. There is just a little doubt about that ethnological speculation, and is it the case that Central Africa has ever been submerged? Sir Roderick should be an authority on such a point. May I venture to suggest that a slight abridgment (should be made) in the preface? It has a slightly stilted sound not quite in keeping with the manly simplicity of the book itself. The critics would sneer, I fear.

May 10, 1866.

To C. B. Clarke, then in India.

. . . Of course you know that Fawcett is now a Senator. I have not been to the House to hear him speak yet, but I am told that he has made a good start. His speech on the University Tests Bill was very well received. He has been prudent in not attempting to speak too much, and I think that there is no doubt that he will take his place, and that a good one, in the House. It is a great pleasure to see him there, and his courage and talent rewarded.

I am so much occupied in London that I very rarely get down to Cambridge now, but matters seem going on there pretty much in the old way. You have heard that Trinity has got a new master—Thompson sits in the seat of Whewell. The fine old man makes a great gap in Cambridge life, and his loss is much felt. I suppose you have several correspondents there who keep you up to all the news.

London, May 12, 1866.

To James MacLehose.

The Flamen of the Star has a bit of truth. The author of *Ecce Homo* expressed a wish to know who the writer of the article in the *Guardian* was. I conveyed the wish to the editor, but got no such reply as the Flamen says, only a natural evasion. I learnt afterwards indirectly that it was written by Mr. Church, a fellow of Oriel—a very able man.

The Dean of Christ Church told me the other day that the Speaker told him he had read the book twice with the greatest admiration, and could not understand what his brother George meant by talking as he did about it. George is the Archdeacon who "shuddered" when he read it. See a brief paragraph in the *Spectator* of to-day about Shaftesbury's maniacal speech. Do write me soon.

May 14, 1866.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . Lord Shaftesbury says that the Father of Lies is the author of *Ecce Homo*—is it he to whom you fear Lord Russell will give the Chair? Bryce says he won't stand, I was asking him only the other day. He thinks Froude is sure of it. I am afraid Mr. Goldwin Smith's health compels a change and diminution of work. He is hard at work on his great history of England. . . .

May 15, 1866.

To Mr. Ashwell.

You will have seen that the assailants of *Ecce Homo* have not been idle. I think it a matter of very serious importance to the cause of truth—of the real advancement of Christ's Church—how books like *Ecce Homo* are dealt with. That men and books of

real power, whose aid would be of the highest value in stemming the tide of unbelief that is undoubtedly coming on us, should with reckless animosity be assailed from the rear by those whose battle they are fighting seems to me a calamity. But it seems that we must take things as we find them, and do our best with our own lights. . . .

May 23, 1866.

To the Rev. Henry Downton, on 'Ecce Homo.'

I will confess to you a good deal of surprise at your letter, while thanking you for its frank, courteous tone. Of course you do not find the doctrine of the Atonement, or recognition of the Holy Spirit, or of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, or of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, or the inspiration of the Bible, or any theological doctrine whatever. But you had no right to expect anything of the kind, when the author tells you plainly what he meant to do in his investigation. You complain of the absence of dogma: the sceptics and Colensoites are furious with the author because he leaves so much. Your guess that the writer would prove a humanitarian of the Comte order is to me very strange. His starting point, in which, *from a scientific ground*, he claims that a miracle is possible, involves directly a personal God who can *reveal* himself in other ways than what is ordinarily called the course of nature. This is just the antagonistic spirit to the Comtist Humanitarianism. All this *suspicion* seems to me needless and injurious to the cause of sound views, as if people were so afraid of the truth being injurious to Christianity. The writer went in a different spirit to the examination of the question. You forget that long before you get to questions such as you speak of there are earlier ones which must be settled. Was Christ really the divine being He claimed to be, or only an ordinary man? Is Christ's Kingdom only one of the many religions that have risen and

obtained the adhesion of men in this or that part of the world? or is it indeed that which God meant for men, and not entering into which men cannot *live* truly? These were the questions which the writer proposed to discuss with men who doubt them altogether. To abuse him, or suspect him for not doing something else, or even for not showing what he thinks on this or that point of doctrine is wholly unjust. The *Quarterly Review* is as right about his ability as about his orthodoxy—as right as Lord Shaftesbury's wild words, surely not words of truth or soberness. "And we met one casting out devils in thy name, and he followed not us." The same spirit goes on still.

But pardon me. I did not mean to enter on an argument with you—only to say that I think you are all very wrong indeed. The aim and accomplishment of the book so far as it goes is to the good. If he does not go further in the road you wish him hereafter say so. But the time is not come nor the occasion for doing so yet.

I have sent your letter on to the author. He will be interested in it at least.

London, June 9, 1866.

To James MacLehose.

If you don't sell three to one of *Baker* over *Palgrave* the more shame to you. And this most beautiful book that will adorn shelves with Macaulay and Froude, let us say Tennyson too—a work of *Art* in every way—of course, you must sell it. It is *not* spun out by us more than is demanded by the general illustrated character of the book.

I am sorry that *Ecce Homo* waits the new preface. I hope it will be ready next week. They are urging Convocation to condemn it. It would be great fun if they would try. I suspect they would get a majority *for* it.

By all means advertise *Baker* and *Ecce Homo* according to your judgment.

Streatham Lane, Upper Tooting, June 22, 1866.

To the same.

We have just lost our youngest child—the boy Willie—who was our idol. The loss is very great to [the] light and joy of our house. But God knows best what is good for us.

I have only time for this much, but was unwilling that you should learn it from any one but myself.

Streatham Lane, Upper Tooting, S.,

July 1, 1866.

To the same.

I have been wanting to write you a long letter, but have been busy and perturbed in mind, and hardly felt equal to quietly putting things before you that I wanted to put. Indeed even now I hardly know where or how to begin. I am in much perplexity. I don't know that I ought to burden you with my difficulties, nor quite how to ask your advice or help. The dear little boy who is gone from us has filled our hearts with deep sorrow, but it is a tender sorrow, which is capable of consolation. We know he has gone to the Father's home, and his little life was very beautiful. His dear mother has borne up wonderfully, and is so brave and good.

Yet it was a terrible wrench, and so sudden, at least to us. He had been a very healthy, strong little fellow up till this spring, when the bitter weather touched him, and he had something like congestion of the lungs. He appeared to have almost quite recovered that, when about a month since he had what the doctor called a slight gastric fever. This pulled him down very much, as he was able to take no solid food, only beef tea and such like. Then came on something which the doctor

feared was an affection of the brain, and so it turned out—inflammation of the membrane of the brain. He had several attacks of convulsions the last forty-eight hours of his dear little life. I suspect the attack in the spring was more serious than we knew, and yet had we known, he could not have been more carefully watched—the dear little angel. He was so patient and gentle while consciousness lasted, which was up to about twelve hours of his death. I had looked forward to his life with peculiar hope. His temper was so good, and his intelligence, without any unnatural precocity, so clear and bright. He was as full of life and fun and playfulness as he could hold. He was quite an idol in the house. It seemed almost to break his nurse's heart. The good Mary would not leave him a moment for the forty-eight hours after his first attack of convulsions—neither would Miss Cassell, our governess, who seemed to have an almost romantic affection for him and he for her. Indeed we were all about him all the time nearly.

God is very good to surround us with so much love in the midst of our troubles.

I am not going to write about any business on this quiet Sabbath evening.

July 26, 1866.

To the Rev. Dr. Bedford Hall, Halifax.

. . . *To rest from our own works*, as I understand it, from the hunt after riches, or even daily food, from all the ordinary pressure of business, is as permanent a law of man's well-being as the laws against murder or theft or uncleanness. A man's life, moral, spiritual, physical, is unsound when he does not obey it. I was brought up in the strictness of a Scotch Sabbath. I think their rules frivolous, tiresome, tyrannous. I don't feel in any way bound by them, any more than

I do by the Jewish fasting enactments. But I do think the law of rest on the day I find fixed by Christian usage is binding on one, and if I err from it, I hurt my soul's weal, my moral spiritual health. A one day in seven—the question of the seventh or the first involves no principle in my mind—in which all that is meant by commerce should cease, even the gathering of Manna, does contain a principle of permanent importance. I think if this were well seen, and men were convinced that self-indulgences of all kinds were to be markedly avoided, that the day should be consecrated to *common* joys, works of charity, of communion between classes, where possible — always between members of families—the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath, I can't give up the excellent word, might be made a mighty moral lever for elevating our people and binding them together. Mere refutation of Puritanical formalism will do no good; seizing the heart-principle which gives it what life it has, and a very precious life it has had for many, and giving this its true application seems to me the only way in which you can rid it of its incrustations.

Forgive my saying so much. I feel very strongly on the subject, and would fain see some attempt by an able pen like yours to enforce the spirit and principle in this service. I cannot find that the fourth commandment is yet effete. Maurice in one of his sermons draws attention to the fact that it contains a law of *labour*, as well as of rest.

August 11, 1866.

To the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, Whiting Bay, Arran.

Yes indeed I remember Whiting Bay, and it would be a great delight to me, if this glorious August morning were shining visibly to my eye over the sea there, as I have no doubt it is to yours. I have only passed by it on walks round the island, and don't

remember distinctly whether you see Ailsa Craig from it, but it is connected in my mind with that excellent sight. The quieter aspect of nature there is by no means ungrateful to me. The green fields of Tooting, for instance, I can stand, and get considerable delight from. Big mountains and stern rocks are by no means indispensable to my existence. I used indeed at one time to say that quiet English scenery—even the flats of Cambridgeshire—has elements of grandeur not less real than the more obtrusive grandeur of mighty mountains. The great mysterious distance—infinite, like the sea—which you feel sometimes in these flats is very grand and striking when the eye is educated to take it fully in. And yet, my dear Cousin, I will confess that I could weep with longing after Glen Sannox this very moment, and the great glen over to Lochranza is tender in my memory, like the dear lost friends with whom it is bound up. How I should like a walk with you from Corrie, say, to Lochranza over to the loch and home by the shore. Wouldn't we become poetical! . . .

August 29, 1866.

To John Morley.

I enclose a cheque for your article, which I like exceedingly. I hope you will go on with the next one about Luxury, and give us a continuation of the same tone. The isolation of the dwellings of rich from poor induced by such luxurious habits, seems to me to need dwelling on. Also, I hope you will do the Russian scandal for the Christmas number.

I have an idea of a book which I think you could write, and if you at all entertain the notion do let me talk with you when you come up next week. Drop me a note to 7 Windsor Terrace, Eastbourne, whether you will be extant on Tuesday next. I asked for you yesterday and was told you were not there. But to-day

I heard you were, and had gone off *in a black bag* with some books. I did not hear who was carrying the bag. I hope nobody very improper.

Would you look at the enclosed proof of a book we have undertaken—called *Annals of Our Time*, diurnal of events since the accession of the Queen. Can you give me any hint about it?

September 29, 1866.

To R. H. Chermside.

I have much pleasure in sending Miss Blair a copy of *Artist and Craftsman*. It seems like sending it home, for I was born very near Dalry. Only it so happens that there is no one in Irvine, my native town, who is nearly related to me. Nearly all my relations have gone over to the majority, alas! and the thought of Ayrshire reminds me that I am getting an old man, who was once a child there.

I will write to Masson about your paper. I am very sorry it has been kept so long.

I am very glad to hear of that admirable man Dr. Kingsley, and that two men whom I esteem so highly think of me with kindness.

Don't forget to look me up when you are in London. I am here almost every day from 10 till 5.

September 29, 1866.

To Professor (afterwards Bishop) Lightfoot.

. . . We had reasonably fine weather when we were in the Highlands, and enjoyed our trip very much. Saw the Queen and Braemar at once, both very pleasant to look at.

I heard a wonderful story about Jowett from the Landlord. "Wonderful man Mr. Jowett, can't be put out, never saw such a man," and then he told how he

frightened the Farquharson's deer and lost the Colonel the shot he had been working for for a whole day, just when the butt of the gun was at the sportsman's shoulder, and how the sportsman used language of a severe and vehement nature, while the professor smiled blandly. Of course professorial apologies were duly made, but what did they avail to the man who *didn't* "kill the deer." He was as bad as a "College Council," and gave anathemas as strong if not quite so decorous. However, the man used to "College Councils" and not unused to anathemas was imperturbable and seemingly not without result, for next day *the* Farquharson called on the Professor with apologies and invitations. The Inn-keeper was evidently impressed with the man who "could not be put out."

October 26, 1866.

To the Rev. F. D. Maurice, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Cambridge.

I am sure I need not say that I have peculiar pleasure in writing this inscription on a letter to you. Those who were concerned in the election and the University to which the Chair belongs make the whole matter pleasant to me to an unusual degree. Old links seem renewed and very precious memories relive themselves; a sense that things passing are yet kin to things permanent, and that much that seemed *gone* is *here*, comes over me—of course I am glad—so are many others; am I entitled to claim a right to be a little *extra* glad?

November 27, 1866.

To the Rev. Robert Whiston, Rochester.

. . . What you say about Scripture history is very important, but I am by no means clear that it is needful to discuss the points of the historical or cosmical

accuracy of the Bible with children. On History and Science I would always speak the truth and teach the truth. . . .

Mr. Maclear's aim was mainly to tell the Bible story as it stands pretty much, and not to discuss questions which are better discussed later in life. I think it would be well if Science could be taught alongside of the spiritual teaching of the Bible, habitually and constantly. The antagonism which comes often so painfully and suddenly on young men would to a great extent be avoided. But I am aware that the difficulty you express is very widely felt in large schools. I remember saying to Dr. Temple that I thought Early English should be taught as Classics are taught, and the energetic way in which he deprecated the addition of subjects to those already taught, or sought to be taught, in schools. Yet they have introduced science very extensively at Rugby. They have the advantage of an able and energetic teacher in Mr. Wilson, and, of course, it is not compulsory, nor do all boys learn.

It is a pleasure to me to have had your interesting letter. It is not possible that two very busy men like yourself and me can often exchange such letters, but it is a real help to one in one's work to get a hint, or a word of encouragement. . . .

January 4, 1867.

To Dr. Donaldson, Edinburgh.

I am very glad you like the *Guesses* [at Truth]. It is a pet book of my own, and I owe both to it and to its chief author, Julius Hare, more than I can tell. Five and twenty years ago it was the book my brother and myself were reading together most constantly, and was the fruitful source of much profitable and pleasant discussion to us, and one hopes not unfruitful in thought to me who now survive. I sent copies to the head masters of the large schools whom I know, with a lurk-

ing hope that they would give it as prizes and recommend it to their elder boys, as it cannot but prove a benefit to all wakening minds—if young men's minds ever do waken now. My friend Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly*, while speaking warmly of its general tone, says it is *passé* in thought and speculation. This may be true to the extent that its tone of thought is not fashionable at present. But fashions change—and Mill and the Comtists are not quite at the centre of truth, I venture to guess. . . .

January 11, 1867.

To Charles Kingsley.

Many and many a happy year to yourself, Mrs. Kingsley, and all the dear Eversley household. I have been shamefully silent for many weeks, intending every day to sit down and write you a long letter; but the absence of any definite reason, and the presence of a large pressure of correspondence has prevented me. . . . I hope your own health and dear Mrs. Kingsley's have been good, and that the violent alternations of weather have not affected you or the children. I am thankful to say that we are all well, and form a happy though not a very silent household at present. The five boys are at home from School, and we have constant visitors, so that our household consists now of over twenty souls — including bodies, big and little — souls of average dimensions. We sat down fifteen this morning to breakfast. We have charades acted, and reading, and even a small attempt at a play—"Villikins and his Dinah"—and other juvenile amusements. It is a little hard on my wife, but she keeps bravely up, and the boys go back in another week. . . .

I have a great many things to talk to you about. Are you coming to London soon? What about our history for the boys? And your other history work? When you can, I wish you would send us an occasional paper

for the magazine. Any little historical episode would be gratefully received, or indeed anything you like to write.

February 28, 1867.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . You are really most kind to take my crude criticisms as you do. My objection was based on a very hurried and partial reading. It was hardly that the narrative was not there, but that it was perplexed with much discussion that can only interest, or indeed be appreciated by, the *very* minutest students of such subjects, and perhaps even by them would best be given in the shape of references and notes. If a narrative is disturbed by side remarks, or discussions of points which few readers can well judge of, it loses vastly in its interest to the great class of readers. I instanced Gibbon as an orderly arranger of such things. He tells his story directly with fulness, clearness, and admirable sequence, so that what precedes and what follows are clearly seen. He pauses now and then, as in the great Law Chapter, to *discuss* a larger subject, or he puts a verifying note or reference at the foot of the page, but the story never lags or spills itself about, as I fear I must say yours did. But I am going back to it. But oh! my friend, life is short, and many are the works one is called on to consider. I am quite convinced even from what I was able to judge of, that your contributions to the *History* are of vast importance. I was very unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself if I seemed at all to think that doubtful.

About our nationality. I am afraid that I can hardly judge. In modern times there is no doubt a nominal line between the Highland and the Lowland, but in the West, with which I am best acquainted, the characters are not really widely divided. The Highlander is, on the whole, the steadier, more thoughtful, trustworthy man, in proof of which you find them in places of *trust*

in Glasgow mercantile houses, as you find the Scotchman in London. I know nothing of my own antecedents, except that my forefathers were settled in Argyleshire, and seem to have been steadfast, God-fearing men, as Kingsley would say, and say well. Of any so-called Celtic turbulence I see little evidence in the traditions of the family or in the family character. I am sure you must have been struck with the extreme sobriety (!!) of the judgments of one member of it. I fancy the Western Islands had large Scandinavian colonies. The expedition of Haco left a large population—did it not? The Mac proves nothing. My mother's father was of a Lowland Renfrewshire family who had settled in Arran a generation above him. Among Highlanders the very Lowland Scotch name of Crawford had grown into M'Graffan. But I fancy the whole of these parts has a very mixed blood. To recur to my own family, we have had Kerrs, Shaws, Fullertons, and others that I don't remember or never knew about for many past generations. None are Celtic names, I think, and yet we always lived in the Highlands. I am getting ethnological, which I have no right to be.

March 7, 1867.

To Rowland Hamilton, Bombay.

It is a great shame that you should have had to appeal to me through your sister—I feel I have been much to blame. But I have been *going* to write to you ever since I had your letter of October last *when I could find a quiet hour for a good long letter*. Alas! these quiet hours never do come, and since that time I have had a great deal of extra work and anxiety from domestic sorrows and perplexities. My sister-in-law, who was my partner, had been very ill since last June, and she died in January. Her family all that time have been more under our care, of course, than if she

had been well, and now they are wholly so. Apart from the grief at the loss of one who was very dear to us—I think you must have seen her at Tooting more than once—family arrangements have had to be made occupying time, when my hours were already very heavy laden.

But I must write now something, however short. . . . In a former letter you spoke about sending us an article about affairs in Bombay for the *Magazine*. I think if you could write a lively, interesting paper giving some idea of the strange vicissitudes that must have occurred there since you went, and make it so as to occupy not more then eight to ten pages, it might be very welcome. A plain, bright account would really be instructive and interesting, though, as a rule, Indian matters are not attractive to an English public. Why it should be so one can hardly tell, for it has enormously important significance to us all. In our last number there was a rather alarmist paper, well written, showing how *very* possible another rising is. But none of the papers take the least notice of it. I don't know who wrote it. It came through Masson, and I fancy it is by someone of importance. But such an article as you propose ought to be more popular. Our own recent commercial ups and downs should give us a fellow feeling with yours. If you do it, will you send it to me direct, and I will lay it before our editor?

I had an old friend of yours dining with me this very week. A. H. Louis, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, then of London, then of Melbourne, and after of some place in New Zealand, and last of all of Bombay. I used to know him very well at Cambridge, and saw him occasionally when he was going through his various phases in London, of lawyer, nascent and potential, literateur, journalist, and what not. His Hegira took place, to our wonder, some five or six years since, and his return came on us with equal surprise. We thought he had gone to *settle* in Australia, and lo! he has been what he calls studying our Empire.

Did you see much of him when he was in Bombay? He spoke of you with affection.

I wonder whether I can give you any news that will interest you. Of Hort, the Blunts, and the other friends I have no doubt you hear often. Of books the advertisements tell you. Our own latest venture is a volume of *Reform Essays*, which you will say don't interest you. But indeed they are worth reading for their literary and philosophical qualities apart from their immediate practical result. Bryce's on old Republics is a masterly piece of work. Please tell all your friends to order it for their clubs, and also the sequent volume, *Questions for a Reformed Parliament*. There are very many such questions stirring now. Education, the first of them all, is exciting very much attention. Then Ireland is very pressing. At this moment people are killing each other, I fear, for the most miserable reasons that ever drove men at each other's throats. Then, I suppose, India is a very serious matter, and the army, and laws. All these could be dealt with by a Reformed Parliament, and will be among the subjects our volume the second will handle.

And so you don't like *Ecce Homo*. Very sorry for it: want of taste! Do you agree with Lord Shaftesbury? We have sold 16,000 copies of it, which is pleasant. Have you read Baker's travels yet? He was here yesterday arranging about his work on Abyssinia, which will be more interesting even than the other.

Tell me if you have read one book which has struck me very much: that is, Lecky on Rationalism. It seems to me to betoken a higher order of mind than Buckle. It is curious how the world is going into speculative regions of the practical.

I wish you would send me home any of your papers in the *Bombay Saturday Review* that you think I can understand—*not* on Finance or Political Economy. They are beyond me.

I do so hate writing. I wish you could come and

dine with me—what shall I say?—on an early day in June, and won't we have a talk!

Have you any calendars of the colleges or directories of the schools in Bombay? I am interested in all educational matters and persons now—for reasons, as you say.

March 15, 1867.

To Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., Editor of the British Quarterly Review.

I am sending you *Rogers*. It is a big book, and a profound. I hope your contributor can do it justice.

Who is Freeman? What a question! For the sake of all that is reasonable don't let it be "short noticed," unless by some one who knows *Old* England and *Old* English as you and I know the road to our mouth, and who would not use a word like *Anglo-Saxon* for untold gold. Who *is* Freeman indeed? Mind what you are about. I send you his *Federal Government*. Who is he?

Have you ever heard of the *Saturday Review*? Perhaps in the high latitudes of Canonbury you don't condescend to anything so low. But if by a chance you have come occasionally on that obscure print, and seen in it any article abusing the *Times*, J. A. Froude, or Charles Kingsley, the chances are Freeman wrote it. He is a country gentleman living in Somerset. I believe, as a matter of fact, he really knows more about history generally than any man living. I will take an even wager that he can abuse anyone who differs from him or who commits what he thinks a historical blunder, more intensely than anyone I know. And his universal question is, "Have you never heard of Dr. Guest?" Seriously, he is a very able, accomplished, cantankerous, yet substantially good-tempered fellow. Don't let any miscellaneous person touch him. Do you know Bryce? He might give you an article.

April 2, 1867.

To Dr. Humphry.

I am sure you don't want to be unjust, but I think your ideas of what any publisher's powers and duties are are extravagant. I do not know what sort of booksellers are in Leyden, Siessen, or Bonn, but they must be very different from my idea of them if the distinguished professor you name asking for our Journal *by its correct name*, and really in earnest to procure it, had any difficulty in doing so. If they did ask, and could not procure, then the booksellers were as stupid as an average English bookseller, which is very stupid. That even a sensible bookseller might not know a new Journal *when first asked* by an eminent professor is not in the least wonderful. The mere fact of the Professor's asking is the means by which knowledge is spread. I remember distinctly that I got to know about Köllicher by *your* asking for it. No German publisher ever advertises in the *Athenaeum*, or the *Bookseller*, or the *Publisher's Circular*, and for an English bookseller to advertise in the *Börsenblatt* is a matter of the greatest rarity, and, on the whole, and in general, is not needful. It is always a very *unusual* step, and one which a publisher may, without in the least being open to any charge of indifference or neglect, *not* undertake. When I was a bookseller in Cambridge I used to take in the *Börsenblatt*, and generally read it through, but not always. I almost always then read the *Publisher's Circular* and *Bookseller*. I don't think I ever saw an advertisement of an American, German, or French publisher in either. Nor do I remember English advertisements in the *Börsenblatt* nor in any American journals. There are in England foreign and American booksellers. These through their agents, not often in direct communication with the several publishers, get over from America, or the Continent, such books as they think will sell. There are in Germany and America a corresponding class of booksellers. There is Scribner in New York, Lippincott in Phila-

delphia, Brockhaus in Leipsic, and Durr in Leipsic. It is these men's *business* to look after what books are published in the several countries, and the retail booksellers apply to them for the knowledge and the books. Of course, it is a publisher's duty and interest, and in spite of your *warmth*, *it is my* delight to do all I can to make the books I publish sell, but what I tell you is the general usage of the trade, beyond which no demand can well be made against a publisher. But as a matter of fact we have done a very great deal more. We send out over two thousand circulars, and by the help of our friends, Williams and Norgate, to the very best persons as a rule whom it could reach. Your conclusion is rash in the extreme, that because some one who you think ought to know of the publications, does not know, it is therefore our fault.

We had already ordered advertisements to be put in the *Börsenblatt*, and copies are sent to Durr, which are to be sent among the German booksellers.

If any of your friends write saying he cannot get it, give him the exact title and tell him the publisher, and tell him to order it from his bookseller. If he cannot get it, tell him to write to me.

I am really neither indifferent nor inexplicit. Your expectations are made in total ignorance of the possibilities of the case, and are therefore just neither to me nor to yourself. I will, as I already have done, carry out any possible suggestion of yours. But let it come in the form of a suggestion, not of an unreasonable complaint.

April 17, 1867.

To Professor (now Sir Archibald) Geikie.

I am delighted to hear of all your good fortune, and wish you health to enjoy it, and even higher fortunes, for long. Some fine day I will be having the pleasure of entertaining Sir Archibald and Lady Geikie

at the Elms, and even romping with a *little 'un*, as you have with mine. . . .

Did Ramsay tell you about our dinner on April 1—All Fools' Day? It was great fun. You see, we were a respectable company of fools. I enclose the card, which is worth preserving. I am thankful to say that we are all well. Remember when you next come to London that our house is as convenient for you to stay at as any place you can go to.

June 7, 1867.

To Messrs. Treachers, 1 North Street, Brighton.

Your letter of May 22 does indeed present a difficulty, but one which, I am sorry to say, is not new or unusual. As a retail bookseller I did all in my power to prevent its arising. As long as we were in Cambridge my brother and myself worked hard and honestly to keep a consistent price among the different members of the trade. Since we have been mainly publishers we have done all we could to stop it. I have talked with all the publishers I could meet—Mr. Murray and others—to see what could be done. I am afraid that we found our difficulty to arise in a great measure from the reckless indifference of retail booksellers themselves to any *common* interest. Each one thinks of himself only, and so it becomes "pull devil, pull baker." If you can devise or suggest any scheme, you may count on our hearty co-operation. I have suggested many, but, I am sorry to say, with little result. Longmans say they can do nothing, as Simpkins and Kent are as strong rivals as Bosworth and Gilbert. Bosworth professed, and professes still, his willingness and even anxiety to come to some understanding and co-operation, whereby this senseless competition can be stopped. We will gladly aid if we can.[1]

[1] This letter has a special interest in view of the excellent Booksellers' and Publishers' Associations founded more than thirty years later.

June 10, 1867.

To W. G. Palgrave.

First of all let me congratulate you on your appointment to the Consulate of Trebizond, which, I trust, is only a step to higher achievements. The kind of work and position must be exceedingly interesting, and especially to you who have so long watched the whole life, social and political, from a different point of view.

The experience you are gaining must no doubt be of the greatest value to you in respect of your novel, and any other literary work you may be inclined to engage in. Frank tells me that he has had some small part of your novel, but that he would like to have more before either forming a judgment on it himself or submitting it to me. Hence I have seen none. I want very much to see it. I thought you understood our wish to be that it should appear serially in the magazine in the first instance, in case we felt that it would suit that style of publication. As soon as I have seen some portion of it *sufficient* to judge by, you shall hear definitely as to terms, etc. . . .

I should like to see Trebizond. I can't say I cared for Soulcham Kali. I am not in the least sorry it is shut up. What business had a place with such a name ever to open at all? I hope it is shut quite effectually. I want to know about Trebizond really. I find in the *Cyclopædia* that Xenophon retreated through it on his way home, and stayed there awhile to refresh—and other interesting particulars. But that hardly gives one the impression you want to have about a place where a valued friend lives. What do the people look like, and the shops, and the country about, etc., etc.? Is the coffee good, and the "baccy"? Are there any peculiarities in their manners, do they quarrel and stab in the dark? A short, interesting article on Trebizond would not be bad.

Can I tell you any news? I wonder what would interest you. Reform Bills and all that gabble will

sound hollow to you out there. The dodges of Dizzy and the oriental mystery which you see from the other side must be very indifferent to you by the time news reaches. Still I suppose you do feel a *little* interest in it all, and read the newspapers, so I can add little to what you already know. People say the Tories can't last in office long. At any rate they have done more than any Whig ministry would have ventured on. Lord Stanley being in the Foreign Office would reconcile one to a good many things. He seems an admirably shrewd, calm man. How wonderfully well he managed that Luxembourg complication, and I suppose your going to Trebizond is in some measure his doing. Two such admirable transactions alone should stamp a man.

I wonder if you heard of poor Stanley Poole's death. It seems very sad. He has left two very nice boys. Stanley, the elder, writes to us from Shoreham, where they stay with their Granduncle Lane. Oxford and Cambridge are pretty much where they stood, though earnest efforts are being made for admitting dissenters to fellowships! We are getting on with no very slow pace! Our Oxford school-book scheme is making progress too under Mr. Kitchin. Early English, Anglo-Saxon, and the like will be subjects of Tripos—instead of alongside Greek and Latin. Natural Science will also claim its place in the front rank as an educational power. We are all awake—or *think we are*.

I shall hope to write to you again soon. In the meantime I shall be glad to hear of your novel's progress.

July 2, 1867.

To Miss Hickey.

I enclose a cheque for your poem, "In the Shadow," which is really very fine in many respects, but would have stood just a little more work. The waggon which bears the precious metal jolts somewhat.

But I really do feel as if you *ought* to be a poet of considerable qualities. Still, like your prose story, it wants melting and clearing. I dare say this will come to your future work.

Are you working at your larger novel? I should like to see it *finished*, in all senses. You asked me some time since whether I thought you should turn to novel writing or to poetry as most likely to succeed. I could hardly answer the question. You alone can answer it to yourself. But whatever you do, you cannot do wrong in doing your very best in it. A friend of mine defines genius as "*an intolerance of commonplace.*" The definition is capable of being misunderstood, but, on the whole, it is a true one. But the old one—"*the power of taking infinite pains*"—is perhaps the best, for pains which beautifies removes that unvital substance and that awkward form which we call commonplace. Don't be in a hurry with anything you do. Work as in the presence of the Queen—yourself and your conscience being that, in a sense higher than any power outside yourself and under God can be.

July 12, 1867.

To Professor Wilson of Melbourne.

I was glad to see a fragment of a letter from you, and only regretted that it was not much longer. It is refreshing to see some sign of one's oldest friends of any particularly interesting phase of one's life. Our first going to Cambridge was surely such a phase, and how closely marked your presence in our memory is with it. Your acknowledging from Melbourne to me receipt of a volume published by us for the University of Oxford, stands in strange juxtaposition with those early memories. Persons, circumstances—so many of them too—have changed. My brother and his wife are both dead, and I have the care of his four children, the

eldest of whom, a boy, is taller than I am. My own eldest son is almost as big—I have four too! We had neither wife nor child in those early days. Glancing one's eye over the list of Wranglers in your year, what changes! Emery, Archdeacon of Ely—Phear, Chief-Justice at Calcutta, and so on, and so on. All about the air seems to swarm with high dignitaries. Alas! too, other memories very sad of men full of hope who have gone out into the Unseen. And then the space all between, how strangely full of new people and events. Another Wilson of St. John's,[1] who twelve years after you was like you Senior Wrangler, is now a very good friend of mine, and a man of very considerable mark in the educational world. I was down at Rugby, where he is master, and dined with him, and went after dinner to a Natural Science Club which he has got up among the boys, and one lad of thirteen or fourteen read a paper on the Geology of Rugby. Botany, Geology, and Chemistry are regularly taught at Rugby as part of the course, and it is all Wilson's doing. He is working a revolution in all our public schools—another Wilson of John's twelve years your junior.

What are your interests and works in that new land of yours? I get glimpses of you as you were some years ago from the graphic tongue of dear Henry Kingsley. What are you doing now?

Are those books of the Clarendon Press at all likely to suit you? We also publish other books, which I suppose you see at times in Robertson's shop.

Do you ever see Professor M'Coy now, or is he become a fossil himself? He is not *recent* to me certainly.

Do write me a letter and tell me about yourself and doings. Is there a Melbourne University Calendar published? Would you send me a copy? As a bribe for you to do so, I send you the last Golden Treasury Book we published—*La Lyre Française*.

[1] Canon J. M. Wilson.

I am going to America next month. But I will be back before you get this. I wish I could go on and see you too.

July 29, 1867.

To the Rev. James Fraser, Harleston.

I am much indebted to you and the Dean of Christ Church for the letters of introduction you have sent me, and for the hints contained in your letter. I think they will be quite sufficient for my purposes, and I shall have a good many introductions to other circles, probably as many as I can avail myself of during the six weeks I shall be in the country.

I hardly anticipate doing much actual business, but only to gain a more accurate idea of what can be done in the future. It will be much to get the good-will of gentlemen engaged in educational work and to let them know what books we already have published, and also what we propose publishing in future. But the commercial operations are hampered exceedingly by the absence of international copyright, and the presence of a high tariff. Our only advantage is that the cost of production is less here than there. This may not last, and the moment anything like equalisation of wages comes about there would be no chance of our doing anything unless we had manufacturing and distributive power on the spot, and even then the absence of international copyright would tell much against us. There are some influential men in America who would gladly see the present state of matters in this respect changed, but I fear the narrow selfish view of commercial arrangements will prove too strong for wider and wiser views to obtain. I hope to learn more what can be hoped for in this and other respects, and your kind introduction will, I am sure, be of material use to me. I may have the pleasure of seeing you on my return and telling you what I have done and learnt.

October 29, 1867.

To Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin.

I only returned from America on Saturday night, and have hardly got firmly on my seat here yet after the shaking of railway *cars* and tumbling of ocean steamers, but I must write a line to report myself as at home, and also to express my satisfaction that you were pleased with the arrangements I was able to make with respect to your books with Appletons. Mr. Scribner was not merely willing, but convinced it was much better that I should arrange with them for the *Parables* and *Miracles*, leaving him the other theological books. I had a good deal of trouble in persuading them to *sacrifice* (!) their worn plates—but at last they did give way on the terms I named to you.

I am exceedingly obliged to you for suggesting Mr. Lake as a writer for the *Sunday Library*. I have always heard him highly spoken of and will certainly consider what I could ask him to undertake.

I was greatly impressed with America and the Americans. The riches and activity, material and moral, are quite wonderful, and the very obvious and serious faults they have by no means hinder or dim the hope that a great and good future for them, and through them for humanity, is before them and the world. The gigantic charities which spring up on all sides outweigh the scarcely less gigantic corruptions. There is a large, intelligent, cultured class who seem alive to, and strive to neutralise by education and moral and religious training, the evils incident to a new country. The Roman Catholic Irish form a serious difficulty and their clergy seem eager to increase it. They take every advantage that political exigencies give them to get plunder from the State. Bishop Coxe, whom I had the pleasure of seeing at Buffalo, was strong on the unscrupulousness they displayed. I dare say you have some experience of the sort of thing at home.

October 30, 1867.

To W. E. Mullins of Marlborough College.

I only returned last Saturday from a tour in America, long for me, but short for the country, which is indeed a great country in all ways. When you come up at Christmas you must call and see me and hear all the wonders. I saw Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, and heaps of the same class, shook hands with the President, had a talk with General Grant, lived among Prairie farmers and New York Senators. Come and hear all about it.

November 18, 1867.

To David Masson.

I meant in my previous note to have alluded to that American article of Buckland's. I was very sorry to see it in the *Magazine*, because it belongs to a class of English gossip on American subjects that gives great and, as I think, just offence to the substantial citizen of that great country. I have no doubt Mr. Buckland describes what he saw, but it is evident to me that he saw an exceptional side of the country. I mixed with a considerable variety of people there and saw nothing like it. No one ever asked me to have a drink, and the *habits* of the people *at large* are not such as he describes. I stopped in two hotels, The Fifth Avenue and Brevorst House, and my boots were as well brushed as they are in my own house, and even in travelling by Railway Sleeping Cars, the man who cleaned them did it excellently, and was perfectly civil, as indeed the waiters were everywhere. There is no doubt an absence of servility, a sort of independence, which may be distasteful to a man used to flunkeydom, but your service was, according to my experience, substantially better done than at home—as well at least

as in the best hotels. But then I was always civil to them and did not begin my intercourse in a tone that naturally culminates in boot-shying. I was not at the St. Denis, and don't know where it is. I dare say there are places in London where manners might be described accurately in the same way. I lunched in New York several times—with a gentleman in the customs, with a clerk in a broker's office, with a junior partner in a bookseller's business. One place was very like Rule's in Maiden Lane in character—only a good deal more comfortable. People ate their oysters and drank their beer or water, as the case might be, just like civilised people.

All this means "don't take Buckland's paper." Give him any excuse you like. Of course a paper like that may get quoted, but I don't think it does us good in the long run. To vary between gossip like that and metaphysics regarded as intelligible by some dozen or so of Her Majesty's subjects won't help us.

I have asked an able American to give us an article on the American Lecture System, which will be appropriate while Dickens is there. I wish you could go there, and you would judge how false and foolish and hurtful such an article as Buckland's and books as Dixon's and letters like Frank Newman's on the spread of "Free Love" in America are to the relations between the two countries.

But I must not write more now. I do hope I will see you when you are here at Christmas, and then I will talk it over with you. . . .

Women's rights—ah! I don't feel much changed since we talked, and fear honestly that their *rights* will prove *wrongs*, to themselves first, and afterwards to their bairns. . . . America is the stateliest and most *rhythmic* country in the world. I told Carlyle so the other day. I am not sure that he was convinced by my testimony. He was slightly abusive, of course, but had grains of regard mixed up with the volume of his speech. . . .

November 26, 1867.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

You will remember perhaps that, shortly after my appointment to the position of publisher to the University of Oxford, I wrote to you reminding you that your *Homeric Studies*, which had been published by the Clarendon Press, was out of print, and that a new edition was called for. You then kindly answered me that it was your intention, when you had leisure, to revise the book, and I rather gathered from what you said that I might expect to hear from you when this was done. A rumour has reached me that you have been at work on it this summer, and I now venture to remind you of our previous correspondence, and to express the hope that I shall have the honour of being your publisher, in my capacity of publisher to the University, if you are so inclined, or otherwise.

When I last had the honour of seeing you, I was about to start for America. I spent eight pleasant weeks amongst that *great people*, and am strongly impressed with the conviction that young men aiming to be statesmen in England would derive great benefit from a long visit to the United States, and mixing freely with all classes. I was glad to find two members of the House of Peers, Lord Morley and Lord Camperdown, and one of the House of Commons, Mr. Cowper, member for Herts, in the same ship in which I sailed. They had longer time to stay than I had, and apparently went with open minds. The Americans whom I met were probably among the best—literary and University men mostly—but I can hardly conceive pleasanter society. Simple and cultured in the best sense. Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Sumner and others I met at a sort of Club dinner at Boston. I was much struck with the soreness they seemed still to feel at our tone during the war. They don't seem able to get over it. Their petting of Fenianism is to a great extent the result of this feeling.

I trust I may hear from you about your *Homer* before long.

December 13, 1867.

To John Morley.

I was very much delighted to see your hand again. That you would enjoy the voyage I did not expect, that you will enjoy America I do. Your programme seems to me very excellent. I think that you should stay at Buffalo, and if possible see Bishop Coxe. I wish my friend Andrew White were in Syracuse. But Mr. Pryor at Albany will be sure to know the Bishop, who, though rather High Church and Orthodox, is yet an open minded man and very able. His point of view is one of some importance, though perhaps not of the very first. Also, you must see Hewett—Cooper's son-in-law. He is already back in New York. I fancy, too, that you should, if possible, see Pittsburgh. When you are in New England too, it would be interesting to see some of the country life there. Emerson would, I am sure, be glad to see and help you. You will indeed get help from everybody there. Fields will tell you if Andrew White has left for Europe, if he has not you should certainly see him. I hope you have met Godkin. He is about the soundest, *sanest* man I met there. He too is a little odd, but it is only manner, I think. I am glad Young is attentive to you. He can be useful—but, of course, you will remember that he is more or less of a partisan. Don't forget Parton either, Scribner will guide you to him.

Morison called yesterday and told me of your letter to him. He is going to write an article about Fenianism for our *Magazine* full of cruelty, pity and defiance. Hang them all—fight the Yankees if they want it and the French too if they like. The cowed, dazed condition of England and her rulers is to him

intolerable—and I agree with him. Tell Young that if he reprints it in the *Tribune*, as he did Carlyle's, he is to say where it came from.

Meredith dined with me at the Club last night. He looks thin, but is in good spirits. Frank Palgrave was with us—that was our party, and there was a good deal of bright, stirring talk. I wish you had been there. . . .

Goldwin Smith says he is quite right and you are wrong in denying that the American revolution was mainly owing to French ideas. Franklin and Jefferson were deeply imbued with the principles of the Encyclopædists. Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* and the *Declaration of Independence* were never drawn from old English brains. You must have it out with him when you come back.

The world wags on here in its old way. There is no home news of importance to tell you. Craik is very well and sends you kindest regards. Remember me most sincerely to my numerous friends, Young, Godkin and others. I hope to keep in their memories.

No one knows that you go for any purpose, but your own *improvement*. You are expected by some to come back a good Tory.

January 6, 1868.

To Alfred Tennyson.

It is a great pleasure to me to hear from Grove that you are going to give us that great poem about *Lucretius* of which I have heard rumours so long, and also the little poem which Grove, a good judge, thinks so highly of. I gladly assent to the terms you and he arranged. . . .

Whether anything can be arranged to stop the piracy of the papers I do not know, nor whether it will be possible to hinder the little one. But I will try the big one.

Can I arrange with Ticknor and Fields about the *Lucretius*? I have no sort of objection to your getting as much as you can from them, provided they don't anticipate us.

I hope Mrs. Tennyson is quite well and Hallam and Lionel. How big they must be! The boys will grow. It's quite shocking. My hair is turning grey already, and all owing to a lot of fellows who are getting as tall as I am—pure vexation.

My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Tennyson and the boys—Dear Grove joins me.

January 6, 1868.

To James Russell Lowell.

I did not mean that we should have slipped into a new year before I had written to some of the kind friends I made, and hope to retain, during my most pleasant and instructive visit to your country, and especially to your classic town, from which I have brought the pleasantest of many pleasant memories. It has been by no means because I have forgotten you all. Like an old soldier, I have been going over my campaigns, at least dozens of times, till all my intimates know your country as well as I know it myself. I am pretty certain that my visit will lead to a good many more in the course of the next year or two, and I do hope that it has not been without good fruit in healing old breaches and clearing up old misunderstandings. I had already sent my very able and excellent friend John Morley, the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, over, but I have just heard from him that he is on his way back, as the cold and excitement have proved too much for his not too strong physical frame. I am afraid he did not get to Boston at all, and that he only saw New York and Washington. I had given him a letter to you, as I know you would have liked him very much.

I am now writing you mainly to remind you of your

promise to write that Essay on Goldsmith, as the book is nearly ready for it, and I am very anxious indeed to get it out early this year. I also wanted to say that I hope you will send us a contribution occasionally for our *Magazine*. If you are writing a poem for the *Atlantic* at any time, we would like to have that so as to appear in ours at the same time as it does there. I am sure my excellent friend Fields will willingly arrange for this if you speak to him. But I would gladly have any independent paper on almost any subject from your pen. If it could be on some *international* question we would like it all the more, as I am daily feeling the enormous importance to the world and the future of humanity of a complete and cordial good understanding between two countries allied so closely in blood and character as ours are. Since my return home, I have felt, strange as it may seem, my love and reverence for my own country and its people deeper and stronger even in proportion as my admiration and affection for yours was increased. Many dear friends here who took, as I always thought, and now may say know, the wrong side during four years of terrible struggle with you, have so nobly and earnestly confessed their error to me that I feel that the only thing needed is to dispel the clouds and the peoples will love and honour each other. Depend on it the English at bottom is a great and magnanimous race. Their blundering and their self-sufficiency—the latter quality perhaps one which has crossed the Atlantic in no small measure with their great progeny—are not the *whole* of their character. They can learn, and that in a noble way, as brave men learn, and you have it in your natures to learn too. Some of those who could best help each people to learn are too little known in their native countries. I should greatly like to be of use in curing this. If your best literature were a little more familiar to us it would do a great deal in default of having the best men. I hope you will not fail to send us an article occasionally to this end.

We shall have two poems of Tennyson's in our *Magazine* during the next few months—one, a short one, comes out in February; the other, a long one of nearly 300 lines on *Lucretius*, will appear in May. Won't you send us something to appear in the same number? Poetry or prose. I shall be glad of either. To be in time we should have it by the end of March. I shall be glad also to hear from you about our edition of your poems. If you would send me over such as you would like to have placed before an English public, I will see what form would be likely to suit our market best and make money, and you may depend on our giving you an equal share of what profit we make. The *Fireside Travels* was too local for popular sale. It did not quite pay its expenses. Till the copyright law is settled it will always be hard, but I think an edition of the poems would succeed.

February 18, 1868.

To J. T. Fields.

. . . Your kind information about the Judge—that dear, good man, to whom I would desire to be most kindly remembered—was to enable me to say that he was or had been a real judge before he became the restorer of poor little criminals, in a lecture I gave to my neighbours here last Tuesday night. I called it a *Night with the Yankees*; my friends said it was an *Apologia Yankeii*. Whatever it was, it seemed to give them pleasure, and, I think, also profit. They listened with interest to an hour and a half about your country and people, such as they have not heard too much of in England. I think I will print it privately, and if so, I will send you a copy. I hope you won't be scandalised that I told a good deal about Longfellow, Sumner, Emerson, Holmes, and Lowell in describing the dinner which I remember so pleasantly.

February 27, 1868.

To J. T. Nettleship.

It was not more the excess than, as seemed to me, the inappropriateness of your diction in the two phrases *Sheer love* and *Titanic*. I certainly agree with you in recognising the *beneficence* of Browning's genius. It seems to me that beneficence is an essential quality of genius. It is its utter absence in other writers, who shall be nameless, that makes me doubt the reality of their genius. In Browning it is very high, as in Shelley, but it is hardly so exclusive a quality in Browning as in poor, dear Shelley. It is more tempered, perhaps in some respects stronger for that, by other obvious qualities, yearning for knowledge, for beauty in nature and art. *Sheer* love is to my mind not *accurate*, and not even laudatory. Some such phrase as I have used above would, to my mind, be far truer and far more valuable to him. *Titanic* is a *tall* word. It would, I think, be finer and truer to say that you and I must have all our wits about us when reading Browning. Titanic qualities would not help us so much there as in a town and gown row.

March 3, 1868.

To Henry Fawcett.

I was sorry Mrs. Fawcett's paper was not in our last number. It certainly will be in next. If for no better reason than that *Room for the ladies* is clearly the cry of the day.

I hope to be at the Century next Sunday. I go very seldom, alas! I am so occupied. I am going to lecture (don't be alarmed!) at Cambridge about America on the 20th. Are you to be there then?

Will you come and dine on April 1? I expect Huxley, Browning, Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Greenwood, and some other good fellows who are content to wear the motley for a day.

March 24, 1868.

To Dr. Macray, Bishop (afterwards Archbishop) of Rupertsland.

. . . Since I last wrote you I have been across the Atlantic, so that I was nearer you than I am now. But I got only a little way into your great Continent. New York, Boston, Montreal, Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia are the principal places I visited. I wish I could have got as far as the Red River Settlement.

So the Canadians want to absorb you! They will soon have to look to themselves. As soon as brother Jonathan's appetite gets sharp enough she will be swallowed herself.

America greatly interested me. I saw all kinds of people, and liked them on the whole much. I had much talk with the Bishop of Western New York—Dr. Coxe, who seemed to me an able man and good. He used to be rather High Church, but certainly is not so now.

There is not much news going on here that you will not hear of from the papers. Changes in the triposes, both and all: changes in tests, changes in members of Parliament, these are the questions that one hears agitated when one goes to Cambridge. Who knows what and where it will all lead to?

March 31, 1868.

To Charles Kingsley.

. . . Who is your mysterious correspondent K. Z.? She has been writing me at intervals for the last seven or eight years. The first thing she sent was a wild sort of mystical story with some stray gleams of what seemed to be genius about it, and since then she has sent me poems, essays, and I don't know what. She called on me once, in a grand carriage with footmen, etc., and I had a long talk with her. She wrote, she told me, to relieve sorrow, as I understood some one very dear to her was constantly ill and needed her attendance. She wanted to do, and be somebody of use in the world.

Writing was her only outlet. It was really touching. I could not encourage her in her enterprise, and suggested other activities of a not less satisfying kind—but her heart is evidently set on *voicing* her desire to do good. It was really pathetic. She sent me after this a mother-of-pearl blotting book, which I had not the heart to send back.

Does she write to you in this anonymous way, too? I should think she was a lady of rank, or at least of high position. She was not specially beautiful, but had a very pleasant face, worn-looking rather, and pale. I should fancy her about thirty-four or thirty-five.

Of course, I could not use this paper. She sent it to me before. I have always read her things, and wished very much I could gratify her—but never could.

April 1, 1868.

To the Very Rev. Dr. Harvey Goodwin, Dean of Ely (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle).

I am very glad you like *Fellowship*. The author is very desirous to remain unknown. She has been obliged to reveal herself to one person—the highest person in the land—who expressed a strong desire to know the writer. Of course, her *wish* was a *command*, but she accompanied it with a promise not "to divulge the secret." The Queen's opinion was expressed in words very much like your own—"It is one of the most wise, kind, and most sensible little works on that sad subject she has ever met with; and she knows but too well everything it so truly describes."

April 10, 1868.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

. . . Mr. Bosworth's pamphlet is a matter of small consequence compared with the larger question of which it is a symptom and an effect. I may, of

course, be mistaken, but I have never been convinced that the decision of Lord Macaulay and Lord Campbell some twenty years ago, which broke up our old trade custom, was a wise decision. Its result has been this—Whereas in former days there used to be many booksellers who kept good stocks of solid standard books, one or more in every important town in England, and these booksellers lived by selling books, the case is now that in country towns few live by bookselling: the trade has become so profitless that it is generally the appendage to a toyshop, or a Berlin wool warehouse and a few trashy novels, selling for a shilling, with flaring covers suiting the flashy contents, and the bookseller who studies what books are good and worth recommending to his customer has ceased to exist. Intelligence and sympathy with literature has gone out of the trade as a rule almost wholly. I believe the general intelligence of the country has suffered by it. My conviction, based on an experience of some thirty years, is that an intelligent bookseller in every town of any importance in the kingdom would be almost as valuable as an intelligent schoolmaster or parson. How can you get that if you don't pay him for his work and thought? I have no doubt that Political Economy and Free Trade "buy cheap, sell dear" have some meaning in the world, but they are not God, and may, I fear, have become—something else. But even on these grounds why should not the manufacturer of books be allowed to regulate the distribution of his own wares, and pay those who help him best? Why should Lord Macaulay or Lord Campbell have compelled their publishers to sell books to Messrs. Bickers and Bush at a cheap rate, so that they might prevent hundreds of others from selling them at all? Of course, when B. & B. get possessed of a book by fair purchase they may sell or give them as or how they please. But why should I supply them when I know that supplying them will hinder perhaps five hundred others from seeking a supply? I believe that, as a matter of fact, the manu-

facturers in free trade districts who produce a special article, such as a book is, distinctly decline to supply those who lower the value of their articles in the market. The present state of things does not conduce to make books cheap. Publishers are obliged to calculate in fixing the price of books for the large allowances to the trade which these discounts to the public necessitate, and besides, for enormous sums for advertising, which would be saved if we had energetic, well-paid booksellers over the country, which we never can have as long as a few London booksellers are allowed to practically monopolise the trade by selling at a price which prevents the possibility of the country bookseller keeping stock, paying carriage, and selling at the same price. I publish a book in order that *I* may sell, not that Bosworth or Bickers & Bush may sell, many. If they take a course that makes them sell more than others, but leaves others to sell none, what law hinders me from hindering them to do so?

Pardon my intruding on your valuable time so long. But your kindness in bringing the matter before me must be my excuse. Besides, as you may have seen, I think the whole question has wider than mere trade issues.

July 13, 1868.

To Rev. W. W. Howard, H.M. Inspector of Schools.

. . . Where are you? You date from Downing Street? If you ever come to London I hope you will look me up. See above address. Are you old? Are you gray? Are you any wiser? or fatter? Is your nose inclined to be red? or your nose and chin to meet?

I walk on crutches—abuse my servants, get cross with my friends, and generally am very old—but I do like to see an old friend.

August 10, 1868.

To Thomas Hardy, Dorchester.

I have read through the novel you were so good as to send me with care and with much interest and admiration, but feeling at the same time that it has what seem to me fatal drawbacks to its success, and what, I think, judging the writer from the book itself, you would feel even more strongly—its truthfulness and justice.

Your description of country life among working men is admirable, and, though I can only judge of it from the corresponding life in Scotland, which I knew well when young, palpably truthful. Your pictures of character among Londoners, and especially the upper classes, are sharp, clear, incisive, and in many respects true, but they are wholly dark—not a ray of light visible to relieve the darkness, and therefore exaggerated and untrue in their result. Their frivolity, heartlessness, selfishness are great and terrible, but there are other sides, and I can hardly conceive that they would do otherwise than what they seek to avoid, "throw down the book in disgust." Even the worst of them would hardly, I think, do things that you describe them as doing. For instance, is it conceivable that any man, however base and soul-corrupted, would do as you make the Hon. Fay Allamont do at the close, accept an estimate for his daughter's tomb—*because it cost him nothing*? He had already so far broken through the prejudices of his class as to send for Strong in the hope of saving his daughter's life. Then is it at all possible that a public body would *in public* retract their award on the grounds you make them avow in the case of the Palace of Hobbies Company?

The utter heedlessness of *all* the conversation you give in drawing-rooms and ball-rooms about the working-classes, has some ground of truth, I fear, and might justly be scourged, as you aim at doing, but your chastisement would fall harmless from its very excess.

Will's speech to the working men is full of wisdom—(though, by the way, would he have told his own story in public, being, as you describe him, a man of substantially good taste?)—and you there yourself give grounds for condemning very much that is in other parts of the book. Indeed, nothing could justify such a wholesale blackening of a class but large and intimate knowledge of it. Thackeray makes them not greatly better in many respects, but he gave many redeeming traits and characters; besides, he did it all in a light, chaffy way that gave no offence—and, I fear, did little good—and he soothed them by describing the lower class, which he knew nothing of and did not care to know, as equally bad when he touched them at all. He meant fair, you "*mean mischief.*" "Dukes and duchesses and all the kit are humbugs, society is based on humbug, but it's rather pleasant and amusing, when you can get pleasant dinners and nice wines, and everybody is the same—it's all natural. When we can't pay our tailor and he duns us, and won't give us another coat, or when we have to dine off cold mutton, and perhaps not enough of that, we don't like it, but let us wait our turn." That was his tone; but then, he added, and with truth, "there are many of us who wouldn't grudge giving a poor fellow a dinner, or even a five pound note, when it did not greatly inconvenience us—and even when it did some of us." I don't think Thackeray's satire did much good; indeed, I fear it did harm. He was in many respects a really good man, but he wrote in a mocking tone that has culminated in the *Saturday Review* tone, paralysing noble effort and generous emotion. You seem in grim earnest, and, as I said, "mean mischief," and I like your tone infinitely better. But it seems to me that your black wash will not be recognised as anything more than ignorant misrepresentation. Of course, I don't know what opportunities you have had of seeing the class you deal with. My own experience of fashionables is very small, and probably the nature of my busi-

ness brings me into contact with the best of the class when I do meet them. But it is inconceivable to me that any considerable number of human beings—God's creatures—should be so bad without going to utter wreck in a week.

Of the story itself I hardly know what to say. I should fear it is very improbable, and would be looked on as a sort of Reynold's Miscellany affair, though your really admirable handling often gives a certain dignity and power that greatly redeems it. Much of the detail struck me as strained and unnatural. The scene in the church at midnight has poetical qualities—but could it happen? Then is it within the range of likelihood that *any* gentleman would pursue his wife at midnight and *strike* her? Though you give a good deal about the family life afterwards, there is nothing to justify that very exceptional scene. It is too palpably done to bring about the meeting of the lovers.

Much of the writing seems to me admirable. The scene in Rotten Row—seen as it is and described by an outsider—is full of real power and insight. And the characters, on the whole, seem to me finely conceived and presented. The fault of the book, as it seems to me, is that it lacks the *modesty of nature* of fact. "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" have many unnatural scenes, but Shakespeare puts them in foreign countries, and took the scenes from old books. When he was nearer home and his own time you don't find such things in his writing. King Cophetua and the beggar-maid made a pretty tale in an old ballad; but will a story in which the Duke of Edinburgh takes in lawful wedlock even a private gentleman's daughter? One sees in the papers accounts of gentlemen's daughters running away with their fathers' grooms, but you are not in that region. Given your characters, could it happen in the present day? The "modesty of nature" takes into account all the conditions.

You see I am writing to you as to a writer who seems to me, at least potentially, of considerable mark, of

power and purpose. If this is your first book I think you ought to go on. May I ask if it is, and—you are not a lady, so perhaps you will forgive the question—are you young?

I have shown your MS. to one friend, whose judgment coincides with my own—I wish to show it to another man of a different stamp of mind, who knows more of the upper class than either, and is yet a very noble fellow, that I may get his view as to whether it would do with modifications. Would you be willing to consider any suggestions?

P.S.—I have just got my friend to write his opinion in his own words, and I enclose it. I mean the one who has already had the MS.

October 21, 1868.

To Messrs. Harper Brothers, New York.

We have now in the press a book of travels which we have reason to believe will be one of the most popular (and that not only for the moment, but for years to come) that has appeared for a long time. It is the travels of Alfred Wallace in the Malay Archipelago. For charm of style and variety of interest, it seems to many of the very best judges, who have seen it privately, that it cannot be surpassed. And it has beyond this a fine, unobtrusive, yet most effective current of far-stretching philosophy that, without making the book in the least degree dull for the general reader, yet gives it great value to the higher class. Mr. Wallace resided for about eight years in these regions, and saw them minutely and carefully in a way that no traveller ever saw them before. He has given such details of Natural History, manners and customs of the people, as could only be got after long experience, and has selected what to tell with such perfect judgment that the general result is a perfect work of art. One

gentleman has been there since, and he is writing a work which is to be published by Messrs. Appleton. But there is no chance of his being anything like so interesting or so full.

I enclose you an extract from the speech of the President of the British Association at the last meeting at Norwich, which will show you the estimation he is held in by the scientific world. I also send you by this post a few sheets up and down the early part of the book that you may be able to judge for yourself. The work will be very fully illustrated, and by the best artists.

Now we offer you the early sheets of this work on the same terms as you are publishing Sir Samuel Baker's book. We should be glad of an early answer to this proposal.

October 26, 1868.

To John Bright.

We have sent a copy of the "Speeches" to Mr. O'Connell, according to your instructions.

I don't think there can be any doubt that the "Speeches" has been a success. The plea that Lippincott has made for not fulfilling his agreement to reprint your speeches in America is that, as you say, "the public taste is not much for speeches," which is no doubt partly true. Still, there are speeches and speeches, and one class cannot be identified with another. We fixed the higher price to meet the wants of your new audience. I suppose you have hardly realised yourself as the pet of the higher classes yet. Still, you are almost "The Belgravian Pet!" I think you will be quite so by and by, when wrath against Mr. Gladstone has reached its full height. A calmer mood will come, and I think we may have cheap and cheaper editions yet. . . .

December 2, 1868.

To the Ven. Archdeacon.

I have read the four sermons you kindly forward me with much interest. They indeed touch on questions of the most serious importance and, as seems to me, touch them with sound judgment and in the right tone. The *genesis of morality*, which is at present a very favourite subject with the young philosophers of the Mill and Comte school, is surely the deepest and most important that can engage the preacher or the learner. One finds in all, or nearly all, the current speculation that one reads in the most influential periodicals—the *Saturday* and the *Pall Mall*—the *Spectator* stands almost alone in resisting the spirit—the utmost scorn for anything of law deeper than the policeman's truncheon, or of morals than an arbitrary utility. "Immutable morality" is almost classed with alchemy and astrology. This I have been feeling for years, and seen little like an adequate grappling with the spirit. Hence your sermon on the Responsibility of Man and the Law of God comes very gratefully to me. My only fear is that in the scope of a sermon or two little more can be done than to suggest a straight line of thought as you have done. From the nature of the case too it is hardly possible to do more than reassert the old grounds, pointing out that they differ and how from modern unsound bases.

By all which I mean that your sermons deal with questions which perhaps are over the heads or out of the lives of the ordinary Christian man and are yet perhaps, from the very limits of the sermon, necessarily inadequate for those who are really disturbed by modern forms of thought on these questions; and hence, to take the tradesman's view which I have to take in trade, I am somewhat doubtful whether one could expect a quite adequate sale. And hence I ask, would you be content to publish them at your own risk, on usual commission terms? If so, I would very willingly

undertake them and would gladly do my best to make them at least pay your outlay,—if they make profit it would be yours. I would merely charge the usual 10 per cent. commission on sales.

December 13, 1868.

To the Rev. R. W. Church, Whatley (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's).

I had read the greater part of your Sermons in a perfunctory way in the proof sheets as they were passing through the press and have been intending ever since their publication to read them through carefully, but the somewhat multifarious claims on my reading time and power have till to-day prevented my doing so. My wife has been ill and confined to her room for some time, and to-day I stayed at home with her and read your sermons to her. We were both much impressed, not merely by their power, but by what is, I am sorry to say, a by no means common quality in sermons, nor indeed in literature in general, the thorough fairness to points of view different from that you occupy almost by the conditions of being a Christian preacher; at least as that office is most commonly understood. With the last sermon especially I was very much impressed, and could not help wishing that its subject could be more fully developed and illustrated. Nothing impresses one, among much in the literary and scientific circles in London, more painfully than the utter indifference, and very often bitter antagonism, to all Christian and spiritual thought which is prevalent among them. That the clergy have much to answer for in helping to create and intensify this mood must, I fear, be admitted. But the men of science and of the world have surely not been free from blame either. To a large extent I think this is due

to a clear perception of what you have so well indicated in your sermons. The hints you give in your last sermon as to the narrowing of soul which rises from the mere secular view of human work and human destiny seems to me well worth fuller development. Could you not fulfil the wish you express in your preface and work the subject fully out with illustrations from the history of Christian life and human civilisation? There is a great readiness, I think, on the part of the public, or at least a considerable and important part of it, to read and consider books which dwell on and develop the growth or change of an idea or an influence which had large effect on the human race. Such books as Lecky *On Rationalism* and *Ecce Homo* are read and have undoubtedly good results on one side or the other. *Ecce Homo* from its very aim shut out, as you well say in your review of that work, the consideration of that most important element which your sermons deal with; or at least only hinted dimly at its existence and significance. But no writer on the definitely Christian side has dealt with this in a broad, clear, scientific spirit. Mr. Maurice has done much to keep the question open, and I cannot but think that his book on the Conscience has in it much that is most valuable. But his style and mode of thought seem to fail to catch or touch the present mood. "Doth he not speak in parables?" is the response it gives.

I think your Sermons are sure to do good, and they are evidently attracting a good deal of notice in the right quarters. But the very form of sermons has an effect rather hindering their acceptance.

I would be very glad to hear from you about this or any other literary work you are willing to undertake. I sometimes thought of writing to ask if you were disposed to undertake some biography for our *Sunday Library*?[1] Your little introduction to the *Homer* pleased me very much.

[1] The Dean contributed a Life of St. Anselm, which still remains in print.

To E. A. Freeman. April 22, 1869.

. . . I think you indicated in your last answer to my suggestion on this point, that you were not willing to commit yourself to any pronunciation of these names. The point, I think, put to you was whether the Ead was to be pronounced as a dissyllable, or not. The meaning of which is, that you don't know what sounds Edward's—I beg your pardon—Eadward's mother made when she told him to come in to his porridge in the morning. If *you* don't, I suppose there is no one else who does, and I suppose also that there is not much chance that even Professor Tyndall will discover a method of reproducing the layers of sound which no doubt are lying, like kitchen middens, in the air somewhere, and identify the special one which Eadward's mother used on the said or similar occasion. On the whole, therefore, it seems to me clear that you cannot shirk the responsibility, and as you disturb the caligraphic form, you are bound to record in some way the phonetics therewith. Even if you say like a brave man, as you undoubtedly are, "My dear Johnnie, I don't know how Eadward's mama called him to tea or supper or prayers, and as no one else seems to know, suppose we determine to call Ead—Ed, heah, as we would vocalise in Leah, and agree to pronounce the words so and so till Professor Tyndall or the Astronomer Royal, taking Professor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Charles Hallé into council, have undoubtedly found the kitchen middens of sound where the shell in proper form is to be had."

Seriously the sound difficulty is a real one, which should be considered of and settled by your best wisdom.

To Mrs. Butler. May 27, 1869.

. . . You asked me in a former letter the name of the lady at Oxford who taught my two boys, one of whom got an Uppingham and the other an Eton

scholarship, *purely from her teaching*. It is Mrs. Maclaren, Summerfield, Oxford. Her husband is the head of the Gymnasium at Oxford. He is my special friend, and a man of very noble nature, fine natural gifts of head and heart—not omitting the body. But *she* is the scholar and maker of scholars, and a high moral could be pointed from the fact. My Geordie went to her knowing nothing—or next to nothing—of either Greek or Latin. He was under ten. She taught him entirely. He got last August, when under thirteen, an Eton scholarship. That this was obtained not by *cram*, but by sound education, is clear from the fact that being placed in the lower remove between fourth and fifth in August, he at Christmas got a double remove into the lower division of the fifth, and at Easter came home third in the work of the half, and with the first prize in examination. The merit, as I understand, that gives him this position is not any special ability or industry, but the thoroughness with which he has been *grounded*. This was noticed when my nephew Maurice got his scholarship at Uppingham—he was so well *prepared*. Other of her pupils who have come under the notice of scholars have exhibited the same qualities. A friend of mine, a scholar of Balliol, took charge of three of her pupils a few months since, during their holidays, and he said that he rarely, if ever, met with boys so *thoroughly grounded* as they were. I dwell on these points because it is tolerably certain that some writers, if they were dealing with the question of the function of women in Education, would with that delicate satire which marks them, submit that they could give a little *flimsy* knowledge, but could not lay any solid basis for science. This is not the only, but it is the strongest, disproof of this notion that has come under my notice, and I would greatly like it to be peremptorily dealt with—as it might be most effectively. The most Divine faculty, Patience, the child of Love and Faith, is specially woman's. How should she be other than profound? . . .

July 20, 1869.

To Sir William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin), announcing the first publication of *Nature*.

. . . Lockyer is going to start a weekly Journal of Science, which we are to publish. It is meant to be popular in part, but also sound, and part devoted specifically to scientific men and their intercourse with each other. Huxley, Balfour Stewart, Wilkinson, Tyndall, Roscoe, and almost everyone who is about London have given him their names, and he very greatly wishes yours, as among those who promise support. May I tell him you consent?

November 5, 1869.

To W. B. Philpot.

. . . It was a sad piece of news and sudden to hear of Professor Conington's death. It was always a source of regret to me that I saw so little of him. I had always the impression of a singularly devoted, simple (this is one of *my* words of highest commendation) nature in the man. I remember a sonnet of his beginning, "Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed," containing that deep trust in *large issue* that we all need so much.

November 29, 1869.

To Mr. Payne.

It was exceedingly kind of you to give me so implicitly the reasons why you could not review Messrs. Sonnenschein and Meiklejohn's new system of teaching to read. I can greatly sympathise with what you say. Perhaps you don't know that for three or four years of my early life I was actually engaged in teaching village schools—all the early and most drudgical part of the work. The last year—1838-9—I had 130 children

under my care of the poorest, a school in a mining district, many of them Irish. My first glance at the Sonnenschein system was one of impatience. But I confess the more I looked at it the more I felt my first feeling was wrong. It is like the drill of an army, or like my friend Maclaren's Gymnastics. It *looks* slow, but is *really* quick. Think of the enormous time lost all through a school career, by the boys wondering how so and so is spelt, or by masters correcting and chiding boys for writing *recieve* or *beleive*. Indeed, like all systematic methods, I am quite sure that the saving in all ways will be very great. Quick children will be soon over it, and be going on to read their elder brothers' or sisters' books, but I don't think they will resent the drill with duller ones, while it is needful and easy, any more than a smart volunteer who can handle feet, hands, and shoulders grudges going over and over again along with duller men the same exercises.

Pardon my boring you with all this. I send you Sonnenschein's own criticism. I know you will allow for the slight sharpness of an author.

November 30, 1869.

To Prof. Goldwin Smith.

I have been meaning to write to you to remind you, for one thing, of a promise you made in July that you would shortly send us an article on Chatham. This will be welcome when it comes. But I have also another subject on which I would gladly have an article —indeed rather than the other—and that is the Cornell University itself. I get nice letters from Mr. White now and then, but all he says to me is in general terms. He seems to be encouraged and happy in his work, that is all one feels clear about. But the "feeling" that in some sense what you are doing there is a new thing is what I and others have. What we would like to know is what sort of new thing it is, and what

elements of large significance it has peculiar to itself. Is it too early to speak of this? If not, I would so like to see your account of it, and an article on this subject in the *Magazine* we would greatly like.

When Fields was here the other day—it is a month since—we had a good deal of talk about your proposed *Short History*, and we will, I think, work together satisfactorily. There is only one point that will require to be considered. Both editions should come out at the same time, and it may be needful to fix whether we print first or they. But when you are nearly ready to give us copy we can settle that no doubt.

I have seen a great many Americans of late. Since we opened our business in New York many have been sent by Mr. Brett, my agent there, besides the men one would naturally see. There can be no doubt that the feeling is very different from what it was. The intense folly and wickedness of war, and consequently of all likely to lead to it, between the two countries has come more distinctly before them, and the brag has subsided. Indeed the manner of all who have lately called has been not merely personally, that they always were, but nationally considerate. I do hope we will be good friends—as we ought. Your Alabama Lecture was reprinted here by a man of the name of Hotten, who has a genius for appropriation of unconsidered trifles. Bright's and Gladstone's speeches he has brought out in a cheap and imperfect form, and you are among his selections. Being a speech, you cannot do what you like with your own, nor prevent anyone else who likes from doing what he pleases with it. Anyhow no doubt it did good. I distributed those you sent me. Mr. Mundella, you will find, the member for Sheffield, whom I met at the Cobden Club dinner, had and was glad to have some copies.

I don't know whether there is any specially interesting English news that I could give you. Whatever happens here you no doubt see as soon as a letter could give it you. Smalley is gone to Suez, and you may

not see your *Daily News* as soon as the enclosed. Clark, the Public Orator, who resigned his office lately, has also, so far as he can, given up his *orders*. This is the second case of the kind—Sedley Taylor of Trinity refusing to proceed to Priest's orders. The two Sidgwicks also resigned their fellowships rather than hold them subject to even the burden of past tests. No doubt the movement goes on and will prevail.

December 16, 1869.

To C. B. Clarke (in India).

I do not remember how many years since I had your kind answer to my last communication. The information you then gave me was very valuable, and continues so, though one would be glad if there were some Educational Register to be got for all the Indian Provinces, stating clearly what each man taught. But I suppose there is nothing of the kind. The Calendars which I have been getting from time to time are rather dim in what they tell. I have had a visit or two from Mr. Woodrow, who is in England now, and he gives me some hints.

I sent you some time since a book on Indian Botany by Professor Oliver, who is Dr. Hooker's assistant at Kew. It contains in substance his little book on Elementary Botany, which has had a very extensive sale, and is now considered as undoubtedly the best educational book on botany for England. I remember your old scientific tastes, and I learn from Woodrow that you are by no means less devoted to natural studies and especially to Botany than you were. I don't know what interest in the educational sense is taken in these subjects in India. Dr. Hooker was told that there was great need of such a book as Oliver has written, and it was at his request, and with his constant advice and help, that the book has been made. We have suspicions that when books do get into use in Indian

schools the demand is very considerable. May it prove so in this case. Great pains have been taken with the wood-cuts, and we believe that they are at once accurate and good *to look at*.

I am sending you by post with this a copy of the first part of a new periodical which we call *Nature*. The object of it will readily be seen. It is published in weekly numbers as well, and we have made a fair start as to sales. If ever you have any little bit of new information on Natural History subjects, of course we shall be grateful for it; either as a letter or as an occasional note or notes. We shall be very glad for any help you can give us in making it known. We find books on Logic have a large sale in India. A little book by Fowler of Lincoln College, Oxford, has sold two considerable editions in a little more than a year, and a large proportion of them have gone to India. I should fancy it would be good for them to supplement speculation with fact—for them and all of us, in fact.

Your last letter told me too little about yourself. I should be very glad if you would tell me something of your work and ways. From what Woodrow told me, I fancy you spending your leisure time with microscope over bits of leaf or flower, and pondering meantime some great problem which your friends want and expect to hear from you, a new phase of Darwinism or something wholly new, which will be know as Clarkism in days to come. I am glad to learn from various good authorities—men of experience—that India may, and indeed does, suit English constitutions, when said constitutions are taken care of by their owners.

Fawcett, I dare say, writes to you himself. He looks wonderfully happy with his charming and clever little wife, and the little girl, their baby, seems as wise and good as children of such wise and good people should be. There can be no doubt he has made his position in the House, and his influence in Cambridge is no doubt valuable. His manual has reached a third edition, and as he has added two chapters, I think I had

better send you a copy. Mrs. Fawcett is doing a little book to teach girls. I read one half of it in MS., and I learned more Political Economy than I knew before. I think it should supersede the Mrs. Marcets and the like wholly.

You see what changes are coming on the Great Universities. Such a deputation as waited on Gladstone yesterday should make the world aware that the view that old fogeyism is ruling these great bodies is a serious mistake. I take it for granted that you see our *Magazine*. An article on Oxford Studies in the last number is by a Fellow of Balliol—Fyffe—and is an indication of certain aspects unknown to many. Of course, not to you. What is coming on the World? Dr. Cumming says "Great Tribulation." Several things great no doubt. The Great Council at Rome, for instance. The Pope's infallibility and the utter blunder and evil of believing your eyes, ears, senses of any kind, or brain and its determinations. Wonderful, isn't it?

March 3, 1870.

To Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

Did you ever take a shower bath? Or do you remember your first? To appeal to all your young admirers for their photographs! If your shower bath were filled a-top with bricks instead of water it would be about the fate you court. But if you will do it—there is no help for it, and as in duty bound we will help you to the self-immolation. Cartes! I should think so, indeed!—cart loads of them. Think of the postmen. Open an office for relief at the North Pole and another at the Equator. Ask President Grant, the Emperor of China, the Governor General of India, the whatever do you call him of Melbourne, if they won't help you.

But it's no use remonstrating with you. But I am resigned. I return from Scotland next Monday week. I shall be braced for encountering the awful idea.

April 12, 1870.

To Mrs. Warburton, The Close, Winchester.

The question raised by your letter has frequently been discussed by me with eminent men in various lines for some twenty years or more. No later than during the last fortnight, the Secretary of the Oxford Delegates told me that a children's Bible, such as you suggest, had been proposed to them. And a very eminent scientific man spoke to me since in quite the sense of your note. I feel the difficulty raised fully. But I think the difficulty would not get less, but greater, by an expurgated Bible, while millions of unexpurgated ones are about the world. It is possible that such over-caution might be very dangerous, and if boys or girls got into their heads that there was something very bad in the Bible which papa or mamma did not wish them to read, unless they were *quite well-ordered* children, and *amenable* to order, more evil would come than good from the restriction. If the children are orderly and amenable, and if the parents are careful to have commonsense, I think with the Book as it stands they can get on. I suppose it is difficult for one to judge. I have a family of four—the eldest nineteen, the youngest ten. We have read the Bible a good deal, boys and girls, with father and mother, or governess. Care has been taken, of course, beforehand in the selection, and practically what you propose is done. But if you have two Bibles in the house, one the open and one the closed, do you think it possible that in a time when everything is being enquired into you could keep the closed one really closed? Is it not possible that a wise, cautious courage may after all be the best? If the really great thoughts and emotions which the Bible yields in such rich fulness get into heart and head, casual contact with other aspects will not affect more than the occasional sight of vulgarity will hurt a refined nature.

Pardon my answering you in this preaching, unbusiness tone. But I cannot see the practicability of

what you desire as its formal realisation. Substantially my sympathies are wholly with you, and if in my business I could carry out your idea I would be glad. I cannot see how it is to be done.

June 28, 1871.

To the Right Honble. Baron Lytton.

I have gone into a very careful consideration of the proposal you did me the high honour of submitting to me when I saw you on Saturday. Had it assumed the form of a uniform edition of your *complete* works, it would have been very attractive to us, and nothing would give us higher satisfaction than to entertain such a question should it ever be open. This we cannot hope; and from your long connection with one of the most honorable and efficient publishing houses in the Empire, Messrs. Blackwood, we may say we hardly desire.

But the publication of the miscellaneous works, apart from the novels by which you have achieved, specially, so distinguished a position in World Literature seems to me to be doing neither justice to them nor to the publisher to whom you entrust them. I certainly think a complete edition of your works would do well in the hands of one publisher. But I shrink from undertaking the miscellaneous works apart, and not even the great honour we would feel as your publishers can reconcile us to the undertaking.

July 13, 1871.

To Osmund Airy.

I am sorry I cannot give you any but quite general advice about your poem on poor Mary Stuart, which has a good deal of vigour, and as regards literary merit, one sees heaps of much inferior things in Magazines. . . . I personally disagree with the inter-

pretation of her character adopted by Froude, and carried to characteristically hideous exaggeration by Swinburne. I should think she was a good woman, and when I tell you that John Knox is the hero in history I put first, you will understand that I am no partisan of Mary's. But there are large allowances to be made for her, and any one who reads carefully through, as I have done, the correspondence between her and Elizabeth before her marriage with Darnley will understand that there were the seeds sown by Elizabeth's own hand of much that followed.

September 4, 1871.

To W. Gifford Palgrave, Norwich.

I am glad to see your hand again. I had heard of your return on account of ill-health. I do hope a little home rest will soon set you up.

I suppose you have not heard of the loss I have had. After four months' confinement to her bed, my dear wife died on July 21. Even yet I can hardly realise it. Daily work and bowing the head is one's only consolation.

I shall be very glad to see your MS. as soon as you can send it, or any considerable part. And very glad to see yourself when you come up.

I am so glad that you found your wife and child well. May they long be preserved to you.

November 6, 1871.

To Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

What do I think! That your proposal is worse than the cruelest ogre ever conceived in darkest and most malignant moods. What do I think! Why half

the children will be laid up with pure vexation and anguish of spirit. Plum pudding of the delicatest, toys the most elaborate will have no charm. Darkness will come over all hearths, gloom will hover over the brightest board. Don't think of it for a moment. The books must come out for Christmas, or I don't know what will be the consequence.

Toss with Mr. Tenniel which view is best of your respective ditto. But don't for any sake keep it back.

November 10, 1871.

To (Sir) Norman Lockyer.

I hope you are having a pleasant and prosperous voyage, and that they will not make you deliver scientific lectures in a gale to the exhaustion of mind and body, and that you will have leisure for repose to some extent, and also to do homage to the Sun-god with a view to a book about *him* and his worshippers on your return.

. . . But above all I am very anxious about *Nature*. I cannot help feeling that a very little more of *something* would make it a success, and, if so, of course it would be a permanent benefit to you. I have been thinking of many things. At present we are endeavouring to get it more widely taken at schools, and if we succeed in this, will go into some other line. Wyville Thomson was in this morning, and speaking of its great usefulness. I suppose you will be able to give us something soon about the Eclipse, and if this is early and special all the better.

What a different scene you must be in from what we have here most days now, though this morning has been very bright, but very cold. I suppose you would give a good deal for such a morning for your eclipse.

I have only seen Mrs. Lockyer once since you left. I would have been up to see her, but I have not been

sleeping well and am troubled with my old swimming in the head, and trying what quiet at home and early hours will do.

Neither have I seen Huxley once since you left. He has been busy with school-board work, and pitching into the Papists there, and in a review of Mivart's book, like an old Puritan—I must see him soon.

Wyville Thomson tells me that there is a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society to-night to organise another expedition round the world, on *Deep Sea* business. I understood him to say that it was to be out four years. They want him to go, but he does not seem to see giving up the chair at Edinburgh—and other matters—on mere public grounds.

May the winds and the clouds behave themselves and the sun come out like a brilliant gentleman as he is.

March 8, 1872.

To Miss Yonge.

. . . I have not an idea who wrote the article in the *Times*. I hardly think it would do for me to enquire or discuss the question with Mr. Broome. It did not look to me like his. If it had been a nice article I would have had little hesitation in asking him, but one shrinks from saying to a man, "Did you write that nasty, spiteful article?" He could point a moral of impartiality out of it, "silence suiteth best." A friend of mine told me smilingly the other day that it was he who had written that severe article on such and such a book in a prominent quarter—hardly less important than the *Times*. *His brother* was the author. Who can say that honest, *impartial* criticism has died out? Let us meet it as we may. I knew a case where a man pitched into another man's book. Pitcher was trying for a berth. Pitchee had influence which Pitcher knew not of. Pitchee used his influence on behalf of

Pitcher. I think, knowing both, that few better or abler, or more unselfish men live.

One must take things as they come. The book is selling and will sell.

November 12, 1872.

To Walter Pater.

I don't think you would convince me that paper covers are more beautiful than cloth, and they certainly are very much less useful. I am speaking with recent experience when I say that it would interfere with the sale of the book, as booksellers won't keep them—even with the paper cover. My friend, Mr. MacLehose, of Glasgow, published *Olrig Grange* in this fashion at first, and has been obliged to abandon it for cloth. He still uses paper labels—and gives a duplicate label to be stuck on when the old gets dirty! This is droll, to say the least of it. The bookseller or possessor has to remove the old one and get paste—which he possibly has not at hand—and repaste the clean one on.

The use of inferior, unuseful materials cannot be needful to the realisation of any art which is of much value—at least I cannot see how. Gold lettering on cloth was an immense advance on the old paper boards, and was welcomed as such. I remember the period of change. I still possess books which are done up in smooth cloth with paper labels, and value them historically—just as I would value Adam's original fig-leaf, if I could find it.

But I will most gladly cede my tastes to yours as far as possible. I send you by this post a book in a style of binding which I devised for the author, and which he liked. His tastes were "artistic." He is an intimate friend of Mr. Burne Jones and others who think in that line. Also the paper of the book is made to imitate the old wire wove paper, which can only now be got in this mock rib, which is really rather pleasant

to my own eye. If you like the paper, please let me know at once, as it will have to be made on purpose. Perhaps we can meditate on the binding a little further.

November 15, 1872.

To the Rev. J. Percival, The College, Clifton (now Bishop of Hereford).

. . . Unfortunately there is hardly any less effective form of publication than the pamphlet form, and I would be glad to know whether you would have time or inclination to make a small volume, partly historical and partly, let us say, *prophetic*, on the whole subject. Nothing can be more important than the question of the diffusion of University action in the whole country. The Public School is closely connected with it, and I fancy many fathers of families are daily feeling what I felt some years back how hard it is to break up the home circle when you want to get your boy taught as a boy should be taught. The interaction of the educating power and the family is a question of the very deepest interest to national well-being. Their disseverance by present arrangements seems to me to be among the most serious problems at present before all thoughtful men. The diffused University action is a very vital element, but not the whole; and I should greatly like to see it treated in connection with the whole. It was my wish to lay this idea before you that has delayed my answering you earlier. Having said so much, and put before you the question whether you are prepared to think of it in this larger sense, and whether you do not think it would be worth while projecting a volume such as I have indicated, I will only say that I will gladly publish for you the pamphlet, even if it were as a step in the whole discussion.

I might mention that I had not long since a conversation with my old friend, Dr. Maclear, of King's College School, on the subject, and I think both he

and Dr. Barry, and, I should think, also Mr. Abbot, of City of London, would enter into any scheme for a large discussion of the whole subject. Are you likely to be in London soon? I would like to talk it over with you. In the meantime, if you think your pamphlet of pressing importance, as a preliminary step we will gladly publish it for you.

January 29, 1873.

To (Sir) Archibald Geikie.

I did not see dear old Sedgwick's death in the *Pall Mall* till I was on my way home, having been busy up to the last moment of leaving.

What a mass of most interesting and delightful memories of the past perishes with him. I am afraid no one has kept any record of the wonderful stories he used to tell. You remember his telling us the story of his birth? Was ever such a prenatal picture given of the old Doctor struggling over the Fell to arrive just too late; and the story of the visit to the old gipsy woman whose skin was like saddle leather, and who advised the young elegant lady who asked her the secret of her long life and health to live in the open air and sleep under a hedge, as she had done all her life!

May 1, 1873.

To Professor Tyndall.

We shall be exceedingly glad to have your paper on "The Action of Aqueous Vapour upon Radiant Heat" for *Nature*. Lockyer will give it in the earliest number after you send it, and is much pleased at the prospect of having it. I am sending you a copy of the life of James Forbes. I hope the book will interest you on other grounds than those of divergence; but if there is anything of the kind, it is fair you should see it in its place. Professor Huxley tells me he has something to say about some part of it. Whatever he says

is certain to be marked by temperate justice of the incisive kind that will clear the air vapours, and, I hope, conduce to settlement and harmony. From the ignorant ground I stand on I am wholly unable to judge of the merits of these battles of the Gods. On the whole, I have a feeling that I would rather see the work carried on without the war, but probably this is not quite possible. Generous interpretation on both sides will at least free the combat from the lower elements. Forbes is gone beyond all visible conflict, and even his somewhat free depictions shew that there was a sincerity and fine purpose in his life's work that is interesting. His physical weakness may have made him sensitive, and the remembrance of that may make his friends all the more tender of his posthumous reputation. At all events, I am sure his life will interest you. . . .

May 5, 1873.

To Professor Tyndall.

Many thanks for your welcome and kind present of your book on *Forms of Water*, which I will read through with interest and profit as a layman. . . .

I ought to say that the article in *Nature* was not written by Tait, and the reviewer was selected for the simple "*reason*" that he was thought to be the best man for dealing with the subject. Mr. Lockyer bids me say that he did not know that there was any matter in the book likely to rouse controversy, not having read a line of the book when he sent it out for review.

How pleasant it would be to me to be in any way a peacemaker if I knew how.

July 1, 1873.

To Mrs. Oliphant.

I have been exercised a great deal about the book since I heard from you and since I last wrote, and the idea of it seems to settle more and more in my mind into

a book on Florence and her Poets. But I am inclined to think it should be dealt with to a considerable extent in relation to her whole life, political, commercial, and artistic. Also that whatever of speculation about Dante you indulge in should be as much as possible given in the course of telling the facts. My visit to Florence interested me immensely, and I have been reading Trollope's rather clumsy *History* lately. He has given what is practically a political pamphlet, and yet he cannot wholly subdue the marvellous life of poetry, art, and deep human emotion that one feels to be pulsing through it all. This emotion culminates in Dante and Savonarola, but it is seen and felt in the great artists and architects. What Trollope does not tell is really what one wants to know, and what people in general would like to know. There are two books recently published on Rome—Burn's scholarly book and Wey's rather flashy one. They are both copiously illustrated. Neither is what I want as to treatment, and Florence would hardly lend herself to such treatment. Everything in Florence seems full of poetry. Dante is inconceivable out of Florence. Great individual as he is, this still is true.

I should like exceedingly to talk all this over with you and see how far our views could be combined.

My notion is rather a pictorial book that people would read both before and after seeing Florence; but that those who had not seen it, and did not even hope to see it, might like. To do it would take more than a year, and might be done in its literary part at intervals, while we got the whole of the illustrations done. This is broadly what we talked of at first, but it seems to me a more hopeful enterprise. What do you think?

July 30, 1873.

To Sir John (afterwards Lord) Coleridge.

I must write and thank you for your admirable paper on Wordsworth which you have been so kind as

to give us for this number of our *Magazine*. With its whole tone I most deeply sympathise, and even in your estimate of the relative worth of his several poems I concur. I used to think the *Prelude*, except in parts, much inferior to the *Excursion*, but having read it quite recently, I have been inclined to reverse my judgment, and it was a pleasant surprise to me to find you expressing the same feeling.

You speak of having " seen Virgil." I, too, had that great honour and privilege, and one night my brother and I had him all to ourselves for some two or three hours. Perhaps partly in kindly consideration that he had two somewhat enthusiastic young Scotchmen before him, he dwelt much on the influence of Scottish moral and spiritual mood on his own earliest thought and feeling; and, as I understand him, claimed in the *Pedlar* to have realised the spiritual aspect of Scottish life in a way that none of her own bards had ever done, or even adequately attempted. I remember his saying that all the *Humanities* in Scotch life, its war, its love, its hate, romance, humour, have been sung as perhaps no nation had ever had them sung before, but that its spiritual life had never been in the least adequately done. And it was then that he began to talk of his own *Pedlar*, as an attempt to do this.

There is one thing that your article brings before me so strongly that I cannot help putting it before your practical legal mind, and that is the in-*e*quity of our Law of Copyright as exhibited in the case of Wordsworth. Theoretically I have no absolute belief in property at all, and have a sneaking kindness for Communism of the old Platonic or Christian kind. But if we have Property with a big or a small p, do, please, let it be on an *equitable* basis. Why the Duke of Bedford should compel me to pay him certain sums of money annually because I have built a nice house on a bit of land which he says is his, and Wordsworth's poems should be open to be made money of or mincemeat of, by me or any publisher who chooses to be

reckless in what he does, provided only he does business, I cannot understand. I think there is no better instance of the bold, shameless injustice of the law—so-called—of copyright than the story you tell in your paper. At the present moment, if Wordsworth's property had been in his family's hands and reasonably well managed, it would well be worth at least three times what it was in 1844 when I saw him, and he then told me he was making £350 a year. Now—if his books had not been pillaged, distorted, misprinted, and imperfectly printed by dozens of publishers of various shades and degrees of conscience—they would be worth an honest £1000 a year. I read some years ago every word that I could find written presenting the semblance of a reason for this state of things, and the more I read the more I became convinced that if we are to have property at all, property in literature is that which stands on the soundest basis of public as well as private benefit.

All which means that I think you gentlemen who make the laws of the land and maintain them ought to put property in books at least on the same basis as property in land or in the funds. You don't benefit the public: that is demonstrable. All you do is to let anyone send out so-called cheap, often imperfect, editions of our great writers. That anyone may do what he likes in reprinting a great author's work prevents and does not further the production at a cheap rate of really good editions. That the Wordsworth family are £1000 a year poorer than they would have been with a different law, is not a sufficient reason for different legislation, but to you who know them it is at least a reason why this whole question should be considered. The public might with reasonable management have better and as cheap editions as they now have.

Pardon my bothering you on this matter, and you so busy.

August 15, 1873.

To (Sir) Wyville Thomson, H.M.S. Challenger, Bahia.

Your letter of July 31, from St. Vincent, Cape Verde, is most welcome, both as telling me of your well-being and doing and also as making some things clear of which I was in doubt. First of all, it enables me to write to you with a reasonable hope that my letter will reach you. . . .

First of all, about your new book—I quite understood that your instructions when you left me were that we were to go on printing it as it came, and that Mrs. Thomson's revision of the sheets would be enough. From the evident ease and knowledge with which she does the revision, I was inclined to go on, and actually have been going on; so far that several sheets have actually been set up in pages, with the illustrations all placed and ready to be struck off. But when the time actually came, as it has just come, to order the paper and number, I have had an uncomfortable feeling—"Would it not be better for Dr. Thomson to have another look *himself* at the sheets before committing ourselves and himself to the irrevocable press?" So your letter came just in the nick of time. . . .

I think this is pretty much all the business matter, and I hope that what I tell you is clear and satisfactory. As the mail goes out, I find, to-day, I will not have much time for general gossip. All you tell us of your own doing is very interesting indeed, and it is a great comfort to all your friends that your work is going on so satisfactorily. I don't wonder at your feeling home-sick. I do hope you will be able to get a run home by the end of your first year, and that I may have at least a glimpse of you. At present nobody is in London, almost, but myself. Huxley went off with Hooker to roam about France some two months since. I saw Hooker at Kew on Saturday, so he is back. But Huxley has been joined by his wife, and they are going to some quiet place. He is greatly better—and has

shaved his beard. Lockyer is down at St. Andrews with Tait, for rest! Just fancy *that* in Tait's company. But he is evidently happy. There is a great row broken out over Principal Forbes' memory. Tyndall, as Forbes' friends state, renewed the old accusations in a little book, *Forms of Water*, which he lately published. Tait has answered him in an appendix to the *Life of Forbes*, and now Tyndall has sent out a little book stating the whole case—as he sees it—and wishes others to see. Huxley is in the field somewhere and somehow, and he and Shairp have had one tiff. Shairp is brightening his faulchion for a go in at Tyndall, and young George Forbes is eager for the fray. He telegraphs this morning from Hamburg for a copy of Tyndall's pamphlet. He had some little brush with the younger Agassiz in *Nature*. Altogether there is prospect of some lively doings ahead. Tait, I suppose, will come in in his gentle way soon.

I suppose you see papers of some sort, and get to know about all the public news—Spain's perplexities, France's ditto, Gladstone, Lowe, and Ayrton's ditto—lo! are they not written in the pages of the Thunderer and elsewhere. Among similarly public matters, but perhaps more directly interesting to you, is Sir Samuel Baker's return after he had been killed a good many times—by telegraph, and that triumphant and successful is a great matter. I should fancy that Livingstone will follow soon. An interesting question is coming up as the result of what he has seen, or heard, in connection with the great lake. That the Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza are one lake is what he heard from merchants who said they had traversed it. Livingstone says that the outflow of the Tanganyika is towards the Congo—quite the other way. Then comes the question can a lake have two opposite outlets? Geikie says there is no reason why they shouldn't. If so, both may be right, and this big central African lake is a double-mouthed monster. Of course, Livingstone will put it all right when he comes back, if he accomplishes

what he meant. Baker had a theory that this tropical part of Africa—I suppose it would apply to all tropical parts—had never been submerged. I think he said that Sir Roderick had some such view. If so, would it not be a curious antithetical enquiry to yours?

I will have a good look round all the publishers' lists for books that are likely to be interesting to you in these wastes of water, and send you a reasonable batch in a few days through the Admiralty. In the meantime I will now close this, as the chances are you are tired of my vague talk, and at any rate I cannot well write more to-day. Now we are on clear ground as to the coming book and the *come* one. I shall feel free to write you through the Admiralty in any general way that comes to me.

August 20, 1873.

To His Excellency Sir Samuel Baker, Pasha, care of H.B.M. Consul, Cairo.

I must send you a note of welcome home, and most hearty congratulations on the successful issue of your noble and heroic enterprise. It makes all us stay-at-home folks feel very small to read, even in the brief abstract which your brother James has kindly communicated to the *Times*, of all your dangers, struggles, and triumphs. You promised us a great book this time, and assuredly you will be able to fulfil your promise, for I can clearly see that your pen, no more than your arm, has not lost its cunning. You will come at a good time. Stanley's book about Livingstone has quite spent itself, and the great hero, as you and I feel him, has not been lately heard of. Stanley's very Bohemian dash, though I suppose it was fine enough in its way, was quite marred by his more than Bohemian bluster and not very scrupulous treatment of Kirke, etc. Still, it has all helped to keep Africa *hot*, and you come in time to strike it. Sir Bartle Frere's mission, too, will

have done good and kept up interest, and your work will be felt by all thoughtful people to have anticipated and completed his. Of course, you must expect some criticising, both on the slavery question and on the geographical one of the lakes. . . .

We published this spring a great and important work, viz. *The Depths of the Sea*, by Dr. Wyville Thomson, who is now out in the Atlantic in charge of the great Challenger Scientific Expedition, which is to last for three years. The first book was an account of a preliminary voyage which Thomson and Dr. Carpenter took in the North Seas. The results of these are very astonishing, showing in a living state many forms of life only known hitherto in a fossil state. As I have been reading this book I have often thought of your idea that probably the Equatorial regions were never under the sea at all, and it will be curious, if you have had time to enter into Natural History questions at all, to see the contrasted conditions of your regions with those which have had "ups and downs" in existence.

You will have plenty to read when you come back, so I will not trouble you longer, but only say how delighted we shall be to hear from you as soon as you can. I trust Lady Baker has not suffered materially in health for all her hardships so heroically borne. I desire my very sincere regards to her and you, in which Craik joins. . . .

November 29, 1873.

To Roper Lethbridge (in India).

I could not answer your very interesting letter by first mail, but I do so by the first possible one. Your scheme is indeed a grand and attractive one, and one in which we would assuredly wish to be hearty fellow-workers with you, and we are ready so far to enter into negociations with you at once that we will take the four Reading Books you propose—printing them at your own expense, and paying you a fixed sum

down—say, £100 for each—not for a *term of years*, but for a *certain number of copies*. This is our usual mode of arranging such things, and is one which seems to us to avoid the element of *gambling*, so to speak. We can approximately calculate what, say, 5000 or 10,000 copies will yield; but not so well what a year or two, or three years will yield. Then, after his number of copies is sold, we would be willing to pay a fixed royalty—say, one-sixth of the selling price on each copy sold.

You suggest that we should draw up a scheme of a set of school books adapted for use in your schools, but we are at once met by the difficulty that we know the sort of books in use in India only by the demand we have for books we already publish. All Barnard Smith's and Todhunter's books, which are our oldest, we sell largely there already. Also our various science *Class Books* and *Primers* appear to have a considerable though less extensive sale. The *Class Books*—Huxley's *Physiology*, Roscoe's *Chemistry*, Balfour Stewart's *Physics*, and Lockyer's *Astronomy*—are new subjects comparatively here in England, and no doubt also with you. They are also addressed rather to what would answer to the highest forms in schools and to University students. Hence the sale is less than of Arithmetics, Algebras, Euclids, etc., everywhere. The *Primers* have been out for comparatively a short time, and we hardly know to what extent they have sold in India. But we have had letters and communications from all parts of India approving our scheme, and above all, the fact that we have secured the best men in each department to make these books, and in several cases asking that the very authors who have written the books should modify them to meet Oriental needs.

Of *English* books, reading, grammatical, etc., we have had comparatively few as yet, even for England, and this for the reason that hitherto the great changes which the opening up of the new Philology has made in the whole methods of study and teaching are still in

progress so to speak, and so far from being in a settled condition that books, in grammar especially, could hardly be made yet. You no doubt have seen Dr. Richard Morris' *Historical Accidence*. This is based to a large extent on a comparison of Sanskrit with other Indo-European languages. We have other books of a somewhat similar kind going on, and our great aim in these, as in our scientific books, has been to get the very best men in each kind of knowledge to write the most elementary books. We think that by doing so we best serve the ends of sound education, and also in the long run they will be most commercially worth doing—at least we hope so. It is comparatively easy to get books on any subject written by men who *get up* their subjects for the purpose of writing. But this is by no means what we would like to work in, and I feel sure that you will sympathise with us.

Following this is another thing: that in order to induce such men to work, we must hold out an attractive result from their work, and hence we always have sought to keep them permanently interested in their books, so that year by year they realise as large a sum as the sale of the books will allow. This makes it a matter of difficulty for us to make any *permanent* arrangement with a third party, like a general editor, so that any consideration that we could give for such help must be in the shape of definite sums *for a time*, but not bearing continuous interest in anything but what the editor himself might produce. I think that, on the whole, this would be found by much the most satisfactory arrangement, and would yield a not inconsiderable result in its reflex action on the books the editor himself might produce.

I certainly would like very much to see you and have the whole matter over with you. But you can better understand than I can how far it might be worth your while to come over on purpose. I think we have the means of carrying out the work if once we clearly understand what it is.

December 8.—Since writing the above, your letter about the History of India has come. Mr. Freeman has been on the Continent, and since his return has been engaged examining at Oxford. I delayed sending this off till I could see him, but I must let it go as it is, that you may see how much your scheme interests us. When he comes to London, as I hope he will before Christmas, I shall have a talk with him, and write you further about it.

December 22, 1873.

To Arthur Kinglake.

The head on the cover of our *Magazine* is really a fancy likeness of King Arthur—not Alfred. And Linton, who drew it, took our modern Alfred—Tennyson—as his model. . . .

February 18, 1874.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . Grove has just been in with your paper on Vivisection, saying that he cannot put it into the *Magazine*, and I confess I think he is right. Surely it is wholly wrong to speak of scientific men in the same breath with cock and dog fighters, or even with sportsmen. I know Michael Foster well, and know that he would not hurt the feelings of man or beast out of mere wantonness, or on any ground but the deepest in wisdom and goodness. The very passage which you adduce as not being plain English contains what to all who have studied the question is the amplest justification of their action. The complaint which is called Diabetes is one of the most dreadful that ever afflicted humanity, and I would not object to undergo as much pain as any dozen cats could if a glimpse of light could be thrown on its mysterious origin. To make out one

point like this is more important than to give you or me an extra chop for the rest of our lives—or even a chop at all.

You wrong the scientific men: they are not cocky, and surely Foster's article is not. Their use of words which convey the facts of their science is no more conceited than that of Historians.

Please, my dear Freeman, think that when thoughtful men vindicate their action in this matter they are speaking with knowledge which neither you nor I possess. I wish you would read the article over again.

July 9, 1874.

To W. G. Palgrave.

I wonder if you are as hot at St. Thomas as we are at Bedford Street. The sun is blazing down like a red hot poker. At the same time the nights are almost cold. We had the thermometer down to forty-five in our garden last night. I suppose it is all the comet's doing. I have not consulted Lockyer, but I should not wonder if he has something to do with it.

Whatever his doings may be in relation to the sun, you will have seen that he has put all your valued contributions into *Nature*, except, I think, one, which for some reason he thought unsuited to its pages. You will recognise what he has inserted, and therefore what he has not adopted will be known to you. I am glad that that great journal now reaches you regularly—I hope you enjoy it.

Grove tells me that he has written to you accepting "Alhamah," taking his own time for its insertion. I will do my best that this shall not be a late period.

Apropos of one paragraph in your letter of Jan. 23, I have been somewhat exercised thereby. You tell me, in answer to my suggestion that you should do another "Personal Narrative," that you did not feel inclined to

enter into your own *personal* doings: it would lead you to say things—well, that trenched on what one might call sacred privacy. I did not, and don't, mean in the least anything of the kind. . . . The construction of ideal characters, such as the novelist or dramatist works in, requires a special method of working and manner of mind. I have no doubt you could work in that way well and adequately, but I fancy you would work in the other better. Witness the relative success of the "Narrative" and "Hasman Agra." The latter, however admirable and true, always lacks the sense that a present teller of the story gives, and therefore somehow calls in the writer for a special quality that the other does not demand. . . I am by no means sure that you may not in your new place accomplish as much in the ideal as you did in the real, but you must not overlook the fact that it is a different, more difficult effort than the other. When I spoke of personal narratives I had in my mind your own first book—Wallace—Bates—Baker—Lady Duff Gordon—anybody, in fact, of the strictly "I saw this" class. Very high things can be accomplished in such a line. . . . Still, there is not the least reason why you should not try what is undoubtedly far the more difficult task. . . .

November 3, 1874.

To Dr. Buchheim.

On my return to business yesterday Mr. Craik put your letter into my hands in which you seek to re-open a question which we discussed and settled some two or three years since, and I certainly thought with your concurrence. It was with no depreciation of Goethe, even as a song writer, that Heine was preferred, but that Goethe was so much *besides*, and your parallel between Shakespeare and Sheridan is not in the least to the point. Shakespeare was far more conspicuous by his dramas than by his poetry. He

was *the* dramatist of England. Sheridan wrote plays, but he was even more eminent as a political speaker. Besides which, surely Heine was far nearer Goethe in genius—I don't say he was his equal—than Sheridan was to Shakespeare. The real parallel would be that in a selection of British Songs we would rather choose Burns than Shakespeare, because though Shakespeare has written exquisite songs, that is not the specific quality which marks him. So with Heine. He wrote no dramas like *Faust*, nor romances like *Meister*. When one thinks of Heine it is preeminently as a singer. It might happen that hereafter we might put a Goethe volume into the *Golden Treasury* series and then we would give Goethe's head. All this was discussed fully and fairly with you, and after all you have said in your note I see no ground for changing the decision. The choice of the special head was also made after special consideration. There is nothing very satisfactory. This one has the merit of being unusual, by an eminent artist, and giving him when he was young.

If the plate were still to engrave I would be inclined to urge, as I did before, the adoption of Heine and of this special head. As we have spent some £18 18s. in getting this really charming little head, I cannot re-open the question. One's work would never be done at this rate.

January 22, 1875.

To John Bright.

I am afraid you will think me something of a bore. But I hope you will believe that I do not write you without consideration, and am ready to receive a very short no, or yes, in answer to questions I put.

In explanation of the enclosed note from Mr. Grove, the Editor of our *Magazine*, I should explain that he and I and several of our friends have been talking

over the tone in which Mr. Gladstone is being dealt with by the press generally and by some papers particularly in reference to his retirement from the Liberal leadership, and wishing to see our way not necessarily to a vindication of the step he has taken, but in deprecation of the insolent tone which is taken towards a great and good man to whom his country owes so much. The question of an article in our *Magazine* was talked over and who could write something that would have real weight discussed. One which was anonymous and yet weighty might be good, but one which had weight both from name and quality would be greatly better. Of course we might get someone who would write fairly well and do it. But we would not wish to meddle with the subject unless we could do it effectively. Is it out of the question that you should do it? Pardon the liberty I take, and, if you can, grant our petition.

January 27, 1875.

To Mrs. Erskine.

. . . You will have seen by the papers that our dear, noble friend Canon Kingsley has passed to his rest. He died in his sleep. I am going to the funeral at Eversley to-morrow. Dean Stanley is to read the service. What a different world it is to many of us that he can no longer speak to us with his words of love and high-mindedness.

January 29, 1875.

To Professor Seeley.

. . . I was at Eversley yesterday, on the sad errand of parting with one of the noblest men I have ever known. We hope—I never felt the hope stronger than yesterday—not for ever. Somehow. Somewhere.

March 11, 1875.

To the Rev. Dr. Macmillan.

. . . Kingsley's loss is indeed a loss to me, and I know it will come back to me as long as I live. I never knew a nobler man. And now the gentle, thoughtful, wise Helps has followed. How one's friends pass on to the Unseen, which now holds so many of the loved ones.

July 6, 1875.

To Professor J. E. B. Mayor.

Are you a believer in the wisdom of old proverbs? Yes, you are theoretically, very theoretically. For instance,

It's best to be off with the old love
Before you begin with the new,

is, I am quite sure, a profoundly true saying in your eyes. But practically your loves—that is your books—are as frequent and as fitful as Brigham Young's wives. The last is always the sweetest, most delightful. Think of keeping that oldest, best and beautifulest of all your loves [1] waiting at the door while you dandle a wretched German interloper on your knee. Fye, you perversest of Professors. . . .

October 13, 1875.

To E. A. Freeman.

I am about to write to you at an address which Mrs. Freeman gave me when she sent me the lively letter which I now enclose. It will amuse you as showing that your influence is varied enough. I asked Mrs. Freeman if I should send you out a case of Colts revolvers to learn pistol practice in these regions, but as she has not answered me I conclude she does not see the need, so I don't send them.

Green was in this morning when I got your letter

[1] The second volume of the larger edition of Juvenal had already been some ten years in the press, and did not appear until 1878. The 'German Interloper' was an enlarged English edition of Hübner's Bibliographical Clue to Latin Literature.

and was very glad to hear of you. He keeps pretty well, but the weather here is very cold and damp at present, and all we invalids have to be careful—alas! I really have been very ill, but am better now and come to work for a limited time daily. Happy man, you also can ask, "What is bronchitis?" "What is pulmonary sickness?" etc. Long may you be able to treat these things in that charmingly ingenuous way.

Here is a bit of news for you. Our dear Goldwin, of the Smith tribe, has taken to himself a wife. My friend Professor Daniel Wilson of Toronto, who is a great chum of Goldwin's, writes me full of it, and seems to think it in all ways a comforting and comfortable thing for the friend whom we all love. Here is an extract from Wilson's letter:

"This is Goldwin Smith's Wedding Day! The first time I met him was at the house of Mr. William Bolton —formerly Mayor of Toronto and member for the city. His wife was a Boston lady with a fortune of her own, augmented since by the death of her mother. G.S. was a constant visitor at their house, and on the death of Mr. Bolton continued his visits to the widow—and here is the result." In a former letter Wilson told me that the lady is a very pleasant lady and likely to make Goldwin a really good wife. He has evidently settled down there for life. He goes into public affairs —educational and political—with full heart, and has started a newspaper, which he calls *The Nation.* Wilson and he are great allies in all liberal and progressive matters — especially in education. Daniel Wilson is the oldest friend I have in the world, and I can honestly say that our friend has a good honest fellow worker. You know his books *Prehistoric Man* and *Prehistoric Scotland.*

Now this is a great big bit of news for you. I dare say I could find more—a good deal—to say, but my days are short and my strength is not very great yet, so you will let me off with a mitigated letter as to quantity. . . .

October 25, 1875.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Thank you very much for your note and the intelligence that your proposed book on *Homer* is now in progress. We will be delighted to see the M.S. and I am glad it will make a book so nearly a companion to the *Juventus Mundi*. This will be both of service to the book itself and help the elder brother. . . .

What a fight you have had and with what an enemy! Is it that I retain more of our old covenanting blood in my veins that I have wondered constantly at your patience in your controversy? I ought to learn a lesson that our "Hill Folk" sometimes forgot from your temperate treatment of that centre of confusion—Popery and all its belongings. Let it have its say is surely, after all, the right thing. But think how one feels when one realises, as one does in one's best moments, what a light and power is in—forgive me for speaking so in a mere business letter—the Revelation of *permanent Fact* in Our Lord's Life and Death, and how this has been perverted into the most hideous fiction in Lourdes pilgrimages and all from which they spring.

You will, I am sure, forgive the little message I ventured to send through our Editor, Mr. Grove. Of course, I was very willing that Dr. Manning should have fair play in our *Magazine*. But to see *Macmillan's Magazine* quoted three times with the Archbishop's name and utterance, as if we were his organ, did not quite please me. Therefore, I ventured to send the message.

November 29, 1875.

To Miss Ellice Hopkins.

Your packet of *revise* has duly reached us and has gone on to the printer. I will try to look at the revises when they come back, but do not expect to

have anything more to suggest. Indeed I am anxious not to interfere with your free play of thought and presentation, being convinced how sound your purpose is at heart. But, alas! there is much of care in all these matters. It is in novels as in material things. We must not think only that fire is delightful, but take care that the sparks don't burn someone else. But we will not rediscuss the old story. What you say of Miss Rossetti is most true. She is very subjective. But so *fine*, I think. Every word *tells* enough and no more. I once told her that all her poems were so *sad*, and she said she did not wonder I felt it so. I have only seen her two or three times and she was very bright and interesting, but she is very delicate in health. She is a true artist and will live.

January 5, 1875.

To Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

. . . About the terms to the trade, I am sure it would be hazardous in every way to alter them. Your natural desire to formulate by figures the respective share of profits all the parties concerned get, is in effect impossible. You remember the old story of Robin Hood and some one else who tried to split the willow wand with him. The rival hits it on the side. Robin says, "Well shot, but you did not *allow for the wind*." This not allowing for the wind is the fault of all abstract calculations of mercantile result from Alnaschar with his baskets down to Ruskin with his *Fors*—and his fish—see last *Fors*.

I will put one case for your consideration. John Smith, bookseller at Middlemarsh, hears that *Alice in Wonderland* is a great book to sell, and he orders 6 copies for Christmas sale. In Middlemarsh there are only 12 purchasers possible for the book. Two of

these have copies presented by London relatives. Three more were in London and bought them at Hatchards or Sotherans. Three more were persuaded that if they bought Jerry Snook's *Funny Folks* they would have this to lend to their friends who had bought *Alice*, who in their turn would lend them *Alice*. J. S. sells 4.

I am conceiving what *might* happen. John Smith is left at the end of his season with two unsold copies. They get shabby from his very anxiety to sell them. Miss Nelly Puss, aged 6¾, asked Mrs. Shrewd Puss, her loving but careful mother, if she might not have it. Mrs. S. P. says, "Yes, my dear, but that copy is handled," by *possible* purchasers as Mr. Smith knows. Mrs. S. P. is sure that Mr. J. S. will order a *fresh* copy. J. S.'s two copies may be on hand for many months till he is obliged to offer them 6d. or 1s. under the ordinary price, so that at next Christmas he may have quite *fresh copies*. Then he orders *one or two*. But he is told that instead of 4s. 2d. he must pay 5s. 2d. My dear friend, need I go on with the parable?

January 13, 1876.

To Professor Michael Foster.

Dear old Dr. Sharpey has always been a great favourite of mine. First, he is a Scotchman: then he is a generous man, which ought to, but does not *always* follow, and above all one knows he is working—or *has* worked, for I suppose now it is mainly past, for *Science*, of which I am proud to be a doorkeeper, but he has added to my esteem by what he says about your book that is coming. I think it certain that our school and college books should be all home grown, and though I know I have worried Huxley a good deal during the last few years, I know he will feel that I have been in the main right in seeking to get him and

you and other big men to do our preliminary work in building up the early education in our own Britain. . . .

January 20, 1876.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

I will call at 4 Carlton Gardens to-morrow morning somewhere about 11 o'clock. I will have with me two specimens of binding with the two possible letterings, and also title pages, one of each having your preference—"Synchronism"—on it. Having been born on this side of the Alps, my infallibility is not beyond the power of reason, or what is reason enough in such matters, the strong feeling of him who has the best right to name his child—its father. My infallibility does not amount to that of the country clergyman who, when his parish schoolmaster wanted his child baptised "Augustus Alexander," proceeded (aside "Stuff"), "*John*, I baptise thee," so if when we look at the thing together you still like "Augustus Alexander"—I mean Synchronism—I will most gladly submit. . . .

March 1, 1876.

To Sir Samuel Baker Pasha.

I cannot tell you how much I feel your most kind and loyal consideration for us in the matter of this Egypt book. It surely demands that we should equally consider the question from your point of view, and by no action of ours stand in the way of your interests.

Mr. Craik has gone to Scotland and I cannot consult him, as I ought, before answering you definitely. But as the question is rather pressing I must at least leave you free to take action in regard to Messrs. Cassell, after you have weighed the following matters. I know

him so well that I think he will agree with me. Well, in the first place: would you and we have done this *History of Recent Egypt* if Cassells had not suggested it? Of course, if we had thought of it we might, and I think I may say that we would gladly have done it on the terms you name. But then the idea undoubtedly was theirs, and our doing it would be due to their suggestion.

Then it is almost certain that Cassells have determined to do the *History*, and on your declining will give it to somebody else. If they learn that you and we are going to do one there seems no doubt that they will go on all the same and probably with a sense of wrong that will induce them to push and puff with virulence. I own that I should feel, when I think of it, that *we* had rather stolen the idea, and that you were probably likely to be the loser by our not freely saying that you might accede to their request.

For it is certain that interesting as Egypt is, two books on the subject would greatly blur the market for either. Of course I don't think they will get so good a man, but they will do as well as they can if they know that we are antagonistic to them—and to repeat what I said above—have stolen their idea.

Therefore, my feeling is that *if you care to do* the book you should write to Cassells and say that, having consulted us and finding that as the suggestion emanated from them, we did not feel inclined to take the book you felt inclined to write out of their hands, you would like to know their terms, stating your own regarding expenses of journey, which don't seem to me unreasonable.

I therefore feel, as you see, that you ought to communicate with them if you care to do the book at all.

This need not prevent our doing some other book, or books hereafter. You only agree, if you do, with Cassells for this.

Please believe how deeply I feel your generosity.

March 11, 1876.

To the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Rome.

. . . My sciatica is almost gone, in spite of a risky thing I did in going to the Abbey to Lady Augusta's funeral. It really was a striking sight; you will have seen an account of it in the papers. But there was one curious thing that had an element of quaint pathos in it. Carlyle sat next the Archbishop of Canterbury, who occasionally pointed out where in the service they were, and Carlyle peered down with apparently reverential interest. On the other side of the Archbishop sat Lord Shaftesbury. Matthew Arnold was close by me. . . .

March 22, 1876.

To Mrs. Ross, Florence.

I have before me a pretty little bit of oblong paper, artistic in shape and artistic in colour and texture, with caligraphy not less characterised by those qualities of form which lie at the basis of all art. It is dated December 2, and bears at the foot a pretty little autograph, that one feels was written by *somebody*. Between the date and the signature are a series of well-ordered and interesting words addressed to me. I have never responded to this delicate little note, and feel ashamed of my negligence.

Yes, the oil came. I have experienced its excellence in more than one salad. I have not thanked you for it in my letter. I do now. Your oil is excellent, your kindness in sending it more excellent. Forgive my delay in saying this.

Mr. Grove tells me that he has written you. Your pleasant little paper on oil-making is in our present number.

You ask me about a translation of a book of Freytag's. I am sorry to say that at present I shrink from

the very word translation—except when some foreigner wants to translate some book we publish.

How I wish I were on the banks of the Arno instead of the banks of Bedford Street. The brown mud of your river is not the most beautiful fabric one has seen. Neither, for that matter, is our stony street. But when I was last on the Arno I was scorched—would I were now! I am a glutton of heat. You will send me to the first book of Dante's *Commedia* to cure me.

March 27, 1876.

To Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Hastings.

I have much pleasure in telling you about Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* and its position in relation to criticisms of the writer in *Fraser*. It was not to be expected that a book containing nearly 900 pages of closely printed matter dealing with proper names and dates should be free from errors both of the press and of the pen, and Mr. Green had himself, and by means of his friends, already discovered many, and I think the most important of those pointed out with such parade and exultation by Mr. Rowley—the *Fraser* critic—and these faults have been corrected in each successive edition that was printed, as they were discovered. There were many of these so-called errors that were not errors, except of the critic himself, as when he accuses Mr. Green of error in stating that the Bishops knelt to receive a blessing from Charles II. when he was dying. There was, in fact, a much larger *proportion* of blunders in the article than in the book, and not one, I think, of those actually found at all interfered with the substantial merits of the *History*. There always will, of course, be room for different judgments of men and measures in an historical work, and a man with extreme High Church or extreme puritanical tendencies will find what he thinks errors of judgment

in a man who deals with affairs in a wider and less dogmatic way. But that Mr. Green has dealt fairly with various shades of men without, of course, hiding his sympathies is witnessed by men of the most various convictions.

That we have sold about 35,000 of the book is the best proof that the *Fraser* criticisms were of slight significance, and the errors that he pointed out, and others that might have been discovered, have been, and will be, most carefully removed.

March 31, 1876.

To the Marquis of Lorne.

I have asked my friend, Mr. George Grove, who knows almost as much as anyone living about Palestine, to look after the two photographs you want. I shall hear from him in a day or so, and let you know what he says.

I am afraid that I a little sympathise with Sir Walter Scott's feeling about our old version, probably it is old prejudice. Even now when the Psalms recur to me, which is very often as one gets older, the form in which they come to me is the old Scotch one, and any change which disturbs them I am not a good judge of. Yours seems to me a good verse version; did it not interfere with my feeling of love for the old I should perhaps think it excellent. Forgive an old Scotsman, and believe him still your faithful servant and clansman.

May 31, 1876.

To Mrs. Henry Pott.

I am afraid your enterprise is hopeless. Bacon assuredly is not the author of Shakespeare's plays, and assuredly Shakespeare wrote them himself. I know the *Essays* well, and all *Shakespeare* well. They are the products of our greatest intellectual and moral age.

It is impossible but that they should have much in common. The new birth—Renascence—or whatever it is called, was in the air. Platonism, through subtle Italian and deft French mediums, had saturated the English intellect of the time, and the whole English mood was full of virile intellectual force to an extent hardly exampled at any period in its history, or perhaps in the history of the world, except in Greece during and after the Persian war, or Florence before and some way into the Medici reign. Hence it is almost impossible but that two such intellects as Shakespeare and Bacon, seeing the same facts, being in the same intellectual atmosphere, should show coincidences. It is even possible, or even probable that a man of the marvellous acceptivity and fertility of nature that Shakespeare must have had may have heard Bacon say things that he adopted and adapted. But surely it is wholly needless to suppose that he ever wrote a line for or with Shakespeare. The *pace* (I am writing as the Derby is being run) of the two men is so wholly unlike. Bacon scholastic, precise, even when most imaginative. Shakespeare, like our (Scotch) Burns, free, flowing, natural—"Warbling his native woodnotes wild" even when in his loftiest speculative moods. I quite agree with you in your dislike of a genius theory that would lead to a boast that knowledge can be attained without labour. But having known both the cottage and the college, I can assure you that it is quite possible that work can be carried on as well in one as in the other.

It is quite impossible that Bacon and Shakespeare are one. Shakespeare had as much to do with the Essay on Truth as Bacon had to do with Hamlet.

June 7, 1876.

To John Morley.

In reference to your report on Mr. James Routledge's book about Hone, I want to make a confession and an apology which I would be glad if you

would consider and see whether you think it would modify your opinion as to the desirableness of our publishing it.

It was I who suggested the writing of this book to Routledge. He has written a good deal for the *Magazine*, and is a regular writer—mainly on Indian matters—for the *Times*. He was often when calling here expressing his strong wish to get into more solid sort of writing, and suggesting lives of this or that man, or this or that bit of history. I never felt that he was likely to do any really first rate book, but there is a sort of dogged earnestness about the man, and real goodness that gives one a liking and respect for him. Then I knew old William Hone personally when I first came to London—when I was about 21—and liked him very much. I also heard from people who had been at his trials of the immense impression they made and that they were in fact the final blow to attempts to suppress free speech. It is now nearly 44 years since I last saw Hone, when he gave up sub-editing the *Patriot* newspaper, and I suppose I had been seeing him frequently for nearly two years. He was a man of really fine nature, had most of the old English poets and best prose writers of a poetic turn, like Jeremy Taylor, at his fingers' ends. He told me at times bits of his early life and struggles as a bookseller. He had evidently been a child as to business and money matters, and his troubles had come from this cause and from no self-indulgence or idleness. When I knew him he was what might be called a pious man, but without bigotry; for instance, he burst out with fury at some one who called Shelley an infidel.

Well, I have frequently seen in papers references to Hone of a most unjust kind. For instance, in some articles by that sweet and pure writer, George Augustus Sala, in the *Cornhill*, I saw "the indecent blasphemies of William Hone" denounced. Then recently, when a new edition of the *Three Trials* was published, I bought a copy, and it was lying on my table when

Fitzjames Stephen happened to call and I asked him if he knew them, and he said he did and thought them most important in the same sense that I did, and that their importance had been much overlooked. I then told him what I had known of him, and he seemed interested. Soon after this, Routledge coming in, I suggested his looking at Hone's life; and he has been through various Museums and Libraries for the last two or three months getting material. My own notion at first was merely a sketch of William as the final champion—single handed—of free speech—mainly, I confess, for the sake of rescuing a really fine man from obloquy and obscurity. Of course this is personal, but I think really the story might be interesting beyond this. Whether Routledge has not gone further afield than was needful is another matter.

June 7, 1876.

To Mrs. Henry Pott.

. . . The question about Shakespeare's education is one requiring more space than I can give it. But I don't think we quite realise how rapidly a man like Shakespeare might assimilate new words and forms of life. I have known—I know at present—a man who travelling through a street or town with a number of fairly intelligent men and women will learn twenty times as much as any of them with even less apparent observation. Do you know the story of Houdin, the conjurer, how in passing a shop window with hundreds of objects in it he could with a glance give an inventory of it?

When you come to London it will be really pleasant to me to meet you, if you care to come and see an old man at his work.

September 28, 1876.

To Dr. Richardson, F.R.S., Herne Bay.

I quite concur in your view that leave should be given to the learned Pole, and that freely and heartily—without money and without price.

I am to be here now for the rest of the season and shall be glad to hear about the Gilchrist lectures. I am sorry that your holiday has been blurred. Did you ever know a man with "visions" who could get an uninterrupted holiday?

Hang this thinking, alas! what good is it, oh and what evil,
Oh! what mischief and pain, like the clock in a sick man's chamber,
Ticking and ticking and still through each cavern slumber pursuing,
Let me contented and still, like the beasts of the field my brothers,
Tranquilly, happily lie and eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar.

Is not that the real Hygeia?

July 23, 1877.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

I was hoping before this to have been able to send you the second volume of the modern Greek translation of *Hypatia*, but it is not yet published. It was my son George who discovered it. He had recently a short holiday in Greece, and has naturally become a strong Philhellene, and takes in a Greek newspaper in which he saw the translation advertised, and thinking it would interest you got a copy which proved to be only of volume 1, but was told that the second would be published soon. You may rely on having it whenever it appears. If they go into this

war it may, among other effects, stop the completion of the book!

George was greatly struck with the signs of social activity which he saw in Athens, and from all he heard of intellectual, too, as this act of translating this noble book shows. The interior, through which he had a week's ride, was still very rough. The striking qualities of the Greek so wonderfully given in *Hypatia* seem to cling to them still, subtle as quicksilver and as uncertain often, while really fine human qualities of the highest order, as in *Hypatia* herself, seem possible to them still. How much the great heart and great head of the author of *Hypatia* would be feeling—is he not—about all this. . . .

November 9, 1877.

To John Morley, Farnham.

I have just come back from a very pleasant interview with George Eliot. She did not say *no*,[1] and promised to think it over and write us. She repeated what Lewes told us was her feeling, that she has a dread of coming forward in her own person and passing judgment on authors, and spoke as you, or even I, might speak with aversion of the habit of mind that leads people to pass off as sort of *final utterances* the feelings and thoughts which come to you in reading an author. She quoted a passage from *Ste. Beuve* which she thought should be the motto of such a series as we propose. I cannot give you the French—she is to send it—but the effect of it was that the business of a true critic was to appreciate, not *fix the doom* of an author. When you see it you will, I have no doubt, at once adopt it—if we can't get her to contribute a book it will be something at least to have a motto from her. But I am by no means hopeless about the

[1] To a proposal that she should write the volume on Shakespeare in the English Men of Letters series.

book. Lewes came with me to the door and said it was a great thing to have got her to consent to think of it. I asked if I might tell you to write to her, and she said she would be glad to hear from you. But I think it would be well that we should have our talk on Monday before you do write.

May 21, 1878.

To Rev. Dr. Westcott.

I have great pleasure in sending to the Bishop of Pretoria a set of your books. They have gone to-day by rail, carriage paid, we charging all to the books. I have written a note telling him of their dispatch. These new Bishoprics ought to be encouraged by everyone as centres of civilisation, whatever else besides. I have had a good deal of talk and correspondence with the Bishop of Rupertsland during the last twelve years on his work, and in no sense can it be other than important.

I wish you could persuade our friend Hort to let the text, that you and he have elaborated so thoroughly, come out. Does he think it needful that the last hair in all our beards should be actually blanched before recognising the fact that we are all getting up in years? I can see no sense in which his delay is right. He seeks a perfection that would lead to no existence before it reached no possible fault. He is getting to be a critical Buddhist. We practical English would think of him as trying to catch his shadow.

June 6, 1878.

To Rev. Dr. Hort.

You probably have seen that the Pitt Press is going to publish an edition of the *Greek Testament* with a new text by Professor Perowne. As your text

has been freely handed about, its main readings must be known to many—Perowne among others—and it therefore becomes of vital importance that not a moment should be lost in issuing ours. As Dr. Westcott has the same interest and responsibility as you and does not in the least approve of the delay, and we have the strongest reasons for speedy publication, it does not seem to me reasonable that you should any longer impose your judgment on your two equal partners against their strong judgment and interest. You have had your way now for several years, to our serious loss, and deference to your judgment has been already carried beyond due limits. I therefore am ordering paper to go to Clay, with orders to print an edition of 1250 copies, and mean to publish the book in time for the opening of the public schools in August. Clay tells me that you are hard at work at the Introduction, and if you get this ready for press some time in August, we might get it out in the October term.

I am sure that on reflection you will see the reasonableness and justice of this course.

June 12, 1878.

To the same.

Do you mean that we may begin to print in August? If so, I will wait—though the paper is in Clay's hands. I read all your arguments with amazement. They can only be meant to convince yourself and is that needful? What on earth has Professor Birch's criticism to do with the case—or Burgon's, or any of the same sort? If you wrote fifteen volumes of vindication or explanation it won't be read by such, or if read not appreciated. Twenty-four years is a long slice out of any man's life. How many more such periods do you expect to see? I am sure your text will justify itself *pro tem.* You can smash gain-

sayers afterwards. You never can get to the end of the infinite, or where no faults can be found. We will begin to print on August 1.[1]

June 12, 1878.

To Leslie Stephen.

I must write to tell you how much I like your Johnson in Morley's *Series*, and how much that liking is enhanced by the fact that it comes from an old friend like yourself. I hope in one or another way it may lead to our seeing and corresponding more than we have done of late years. I may venture to congratulate you on following my example in restoring a shattered home with a new sweet centre of woman life. Whatever their wrongs and rights they are very essential to our home life—these same women.

June 14, 1878.

To Dean Church.

I have read about fifty pages of your son's translation of Dante's book on the *Monarchy*, and am greatly pleased with the book and its rendering. There is a grave grace in the diction that seems wholly suited to the thought and argument of that wonderful man. I don't suppose it can ever be very popular, but I shall be surprised if there are not a considerable number of people who will be grateful for the opportunity of reading the book in plain English. Of course the great bulk of Dante's thought and way of putting it is rather archaic; but it is evidence of the greatness of his nature that the throb of a noble nature and the vivid presentation of a man who *actually saw*, is everywhere presented to one. We would like at once to

[1] In spite of the apparent promise to have the copy ready for August the work was not published until May, 1881, nearly three years afterwards.

put up the whole in type—in slip—so that any brief notes might be added here and there.

I should be very much pleased to make your son's personal acquaintance. Could he call on me one day?

August 30, 1878.

To the Rev. W. H. Budden, India.

The volume of sermons of Dean Church I meant as a present, and am very glad you like him so much. He is a man of large gifts and equally rare modesty. He is a great friend of Mr. Gladstone's, who offered him the Deanery of St. Paul's three times before he would take it. He has written very little. We are trying to get him to write more. An essay on Dante is actually in the press and I hope will be out in October. I should like to give you some general gossip about literature, but it is hard to know where to begin. I am sending you two books which have made some stir. Salmon, author of *Reign of Law*, is an Irish Professor, and is a great Mathematician as well as an eloquent preacher. There was a very favourable review in the *Times*, and a good many people who bought it speak highly of it. I send it to you—also a volume by a young Scotch minister, *Service*, which has made some stir. Also, I have put in three volumes of a series which we have recently commenced under the editorial care of Mr. John Morley. We have a really distinguished staff. You will see that Dean Church is to do the Spenser for it. We have had much praise for it.

November 22, 1878.

To J. A. Symonds, Davos Platz, Switzerland.

It is very pleasant to me to get your kind letter, as I retain a very pleasant memory of one evening

which you spent at my house, and our much talk on many matters, very refreshing to my spirit. I am afraid from what you say of your health, and the somewhat Promethean like conditions under which you are able to keep it, that the chances of renewing personal intercourse early or often are small. In spite of my Highland name, I am essentially a man of the plain and only enjoy mountains when seen from below. I have never been to Switzerland and have no drawing towards it. Italy I do like greatly, especially Florence, and hope to see it again before I die. It must be a great loss to you, who have done so much to make it known and loved of English people, not to be able to reside in it at least part of the year. I hope you got a copy of your Shelley which was sent to you by post. . . .

I like your book very much, and think it makes the clearest and simplest complete presentation of the man we have. Hogg's of the earlier part is quite unsurpassed, to my mind. The Divine Poet stands so clear and fine against the somewhat rude, but preeminently honest and hearty nature of the Tory lawyer and squire. Trelawney, I cannot like nor indeed trust him. I don't particularly like Byron, but there is a malignity in the way in which Trelawney contrives his praise of Shelley to glance injuriously on Byron. I should have liked to have seen him in a witness box and Hogg cross-examining him. . . . Shelley was a unique man in himself, and in spite of deflections, of a very pure high nature. As an utterer of noble thought in noblest words he is unsurpassed. My admiration for him is of more than forty years' standing, and is as strong now as it ever was. But as St. Paul exhorted people to pray with the understanding, so I think we ought to admire with the understanding. People have both admired and abused him with much too little of this valuable quality. I cannot help being gratified that we have had the honour of publishing what is on the whole the best, completest and most rational account

of so noble, beautiful, if also very erratic and perplexing a character. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear from you.

February 3, 1879.

To the Rev. W. Benham, Margate.

I have read every word of the Archbishop's personal memoir of Mrs. Tait and of her accounts of the deaths of the children. I can conceive no one reading these without feeling it a privilege to have done so, and the Archbishop will confer a blessing on very many by giving them to the public. We shall feel it a high honour to be its publishers.

I cannot conceive even a small critic reading the book without bowed head—and heart if he had one. I think there should be portraits of Mother and Son. Has the Archbishop good photographs? I should, of course, like to get Jeens to engrave them and would endeavour to make a beautiful book of it. We would employ the Archbishop's old friend, Constable, who, I am sure, would do his best for it.

January 31, 1879.

To the Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop-Designate of Durham.

I have always thought that the parable of the man who, because he had ruled *one* city well had *ten* more given him to rule, a somewhat cruel one, as concerned the individual. After work, rest seems the kindly thing. But as regards the world's progress, there seems no doubt that the law involved in the parable is right. A man who shows power to do good work in a narrower sphere is naturally the man to whom a wise governing power will give larger work when

it comes. So if I write to say with what pleasure I saw that the present Government had called to a high office in the Church one who was so valuable in another sphere, it was not without a definite sense of sacrifices which were involved in the honour to one for whom I have every reason to feel, as I do, sincere esteem and regard. I write this not to bore you. You must have heaps of congratulations. But I did not like such an event to happen without letting you know how really and in what sense I am glad.

March 2, 1880.

To the Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., Manchester.

. . . Yes, indeed, the years roll on, bringing with them joys and sorrows, work and repose. I am in my sixty-second year, and yet it does not appear as if my work was quite done, nor, I am glad to say, my power of work. I have excellent helpers in Craik, my nephew Fred, and my son George, who, I think, could carry it on if I were obliged to give up, but they don't seem to want to get rid of me—I hardly want to go.

But, oh! the tempting vision of retirement to Glensannox or High Corrie with a few friends to meditate and discuss on all that has been, and may be, and is—each with its perplexities and its consolations, too, thank God. I wish we could meet now and then.

April 2, 1880.

To F. J. Church, The Deanery, St. Pauls.

Your father urged, as you told me, that as the notion of a translation of these four dialogues with a specific ethical and civic end was mine, I ought to write

the preface. Last night I did dictate such a preface, and it has gone to-day to the press to be set up in slip. When the proof comes I hope your father will look at it, and it will probably remind him of a conversation we had on the subject on a railway journey from Frome when he was coming to London about the Deanery. The idea of such a translation for such a purpose had been in my mind for more than a dozen years before. I am grateful to you that you have helped to realise my dream. The little preface will explain what my dream was, and will, I hope, not clash with your work in realising it. . . .

April 23, 1880.

To Major Maurice, Dublin (now Sir Frederick Maurice).

The dialogue referred to in these letters certainly was "Phaethon." I remember the correspondence well, and your father's characteristic generosity in the matter, which I can hardly write about, but will tell you of when you come to see me. *Phaethon* was published in 1852, and the correspondence must have been about that date, for your father was urgent that no time should be lost. My suggestion, to which your father alludes, if Kingsley had acted on it, would have delayed the book, and it came out as it was written—with possibly some small changes. I sent a copy to Thackeray at the time. His answer was curious. "He got something from Emerson, but was not sure that he got much from his critic." It is curious to me to recall all this, as it virtually coincides with much that has happened since. Misunderstandings arising from statements on the one side because the stater did not apprehend and was not apprehended by the statee. You don't let light into a man's brain by knocking him on the head. Poor old Croker—most pious of men, he never under any pretence omitted family worship, a

very wholesome practice as you and I know, but not covering all the virtues—to have seen him in the felon's dock and your father as prosecutor! Of course, old Croker was foul mouthed, but his utterances could not in the long run hurt your father. If you allude to these things, I think the verdict of time should be taken in the main. Where is Croker? And where is your father as a human efficiency?

August 17, 1880.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

It was a most pleasant sight to me to receive a letter from you in your own handwriting, when we were watching day by day the bulletins about your health, which had been causing so much affectionate anxiety to the millions who look on you as their leader in high and noble, national and human endeavour, and stirred feelings, only vaguely suspected by themselves, perhaps, in many whose aims and ideas are different from yours and ours.

Indeed, it is a matter of large and deep thankfulness to the world at large, and our prayers in many forms and in many languages will go forth for the completion of your recovery. . . .

Dr. Morris asked me to send the books I forwarded to you, and I understand that the Duke of Devonshire had put his claims before you for some position—a Crown living I think it was suggested—where he would have more leisure and quiet than he now has, to carry on his philological work in the Indo-Germanic languages. He is now master of the Freemasons' School at Wood Green, a post he has occupied for five years. While his work as a schoolmaster has been done with exemplary faithfulness, he has not found leisure to work at original investigation in languages, and Professor Max Müller at Oxford and Skeat at Cambridge have the highest opinion of him. Many

years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the suggestion of Archbishop Trench, gave him a doctor's degree, and the University of Oxford gave him an honorary Master of Arts. His books, of which I sent you copies, have won for him a European and American reputation. But his merits will no doubt be put before you by men of higher authority than I can claim.

August 5, 1880.

To Archbishop Tait.

. . . Will your Grace kindly allow me to send a small thank offering of £100 to the Orphanage in which your saintly wife took so much interest?

I am venturing to tell you what only catches my memory as I write, that the christian names of your wife and son—*Catherine* and *Crawford*—was my mother's maiden name. She has been dead forty-five years, but had you known her, I think you would have recognised her nature as not unworthy of such a forecast.

December 30, 1880.

To the Rev. Professor Blaikie, Edinburgh.

I am afraid that I told Mr. Cooke the one salient point of my recollections of Dr. Livingstone in those early days before he had left England. I cannot recall any discussion among his friends and fellow-students of his intellectual qualities, and though I was in his company several times at that period I can recall nothing that would enable me to say that he made any special impression on my own mind as regards the mental aspect of his character. But that the great characteristics to which he owed in after life his great eminence was recognised at that time I cannot doubt; these being resolute courage, signal purity and loftiness

of moral aim, and an exquisite modesty of mind, and the phrase which I quoted to Mr. Cooke I certainly heard more than once, " Fire, water, stone wall would not stop Livingstone in the fulfilment of any recognised duty." That people about him thought him a remarkable personality I cannot possibly doubt. Whether his scholarly powers or literary gifts were thought anything of by the authorities or fellow-students at his College I never heard discussed. That he had insight to discover what was right to be done in an emergency, and power to do it—that is, he had practical insight and moral power, which, I confess, seem to me to involve a higher intellect than usually goes to a good deal of literary and scholarly eminence, who now can doubt? He certainly was not *addicted* to literature. After his return he said to me that he would far rather walk across Africa again than write about it.

There is one feature of his character that I think might well be mentioned. He had what is called the "royal" faculty of recognising people, even after considerable intervals. I called on him at the Mission House in Finsbury on his first return, and though I was not by name announced he gave me my name, distinguishing me from my brother, whom he had also known and met at Mrs. Sewell's. Of course, through his tanned skin and moustache, I would not have recognised him—though his features were "kenspeckle" enough, and I expressed some surprise that he should have remembered me after so many years. He said that he never forgot a *white* face he had once seen—even a *black* one that he had seen more than once he rarely forgot.

I am afraid these slight recollections may not be of much value to you, but you are free to make what use you like of them. What surprised me was the impression your book gave that Livingstone's friends of earlier life should wonder at his subsequent distinction. I cannot claim to have been among his *intimates* either in early or later life, but from the time I saw him in

Aldersgate Street, till the last time when he called to bid me good-bye—farewell it was, and from what he said I know he expected it to be—he was, to my mind, always the same man, with gifts of the really highest, and pre-eminent amongst them modesty, which is perhaps the greatest of all.

February 18, 1881.

To J. Henry Shorthouse.

I have been on a short visit to Paris, and have only just come back. I had received and read carefully *John Inglesant* before I left, and think it a striking and excellent piece of work, which we shall feel it an honour to publish. At the same time its qualities are not those that are likely to lead to a large or immediate popularity, and we would rather publish it on the terms we proposed of sharing profits of this first and future editions. These terms do not deprive you of the copyright, they only make us joint holders of it with you. As long as the copyright lasts you will share in the profits. I don't think that we should print a large first edition—750 copies in two volumes would, we think, be a right number. If these sold quickly we might bring out a new edition either at the same or a cheaper price. The first edition we would propose to sell at 21s., the form to be very much like its present form, only in two volumes. If we chose hereafter a cheaper edition we should be willing and anxious to consult your taste and wishes in the matter. If we did not see our way to undertake a new edition within, say, six months after the last edition was sold out, the copyright should revert absolutely to you. This might be formally embodied in the agreement, though, as a matter of fact, we should have ceded our rights under such conditions.

We shall be ready to go on with the printing at once as soon as you say our terms are agreeable to you.

March 11, 1881.

To William Mackay, Inverness.

Your letter about Buchanan Macmillan reached here while I was absent for a fortnight, and on my return I found a good many arrears, so my answer to your letter has been postponed. I learnt a good deal about Mr. B. Macmillan some twenty years ago from an old Indian officer who had known him when he was printer in Bow Street, Covent Garden, and who was, like yourself, curious to know if I was related to him. I was obliged to answer him as I do you that I am not. Our family was an Arran one, and three years before my birth, 1818, came and settled at Irvine, in Ayrshire, where I was born. Our business was founded by my brother Daniel and myself in 1843 in Cambridge; we had no relation to my excellent Glenurquhart namesake, who from all I have heard of him must have been a man of real worth. An excellent engraved portrait of him hangs in my room. It was given to me by a descendant, a Major Brown, and is very like my eldest brother, who was twenty years my senior, and was a minister in Stirling. It is possible that we may have sprung from the same Knapdale source, but I can claim no relation to Glenurquhart. I am the last male of my generation of the family. Daniel died twenty-four years since. Sons of us both are in the business. I am interested in my clan. If you ever come to London I shall be glad to see you.

March 16, 1881.

To Professor Masson.

I am of course sorry but not surprised that you do not feel inclined to do an article on Carlyle's *Reminiscences*. In spite of its great interest and its marvellous literary power, there are things in it that are intensely painful, and one wonders that Froude did not see his way to omissions which the ample discretion which Carlyle evidently gave him would have justified.

But perhaps he did not feel these things as you and I do, and there is no doubt that the work of omission would have been hard. I hope you will carry out your purpose of writing down your recollections by and bye. I can understand that at present it would be painful to you. . . .

March 18, 1881.

To Dr. Cairns.

It was very pleasant to me to have the gift of your *Cunningham Lectures* both for their own worth, and also as an evidence that you had not forgotten me. I have at least proved my appreciation of the gift by reading it right through, and if I have not always been able to agree with your prompt conclusions, I have been invigorated by the strenuous thought and broad-minded dealing with those from whom you are differing. I finished reading the book as the clock was striking one on Monday morning, having spent a good many hours of Sunday over it, and as I had an appointment with Mr. John Morley for Monday, I determined to speak to him about it, as so much of it touches on his ground. He is a man of rapid vision and has already seen the book at his Club and means to notice it, after due reading. He had noticed your reference to himself—naturally—but also your plea for the eighteenth century against Carlyle's undue depreciation. Of course, Morley's way of looking at how men and the world of things are guided differs very materially from mine, and still more probably from yours, but you may be sure that whatever he says will be respectful and appreciative.

March 19, 1881.

To the Very Rev. The Dean of Christ Church, Oxford.

I need not say how gratified I am at the receipt of your letter conveying the intention of the Council

to propose to Convocation to confer on me the Honorary degree of Master of Arts of the University of Oxford. The kind words you personally add enhance greatly the value of this public recognition. That I had to do in some efficient way in tending the twig which is now a prosperous and fruitful tree, and that you and those who have the best means of judging recognise this is specially pleasant to me.

July 7, 1881.

To F. J. Furnivall.

I have a great admiration and liking for Browning, but the very reverse for Societies of the kind you propose and can take no share in their formation. For old sake's sake I should be glad to feel interest in your projects, but I often cannot—Tastes differ.

Many thanks for your congratulations on my degree, which was gratifying in itself and not less in the kindly way it was given. Your reference to Daniel touches me much. Not a step in my life, but his memory becomes to me as real almost as a presence.

I hope your wife and son are well, as my wife and bairns are. Come and see me whenever you like. We have just published a Landor in John Morley's *Men of Letters* Series. I got reminded by my nephew and partner, Fred, who has his father's books, of a copy of the first edition of the *Conversations* which you gave Daniel in 1846, when you and I were modest young men.

August 16, 1881.

To J. Henry Shorthouse.

. . . I had a call from Mr. Gladstone this afternoon. He came specially to thank me for sending him *John Inglesant*, which he wished me to tell you he thought a work of real genius and of a class which

interests him greatly. That he has found time to read it in the middle of all this Land Bill work is not a surprise to those who know the marvellous swiftness of mental action he is capable of. He seems to find repose in change of work in matters of the mind, as general people do in change of scene and from work to amusement. You will be glad to know that he looks wonderfully well.

January 20, 1882.

To W. Gifford Palgrave.

. . . Our dear Johnnie Green is still at Mentone. We hope mending. He writes cheerfully. His new book, *The Making of England*, is just ready. I have not heard for the last few days.

I have spent two Sundays with Tennyson at his house near Haslemere within the last year. The first one James Spedding, the great Baconian, was there. The chats and chaff and play of wit, wisdom and rollick was delightful. A more serious mood came on now and then and among them one that has a peculiarly pathetic interest. You probably know that Spedding was run over by a hansom cab and received injuries from which he never recovered. This was only a few weeks after I had met him at Tennyson's. Tennyson was chatting on the *Hereafter*, Spedding insisting on its practical uninterestingness because we don't know, and have no reliable means of learning. He could trust the issue! That talk in Tennyson's smoking room and what came next are memories of deep interest. . . .

February 14, 1882.

To J. R. Green, Mentone.

I am sending you an extract from a letter I had two days ago from Cardinal Manning. The letter is mostly about *John Inglesant*, which I had given to

him some weeks ago. It seems to have interested him, but he says "I am writing as a Literary Critic, not as a Catholic Inquisitor. In the latter office I should, of course, burn the book and John Shorthouse. Happily I have no need or duty to do so, and I wish him long life to give us many more books." This about *John Inglesant*. Of your books he speaks, as you see, heartily, in *anticipation*, of course, but from having read your former book. . . .

February 14, 1882.

To His Eminence Cardinal Manning, Westminster.

I am conveying your most valuable estimates of Mr. Green's and Mr. Shorthouse's books to the several authors, who I am sure will be gratified by what you say. Mr. Green is at Mentone for his health. I hope to see him there next week. Of course, Mr. Shorthouse will be pleased that your appreciation of him should assume the form of a warm heart rather than an *over*-warm hearth.

June 10, 1882.

To Maurice Kingsley, Buffalo, U.S.A.

A short time since your dear Mother expressed a wish to see me "once more," a wish which I was most glad to meet. I had promised my wife to take her down to Stratford-on-Avon, by way of Coventry, Kenilworth, and Leamington, and as she was in need of a little change I thought I would work the two enterprises together. Your sister, Mrs. Harrison, also asked us to go and see them. We drove to Wormleighton from Leamington, reaching in time for lunch,

and spent two hours there most pleasantly. I was glad to see your sister Mary looking so well and her husband too looked much stronger than when I saw him last. We called at Tachbrook on our way back. My wife stayed with Rose and Grenville, while I was allowed to see your dear Mother for a quarter of an hour—which grew into more than a half. Of course, she looks more worn than when I saw her last—alas how many years ago! But on the whole her old vigour of mind and brightness were there. She was kind enough to ask to see my wife, who was, of course, much gratified. Rose did not seem to think our visit had done her any harm. She spoke much of you and your children. We only came back yesterday.

June 13, 1882.

To Herbert Spencer.

I have read your paper over very carefully, and discussed your scheme with my partners, and I am sorry that we cannot see that it is at all an improvement on the method that goes on. A strong and obvious objection to it is, that it would destroy the local book-shop, and bookseller, where and by whom books have a chance at least of being seen before being bought. Having been for many years in this line of business and having many able friends in it now, I can say the local bookseller is a most important factor in the distribution of books. I may venture to say that your own books were earlier known in Cambridge through the influence of our shop there, and so were the books of many authors earlier, and I think it still goes on and many good booksellers still exist, though I fear underselling has lowered the class a good deal. But if you quite destroy him, you are thrown wholly on the result of advertising and reviewing—the one costly, the other fitful.

Then I think it quite certain that the labour and cost of distribution would be greatly increased, not, as you seem to hope, lessened. For instance, we, on average send out about five thousand volumes a day. As matters now stand these go out in dozens and hundreds. The same packing and entering which enables us to send a hundred would be practically needed for each individual copy.

Other aspects of the case would present the same relative results.

Our present system is by no means perfect. But surely the method adopted by Mr. Ruskin is open to graver objection. I get all his publications sent to my private house and have ever since he began his system. The numbers of *Fors*—price 10d.—were packed in cardboard—invoices and remittances extra. Your system is practically the same with some complications, meant to simplify, perhaps theoretically doing so, but I am sure practically giving more labour.

You will see that I have no belief that your scheme would work.

June 27, 1882.

To the Rev. J. H. Budden, India.

I enclose a list of books which we have sent to you by Globe Express. The first two are what you ordered and for which your brother William has paid us. The other four are books which we have lately published, and which I think you will like. *John Inglesant*, though called a "Romance," I think you will find full of thought and power. The writer is a chemical manufacturer at Birmingham, of Quaker upbringing, but now a member of the English Church. He and his wife spent a week with us at Tooting, and we had Huxley and others to meet him. He and his

wife and my wife and self went to a reception at Mr. Gladstone's, where the Prince of Wales and a very splendid gathering were assembled. Mr. Shorthouse was much lionised. The book has attracted the interest of a remarkable variety of people—Gladstone, Huxley, Miss Yonge, Cardinal Manning, etc., etc. We have sold nearly nine thousand in the year, and the sale still goes on.

Ward's *English Poets* I thought might be of use to your daughters in their school work, besides being a convenient reference to yourself. But I would specially call your attention to Dr. Westcott's *Risen Lord*, a book in which profound learning and equally profound religious feeling are marvellously blended. The little "Mohammad" strikes me as an excellent presentation of the Prophet's teaching in its weakness and its strength.

It is twenty-five years since my brother Daniel died. He left four children. . . .

Besides these children, all as my own, and very satisfactory, Daniel left diaries and letters very full and I thought interesting. I asked my dear friend Mr. Hughes to look into them, and he asked to be allowed to select and weave them into a story, which I hope to be able to send you in the course of next month. I think it will interest you. It might have been three times the length, but I was anxious to present *him*, and not to give anything of the business after his death.

I am glad to hear of the good work your family is doing; may it go on and prosper.

Write to me soon again, and if you care for more news I will send them. It may interest you that I have two grandsons and that their father, George, as well as my nephew, Fred, is a partner. I am getting old and lazy. Do you think there is any room for a new God among the Brahmins devoted to utter *rest*? But if not, and you are willing, I will answer any letter you send.

May 28, 1882.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

. . . You will have Daniel's memoir to-day or to-morrow. Mr. Hughes has done it skilfully and well, I think. I claimed, as in duty bound, all possible subordination, without actual extinction, and I think I have had the justice done me I claimed. His fiery force really is excellently given. How wonderfully your own story made your noble husband live. Daniel in his proportion, I think, lives clearly through dear Tom Hughes' loving pen. How much of our life day by day becomes memory, and how beautiful and precious memory becomes through those it holds. . . .

September 26, 1882.

To S. G. C. Middlemore, Birmingham.

George is away for a short holiday, and our Editor is not here to-day, so I opened your MS. article about Mazzini. I knew the admirable man—I may say well, for though our intercourse was somewhat infrequent, yet what we had was genuine and so far intimate, in that I think we cordially understood each other, and I had much sympathy with his moral mood, which, excepting Maurice's, was about the noblest I have known. Opinion somehow was left in abeyance, though what you say of his various prophecies and their non-fulfilment commends itself to my memory and judgment. I think that perhaps you underrate his part in the unification of Italy. I think his persistence had much to do with the ultimate result. I see that you partly recognise this in the end of your article. Your account of the absence of his name in popular *Genoese Ballads* is striking, and coincides with what I noticed as remarkable, that in no Italian town, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, or Naples, did I see

any street called after his name. I remarked this nine years ago. About four years ago when I was in Rome I went with some friends to a strange reception Garibaldi gave in a house outside the Porte de Popolo, to English people on certain hours on afternoons—two or three hours a week. I mentioned to him that I had known Mazzini, and he said in a gentle, kindly, reserved voice, "Ah! he was a good man, Joseph." I was told by one of my friends who was present that I had made a mistake in alluding to Mazzini at all, as there had been alienation between them lately. It did not strike me then that I was doing wrong, and I don't regret it now. But it is a proof of what comes out in your paper of the strange self-isolating nature of the man who yet had such noble loving qualities. I saw a good deal of Saffi, one of the other "Triumvirs," and was impressed with the influence Mazzini seemed to exercise over his associates. . . .

December 15, 1882.

To the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P., Rochdale.

It is very gratifying to me and to Daniel's two sons, who are with me in the business, to get the testimony of one whom we all so greatly honour, as to the interest of the story of my brother Daniel's life. His frequent enforced absence from business, combined as it was with an intensely active, sympathetic nature, led to a remarkably wide correspondence, and as Hughes remarks, an unusually large amount of his correspondence was preserved by those who received it. Also, he wrote a clear, vigorous hand, and his mind working in outward quietness, while yearning after social intercourse, gave all he wrote a peculiar quality, a combination of the meditative and active that interested people. I think Mr. Hughes had at least ten times as much before him as he felt right, after consultation with me, to use.

December 29, 1882.

To Dr. Benson on his Elevation to the Primacy.

I hope I may claim the privilege of somewhat old acquaintance to congratulate you, and not less, the Church, on your elevation to the Primacy. It is a good deal more than thirty years since I remember you as a Freshman, and quite thirty years since I remember your degree, and the very unusual result, indicating that the higher levels of examination were your best test. I also remember Dr. Thompson, the present Master of Trinity, paralleling your place with that of young Henry Hallam's a few years before. Pardon an old man's garrulity.

There has been a good deal of enquiry about your volume of sermons *Schoolboy Life*. If you are at all willing to let us reprint it we should like to do so at our own risk, paying you a sixth of the selling price on all copies sold. I think a mere reprint would be enough. It would certainly be pleasant to us to do it.

The late Primate read—or had read to him—among the last books he had interested himself in, the Memoir of my brother Daniel. Mr. Randall Davidson [1] tells me it interested him very much. You may remember him, so I venture to send you a copy of the book.

April 6, 1883.

To Dr. Trench, Archbishop of Dublin.

. . . My wife and I spent the last five weeks of dear Green's life at Mentone and were seeing him, of course, every day. He could rarely bear more than a few minutes' talk at a time, but every utterance was as clear and vivid as it ever was. When one went up in the morning—our Hotel was only five minutes' walk

[1] Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

from their pleasant little Villa—he had read the little local paper that gave all the telegrams, and with that marvellous power he had of catching the *vital part* in whatever came before him could tell you all you could learn of importance in the longer, later papers. Thanks greatly to the absolute self-sacrifice of his noble, tender, wise wife, he had little, if any, actual suffering, and the natural sense of decaying physical power was borne with admirable patience. I think he had grown in moral sweetness of late years, and one saw its results in those last weeks. I have seen Mrs. Green only once since her return, my wife several times. She is bravely bearing up and going on with the completion of his last volume. She evidently fully understands his work and aim.

April 10, 1883.

To Rev. Dr. Stubbs.

I have not seen you since my return from Mentone, to which, beyond its great and singular beauty, is now added to me personally, a pathetic beauty more precious than even great outward nature can give. I should like to tell you about those later days. How clear and keen he felt all that was going on in politics. I think the just and human way in which he saw these sad Irish matters would have affected a Fenian on the one side or—what shall I call it?—an extremist on the other. It was strange how, after he had read his yesterday's *Times*, the little *Phare* giving only the latest telegrams in a few lines enabled him to see and foretell the next step. No man ever lived, I think, who had more the making of a real historian than he had, because he felt keenly, charitably, largely, humanly, man's work and aims. I was the last five weeks of his life by his bedside an average hour a day, and it was strange how finely all his qualities came out to me during that time. He was gentler, more sensible of kindly sympathy—

though he never lacked these qualities *substantially* since I knew him—than he had ever had been. Come and talk over it.

May 21, 1884.

To Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Toronto.

I sent you, a few posts back, a copy of the *Life of F. D. Maurice*, which I think will interest you on its own account, and also from its connection with my brother Daniel. I enclose you a letter of Mr. Gladstone's on a point personal to Bishop Blomfield of London, which he gives me leave to reprint in its integrity. Any partial reproduction of what he says seemed to me in danger of misleading people. Mr. Gladstone's statement does not affect the substantial accuracy of Col. Maurice's presentation of his father's position in relation to the Bishop of London.

What changes in these thirty years since Maurice's *Theological Essays* were published have we seen. People then shuddered at the very look of the book, and Daniel and I were warned by friends, who were attached to us, that we were doing vast harm to religion—and to ourselves!—in publishing such a book. I have had heaps of letters from all sorts of men, from Cardinal Manning to an old Dissenting Minister friend, including that from Mr. Gladstone. The reviews have, I think, with one base exception, been most respectful. Even the *Record*, though hurt at some exposures, is more bitter at the biographer than at Maurice himself. On the whole *we* have sustained no injury, and, what is more important, I don't think that Religion has suffered—rather, in all higher senses, gained by Maurice's works.

. . . I wonder whether the enclosed photograph will interest you. The cap and gown of an Oxford M.A. were given after seventeen years' examination in certain not easy lines. All my then Masters remain my valued friends.

June 6, 1884.

To Lady Tennyson.

My son Malcolm, who has been for two or three months in Rome, met some friends of good, dear Dante Rossetti, and they reported to him a saying that struck me as so beautiful and so true that I must report it to you.

"You never can open Tennyson at the wrong place."

December 14, 1885.

To Mrs. T. H. Ward, 61 Russell Square, W.C.

I spent several hours yesterday over your *Amiel*, much to my comfort and, I hope, edification. I hope to return to it often. All your own part is, to my mind, excellent. It was hard to realise in *letters* a personality with evidently large significance, but with no little vagueness; you have, I think, given both elements with appropriate adequacy. You are so unused to wholly ignorant people that you will hardly understand my main objection to your work, and that is the retention of French sentences in an English essay. Many years ago I gave up attempting to master any language but English. A bit of French or German in an English book or Essay I deliberately skip. Your Uncle Matt has a cunning and courteous way of *insinuating* a translation which is to me charming and soothing. He leaves the original for those who value it and can value it, and skilfully introduces the English equivalent. An example to be cordially recommended to those who would be "understanded of the people" of some brain, but incomplete language. Whether *Amiel* will sell I cannot say. I can say that on its literary merits your publisher is proud to be its publisher. . . .

March 29, 1886.

To the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, Farringford.

. . . Alas for poor, dear Archbishop Trench! I saw him on last Saturday week. He was very feeble, but his gracious courtesy was still there. What a gentle, chivalric nature his was. I wish your father felt disposed to make a short In Memoriam of him. He was truly a worthy man and worshipful. His conduct with regard to the Irish Church was surely in a high degree honourable. . . .

April 28, 1886.

To Lord Tennyson.

I had been away from home for two days and it was only on my return late last night that I saw in the *Times* your unspeakable loss. I remember dear Lionel as a baby with his head and dark locks resting on Hallam's shoulder. They were both asleep, and I have the distinct recollection of your whispered exclamation, "Is it not like a picture of Raffaele's?" This was at Farringford, where I saw him several times afterwards. The last time I saw him was at Aldworth with his sweet bright wife—whom God console—and his three children, including "golden-haired Ally."

What can I say of consolation. The word would seem mockery to many. I hope not to you who have consoled so many by your words, heartfelt and heart reaching words.

My most reverent and affectionate sympathy to dear Lady Tennyson.

November 26, 1886.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Hawarden Castle, Chester.

I am very glad you like *Neaera*.[1] It came to us entirely without introduction and was read and taken

[1] A novel by Mr. J. W. Graham.

entirely on its own merits. The story interested me specially, as my dear friend John Richard Green spent a good deal of his later life at Capri, and on my visit to him there a few years before he died, he pointed out Tiberius' palace on the height above his Hotel, and, according to his nature and genius, made the place in its old story and modern character live before me. As we were walking through the small Piazza we passed the little jail which was then occupied by one prisoner whose crime was what they called "*misplacing*" a knife in the body of a man who was objectionable to him on the ground that he had been rude to his wife. The people seemed to like the man and came to his jail windows and played dominoes with him. As we passed he was walking about the Piazza with some friends and overheard Mr. Green talking and pointing to the jail. Guessing evidently that we were talking about him, he came up towards us with that charming Italian peasant smile and pointed to himself—the people about evidently amused. I fancy the author knows the modern life and the old in a not over scholarly way.

December 19, 1887.

To the Right Honble. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

It is a balance of delights you have before you. A stay of days or weeks at Florence fills me with delight, but oh the joy of the gondola to a constitutionally lazy man! as I am. I knew Florence first and have seen it oftenmost. It is my first Italian love—after my wife, who is Italian. I am sending you a copy of Mrs. Oliphant's *Makers of Florence*, and, in case you go there, I think you will find it interesting.

I have interested myself in international copyright between America and Britain for a quarter of a century. I had much talk over it with dear old Longfellow and

some with Mr. Lowell. . . . If people who don't understand the details would help us with larger views which they are masters of, we might have Venetian and Florentine results even in our poor trade.

March 16, 1888.

To the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge.

I hope you will forgive my pertinacity, but I am very reluctant to abandon the hope of getting your name connected with our edition of *Wordsworth*. I am afraid that I gave you an idea of a more extensive Essay than we really want. A dozen pages would be quite enough. An elaborate estimate of his works would be out of place in what we wish to put on the market as a cheap and popular edition. You must have known him personally. I saw him once and had an hour's talk with him and he read some of his sonnets. His way of reading was so characteristic of his noble simplicity. Archdeacon Hare had written to Wordsworth, who was staying at Trinity Lodge with Dr. Whewell, suggesting his calling on my brother, to whom Hare had been (I may say) paternally kind. We were two young Scotchmen just beginning a small bookselling business. Wordsworth at once began, on his first visit, on his early feeling for Scotland, and told us that the *Excursion* was meant to exhibit the *Spiritualities* of Scotland—the *Humanities* having already been most admirably done—its loves, its social joys, etc. But he thought the deep spiritual nature had never been given. I wonder if this could suggest anything to you!

He told us a story which, if it does not—I hope it will—inspire you to write, will at least amuse you. He had recently had a letter from Baudry, the French publisher, asking him for a little sketch of his life to be prefixed to an edition of his works—pirated, of course—which they were about to print and publish. Words-

worth was naturally indignant at laws that left men free to *steal* the money results of other men's brainwork. But he was also amused at the form Baudry's proposal took. "You need not trouble too much about detailed *accuracy*. *Piquancy* is our main object"! He seemed greatly to enjoy this idea.

I hope you will see your way to a short sketch of Wordsworth, personal and poetical, for our edition. Pray say you will.

June 13, 1888.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

I grudge very much not having the pleasure of seeing dear Grenville. When he comes back again I hope I may be more fortunate. I am always grateful to you or them when I can get news of or from them.

I am glad that you—like many of my friends—approve of my little arrangement about my house Knapdale at Tooting. I have lived in it for over twenty-five years, and it has many and precious memories, among which certainly my noble friend your dear husband stands among the dearest and completest. He and Sir Arthur Helps were among my most frequent guests in later years and we often drove up together. As my family has grown up and dispersed it has been a constant perplexity to me what I was to do about it. I had my little place at Haslemere when I wanted country air, but Tooting is rather far for one's Town visitors. To sell it would mean merely the little bit of ground and the bricks and mortar. The fortunate condition [1] when its really pleasant spaces could be put to adequate and gracious uses has been a great comfort to me.

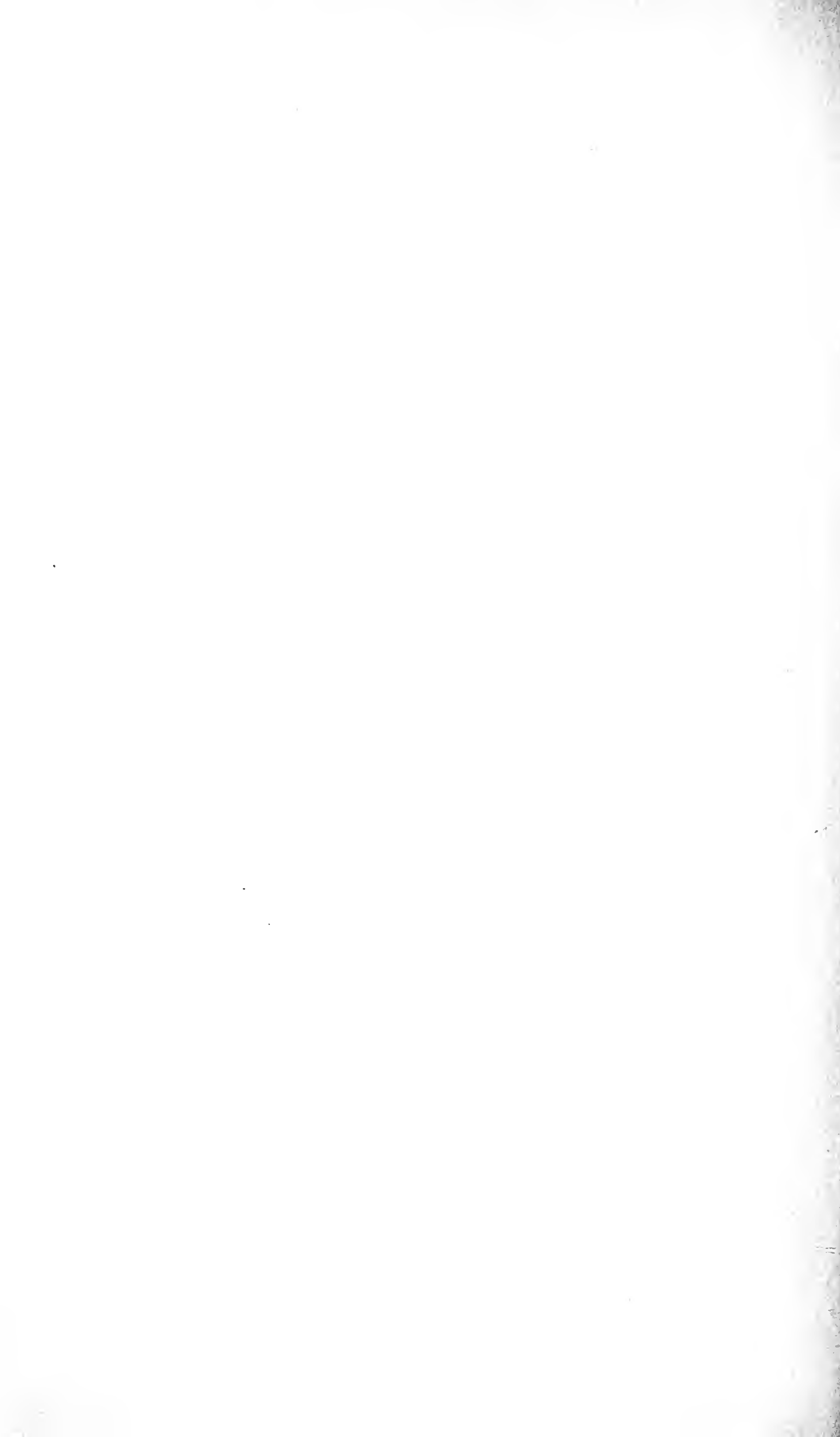
[1] Alluding to an arrangement, only very imperfectly fulfilled, for placing the house at the disposal of the Diocese of Rochester.

November 19, 1889.

To Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

. . . Thank you for the kind allusion to the cloud of personal trouble which has been hanging over our family now for more than four months.[1] In the absence of all news we can scarcely hope now that our anxiety can be relieved. Indeed, the result of strenuous enquiries leaves but little doubt as to a fatal termination. The sorrow has been all the heavier that we were beginning to form high hopes of a prosperous career for my son in literature. I venture to send you a little story he published anonymously a few years ago which has gained the approval of many good judges.

[1] His eldest son, Malcolm, was lost on Mt. Olympus near Brusa, in July, 1889, and no clue to his disappearance was ever found.



ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE

It was some time in the autumn of 1858, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, that I first knew Alexander Macmillan. Being of a bookish disposition, I had been from my Freshman's term a haunter of the shop in Trinity Street, but had never held speech with either partner in the firm until the occasion referred to. I remember well Mr. Macmillan addressing me in friendly words on the strength (if I remember rightly) of a paper I had written in one of those university magazines which in each successive generation of undergraduates "come like shadows," and in a year or two "so depart." He had been struck with something in the paper, and out of the conversation thus begun arose a friendship I do not hesitate to call one of the most valuable and valued of my life.

The preceding year, 1857, had been a memorable and a critical one in the history of the firm. The elder brother Daniel had died in the summer, leaving Alexander the poorer for the loss of a beloved brother, and the prospects of the firm so far dimmed that a mind of singular strength and a rare sympathy with all that was highest in religious and speculative thought was no longer at hand to guide and suggest. But already the seeds of future success for the business had been sown and were bearing fruit. As early as 1855 the name of Frederick Maurice was closely associated with the young firm. Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* in its original three-volumed form appeared in that year, and by 1857 had reached a third edition; and in the same year the firm achieved what Alexander Macmillan always called his first great popular success in *Tom Brown's School Days*. The author of that admirable story has related for us in his pathetic memoir of Daniel Macmillan the fortunes of both brothers up to this date. Henceforth the

business, already well started on the lines it was mainly to follow, was the creation and development of the younger brother; for it was not until after many years that he was able to associate others with him in partnership.

The acquaintance I thus formed with Alexander at this juncture speedily passed into something like intimacy, and not long after I was welcomed by the family circle at the house in Trinity Street, in the lower portion of which the business was carried on. The household consisted of Alexander Macmillan, his wife and four young children, and his brother's widow, with her own four children, whom Alexander had promptly adopted on the death of their father, making of them one family with his own, until they were married or otherwise established in life elsewhere. The impression of those Cambridge days from 1858 to 1860 is still singularly fresh and full of charm to the present writer—the absolute unity in affection and purpose of this twofold family, and (if it may be said without offence) the total absence in the head of the household of even the consciousness that he was doing anything exceptional or out of the way. And the two mothers (both long since passed away) were rivals only in the keenness of their admiration and homage for the thinkers and poets who were already making the name of the firm famous beyond the limits of Cambridge.

From 1860 to 1866 I was called by the work of my profession into the country, and for these six years saw little or nothing of the family, then settled in the neighbourhood of London. But on my own return to town the old intimacy was revived, and thenceforth I had continual opportunity of seeing and knowing Mr. Macmillan under his own roof, until the recent failure of his health. Those six years during which I had lost sight of him had brought him a wide extension of his business, and with it troops of new writers who had become, as usual, his friends. The man himself had grown under these new influences and through his life-long habit of study and reading. Busy man as he was, building up, and for a long time single-handed, his wonderful business, he always found time to read, and of the best literature. Compelled as he was by his calling to read new books, his love and interest were always for those that had inspired and fertilised his mind when young. His youthful enthusiasms for Carlyle and Coleridge, for Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, never changed or faded. He was specially devoted to Plato, though he could read him only in translation, and knew *The Republic*

through Davies and Vaughan's translation, better than many who could read the original. He had mastered the leading English prose classics, and they formed for him a secret standard and criterion of excellence which saved him in a remarkable way from false admirations, or from being deceived by that specious mediocrity which is perpetually appearing in fresh shapes above the horizon. A life-long enthusiasm for the best models was at the root of his highest success as a publisher. Considering his antecedents and up-bringing in the severe simplicity of Scottish humble life, I was always amazed at this faculty of his in discerning excellence in books even on subjects about which he could have known little and cared less. He seemed to have an instinctive perception of what constituted excellence in a new book, irrespective of his own sympathies. I do not suppose he would ever have made an infallible critic, in the literary sense of the word. The deficiencies of his earlier training forbade it. He had not the full equipment of a critic. But intellectual insight seems to be given to some men in ways and through channels other than those of the critic whose judgment has been formed by the careful measuring of writer against writer. Alexander Macmillan's power may have been instinctive, mysterious even to himself; but the intellectual grasp he undoubtedly possessed, and the early successes of the firm, especially at the time when he was his own "reader," must have been due to his almost unerring perception of the real quality of a new writer. His own early reading, as I have said, may have been deep rather than wide; but he knew by heart the authors he dearly loved, and they had formed for him the principles on which he judged. I well remember taking a Sunday walk with him at Cambridge in the first few months of our friendship, and his repeating from memory the then little-known stanzas of Tennyson addressed to Bulwer Lytton that had appeared in *Punch*. The verses were quite new to me, and as he delivered them in those chant-like tones his friends remember so well, I can recall the emotion with which he declaimed the noble lines:

> An artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
>   And waive a little of his claim.
> To have the deep poetic heart
>   Is more than all poetic fame.

It might be truly said of Alexander Macmillan that with all his literary instinct, and consequent sagacity, he had that rarer thing, the deep literary heart; and no man ever more clearly

understood the essential distinction between literature and books.

The life of Alexander Macmillan down to the year 1857 was practically written by Judge Hughes, for the fortunes of the two brothers had run so parallel that to write of one was to write of both. And one could heartily wish that the life of Alexander from 1857 onward might be continued by the same genial and accomplished hand. There would be many outside his own family to contribute to it. He had the faculty of making and keeping friends, to whom his house was often as a second home, and who could testify to qualities often unknown save to near relations. No one could share his hospitality and sojourn under his roof without discovering the large nature of the man, his generosity, his kindness and thoughtfulness for servants and dependents, his pity and helpfulness for all of them when in trouble. The recollection of his own early poverty and struggle seemed a perpetual fountain of sympathy within him. And it had the natural and happy result of evoking in return the intensest loyalty and affection from all who served him, whether in his home or in his business. Thus it was, too, that he secured an extraordinary influence over their characters, stimulating and bringing out the best that was in them. Abundant evidence, moreover, has been forthcoming since his death, and from some quite unexpected quarters, of kindness and helpfulness to beginners in literature or science, men or women who have since attained to fame and position, shown at a season when such encouragement is absolutely invaluable.

Doubtless, like most men worth anything, he had some of the defects of his qualities. Enthusiasm, a passionate belief in the writers he loved, quickness of perception, and shrewdness of judgment had their corresponding side of impatience and intolerance of opposition. But his heat in argument was never but for the moment, and no one ever lived less capable of bearing a grudge. Judge Hughes, in his memoir of the elder brother, relates how Daniel in his last hours warned his wife that she would see something of the best of him come out in his children. "It will be a great comfort to you," he added, "but you will see the impetuosity." This impetuosity was characteristic no less of Alexander, and indeed was manifest in all he did and felt, in his dislikes as well as his likings. But it was the outcome of all that was greatest in the man, of his inherited Puritan hatred of gossip or scandal, of all that is mean or underhand, as well as of his life-long loyalty and

affection to his friends. And just for this reason there should not be forgotten, in this connection, the sunny and playful sides of Alexander Macmillan's character: his hospitality, and delight in welcoming his friends and his children's friends; his fondness for music, especially the old songs of his native country (he had a good voice and ear in his prime, and loved a chance of singing "Annie Laurie," or "The Bonny House of Airlie"); and his love of the country and the garden and all rural sights and sounds.

In the obituary notices of Mr. Macmillan, recently published, due mention has been made of the remarkable list of writers who either made their first reputation with him for their publisher, or were (like Kingsley and Tennyson) closely associated with the firm for many years. A curious testimony to the fact exists in a relic connected with the founding of this magazine. As we all know, Alexander Macmillan was the first to project a shilling magazine in place of the old quarterlies at five shillings and magazines at half-a-crown. The new venture was made in the autumn of 1859, soon after the establishment of the London business in Henrietta Street, with Professor Masson as the first editor. A name for the new periodical was a long time under consideration. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* (the first volume) was then fresh in men's memory and admiration, and a title, in some way arising out of the *Idylls*, was seriously contemplated. *King Arthur* and *The Round Table* were two suggested, and one or the other was very nearly adopted. The present writer well remembers being one of a party of friends of the firm assembled in Henrietta Street on the evening when Professor Masson's counsel was finally accepted that the periodical should bear only the name of its founder. A trace of the original suggestions is still to be seen in the design on the cover, where "the blameless King" appears in the centre medallion at the top, the other three completing the design being Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton.

Yet one other trace of the original idea lives in the round table, of English oak, at which friends and supporters of the magazine and many others met, for several years that followed, once a week for social chat in Henrietta Street; and on the edge of the table were inscribed from time to time in their own handwriting the names of the many and varied guests that sat around its board. The catalogue is one of remarkable interest, as showing how comparatively early in the history of the firm the most distinguished thinkers and writers of that

day had become its supporters. The list includes, among many others, Tennyson and Frederick Maurice; Huxley and Herbert Spencer; Llewelyn Davies and Blakesley; G. S. Venables and F. Lushington; Coventry Patmore and John Stuart Blackie; Edward Dicey and Francis Palgrave; F. G. Stephens and William Allingham; Thomas Hughes and Richard Garnett.

Thirty-five years later there was gathered round the grave of Alexander Macmillan, in the beautiful churchyard of Bramshott, near his country home, a group of friends no less distinguished and representative. Men of eminence in science, literature, and scholarship were there, but also, what it would have pleased him more to know, old friends of his schooldays, class-fellows at Irvine; relatives and friends to whom he had been kind when they were young, many travelling long distances to be present; and his own servants and fellow-workers from Bedford Street, who had followed the fortunes of the firm and partaken of its prosperity. The business ties and relationships represented were remarkable; but far more noteworthy, as it seemed to the present writer, was the dominance of sympathies which threw all else into the shade, the bond of strong personal gratitude and affection between Alexander Macmillan and men and women of the most varied and opposite characters and pursuits. Seldom had we known a friend more "pure of heart"; and the happiness of that condition and its power to make others happy were never made more manifest than in the common emotion that stirred the mourners on that day.

A. A.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

A FRAGMENT

BY ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

WILLIE came to us on Candlemas-day. He came to us with the snowdrop, with the crocus, with the first whisper of green from the opening leaf-buds, with the promise and hope of spring-time. The birds were consulting in pairs about nests for the coming broods, the winter relenting in tender showers on the green grass; the sun was breaking in gleams through moist skies, like joy breaking through sorrow.

He came into a houseful of children, the youngest of whom, however, was so far on in childhood, that babyhood was already a new joy in the home. The six years since the last little sister had arrived had left the space between the cradle and girlhood free for the wonder of a new fresh life. He came adding joy and love to a home which, in its degree, had much of both, and was not without the blessed experience that delight is increased by being shared. The new claimant for love received his full share, and amply repaid it by adding to the love and joy of all the household, winning all hearts to him and knitting them closer to each other.

Mother and father, sisters and brothers, nurse, and all who tended to household affairs, loved Willie, and thought him a beautiful child. You may judge for yourself of the truth of their opinion if you look at the frontispiece of this book, where his face is truthfully rendered by a skilful painter, whose cunning hand and wise heart have consoled many loving and mourning hearts by giving true form to sad and sweet memories of those who have gone away into the unseen.[1]

Spring opened up into summer, with its wealth and glory and joy, summer fulfilled itself into fruitful autumn, and autumn finishing her beneficent labours, and yielding to the

[1] The beautiful chalk drawing by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, which is here referred to, is now in my possession.—ED.

honest labour of man her bountiful reward, had sunk into the cold but invigorating rest of winter. Christmas came, with its ever-fresh message of the Divine Child who was born into and for humanity, with its countless human memories, its ever-recurring joys; and the child Willie added fresh joy to the home, and added human tenderness to the Divine message of joy and peace. Winter had again relaxed her stern mood to the gentle wooings of spring, and the second summer shone on a baby boy capable of approximate speech, and first steps in the march of life.

And the yearly round of the seasons fulfilled itself again, and Willie's third May among us was an increase to all home joys, a constant consolation in all home trials. His step was now firm and independent, his speech articulate and wise, his clear ringing laugh an ever new delight; the glory of his flaxen ringlets and sunny brow, the open vision of the serene blue eye—that, as the father phrased it, were palpably made *to see with*—were in the home a treasure unspeakable.

On the father's return from the bustle and worry of business in the city, to see the boy surrounded with his sisters, and the household servants kneeling round him, and listening to grave wise speech—prattle we call it—or to merry laughter, mixed with the ineffable sweet serenity or the playful sparkle of the intense blue eye, was in itself a well-spring of rest and refreshment.

What king ever ruled by sternest will with a sway so complete as child Willie ruled over the affection of all the inmates of the house, by the mere fact that he was a sweet gentle child set in the midst of our household, as one was set in the midst of His disciples by the Master?

Before the June roses had shown signs of fading, while summer was in its flowery prime, our Willie left us, and we saw him, and shall see him on earth no more.

I am here telling a story just as it happened in one household not many years since. Is it not a story which, on its bright side, thank God! could be told of thousands of English households, during the present and many past centuries? On its sad side, alas! of not a few also. The veil of sorrow hung before the blessed memory: what a mystery lies here! Involuntarily I wrote, "Thank God!" to the one, and "Alas!" to the other; and yet the memory is *one memory*. Through the "We lost him" shines the "We had him," and *the child* seems preserved to us by his very loss. The tender thread of the years which soften the pang of loss seems to brighten the sense

of the possession, which almost ceases to be past in the vivid, loving, living memory. As we bow the head before the Giver and the Taker, gratitude seems to transform regret to its own likeness. We speak and think of our Willie still as ours, and the sweet paradox of Wordsworth, "We are seven," becomes to us the simplest of realities.

Years have passed over the household since Willie left it. The father and mother are made conscious, by silver signs seen in the morning glass, of approaching age. As the Christmas days come round they also see that their boys and girls are adding inches to their stature, "without thought," and becoming men and women. No new child has come, and Willie is still our "child in the midst," a continual and blessed memory deepening and realizing to us the Child who was born in Bethlehem.

And so it has come about to the father that the wonder of childhood, and its great power in moulding and knitting together humanity, was a constant theme of meditation to him, and he desired that others should think of it too: though, indeed, there can hardly be any one to whom it is not more or less familiar. But just as a man might cleverly paint a sunset, or a landscape, or a flower, and help people to whom these are daily sights to see them and love them better, so was he moved by a desire to set forth by examples drawn from the history of the world the wonder that was so present to himself, and lead men to thankfulness for one of the commonest and most wonderful of God's gifts.

A home without a child conveys to us ideas of incompleteness, of unsatisfied longings, almost of sadness and melancholy.

Yet the story of the first human society, as told in the Bible, and as we generally interpret it, is one of perfect innocent delight and goodness, of blessedness without flaw, of complete harmonious life. The joys as we naturally picture them to ourselves are of the same kind as we associate with the joys of childhood, simple unquestioning trustful acceptance of every-day blessings. There is the palpable sense and grateful acknowledgment of the Giver, and this repose and rest in undoubted Goodness is undisturbed by apprehension of possible evil, or desire of higher good. Man has not yet learned to "look before and after, to sigh for what is not." "Eden" and "Eden-like," are the phrases whereby we represent to ourselves that form of human society which, in its simplest, most child-like elements, seems to us most wholly blessed.

But yet in Eden there was no child.

So we understand the story as it stands in the blessed Book.

The words, it is true, "And God blessed man," are followed immediately by the command "Be ye fruitful and multiply."

But it is also true that the story speaks of no child in that childlike first home of the Race.

It is not till he has passed out of the joyous restful haven, and when he is face to face with the terrible problems, perplexities, labours, which after all these centuries he is still fighting with, that man looks on the face of the first child. And that first child was Cain.

We are so used to think of Cain only in connection with the crime of his more mature life, that we are apt to forget that the story tells us that he was the first child that sat on a mother's knee, on the knee of Eve, the mother of all living; that it was he who woke the first chord of mother's love, the music that has never since ceased to vibrate in and thrill and purify the heart of humanity through countless generations, which is the purest strand in every hope we have for its perfection, lacking which Society would be like a rope of sand. Eve's first joyous cry is echoed in every fresh birth, and however marred and blurred the hope may be, "I have gotten a man from God," seems to utter itself in every mother's heart.

And yet we may well ask whether the lesson that terrible crime of Cain teaches us would come home to us with less force if we could realize to ourselves how much of beauty and joy must have been opened up to the first father and the first mother by the advent of the first child.

The Bible, in its great simple divine way tells the story of the first birth and the first murder in very few words, and with very little comment. But with what power and directness the story and the lesson are given in each case! The murder throws its gloomy lurid light back on the birth, but does not the story of the birth also to our minds throw its pitiful divine light on the awful crime? The wail of the guilty man, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," does not drown the mother's first joyful acknowledgment of God's gift. And is not the merciful protecting mark on the forehead a response of Divine Love to maternal gratitude claiming it?

As Abraham, already an old man, departed out of Haran, from his kindred and from his father's house into a "land of promise," the essence and fulfilment of the promise was gathered in the child, the seed in which all the families of the earth were to be blessed.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST

It seems a strange anomaly, this of the seed separated that it may unite: the father of the seed departing from his own home ties, that ties more permanent, stronger, far-reaching, might be established for humanity.

What a story it is, that of the brave, wise, gentle man, wandering hither and thither, fighting with tyrannical robber kings and rescuing their victims from their hands; yielding to his kinsman's selfishness to avoid unseemly quarrels; pleading with submissive, tender pity for the doomed city; ordering his affairs with high-minded considerate prudence, and gaining honour and prosperity wherever his wanderings lead him,—the man faithful to a high idea and a noble purpose, the friend of God, the father of the faithful.

All his hopes, and faith, and purpose are blended with a child as yet unborn. As he wanders about with his childless wife she becomes "old and well stricken in age." The child in whom the hope and the promise centre comes not yet; but his faith never falters.

The impatience of Sarah leads to the birth of Ishmael. The Egyptian mother, Hagar, before the birth of the child, yielding to one form of maternal pride, exhibits contempt of her mistress, and is driven by her jealousy out into the wilderness, where a lesson of submission and of hope is taught her, and she returns to her mistress, and the child is born in his father's house. Ishmael is not the child of *the* Promise, but the touching prayer of Abraham, "Oh that Ishmael might live before thee," is witness how the boy had wound himself round the father's heart. The bold wild boy who was to lead a life of warfare, and to be a great nation of nomad tribes, must have often gladdened the old man's heart by his free, fearless ways.

As the old Patriarch sat at eventide at the door of his tent, we may imagine the boy by his side looking out on to the great plains where his life of fierce conflict was to be passed, with his sunburnt face and eager eye, and the serene loving look of the father resting on him, with half-questioning look yet trustful feeling that in him too would be fulfilled the heavenly prophecy that his seed should be as the stars for multitude.

When, after the birth of Isaac, the Egyptian mother is again driven out by Sarah's jealousy, the son of the bondwoman is dear to the father's heart.

A NIGHT WITH THE YANKEES

A LECTURE DELIVERED IN THE
TOWN HALL, CAMBRIDGE, ON MARCH 30TH, 1868,
BY ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

You have been invited here to spend an evening with the Yankees, and I have undertaken to bring these Yankees to meet you. Did not the limits of the time which an evening lecture can occupy, and the knowledge which an eight weeks' residence in a country many thousand miles in extent, and containing thirty-four millions of inhabitants, can afford, make it evident that I can only give you a small part of a *very* great and *very* complex whole, I might feel that I have been somewhat presumptuous in this enterprise.

But my aim will not be to give you a judgment of the American people as a whole; for the simple reason, that I have not formed such a judgment. I will endeavour to confine myself strictly to stating things I actually saw, and giving such estimates as I can of what came within the range of my own experience, or learnt at first hand from what seemed to me trustworthy authority. The craving which seems to haunt so many persons, both readers and writers, for complete rounded judgments of men and classes and nations, seems to me one of the most unhealthy in its nature, and injurious in its consequences, that can infect the mind and narrow the heart of man.

When you think seriously of the matter, can you help perceiving that it is next to impossible for a man passing through, or residing temporarily in, a country with a large and varied population such as exists in America, to acquire more than a partial view of it, its people, its social, or even political, institutions. He sees in a necessarily superficial way the people who are living in his hotel, or a few private families to whom

he may have had introductions. There are thousands of other families, all of them different in character, varying in intelligence, in moral tone, in culture, of whom he see nothing. Even those whom he does see, he sees only in one or two aspects. If he is a politician—say "Our own Correspondent" for some party newspaper—he is naturally thrown most among those whose opinions he most sympathises with. Unless he is of superhuman virtue he can hardly but be biased more or less by his own opinions, and the opinions of those he associates with. A man's own personal tastes, and habits too, will have much to do with the class of persons he sees, and even with what is exhibited to him in any class he comes across. A man who is used to *fast* or fashionable society at home, and who enjoys such society, will probably find it in abundance in the large towns of most civilized countries. Another, who by some process has educated himself into an outrageously exaggerated view of the extent and importance of certain abnormal domestic relations, will see hardly anything else, and will present a picture of society with the confidence of a master and the air of a philosopher that will make the whole People he pretends to depict stare in astonished indignation, or laugh in contemptuous scorn. But a man who goes to a new country with reasonable diffidence and open-mindedness, resolved to the best of his ability to see the reality of things in this new and unknown society, will find it by no means easy, and will be by no means anxious to form, or to give utterance to, large and sweeping judgments.

How hard a task, indeed, it is to acquire a really full and well-proportioned knowledge even of the country in which one has been born and bred, and lived all one's days—at least, how hard it is for ordinary human beings. Those wonderful intelligences—one dare not call them men or women; their insight must belong to higher or lower spheres than common humanity can command—who condescend, in weekly journals, to delight and instruct us concerning the innermost moods of "The Girl of the Period," or "The Mother," or "The Schoolboy," or the "Working Man," with such unerring vision and such final judgment, lie quite out of the ken of ordinary men and women. But let any of us who have no claims to any such astonishing omniscience, ask ourselves what we really know of our own country as a whole. Think what large classes in England we know only from hearsay reports, paragraphs in the newspapers, often biased by political or social prejudices, prejudices honest enough perhaps, and not wilfully

or unkindly entertained. What does Belgravia know of Whitechapel? what does a studious literary or scientific man, as a rule, know of the commercial or of the labouring classes? Nay, what does any man really *know* of his next door neighbour? How easy it is for one to live in a town or in a neighbourhood, and at the end of ten or even twenty years discover some large and important class of persons, or class of moral action, good or evil, of which he knew nothing before.

When the prophet Elijah came to Horeb, the mount of God, with the terrible conviction on his mind that he only was left of the true worshippers of Jehovah in Israel, the still small voice that came to him in the cave, after the wind and the earthquake and the fire, made known to him for the first time that there were in Israel seven thousand that had not bowed the knee to Baal. When will that still small voice, ringing down eighteen Christian centuries, reach Christian hearts and guide Christian feeling and thought and action, bringing home to them the lesson, "Judge not that ye be not judged"?

But even on a much lower level than is given to us in Horeb, or in that other and still more sacred mount, we might feel how careful we should be in forming a judgment of so vast and new and complex a country as America is. Think of the great variety of nationalities that are pouring into it their thousands and tens of thousands every year. During the twenty years beginning with 1847 and ending with 1866, over three millions six hundred thousand emigrants landed at New York. Of these Ireland furnishes a million and a half, Germany nearly as many, England and Scotland together over half a million. Besides these France, Switzerland, Sweden, Poland, and other countries furnish their quota. If we take the original settlers, who were as a rule mostly English, with an infusion of old Dutch blood, not numerically large, we will find that considerably the larger proportion undoubtedly are of our common Anglo-Saxon stock, substantially our countrymen, even if we do not admit—alas that we cannot!—that the Irish are not. Think what a complex mass this is to form a judgment of. I will not attempt myself to do so, nor ask you to do more than receive my experiences for what you find them worth. They are necessarily partial, for I only saw part; if they lead you to think more favourably of the Americans than you hitherto have done, I shall certainly not regret; for I deeply agree with the sentiment I used to hear from a venerable and wise old lady when I was a boy, "You cannot do wrong to think as well as possible of every body you meet."

A NIGHT WITH THE YANKEES

I have no doubt that my experience of America was in many respects exceptionally good. Still it represents one element of society there, and I saw a considerable variety of classes and travelled over a considerable space of territory.

The first sight I had of the country was very impressive to me. The day and the night before we sighted land had been very foggy—we could not see many hundred yards before us—and the hideous fog-whistle, sounding almost incessantly to warn unseen vessels of our approach, had been ringing in our ears with a music as sweet as the voice of a disconsolate cow, and made one feel dreary to the last degree. I was on deck with a good many other passengers when we passed Sandy Hook Lighthouse, a little before four o'clock, on a still August morning. The growing day slowly revealed to us the magnificent bays, outer and inner, of New York. The shores on either hand were beautifully wooded, with gentle heights, studded with frequent houses of all sorts and sizes, villas and mansions, mostly, I was told, of New York merchants, who in the summer live generally out of town. As we passed through the Narrows, as they call the little strait connecting the inner with the outer bay, we came into full view of New York harbour with its twin cities of New York and Brooklyn stretching up from the bay, to right and left, countless spires and lofty houses struck into vivid light by the morning sun. Large river steamers were dashing up and down and across, serving the same purposes as our Thames penny boats do, but bearing about the same relation to them that a trombone does to a penny whistle. A general sense of vastness and largeness of life came over me; the sight was really very grand.

But not more striking and remarkable than this sight was the aspect of some of our American fellow-passengers as the vision of their native land came vividly before them. They glowed and kindled into exulting speech and look. A certain hard and half-defiant look, which I fancy characterizes most Americans in England, broke off them, and they became bright and benignant. One slight, active-looking young man, who had sat opposite me at the captain's table during the voyage, murmured half to himself, half to me, "This is finer than the bay of Naples after all." I was told that this gentleman had made a large fortune in dry goods—which means in America drapery—during the war, retired, married, and gone with his wife to Europe to spend dollars and time, and gather knowledge and experience. He was returning

with his wife and their little child, and a French nurse; and, being tired of idleness, thought of taking to business again. He was only twenty-six years old. He was pleasant-mannered enough. There were two English peers at our table, whom after the first two days at sea he called familiarly by their surnames. But it did not seem offensively meant, and no offence seemed taken. He and other Yankees clustered together, talked of whom they should meet, sniffed the air of home, laughed exultingly, looked benignantly at us Britishers, as if to say "Now isn't this a great sight; America is a great country, and we are a great people, as you will find before you leave us." It was the exulting crow and strut of the young cock at the sight of his own barn-door. It was the Yankee at home,—I think undoubtedly, as a rule, a pleasanter person than he is abroad, especially in England, where perhaps the sense that he is often disliked or undervalued is apt to give him an air of self-assertion.

Perhaps I ought to explain here that before the late war the word Yankee was a nickname, specially applied to the inhabitants of the New England States. Now, all Americans, except the South, accept and are rather proud of the name; and, from the specimens I saw, it appears to me that they need not be ashamed of it. Our old conventional Yankee, with his bowie knife, whittling everlastingly at something, speaking through his nose, asking impertinent questions of every stranger, I saw nothing of. I met of course hundreds of all classes in railway cars, steamers, and the like, but they were quite as reserved and chary of speech as the English are. When one got into conversation with them there was no rudeness, no impertinent intrusive questions. Their manners among themselves were courteous and considerate as a rule; the only roughness I saw, and it was very innocent, was among some recently arrived German emigrants. The working man seemed to me at least on a level with the best of ours, and his average intelligence is undoubtedly much above ours. No working man will lift his hat to you, or rise to give you his seat because you are better dressed than he is; but he will answer a question with civility and intelligence, and make room for you to sit beside him with perfect courtesy, as any English gentleman would. They are all proud of their country, and not unfrequently I was asked the question, "Don't you think this a great country?" I almost invariably made a point of saying, "You have great opportunities and great responsibilities;" and they did not seem to take it

much amiss. But I think the feeling generally was, "We not only have a great country, but we *are* a great people, and have done great things." They undoubtedly have a large manner with them, large ideas, large hopes, and, especially since their great war, large memories. A great country indeed America, and vast, and I think that its vastness in all ways has a most marked influence on the people themselves.

It is an old idea that the physical character of a country has a great deal to do with the moral and intellectual character of the people that inhabit it. The mountaineer has to use his limbs, and naturally gets active and alert—the man of the plain can move about more easily, and has a tendency to get loutish. Look, for instance, at a Scotch Highlander and an English peasant. The man who lives in a soft climate, affording extensive *outlook*, and fine *inlook*, gets enervated, while keen air braces the mind and body. The old Greek, with his extensive sea-board and pure atmosphere, acquired that habit of adventure into the world of sense and the world of thought which makes him a source of so much light and guidance to humanity. So America is a LARGE country, and the people get large in their ideas, in their actions, in their speech. Their humour is the humour of extravagance; their brag is merely a large way of putting things. *A big thing* was a phrase I often heard concerning mercantile transactions, and a *big thing* in any region is a joy to their hearts. And their country affords scope for the development of this mood.

But America is enormous not merely in *extent*, its *wealth* in every way is correspondingly great. Its wide stretching prairie land, at once fertile and easy of cultivation, affords to the farmer who has energy and skill a ready means of wealth. Indeed, it hardly even requires these qualities in any eminent degree, at least at first. The virgin soil in enormous tracts, unencumbered by wood or mountain or rock, needing the merest scratching of the soil before sowing the seed, enables almost any one to be a farmer. The wealth in minerals and metals is prodigious. Their lakes are seas, emptying themselves by mighty rivers into the boundless ocean; their wide stretching primeval forests, their chains of mountains often richly wooded to the tops, the whole aspect of their country gives one, even on a cursory survey such as mine was, a sense of variety and extent and prodigality of wealth in natural resources that is very impressive. The

longer I was in the country the more this sense of VASTNESS was impressed on my mind.

Accompanying this sense of largeness in the country and the mood of the people, is a certain simplicity, naturalness, *of-course-ness*, if I may be allowed to coin a word, that convinces you, as you become familiar with it, that it is in no sense put on, but is their genuine natural mood. Things that are extravagant with us are not so with them.

Perhaps the one pre-eminent natural object which every one is expected to see—I mean of course the Falls of Niagara—is in many respects symbolical of the country and its people, though not quite in the sense which Mr. Carlyle gives it. It pours down its mighty ocean of waters with such quietness and ease that it is not till after you have been some time looking at it, that its vastness is fully felt. They tell a story of an Irishman who was taken to see the Falls. His friends were somewhat taken aback at his apparent indifference in its great presence, and asked him if he did not think it wonderful. "What is to wonder at after all?" said the imperturbable Pat. "Don't you see all that water falling down that great height?" "Well, of course it falls down, it can't help itself; you would not expect it to fall up." Whether any Irish, or other man ever really said this I cannot tell, but the story represents, not unfaithfully, an impression that one has on seeing it first, and indeed one that continues after you have been looking at it for a considerable time, an impression which, when you realise it, comes to be no small element in your admiration. Nothing I think struck me more than the simplicity, almost tranquillity, of the whole phenomenon. All the water-falls in Great Britain might be taken from Niagara and never missed. And yet a little Scotch or Westmoreland stream seems to make a great deal more fuss about its little performance of flinging itself down some hundred feet than does this sea of waters rolling over the breadth of a mile down two hundred feet. No description I have ever seen prepared me for what I saw. If you were to take a mile of any sea coast, say Brighton from Regency Square to Kemptown, and imagine the land, inland, cut away and the sea pouring down the gap, you would have perhaps as good an idea as you can well get without actually seeing it. Verily, Niagara is a *big* thing. If, according to some modern prophets, it is a type of democracy, it is perhaps worth remembering that one half, and that the larger half, belongs to the British Empire.

Singularly enough, the country round the Falls is comparatively flat and common-place, which perhaps is also symbolical in its way. Much of the country is as tame as the fens of Cambridge or Lincolnshire, to which the prairie, for instance, bears no small resemblance. There is, however, plenty of fine scenery in America. The Hudson River from New York to Albany, 150 miles, is one long stretch of great and varied beauty from hill and rock and foliage and water. Finer than the Rhine, my American friends maintained.

As nature is, so is man in his operations on this great continent. The ferry-boat, for instance, which takes you from Jersey City where I landed, to New York proper is like a bit of a street. Waggons and carriages, with their horses in them, drive on to the centre, and on either side are paths for foot passengers. It is a steamboat, and is steered from above like a Hansom cab. Then the STREET CARS running along tramroads, which the illustrious Mr. Train endeavoured to introduce in London—I am thankful to say without success—are gigantic omnibuses. They carry no roof passengers, as ours do, and professedly only twenty-four inside, but I have often seen fifty or sixty, of course the greater number standing. They are a great popular convenience, it is said. Being low as well as slow, people get in and out without their stopping, but they make the passage of other carriages along the streets they occupy, very troublesome. The railway cars, too, are much larger than our carriages, and are not separated into compartments, and there is only one class. They have sleeping cars for long journeys; and my first railway journey from New York to Chicago was a thousand miles, and I slept two nights on board. By paying a few dollars extra I got what they call a state-room to myself, where I was separated from the other passengers by wooden partitions, and a sliding door in front. The whole journey cost me about the same as first class from London to Edinburgh. The great extent of the country necessitates great railways, and naturally they think nothing of long journeys. One friend in Kansas and another in Nashville, Missouri, wrote urging me to come and see them, the one saying it was *only* a three days' journey and the other four. The longest I actually took was thirty-six hours, and I was contented with that.

Their cities, too, are built on a more generous scale, as regards space, than ours. I think that New York and Philadelphia stand on more ground than London, the one

with a third, and the other about a fifth, of its population. The streets are broad, long, and generally quite straight; the houses in some cases numbering over 2000. How would you feel living in No. 2001, Fifty-ninth Street? They have plenty of very fine and various kinds of stone, and the architecture seemed to me very good. A rich brown stone, almost chocolate coloured, is very common, and white marble not uncommon. Broadway, in New York, is perhaps a typical street, and also typical of at least one phase of American character. Many of the houses and shops are very fine, were they not defaced by gigantic signboards, frequently stuck out from the walls, and even flaring flags, making known that Grandy is *the* hatter, or Dingee *the* boot-maker, of the world. The houses are solid and well built, and in good taste, but it is all marred by this self-glorification of men, who certainly were not disposed to hide their light under a bushel. May one hope that these defacements will get wiped off one day, and the solid work remain. Many of the shops, or stores as they call them, are very large. One I saw building as a retail dry-goods store, a place where ladies buy their dresses, a gigantic Swan & Edgars, will, when completed, be about as big as Leicester Square. The proprietor of this has another almost as large devoted to wholesale business. His name is Stewart, and he is reputed to be the richest man in America. He is not a native American, but a North of Ireland Irishman, and has risen from being a porter. His private house seemed to me hardly smaller or less beautiful than any nobleman's in London.

One of the most characteristic cities in America is Chicago, on Lake Michigan. In 1840 its population was 4000, and it is said now to approach 200,000. I spent two days there. The streets are all wide and long, and the houses are, many of them, exceedingly handsome. They are built of a white limestone, easily worked when new, but hardening by exposure to the air, so that it comes to have the look of white marble. But the whole place had a raw unsettled look, the pavement dry mud on the carriage way, and planking on the footpath. It is the great corn market for Illinois and the great lake district. But the whole place had an unsettled feeling, as if one were on a sea of mud or sand, and gave one an experience as of mental sea-sickness. Yet I met some really pleasant, cultivated men there; and this unsettledness is natural in a place which has grown so rapidly. Not many years since it was found that the principal streets stood so

little above the lake level, as not to admit of adequate drainage, and were even liable to inundations from lake overflows, and they were, by some engineering process unknown to me, raised several feet above their former level.

One of the *big things* in America, of which you have all no doubt heard, is their Hotels. As I was anxious to see one of the true American type, I went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, which, I was told, would give me a better idea than any other in New York of what hotel life is there. They can entertain 1100 guests, the guide books tell you, and I can well believe it, from the height I was sent and the corridors I passed along on my way to a bed-room. I here first made aquaintance with the hotel clerk—a type of American gentleman that, for serene lofty demeanour is, I think, unequalled by any of the *genus homo* I ever met. I was perhaps in a somewhat subdued frame of mind when I first encountered him. I had been six hours in getting my luggage ashore and through the custom house, where the officials were at once civil and dilatory, so that I could neither get my luggage, nor vent my impatience in scolding. The day was hot, too, and I had been up since three o'clock in the morning. I was, consequently, tired and humble-minded when I passed into the grand entrance hall of the Hotel, which was filled with men—guests I suppose—sitting on chairs, or walking about smoking cigars. A few men without hats, whom I therefore concluded to be porters or waiters, were moving about among them. I asked one of these if I could have a bed-room. He told me to apply at the office, pointing to a counter like a banker's counter, which stood at one end, with a desk in the corner, behind which stood a gentleman who was chatting to other gentlemen, who stood outside smoking cigars. I walked up to him and put my question. He gave me a calm look of recognition, and went on with his chat. I remained passive and expectant. In a minute or two he quietly and leisurely pulled out a drawer, in which were a number of small cards; he looked at me, went on between hands with his chat, looked at the cards again, selected one, and stuck it in a little frame inside his desk screen; then he pushed a book to me, in which I saw a number of names written, from which I gathered I was to write mine there. Then he turned round, selected a key, which hung among hundreds of others, each beside a little pigeon hole with a number on it corresponding to a number on the key; then he turned to me, and at last he spoke: "Would you like to go to your room now?" I meekly replied that I would, whereupon

he rung a little hand-bell, which brought a lad, whom he told to show me to my room, handing me the key. The whole manner of this man had a dignified self-confidence and repose, with not a touch of what you could call rudeness, that seemed to me inimitable. But I found it at all other hotels I went to; it was the manner of the class—the repose that stamps the cast of Vere de Vere could not be finer. Once at Buffalo I had a slight touch of sauciness, which I was able to snub, but it was only momentary, and the man soon recovered his armour. Perhaps the excuse on that occasion was that there was a great Agricultural Show, and the man was over-worked. Once, at Chicago, on a second visit, I had the honour of shaking hands with one. Whether the fact that the bishop had called on me while I was away, and left his card, had anything to do with this unwonted condescension I cannot tell. But, on the whole, I never saw the *grand manner* in greater perfection in any class than in the class of clerks at American Hotels. Perhaps the fact that they, of all that class of human beings who minister to your domestic comfort—or discomfort as the case may be—and whom we in England call servants and they, I understand, call helps, though I never heard the word used—are native Americans may have something to do with this. All waiters and porters are either Irish or black. I ought, in fairness, to say that, according to my experience, these clerks do their work substantially well.

I cannot say that the American style of Hotel life was to my taste. It lacked the repose needful to a mature Englishman's comfort. The dining-room at the Fifth Avenue holds, I think, two or three hundred guests. During your meal people were coming and going, and as soon as your last morsel was swallowed you were apparently expected to go too. Then their habit seems to be to bring all your dinner, from the soup to the pudding, at once, and your meats and the dabs of half-a-dozen different kinds of vegetables they bring you, were getting cold while you were getting through your fish or soup. I resisted this and on the whole successfully, but the labour was troublesome, and I afterwards betook me to the Brevoort House kept on English methods.

The great extent and the great wealth of the land, lead naturally to much more widely diffused wealth, or at least comfort, than is common in England, and has surely very important bearings on their social institutions and relations. As I have said, I would partly attribute to it that habit of what we think tall, exaggerated talk that undoubtedly characterizes

generally the American people. People have room to breathe, to move about, even to brag to their heart's content. But this liberality is by no means confined to their speech. We all remember Mr. Peabody's munificence to our English poor. I found tokens everywhere that such munificence is by no means uncommon among wealthy Yankees in their own country. And what is remarkable, I think, is that men give in their life-time, while they are comparatively young, and still more noteworthy, that they give with the consent and co-operation of their children and heirs. To give a few instances:

There is a very large institution in New York which combines the leading features of a Mechanic's Institute and a Working Man's College, and has besides an excellent library. This institution was founded and has been sustained by Mr. Peter Cooper. And his active and energetic ally in the work, who is also his partner in the iron trade, is his son-in-law Mr. Hewitt, whom I had the pleasure of meeting on my voyage home. Above a million dollars have been spent by Mr. Cooper on this institution. I was told that about 1000 working men and women get education in all branches of learning here, and have the best men in America lecturing to them.

A Mr. Cornell, who twenty-five years ago was a working mechanic, and who has made a large fortune by some discovery connected with the laying of telegraphic wires, has just given half a million dollars to found a university in the upper part of New York State. He is a hale, hearty man, and he and his son, a young man of some twenty-five years old, were busy in some consultation connected with it, during my stay with a friend in Syracuse, who is elected to be its first president.

At Yale College in the beautiful town of Newhaven, one of the oldest established colleges in the States, three several gentlemen had just given 50,000 dollars each for the erection of museums of science and of art, and for a new chapel; and another gentleman some hundred thousand dollars to their Art schools.

At Chicago they are building a really magnificent college, that for beauty of architecture will vie with any similar building in England, and which is of great extent. The funds for the building, and also for an ample endowment, are the bequest of Judge Douglas, who was the successful opponent of Mr. Lincoln for the Senatorship of the State of Illinois.

These are only a few of many cases that I heard of or saw during my brief visit to the States. A clergyman of New York told me that a friend of his had taken pains to make a

calculation of the amount of money that he knew to have been contributed to various charitable and educational institutions since the beginning of the war, and it amounted to several million pounds sterling.

Indeed, the habit seemed so common that it was talked of almost as a matter of course. You may judge the extent to which this goes when an American friend informs me that in Boston it is not considered *respectable* for a man to die without leaving money to some public charities. I suppose this means that he will certainly lose caste in the next world if he does. When men make large fortunes it seems far more common than we have any knowledge, or experience of, to devote a considerable part of it to purposes of national social well-being. It was frequently said to me, "We do not think it a good thing to leave our sons very much money; it breeds idle and luxurious habits, and young men so left seldom turn out well." There can be no doubt that our own country is not lacking in noble instances of public-spirited benevolence, but theirs seems undoubtedly greater and more active. Perhaps in these respects the need is less pressing with us owing to the many princely foundations we have inherited. Part, too, of this comparative indifference about leaving large wealth to their children may be owing to the prodigality and beneficence of nature in the land which contains wealth for countless generations. Perhaps, too, the knowledge that even the poorest man has, that it is always possible for him to acquire wealth, and especially wealth in land and houses, has a good deal to do with that independence of demeanour of which I have already spoken. Hired farms, for instance, in the corn-growing States, are quite the exception. Almost every man farms his own land. Besides this, even in large cities, like Philadelphia, a very considerable proportion of working men live in their own houses. A printer there, employing some hundred men, told me that one half of his men did so, and a friend drove me through long streets of substantially built houses, that would rent from £30 to £40 a year in England, that were inhabited and *owned* by working men.

Let any man consider what an element of stability for the country lies in this very fact. We use the phrase, "No stake in the country," and point, and with justice, to the danger to a country when a class in that condition gets too much power. But a country where the bulk of the people are well fed, well clothed, well housed, and not unfrequently live in their own houses, has elements of stability of no insignificant order.

Demagogues may rant to their heart's content, but the elements are not there on which they can ply their baleful trade. Poverty, social degradation, want of a stake in the country—that is the fuel which kindles into fury and destruction at their fires. All old States in Europe will have to look to that disease, and if they can find a medicine for it. America at present is practically free from it. There is, no doubt, a good deal of poverty, and great degradation, in parts of New York, and in some other large towns, but that is chiefly among the Irish, who have learnt the habit of misery and improvidence elsewhere than in America.

One of the main objects I had set before myself in going to America was to see and learn something of the collegiate and higher education going on there. I accordingly visited a good many of the institutions devoted to the higher education. The one that naturally interests a stranger most is Harvard University, in the town of Cambridge, which is a kind of suburb of Boston, the capital of Massachusetts, and the principal city of New England. Boston has a much more settled look than any other city I visited in America. Indeed, you might almost fancy yourself in England as you walk along its older streets, which are as winding and narrow as parts of London, and the houses are built of red brick, such as you see in Chelsea or Hackney. It is the great literary centre of America, and here, or in Cambridge, reside the larger number of literary men whose names are known to us in England—Mr. Longfellow, the well-known poet—Mr. Lowell, the author of the "Biglow Papers," and also of numerous serious poems, which many good judges consider to have very high merit—Dr. Holmes, the bright and humorous author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," of "Elsie Venner," and of other works which give him no inconsiderable place in the World of Literature. Emerson lives at Concord, thirteen miles off, and is a frequent visitor, and, indeed, may be said to form one of the Boston set. Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips, eminent political men, who were great leaders in the anti-slavery movement which primarily led to the great war, also reside there.

I had the honour and pleasure of dining at a monthly dinner of the Atlantic Club, to which most of these eminent men belong. The conversation was of the bright pleasant kind that one finds in the best literary circles in England, and had a smack of the collegiate tone of Oxford or Cambridge. They cracked jokes on each other, told stories, talked of Englishmen who had dined with them—of course were anxious to know

about our literary men and doings at home. Dr. Holmes indulged in quaint humorous speculations as to why Yankees had long thin narrow faces like himself and Emerson, and so on. Nothing could be more delightful, or simple, or easy. Thackeray had dined with them when he was in America; and while we were eating the oysters, which there as here are often given at the beginning of the meal, they told me that, at his first dinner, they had set some of their largest before him, and he had contemplated them through his eye-glass for a while, and then asked what he was expected to do with them. "Eat them, of course." "What, these monsters!—well, here goes." After he had swallowed one they asked him how he felt. "As if I had swallowed a baby."

"From gay to grave, from lively to severe," we finally got on the subject of the relations between England and America. Mr. Sumner, being the principal political man present, spoke most, and I am sorry to say rather bitterly, of our temper and conduct during their great trouble. Mr. Longfellow was at the head of the table, and I was next on his left, and Mr. Sumner on his right, so that we were face to face. He said some things which I thought unjust, and told him so, and there was a little rather hot discussion across the gentle, sweet-tempered poet. But other subjects came on. Holmes kept uttering his quaint enquiries as to the origin of the lankey jaw of the New Englander. Some one suggested that they had mostly come from old Puritan stock, who never laughed, and thus their faces lengthened; then they had bred in and in, which, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, necessarily intensified any peculiarity after a few generations; that the remedy was to laugh and eat plenty of beef and bacon; and so the chat went on. I don't think I ever spent a pleasanter time. After dinner Mr. Sumner came over to me, and we had a great deal more talk about the relations between our two countries, which in spite of his resentment he was most anxious to see established on the natural basis of brotherly and cordial amity. He lifted his tall handsome form and head and said several times, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still;" and here, I think, he uttered the feeling that is at the bottom of the best American hearts.

I stayed a week there, with my excellent friend Mr. Fields the publisher. Dr. Holmes lives next door and I saw him frequently. Such a bright, cheery, merry little man, full of sparkle and wit, but with a very fine vein of earnest speculative power underlying it all, as indeed is the case, I think, with all

our best humourists of the true Anglo-Saxon type. I took a mid-day family dinner, and spent a Sunday afternoon with Mr. Longfellow; Professor Childs, well known in England among students of Chaucer and our older writers, for his valuable contributions to the science of our common language, and Professor Lowell, were also there. The whole tone of society there had a matured, cultured tone, that undoubtedly is more characteristic of England than, generally, of America. I don't think I could have noticed from their talk or intonation, nor even in spite of Holmes' chaff about lankey jaws, from their faces, that I was not in a society of English gentlemen. Longfellow wears his beard in full, so you don't see his jaws, but brow and upper face are broad in proportion to his face as any Englishman's, and so far from having anything sharp in its expression it is sweet as an angel's or a child's. Lowell is square shouldered, square jawed, square browed, and is reserved, almost shy, in manner, at first introduction. Emerson, with whom I had also a good deal of talk, is most like the Yankee type, but I know a good many lankier jaws in England than his, and his expression is noble and thoughtful—the face of a sage.

The Boston set, as it is called in America, were undoubtedly the root and centre of that anti-slavery and abolitionist movement which brought about the late war. They were the essence of the Northern party. They were the leaders of progress in new ideas in social and political life. They are unquestionably New America. No great idea that works through the States but has its birth-place, or at least its cradle there. Like all thoughtful men everywhere they have their eyes fixed on the great future of humanity. They are filled with that noble discontent, without which men would stagnate on the weeds of sloth, a discontent which is far removed from mean selfish discontent. A man enjoying selfish gratification, whatever its nature may be, may be discontented if he is required to bestir himself to do some act of help for others. Or he may be discontented because his power of enjoyment is lessened by being pampered. That is ignoble discontent. But a man, who, looking round on the condition of his fellow men, perceives much misery, degradation, ignorance, sees squalid poverty in one class, and soul-rotting luxury in another, and is discontented therewith, has in him that noble discontent which is the hope of the world, as much as any human emotion can be. But that feeling, thank God, is not a modern feeling merely. Since the time that Moses, with hidden face, and fear in his heart, heard the Lord say, "I have surely seen the afflic-

tion of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters," there have never been wanting men to whom that sight and that cry was intolerable. No laudation of the elegant, gentlemanly manners of the Southern slave owner could blind the eyes or stop the ears of men to whom the vision and the voice of God, the Redeemer, the God of liberty, had been manifest and audible.

This set of men have undoubtedly been among the foremost in all new works which seemed to them real human progress, but they have not been unmindful of the past, as indeed no such noble man is or can be. They did not forget that the tree of Liberty has roots as well as branches, and these roots they found in Old England. Hence the Boston men always were ardent lovers of England, up to the time when, as they think, England rejected and spurned their love, and took up with those who had always seemed to them the enemies both of her and of them. English history, English language, and English literature were studied in the New England Colleges, in a way that they were studied nowhere else in America, as indeed they are studied by comparatively few among ourselves.

I regret that I did not see any of the Common, or Grammar Schools in Boston. But I have no doubt that the culture they afford corresponds to that given at the College. I had the great privilege of hearing a Lecture given by Mr. Emerson to an audience of about 2000 persons, apparently of all classes. The subject was "Eloquence," and was treated in Mr. Emerson's usual fine subtle manner, demanding considerable intelligence and mental attention from his hearers. Mr. Emerson had kindly given me a Platform ticket, and Mr. Wendell Phillips, with true American courtesy, made a place for me near the Lecturer. I had thus a good opportunity of watching the faces of the audience, and felt clear that it was a fit audience, though not few.

One institution, however, I did see in Boston, intended for the outcast, criminal class of their youth, that interested me very much and that would stand comparison with similar excellent institutions at home. It is a reformatory for young lads who have been convicted of crime. My excellent host brought me a message from Judge Russell, inviting me to come to Sunday morning service on board the Boston School Ship, where 150 of these lads are kept in *penal*, it is true, but also in what is meant to be and is *disciplinary*, imprisonment.

It was a beautiful still Sunday morning when the worthy

judge took us on board this School Ship, which was moored some two or three hundred yards out into the harbour. Before service he took us round the hold of the vessel, which is fitted up with sleeping accommodation and school-rooms. The lads were walking about in expectation of his arrival, and all seemed very much pleased to see him. They were of various ages, from twelve to sixteen. They had almost all the rather hard look which a homeless life, or a home narrow and poor in morals and intellect, gives to young human creatures, and which one sees in our English workhouse children, as if a mother's love or a father's care had scarcely ever warmed their hearts or elevated their minds. But a gleam seemed to ray out from their faces when the Judge spoke to them, and went round from one to another, shaking hands with a good many of them. The schoolroom, which was fitted out with maps on the walls, and shelves well filled with good books, the gift of some benevolent Boston gentleman, was also the chapel. The Judge read prayers, a selection from our morning service. They sang some hymns, in the hard, workhouse voice, but heartily enough as it appeared, and then a young man—a volunteer missionary I fancy—gave them a short, earnest sermon. After another hymn the Judge addressed them for about ten minutes in words of encouragement and advice, pointing his moral with this instance,—"Well, boys, do you know that General Phil. Sheridan is coming to Boston this week, and has promised to come and see you? You will like to see him?" "Yes, sir," rang out from all the boys. "I am sure you will, and he will be glad to see you all looking hearty and anxious to improve yourselves. But I want you all to know that Phil. Sheridan was once a very poor boy, not richer than you are. And I want to tell you a story about him, which will show you the sort of way in which he rose, and in which you may rise: this is how he gained his great name in the late war. He had been away from his command on some business at head-quarters, and was riding back to it as fast as he could when he met his men flying before the rebels, who had surprised and routed them in his absence. He called them to halt, learned how matters stood, spoke brave words of reproof and encouragement to them, re-formed them, and led them against the enemy, who in turn were defeated and driven back, and so he turned a miserable defeat into a glorious victory—the great and important victory of Winchester. Now I want you, boys, to think of this when you see General Phil. Sheridan, and to think that though you may have for a time

been defeated and driven back in the path of true and useful life's work, yet it is in the power of any or all of you to turn a defeat into a glorious victory."

It was a sight to see this man with simple goodness and faith and love speaking to those poor boys in this way; the radiance of his face, and the tenderness as of a father yearning over an erring son, and these poor hard faces thawing wonderingly at the sound of such words of hope—surely a Gospel in its way to them. Judge Russell is a man in high position. It was he who welcomed Charles Dickens to Boston, when he had a civic reception from the Boston people; and I am sure it was a hearty welcome he gave him; but not surely more hearty than the welcome he was willing to give to the boys who were coming back to ordered and virtuous ways. I was told that this institution is the joy of his heart, and that he works for it and in it as his life's work. He had learned to think of and care for these boys when he was sitting on the bench as their judge. He has now retired from that function to another government office; and he besides exercises this noble volunteer one. The boys go into the merchant service mostly, and I was told make excellent sailors, having, while on board, several able-bodied seamen constantly drilling them in ship's work.

Boston is in the old settled part of the States. Chicago belongs to the quite new regions of the great West. I spent little time in that city; and, to say the truth, was so distressed by the heat, choked and blinded with the dust, and annoyed by the snarling hum of the mosquito, that my frame of mind was not favourable to much study of the place. There seemed a large German population there dealing in ready-made clothes, tobacco, and lager beer. Besides there are a good many Irish. I saw gigantic placards on the walls, summoning Fenian meetings for the overthrow of England. I was told that there was also a considerable Scotch population, for which I hope the Chicago people are duly thankful. The Sunday I spent there showed me that Scotch ideas of Sabbath were not by any means all-prevailing there. I attended service at the bishop's church, where was a large and attentive audience. I dined with a friend in the afternoon, and met a general in the late war, who was partner in the principal book-selling house in the city. My friend drove me in the evening round the suburbs—Chicago seemed to me to be mostly made up of suburbs—and showed me the great Douglas College of which I have already spoken.

But Chicago was not my rest. I was bound for the great

prairie of Illinois, of which Chicago is the great market town. You remember that Illinois is the birth state of Abraham Lincoln, who, from what I saw, was a typical man of the best class that it produces—shrewd, thoughtful, public spirited, patriotic in the best sense. They are very proud of him, and tell many stories of his quaint sayings. One was quite new to me, and very characteristic of his ready wit and self-possession. When he was contesting the State for the office of Senator against Judge Douglas, they had both to make their speeches on the hustings. Douglas had the bad taste to make some allusions to Lincoln's origin, and said he had remembered him when he was serving liquor behind a bar. When Lincoln rose to reply there was a quiet smile on his face. He turned to Douglas and congratulated him on the accuracy of his memory. He *was* born very poor, and when quite a young man had, as the judge said, for a short time earned his living in that way, but Judge Douglas had forgotten one half of the story. "When I was serving out liquor on one side of the bar, the Judge was not seldom on the other side drinking it." This stroke, said my informant, *quite killed the Douglas.*

I spent a week with a farmer in the Prairie about 100 miles beyond Chicago. The country is thinly peopled, many of the farms being quite recently made, and considerable portions not under cultivation, or used only for feeding cattle. My host drove me a good deal about, and I visited many of the farmers, and after their primitive hospitable manner took such meals as happened to be going, dinner at twelve or one, tea about six.

One was struck with the completeness with which they carried the idea of education with them into those new settlements, and how thoroughly the States have made provision for the educational wants of the people. At every two miles or so was built a substantial wooden school-house. Nearly all the houses are made of wood, a brick house being quite a mark of distinction. The land is marked out into sections of about six miles square, each such section being a township, having its own municipal government. The farms ranged from 80 to 600 acres in the part I was. Of course there are in other parts much larger farms. The inhabitants there were to a considerable extent Scotch, but there were many Yankees from New England and some North of Ireland Irish. There was a French colony not far off and a Dutch or German one. The people I saw were either Yankees or Scotch, and wonderfully intelligent people they were. A New Englander I met talked to me about Ruskin, Carlyle, Buckle on Civilization, Lecky

on Rationalism, and other modern books and writers, with thorough intelligence. He thought Carlyle must have gone somewhat mad to have written such an article as "Shooting Niagara," which had recently appeared, and in reply to some doubt I expressed as to the stability of the country, answered "What is to disturb us now slavery is gone?" I said, "I do not see what is to hold you together, you can have no sense of a common national life with all this conglomeration of foreign elements. The only common feeling I perceive is a common hatred to England." "We don't hate England, we were only hurt and astonished at the part you took, and that will pass away; we are not an unforgiving people. And as for our stability, that is secured by the fact that no political change could possibly better any man's condition. Every man is at once a king, and subject to no other man, but only to the law which we all reverence and obey." This man was notable for intelligence in the district, was said to be not quite orthodox in his religious opinions, but he subscribed to their common church, and once when I met him was on his way with a basket of apples as a present to the minister. In every house I visited there was a good library, and books like Macaulay's England, and Hallam's works were not unfrequent. Pianos, or some instrument of the organ kind on a small scale, were in many houses, with Beethoven's music lying on the top. I could not induce any of the daughters of the house to play to me, as in their ignorance they thought I should be a critical judge of music. But they cooked excellent chops, or ham and eggs, or grilled chicken, and were attentive and hospitable ladies of the house when they took their seats at the head of the table. To my mind they were very pleasant, well-bred, modest ladies, even though they cooked the simple meal with their own hands. In the Odyssey, Homer tells how Ulysses, when bathing in a river on some strange island, had to run and hide himself, seeing the daughters of the king coming down with baskets of clothes on their heads to wash them in the stream. Why should not the daughters of an American gentleman farmer do the same? Shall I shock my fair friends who honour me with their presence if I say that it might do them all good to take a hand now and then in the wash tub or at the saucepan? Unquestionably, I think the general intelligence of these simple men and maidens was up to the level of our ordinary middle class. I did not see any of the schools at work, for it was harvest time and their vacation, but judging from results it cannot be a bad education.

A NIGHT WITH THE YANKEES

I went to the church on Sunday. It was Presbyterian; the one in the next parish was Methodist I was told, but every one went to the nearest church with little reference to his private beliefs. It was a beautiful day when my host drove me with his family along the noiseless earth-road through the great still Prairie, with only an occasional clump of trees, or a wooden frame house, or a strip of green ossage orange hedge marking but scarce breaking the wide stretch of the level horizon. Thousands of gay butterflies or winged crickets flitting about in ceaseless, noiseless motion, the myriad chirping of crickets in the long grass, so innumerous and ceaseless that it was blended into one indistinguishable tinkle, as if fairy bells were hung on each twig of the Prairie weed. "On to God's house the people pressed," to worship in their simple primitive way. When we reached the church, really rather a pretty wooden structure with high pitched roof and a little belfry at one end, there were some two or three hundred persons old and young clustered in knots on the space in front. The horses in their waggons or *buggies* were tied to the fences about. Everything had that serene, quiet look that the blessed Sabbath feeling gives. When we were all seated in church it got whispered about that the minister had been taken suddenly ill, and could not preach or conduct the service. Shortly, a decent, intelligent middle-aged farmer, a ruling elder I suppose, got up and told us that it was so. He suggested that since they were there it would be a pity to separate without worship, and called on "brother so-and-so" to open with a prayer, which of course was extempore. Then they had a hymn and a chapter of the bible was read, and then they had three or four similar prayers from different members of the congregation, alternating with hymns and reading of the bible. The prayers were devout, earnest, sensible, and without rant or extravagance, such as often characterizes extempore prayers. I think the whole did not last more than an hour, and the congregation broke up to cluster for a time in little knots, and tell or hear about the minister's illness, and other matters. A little enclosure, more carefully railed in than the ordinary farm fences are, stood a little way off and the gleaming white stones indicated that here too was the common note of humanity. A woman stole across the road, and passed in through the little swing gate, and reaching a small grave bent her face over it with that look that one has seen on mothers' faces before. The community was growing up with its memories as well as with its hopes, with its sorrows as with its joys.

I think it probable that this was a favourable specimen of the new life in the great West, beyond the average. Still it was there, and I cannot doubt that there were many like it elsewhere. A marked feature certainly was the care almost all the men had that their community should improve and carry on its mental and moral and religious culture. *The good of the community* and its improvement was often on their lips and I feel sure also in their hearts.

In New York I went to one of the Public Schools, which are supported by the State, and in which any child can receive gratuitously an Education in English, writing, arithmetic, and some branches of mathematics, history, geography, classics, and foreign languages. Attendance is not made compulsory by the State ; but I understood that, in most classes and districts, it is practically compulsory by the habits and opinion of society. I had no opportunity of judging of the thoroughness of the education given in these schools. An intimate friend of my own, an Oxford man, whose tone of mind would lead him to be rather exacting as regards accuracy and soundness, but whose sympathies with America and her institutions would also make him a not unfairly severe judge, more recently than myself visited and very carefully examined a good many of these schools. His opinion was, that in these respects of minute soundness, the teaching was not very high ; at the same time, he thought it calculated to rouse general intelligence and activity of mind. Much of it is oral, questions and answers, and there is a good deal of attention paid to elocution and learning pieces by heart. My own impression coincided with his, so far as my experience went. The opening prayer was over and a hymn was being sung when I went into the large assembling room. The principal, to whom I was introduced by an intelligent young man of twenty-two, who had been an old pupil, and who did great credit to his training, shook hands with me after the singing was over and offered to show me all I cared to see. He went on with his ordinary work, calling up some lads who had to read pieces of their own composition, which they did with modesty and vivacity. Then he gave some general instructions about school work, after which they were marched off in classes to the several class-rooms in regular succession and in military style, to the sound of a piano played by a young lady. Several of the teachers were ladies, and statistics show that lady teachers are extensively employed for the younger boys throughout the States. I heard one lady examine her class in history, and, as far as I could judge, she did it carefully,

and the boys answered on the whole intelligently. I visited several of the class-rooms, heard examinations in English language—the derivation of words—and in geometry. The whole demeanour of the boys was admirable. I saw neither moodiness nor frivolity; they, as a rule, seemed intent on their work, and cheerful at it. The principal impressed me as a man of ability and earnestness. He had 1000 boys under him. I had seen them all assembled with their teachers in the large room, and seen them dispersed to their several class-rooms in that rhythmic order. There seemed perfect regularity in all their operations. The principal told me that he had not employed corporal punishment for four years. He was at perfect liberty to do so, but found he got on better without it. If a boy was very troublesome or disobedient, so that reprimand was insufficient, he was sent home to his parents, with an intimation that as soon as they had taught him to obey and behave, they would take him back. This would answer to rustication in our universities. It was a great terror to the boys, and the mere threat would awe the most turbulent. Expulsion was possible, but hardly ever needed. A monthly report is sent home, signed by the parent, and returned to the master, who preserves it. This is called the boy's *Record*. A boy's future career may be materially influenced by his Record. The Americans are extremely sensitive as to character, and it is one of our popular delusions that a disreputable man may go from England and get into any society he chooses in New York. Nothing can be more contrary to fact. A notorious English barrister, who was expelled from our bar, went to New York, and did gain admittance at their bar, was, I remember, reported by our veracious "own correspondents" to be starring it in the best New York circles. I had the curiosity to ask about him, and was told on different and trustworthy authorities, that his admission had been obtained in ignorance of the real circumstances, that having done no overt act since he was still on the roll, but he was admitted to no decent society.

Indeed, the social life and habits of the people, so far as a rather intimate and various experience enabled me to form an opinion, are as high in moral tone, and as punctilious in the proprieties and amenities, as our own are. Of course there are rowdies and fast people; but, taking all things into account, I should think not more numerous nor prominent than here. I believe that, socially, they are not, as a whole, inferior to ourselves. The family life seemed to me quiet, orderly, and temperate, and the stories I have heard of the forwardness of

the children were not borne out in a single instance in my experience. I heard young men of sixteen and seventeen address their fathers as Sir, an old-fashioned custom I have only occasionally known in England, which, I confess, is as pleasant to me as, shall I say, old Port or old Madeira. The wine and the feeling may be no better than other modes or vintages, but the flavour is pleasant to one's taste and palate. I was an inmate in houses where my bed-room was a small closet, where I could certainly not have indulged in the pastime of swinging cats had my tastes lain in that direction, and, on the other hand, in houses where a magnificent suite of apartments, bed-room, sitting-room, and bath-room, were placed at my service; and I stayed at houses in various grades between. As regards the ordinary demeanour of parents and children, I should not have known that I was out of England.

With regard to Political Institutions, I will only say this: that in no class and in no political party did I meet with a single person who was, not merely not discontented with, but who was not proud of their form of government. I met bishops of the Episcopal Church, Chancellors and other high officers in the Universities, senators, generals, tradesmen, and farmers, men whose origin was from the working classes at home, and men who could trace their descent, through judges who had been appointed by the English Crown, up to Elizabethan courtiers, and who were not a little proud of this descent; but I found no one who did not at once, and strongly, express his confidence in the soundness of Republican Government, and its ultimate power to carry their nation to great and permanent well-being. I found many who echoed my expressions of satisfaction with the monarchical and aristocratic element in our constitution, as best fitting our country. I met with several who expressed great doubts as to the wisdom of the rapid progress towards democracy recently made among ourselves by a swiftly and highly educated Tory Government. But I met none of the Democratic, any more than of the Republican, party who were dissatisfied with their own. Nor do I think they have any need. God fulfils himself in many ways, and God's creature and image, man, may do the same. In details, there as here, much improvement is desirable and possible.

One of the worst features there is, that so many of the executive, fiscal and even judicial offices, are dependent on political fluctuations. In many of the States the judges, and in all, post-office officials, go out and come in with the ascendency

or fall of political parties. This is a great evil, and leads to frightful corruption. But this, like the mystery of our own dockyards, and our shameless bribery at elections, is no essential part of the constitution of the country, and both, we may hope, will yet be remedied. Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and judges in some of the individual States, are, as they all should be, for life.

I cannot but feel that you will naturally, and perhaps with some justice, think that I have been giving you almost entirely the brightest side of the Yankee character. I will only claim that I have given you my own experience. There were two very justifiable reasons why I should dwell on the bright side. The first is, that it was the side which I saw most of. The other reason for my dwelling on the sunlit side of the Yankee is that so enormous, and as I think utterly disproportionate, an amount of the attention of England has been directed to the black and midnight side. Yankee sharpness, Yankee corruption, Yankee bluster, in business, in politics, in journalism, are undoubted facts—no American citizen of intelligence or of integrity would think of denying that these things exist in their country. But is there no Yankee uprightness in commerce or politics, no wise, candid speech in their Congress, Senate, or Press concerning England and other countries? After the commercial disclosures of the last two years is our trade so free from sharpness that we can afford to cast stones at our erring kinsmen? and as regards political corruption even in high places; it is not much more than a century since an English minister was able to say that he carried the House of Commons in his pocket; and though assuredly I believe that now no minister could with justice, and in any such sense, say that he carried one of its least members in that degrading receptacle, yet surely no man can be so shameless as not to blush at political corruptions among ourselves in other regions and in other aspects. Our Press! has it been moderate? was it in the least degree calm and discriminating during the four years of that great and momentous struggle? I venture to say that no more disastrous stream of untrue, unwise, unkind speech ever issued from English pen or English press—hardly even from the *New York Herald*, or the *Irish Nation*. We have a Free Press, and God forbid that we should ever want it. I believe it to be not merely the privilege, but more emphatically the duty, of all men to speak the truth freely, aye even what they believe the truth. Freedom is the only atmosphere in which noble words can be spoken or noble deeds done. I

cannot exaggerate my sense of the unspeakable worth and sacredness of human freedom. But the deeper I feel its value the deeper I feel the enormous responsibility it involves. And he who uses his liberty of speech in a light or in a reckless mood is guilty of sin which may be called sacrilege. The first condition of any speech whatever is that a man should have carefully considered the truth of what he affirms; that he should have taken adequate pains to understand the facts, or the person, or the nation that he speaks about. I am not here to discuss Alabama claims or questions about our recognition of the South. They are out of my knowledge, and following my own rule I refrain from speaking about them. But I do know—any man can easily learn—about that great Northern party and its cause in the late struggle, and I am convinced that we—that is the great bulk of our middle and upper classes—grievously misunderstood it, and had not taken pains to understand it. The consequence was that our Press poured out day by day and week by week words that have rankled in the hearts of the Americans, and begot an alienation, the constant evidence of which while I was there made my heart ache. I think they are in a bad mood towards us—perhaps not, in the majority, of distinct hatred, but of irritation for our prevalent tone during their trouble, and consequent alienation of heart,—that is too likely to make any slightest difficulty issue in insane strife. It is with no desire to speak bitter words to any of my friends or fellow-countrymen that I now point out our past errors; but solely with the desire that a right understanding should exist between the two greatest and noblest peoples on the globe, and that seeing each other truly, they should be, as they ought to be, fellow-workers in the great cause of human progress and Christian civilization. It unfortunately happened that during the late war the party—the South—whom we chose to side with, and pet and admire and wish success to, was the very party which before the war was always seeking to stir up ill-feeling towards England, and indeed had been in past wars our bitterest enemy. The party whom we chose to abuse and wished to fail, the North, was and always had been our closest friend.

A passage which I accidentally lighted on in the Annual Register of 1812 will show how true this is. Boston represented broadly the North; Baltimore, the capital of "My Maryland" of the sentimental song, broadly the South in the late struggle. The stupid and resultless war of 1812-14, I believe, is generally admitted to have been mainly of American

seeking. We were in the middle of our European war with France, and they took advantage of it. But, as you know, there always has been much antagonism between North and South in America, one party or the other being uppermost. The party which was then in power was to blame: which was it? Listen to the mood of the two great centres then, on the declaration of that war with England.

"At Boston on the day of the declaration of war with England all the ships in the port displayed flags half mast high, the usual token of mourning; and a town meeting was held in that city in which a number of resolutions were passed, stigmatizing the war as unnecessary and ruinous, and leading to a connexion with France destructive to American liberty and independence.

"Very different was the popular sentiment in the Southern states, where swarms of privateers were preparing to reap the expected harvest of prizes among the West India Islands. Of the towns in this interest Baltimore stood foremost in violence and outrage."

The relative sentiment of the North and South towards England, has always been the same. New England, which was the back-bone of the Northern party, has beyond all question ever been the centre of the highest culture, and substantially of the highest moral tone in the great Republic. The great West, which was peopled to a large extent by Yankees, with the addition of many of the best emigrants from England and Scotland, was with New England in forming the Republican party, which was generally anti-slavery and, in its advanced members, abolitionist. By far the majority of the Republican party were of the best old blood—Yankee blood, and as a rule loved England, with all its faults, as Mr. Sumner said to me. The Southern slaveholder was the backbone of the Democratic party; to him was joined that portion of the New Yorkers who pandered to the South for the sake of trade, and the Irish almost to a man. Alas for the feeling of the Irish towards England; when and how will that grievous hurt be healed? But there can be no doubt that the sons of those who sent out privateers in the war of 1812 formed with the Irish an unholy alliance of hatred to England and to the Northern Yankee at once. Need I dwell on the lesson which these facts teach us? When Southern successes and Northern disasters were dwelt on with delight and ecstacy by our Press day after day, can we wonder that our old friends passed from astonishment and pain to aversion and even hatred. The result is—and it is not less dangerous to America than to ourselves,—

that we have alienated the North and by no means conciliated the South, certainly not the Irish, as witness the insane Fenian organization. Can we yet learn? or learning, can we do anything to repair our past error? The first thing seems to me to be to *see* it.

It is a common accusation brought against those who point out our national errors in dealing with other countries, and especially with America, that they are un-English and that they care more for other countries than their own. But surely it is not an unpatriotic aim to seek that our country, its people, its press, its government, should be just in its judgments of other peoples, wise in its action towards them, should constantly exhibit that righteousness, fairness, candour, on which alone true national dignity can stand firmly and unmoved. I yield to no man in my love and admiration for this great British Empire, in my sympathy with its soul-stirring memories of great men and great deeds, its vast inheritance in Literature, in Arts, in Science, in political and spiritual freedom. I do not forget that great men have been among us—greater none. I do not forget that

> "It is the land which freemen till,
> Which sober-suited Freedom chose—
> A land where, girt by friends or foes,
> A man may speak the thing he will"—

as I am doing now.

But, indeed, it is no lack of patriotism that leads me to remind myself and my countrymen of the bad habit we have of looking down on other peoples, and not fairly looking at them, and of the evil results that the consequent misunderstanding of them leads to. I am afraid it is an old failing and venerable; but is a failing none the less, and our wisest have always felt it so. Shakspeare, in the Merchant of Venice, makes the beautiful and wise Italian Portia, ask her maid, Nerissa, to recount all her suitors, that she may say how she feels affected towards them. Nerissa, among others, puts this question—

> "What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?"

Portia answers—

> "You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him."

Falconbridge, I fear, is too faithful a type of a very prevalent form

of English character along the line of its history. Like him, we often ape the follies of foreigners without any true instinct that will lead us to understand their character or win what is fairest and best in them, and so we get misunderstood in turn. We do not learn to understand their history, their institutions, their social life, or even their language, and our self-satisfied ignorance has made us often absurd, even hateful, in their eyes. Was not this the case for long years with regard to the French, for instance? The baneful effect has not seldom been felt, its absurd aspect oftener. "What silly people these Frenchmen are," said the English sailor; "they actually call a cabbage a shoe." He could not understand that the succulent vegetable might be as pleasant to the Frenchman's palate and as wholesome to his stomach under the name *chou*, as it was to himself under the name cabbage. The rose by any other name could not smell as sweet nor the cabbage taste as pleasant.

Our prejudiced talk mattered less with the French, as they had a reciprocal contempt for us, and the thick veil of an alien tongue hung between them and us. But, with the American, it has been, and will be different. With our blood they inherit our language, the veil of a different language, through which adverse feeling may be dimmed, does not exist with them. A young English country gentleman, who was staying in a Paris Hotel, greeted a more learned friend, who called on him, thus, "Delighted to see you, Tom! but do please swear in French at that fellow there," pointing to a waiter who was standing before him with a look of mute, half amused astonishment, not understanding a word of the torrent of English oaths he was pouring out. But we don't need to swear at our American cousin in any but plain English to produce whatever effect our spoken wrath is fitted to bring about.

But the language of obloquy is not the only language possible between us. They read our English Bible, with its Gospel of peace and purity, of righteousness and love. Our Shakspeare, our Milton, our Hooker, our Bacon are theirs; our glorious inheritance of freedom hardly won is theirs—nothing can be gained for either by success in any possible quarrel. Why, in the name of common sense and common interest, should we strive, seeing we are brethren? I will do my countrymen the justice to say that I do not think that there is any sane Englishman who could think of war between the two countries but with loathing and horror. I am sorry to say that I fear there are some Americans neither Irishmen nor Southerners, who have not quite the same feeling, and to whom

the gratification of humbling England would outweigh the disaster that war would certainly be to them not much less than to us.

It would be unjust and ungenerous in Englishmen not to recognize the promptitude with which the American Government put down the overt acts of the Fenian movement on Canada. But at the same time, one cannot be blind to the fact that a considerable portion of both the people and the press, even of that section that, as we might hope, should know better, more or less encourage or wink at that aimless yet dangerous organization, dangerous not less to the Americans than to ourselves. To encourage, even by silence, the concretion of a foolish race feeling, antagonistic not merely to England, but to the English race, in their country, seems to me in the highest degree unwise and impolitic. That this has been done I fear must be admitted as certain. That considerations of party politics may have something to do with it is probably true, but cannot be held to excuse the fact. But that some bitterness towards England aided in the feeling I fear is also true, and though intelligible, is neither politic nor magnanimous, in a great, powerful, self-reliant people. But I have a deep conviction that there is, on both sides of the Atlantic, a large body of thoughtful, far-seeing men—and in neither country the least earnest in their patriotism—who will work and pray, by pen and tongue and act, for peace between these two great countries, peace based neither on servile flattery nor cowardly subservience, but on manly recognition of each other's worth and not less manly tolerance of each other's failings. And my hope is deep that their action, and speech, and prayer will prevail.

It surely would be terribly sad to contemplate any other issue. That two nations who should be in the van of all that tends to elevate and enoble and purify and unite mankind, the leaders of our common Christian life and civilization, should continue to gird at each other instead of joining as yoke-fellows in the work of bringing about the Golden Year :—this, the chance, surely is enough to make a thoughtful man consider what he can do to prevent it. I wonder whether this night we have spent with the Yankees will help towards that end. At least it was my aim that it should do some little stroke in that direction. It may not be the highest ambition possible to man, but I do greatly yearn after the blessing of the peace maker.

A NIGHT WITH THE YANKEES

NOTE.

The following autograph letter was received by my father from John Bright in acknowledgment of a printed copy of this Lecture.—ED.

REFORM CLUB, *June* 19, 1868.

DEAR SIR,

* * * * * *

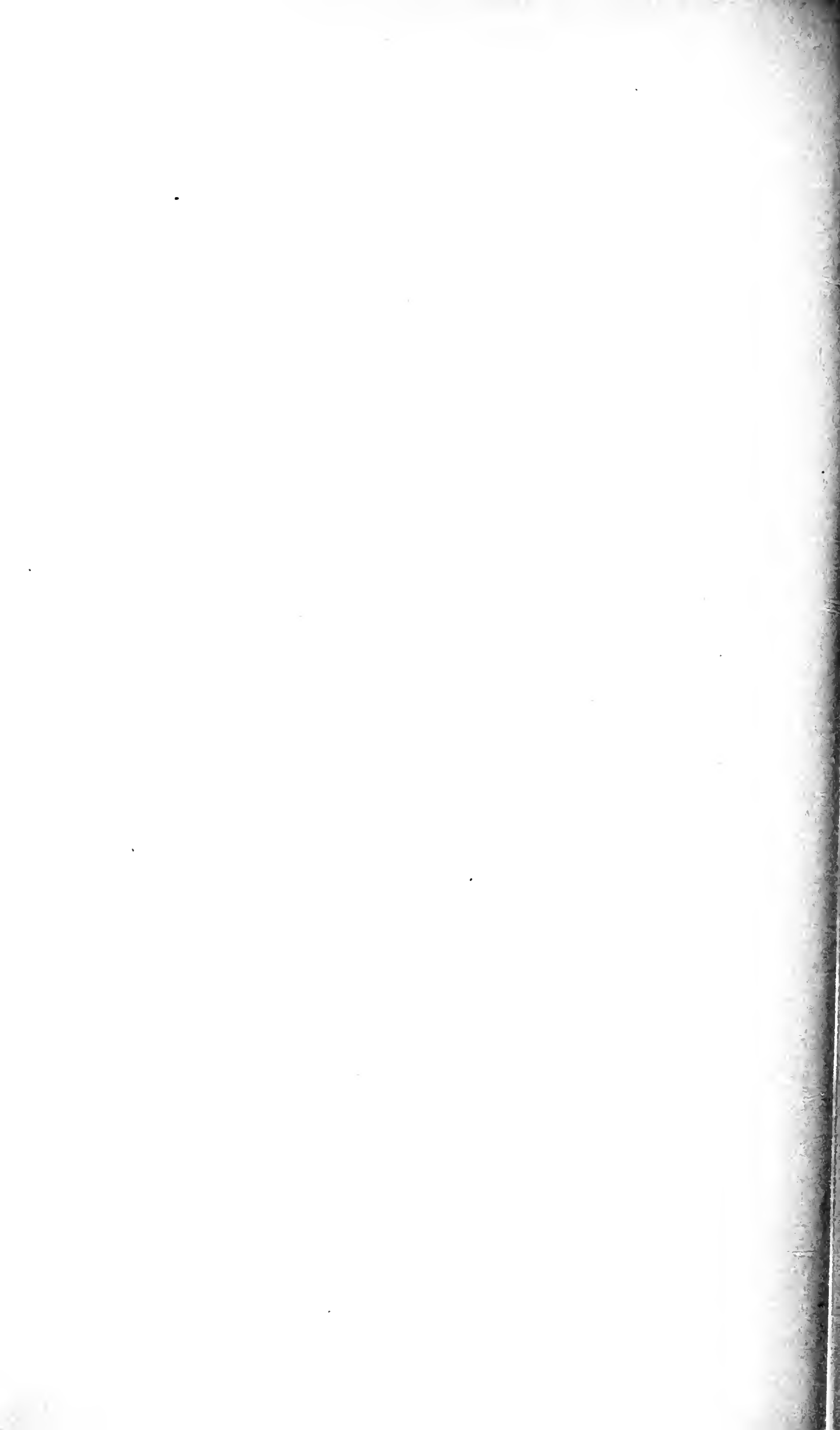
I take this opportunity of thanking you for sending me your "Night with the Yankees." I have read it with great pleasure. It is admirably written, and the tone of it so just and generous to our great brethren across the water, that I feel indebted to you for the service you have rendered to the cause of peace and friendship between the two English Nations.

I hope some day soon to be able to call upon you, that I may have the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with you. In the meantime

I am,

Very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.



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