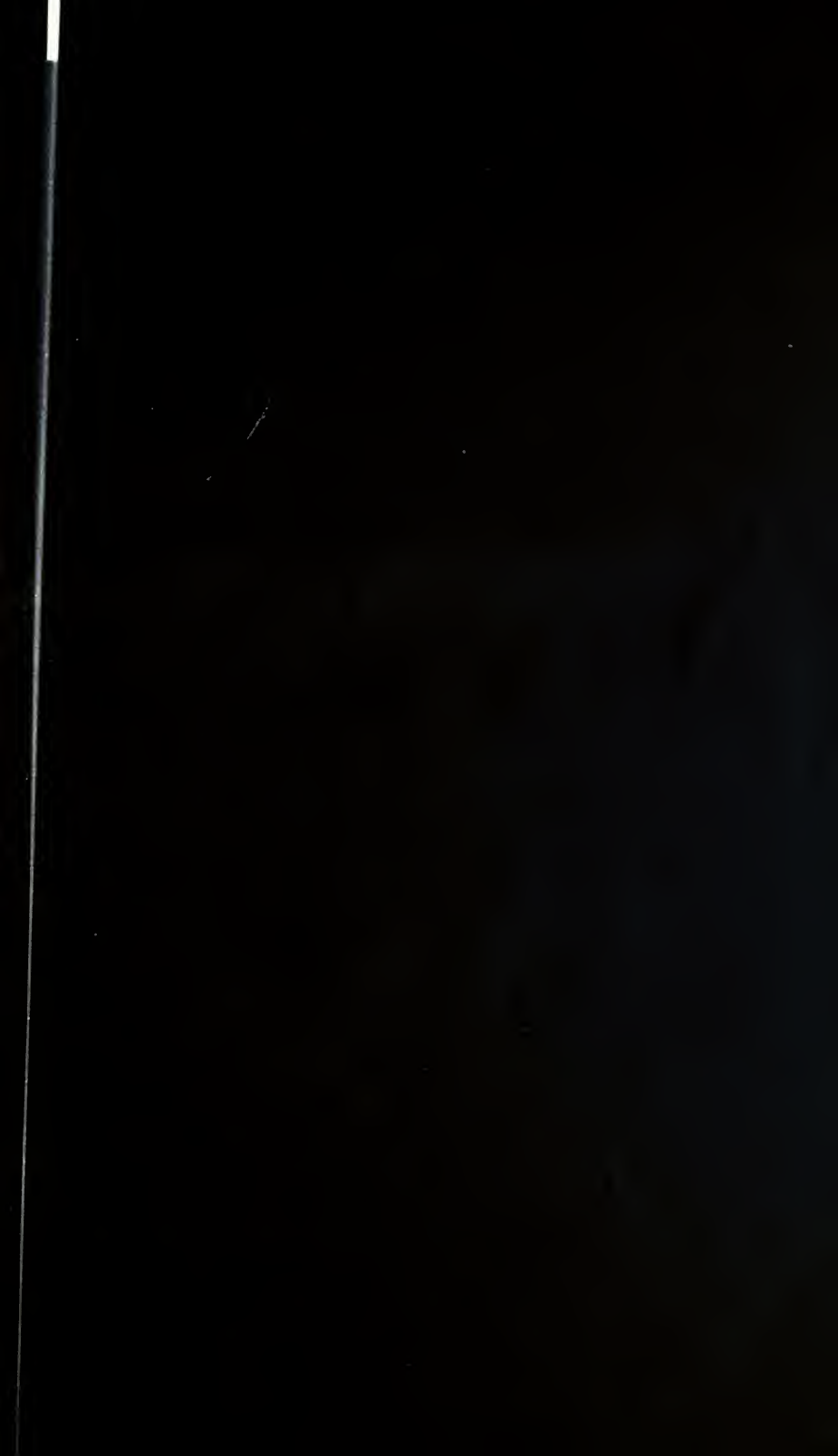


EX LIBRIS



100

RICHMOND ATHENÆUM PAPERS.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

SOME

OCCASIONAL PAPERS

READ AT THE

RICHMOND ATHENÆUM.

FOUNDED 1881.

Richmond, Surrey :

PRINTED BY EDWARD KING, "TIMES" STEAM PRINTING WORKS.

1886.

AC 5

TR 5

AC 5
TR 5

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

NOW that the Richmond Athenæum has secured a permanent and dignified position, and attained fair proportions, it has been felt by not a few of its Members that it might be pleasant and profitable to secure in book form many of the Papers which have been read.

It was at the same time justly thought that the Council of the Richmond Athenæum could not accept the financial responsibility of such a step, consequently this initial volume of "Occasional Papers" owes its origin to its Printer, who has also acted as its Editor and Publisher. The Papers have been printed in the order in which they have come to hand, and not in the proper sequence of the dates of their reading, which will be found at the end of each.

The present volume having already proved a success, it is proposed that others shall follow from time to time. Particulars of Publication may be obtained at the "Times" Steam Printing Works, Richmond; but it will be convenient to add that the Editor reserves to himself the right of returning any Paper thought unsuitable for insertion.

May, 1886.

List of Papers and Authors.

The Use and Abuse of Charity : The Rev. ASTLEY COOPER	1
The Federation and Colonisation of the Empire : Sir J. WHITTAKER ELLIS, Bart., M.P.	15
Education <i>versus</i> Cram : The Rev. L. M. D'ORSEY, M.A.	29
The Craze for Cheapness : EDWARD KING	39
The National Support of Volunteers: Acting-Surgeon W. A. F. BATEMAN	57
Novels : The Rev. C. F. COUTTS, M.A.	73
The Present Chaotic Condition of Public Opinion : CHARLES AITKEN	95
The History of Epigram : CLIFFORD B. EDGAR	115
Flaws in the Education of Girls : EDWARD KING	129
Hospital Reform : Dr. ROBERTS LAW	145
Women and the State : JOHN ASTLEY COOPER	159
The Study of Local History and Antiquities : W. LINDSAY	175
Burns' Sympathy with the Lower Creation: The Rev. JOHN MAUCHLEN	195
The Earlier Novels of George Eliot : CHARLES AITKEN	217
The Lunacy Laws : THOMAS SKEWES-COX	233
Thomas Carlyle—the Man and the Writer : The Rev. ASTLEY COOPER	243
The Tenure and Transfer of Land : EDWARD HAWES, M.A.	259
Charles Kingsley : P. E. PILDITCH	273
Notes on Libraries and Books : FRANK PACY	289

APPENDIX.

Mrs. Kendal at the Richmond Athenæum	306
Speeches at the Council Dinner, May 30th, 1885	311
Rules of the Athenæum	336

“The Use and Abuse of Charity.”

By the Rev. ASTLEY COOPER, Chaplain to Hickey's
Charity, and the Workhouse, Richmond.



THE subject upon which I have undertaken to address you to-night, with a view of increasing your intelligence and provoking a free and full expression of opinion, is one that belongs pre-eminently to the department of *social science*. It is a question of the day; I am afraid it will be a question for many a day far ahead. It is difficult, wide, and complex; it is a question which has so much to do with human nature that the thought suggests itself that until that same human nature is considerably changed, again and again shall we, and those who come after us, have to consider and re-consider, in order to meet, and modify, and overcome ugly facts.

The true uses of charity are not understood by the majority—its abuses are admitted languidly and lazily, save in instances where the shoe has pinched the personal corn, and then there has been a flutter in the dovecot. A flutter, it may be, and that is all. Then the calm of silence and the peace of indifference. The world says “it don't matter,” and society regards the manner of life, the ways and doings of the poor, the pauperised and the beggar as no business of its. The world is mistaken, and society is at fault. This branch of social science does belong to them. If they neglect it they must pay for their negligence in manifold ways. If they study it, and act according to their acquired knowledge, it will repay them in manifold ways too. For instance, in the City of London the parochial charities for general relief purposes amount to

£54,000 a year. In the metropolis the annual income of the charities amounts, it is said, to £3,000,000. In England the endowed charities alone, exclusive of the large educational charities, are estimated at considerably over £3,000,000 a year. Is it possible that such sums of money can be spent without affecting the characters of the recipients and forming an element, a large element, of good or evil in the body corporate?

The practical difficulties connected with charities have been the growth of ages, and will tax to the uttermost the theoretical and active wisdom of our age to solve them. The founders of them neither foresaw the growth of their bequests nor the way in which men, women, and children would multiply in this England of ours. It was easy enough to handle a charity when its income could be counted by tens or hundreds, but when these grew into thousands or tens of thousands the case became changed. It was easy enough to pitch upon the right persons to partake of its benefits when, communities being small, everybody knew everybody, and there was a common bond of sympathy and neighbourliness linking each to each. But now we so swarm that the individual is lost in the multitude; and we are so busy and so hard run that we have not even time to know ourselves, much more anyone else.

We chatter, nod, and hurry by,
And never once possess our souls
Before we die,

—as Matthew Arnold says. And so, to meet these little difficulties with regard to our ancient, great, and endowed charities—the difficulty of a plethora of wealth—the difficulty of misdirection—the difficulty of a perversion of intention—the difficulty of an idle or an inefficient guardianship—the difficulty of a loose method of keeping accounts—the difficulty of doing nothing and hindering others, after a stubborn and an obstructive fashion, who would do something—the wisdom

of our modern legislation has called into existence a body of gentlemen known by the name of "Charity Commissioners."

With ancient corporations, who love cobwebs and antiquity—whose hearts are centred in the good old times—who have a veneration for monopolies—who like silence and darkness—I need hardly say that these gentlemen are not popular; nevertheless they exist, and to a very good purpose. Who likes his territory to be invaded by a foreign foe? None: certainly none. But what if by and by the foe should turn out to be a friend? Oh, the gratitude! And I can assure you that the curses showered upon Charity Commissioners at first have been changed into blessings in many hundreds of parishes in England; and though their powers are too limited for real effective work, in some very stony ground, yet we may well trust the affairs of our bigger endowed charities in the hands of a body of men far removed from pettiness, out of the reach of corruption, business-like, firm, but courteous. Their powers are all too limited to meet the requirements of reform, without great delay and expense, in certain flagrant cases, as they have not the legal right to coerce from themselves. At present they can but advise and wait, and only in extreme cases obtain an injunction against a corrupt charity from the Court of Chancery. They are seeking enlarged powers to do enlarged work, and it is to be hoped that Conservators of the ancient will discriminate between the useful and the useless, between the sweet and the fusty, between traditions which are wise to preserve and those which it is folly to perpetuate, so as not to hinder a great commission from having legitimate power, effective and equal to the worst of its work. There is a spurious Conservatism as well as a spurious Liberalism, and when Lord Salisbury emasculates (as he did last year) a useful Bill in the House of Lords in order to spite a Government which is not his own, he shows the hands of a partisan, unworthy of his great ability and services, and not the wisdom of a statesman.

With the past labours of the Charity Commissioners I do not propose to deal to-night, though a sense of gratitude might dispose you, of Richmond, to listen to a few details, for they have rendered you a little service in connection with certain institutions of your own, by sweeping clean sundry places which shall be nameless, which places had grown a little dirty owing to the dearness of brooms, the costliness of whitewash, the uncertainty of the Richmond water supply, the general habits of the great unwashed, and, Mr. Maxwell would add, the insufficiency of the sewage arrangements. Well, I must tread tenderly here; but living as I do in the neighbourhood of one of these institutions I must express my gratitude for the increased sweetness and light, and record my thanks for favours past, which I regard as pledges for more favours yet to come.

It is either a piece of authentic biography or a fable, which I will not presume to determine, that once upon a time a gentleman having a house to sell, and not being able to carry about with him the complete structure, put a specimen brick into his strong and capacious pocket, and whenever he met a possible purchaser he introduced the subject uppermost in his mind by the remark—"I am not able to show you *now and here* my house which I wish you to buy, but here is a specimen brick; all the others are equally good." And so, as I am not able to-night, for fear of being made a terrible example of for long-windedness, to place before you the whole charity structure, I shall exhibit to you three bricks—one having the mark Tramps; a second, the designation Hospitals; and a third, the narrower title, and perhaps the more risky one for my peace, of Parochials.

I introduce to you first of all the Tramp, because as a social object he is becoming formidable; he has become an expensive pest; he and his tribe are fast maturing into a caste; he is plaguing the life of Boards of Guardians, and our own Guardians, led by Mr. Leycester-Penrhyn, have taken the

animal by the collar and are studying him from toe to crown with a view to his improvement and the interests of you ratepayers. The genus tramp is well known to you. His piteous tale and whine, which on the slightest provocation can be changed into abuse, garnished with expletives; his slouching walk, his bundle, and his stick; his clothes, which never fit and are generally unsavoury; his boots, which, by a strange freak of nature, are always down at the heels; his assurance that he is a hard-working man, but that the fates are in league against him; his readiness to bless and his equal readiness to curse. You are also acquainted with the lady who walks by his side, or behind him, or before him, according to arrangements, for the better accomplishment of the little game immediately in hand, or to the sweetness or the reverse of their temper, and whom he designates as the wife of his bosom. Perhaps she is; and perhaps she is not, worse luck. With this draggle-tailed female, who is generally the most voluble of the two, and upon whose breast is never to be seen the adornment of the blue ribband, and who has seldom that chief of feminine graces, a meek and mild spirit, are to be seen as their natural custodian, children, in numbers and ages varying; and this gives the sad, dark background to the picture. Those children are their chief and best stock-in-trade; through them they fill their net, but at the terrible cost of their degradation and ruin. They are apprenticed to the awful trade of their parents' lying, idleness, drunkenness, dirt, disease, profligacy, and hypocrisy; and like all devil's trades it is too easily and too perfectly learned by them. It is for the sake of these, the moral sake, seniors and juniors—but principally out of regard for the children—that I ask you to use thought and withhold your "pauperising doles of a merely impulsive charity." Their name is legion. It is estimated that there are 30,000 and more of these vagrants travelling about this country of England. Some of them may be, and are, men in search of work, but the majority are tramps pure

and simple; and it is a lucrative business, for in addition to being able to demand, under the Poor Law, shelter and food for a night at a workhouse, the Chief Constable of Stafford finds, on enquiry, "that the average tramp picks up from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a day, with plenty of broken victuals." In order that you may realise with greater clearness the magnitude of this vagrant evil, I must trouble you with some statistics. To begin at home. Last year--*i.e.*, from Michælmass, 1881, to the corresponding day in 1882, 7,127 tramps found shelter and food in the Richmond Workhouse. From Christmas, 1881, to Christmas, 1882, in the Brentford Union, 14,142, made up as follows:—Men, 9,655; women, 3,226; children, 1,261. In the Kingston Union in 1880, 14,862; 1881, 16,763; and in 1882, 16,206. In the Dunstable Union, on the great north road, over 10,000 in 1882.

The last Government Board report shows that the number of casual paupers relieved in the vagrant wards of the metropolis on the last day of each week during the year 1871 amounted to 41,254 men, 13,572 women, 3,616 children, in all 58,442. In the year 1881 there was a total of 41,704, composed of 30,930 men, 8,960 women, 1,814 children. The average number relieved on the last day of each week during the year was, in 1871, 1,138·8; in 1881, 802, which latter figure may be considered as the average number of persons admitted nightly into the metropolitan casual wards. The Local Government Board, in their last report, say:—

With regard to this comparatively small number (as they consider it), it is due in some measure to the fact that many charitable institutions in the metropolis supply, with only slight restrictions, what is needed by the casual poor. The opening of such refuges in the depth of winter naturally tends to the diminution of the number of applicants for relief in the casual wards at that season.

From a return of tramps in the county of Gloucester it appears that on Tuesday, 4th April, 1882, there slept in casual wards 171 persons, but in common lodging houses 553 persons. Of these 391 were males, 162 females (75 under

16 years of age). Of the above 417 were strangers and 136 known as residents. Of the total 553, the statements of 424 with regard to their trades were believed to be true. The statements of 129 were believed to be the statements of professional tramps. There is a further return of the persons arrested for begging in the year 1881. There were 341—246 were convicted and 95 discharged. The total amount of money found on them was £15 5s. 7¼d., or an average of 10¾d. each. Out of the £15 5s. 7¼d. found on the whole of the beggars, £9 9s. 1½d. was found on one person. Deducting this sum, the average amount found is 4¼d. Eighty-one had food in their possession when arrested; 248 tramps were convicted of stealing in the county. They had found on them an average amount of 5¾d. It is found, taking the years 1878, 1879, 1880, and 1881, that there are 400 per cent. more tramps in lodging houses in Gloucestershire than in casual wards.

Enough of statistics. I am afraid you will think them tedious; but without them you could not form an intelligent judgment upon the matter. I trust *now* that when I designate this vagrancy business as a terrible social evil you will acquit me of exaggeration. Now where is the remedy for this to be found? In Acts of Parliament in part, and only in part. The main remedy rests, in my judgment, with the public. The Local Government Board have closed with the evil by a new and more stringent Act, which is now in force, but you must not leave them to wrestle with the evil alone. The limits of my time will not allow me to give you the provisions of this Act, but with regard to it I may be permitted to say that Mr. Leicester-Penrhyn, one of the oldest of your J.P.'s, and a highly intelligent gentleman and guardian, says in a letter to me:—

Let it once be known that all tramps are provided with board and lodging at night, and with a mid-day meal, all excuse for begging

will be done away with, whilst an honest carrying out of the Casual Poor Act of last session will convince the tramp that it is better to work every day for wages than alternate days for bare food and lodging in separate cells in casual wards.

Just so. Mr. Penrhyn, as a magistrate and guardian, is right; but the public must do their duty also by hardening their hearts against the tramp's piteous false tale, and by closing their hands against the supplies which do incalculable harm and little good. The public must have the courage of their opinions in this matter, and let neither pious expressions, or threatening words, or evil looks soften or frighten them into money, or food, or clothing gifts, which they are apprised on reliable authority are full of present evil, and go to perpetuate a class which is rapidly stiffening into a caste, and may become one of the worst moral plagues of the land.

I now turn for a few moments to Hospitals—those institutions which the Bishop of Oxford the other day designated the “glory of our land.” Yes, they are the glory of our land, and being so it is a pity and a scandal that their privileges and advantages are so abused, and that they have become huge channels and instruments for propagating mendicity. I can but touch the fringe of this great subject, but that touch may arouse thought and stimulate to greater care. Pardon me if I seem to scamp my task here. The fact is, I know not how to tackle it with five minutes at my disposal, and critics all around me ready to assail for bad work. From the last edition of Fry's *Guide to the London Charities* we learn that St. George's Hospital, like many other charities, complains:—

Our old supporters pass away, and their place is not proportionately supplied. We have had to sell out £8,000 of our capital to meet the current expenditure.

King's College Hospital is still worse off for new subscribers, and foresees that its invested funds (of which £9,500 have

had to be sold out) will soon be exhausted. The authorities of Westminster Hospital, in like manner, say :—

As old friends drop off they are not replaced. Last year the Governors had to sell out £4,000, and it will not take long to dispose of the whole of our available funds.

And University College Hospital was short of six thousand pounds last year to meet its current expenses. These are disagreeable facts. Why have they become facts at all? Many causes may have led up to the mischief. For instance, Hospital Sunday, which gives the mean a chance of dropping a shilling into the church bag instead of handing twenty to the collector; the increased expenditure per patient for working hospitals; the greater quantity of hospitals to support, local and central; the comparative badness of the times. Admit this; but this is not all. I am informed—and my informant is no less a person than the secretary to the Charity Organisation Society—that in the public mind there is an uneasy feeling that these noble institutions are too shamefully abused by multitudes who could and who should pay for medical knowledge and surgical skill. I love hospitals, and have been connected with them and have worked for them, heart and soul, during the whole of my clerical life, but I do not profess to be an expert on their abuses, and so if you will allow me I will quote from a paper by Sir Charles Trevelyan on “Metropolitan Medical Relief,” read in 1879, at a conference by the Charity Organisation Society, presided over by Dr. Acland. Sir Charles says :—

Dr. Meadows and five other medical men, experienced in the work of London hospitals, recorded their opinion, in 1870, that “the probable income of half the number of out-patients may be estimated at from £1 to £1 10s. per week, and of one-fourth at more than this.” In 1874 a thorough investigation was made into the social position of the out-patients of the Royal Free Hospital, and they were reported to be divisible into two sections: 1st, Those who might reasonably be expected to pay something for their medical relief; and 2ndly, Those who ought to

be referred to the Poor Law. . . . This abuse of medical charity is largely promoted by the practice of issuing subscribers' letters, which are too often distributed without proper inquiry, or given avowedly as a matter of personal favour; and many employers contribute to hospitals with the object of providing medical assistance for their servants and workmen at a cheap rate, so that men with two or three pounds a week expect to be furnished with "letters" to the neighbouring institutions for themselves and their families, and are thus relieved from the necessity of joining benefit societies and provident dispensaries. This is the true explanation of the lamentable appeals constantly made to save our medical institutions from insolvency. No funds that could be subscribed would overtake the emergency, because the gratuitous medical treatment of the entire working class, and of a considerable margin of the lower middle class, is a greater burden than private charity can bear, and the pressure is continually on the increase, as additional numbers become habituated to dependence.

To hundreds of thousands this system of medical relief is the entrance-gate to those habits of dependence for which our London population is unhappily distinguished beyond the rest of their countrymen. Everyone stands in need of medical assistance at some time or other, while in family life it is a matter of frequent occurrence, so that, by the general application of the eleemosynary principle to our London hospitals and dispensaries, they have been converted into schools of pauperism. Our people are educated by them to improvident and mendicant habits, being entirely relieved, as regards this requirement of civilised life, from all necessity for forethought and thrift. Subscribers' letters are specially conducive to fraudulent mendicity. Women collect them by begging from house to house, under pretence of wanting them for their own use; they beg at other houses on the evidence of the distress which the "letters" are supposed to afford; and, after all, they sell them, for they have a marketable value, which ought to go in aid of the expenses of the institutions. All the arts of deception flourish in connection with misapplied charity. Mr. W. H. Smith stated that 20 per cent. of cases selected by him for investigation from among the out-patients at a large hospital "had given false addresses, so that it was impossible to trace them."

As time is precious, and as this quotation illustrates the point in hand and reads to the public a solemn lesson, I may with propriety close this part of my subject and turn to my third brick, labelled Parochials.

Every parish in England, or nearly so, has its charitable funds and its charitable organizations and machinery. If in one town there is more than one parish then there begins a rivalry (friendly it may be) which shall do most for the poor. Congregations do not like to be outdone each by the other, and Nonconformity steps in to do its part with the members of the Establishment. In theory this looks right enough. We stand at a respectful distance and admire this beautiful pyramid of benevolence with the sweet face of Charity smiling upon us. We cannot but admire so long as our gaze is superficial. Of course we think it must do a great deal of good and make everyone extremely happy, virtuous, and contented. But how go the facts? It is notorious that the parishes richest in charities have within them the most demoralised poor, as a rule. Destroy independence of spirit, take away the motives for thrift, pauperise by doles, let it be understood that if a man works or not his wife and family will be kept, then if you care for the moral welfare of the people your charities, or some of them, would be better at the bottom of the sea. Religious people of all creeds and churches would be none the worse if they had a little more common sense and worldly wisdom; if they had more of the gift which enables them to take trouble; if they had more of that prescience which gives them the capacity to comprehend that shillings and half-crowns which find their way from the altars of God through dirty hands to public houses to quench deceitful tongues are, after all, but devil's counters. This is strong language, and I mean it to be. I shudder with horror at the mischief which the professors of religion are doing to the poor from the want of thought and the want of intelligence. I have, and have had for years, exceptional opportunities for studying the poor, and I know you have been working amongst them these years largely with the wrong tools. I would, if I could, sever the

teaching of religion from eleemosynary gifts as much as possible. People should not go amongst the poor with a tract in one hand and a shilling in the other. There should be no bribe for churchgoing or chapelgoing. An extra amount of cant should not be able to extract an extra shilling. Amongst the clergy I am not alone in this opinion. Hear what the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Freemantle, of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, says:—

The thing of most importance is that relief should not be given at visits paid by the clergy, or agents, or visitors, for what I may call pastoral purposes. It is almost impossible that a correct judgment should be formed under such circumstances. . . . The effect upon poor persons also of relief given in this way is very pernicious. Hear also what the present Bishop of London, when Rector of St. James', Piccadilly, said to his district visitors:—

On no account should it (the ostensible reason for calling) appear to be to see whether any relief is wanted. When a visitor is looked upon only as a person from whom something is to be got the visit is worse than useless. For this reason, as well as to avoid imposition, no visitor should give relief to a family for the first three visits; but if relief appears needful the case should be reported to the clergyman of the district. Except in sickness it is better on all accounts to leave the improvident, reckless, or intemperate to the relief which the law provides for them.

These seem to be cold words; nevertheless, they are wise words. What the poor want are friends and helpers, and those who keep them hovering upon the verge of poverty are neither. They are only friends and helpers who develop within them manliness and womanliness, self-respect and honest independence; who neither encourage a poverty-stricken appearance because it pays, or a pretence of piety because it carries with it worldly profit. Help them, yes, certainly; but let your help elevate and not degrade; help them first to work, and pay them well for it—its full market value; and if sickness or misfortune overtakes them, still help, but not in a way to press the better nature out of them, and to

leave them moral weaklings constrained to cry "Help, help," to the grave's mouth.

In bringing these remarks to a close, let me say that I have not made one of them with the view of drying up one ripple of the great and blessed waters of charity, only to help, if it may be, so to keep the streams within their proper channels that they may fertilise, and not inundate and devastate. I would not deprive you of the privilege of giving one coin less than you do, only I would have you see that your alms bless and not curse. My work is among the poor; I give them my best thoughts; I know more about them than I do of my richer neighbours: my daily companions, almost, are fallen and dishonoured young women, broken down and pauperised old men and women. I talk to them freely, and I encourage them to talk to me freely. I try to get at the heart of them, and putting aside the priest and the conventional gent, or the clerical prig, and talking after a human fashion to human beings, though soiled and smeared with the devil's and the world's dirt, I flatter myself I succeed in a measure; and I tell you my conviction is that more lives are spoiled through weakness, and ignorance, and stupidity, than by absolute wickedness. And what the poor want are men and women with hearts, and big ones too, behind their waistcoats and stays, who will be to them helpers and friends, guides and props, and not flingers of coins, like bones to dogs—who by patience, and thought, and real personal trouble shall make each gift to them a use, leaving no loophole, by fault of their own, for abuse; and who will take the pains to teach and educate them on matters of thrift, and health, and cleanliness—pointing out to them new fields of labour in our Australian and American colonies, and help them to reach them after a substantial manner. Yes, and the time has gone by for all mere ornamental, or makeshift, or dummy guardians and custodians of charities. Matters have become too serious for the toleration of such like. We shall no more return to them

than to a belief in the divine rights of kings, or to the greedy tyrannies and monopolies of the feudal aristocracy. The demand is now for men of judgment and feeling, who will work, animated by a strong sense of responsibility and accountability, which they are prepared to render daily to their own consciences at the bar of public opinion, and by and bye at the bar of the God of the poor.

January 15th, 1883.



*“The Federation and Colonisation of
the Empire.”*

By Sir JOHN WHITTAKER ELLIS, Bart., M.P.



HAVE frequently had occasion to declare that I am appearing in a new character, and I think again to-night I must admit that this is rather a new character in which I appear before you. I have never before, notwithstanding the many audiences to which I have spoken, delivered what may be called a lecture, and I am afraid even to-night I shall hardly be in a position to read a paper to you; but I do hope that I may have something to say that may be a little interesting to you at the present moment.

There have been times and epochs and crises in the history of this country which have been of great importance, and I may say that there are occasions in the history of all countries when a certain period is reached at which a fresh departure must be made; and it is the decision then arrived at, whether the departure is a wise one or an unwise one, which makes a nation great, happy, and prosperous, or tends to its decline and to its decadence. Perhaps at this moment that is the state of things with regard to England. Providence, as the term is—that is the Creator of the World—has been most beneficent to this country of ours. He has been pleased to spread before us all the benefits and all the advantages which can accrue to a great race, and I hope and trust that this great nation has not been wanting in fulfilling, to a certain extent, the obligations which have been imposed upon

it. But there are times when, as I have said before, we have to commence afresh, and the question is whether we are not at this moment in that position, and whether it does not behove this country to look back on its past history, to consider its present position, and to look forward as to what must be its future. These thoughts have given rise to the subject on which I wish to address you to-night, viz., that of Colonisation.

We can hardly deny that at the present moment there is a great depression in trade in this country; that there are millions of our labouring classes unemployed, or comparatively unemployed—that is to say, working only a small number of hours or days in the week; and that there are thousands of manufacturers who are carrying on their businesses with little or no profit; in point of fact, that there has arisen a depression and a stagnation in the prosperity of our commerce and our trade. Now comes the great question—What is the cause of this cessation of activity in commerce and trade? A great many reasons are assigned and causes suggested, but it appears to me that if we look into our past history it is not very difficult to find the reason, at least if we are honest to ourselves. In past times this country was a great producer of agricultural produce, and that alone afforded to this country immense wealth. That time passed away, and then again we became great producers of manufactures. Now it may be very well to produce, and very well to be great in manufactures, but it is useless to produce unless we have consumers to consume what we produce. For a long time we as artificers and manufacturers of almost all the products which are necessary in civilised life held our pre-eminence, but there has been growing up in foreign countries—and more especially in America—which consumed the greater parts of our products, a power of self-production, and the consequence is the demand has ceased for our manufactures and products, and at the same moment that the demand has ceased in Europe and America

we have been met—most unexpectedly, I may say, for I don't believe the prophets of forty years since had the slightest idea of what would occur—by the fact that the great industry by which Englishmen had lived, that of agriculture, has been comparatively destroyed by the capacity of more sunny climes to send to us the food which we looked upon not only as a means of existence, but of wealth and prosperity. That has arisen in two ways. The production of our colonies, and of America, and India, and Egypt became very great; but that would have been to no purpose had not science stepped in and bridged over the space between those countries and ourselves, and thus brought to our doors the products of agriculture in those countries at less cost than we can produce them at in this country. That, I think, is a very simple statement, but I venture also to imagine that it is the true history and the true cause of the depression of trade at the present moment. It is easy to say "Oh, this is inscrutable; we cannot ascertain, and we cannot learn, and we cannot see why this depression should exist." But there is a reason. You may depend upon it that nothing exists without a reason. Nature is so formed that certain effects spring from certain causes, and her laws must be obeyed. If you endeavour to ignore them, nature will assert her right, and will eventually visit you with some punishment, which, I think I may say, would be most richly deserved.

If this be so, the question arises, what is the means by which this can be remedied? What I would suggest to you is, let us take a lesson from what is past. Why was the nation prosperous? Because she had great markets open to her, and because her population was not more than the country by its own products of agriculture could support. Now your markets are closed. Your products of agriculture are a failure to you, and no longer supply your wants. How are you to restore that state of things? I would venture to assert that Providence has placed at our feet the opportunity of restoring

all these things if only we are wise, and will act on the suggestions which nature puts before us. We have extended before our eyes a vast universe, a great colonial possession—something which it is hardly possible to conceive, or at all events which the English people do not conceive, and of which they have only a faint imagination. By the course which is pursued now, the idea of utilizing these great provinces for the beneficent purpose of countervailing our present unhappy position never seems to have entered the minds of Englishmen. The idea seems to have been that the colonies were only for those who were driven forth from this country, like those who, when over-ridden by tyranny, left this country and peopled the distant shores of America—I mean in the time of Charles I. They first caused the creation of the great American colonies. But even that was better than anything which has succeeded it, because you had men of the noblest and most courageous nature, who went not only to battle for their own lives, but to found a colonial empire upon principles guided by the highest and noblest aspirations of mankind. But since then what has been our course, as regards our colonies? I venture to say that the only course has been not colonisation, but what is called emigration. I suppose if I suggested to anyone here that he or she should emigrate, you would be insulted and consider it a sort of degradation to emigrate. You would say, “I have done nothing; why should I be sent out of the country?” On all the democratic platforms that I have been upon—and I am sorry to say on some others also—I have heard the speakers promising their audiences that they should not be made to leave the country. I submit that to look at the matter in that light is a departure from the laws of nature; it is flying in the face of Providence, and refusing to accept the bounties which He places before you. Why is emigration looked upon with horror? Because the Government of this country and the Governments of the colonies have never stepped forward to consider a good scheme of colonisation, and

they won't do so now. If you go to the Government now and suggest a scheme of colonisation that will be pleasant to the people, that will take away our superabundant population, and that will create great nations in other parts of the globe, and communities who will demand your manufactures and industries, they will tell you, "We have too much to do already; we are burdened with the cares of state, and the responsibilities of our colonial empire are so great that we cannot enter on fresh suggestions or new ideas." They refuse to submit to the laws of nature; they refuse to accept the bounties of Providence. (A voice: No, no.) You say, "No, no," but when I have finished you will have the opportunity of showing that the Government have at any period made any effort to create a colonisation of our distant shores by means which are judicious and wise, or fair to those who have attempted colonisation. If you can do that, then I will say that you are right and I am wrong. But if you shall see that the first effort of our Government as to our colonies was to send out convicts, and to people them with the worst classes of society, then I say that I am right and you are wrong, and you are not justified in saying "no, no" (applause). The ancients were more wise in the course they pursued with regard to their colonies. I will tell you some few facts I have gathered as to that, and then I will ask the gentleman who says "no, no," whether there was ever an instance of our adopting the wise course that was adopted by the ancients. The Greeks were great colonists, and the course they pursued with regard to their settlements at home was this:—The colony was sent out with the approbation of the mother country, and under the management of a leader appointed by the authorities of the mother country. Although such a colony was independent of the mother country, it was united to the parent state by the ties of filial affection, and according to the generally received opinion among the Greeks its duties to the parent state corresponded to those of a daughter

to her mother. When the colony in its turn became a parent, it usually sought a leader for the colony which it intended to found from the original mother country, and it sent embassies who should represent it at the principal festivals of the parent state. The colonists also worshipped in the new settlement the same deities as in their native country. That was the case with the Greek colonies. And moreover, so much did foreigners recognise the unity of the Greek colonial empire with Greece itself that they called her colonies "Magna Grecia." Athens was the greatest colonising state of Greece, and by means of her colonies she acquired an ascendancy over the rest of the Greek states. It was Athens who organised her colonies into the celebrated confederacy of Delos, which enabled her for twenty years to maintain the struggle with all the other Greek states put together. That is shortly an outline of the course that was pursued by the Greeks, and the result. Now, as regards the Romans, it is significant of the state supervision under which they conducted their colonisation that no colony was established without its duties being prescribed and regulated by a formal law, showing that the Roman colony was never a mere body of adventurers, but had a regular organisation by the parent state. When a law was passed for founding a colony, persons were appointed to superintend its formation. The law fixed the quantity of land that was to be distributed, and how much was to be assigned to each person. A city was a necessary part of a new colony, and if it did not already exist it was marked out by the plough. The colony also had circumjacent territory, which was also duly marked out by metes and bounds. Religious ceremonies always attended the founding of a colony, and the anniversary was afterwards observed. Sheriffs, public notaries, keepers of the archives, heralds, and architects were appointed by the home government. Of the Roman colonies Machiavelli says—"By them the empire was consolidated, the decay of the population checked, the unity of the nation and of the religion

diffused." What I wish to draw from that is what I have already endeavoured to depict to you, that there has been no systematic course adopted by the Government of England with regard to its colonies. There has always been a haphazard method of leaving the people to form colonies in the best way that they could, and at the present moment what I desire to point out is that these great countries are waiting to receive us, that this country is burdened with its population wanting the employment which the population of these countries would give, and that there is no action on the part of the Government to further this great end; on the contrary, there is now a proposal to establish National Land Associations for the purpose of providing the people with land in this country. But when they have got it, what can they do with it? It will not produce enough in the present condition of agriculture to support them; but there is land in the colonies which you may have for the mere expense of transporting the people from this country into those great productive and splendid climes. I have just touched upon that point—that there are various suggestions as to the means by which our difficulties may be overcome. One of them has sprung from a very excellent and philanthropic body of noblemen, who have an idea that by buying up estates in this country they can divide them among people in small areas, and thus satisfy their desire for land. If they could divide the land among the people as it was in the olden days, when it was a profitable industry, it would be a very happy thought, but to offer it to the people now that it is useless to them is a very unhappy thought. You had better face the facts, and see that the land beneath your feet is not worth your cultivation, that the land over the sea is worth cultivation, that it is your right to possess it, and that by cultivating it you will benefit yourself and the mother country more than by endeavouring to possess the land here, which

will not repay you for its cultivation. But it may be said—and here I speak particularly to the ladies—that the colonies are so far off; that you have to undertake a long sea voyage, and when you get there you don't know what you will do. As regards the sea voyage, I can assure you from some practical experience that I have found a sea voyage particularly beneficial. As regards what you are to do when you get to your destination, that is what the Government ought to be prepared for. They ought to do the same as the Greeks and Romans did, and take care not to cast you on desert shores, but land you in a country where employment can be obtained, where there are plenty of opportunities, and where cities might be founded, instead of repeating the original difficulty by over populating the cities that exist. That could only be done by arrangement between the Government of this country and the Governments of the colonies, and that is what I say is what the English people should demand. I have a book here, the writer of which went deeply into the question, and I should like to give you an extract or two from it. The writer is Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield, who was very well known at one time as an authority on this subject, and I venture to think that the present position is very well represented by the position in which things were when he wrote in 1849. He says this:—

My fancy pictures a sort and amount of colonisation that would amply repay its cost by providing happily for our redundant people, by improving the state of those who remained at home, by supplying us largely with food and the raw materials of manufacture, and by gratifying our best feelings of national pride through the extension over unoccupied parts of the earth of a nationality truly British in language, religion, laws, institutions, and attachment to the empire.

That, I think, is precisely the point we want to arrive at. I would go on now to show what is the difference between colonisation and emigration. If we were to act on these suggestions colonisation would be directed to a particular spot. In emigration two-thirds of the emigrants go to the United

States, but that is no benefit to us. If, on the other hand, those emigrants went to our colonies, it would be an immense benefit to us. Mr. Wakefield further says :—

The practice of colonisation has, in a great measure, peopled the earth. It has founded nations. It has reached with momentous consequences our old countries by creating and supplying new objects of desire, by stimulating industry and skill, by promoting manufactures and commerce, by greatly augmenting the wealth and population of the world : it has occasioned directly a peculiar form of government, the really democratic, and has been indirectly a main cause of political changes and tendencies which now agitate Europe. Until so lately as twenty years ago, no theory of colonisation had set forth what should be the objects of the process, still less what are the best means of accomplishing them. There were long experience without a system, many results without a plan, vast doings, but no principles.

I venture to say what Mr. Wakefield said in 1849 is what I would say in the present day—that our great opportunity has been lost, wasted, squandered, and ignored. I would go on further to read what was said some years ago by Mr. John Stuart Mill, and which I apply to the present state of things. He says :—

The benefits of civilisation should be considered in its relation not to a single country, but to the collective economical interests of the human race. The question is in general treated too exclusively as one of distribution—of relieving one labour market and supplying another. It is this, but it is also a question of production, and of the most efficient employment of the productive resources of the world. Much has been said of the good economy of importing commodities from the place where they can be bought cheapest, while the good economy of producing them where they can be produced cheapest is comparatively little thought of. If to carry consumable goods from the places where they are superabundant to those where they are scarce is a good pecuniary speculation, is it not an equally good speculation to do the same thing with regard to labour and instruments? The exportation of labourers and capital from old to new countries, from a place where their productive power is less to a place where it is greater, increases by so much the aggregate produce of the labour and capital of the world. It adds to the joint wealth of the old and new country what amounts in a short period to many times the mere cost of effecting the transport. There need be

no hesitation in affirming that colonisation, in the present state of the world, is the very best affair of business in which the capital of an old and wealthy country can possibly engage.

Now Mr. Mill is the great philosopher and friend of the people, who has been so much admired—and justly so—and that is what he says of colonisation. I think that supports all the arguments I have put forward to you. What we want is that this country shall be relieved of its superabundant labour, and a market formed for various productive industries, and the only way to do that is to follow the advice of Mr. Mill, by transplanting that superabundant labour from this country to a wider and greater area which is waiting for it. I know there are those who say that to take away the labour from this country is depleting this country of its greatest possession. I agree to that up to a point, but there is a power of reproduction, and our experience in this matter is that the more you take away the greater is the reproduction. The more you take away and the larger you make the room at home, the more successful are those left behind, more particularly when you are creating new markets to take the place of those which you have lost. What does Mr. Wakefield say?—

I, for one, am of opinion that if colonisation were systematically conducted, with a view to the advantage of the mother country, the control of the Imperial Power ought to be much greater, and the connection between the colonies and the centre far more intimate than it has ever yet been. I regard the waste but partially occupied territories which this nation has acquired by costly efforts as a valuable national property, which we have every right in justice, and are bound by every consideration of prudence, to use for the greatest benefit of the people of this country, and instead of leaving the colonies to take what form a thousand accidents may determine, and to grow up as castaways until they are strong enough to become enemies, I think that the imperial power ought to weld them into the form most agreeable to itself, and to bind them to this kingdom by indissoluble bonds.

What I ask you is, are those words of sense and words of reason, or are they otherwise? I did not pitch on the passage

which I intended to give you just now as regards the advantage which colonisation is to this country, and how it is that the taking away of a certain amount of the population from this country does not damage it, but is advantageous to it; but I should like to say a word or two on that subject. We know that every year the increase of the population of this country is enormous, but what I have to state to you is that were you to remove some of this population, your population would increase still more. It is well known that in poor neighbourhoods the birth of children is very great, but the number who actually grow up is very small, for the children are not properly nurtured, fed, or cared for. If you would only insist on the Government adopting some wise system of colonisation, and that they should not send emigrants out in such a way that they are thrust headlong into the cities far away, only to find themselves worse off in Australia than they were in England—if this were done, so far from rendering the population here less prolific, you would increase by a very large percentage the ratio of grown up persons who are constantly being added to the population of this country.

I begin to feel that I have already occupied more than my half-hour, but there are many other points which I intended to have brought before you. I am aware, however, that the time has passed, and no doubt there are some here who will wish to contravene the arguments I have used, and it would be unjust for me to interfere with their opportunity. I would submit, in conclusion, that colonisation is a matter of the first importance in this country; that it is, in point of fact, the means by which, according to the laws of nature and the beneficence of Providence, we can meet the difficulties which now stare us in the face. The question of the housing of the poor will not be met by eleemosynary means; in fact the eleemosynary steps which have been taken have defeated their own end. In consequence of the desire to build dwellings for the poor on a

charitable basis, the action of the natural builder of the residences of the poor has been very considerably checked. Of course if you attempt or think it wise to house the poor at the national expense, by all means do it, but I am satisfied that in a short time you will find you have worked out your own destruction, that it is an impossibility, and that you are taking the wrong course. We have a lesson within a few miles of our own shores of the curse of artificially dealing with natural laws which ought to be an instruction to us. I know it is a controversial point, and therefore I shall avoid going into it at any length, but we know that Ireland at the present moment shows the difficulties of dealing with the laws of nature. There is a natural law which must be obeyed. Directly you depart from it you turn the whole course of affairs into disorder. It is a well-known fact that at the present moment not one inch of land in Ireland can be sold or dealt with, because the Government have interfered with the natural laws with regard to the land of that country. The people, it was said, wanted land, but if the Government had provided that land which lies idle on the other side of our seas, and is not far or difficult to reach—in fact very little more trouble to reach than it was to go from Edinburgh to London some years ago—if the people who cried for land had had land given to them which was ours to give with no injustice, no alienation of right, and no unfairness to any single person—if that course had been pursued another state of affairs would have existed at the present moment, and instead of land being unsaleable it would have been sought after. You must put land to its natural use according to the surrounding circumstances. You cannot say “This land shall produce corn,” and “This shall produce the vine.” It will only produce that which Almighty Providence chooses to allow, and if you want these things you must go elsewhere. The value of land does not alone depend on what it produces. How much more valuable is a garden than a cornfield, yet the

garden produces nothing compared with the cornfield. The flower garden produces nothing but that which is amusing and pleasant, but it is the natural use of the land following the civilisation which we enjoy. That is the natural application of the land in England, and the natural application of the land in the colonies is for food for the people. We must make the whole empire homogeneous.

Thus far, then, I have spoken of the benefits to be derived from colonisation, and the singular neglect of the people, and of both the Home and Colonial Governments, to take advantage of these opportunities, which are of national and imperial importance. I would wish to add, however, that the fault lies with the Home Government rather than with the Colonial Governments, and the more so that the Home Government has a long historical past to guide it.

What I now urge is that it is the only means by which land can be honestly and wisely provided for those who desire to possess it—that it is the only source from whence new markets can be evolved to afford employment to people in this country and to resuscitate our drooping commerce. But that this should be successful, confederation of our colonies with the mother country, acting as one empire, is a necessity. But the theme is too great for me to attempt to enter upon it to-night. I must content myself with hoping that I have to some extent shown that if we wish to be successful in the future, as we have been in the past, our statesmen must grapple with these questions, and as the ancient Greeks made Magna Grecia, so must we make Greater Britain.

May 11th, 1885.

“Education versus Cram.”

By the Rev. L. M. D'ORSEY, M.A., Principal of
Grosvenor School, Twickenham.



IN discussing the subject, “Education *v.* Cram,” it would seem to be desirable to start with a clear idea as to what education really is. I propose to define education as that which tends towards producing the nearest conceivable approximation to the type of perfect man. If this be a fair and just view of what is meant by the word education, a person who undertakes the education of a child should have clearly and constantly before his mind a full and appreciative conception of his responsibilities. He should determine what are the essential points at which he should aim, and settle on the best means for carrying to a successful issue his attempts at their realisation. If we consider what the subjects of his educational efforts are ; that the young things have a future before them in comparison with which this life, long though it may be, is but a fleeting moment ; that they are the Temple of the Living God ; and that their powers for good or evil, usefulness or crime, mainly depend on the educator’s work, we can well understand what an awful responsibility all those incur who in any way undertake the education of the young.

A division of education into three parts seems easy and natural—viz., Moral, Intellectual, and Physical.

Under the Moral I would place religious training, not so much that which might be termed dogmatic teaching, but that which inculcates principles of truthfulness, honesty, obedience, discipline, uprightness, straightforwardness, bravery, and nobleness of character.

Under the Intellectual I would place the fostering of the senses and their training, producing general development of the reasoning faculties.

And under the Physical I would include the practice of every art that lends itself to the compacting of the strong, healthy, sound body.

Thus true education ought to supply the educated with a guiding power, a perceiving power, and a supporting power. The moral side of man's nature requires intellect and judgment to temper its zeal; the intellect requires a well ordered home in which to take up its abode. Education, to be successful, should be balanced. The moral side should not be in excess of the intellectual, nor the intellectual of the physical, nor yet the physical in excess of either the moral or intellectual; all three must be in direct proportion to the other's needs and subordinate. I might compare the truly educated man to a well found vessel, where there is the trained hand that turns the wheel, the rudder that guides the ship clear of shoals, and the strong hull that withstands the buffeting of the waves.

Here I think we may leave for a while the subject of education, and turn to what is popularly known as "Cram."

On the question of Cram and Crammer there is so much misconception that I feel almost appalled by the task of trying to elucidate its mysteries in a paper of this kind. Let me begin, however, by saying most emphatically that cram is not education, and never can be; that the crammer is not an educator, and never can be; that cram on the other hand is instruction merely, and the crammer an instructor merely.

On the growth of the examination system a class of persons has sprung up popularly known as "Crammers," because their business was to cram as much paying matter into the brains of their pupils as they could in a given time. Let alone the moral and physical aspects of education, what had these crammers to do with even the intellectual? Nothing whatever. In fact, how could they afford to spend

months in developing intellect, when memory was the most paying commodity. No: "Cram, Cram, Cram," was their war cry, and cram they did to perfection. The whole thing was reduced to a science, and the most talented of the craft could boast not only of what they had been able to cram into the minds of the examinees, but of how they had been able to read, with a power almost akin to prophecy, the minds of the examiners themselves.

From the fact that cramming took place chiefly in connection with the public examinations, a very general delusion, amounting in many cases to a gross injustice, has arisen, by which any gentleman who reads with pupils for these examinations is stigmatised as a crammer. I know several such gentlemen, who are indignant at the term being applied to them, and in whose establishments the teaching is as methodical and intellectual as the most thoroughgoing advocate for intellectual culture could desire. But I believe they are in the minority, and equally I believe the genuine professional crammer will continue to exist and to thrive as long as there are found parents who, having neglected their duty towards their sons in their early days, endeavour to make up for the lost time by sending them to establishments where by frequent draughts of concentrated essence of knowledge, liberal allowance of strong tea, and midnight toil, the more successfully doctored ones are enabled to pour out such a string of facts that they are pronounced by H. M. C. S. C. as having duly passed such and such an examination. If the evil stopped here, if it were only the poor fellow, crippled in mind and body, on whom we had to expend our sympathy, why this would be sad enough, but when we know that oftentimes these men have to fulfil most onerous duties, on which the destinies of nations may almost be said to depend, then the question indeed becomes grave. In support of this I would refer you to a paragraph in *The Times* of December 11th, 1882, when the folly of the course at

present pursued in the examination for the Indian Civil Service becomes apparent.

I must now pass on to Cram taken in a broader sense. Here unfortunately much confusion exists, and many words and phrases are used by the public in a vague indefinite way, which, though really meaning very different things, are employed to express much the same idea. As examples of these I may mention education, instruction, cram, hard work, over-pressure. Education I have already shown consists of three parts—the Moral, Intellectual, and Physical. Instruction, I take it, is the mere imparting of knowledge; cram I consider to be a more concentrated form of instruction; hard work applies to instruction; over-pressure, when the mind and body are unduly taxed.

Again, much confusion exists, even in circles where one would least expect it, as to the difference between intellectual education and mere instruction. This arises from the fact that the subjects taken in hand by the educator and instructor are for the most part common property. Let me give an example—say the Latin language. Let us look upon it in the light of a fortress. The educator and instructor are both attacking it. The superficial observer, while watching the operations going on, will think they have a common aim, viz., the taking of the stronghold. He will see but little difference in the modes of attack. He goes up to General Educator and asks him what his object is. “Sir, my object is to train my soldiers; they will have other and more important fortresses to assail later on; this is mere practice; I don’t care if they don’t take this particular one; it would be of little use to most of them if they did succeed, but the habits of obedience, discipline, reflection, and exercise of judgment acquired during these operations will be invaluable.” Our casual observer now walks round to the other general. He is General Instructor. “See,” he says, “what progress we are making; very different from that old fellow over there; he will spend a whole

morning in making his men think over the last move he has made; my men are busy pulling down the stones; we shall soon be in. What do I care about training my men? That's nothing to me. My reputation will rise or fall with my success or want of success. If I take this fortress people will see how clever my men are and what a great general I am."

I hope by this simile I have made my meaning plain. It is not the subjects taught that make the difference between education and instruction, but the spirit in which these subjects are attacked. The educator takes up a study chiefly with the object of developing and training the pupil's intellect, the instructor with a view of putting as much knowledge of that study into the pupil's mind as possible. The first course will produce, as its chief fruit, a show of increased intellect, the second a show of increased learning. The first is calculated to produce an intelligent being, the second a perambulating encyclopædia.

I should like now to descend for a few minutes rather more into details, and contrast the actual working of the two systems, say in a school.

Let us take Latin. I imagine a class to be engaged on a book of Cæsar. The educator, with his mind bent on developing the thinking powers of his pupils, will let them know in the first place who Cæsar was, giving a brief account of his life. How can a pupil be expected to take any interest in a subject if he knows nothing of the author of the book read, or of the history of the times in which the events described took place? The teacher will then go on to explain the geography of the country; he will describe the weapons used, the mode of warfare pursued, drawing analogies between the past and present. On turning to the language itself, he will contrast the Latin phraseology with that of the English or French, not forgetting to point out the modern words derived from the Latin words of the text, and their change, if any, in meaning. The whole lesson in his

hands becomes interesting, intelligible, and intellectually improving. Now see how the mere instructor or crammer proceeds. His object being to get over as much ground as possible, he has no time for any of the above. He must bestow all his energy on seeing that his class learns up the English translation as correctly as possible. If there is any time to spare it must be devoted to memory work, learning up the genders of nouns and the perfects and supines of the verbs.

Again, in the teaching of geography and history the difference of the two styles is equally conspicuous. In the educator's hands these branches become engaging studies. A thousand interesting particulars are gradually unfolded, on which the pupils can hang the drier and more mechanical facts. With him a river becomes, as it were, a living thing, awakening the dormant faculties and arousing attention. It affords means of introducing slight geological allusions, and brings before the minds of the class numerous reflections, such as why towns and cities are found on a river's bank; how some rivers are navigable and others not; why some have a strong current, others a weak; why some have their waters of one hue, others of another; why some rivers are of an icy coldness, others whose waters are almost tepid. The why and the wherefore of every fact are to the front; cause and effect are clearly seen.

The instructor says, "Now, my boys, for the list of capitals you have prepared for me; yes, that will do. Now we shall go over yesterday's lesson. Jones, give me that list of towns on the river Rhine. Yes, very well said. I think we shall do for the examiners this time." Possibly the examiners are done, but what then? How can these dry lists benefit the pupils, even if well learnt? But how fares it when the unlucky candidate gives the wrong list, and when asked to mention the important towns on the banks of the Danube, he carefully writes down those on the Volga?

And when we think of the way that history is generally taught, with what a feeling of disgust we approach the question. What ought to be a subject of interest and delight, opening up to our view, as it does, the narrative of England's progress, the world's progress I may say, in the Arts, Sciences, and Literature, becomes a dry collection of disconnected facts and dates; the persons who might be clothed with so much life, meaningless nonentities, their only association a date; and the great facts, the turning points possibly in the history of civilisation, a mere catalogue of bare names and places. "What's the meaning of this, please sir?" says small Jones. "Never mind," thunders instructor, "we have no time for explanation; you know we have to get up the whole of this period for next examination. Proceed! Give the date of the battle of Hastings, give the date of ——." Yes, it is all "give the date," "who fought," "who conquered," "who did this," and "who did that." Unhappy man, unhappy boys, to have to endure such a system! Who is to blame? Certainly not the boys; perhaps not the master. Who then? Echo answers, "The age we live in."

Here I may just refer to a letter I read in last week's *Guardian* somewhat apropos of the above. A boy, who had just read "William ruled with a rod of iron," was asked where the rod was now preserved, "In the Tower, sir," was the lad's happy answer.

Time forbids my referring to the application of the two styles of teaching to the other branches of study usually taken up in a school, but the differences are equally visible, and notably so in the case of mathematics. With respect to the different effects that education and cram have upon the minds of the pupils there cannot be a shadow of doubt. The faces of the children offer pretty trustworthy evidence. A glance from the bright intelligent countenances of those brought under the one influence to the dull uninterested ones of the other is sufficient. In fact, no one, who has not practically

examined the question, can believe the effect that education has upon the features of the young. Here I mean education, not mere instruction. I mean that education, taken in its broad comprehensive form of the Moral, Intellectual, and Physical, which ennobles, quickens, and invigorates. The young boy or girl is the potter's plastic clay; the potter is the parent, pastor, or master. He is the minister of God. With the slightest touch he imprints some mark of the divine work, and what was once the sodden lump of shapeless earth, as if by magic, becomes the bright form, destined perchance to serve for years to come as a model to others, spreading abroad its bright influence, helping to encourage, serving to stimulate, and ever tending to bring the whole of mankind nearer to its Creator.

Here a word of explanation seems desirable. An advocate of one system often runs the risk of being accused of ignoring any of the good points to be found in another. While pleading for education, some may imagine I under-rate the acquisition of knowledge. Far from it; one has too many examples in daily life of its need. Besides, in many cases the memory does require strengthening. What I do maintain is this—that all instruction should be given with the view of bringing out the powers of the mind, and I consider that any subject thus treated is more likely to be thoroughly mastered, and more likely to prove of real use to the possessor, than any knowledge fostered under the system of cram. In the one case the subject is understood, in the other it is not.

In conclusion it seems only natural to ask which is gaining the day—Education or Cram? I am much afraid that the latter is in the ascendancy. So long as our public examinations are based on a system which offers a premium on memory work, so long will cram prosper and education go to the wall. The whole spirit of the age encourages cram. The cry is for *Results*. Our best public schools boast of Results. Our lower grade schools are paid by Results. And

what is meant by Results? The having passed some examination. But does this passing imply that the candidate possesses one single quality that will be of value to him in after life? I doubt it. You who are here to-night, ask yourselves what you have found useful of all you ever learnt while at school. How little of the actual bookwork has availed you in the great battle of life! Has it not rather been your religion and its teachings; your powers of reflection and judgment; your habits of perseverance, order, and obedience; and lastly your strong frame and healthy constitution that have stood you in good stead? And how can the measure of the richness of your possessions be gauged in the examination room? Man's examination is Life; God is his Judge; his deeds of usefulness are the Results. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when the folly of the course now pursued will become too apparent, and a reaction will take place. Until the tide turn we must expect the instructor to continue to ply his craft with ever increasing zeal, reaping his full share of results; while the educator, with the current against him, will plod quietly on, looking forward to the lives of his pupils as the best and most enduring fruit of his toil.

March 24th, 1884.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

The following extracts corroborate in a remarkable degree some of the lines of thought occurring in this paper. The first is from the address of Dr. Percival at Liverpool College, delivered in January, 1885.

No one will accuse me, I believe, of under-rating the value of work; but work, when all is said and done, is but the handmaid of life. School work has various aspects, but the chief of all is its influence on life: and the two most important things for those who regulate it to consider are its use (1) for the cultivation of faculty, (2) for the cultivation of tastes; for these two things determine the quality and the power of the life. Great as has been our

educational advancement during the last thirty years, I am not sure that in these respects we have done all that might have been done, or that we are so very much better than our fathers were.

On this the editor of the *Journal of Education* observes (June 1st, 1885) :—

These remarks refer to all our schools, but it is in the elementary schools that we have done most, and, if judged by Dr. Percival's standard, have achieved least. Our elaborate machinery of "passes," whether in the three R's or in extra subjects, does little for the cultivation of faculty, and still less for the cultivation of tastes. The most important faculty of all, that of intelligent thinking, is totally neglected. Not a taste is implanted that will survive the school age, and too often the children leave school with a *distaste* for everything they have been driven to get up for the inspector.

The quotation following is from a review of "Recollections of Pattison," which also appeared in the *Journal of Education* for June 1st, 1885 :—

A trifling incident may show how strong was his [Pattison's] antipathy to the narrow classical instruction which used to form the chief staple of our public school education. I had been talking about my own school time at Harrow. He turned round and asked abruptly, "Did you learn anything there?" I hesitated. "Answer me 'Yes' or 'No' Can you recall a single thing worth remembering that you learnt during all the years that you spent there?" I replied that, owing to my extreme short sight and consequent slowness in looking out words in a dictionary, I was not a good sample of a Harrow boy, but that some of my schoolfellows certainly learnt much. "Yes," he said, doubtfully, "perhaps you may be right."



“The Craze for Cheapness.”

By Mr. EDWARD KING, Editor of the “Richmond
and Twickenham Times.”



AND what is cheapness? Well, perhaps the popular idea of cheapness is a large return for a small outlay; a return in which quantity is estimated at a value out of all just proportion to quality. More or less, most bargain hunters are of the mind of the Vicar of Wakefield's son Moses. When they go to the fair they like plenty of green spectacles for their money; and when they have got the green spectacles home, how they love to call around them their friends and neighbours to prove how wise they have been in their own conceit. You and I, with the rest of the wise ones, smile a sickly little smile at the fallacies of life (for of course we are not bargain hunters; we are far too sensible for that), and turn away to remember that someone has said, and not untruly—

The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.

We may question the morality of the lines, but what observer of life dare question their accuracy? History endorses them; every day they are illustrated by the mad pranks of human nature in the wild hunts after bargains of every sort, from bargains in wives to bargains in crockery. The celebrated “History of Popular Delusions” is a work which its author may have commenced, but he could only commence; it can only end with the same “finis” which shall close the last page of the history of human nature.

The wild and unreasoning pursuit of cheapness is a craze, because it is usually founded upon a tissue of

fallacies. The pursuit of bargains is frequently based upon the assumption that the seller is a fool and the buyer a sage; time tests that soft impeachment, and too often proves that the characteristics of the parties should be reversed. What is known as the "cheap market" abounds in imposition. As we get more into the detail of our subject I think this will become a fact beyond question, but we may briefly illustrate by the way. Tenders are invited for a contract; they arrive, and are opened; there is an amazing difference in the various totals; sharpers and honourable men compete, the lowest figures being often those of the most unscrupulous; they secure the work and "the profit comes in," either by a huge bill of extras which is so ingeniously concocted that it cannot well be evaded, or by "a little arrangement" with some shady architect or surveyor, which we need not examine in detail.

Estimate if you can the thousands of choice passages which have been marred in their conception owing to the cheap imposition of vile pens refusing to travel over paper with the flying fluency of burning thoughts. Who that scans with careful eye the flowing manuscript of Macaulay, as exhibited at the British Museum, can imagine that he wrote with other than the best of nibs, or quills of quality and careful cut? Perish the thought that the noble literary merits of the siege of Londonderry or the grand descriptive passages in the trial of Warren Hastings ever hung fire in their composition through the lethargic flexibility of a wretched pen or the splutterings of inferior quills.

When the *Hour* newspaper was in existence it was not unusual for the seekers after cheap advertising to compare its charges for advertisements with the prices of the *Daily Telegraph*. It is presumable that these sapient ones desired the widest publicity. It was undeniable that both papers were "dailies," and that they were to be had at all the metropolitan bookstalls. But if the charges of the *Telegraph*

had been ten times that of the *Hour* an advertisement in its columns would have been the best investment, for while the *Telegraph* had a sale of something like 250,000 copies, the *Hour* at the time of its decease had a circulation of only 6,000. In the purlieus of the City are not a few disreputable advertising agents who draw large sums from unwary tradesmen by the bait of cheap advertising in one hundred newspapers. The crucial investigation of disputed claims heard in the law courts has proved that one newspaper has counted perhaps for twenty by the heading line and title having been altered throughout, matter and advertisements in either case being identical—another example of the fallacies of cheapness.

No one is more alive to the fact that the "cheap market" abounds in imposition than the tenant of the cheap house—the "whited sepulchre" of the speculative builder. He, too, sometimes burns his fingers at the game of speculation, but when deceivers are cheated shall the righteous deign to shed a sympathetic tear? A few years since the "run-them-up-anyhow" builder thought he had discovered a great find in foreign doors at low prices. For a time these doors turned out fairly well, but as the demand became greater the quality deteriorated; with a few ounces of putty, an hour of expensive time, and unlimited glass-paper, the delinquencies of foreign scamping were botched up by the amiable British painter, whose paint and putty knife covers multitudes of sins; but when the value of the English time and the foreign cost were added together the speculation looked doubtful, and thus foreign doors are less popular than formerly. Experience, too, teaches the tenant of the cheap house the dearness of his speculation. Sanitary arrangements which engender typhoid, rocking sashes which create colds and admit the biting air of winter, so that huge fires are indispensable, cheap gasfittings which waste gas and cause damage to torn up carpets, thanks to sundry leakages, ill-located larders which freeze the meat in

winter and half cook it in summer, prove to him a dozen times in a year that cheapness is only a poor counterfeit for economy, which is seldom dissociated from a good article at a fair price.

Another imposition and delusion of the cheap market is lightly-made and ill-finished machinery. To a superficial observer in the matter of price lists, English makers compare unfavourably with foreign firms. The test of time proves the reverse. Place the machines before a practical man and see which he will select. Not only will the English make wear the longest on account of its superior fitting, especially in places where there is a heavy strain on the bearings, but the framework being more solidly constructed, should any unforeseen strain occur, the area of breakage will be less, and consequently the expense of repairs less in proportion. And beyond this it should be remembered that high-class machinery may always be run at a greater speed than that of an inferior make, that it frequently takes less power to drive it, through its admirable fittings, proportion, and balance of parts, and that it invariably turns out better work than what is known as cheap machinery, thus commanding a better price for the manufacturer and ensuring his reputation for quality.

Other fallacies of the short-sighted and parsimonious may be illustrated by the "cutting down" process when parish roads are to be mended and estimates are under discussion. This may be more common in village vestries than in town boards; but there can be no question that cheap material for road metalling is the very worst economy, that it does not last half the time of the best stone, that it consequently creates a larger amount of mud, and that the larger amount of labour expended much more than balances the difference between original cost, to say nothing of damage to residential reputation caused through the use of the inferior material. As it is but a step from the road to the pathway, it may not be out of place to localise this point by a passing reference to what the inhabitants of Richmond have suffered through the

use of second-rate material in the making and mending of pathways in some of our leading thoroughfares. Discontent has been common, and who can wonder that such should have been the case, so long as ratepayers have eyes to see and feet to feel. Bargain hunters are so wanting in the reflective faculty that it is impossible for them to avoid carrying their private policy into public life, and hence the occasional anomaly at board meetings of parsimonious members wasting valuable time over the spending of a sovereign, when that time might have been much better occupied in the discussion of matters which might have saved hundreds from being muddled away by incompetent or unscrupulous parish servants. Fortunately for Richmond, the Vestry seems tolerably free from such exasperating nigglers; but that they have a by no means rare existence is patent to any general student of local board reports.

Extending our range of vision (for our subject is a huge one when all its bearings are considered) to the national aspect of the question, we come face to face with this problem:—Can England, as a nation, gain anything by a reputation for cheapness? I think not, and I would venture to go further and say that a national reputation for mere cheapness would eventually damage and reduce our export trade. The words “English made” have hitherto been associated with quality rather than mere lowness of price. And it seems well that they should be, so long as employers of skilled and other labour have to pay a higher wage than their Continental neighbours. With wages as they are in England, many kinds of manufacturers, to remain solvent and reduce the price of their goods, would be compelled to reduce the standard of quality also. That they could ill afford to do, for it is on the very ground of superlative quality—thoroughness, solidity, durability, and finish—that England supplies a want which is generally acknowledged in the foreign markets of the world. But that reputation is already questioned. The author of

John Bull and his Island asserts that "England is the home of shoddy. Thanks to free trade, you have a cardboard villa for £200 and a silk umbrella for one shilling and sixpence." "The quality must often suffer from this mad rage for buying in the cheapest market." May not we find an illustration of the tampering with a reputation for quality to secure a reputation for cheapness (or low prices) in the history of the Lyons silk trade. Formerly Lyons silks had a superlative reputation for quality, but drapers say this is a thing of the past, for the Lyons makers, emulous of beating other and inferior makers in price, had no alternative but to resort to their tricks of manufacture. Thus, through this short-sighted policy, the Lyons silk trade is in this unfortunate position:—It has lost a once world-wide reputation for undeniable quality, and has consequently lost the better prices which a reputation for a superlative make must always command. The commercial virtue of quality in manufacture has an existence of equal delicacy to virtue of character; once damaged, its repair is beset with prodigious difficulty, for in either case there are a thousand vested interests at work to keep in the gutter of an evil reputation that which has once been kicked there.

This national aspect of the question, in our commercial relations to foreign countries, is one so pregnant and suggestive that it might well form the subject of a complete paper; I am only able to refer to it in passing, but I cannot leave it entirely, without raising a point for discussion which some art member may touch upon more fully. Possibly we shall all agree that British artists command a higher price for their pictures than those of any other country. If that be so it is of the very greatest importance that canvas and pigments should be of the most enduring quality. We all know what the use of questionable colouring matters has done towards damaging the reputation of Turner and reducing the value of his marvellous works, and how in that damaged colouring they suggest an

age twice as great as the four centuries that the paintings of Van Eyck have existed, to excite the admiration of generations of artists, on account of their almost miraculous brilliancy and durability of colour. If it is not now possible to obtain colours and canvas which shall stand the fair wear of centuries, the purchasers of great modern English works at enormous prices for foreign galleries may be paying too dearly for pictures which may contain in their composition the germs of deterioration and premature decay. Every well-wisher to English art will hope devoutly that the surmise may be an unfounded one; but even a casual scrutiny of the works of some British artists at the South Kensington Museum, the National Gallery, the House of Commons, and the Burlington House Diploma Gallery will supply material for somewhat unpleasant speculation. Successful modern artists who would have their reputation live in honour would do well to avoid one flaw in the art policy of Rubens, who sometimes sacrificed quality to quantity, by employing so many tyros to work on his reputed canvases that the present critical and doubting age is somewhat shy of works attributed to the great master, seeing that paintings alleged to be by Rubens cover Dutch and Belgic walls by the acre, and in some cases libel his genius most abominably. Pictures he undoubtedly touched were sometimes produced with only a cheap amount of his personal labour; but they are *not* the pictures which have won him enduring fame. What could be a greater contrast than his grand Antwerp masterpieces (full of his own genius, personal and unmistakable,) and the dull commonplaces of the House in the Wood at the Hague?

If we now pass from the world of art to the world of literature we shall there find abundant proofs of the baneful influence of the popular appreciation of cheapness, which puts a mischievous premium on the shallow and crude. It is notorious that the price and time pressure put upon authors by publishers of cheap periodical literature leaves small

chance for thoroughly matured work. The marvel is that under the circumstances it is done so well. But the great mass of the public are happy and contented; the huge weekly issue of fact and comment is quite enough to supply the literary tastes of the multitude; thus, their whole available time is engrossed with the necessarily superficial, which crowds out and overlaps and obscures the great masterpieces of past authorship which should so materially help to create character, prompt to sound judgment in life, and assist the reader to rise superior to the petty vexations which beset his daily path. The practice so largely in fashion of paying for literary work by the page, or the column, puts a premium upon superficial authorship and exalts quantity above quality; and the premium upon the superficial becomes all the greater when the writer is plagued by the pressure of need. This premium upon authors for quantity rather than quality tells its tale in the pages of the *Athenæum*. There are advertisements of books without end—but how many survive the vicissitudes of a year? How few will be known ten years hence, or command a profitable sale for half that time? They have cost the author small time and little brain wear to produce; the publisher has cut his part of the cost very fine; in one sense the public has had a cheap book, but which of the parties can indulge in pleasurable retrospection? You may fill a mile of bookshelves with such works, but what good are they for permanent reference, pleasurable reperusal, or quotable authority? When a good price is paid for high quality in authorship, the sale of the book is usually enduring, and thus, though the original outlay may be ten times that for feeble mediocrity, the investment is one which keeps the balance on the right side of the ledger through the steady profits of a permanent sale. When Longmans paid Macaulay a £20,000 cheque for one edition of his *History of England*, of which 26,500 copies were sold in ten weeks, and Murray paid at various times to Lord Byron £23,540 for his poetical works,

the public may have been amazed at the huge array of imposing figures; but then it was in consideration of work which bore the hall mark of exalted genius, and which the publishers knew full well would have a permanent association with the literature of England. In his *Life of Pericles*, Plutarch has justly observed that "ease and speed in the execution seldom give a work any lasting importance or exquisite beauty; while on the other hand the time which is expended in labour is recovered and repaid in the duration of the product." It is true enough that some notable works of enduring fame have been written with remarkable celerity, but they may have simmered in the mind for years, and the mere penmanship has generally been the final touch to carefully matured thoughts. Gray took seven years to complete his immortal *Elegy*; Milton and Dante composed slowly and with infinite pains; Rogers employed seven years in producing the *Pleasures of Memory*; and over a poem of 346 lines, Boileau composed, touched, and retouched for three years and eleven months. There is truth in Sheridan's remark that easy writing is often very hard reading.

And this craze for cheap literary work exerts a degrading influence on contemporary authorship by directly discouraging thoroughness and research in preparation. How can authors afford the time they demand? Imagine such amazing monuments of research as Buckle's *History of Civilization in England* being produced under such wretched auspices, when even the list of authors quoted and referred to by Buckle includes something like 600 authorities. It has also discouraged the splendid and costly products of the Press in which art, literature, and travel have each combined to the furtherance of one grand result. Dare even the most wealthy and enterprising of contemporary publishers risk the production of works which would vie in massive grandeur with Gould's *Birds* or Dugdale's *Monasticon*, or the nobly devised County Histories of a past generation? It is true such books

as these were often subscription works, and thus the risk of publication was greatly reduced, but who in 1884 would find the public to subscribe? The love of mere cheapness has worked an indifference for such magnificent thoroughness of purpose as these truly splendid works demanded in their design and execution.

If we pass from what is almost the exclusive labour of the mind to the wider areas of mechanical labour, shall we not here too find unpleasant traces of the evils resulting from the constant demands for cheapness? As in the case of the mind worker, the artizan who works with his hands as well as his mind is constantly tempted to degenerate into the mere "wood-spoiling scamper." Speed and indifferent work are much more popular in some workshops than fair and reasonable time and excellence of finish. The remark applies to a hundred manufacturing trades, but to none more so than to that of the cabinet maker. If sentimental, the girl generations of the future will have no chance to sing of the "old arm chairs" which our age might produce were thoroughness of manufacture as popular as it should be. The gentle associations which surround much of the old family furniture of the Chippendale period of thoroughness and exquisite finish are impossible with the decrepid products of the "cutting" cabinet maker. It is buy one year, patch the second, and sell the third; association becomes a horror and sentiment a farce. What tender associations and noble thoughts were inspired by the memory of the "dear old oak bureau" at which Bulwer wrote in his youth; what sturdy and noble furniture was that of which Carlyle wrote when, in reference to the migration of himself and Mrs. Carlyle to London, he says:—

She was very hearty for London when I spoke of it. . . .
"Burn our ships!" she gaily said one day—*i.e.*, dismantle our house; carry all our furniture with us. And accordingly here it still is, mostly all of it her father's furniture, whose character of solidly noble is visibly written on it: "Respect what is truly made to its purpose; detest what is falsely, and have no concern with it." My own heart could not have

been more emphatic on that subject ; honour to him for its worth to me, not as furniture alone ! My writing-table, solid mahogany, well devised, always handy, yet steady as the rocks, is the best I ever saw ; “ No book could be too good for being written here,” it has often mutely told me.

. . . . Repeatedly have upholsterers asked, “ Who made these chairs, ma'am ” ? In Cockneydom, nobody in our day ; “ unexampled prosperity ” makes another kind. . . . My pride, fierce and sore as it might be, was never hurt by that furniture of his in the house called mine ; on the contrary my piety was touched, and ever and anon have this table, &c., been a silent, solemn sermon to me.

How would such “ solidly noble ” furniture harmonise with the wretched shifts of split skins, tissue thick veneers, and French polish which waxes dull in a month ?

And is it not quite possible that the impatient unreasoning rage for domestic show in the present day has put a premium upon a gaudy kind of cheapness in the matter of furniture ? A young couple marry, and they have but modest means. They hardly like running up bills at the outset of domestic life, still they desire to make “ a brave show,” to have their house completely furnished as soon as the honeymoon is over, forgetting that one of the pleasures of married life is the gradual building up of a home, every part of which shall show the characteristic taste of the creators of that home. But the impatient couples will have everything at once ; the passion for immediate and complete possession of all things domestic impels them to a hundred acts of folly. Wardrobes, sideboard, tables, chairs, bookcase, are all bought new and at once. Modest means and the desire for “ everything complete for our ‘ at homes ’ ” do not admit of quality being taken into consideration ; quantity there is in abundance, but what of taste and durability ? In ten years’ time the eye is wearied with shabbiness and ugliness ; perhaps energetic little hands have tested the “ breaking strain ” of the cabinet maker’s modern rubbish to an extent bordering on the distracting ; rub as the servants will there is no shine in table or chair ; the split skins of the couch are seamed and torn in spite of

ingenious patchwork repairs; the premature decay of the household gods is a "little wearing" to the wife who is so perpetually face to face with their hideous defects; the sensitive husband looks around him and is conscious of the pangs which arise from an atmosphere of shabbiness, and worst of all these domestic evils grow in exact proportion to the improved taste which a quiet observation of other and better devised homes has created; the Romes which are not built in a day stand the time test with honour; to furnish with haste is to repent at leisure.

Here then we find the fair sex sometimes at fault; but candour suggests that this is not the only case of impulse getting the better of discretion. There are plenty of unprincipled builders who trade upon this occasional want of discretionary balance in the feminine mind. The ecstatic impulse engendered by a charming treatment of decoration in the drawing room by the crafty builder causes some impressionable ladies to soar into an empyrean quite above drains and a dozen other matters of important detail relative to quality in construction; the calmer judgment of the more prosaic husband is set at naught; his nervous notions are bundled to Old Fogeydom, wherever that may be; beauty prevails, and at leisure beauty repents when the fine chiselling of her classic nose is damaged by colds which always *will* arrive when dances are abundant, and a doting mother finds, too late, that her dear ones are always ailing. The mere rent may be moderate, but how does it look *plus* the annual bill of the doctor, and a fair yearly margin for furniture damaged by damp and the repairs incident to leasehold possession?

But there is another Nemesis in store for some impulsive and bargain hunting ladies besides that I have named as the fate of the unreflecting house hunter. Is it not true, beyond question, that there is a section of the fair sex who are constantly flitting from shop to shop in quest of bargains, cheapening this and cheapening that, irrespective of ultimate

consequences? Their demand for cheap goods makes an urgent demand for cheaper labour, for tradesmen cannot be expected to reduce what are often already merely marginal profits to suit the insatiate appetite for cheapness possessed by some of their customers. Occasionally the reckless spirit of the retail trader to "do business at any price" prompts him to cut down for the second or third time figures which were originally only marginal, with the ultimate result of closed shutters and a visit to Mr. Registrar Hazlitt. But more frequently the reduction in price is effected through pressure put on the manufacturer who adjusts matters by a huge employment of girl labour. Ultimately there is a doleful lamentation goes up on the part of these very ladies at the enormous wages demanded by servants, their remarkable scarcity and their general decline in quality. *Of course* there are these evils cropping up. We cannot eat and still possess our cake. The labour market is open to girls and they go into it, not so much in the vacancies of domestic servitude, but in the constant and more varied openings associated with manufacture. In the latter they get more freedom, little supervision in their leisure hours, and greater chances for association with the opposite sex. If, through incapacity to adapt themselves to the requirements of their employer or slackness in trade, they enter the lists of domestic servitude, their excessive Radicalism is a little trying; their "rights" are as the sands on the seashore in multitude; they smash and break right and left; they indoctrinate hitherto quiet fellow servants with ways which, to put it mildly, are slightly immodest; and for all these accomplishments they ask a wage which might be considered high for irreproachable excellence. Verily, with the lady bargain hunter, it is often a case of "the engineer hoist with his own petard."

What may generally be described as the health aspect of the "craze for cheapness" is so wide a one that it can only admit of a passing notice; I leave its development to the

scientific and medical, and yet I cannot wholly ignore its presence. Recently, and with justice, the London journals have paid considerable attention to a valuable paper read at the late Pharmaceutical Conference by Professor Attfield on "The Relation of the State to Pharmacy." In clear and cogent language the writer points out the almost criminal folly of people purchasing cheap drugs for themselves and their children, ignoring the all important and vital point of quality in these essential matters. It is an evil that through this growing practice there should be a chance of the highly educated and honourable vendor of pure drugs being reduced to undignified shifts to eke out a precarious living—for the profession of chemist and druggist generally to sink in character, as it must do if ground down by an ignorant and unscrupulous and unjust competition. But the evil comes closer home to the general public than that. Let me quote an example from Professor Attfield:—

A mother has been tempted to purchase paregoric elsewhere than of a druggist, not knowing that, unless the sale is an illegal one, the article is free from that opium to which, when present in proper proportion, much of the efficacy of the medicine is due. The compound being thus weak, she almost necessarily gets into the habit of giving considerably enlarged doses to her children. Some day there happens to be in the house, by accident, paregoric of proper official strength purchased of a chemist and druggist. The usual large dose is administered. Then, perhaps, all efforts to rouse her child from its deep sleep are unavailing. But to multiply illustrations where general facts are so palpable is unnecessary.

Passing over cheap food and its constant adulteration, the evils to the constitution resulting therefrom, and the distressing impositions practised upon the credulity of the poor in this respect, we may leave the health aspect of the question to those who follow me after one more illustration with which we have all come in contact. I refer to false economy, which prompts those who can afford to act more wisely to purchase cheap publications, badly printed, with faint ink and diminutive type. In this reading age, when the doctor's coachman

is a conspicuous student, when the cabman reads on his box, and half of every train full of passengers is similarly engaged, it becomes all the more needful that the constantly conned page should be printed in fairly legible type, as the conditions of perusal are so often unfavourable. City frequenters have recently seen large barrows full of penny *Oliver Twist's*. The price has been marvellous, but the type so closely set and diminutive that it is really terrible to contemplate the damage to the sight of the shopboys of London by the broadcast issue of this one publication. On the same grounds, is it not reasonable to associate some of the causes of the well-known imperfections of German sight to their constant close study of books produced in a cheap and inferior manner? And besides this, we may well remember that of two students studying abstruse facts from two editions of the same work—the one produced in clear legible type and the other in minute—he who has the best edition is least likely to suffer from mental exhaustion, because he has been quite unconscious of the merely mechanical part of perusal, and this point gathers force when the reading is a protracted one in artificial light.

We now come to the moral aspect of the “craze for cheapness,” and I venture to think that a great deal of what has already been discussed clears our ground on this head. In some part of their history what we call cheap things are constantly associated with fraud, oppression, or imposition. It has been justly said by a recent preacher at Westminster Abbey that “the woman who feels she is God’s daughter cannot wear cheap garments, with every stitch of which there has gone a sigh from a sister’s broken heart.” What is such grinding down of wages but a direct premium on vice and theft? The young girl who contrasts the tears, the groans, the abject poverty of the trouser finisher at 2½d. per pair, who finds her own thread—of poor wretches who give seventeen hours’ work (virtually consecutive) for one shilling—of the wan toilers who receive 10d. a dozen for shirt making, and 3d.

per dozen for lawn tennis aprons, has a grievous problem before her when she compares these earnings of needy virtue with the quickly won wage, and ten times greater, of those who have no scruples as to how and where they get it. The author of *Outcast London* says:—

A child seven years old is known easily to make 10s. 6d. a week by thieving; but what can he earn at matchbox making, for which 2½d. a gross is paid, the maker having to find his own fire for drying his boxes and his own paste and string? Before he can gain as much as the young thief he must make 56 gross of matchboxes a week, or 1,296 a day.

Thoughtless braggarts may boast of our national social economy, but how can that be economic which saves the domestic pocket in matters of petty detail by putting a premium on crime at the very threshold of thousands of young lives, on crime which costs the nation not only an enormous total of hard cash in the expense of supervision, but secures for the country generation after generation of thieves as the result of parental practice and example? Those who have created the hideous and cruel Frankenstein called "Cutting Prices" must not murmur if its authors are constantly numbered amongst its victims; the ways of Justice may be circuitous and her step leaden, but she always takes the road to retribution, and the blow, if tardy, is inevitable. Nor does the evil of "cutting prices" cease here. There is a broad and great subject for discussion in the fact that work which is faulty in character always tends to degrade the mind of the worker; but this point must be left for others who follow me; I pass on to the evil effects of "cutting prices" and unscrupulous competition on the mind and life of the seller. How can such tradesmen take a just pride in their business or goods? The rubbish with which they are constantly associated, combined with a critical knowledge of its actual intrinsic value, deals a blow at self-respect, which the vendor of a sound article at a fair price need never jeopardise. The merely cheap article can seldom, if ever, be recommended save at the cost of a direct lie. The "cutter" may one

day be cut out himself; he plays with edged tools which may work his own destruction. And if not, does he find his life, *at the best*, worth living? He hates and is hated; the "stab and murder your neighbour" principle, the "kick down and keep down" policy, is hardly conducive to friendship; it grinds the nerves into such a state of irritability that the poor victim can hardly drag out a smile for his little ones; it would be extravagance to waste one on dependents, most of all on those in his trade. Occasionally, through some unknown crooked ways, the "cutter" secures wealth; then he becomes too often a melancholy exponent of the "vanity of human wishes"; with impaired nerves and only tastes which are coarse and vulgar, he has no power to enjoy that which alone can give pleasure, and he dies a sad example of the truth that "a man may reach affluence and yet remain little better than a brute; nay, he may reach it by means which go far to keep him and make him a brute."

Even the precincts of the pulpit are degraded by our national "craze for cheapness." The preacher must often work for a wage which a bricklayer or carpenter would disdain with scorn; we are proud of our national generosity, and yet gentlemen of taste and culture are expected to live in gentility and preach nobly on stipends which degrade by their cruel insignificance and make all subordinate to the ignoble problem of how best to meet the demands of butcher and baker. Nor is this all. Too lazy to think, the multitude often accept the position of thinking by proxy; their attention to the preacher is the service of the eye but not of the mind—they fool themselves with the cheap make-believe of thinking and are guilty of the folly which worthy John Hales, of 17th century fame, denounced when he ridiculed his hearers "neglecting their own knowledge and securely hazarding themselves upon others' skill." It is a folly which the first question of a child can confound, to say nothing of ultimate and graver results.

Reference to the pulpit suggests one of the remedies for the "craze for cheapness." So long as folly, and greed, and selfishness, and stupidity exist, the craze will certainly endure. But it is possible to reduce its area of evil, and the teaching of the pulpit may be a means to that end. When the craze is pushed to extremes the bitter lessons of experience may in a thousand ways be roughly enforced on those who are too selfish or too stupid to learn from any more gentle monitor. It may be possible that the fate of those who would have others make bricks without straw may have an ominous nineteenth century repetition. But be that as it may, one thing is clear to every thoughtful observer—*mere cheapness is seldom, if ever, economy.* Relative values and successes can only be justly estimated by results and the unerring verdict of time and experience. There are already signs of a turn in the tide. With shopkeepers and public the question is beginning to be asked, "Is the game worth the candle"? Closed shops, worn out lives, bankruptcy notices, and sales by the score, in which cheap household goods are "sold for a song," tell a significant tale. There are signs of the revival of a taste for the genuine and the thorough. England is crazy in spasms. She was devoured by a cheap virtue craze when she scornfully cast out her idol Byron. One day she is crazy for skating rinks and the next for spelling bees. But the ballast of common sense rights the good ship, *and the ballast always remains*; it has been her salvation in the past, and that fact illumines the horizon of the future; to that common sense we may again look with hope, and we shall not look in vain.

January 28th, 1884.

*“Ought the Volunteer Movement to
receive a Greater Measure
of National Support”?*

By Acting-Surgeon W. A. F. BATEMAN, 5th Surrey
Rifle Volunteers.



IN the paper I have the honour of reading this evening, I ask the question—“Ought the Volunteer movement to receive a greater measure of national support”? I have selected this subject, first, because I believe it contains the elements of an interesting debate; secondly, because I think it important enough to justify any effort, however small, to awaken the English people to a sense of the improvidence of not more thoroughly insuring against possible disaster; and, lastly, because I believe it would be a wise and patriotic policy to extend a more generous support to the Volunteer organization.

I wish in this paper to describe, as fairly as I am able, the true condition of the force with regard to its capacity for taking the field as a last line of defence in the event of an invasion of our shores. I wish to emphasize its claim upon the nation's esteem, to criticise its deficiencies and its weaknesses; and for purposes of debate, and to challenge an expression of opinion, I venture to give the result of my own reflections as to its efficiency at the present time. But before discussing the force as a military machine I should like to say a few words of its individual members—the rank and file—the bone and brain and sinew which form the aggregate of our 200,000 Volunteers.

Now I have no hesitation in saying that whether we consider this large body of men morally, physically, or intellectually; whether we regard them in respect to their average age, height, chest measurement, or general uprightness of character, they will compare favourably with any equal number of men in the world, and I venture to think that no other nation save our own (considering how they have been constituted) could produce their like. They are drawn from that English stock every one of whom it was the fashion of our forefathers to consider better than two or three foreigners—sound of wind, strong of limb, and healthy minded; none of your weak and weedy, beardless, short service boys, whom “our one general” vaunts, but, if he can help it, never employs; but men—men with convictions, strong for the right and full of patriotism—the very *elite* of the intellectual and artizan classes. In the past history of England such men as these made her great and glorious, and in the time to come these Volunteers, give them proper equipment and discipline (for they require this), arm them with the best rifle and teach the whole of them to shoot, feed and clothe them when necessary, and, above all, make suitable provision for them when wounded or sick, and they will fully maintain, when called upon, England’s reputation among the nations of the world for gallantry and the power of stubborn resistance. Hitherto the Government of the country have not considered these possible needs under given circumstances, and indeed have extended only a faltering help to the auxiliary forces. If the efficiency of the Volunteers is considerable, it is the outcome alone of their own pluck and determination; neither of the great political parties of the State, in power or out of power, have seriously extended to them a helping hand. Neither Conservatives nor Liberals have sought to lead the public to consider this really great question of Volunteer equipment—Public opinion on military organisation is chiefly manufactured, together with “peace-at-any-price” and other articles of

shoddy, by Radical doctrinaires at Birmingham. I wish to speak with proper respect of a man whose name is revered by many, and who for good or evil has stamped his genius in strong relief on the pages of modern English history; but I maintain that Mr. John Bright, however great as an authority on certain political problems, is only a veiled "Prophet of Korrassan" on any question that involves the safe guardianship of the empire, or that affects its military prestige. The baleful oratory of Birmingham has helped already to lull the nation into a dangerous repose, and the drowsy influence seems so strong that, like the "voice of the sluggard," a wail of complaint arises, if the peaceful dream is disturbed by visions of insecurity and danger. It is humiliating no doubt to reflect that our high civilization is prolific in "shams," and I fear that the Volunteer force, from no fault of its own, has had to assume the national vaneer. Occasionally the Government, wishing probably to bluster some foreign State, thinks it necessary to "shew its muscle." The modern device is a demonstration. This is one of the "shams" of the age. It means the collection of an armed force that does not mean to fight if it can possibly help it. We generally go in for a naval demonstration, as it is the easiest form of swagger we can indulge in. At Dulcigno a solemn farce of this kind was performed with blank cartridges and the smiling obligato accompaniment of the Continental Powers. Occasionally, however, our rulers desire to treat the world to a military display. Regular troops would be quite out of the question; in the first place we have not enough of them; and secondly, it would really cost too much to collect 20,000 men, scattered as they are over the United Kingdom. In this difficulty the Government remember their neglected Volunteers. How gratifying to the force to be brought prominently before the world, and how excellently it suits the official convenience to parade in some of the pomp and a little of the circumstance of war thousands and thousands of these citizen soldiers

carrying their obsolete rifles.* Some time ago 50,000 men were thus reviewed before Her Majesty the Queen in Windsor Park. The Government practically said to France, to Russia, to the whole world, "Behold, here is a sample of our 200,000 trained Englishmen, capital shots everyone of them, excellent constitutions, awfully plucky fellows; and there are tens of thousands of such who have passed through this training over and above the 200,000." But is there not a little veneer in all this? If the Government told the whole state of the case they would say, "Here are 50,000 fine fellows, the raw material of a magnificent army; but they have only what they stand upright in; their rifles are out of date;* in a real campaign we have no means to supply them with ammunition after they have shot away that in their pouches; they have no stores of uniforms, great coats, or boots, and we, the Government, do not allow them to be supplied with these materials from the Government factories; and if their commanding officers were on active service they would no longer be able to provide these necessaries by private contract. They have no commissariat, and they have no staff of men instructed in commissariat duties. They have no ambulance wagons, hospital tents, surgery wagons, pharmacy wagons, and, compared to the force, only a very few men trained as sick bearers. They have no field service and no water carts; indeed they are deficient in everything that enables an army to move and exist during a campaign. After a week or ten days' active service this magnificent body of 50,000 men that we are flourishing off before you would either die of exposure and starvation or have to surrender themselves, together with their empty, obsolete Birmingham rifles—victims to Birmingham doctrinaires, an improvident Government, and of a false sense of security enjoyed by a confiding people." I maintain, therefore, that to have a

* The Martini-Henry rifle had not been served out to the Volunteers when this paper was read.

national army without the means of keeping it alive during active service is to have a national sham and a possible danger.

We English people are given to take into our systems a large proportion of "cant" as political pabulum. We speak of the Millenium as if we all belonged to the Society of Friends, and of the advantages of civilization as if we did not know that half the savagery of the world is perpetrated in its name. Birmingham pipes its pastoral strains of peace, and whilst so piping, under the guidance of a gifted minister, we lay in ruins a great city belonging to a friendly State. Without being at war we invade its shores, and in the cause of its liberties we slaughter uselessly thousands of its people. Let me say here that this is not intended as a political paper in a party sense; if I allude to some of the great events of the day, I do so only to support the view I am now considering, namely that some great reform in our military system is likely to become a necessity of our national existence. Before therefore particularising the defects of the Volunteer organization, allow me to take a brief survey of our relationship with foreign States. If we stand in no danger of an invasion by an enemy, then the *raison d'être* of the Volunteer force falls to the ground. The country can save the very small sum it expends on its game at soldiers, and "the goose step" may as well disappear from among us. But if there exists cause to apprehend the hostility of some one or more of the Continental Powers then we should leave no weak joint in our armour, and our last line of defence should be one upon which the nation could repose in confidence and calmness. This seems to me the more necessary since we ourselves have set an international fashion of doubtful morality, that some day may accrue to our own disadvantage. High imperial policy beyond ordinary powers of judgment may have dictated our action in Egypt. Be this as it may, there can be no gainsaying the fact that to Mr. Gladstone belongs the glory (if glory it be) of abolishing the old time-honoured practice of declaring war in a formal

and solemn manner before blowing a friendly people into the air. Imitation is said to be the truest flattery, and certainly France lost no time in adopting the national ethics of Mr. Gladstone. We, being at peace with Egypt, anchored our fleets in the Bay of Alexandria, and with little risk to ourselves destroyed the town and razed its forts to the ground. France, not being at war with China, caused its fleet to take post in the rear of the forts of Foochow (a position most difficult to attain under conditions of war), and from this convenient place destroyed the shipping and reduced its forts to ruin. The scope of this paper allows no time to dwell on these international moral monstrosities, but the argument I wish to adduce from them is, that if this modern theory of "Peace when there is no peace" receives the sanction of use, then how terribly vital it is to our national safety that we keep our powder dry, our forces prepared and ready, and our watchmen on the tower. The disasters that befel the Egyptians at Alexandria and Tel-el-Kebir, the massacre of the Chinese at Foochow may suggest to our enemies similar operations on our own coast. An uninvited visit from 50,000 greedy, loot-loving foreigners, with a due proportion of artillery, would be paying a compliment for lessons taught in Egypt not at all to the taste of the English people. But I ask, should not we, like the unwise virgins of Scripture, have only ourselves to blame if we were caught unprepared? The political horizon has been lurid with warnings and complications, and we ourselves have set this evil example that may lead to our own sorrow. In passing I may say that we have to thank the Gladstone Government for one wise and patriotic action. They put their veto on the Channel Tunnel Scheme, and this act was the more gratifying since it came with the pleasant shock of unexpected wisdom. Now if the Volunteers are ever brought into line for active service it will be in consequence of our regular forces being employed in defence of our possessions abroad. This paper is too brief to enable me to cast a glance

along the extended line of our scattered frontiers to point out the many possible combinations of circumstances that might work together to the end of absorbing or holding in check the bulk of our not too numerous regular soldiers, but a few allusions will be sufficient to indicate my meaning. But a few short years ago "alarmists," as they were scoffingly called in a certain school of political thought, directed attention to the malign and snake-like progress of Russia towards our Eastern Empire. That small cloud in Central Asia, then no larger than a man's hand, has at the present time developed into a pressing anxiety—indeed so imminent has the danger become that the Government of the day have been compelled to recognise its existence, even to the extent of reversing some portion of its own policy in that region. The abandoned railway to Quetta has been hastily pushed towards completion, and though they have not yet scuttled back again to Candahar, indications are not wanting that some such undertaking may soon become necessary. They have not done so however until the Russian camp-fires are blazing within sight of the Afghan frontier.* Now an invasion of Afghanistan by Russia would be practically an invasion of the Indian Empire. At the present time our military authorities are engaged in drawing a boundary-line separating Afghanistan from the Russian possessions in Central Asia. This boundary-line reminds me of a favourite athletic game—a line is chalked on the ground, two sets of men arm themselves with a rope, and then begins the "tug of war." When this struggle does come, as come it must, the Indian army will have to be reinforced from England by something like fifty or sixty thousand men, perhaps double that number. I ask you how could the Government at the present time spare such a force? Ireland alone absorbs half an army corps to administer the conciliation policy of Mr. Gladstone. Some of our young men have gone to South Africa to wash away in blood perhaps the stains of

* The Penjdeh incident occurred after this paper was written.

Majuba Hill, and many more may have to follow. And then there is Egypt, that land of plagues! Are we not drifting step by step into difficulties with some of the great powers of Europe. Should our country by these possible complications be denuded of its trained defenders, our ships employed by operations in the Mediterranean and in guarding our food supply, would not our shores offer a golden temptation to an enemy? Should we not incur the certain danger of a hostile demonstration? In such a too possible contingency the Volunteers would be called upon to take the field. What are their organization, their internal economy, their discipline, and above all, their equipment, that they can ensure for us a safe rampart and a strong line of defence?

To answer these questions allow me to turn to the War Office circular for 1877, and study there the war equipment of an army corps of Her Majesty's regular troops, for clearly the equipment necessary for trained soldiers must be equally necessary for the effective arming of Volunteers. They, like the regulars, require boots for marching, great coats and blankets to keep them warm at night, and, although they do not drink so much as Her Majesty's regiments of the line, they still, like them, require a sufficiency of good food and ammunition to fulfil the purposes of war.

I find an army corps is composed of about 36,000 men all told, each man of the service being represented—that is, Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery, and Engineers—with bearer companies and a medical staff. To each of these separate branches of the service an efficient proportion of the commissariat, transport, and ordnance department is detailed; it thus forms an independent entity complete in itself. This force is divided into three divisions, and each division into two brigades. But, not to trouble you with too many statistics, I have brought the War Office circular that you may, if you please, verify any of my figures more in detail.

The proportion of Infantry, counting all ranks, is about 23,000, requiring 252 wagons, mostly drawn by four horses, to convey their baggage and equipment. Cavalry, about 4,000 men, requiring sixty wagons; Artillery, about 4,000 men, requiring for equipment, baggage, and ammunition, 402 wagons; Engineers, 1,400 men, 77 wagons; Commissariat and Transport, 2,300, requires 446 wagons; Ordnance Department, 300 men, thirty wagons; Medical Department, 1,300 men, with ambulance wagons, surgery wagons, pharmacy wagons, &c., demanding together 306 wagons, making a grand total of 1,414 officers, and 30,955 non-commissioned officers and men; and added to these are 4,624 officers and men forming the supply departments. In other words it requires nearly 5,000 men and 1,600 wagons, drawn mostly by four horses to each, to keep a force of 30,000 men alive and efficient.

These figures are too complex to analyse easily in a short paper, but as a last example let me give the war establishment of an Infantry Regiment of the line, a thousand strong, divided into eight companies. To begin with they require fifteen wagons, drawn by four or two horses, to carry baggage, equipment, and supplies.

No. 1 wagon, head-quarter equipment, weight 32cwt., four horses, two drivers.

No. 2 wagon, quartermaster stores, such as haversacks, materials for repairing accoutrements, axes, buckets, kettles, lanterns, mallets, spades, various tools, butchery implements, &c., &c., weighs 28½cwt., drawn by four horses, two drivers.

No. 3 wagon carries intrenching tools, weighs 18¾cwt., drawn by two horses, one driver.

Nos. 4, 5, and 6 wagons contain small arm ammunition, 10,000 rounds in each wagon; each weighs 20cwt., with two horses and one driver.

Nos. 7 and 8 wagons are for food supply, such as preserved meats, biscuits, flour, tea, coffee, and rum; each weighs 35½cwt., four horses and two drivers.

Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12 wagons, that is one wagon for every two companies, convey 1,008 blankets, stretchers, corn, &c., 28 $\frac{3}{4}$ cwt., four horses, two drivers.

Nos. 13, 14, and 15 wagons are to convey tents, each drawn by four horses, with two drivers.

This then gives some idea, though an imperfect one, of what soldiers require when on active service, and we must remember that this calculation is thought to be necessary for seasoned men, who by habit and training have acquired the instinct of obedience, and who are therefore much less prone to fall into confusion and lose discipline under exposure and privation than would be untrained troops. Guided by the light gained by this bird's-eye view of the equipment of our regular forces, allow me to devote the last few minutes of my allotted time in discovering what we lack in the Volunteer organisation. Holding, as I have done for many years, a commission as surgeon in a very healthy regiment of Volunteers, I have had little else to do during various small campaigns on the Brighton Downs and other fields of mimic war than to arrive at certain conclusions as to the present condition of the auxiliary forces, and I feel no hesitation in expressing my conviction that unless they undergo thorough re-organisation they would be quite unable to meet on hopeful conditions the forces of a properly equipped enemy, for be it remembered that any foreign power strong enough to land troops on our shores would be in a position to land highly trained troops, armed with every refinement of modern scientific war material, and supplied abundantly with just those very accessories that Volunteers mostly lack. I have already given my opinion of the individual members of this national and remarkable body of men. They personally have done all they can do under present conditions; the part left *undone* must be taken up by the Government and the nation. Imagine the Volunteers being suddenly called upon to form an army corps of their own. I take only Infantry

Regiments, which are the Volunteer chief arm ; the Artillery, Cavalry, and Engineers are in too hopeless a condition to be worth discussion. The Infantry have no tents, nor have they any knowledge of the way of storing them in wagons, &c. They have no intrenching tools, no implements for cutting wood, nor buckets for carrying water ; no means for cooking food, slaughtering animals, and cutting up meat ; and indeed they have none of the thousand and one necessary implements, too numerous to mention, that make camp life possible and that are absolutely necessary to keep troops from starving. And what is still more important they have no staff of officers who have studied either commissariat or transport duties ; such occupations are, I suppose, too unemotional, too unromantic, or too matter-of-fact for our enthusiastic young Englishmen. I have shown that an army corps of 30,000 fighting men requires "on service" 5,000 men to supply them with food and the necessaries of war ; therefore if our 200,000 Volunteers were divided into five army corps it would be necessary to find the large number of 25,000 men to act as "hewers of wood and drawers of water," and these 25,000 men would require as much instruction in the technicalities of this branch of the military service as do those who carry rifles. I would suggest that a transport officer and a commissariat officer from Her Majesty's regular forces should be attached to every regiment of Volunteers, and that a certain number of men should be enlisted for instruction in these duties—these officers and men to be paid as I will presently suggest. The large expense of military wagons would be unnecessary, provided such instruction could be given as would apply to improvising ordinary wagons and vans, local knowledge teaching where such could be bought or requisitioned. Instruction of this kind would include such items as the cubic space necessary to load so much biscuit, flour, coffee, &c., &c., for the supply of a thousand men for a given number of days, the mode of packing tents, tools, &c., &c., and the order in which they should be

placed. A commissariat department instructed in this way would be susceptible of easy and rapid expansion. This service seems to me to be one of the great necessities of the Volunteer force, and one that must be acquired if they are seriously intended to be a line of defence.

I now come to consider "efficiency and discipline," and it would be mere affectation if I were to profess that these qualities in the Volunteers are all that can be desired. I think a little thought will convince us that the very organisation of the force precludes perfect efficiency and discipline. Take the proposition that the force shall more or less be self-supporting. Now the great majority of the Volunteers are men who toil with their hands—artizans, mechanics; men whose income depends on the hours of their labour—bread winners in fact, and many of them have to win bread for families. Very, very few can afford to take from this bread-winning period of the day; it is greatly to their honour that they give so many hours of their leisure to the cause of their country, and it seems to me that the nation has no right to ask these men to use any of the time devoted to earning their daily bread, unless they give them an equivalent, for the Volunteer, like the labourer, is worthy of his hire. My suggestion is this—that the Volunteer be paid by time, at about the rate that an artizan is paid, that is, if on duty two or three hours he be paid at the same rate as if he were an artizan working for that time—some fixed rate from 6d. to 1s. an hour; evening duty might count somewhat less. As a lever to improved discipline this pay could be on the "deferred pay" principle, that is, if a man enlisted in a Volunteer regiment for five years, his pay, or a large portion of it, could be kept back until his discharge or re-enlistment at the end of five years. Breaches of discipline or insubordination might incur the loss of this privilege. Another advantage that would accrue from this system would be more daylight and out-of-door drills. Men could afford then to take time from

their daily occupations, and even habits of thrift would be engendered, for by this national work they would be storing up a future reward in the shape of deferred pay. A lady who had been absent many years in India with her husband, who held a command in the army, was much struck and amused by the Volunteers always marching out in the dark with all the dignity that could be thumped out of a big drum and a brass band. She said to me one day, when one of these soul-splitting processions was passing her door, "Why do you Volunteers drill at night? Are you ashamed to be seen in the day time?" I explained to her that an unappreciative country allowed sunshine to be too expensive a luxury for us.

It has been suggested that "pay" would do away with the Volunteer element of the force. A mere word sometimes is thought to be such a priceless boon. But the idea is really ridiculous, for according to the terms of their service Volunteers would still be Volunteers whether they themselves paid their regimental expenses or whether they were provided by the State. Again I ask if this force is of any use to the nation, why should not the nation give it a more liberal support? If it be a patriotic movement, why should only 200,000 Englishmen have a monopoly of patriotism? With the men themselves I believe it to be a labour of love. But it seems to me that the remainder of the 30,000,000 of English people who do not give their time, their leisure, or their money to this cause, are allowing themselves to remain under an obligation unusual in the history of the people. Let me say a hasty word about Volunteer officers. There is great difficulty in inducing men to accept commissions in the Volunteer force, and the difficulty is an increasing one. Again the question of cost comes to the front. The fact is that the service is too expensive, and many who would like to join are debarred by this consideration.

I cannot pause to make suggestions on this point, except that it has always seemed to me that a larger proportion of

officers from the regular army, say one per company, would be an advantage. But they of course, being professional soldiers, would have to be paid. This also would have the advantage of quickening promotion in regiments of the line. Efficiency among Volunteer officers I believe to be high, but one branch of study seems to me much neglected. I mean a thorough knowledge of the geography of England, and the topography of each especial district. Every Volunteer should be thoroughly acquainted with all roads, lanes, and strategic points in that part of the country in which his regiment is stationed.

I have time only to mention one more point, and that refers to rifle practice. It is a mistake to suppose that Volunteers are all good shots; most of them are rather bad ones, and certainly not 25 per cent. can be classed as good ones. Money again is the cause. Even Volunteers cannot see to shoot at night; they cannot afford daylight hours, and they are unable to buy their ammunition. How can working men be expected thus to burn the candle at both ends? Clearly the Government should supply gratis so many rounds per man per month, and should pay him for the time taken up in target practice.

You must now allow me to thank you for listening to this I fear most imperfect paper. If you are disposed to adopt any of the propositions I have put forward, the question arises, how can public opinion be awakened to its importance? How can the nation and the Government be galvanized into action? The Volunteer force is the child of panic; must its mature strength await impending disaster? Unfortunately, the present age in England produces no leaders of men as in Germany. We have only crotchet-mongers and men who pay fulsome flatteries to the British workman in order to cajole him out of his vote. We Volunteers are 200,000, and we are all "capable citizens" and have a vote. Why should we not make patriotism a crotchet and agitate for improved organisation? Public

pressure lately has forced the Government to take some lumbering means to improve the Navy; perhaps the time is propitious for the Volunteers. A brand new general election is not far off, and members of Parliament will swallow anything for a vote—anti-vivisection, anti-vaccination, the innocuous nature of smallpox, blue ribbon, a deceased wife's sister—they are equal to anything; and if the Volunteers will only make themselves disagreeable enough public opinion will rapidly be on their side, and by its help work such changes in the equipment of Volunteers that should occasion come, and danger threaten our shores, we could say to them with King Henry the Fifth:—

Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—and you good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!
 Follow your spirit: and upon this charge
 Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

January 19th, 1885.



“Novels.”

By the Rev. C. F. COUTTS, M.A.



FEEL that the subject I have chosen for our discussion this evening is a difficult one, but very interesting to many of us. It is a subject on which I have thought a great deal, for without much thought it would be almost an insult to offer you the present paper. I do not intend to give you a long apology for novel reading, nor an argument against it. I take it for granted that most of us read novels. I can see no reason against it that is not equally against poetry. I do not only say that a *good* novel does no harm to the reader, but I maintain that it does good, always provided it is in proper time and place. One might deal in various ways with the subject, and every way would furnish a paper to occupy the half-hour allowed. For instance, there is the history of the British novel, and the cause of its popularity. But I propose here to consider the principal points of a good novel, and then to illustrate my meaning by the consideration of the works of some of our principal novelists.

Lest it should be thought presumptuous in one who is not a literary man to lay down the law, I would remind you that I only give anything I say as my *opinion* after consideration, and I hold myself open to conviction or correction. What is allowable in the way of friendly criticism of the works of strangers, would be somewhat impertinent with those of a near neighbour, and therefore I have abstained from referring to the works of a celebrated novelist living amongst us. That lady is known to many of you personally, and to the whole

world by her writings; so under these circumstances I hardly know whether it would be greater impertinence for me to criticise or to praise.

I do not intend to let myself fall into a trap by attempting the definition of a novel. I will consider a novel as "a picture of life" written in prose. For without this prose form, the rivalry of Palamon and Arcite for the fair Emelye would fulfil some of the ideas of a novel. In considering the points of a "good" novel, I do not mean merely a novel which will sell well, nor one that will be popular and read by many, but "good" from an artistic point of view. With this short explanation I will begin, for—

I have a large feeld to ere,
And wake ben the oxen in my plough.

A novel ought to be life-like and natural. In a picture nothing will make up for the want of this. No graceful blending of colours, no attention to detail, no fine writing, in my opinion, will make a good work where the main scheme is unnatural and forced. It must be interesting; it must be life-like. But it need not be, and ought not to be, mere common place life. A picture of an ordinary field might be very like nature, but would convey no pleasure because it is uninteresting. A charming glade of forest, a pretty village, a country lane with flowers, or even the common field with living figures—these are the kind of pictures we want.

As to what is interesting we must allow a good deal of difference in taste, depending on the age and position in life of the reader. There are many good works written which fail to interest some people, whereas to others they are of the most thrilling excitement. For instance, I fail to appreciate Whyte Melville's books, because they deal with a kind of life for which I care little. But I admit their excellence, because so many find them full of interest. The situations ought to have dramatic significance. A telling situation imparts great freshness, whether in a play or in a novel; and a series of

them, well connected, goes a great way towards making a book popular, without spoiling it as a work of art.

A novel ought not to be full of violent improbabilities. It is a blot when we are always meeting with surprises, through characters acting in an extraordinary manner. Bulwer Lytton is too much given to strange coincidences of time. In inferior novels, as in some of the best, we are struck by the stupidity of the hero or heroine who fails to see the machinations of the enemy, while we have seen them long before. Strange creatures may be brought in, but this with very great care, and they must be consistent. Caliban in Shakespeare, and Miss Mowcher in *David Copperfield*, are good examples of what I mean. We certainly meet with some strange characters in real life, but at long intervals, and a play full of Calibans would be a great mistake. It ought not to be too sensational, for it becomes unlike real life, and fails to give a definite picture to the mind. When Wilkie Collins, in "No Thoroughfare," places his hero and heroine on a narrow ledge of ice thawing beneath them, down a fearful abyss, and with a still greater depth below, he goes so far beyond reasonable probability as to raise a smile, instead of the horror which he intends. And the smile probably becomes a broad grin when we hear the romantic replies of the lady to the question of, "How goes it"? I will give one of them here:—

His heart still beats against mine. I warm him in my arms. I have cast off the rope, for the ice melts under us, and the rope would separate me from him: but I am not afraid.

Unnatural young woman if she was not. Great catastrophes of the day should be introduced sparingly and cautiously. The bursting of the Bradfield reservoir was a great calamity. But no good point is gained when we find a novel by Charles Reade, and another by James Payn, in which it is a leading incident. In each case the hero gallops madly down the valley on horseback, in advance of the rushing water, and saves the heroine, who would otherwise have been swept away.

There ought to be an absence of what we may call stage tricks and conventionalisms. Meaningless formulæ, such as, "it may better be imagined than described," "if such an event were told in a novel we would not believe it"—I cannot say that they *spoil* a novel, for it may be good in spite of them; yet they always detract from it. I am quite tired of the old mixed conversation trick, where we are supposed to be listening to a jumble of people talking on different subjects in the same room, and the conversations are dovetailed into one another in what is supposed to be a laughable manner. There is a ludicrous parallelism in a stage trick, by even such great novelists as George Eliot and Charles Kingsley. In *Felix Holt* and *Alton Locke* the hero of each is required by the author to be put in prison unjustly, so he leads on a mob with the intention of bringing them *out of* mischief, but is imprisoned as one who had led them *into* mischief.

An inferior novelist finds it hard to depict the baser qualities of men and women without spoiling the picture by exaggeration. When Dickens or Thackeray paints a vulgar man he is really a vulgar man—like Mr. Guppy in *Bleak House*, or Mr. Osborne in *Vanity Fair*. But when the daughter of the former paints a vulgar man or woman he or she is such an exaggeration of vulgarity that we no longer realise a person at all. Similarly in dealing with the comic, in a novel, we want life. We can enjoy comedy as a very pleasing part; but broad farce and burlesque are out of place. I know no better rollicking fun than we meet with in some of Lever's earlier novels; but it seems quite natural, as he is painting Irish life. I defy the gravest and most sedate man to avoid laughing, if he reads the account of Mickey Free putting a string through a hole in a penny, and when the vice-chancellor of the university stoops to pick it up, giving it a gentle twitch, from his hiding place, leading to strange oaths on the part of the reverend gentleman (a remarkable but well-drawn character): "May the divil admire me, but I saw the ha'penny walk."

Then again novels, whether historical or not, which deal with real characters, ought to be strictly true to the character represented. At all events he ought to be represented as he might appear. I see nothing wrong in the picture of the young Pretender in *Waverley*; he is as he would appear to an enthusiastic young Englishman, though perhaps in reality he was more like the picture which Thackeray gives of his father in *Esmond*. Real men ought to be made consistent throughout; not only in the one book, but in different books by the same author. For instance, no two men could be more unlike than Richard in the *Talisman*, and Richard in *Ivanhoe*. True, the circumstances are very much changed, so as to exhibit different traits in his character: but this would not account for the entire difference between the gross bully Richard of the former, and the romantic high-minded Richard of the latter. In a debateable character, like Mary Queen of Scots, for instance, we may allow a novelist a good deal of license. But I cannot sufficiently admire the delicate and beautifully-drawn picture of Mary, in the *Abbot*, where the author seems to leave her guilt an open question, and shows her great powers of fascination. I think Scott's belief and his sympathies seemed to clash: he believed her to be guilty, but he would fain think her innocent.

Akin to this matter is that of painting real men under fictitious names and circumstances. If the outward seeming is given, the whole character ought in common justice to be given. Dickens has been justly blamed for the outward appearance of Leigh Hunt under the guise of Harold Skimpole. I believe no one who knew Hunt could fail to recognise the likeness, whereas Dickens admitted there was no resemblance in the true character. It therefore did great injustice to Hunt.

In historical novels, or those in which historical events are introduced, great care ought to be taken to be correct with facts, more especially where the events are comparatively recent. When we are introduced to the Peninsular War or

the Crimea, mistakes ought not to be made which a little knowledge of Napier or Kinglake would correct. In *Charles O'Malley*, for instance, we have several errors as to even the leaders of the French army; Soult—for example. He is made to take Oporto some time after Wellesley had resumed the command of the British army, whereas Oporto fell in March, and Sir Arthur only landed April 23rd. Again, in Massena's retreat, Ney and Soult are said to be in command of the rear-guard, instead of which a great object of Napoleon was to make Soult co-operate with Massena, and the former was then at Badajoz, many miles away, while the ability and boldness with which Ney conducted the rear-guard won the admiration of both armies—of all, except Massena himself. It takes away from the reality of a book when it records what could not possibly be known. Thackeray seems too careful on this head. He keeps continually accounting for his knowledge of private conversations, &c. This is quite unnecessary: it is sufficient that the information might possibly be conveyed to the author. Dickens treads on the verge where he gives Carker's terror at the approaching engine, the instant before he is killed. This, however, *might* be imagined. But far beyond this, in an inferior novel called *Rookwood*, by Ainsworth, we have a long account of the thoughts and struggles of a man shut up alive in a tomb, from which he never escapes. How could his thoughts be known, so as to be related circumstantially?

The question of the plot is one on which there will be great difference of opinion and of taste. I confess I like a book where there is not too much of a plot. We do not find these exaggerated plots in real life. There are strange circumstances in life, very strange, within one's own experience, such as would seem unnatural in a novel. But they are mostly disconnected, and do not hang together like the plot of a novel. One great charm of Anthony Trollope's books is that there is little or no plot; they give a quiet picture of

English life just as we might find it ourselves, and yet not humdrum or uninteresting.

We must remember that a book can only give us a passing glance at the life of its characters, even the leading ones, and therefore there is no necessity, as some novelists seem to imagine, to dispose completely of those which are subsidiary. A picture cannot show the whole of a country (unless it were one of the small German duchies before Prussia swallowed them up); but a good picture ought to give a fair idea of the whole. So a good novel, giving only a very small part of the lives of its hero and heroine, ought to give one a vivid impression of their general life, and more especially of their characters. Viewing it thus, it makes one wonder what their domestic life will be after they have married to live happy for ever after, and I am afraid, when they seem to me an ill-matched pair, I see before them a good deal of misery, or a very prosy life with no natural sympathy between them.

A pleasant description of scenery is a great help to a novel; it makes as it were a good background, and helps us to realise the event happening when we can see, in our mind's eye, the place where they occur. Black excels in this, and so does Scott. In *Old Mortality*, the meeting in after-life of Morton and Burley and their struggle is made much more vivid by the description of the grandeur of the waterfall and its surroundings. Still a novel may be very good without any attempt at such description, and where all our interest is centred on the figures. Elegant writing may be reckoned with good scenery; it all adds to the charm, but is not essential. Of course, really poor writing is a blot. Bulwer Lytton and Scott may be considered as setting a high standard.

In a picture there is often one figure which stands out prominently, and on this central figure the artist generally exerts the utmost of his ability. So in a novel, the central figure or hero, the man in whose welfare we are supposed to

take a special interest, ought to be the best and most carefully drawn character. He ought not to be a mere *peg* on which to hang the story; yet with some authors he is little better. He is a weak compound of all the excellent qualities which a man can possess, everything that is good, but with no excellence in the painting, no reality. I think this is Sir Walter Scott's chief weakness; his hero is generally the poorest character in the book. With the exception of Edgar Ravenswood, who is well drawn, I do not remember a single hero who is at all interesting. Frank Osbaldiston, Waverley, Nigel Oliphant, Harry Bertram, young Redgauntlet, are all of the weakest. Look how they are led astray by the first person they come across. Look at Ivanhoe; not merely the poorest, but perhaps the *only* poor character in the book. How unfavourable the contrast to the beautiful painting of The Templar, Front-de-Bœuf, Cedric, Gurth, Friar Tuck, Rebecca, and numbers of others. It is the more strange because perhaps no writer comes so near to Shakespeare in the beauty, the variety, and the number of his creations.

I see no objection to an interest being given to the narrative by the introduction of a little of the supernatural. But it requires to be very carefully managed, and it ought never to be *incapable* of a reasonable explanation. Scott's *Monastery* is spoiled by the White Lady of Avenel. The legend belongs to the Erskines, of Dryburgh, and might fairly be introduced. But where the lady jumps up behind a monk on horseback, unseats a border robber, and makes such absurd transformations as those with respect to the duel, it becomes ridiculous and inspires laughter instead of awe. I consider it therefore a *blot*, in spite of the really beautiful poetry which she discourses.

I will proceed now to deal with one or two points which immediately affect the whole character of a book. The first of these is the question of *religion*. I am not about to transgress the unwritten rule of the Athenæum by a

religious discussion. I very much dislike the general run of so-called religious novels. They are full of narrow bigotry; they are entirely unlike real life, or if there is a life in any way approaching them it is of a forced and unhealthy nature. In those intended for children, what a false idea is given them of real life, and even of that at which they ought to aim. Is it George Macdonald who pictures a boy reflecting that father and brother George are very wicked, and accordingly praying for their sins, when one would think there is much more necessity to pray for his own? Yet this sweet youth is held up for our admiration. However, Macdonald has written much that is commendable. It is not that the whole subject of religion is to be excluded from a picture of life, but let it be like what occurs in life. Men do not on this subject wear their heart upon their sleeve. Let it rather be felt as a religious influence pervading the whole; something which is only discussed with one's most intimate friend; something which is in general taken for granted, but not expatiated upon to every chance comer. I know of no writer who treats the religious question more suitably than Charles Kingsley.

On the other hand, I cannot see the good of holding persons of a professed religious life up to ridicule. There may possibly be men like Mr. Chadband in *Bleak House*, or the Deputy Shepherd in *Pickwick*; but I think you will all agree with me that they are false pictures of the class they are intended to represent, viz., the non-conformist minister of a good deal of religious profession. Nor need a novel entirely ignore such a serious subject. Ouida's novels are pictures of a heathen country, not a Christian one.

I think party questions are offensive in a novel, whether with respect to religion or politics. One may say this generally with regard to novels written for a purpose. It is offensive if one disagrees with the views of the writer, and perhaps still more offensive if one agrees with him. In *Ten Thousand a Year*, it is ridiculous where one finds the Tories, Aubrey,

De la Zouche, &c., and the Whigs, Tittlebat Titmouse, Mudflint, Gammon, &c. But perhaps the book most offensive, in this way, that I have read is Mrs. Lynn-Linton's *Under which Lord?* where she deals with sacred questions which ought never to be raised except in the gravest and most serious manner—certainly never in a novel—and deals with them falsely.

Another point is that a novel, as a powerful weapon for good or for evil, ought always to be in *good tone*. Some may say a novel is only meant to amuse, and therefore no one would get his ideas from it. But it cannot be denied that novels exert a powerful influence. I cannot too strongly object to that class of novels which makes the interest hang upon the question of a breach of the Seventh Commandment, or on kindred subjects. It is false to life; for the average life of an Englishman is not concerned with the Divorce Court. To most of us it would make no practical difference if no such court existed. In many of the worst class of novels, though it may be represented as very wrong, our interest is excited in those who are concerned. It is not enough that the supposed moral is correct, that virtue is rewarded and vice punished. It is the dwelling upon such a foul subject which is so baneful, especially to young people. I have spoken plainly, but I feel deeply on this question. Then again, such novels as deal largely with crime are in bad tone. Books like *Jack Sheppard* and *Rookwood* ought never to have been written. Or we might instance *Paul Clifford*, by Bulwer—a writer of a much higher class. Generally we may say those novels are bad which deal too much with the baser and evil part of our nature. The first use of a novel is to amuse, perhaps; but our feelings on leaving off a good novel ought to be nobler aspirations, in accordance with the picture of the noble life we find there; more enlarged sympathies with our fellow men as we have been introduced to different classes of them, and have seen how their struggles correspond to our own; and a

feeling of pleasure at the agreeable picture. I know of no writer who excels Dickens in this respect. He is in novels what Faed or Nicol is in paintings. He can draw such pleasing pictures of the lower grades of life.

In close connection with the previous point is that a novel ought to be a *pleasing* picture. I think a painting is wrong in principle where it is not a pretty scene. Millais is a good example, for all his pictures which I remember are in themselves pretty. But what beauty is there in Hogarth's pictures? Or, to come to later times, in such pictures as "The Derby Day" or "The Gaming Saloon"? There is no pleasing association in the idea presented even. Some of you may also remember a ghastly picture exhibited in London a few years ago, of a man beheaded—the head rolling down the steps, and the body lying beside a large pool of gore. What pleasure or advantage could be got from such a picture, either in painting it or in seeing it, I cannot imagine, however faithfully it might be drawn. So it is also with novels which give us a revolting picture of life. I know nothing in novel writing more revolting in its way than the death of Nancy in *Oliver Twist*. It is the most horrible part of a revolting book. There is much truth in the remark made to me by a literary man some years ago, that "*Oliver Twist* is as if a good artist undertook to paint a dung-heap." But this characteristic ought not to be merely negative. It ought to be directly pleasing. It always seemed to me that George Eliot somewhat lost sight of this, as her later books seemed to get less and less pleasing. They were true to life, sometimes painfully true; but it was the less pleasing side of life. And the later ones were perhaps more elaborately worked out. But, to my mind, *Daniel Deronda* is far inferior to *Adam Bede* as a pleasing picture. A novel, like a picture, ought to have a fair amount of light and shade. And some may have more of an even light spread over the whole picture, while others may have Rembrandt-like effects of violent light

and shade. This must be at the artist's discretion. We may follow our hero and heroine through great troubles; the book may be mournful and tragical, like Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor*. But it may be a pleasing melancholy like that of the book I have just named. There is no need for it to grate upon our feelings. True there is an ugly and a grating side of real life, but we see enough of it; it is not necessary that we should have it in a picture, except so far as it is introduced to heighten the general effect, like an intentional discord in an elaborate piece of music. The pleasing nature may also be enhanced by the poetical ideas of the writer, for much poetry may be written in prose. The last point, and perhaps the greatest of all, is creative power. Without this, all the rest will make only a dull book. A novel may be perfect in good taste, may describe beautiful scenery, may be written in elegant English, and have many other excellences, and yet one may never care to take it up a second time. A good painter may make a beautiful picture out of a single tree, or a single figure. But he does not go and sit down and paint the first tree he comes to, or the first person he meets. There must be the creative power, which makes an interesting picture out of the scene which he selects. It is so much easier to criticise, and to criticise fairly, than to create. I could criticise a novel, and show some of its good points or bad points, but I could not write one, any more than I could paint a picture. For a good novel, then, there must be creative power. And as part of the same idea, there ought to be strong individuality. You may remember in the Belt case, the artists allowed that the bust which Belt executed at the court was a good likeness of the man, but said that it was valueless as a work of art, because it had no character about it, no individuality. We ought to be able to recognise a work, even if published anonymously, by the individuality of a good writer. And yet there ought to be a freshness about it, giving a character to it, different to any of the other works of the same author. It should be the same

in kind, yet essentially different. I do not consider all these points as of equal importance, and a novel may violate some of my ideas of perfection and yet it may be an excellent novel. I only say that where it does, I consider this an imperfection, small or great. A novel may have many great faults, and these blemishes may be hidden by its excellences.

I wish to employ the few minutes which remain in trying to sketch some of the points which strike one most, in a few of the leading novelists. I have only time for a few, and I must not be too much blamed if I omit many of the favourites of some present. I need not go further back than the time of Richardson and Smollett, for I don't suppose anyone now cares to read the vile trash of their predecessors. If any person should think this too harsh a term, I would quote an anecdote related by Sir Walter Scott, which places the low taste of Queen Anne's reign in a striking light.

A grand-aunt of my own, Mrs. Kieth, of Ravelston, who was a person of some condition, being a daughter of Sir John Swinton, of Swinton, lived with unabated vigour of intellect to a very advanced age. She was very fond of reading, and enjoyed it to the last of her long life. She one day asked me, when we happened to be alone together, whether I had ever seen Mrs. Behn's novels? I confessed the charge. Whether I could get her a sight of them? I said with some hesitation I believed I could, but I did not think she would like either the manners or the language, which approached too near that of Charles II.'s time, to be quite proper reading. "Nevertheless," said the good old lady, "I remember their being so much admired, and being so much interested in them myself, that I wish to look at them again." To hear was to obey. So I sent Mrs. Aphra Behn, curiously sealed up, with "private and confidential" on the packet, to my gay old grand-aunt. The next time I saw her afterwards, she gave me back Aphra, properly wrapped up, with these words:—"Take back your bonny Mrs. Behn, and if you will take my advice, put her in the fire, for I found it impossible to get through the very first novel. But is it not," she said, "a very odd thing, that I, an old woman of eighty and upwards, sitting alone, feel myself ashamed to read a book, which sixty years ago, I have heard read aloud for the amusement of large circles, consisting of the first and most creditable society in London."

I am thankful that we, with many faults still, would not

tolerate now such detestable books as those mentioned. In Smollett we find pictures of life, like Hogarth's pictures, true, but coarsely drawn. His sea sketches passed muster till the more excellent ones of Marryat eclipsed them. Richardson will always be remembered by his creation of Sir Charles Grandison, a thorough gentleman of the old school, with its old-fashioned and somewhat cumbrous courtesy. Fielding resembles Thackeray more than any other writer. He is a coarse edition of that master-mind, but, perhaps, not coarser than his times warranted. He painted real life: he found it coarse, and he accordingly painted it coarse. The characters of Squire Western and Parson Tulliver do not seem to be exaggerations, but fair specimens of the time; but they are offensive in their coarseness. With all their faults, I suppose *Tom Jones* and *Joseph Andrews* will be read while the English language lasts, though I cannot say they are healthy reading for the young. They might, however, be read with instruction and advantage by those who lament the "good old times."

After the coarse period comes what we may call the stilted period. The two Miss Porters are fair examples of it. But far greater is Miss Austen. *Sense and Sensibility*, *Pride and Prejudice*, &c., show great power; though the language in which the men and women talk to each other is stilted and unnatural. In spite of this failing, a friend of mine, one whose taste I respect, prefers Miss Austen's novels to any others. Having read all the *Waverley* novels many times, I can quite understand the sensation which they created. Instead of the society talk of his predecessors, and fine sentiments, which always remind me of Joseph Surface, and make me suspect a hypocrite in disguise, Sir Walter Scott introduces us to a very different style of thing. We are at home with the Young Pretender, Claverhouse is made no stranger to us, James I., Charles II., and both Buckingham's are exhibited behind the scenes, Crusaders become our intimate friends; and all this is done in such a natural manner that we see nothing

strange in our company. We may read a dozen histories of France, and yet fail to get such a vivid and true impression of the characters of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold of Burgundy as we do from Scott's *Quentin Durward* and *Anne of Geierstein*. Then in Scottish domestic life, what is finer than the earlier half of *The Heart of Midlothian*? I know nothing more noble in literature, more poetical in its simplicity, more truthful, and more beautifully painted than the character of Jeannie Deans. It is so essentially Scotch in its rigid virtue, which will not stoop to a lie even to save the life of a sister, and also in the self-sacrifice, in the toil which she undertakes on the bare chance of success. Can we wonder at the excitement caused by the anonymous publication of Scott's novels one after another? It is amusing, with our present knowledge, to read such reviews of the Waverley novels as Nassau Senior's, where he draws several comparisons between Sir Walter Scott and the author of Waverley. Even when his powers were failing, and he was writing against time to pay off that great debt, not of his own contracting, when he produced such inferior works as *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Count Robert of Paris*, we find flashes of the old humour. In his better works, in the multiplicity of great and well-drawn characters, in creative power, in pleasing pictures, in vivid descriptions of scenery, where required for the purpose of his novel, he far exceeds any other novelist. And there is no false confidence in his satisfaction as a dying man, that though he had been so voluminous an author, he had never written a line to injure the faith or cause a blush of shame.

I would next mention the Brontë family, more especially Charlotte, who far surpassed her sisters. In *Jane Eyre*, *Shirley*, and the *Professor*, we recognise great creative powers. Her great talent enables her to place her characters in such difficult positions, without becoming unnatural. In Fenimore Cooper we have, I believe, an uneducated man, a common sailor, who introduces us by his descriptive and creative powers to the backwoods of America and

the Indian tribes. His imitators are characterised by as much feebleness as he possessed vigour. I cannot say I admire that class of American writer that produced *The Wide, Wide World*, *The Lamplighter*, &c., nor that false picture of slave life called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Another friend of our youth is the genial Marryat. What boy has not rejoiced over *Peter Simple*, *Jacob Faithful*, *Midshipman Easy*, and his other sea novels. I have heard that by them he has effected wonderful changes in civilising the navy, and that he has been the means of inducing many a boy to go to sea, who would otherwise have stopped at home. I can enjoy any of his books thoroughly now, which is more than I can say for his daughter's novels. Chucks the boatswain, Hawkins the lying captain, Old Tom and Young Tom, Mesty, are all familiar as if we had known them. But I think he fails signally in his ladies, who convey no impression of reality. Michael Scott is a name which many of you would connect with the wizard rather than the novelist. Yet in *Tom Cringle* and the *Cruise of the Midge* we have agreeable, and, I am informed, true pictures of West Indian life. When the former came out in *Blackwood*, the crowd of incident made it still more suitable. Mrs. Gaskell paints real life, and paints it well. In *Mary Barton* and *North and South*, she shows us artizan life; in *Sylvia's Lovers* we have the life of a small tradesman, and few could invest with poetry, as she has done, a draper in a small seaport like Whitby. But far the pleasantest and greatest of her works is the last, *Wives and Daughters*. The late Lord Lytton, or Bulwer, as he is still called, surpasses most, except Scott, in the elegance of his works. Of course, no writers are uniformly good in their works, but I know of none in which there is such a disparity between their best and their worst as in those of Bulwer Lytton. One could hardly imagine that the same hand wrote the vile trash, *Godolphin*, *Alice*, *Ernest Maltravers*, as charmed us with *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *Harold*; or, better still, his English domestic pieces, *The Caxtons*, *My*

Novel, and some yet later. In *What will he do with it?* is one of his greatest creations, a most loveable old man, Willie Looseby, who had endured the shame of a felon's cell to save his disreputable son.

In many novelists, like Bulwer, we find a gradual improvement; but in Lever we find the reverse. I know no lighter reading, when one is very tired, than the rollicking Irish fun of his earlier books, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Charles O'Malley*. In the later books he seems to have lost the magic touch of freshness, and we have such dreary tales as *A Day's Journey*, *A Life's Romance*. I have already expressed my opinion of Whyte Melville. I admit his power, though it has no influence over me. Who can read Charles Kingsley without being the better for it? Who can finish *Westward Ho* or *Two Years Ago* without feeling more kindly disposed to all around him? A novelist takes us out of our own selfishness, and interests us in the lives of others, fictitious though they be. And Kingsley seems to shew us the brighter side of human character. He seems to realise fully the *honour* of humanity, but chiefly when that humanity recognises a still higher Being. He never forgets his calling, that of leading men to worship God. His brother, Henry Kingsley, is unworthy to be named in the same light. He always writes like a gentleman, and in good tone, but I am afraid that is all I can say of good. He is forced and unnatural; his characters are not men and women at all, but wooden giants and giantesses. *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, I admit, is readable, as a picture of Australian life, but I cannot allow this of any other of his works. George Eliot is, perhaps, the most highly finished novelist of this generation. Her books give one the idea of faultlessness; they paint life, they shew the writer to be of great culture, and of attainments in science and philosophy far beyond what we should expect from a woman. *Romola* also shews her power of assimilating history, and of dealing with such a difficult character as that of the great Florentine Reformer, Savonarola, with great fairness.

To judge how true she has been, one requires immediately after *Romola* to read a life of Savonarola. Her writing is like Tenniel's drawings in *Punch*: not a line out of place. But to my mind, in her later and more finished novels, say, *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, there is a lack of that freshness and pleasantness which we found in *Adam Bede*. The latter might be written, as it were, while she had still pleasure in her life: the former convey the impression of having had a hard struggle with life, and having been scarred in the battle.

I do not care to write of such authors as Rhoda Broughton and Ouida. Their books sell well; they are read and enjoyed by many; but to my mind they are unpleasant and unhealthy reading. I cannot deny the abilities of the writers. Miss Braddon I omit for reasons I have already stated. Mrs. Oliphant gives us many pleasant pictures. *Salem Chapel* and others I have enjoyed thoroughly, and they shew knowledge of life. Anthony Trollope comes of a novel-writing family. Without plot, without much excitement, his books give us pleasant glimpses of natural life, with many highly-finished and well-drawn characters. He paints the parson of the period, and paints him on the whole fairly; at least so far as the outward part of his life can be seen. As a rule, his parsons are the more worldly sort, like Bishop Proudie, Archdeacon Grantley, and Mark Robarts. Still he gives us sometimes such a saintly old man as Mr. Harding, for which alone, had he given us nothing else, we must thank him. The continuing of the same characters through so many books must necessarily cause great difference of opinion. Thackeray has done it, but Scott never, except in historical characters.

How far would Lord Beaconsfield have been known as a writer if he had not been known also as a statesman? I do not like his Eastern exaggerations, but his later writings, *Lothair* and *Endymion*, would, I am sure, place him high among novelists. He paints, it is true, the men he has seen. And so

does many a great artist. But, like them, he stamps the picture with an individuality of his own. Black gives us many pleasant descriptions of scenery, but not that alone. He can paint beautifully some phases of character. The man who gave us Sheila in the *Princess of Thule* has by that earned our gratitude. When he deserts Scotland he is less fortunate. *The Three Feathers* and others are much inferior. Blackmore gives one the idea of greater depth and higher intellectual powers. I had heard little of him till I read *Lorna Doone*, which gave me all the pleasure of a surprise. If we wish to be critical, we can find many faults in *Cradock Nowell*, *Alice Lorainé*, *Clara Vaughan*, &c., but they are more than redeemed by the pleasure of the whole. Like "one-speech Hamilton," Anstey and Shorthouse are known by their exceptional works, *Vice Versa* and *John Inglesant*, respectively, both very clever in their way, but perhaps hardly novels.

I have still two novelists, whom I have left to the last, by way of *bonne bouche*, as they have found their way, more than any others, to the hearts of this generation—Dickens and Thackeray. I should like very much to give passages from their works, but I feel I have trespassed enough on your time already. Great friends as they were, there are essential differences between them. While Thackeray addresses himself to the more highly-educated classes, Dickens is appreciated by all. Thackeray deals with the higher classes (seeing them often not on their best side), and seldom goes below the middle stratum of society; Dickens delights to paint the poor man, and is then at his best. Thackeray paints reality; his characters are as real as any in fiction. Dickens always reminds me of Sam Slick's way of painting a likeness—namely, giving just that little exaggeration to any salient point of the features which makes one exclaim—"His very nose," "The exact chin," or "Just his remarkable squint," making the portrait more like than life. Pendennis, Warrington, George Osborne, we have known; but Sam

Weller is a slight exaggeration of a servant ; his father that of an old coachman ; Pecksniff of a hypocrite ; Dombey of a pompous egotist.

But to take them separately : Thackeray's finest novel is *Vanity Fair*, perhaps the greatest in the English language. Don't gainsay this until you have read it half-a-dozen times, as it improves greatly on acquaintance. But the finest piece of novel-writing that I know is in *Philip*, in the description of the row. The General, his brother-in-law, and his friend coming to loggerheads and challenges downstairs, while their wives are quarrelling above, and calling to them over the stairs. It is beautiful. His finest character is in another work, Colonel Newcome. Never think you have seen Thackeray's heart until you have read the *Newcomes*. By-the-by, what a spite he has against mothers-in-law ! With Dickens I must finish my remarks. He finds his way to our hearts. His best works are, I think, *David Copperfield*, *Dombey and Son*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*. *Martin Chuzzlewit* I dislike nearly as much as *Oliver Twist*, in spite of the attractions of Tom Pinch and Mrs. Gamp. *Pickwick* is an exceptional book. But *The Old Curiosity Shop*, though not among his best, as a whole, contains perhaps his very finest touches both of pathos and of humour. I know nothing more pathetic than the whole story of Little Nell, and, though I do not weep over novels, I am sometimes obliged to put down the book for a few minutes when I read the account of her funeral, and the poor old man, while being led away, asking why everybody has on something black. Nor can we easily surpass the comic picture of the dissolute, kind-hearted Dick Swiveller, sitting down in the kitchen to play cribbage with the small, dirty, ill-treated shrimp of a servant, to whom he gives brevet rank as "The Marchioness," having always been used to high society.

In conclusion, I tender my thanks and those of thousands of my countrymen to those writers who have

afforded to us much real and innocent enjoyment, who have lightened many a weary hour, have brought vividly before us many points of history, and thereby given much instruction, at all events to myself, and have taught us also the true sympathy between man and man, of different grades in society. I think it is Lady Mary Montagu who remarked that she had seen many nations, many different ranks, but she had found people mainly of two classes only, and those very much alike, *men* and *women*. Good novelists, by helping us to realise this, tend to make our sympathies larger, and thereby to make us better Christians. I thank them heartily.



“The Present Chaotic Condition of Public Opinion.”

By MR. CHARLES AITKEN.



IT is my intention to bring under your consideration to-night, so far as time permits, what I believe is a prominent characteristic of the present century, confining the range of my remarks chiefly to certain phases of confused modern thought which are exhibited in our own country.

My general position is briefly this—that never in the past has there been evinced so great a Babel of conflicting and contradictory ideas upon subjects which ought to have been by this time placed by protracted human experience beyond the reach of legitimate argument, never has there been such a universal haziness and confusion of belief in matters regarding which men formerly held settled and definite convictions. And it is my contention that this nebulous and chaotic condition of modern thought is a bad thing for individuals and for nations, because strong beliefs (even if erroneous) and the full possession of one's self, in opinion and in action, are the primary mental qualifications of great citizens and great peoples. If this country has been (as I believe it has) steadily declining in its relative importance and influence as a factor in European politics in comparison with the position which it occupied, say after the battle of Waterloo, it is mainly due to the fact that we have lost that belief in our capacity for administration which was formerly the source of our ever-increasing power, as well as that assured faith in our ultimate national destiny which caused us not to shirk (as we do now), but eagerly and

hopefully to accept each fresh responsibility, as an increased source of prosperity and honour. For example, our forefathers, after creating chaos in Egypt, by stamping out the only popular native rule, would never have even contemplated the criminal timidity of withdrawing our forces in order to reinaugurate the era of confusion and disturbance; neither would they have invoked in India half-civilized, superficially educated, inherently dishonest native help to fill the judge's chair, except in the most subservient and subordinate capacity. It is only among our colonies that the relics of British pluck, sense, and hopefulness are discoverable.

Although this is confessedly an age of specialists, still in this, as in every period of history, it is the general and prevailing tone of public opinion which must be recorded against itself as its distinguishing characteristic, and that which mainly leaves its impress upon future generations. It is therefore a proof of great intellectual blindness to sneer at public opinion, as some do, as beneath the consideration of really profound thinkers, for, consciously or unconsciously, we are all by the lives we live, and by the thoughts we express, moulding the lives and thoughts of the countless millions who succeed us. If, therefore, the condition of public opinion *now* be eminently chaotic, the situation is, I contend, a grave one, fraught with deadly peril to our immediate successors.

The historians of the nineteenth century have a very difficult task in store for themselves and their readers. For example, conflicts of old usually arose and were waged upon broad and clearly defined issues. Now it is a hard task, even for a living witness, to explain why or how the most discordant elements band together for temporary purposes under the cry to "sink all differences against a common enemy." Fortunately union thus obtained seldom stands the test of time, even if it survives the shock of abandonment of vital principle, too often the prelude of such co-operative movements. That public opinion is in a state of chaos positively atomic is shown upon almost any large

platform, whether the gathering be for religious, political, or social purposes. Individuals arrange themselves, or are arranged by successful wire pullers, themselves a proof of the mental confusion which has begotten their singular calling, upon the planks of a common though temporary platform in a manner totally unexpected and frequently most embarrassing. Our Athenæum itself is a capital proof of this chaos of modern thought, though it possesses one great merit which ought not to be overlooked; viz.: we sacrifice no principle by meeting under a common roof or on the same platform. On the contrary, our habitual differences of opinion and feeling on nearly every important subject are known and patent to all, and I doubt very much if we have ever succeeded in seriously altering our preconceived ideas upon any disputable subject. We sometimes lay the flattering unction to our souls, that it is a desire to hear all sides of great or popular questions which brings us together. But unless we live in the vast solitude longed for by the dyspeptic poet, we find ourselves literally compelled to fraternise with all sorts and conditions of men, who hold opinions which we firmly believe to be most damaging to themselves and to the public in general. And the longer I live the greater does this disintegration appear to spread, and the more remarkable to myself do my associates at times become. To say that we make any progress towards real unity would be merely the expression of a beautiful but baseless aspiration. I fear, even when somewhat staggered by the cogency of arguments hostile to our previous beliefs, it is either a case of "he that is convinced against his will, just firmly holds the same opinion still," or what is more likely and far more pernicious, we promptly relegate that subject upon which our minds were previously comfortably settled, to the large and ever increasing list of unsolved problems which toss uneasily in our brains, like wreckage on a stormy sea.

Now while it is doubtless true that probably nearly all great questions are merely reproductions of old world con-

troversies, there is now a very great difference in their scope and significance. Until within a comparatively recent period it was reserved for a few great minds and their immediate disciples to distress and perplex their hearts and intellects with the great problems of life and futurity. The great mass of mankind ate, drank, slept, fought, died—in short, spent an almost purely physical existence, disturbed solely by material wants and cravings. No one dreamed of asking the question, except in moments of unwonted depression or extreme suffering—Is life worth living? And yet that is now the anxious plaint of millions whose purely physical wants are satiated to an extent far beyond the aspirations of our progenitors, but to whom has come the deadly burden of nagging doubt and unsatisfied longings as vague as they are intense. What formerly afforded occasional subject matter for the calm stoical analysis of the philosopher has now entered into the life and marrow of millions, even at an age when such profitless worry ought to be absolutely non-existent. It was noticeable that when the paper on “Euthanasia” was read at one of our meetings the protests against the sentiments therein expressed came *not* from the younger section of the audience, in whom the glow and hope of life might have been expected to show itself in marked exclamations of dissent, but from our older members, who seemed to appreciate existence with a far keener relish than either the lecturer or his youthful sympathisers. Possibly our more matured friends shrank from the onus of testing the soundness of the lecturer’s principles owing to the greater imminence of their danger. Still I would venture to assert that they exhibit a healthy enjoyment of every-day life and a freedom from morbid, useless, mental questionings which is a cherished and developed feature in the younger generation. It is my contention that much of this lamentable difference in habit of mind arises from this—that our fathers and mothers, and to a still greater degree their ancestors, enjoyed a serenity of thought, a healthy peace of body and mind which was the

natural and excellent fruit of a firm faith in (to them) ascertained verities in the past, the present, and the future. For this most enviable condition we have now substituted the mist of doubt, the confusion of contradictory ideas and principles, the murky gloom of a universal pessimism, or the still deeper darkness of despair.

Doubtless much of this confusion of thought is due to the excessively promiscuous character of the literature read by the general public, whereby a superficial knowledge of every species of belief or unbelief is easily obtained. Of course many, if not most of the ideas thus imbibed, run through the mind like gravel through a sieve, leaving nothing but useless dregs behind ; or they contribute fresh uneasiness and unsettlement to brains already sufficiently diseased. Several of the society journals publish the stock arguments in use on both sides of any popular question. This suits two classes, who seem to be numerous enough to require a special literature of their own—firstly, those who have no brains ; and secondly, those who, as circumstances dictate, are ready to take *either* side, and who by dint of constant practice are able to discuss with glib flippancy any subject in heaven, earth, or hell, with an erudition and eloquence which is truly amazing.

Let me now briefly bring under your consideration one or two evidences of the chaotic condition of *religious* thought at the present time. Now *here*, if anywhere, we ought to find some *solid* ground, because the Church claims to be the perpetual repository of eternal verities. And yet I venture to assert that nowhere in the whole range of human thought is there greater din and smoke of confused and ceaseless conflict, nowhere is it more difficult for the genuine seeker after truth to distinguish between the true and the false. The ecclesiastical mind has always been prone to casuistry, and it is now powerfully aided by laymen who have, in many cases, improved upon their teachers. In the eager zeal of the combatants, creeds and dogmas upon which the logical basis of the whole fabric rests

are cast to the moles and to the bats. Not very long ago three clerical disputants belonging to the same branch of the Christian Church had to suspend their arguments, for one of them had made the startling discovery that practically they each believed in a different God, a recognition of a fact which was promptly admitted by the other two with some confusion of face. And, if further evidence be required, let the candid critic visit in succession a series of typical churches, all easily found in any ordinary English town within the pale of the Established Church, and I venture to assert that he will find it impossible to reconcile on any reasonable basis the flat contradictions in ceremony and in teaching which he encounters with the cardinal idea of that Church, which is that she is the divinely appointed custodian of eternal and unchangeable truth. There is no pretence of presenting the same truths under different aspects; it is a case of direct and intentional contradiction as to the nature and methods of revealed religion, and in the immediate future we are promised the existing combined contradictions and mixtures, and a great deal more besides at different hours in the same church, as per the evidence of the Rev. Mr. Sarson, Rector of Orlestone, before the last Ecclesiastical Commission.

Some of the Commissioners sought to bring Mr. Sarson to a *reductio ad absurdum*; but he had the courage of his opinions, and was prepared to carry them to their logical issue. Chancellor Espin asked him whether he would admit "the Romish Mass." He was quite ready. Lord Blachford reminded him that among the Spaniards it is the practice to have dances before the altar. Still he did not shrink, though he thought it unnecessary to put such an extreme case. The Bishop of Winchester, alluding to the Anglo-Israel craze, asked what should be done if some people wanted the Jewish Passover. Mr. Sarson "did not see why we should not allow it, if the people wanted it."—*Echo*.

The distinguished Anglo-Israelite member of our Athenæum who (*mirabile dictu!*) reared a family of fifteen upon nothing, will rejoice at the prospect of obtaining a fresh and conclusive proof of our national origin. Seriously speaking, am I not

warranted in pointing to the present condition of the Church of England as a proof of the chaotic condition of modern thought? If there did not exist an almost universal confusion of idea and belief, would such a hopelessly illogical Babel be allowed even a tolerated existence? It dare not attempt its own reform, for in the very act it would certainly crumble into innumerable fragments. And does modern Dissent evince any greater cohesion or unity of belief? Not a bit of it. Its continued successful existence depends mainly on two circumstances equally objectionable in principle and action. First there is the miserable unity begotten of a common hatred, hatred for the Church of England on account of her superior status and emoluments, a truly admirable spirit on the part of Christians who have been taught from infancy not to envy the good of their neighbour. Second, perpetual disintegration, whereby active and irresponsible spirits obtain the opportunity of individual work and excitement and display, untrammelled by tradition or by any effective control. Again I appeal to the candid critic to examine a fair selection of dissenting creeds, sermons, and journals, and assert, if he can, that the confusion and contradiction of dissenting theologians is less than what is to be found within the comprehensive fold of the establishment. Mr. John Morley, the eminent Radical, has recently bemoaned the heterogeneous character of the Liberal party in language which can be applied with equal force and beauty to the condition of modern Dissent. He described that great political combination as "resembling fissiparous animalculæ having no natural affection, but who multiply like bacteria by splitting." "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me these words"; verily Saul is among the prophets! But it is an examination of the Gladstone cult, which permeates dissenting ranks, which most convincingly demonstrates their profoundly chaotic mental condition. Now one of the chief elements in the Protestant Dissenter's creed is antagonism to sacerdotalism, though their proneness to setting up small and even great Popes in their

own midst has become a bye-word. But what may I ask is Mr. Gladstone? Refer to the columns of the *Guardian*, the *Church Times*, the *Church Review*, or even the Roman Catholic *Tablet* on the one hand, or to the *Record*, the *Rock*, or the *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* on the other, and you will find a universal recognition of the fact that Mr. Gladstone is the high priest and champion of sacerdotalism, and that he is the first English Premier since the Reformation who has tried and failed to govern Ireland by direct communication with the Vatican. Even the *Echo* is roused to righteous wrath by his ecclesiastical appointments, and effectually trounces the *Spectator*, which recently attempted a lame defence of its idol. In several cases Mr. Gladstone has deliberately selected for high preferment men who have defied both the law of the land and their ecclesiastical superiors, and among that category can be fairly placed the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the champion of the "Martyred" Laud. Even at Hawarden Church, where Mr. Gladstone's self-appointed son officiates, the "Mass in Masquerade" is habitually performed with the illegal addition of altar lights. Again, had the Church of Ireland developed Ritualistic ideas like her English sister, the crusade against her position and endowments would, on the part of Dissenters, have been perhaps comprehensible. But it was her rigid adherence to Protestant truth which roused Mr. Gladstone (I use his own language) to destroy "the Upas tree of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland." I am well aware that the customary subterfuge of Liberals is to assert that an alien Church, supported by a small minority, was an outrage on public decency and an Irish wrong. But if this be so, what, may I ask, is English rule? Was it not incontestably proved at the last general election that the vast majority of the inhabitants of Ireland are utterly and hopelessly opposed to the maintenance of the union? Is it not universally admitted that they are so now? I call therefore upon every dissenting supporter of Mr. Gladstone, nay upon every Liberal, in the name of common

consistency to act up to their professed creed, and if the State Church of a minority merits annihilation, Dublin Castle must follow suit, and join with its bag and baggage the ejected and unspeakable Turk.

A final thought in connection with this section of our subject is this: Even the Church of Rome with her proud but empty boast, "*Semper eadem*," is feeling the consequences of the general upheaval, and is trying hard to adapt herself to modern requirements, a task of no inconsiderable difficulty, and which will compel her either completely to obliterate her history, or read it upside down, as many modern authors do. The same evidences of unsettlement competent authorities tell us are visible in India, China, and various other parts of the world, where the old faiths are becoming extinct, and general infidelity is the questionable substitute, perhaps grafted on the vices peculiar to European civilization, the nett result being even more ghastly than original barbarism or heathenism.

Closely allied to this chaos of religious or irreligious opinion, and in some cases almost inextricably merged with it, is the chaos of political thought. I am well aware that it is considered a trite commonplace to say that religion and politics should never be mixed up, but I believe this to be an absolute impossibility. To begin with, so long as the Church of Rome claims temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction, it is impossible to dissever religion from politics. In Italy, in France, in Germany, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in Russia, in England, as witness the Bradlaugh contests, the religious or anti-religious element is precisely that which gives the keenest zest to political warfare, and it is the constant accusation hurled at the Church, I use the word in its widest sense, that she has forgotten the inculcations of her Founder with regard to peacemaking, while the invariable retort is that she is being *persecuted*, and has to fight with all legitimate carnal weapons for her very existence. And at home every day seems to bring us nearer to the point when the disestablishment and

disendowment of the Churches of England, Wales, and Scotland will become one of the most prominent *political* questions. Already the political vultures who battered upon the carcase of the Sister Church in Ireland, and on her chief supporters, the landlords, sniff the scent of plunder in the air. The nation, demoralised by a course of legalised robberies, seems heedless of the fact, already only too painfully patent, that when once a country embarks upon a predatory career every successive sop to the Cerberus of Radicalism must be rendered more savory, and open up wider vistas of trouble and confusion. He must indeed be blind who fails now to see that the destruction of the State influence of the Irish Church has opened the flood-gates of revolutionary chaos, and next general election will confront us with a dominant and united phalanx of hostile Irishmen in Parliament who will be able not merely to govern Ireland as they please, but by making the Irish vote of paramount importance, England and Scotland as well. Such will be the result of "messages of peace" begotten in a typically chaotic brain and carried into execution by a typically chaotic party, whose very existence is based upon ceaselessly utilising the demon of discontent for the promised solution of utterly unsolvable problems. Jack Cade and Chaos indeed are the presiding deities of modern politicians, Bismarck excepted. When *he* goes Europe will be delivered up to the crude absurdities of men whose entire theory of life is flatly contradicted by all human experience, and who, when hard facts knock their crusades and schemes into fragments, smile sweetly and murmur, "It is no fault of our theories; it is merely so much the worse for the facts." Poor comfort for those whose lives are made miserable by their ceaseless blunders.

Then again we are wonderfully strong in moral tone, and moral influence, and so forth, as compared with previous epochs. Listen to a nineteenth century moralist, who was lauded at one of your meetings—Emerson.

Speak what you think now in hard words, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.

What a capital motto for the modern opportunist. The highest ideal then is complete and ceaseless inconsistency; and remember Emerson is an apostle whose tenets are regarded with the profoundest reverence, as they have taken care to tell us, by leading American, English, and foreign politicians. I am bound to say they practice most faithfully what he preaches, but I beg most emphatically to challenge their new code of public morality. Indeed, these oracles of nineteenth century morals flatly contradict each other. One would think that these transcendentalists would agree about the application of the sixth commandment, at all events. Quite the reverse. Mr. Bright actually quarrelled with his friend, Mr. Gladstone, on this very account. Mr. Bright said it was murder to kill a single Egyptian, aggravated and accumulated murder to kill hundreds or thousands. Mr. Gladstone, on the contrary, slays thousands with an easy conscience in the interests of England and the world in general. And still these two men can belaud each other as the quintessence of goodness and truth, though, if words have any meaning whatever, Mr. Bright *must* believe that Mr. Gladstone has a series of complicated murders lying on his soul. If this be not chaotic opinion, what is? It must not be supposed that Mr. Bright was an individual eccentric on this subject, for he was supported in his views by Sir Wilfred Lawson, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. P. Taylor, and some thirty-five other *genuine* Liberals, who refused, on this occasion most properly, to perjure themselves by fore-swearing what they had repeatedly asserted in the cold shade of opposition. These gentlemen might be described as interesting survivals of that somewhat remote period when a decent regard for at least outward consistency was one of the most cherished and laudable features of English public life. Now, to say that black is white and white black, or alternately

black and white, as suits the varying exigencies of the case at intervals of say five minutes, is an essential qualification for the really practical statesman.

Another interesting feature of modern political life is the *open* question style of government. That peculiar modern invention consists in the doctrine that upon any question which is likely to prove dangerous to an existing administration the individual members and supporters of a ministry are at perfect liberty to speak and vote directly at variance with each other. This happened so frequently during the last session of Parliament that I scarcely ever could discover what side the Government really took upon any question, as usually the heads of departments flatly contradicted the position taken by their subordinates in the course of the same debate. Carried to its logical development (and I am sanguine enough to believe that I shall live to see this ideal realised), it is difficult to see why any line of demarcation should be drawn between the contending hosts, and in the present confused state of public opinion, I should imagine that a Cabinet composed of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Healy, the Marquis of Salisbury and Mr. Bradlaugh, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Beresford Hope, Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Biggar, Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Newdegate, Sir Wilfred Lawson and Lord Randolph Churchill, would enjoy the entire confidence of the British public. Lord Derby would make a capital Prime Minister, and his occupation would be to write despatches throwing cold water on every proposition that was submitted by his colleagues, without giving any clue whatever as to what his own opinions might be, that is if he ever had any. And that mental condition is the keynote of modern opinion; it is nothing if not either coldly critical or destructive, forgetful or ignorant of the fact that initiation and constructive ability is the proof and token of both genius and usefulness. Any fool can smash a statue into fragments, but not one man in a million can carve the cold marble into a form instinct with life, and grace, and beauty.

Any blatant and plausible politician can destroy with heated and flippant words any existing institution capable of exciting ignorant envy among the masses, but there are only one or two statesmen in a century, who, mindful that nature abhors a vacuum, have the genius to provide a real remedy for existing evil, or perchance a substitute for what has been smashed and pulverised with wanton haste and fury by some senseless demagogue. Again, amid the general spirit of destructive lawlessness, it surely seems as if we were approaching the mental condition of the typical Irishman, who landing in a new world was canvassed for his vote. His only question, at once "child-like and bland," was, "Is there a government in this country"? and on being informed that there was, he promptly placed himself in the destructive position which is an integral part of his being, and said "Well then, I'm agin it"! Here we have the true spirit of habitual lawlessness and mental confusion which has not merely permeated all ranks of society (more especially our clerical brethren, as I have previously indicated), but which has become the cause of a fast approaching chaos, in which laws shall be made like piccrust only to be broken, the chief offenders being, in all probability, those who helped to frame them.

Not being what, in modern jargon, is termed a scientist, I am afraid to point out to you in the presence of numerous professors of this exact and subtle knowledge what appears to me the hopeless muddle in which discoveries and speculations of recent dates have often placed the poor outside public. I shall merely give two samples. Our scientific friends have so successfully ridiculed the idea of periods of time mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis as days, that even the mildest Evangelical curate has been wont for some years past to explain that the word "day" is employed by the sacred writer in quite a Pickwickian sense, and that he really meant a lapse of time, varying from thousands to tens of thousands of years. But I have recently read on high geological authority that

there was really no necessity for trying the faith of devout old women in this manner; for a little judicious pressure by volcanic or electric action would accomplish in a few minutes what, perhaps, under ordinary circumstances, would take many centuries to evolve. If minutes therefore would have sufficed, why not literal days? It has also been reserved for this scientific generation to derive a curious satisfaction from the fact that one of our greatest authorities on these matters has traced the origin of mankind to monkeys. A purblind Toryism induces me to cling to the Biblical origin of the creation of man as being more flattering to one's vanity, though I am far from desiring to quarrel with those who prefer the Darwinian theory. Indeed, as I survey certain specimens of nineteenth-century civilisation, I often wonder why the scientific world does not assist Mr. Darwin by proving the converse, *i.e.*, demonstrate by careful selection that it is possible for mankind to regain their happy, original apelike condition. I am sure that by a steady refusal to pass building bye-laws, and by an equally steady determination to live in defiance of all elementary principles of sanitation, we can look forward hopefully to the period when Richmond, at all events, will be able to furnish her quota of human beings suspiciously resembling our apelike ancestors.

But time fails me. Besides there are some who "glory in their shame" who must needs be dealt with. These are they who actually revel in this chaos of modern thought, and rejoice in what they term the indefinite or the infinite possibilities of the future. Now it is doubtless satisfactory to believe in boundless possibilities, however vague, especially to minds whose capacity for present practical thought and action is quite incapable of being gauged. But I venture to assert, that to the really thoughtful mind all this confusion is a source of great perplexity and sorrow in the present, and of reasonable doubt and distrust in the future. Men cannot live a healthy life on negations, on general disbeliefs, on vague aspirations, on

hopes of remote impossibilities. Such a mental condition is, I maintain, fraught with the gravest peril, both to existing society and to future generations. The growing strength of secret societies too, whose purposes and actions are alike terrible and incomprehensible, is of itself sufficiently alarming. To incur their displeasure is well nigh certain death, which no precaution seems able to avert; while the opinions which they propagate act like insidious poisons throughout the body politic, begetting delusive hopes and class hatreds. I do not deny, however, the possibility of extracting some good out of this unfortunate condition of modern thought, and I have no doubt that succeeding speakers will administer some antidotes to what they may be pleased to term this jaundiced and atrabilious paper. But there is one apology or defence which is often made for a general confusion of ideas upon which I should like to say a few words. It is briefly this—it promotes toleration of divergent views without any possibility of a revival of those disgraceful persecutions which disfigure the history of the past. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 20th September last had an article upon this very subject, and I may mention that, as a rule, this paper may be described as one of the most optimist in existence. And yet the purport of this article was to bring before the public the undoubted fact that in France, in Germany, in Switzerland, there was at the present time the most open and violent persecution of religious opinion which, at any moment, might result in bloodshed, and had already caused the harshest imprisonment and ruthless confiscations. It was time to begin a new crusade in favour of toleration; the elements of persecution were already smoking if not indeed in a blaze. Such was the tenour of the article, but the writer did not point out the purely temporary cause of our present freedom from these troubles. It is due, in my opinion, solely to the fact that the numerous varieties of sects—religious, social, and political—are so extraordinarily varied and complicated that, for the time being, they keep each in check. Each

fragment sees that universal toleration and permanent confusion of thought is vital to its continued existence. This is no love of toleration as a great and worthy principle; it is the refuge of selfish instinct; and it is verily a frail reed upon which to rest. Combinations are not unknown upon eccentric grounds for temporary purposes, and such combinations if sufficiently powerful might easily embark, aye and easily carry out a policy of ruthless persecution. Nay, our statesmen have taught combinations how so to do. Although subsequent action proclaimed the Irish Land League an illegal organisation, it was not until criminal apathy for political purposes had permitted (absolutely unchecked) mutilations of men, women, and children, as well as poor unoffending animals, had ignored the foulest murders, had treated as a joke that species of living death for which the English language had to invent a new word.* All this was permitted in the most tolerant spirit to continue, and "force is no remedy" was the curious watchword of a party who were trying to educate the public mind to a sufficiently drastic Land Bill through the stupendous force of chronic crime. But how long did this watchword—"force is no remedy"—remain in use after the assassinations of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke? Foul deeds no doubt, but no fouler than hundreds similar which had evoked nothing save the ill-concealed glee of more than one member of the Cabinet. I say, how long did this apathy last after the blows had fallen where they could be felt in high places? Not forty-eight hours. It was then suddenly discovered that force was not merely a remedy, but the only remedy; and force was opposed by force and the most oppressive and tyrannical legislation (especially from a Liberal point of view) ever known in modern times, and which is still law, was passed in panic haste, and Irish crime conjured into existence by false toleration became for the time a mere hideous memory. But the evil leaven still remains. An illegal combination, working by insidious means, and creating by its tolerated existence what

* Boycott.

were appropriately termed "Murder Clubs," has proved to disloyal Irishmen their power over a country fitfully ruled by an alternate diet of sugar plums and birch rods, and the only result of "messages of peace" is that, with a very minute exception, Irishmen all over the world are united as they never were before in a common hatred of English rule, and are placed in a better position for gratifying their malice. But I cannot dwell on this theme longer, nor can I, as I have said, dilate upon many topics which would display the extraordinarily chaotic condition into which public opinion has now drifted, but I cannot conclude without a very few words upon our latter day poets as samples of confused and erratic literary thought, both upon the part of themselves and their readers.

There are very large portions of the writings of Emerson, Browning, Swinburne, and even Tennyson, which can be treated experimentally in a very interesting fashion. Collect a number of their admirers, and without any collusion give them a few easily-selected passages, and get them if possible to write down in simple and intelligible language what the poet means. The result is invariably this—About one-half of these adorers are quite unable to give any reasonable explanation whatever; the remainder give either absolutely contradictory results, or repeat the claptrap which some ingenious critic has invented in order to give the uninitiated a semblance of a meaning to language which is either jingling ravings or metaphysical obscurities. The latest cult (as the poetic Shibboleth hath it) is for a certain American gentleman, who has excited the most ecstatic admiration from people who are reputed chiefs in literature and art. This sublime being is called Mr. Walt Whitman. He disdains either rhyme or reason. Here is a beautiful sample of modern poetry of the highest class:—

O, camerado close,
 O, you and me at last, and us two only,
 O, a word to clear ahead one's path endlessly,
 O, something ecstatic and undemonstrable,
 O, music wild.

Again, we have the modern spirit of toleration beautifully typified thus, only I fear old-fashioned respectable people won't like it :—

Good or bad, I never question. I love all ; I do not condemn anything. To me detected persons are not in any respect worse than undetected persons, and are not in any respect worse than I am myself.

To me any judge or any juror is equally criminal with criminals, and any reputable person is also, and the President is also.

The last clause is really too fetchingly poetic. One sample more :—

I celebrate myself,
And what I shall assume
You shall assume ;

For every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you.

Oh, to level occupations and the sexes ! O, to bring all to common ground ! O, adhesiveness !

O, the pensive aching to be together, you know not why, and I know not why.

The above lofty and elevated as well as highly intelligible thoughts are described by Mr. Rossetti, a poet also of the highest rank (!) as belonging to the very first order of English poetry. A few years ago Mr. Whitman would have run a very fair chance of being relegated to an establishment, the inmates of which would doubtless have enjoyed his productions even more than Mr. Rossetti.

To sum up, I maintain that a careful or even a superficial glance at public opinion will convince any candid mind that the general chaos of modern thought is simply abysmal. The voice of sense and truth is scarcely ever raised, and if it gives vent to a feeble piping nobody listens to it. Outwardly, matters may seem tolerably calm, but it is the calm before the storm. The elements are seething and will soon boil. The maddest notions against kings, aristocracies, legislative assemblies, judges, capitalists, landlords, against anything and everything, are openly discussed not merely by pothouse politicians and professional agitators, by crazy professors and poets, and still more crazy philanthropists and humanitarians

(falsely so called), but by writers whose mind and education, undivested of their natural ballast, would have taught them that they are simply playing with fire and dynamite. The lessons of the past are either studiously ignored, or we are told that human nature is different from what it was, and that what formerly was a dangerous and even bloody experiment is now a simple and peaceful project. It is my contention that this is not the case, and that the present confused condition of public opinion is certain to produce the most tremendous and the most lamentable consequences. The whole scope and tendency of recent legislation has been in absolute defiance of the elementary rules of political economy, and calculated to beget the most dangerous class hatreds. State interference and regulation in everything is the order of the day, and the result is individual incapacity, ignorance, and indolence, and the loss of personal responsibility. Human nature remains the same, venerate it as you may with a flimsy civilisation, whose stock-in-trade is little else than crazy aspirations. Progress is one thing, revolution another. The world has lasted some six thousand years, and has witnessed a good many more than six thousand revolutions; but as regards progress, the saying of the wisest man remains as true as ever, "The thing that hath been is the thing that shall be," and the efforts of the nineteenth century appear to promise nothing save the resumption of that period of primæval chaos when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

November 26th, 1883.

“*The History of Epigram.*”

By MR. CLIFFORD B. EDGAR, B. Sc.



THE subject which I propose to bring before you this evening does not, of course, admit of exhaustive treatment within the limits of half-an-hour, but the time allotted to me will, I hope, be long enough to let us briefly consider the origin of epigrammatic writing, and the part it has since played in the literatures of mediæval and modern times. The ground we shall traverse is of considerable interest and some little importance, and if you find that I make use of copious illustrations I beg you will remember that this arises out of the very nature of the subject. You all know the story told of an old lady who went to witness a performance of “*Macbeth*,” and who, being asked on her return home how she had liked the tragedy, replied that “it was very fine indeed, but uncommonly full of quotations.” Now I cannot for a moment promise you that the first part of this criticism shall be applicable to my remarks to-night, but you must be prepared to find the latter half of the old lady’s verdict thoroughly descriptive of my paper.

Let us first understand what is meant by the term epigram. According to the perverted notions of our time, the word is held to include the idea of something smart. Humour, however, was by no means an essential in the older epigram, which derived its point from the terseness with which a beautiful thought was expressed, the delicacy with which a fanciful comparison was put forward, or the ingenuity with which an obvious inference was left undrawn. Humour involves the unexpected, and hence it comes that the point of so many of the later epigrams resides in the last line. The word epigram, viewed etymologically, simply means a writing

on, an inscription, and was employed by the Greeks to designate inscriptions on temples and other public buildings, and also records, whether in prose or verse, engraved on statues and tombs. Thus the epigram included what, in modern phrase, we call the epitaph. The epitaph, indeed, is only one form of epigram (namely, an inscription in honour of the dead), and the Greek epitaph, especially where the heroic or patriotic is concerned, is often strikingly epigrammatic in our conventional sense. Witness the lines of Simonides—

ON THE SLAIN AT THERMOPYLÆ.

If well to die be valour's noblest part,
 In this with us no mortal men can vie:
 Freedom for Greece we sought with fearless heart,
 And here in undecaying fame we lie.

The brevity of the epigram, which has always been a distinguishing characteristic, was probably due in the first instance to the fact that a lengthy inscription on a wall, statue, or tomb, and carved in brass or marble, would have been equally inconvenient and inappropriate; and this very brevity, when the application of the epigram was extended to the record of heroic deeds, striking historical events, and the expression of popular maxims, soon became its great recommendation. "Nothing," says Mr. Dodd, "was required to constitute a Greek epigram but brevity and unity of thought." The stinging point of modern times was entirely absent, and hence the truthful simplicity of the earlier epigrammatists finds little favour with those whose perverted tastes lead them to think that—

The qualities all in a bee that we meet,
 In an epigram never should fail:
 The body should always be little and sweet,
 And a sting should be felt in its tail.

Long after the time of Plato (B.C. 395), indeed up to within a couple of centuries of the Christian era, the writings of the Greek epigrammatists were simply pithy verses, remarkable only for the good sense of their sentiment, and the elegance of their language, and almost always devoid of the elements of

sarcasm. At the same time they abounded in gems of worldly wisdom, many of which have been inherited by modern literatures, and incorporated into their body. It has been said that the wisdom of a country is enshrined in its proverbs. Now a proverb is little more than an anonymous epigram, modified in passing from mouth to mouth, and finally accepted as a piece of joint-stock wisdom. Few languages can claim many original proverbs, for, on the principle that every good thing has been said before, we find in numberless instances the modern "saw" has had its distinct antitype among the ancients. I could adduce very many examples of this, but one must here suffice—

Discretion is the better part of valour,
says the proverb. The saw has it—

He that fights and runs away,
Will live to fight another day.

Butler, in his *Hudibras*, wrote—

Those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.

But we find that, ages before this, Aulus Gellius relates that Demosthenes sought safety in flight when Philip overcame the Athenians at Chaeronea, and being accused of cowardice, replied:—

Ἄνθρωπος ὁ φευγὼν καὶ παλιν μαχησεται,

The very sentiment that in its English dress serves us for parlour games nowadays. If upon the earlier Greeks we are thus obliged to father many of our smartest sayings, in no less degree have they anticipated the conceits of our great poets. Shakespere says—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

But Palladas, in the fourth century before Christ, had the same idea, thus translated—

Life's but a stage : then learn to sport,
And cast aside all care ;
Or learn, with trust in Heaven's support,
The ills of life to bear.

The Greek epigram, I have said, was in general free from the elements of sarcasm, and it was reserved for the Roman writers to introduce all the weapons of satire. But I may quote a verse from Crates, the cynic philosopher of Thebes, which very nearly approaches the modern ideal. It is called "The Cure of Love," and has been thus rendered:—

Sharp hunger is the cure of love,
Or time the mischief may remove ;
If time and fasting give no hope, .
Go !—end thy miseries with a rope.

Turning now to the Latin authors of epigram, we find how widely they departed from the Greek models. Of the Latin writers, by far the most prominent is Martial, who wrote in the first century of our era. Living as he did in a degenerate and corrupt age, and dependent on his pen for bread, Martial wrote to please, and of his innumerable epigrams, which have exercised a most remarkable and lasting influence over later writers, few are not disfigured by coarse satire or grovelling flattery. Yet of his verses enough are free from these features to shew with what grace and refinement he could write when so minded. In one of his pieces, Martial, who was fond of the table, complains of rich plate and poor fare, and that in a style worthy of our own Swift or Goldsmith—

With lace bedizened comes the man,
And I must dine with Lady Anne.
A silver service loads the board,
Of eatables a slender hoard ;
“ Your pride, and not your victuals, spare,
I came to dine, and not to stare.”

There is a characteristic vigour about all Martial's verse (even where he has wasted his talents on coarse subjects) which distinguishes it above the writings of the multitude who trod in his footsteps. When he has seized upon a loftier theme the result is often singularly happy. Take his fine lines on the benevolent use of wealth, rather freely translated by Hay:—

Thieves may break locks, and with your cash retire ;
Your ancient seat may be consumed by fire ;

Debtors refuse to pay you what they owe,
 Or your ungrateful field the seed you sow ;
 Your faithless maid may plunder you by stealth ;
 Your ships may sink at sea with all your wealth ;
 Who gives to friends so much from fate secures,
 That is the only wealth for ever yours.

Martial had countless imitators, but none of these needs mention here. They copied his worst faults, and with a strange perversity left unrecognised his most praiseworthy efforts. Contemporary with these writers, much that is admirable in epigram was being produced in the East. The wealth of Oriental imagery is proverbial and familiar enough to us in romances and poems. Arabian literature abounds in graceful conceits, epigrammatic in form, and of these a large number are anonymous. Here are some elegant lines addressed—

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

When born, in tears we saw thee drown'd,
 Whilst thy assembled friends around
 With smiles their joy confess'd :
 So live, that at thy parting hour
 They may the flood of sorrow pour,
 And thou in smiles be dress'd !

As we pass on from these earlier authors to those of the Middle Ages, who, by the way, almost invariably wrote in Latin, we find fewer examples of this graceful antithesis, and the element of humour becomes more prominent. The following verses, by a French writer of the fifteenth century, might be mistaken for an effort of Hook, or Sydney Smith :—

MACHŌN AND HIS WOODEN LEG.

When 'gainst Calès the Gallic forces drove,
 Machōn, a soldier, raw, but smart by Jove,
 To the tall rampart's height most boldly dash'd,
 When through his wooden leg a bullet crash'd :
 " All right," he cried, " I am not hurt a peg,
 At home I've got in store another leg."

The examples of old epigram which I have quoted are of course merely translations of the original verses, but the spirit

has been tolerably well preserved. So forcible are some of the thoughts and figures, that no amount of literary mauling could diminish their effectiveness. What could be more telling than the stricture on vanity in George Buchanan's lines to a lady, where he says—

Without a rival you yourself adore ?

Buchanan, though a Scotchman by birth, was a Latin poet and historian, and wrote with great freedom and elegance. The lampoon, a personal and vulgar form of epigram, to which I may perhaps refer hereafter, was a great weakness of Buchanan's, and led at one time to his banishment from Scotland. The age of Buchanan, that is to say, the Elizabethan age, was prolific in all manner of courtly verse, a natural result of the manners of the time. Personal satire, political partisanship, literary rivalry, moral maxim, and even religious feeling, in turn inspired the epigrammatist, whose lines, to quote an old writer, "shine like silver threads whereon are strung rich pearls of thought." Broad humour was by this time fully developed as an occasional feature in the epigram. Heywood, for instance, writing in the sixteenth century, has the following—

ON TAKING ONE'S EASE.

" Jack " (quoth his father), " how shall I ease take ?
 If I stand my legs ache, and if I kneel,
 My knees ache, and if I go, then my feet ache,
 And if I lie, my back ach'th, and if I sit, I feel
 My hips ache, and lean I ne'er so weel,
 My elbows ache." " Sir " (quoth Jack), " pain to exile,
 Since all these ease not, best ye hang awhile."

How different from these are the same writer's lines—

ON PRIDE.

If thou wilt needs be proud, mark this, friend mine ;
 Of good deeds be not proud, they are not thine ;
 But when thou play'st the knave, in ill deeds grown,
 Be proud of those ill deeds; they are thine own ;

Whilst as an instance of depth of feeling and marvellous beauty of figure, let me quote the last Earl of Cumberland's lines—

ON ST. STEPHEN'S MARTYRDOM.

Hail! thou first sacrifice in th' martyr's roll,
 Of cursed wrath and malice envious,
 See heaven wide opens to receive thy soul,
 And Christ proclaims thee now victorious.
 Each stone they threw is made a gem to fit
 Th' eternal crown that on thy head shall sit.

The succeeding age produced an array of writers with many of whom we are quite familiar. Pope, Thomson, Voltaire, Gray, Samuel Johnson, Goldsmith and Burns, each distinguished in other fields of literature, have left us many epigrams of merit; and so we may continue the list of names until we reach Wordsworth, Scott and Sydney Smith, writers of the present century. Samuel Wesley, a brother of the better known John Wesley, must be included in the list, and it may be of interest to reproduce a specimen of his style. The lines I quote were written on the erection in Westminster Abbey of a monument to Butler, the neglected author of *Hudibras*—

Whilst Butler, needy wretch! was yet alive,
 No gen'rous patron would a dinner give—
 See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,
 Presented with a monumental bust!
 The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
 He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone!

Very similar to the style of Wesley is that of Matthew Green, a contemporary of his, and author of *The Spleen*. His severe lines, on the modern lady of his time, are worth quoting, and, as I may point out, are written like most of the examples I have given, in the decasyllabic verse so often adopted for the purposes of epigram—

THE MODERN LADY.

Could our first father, at his toilsome plough,
 Thorns in his path, and labour on his brow,
 Cloth'd only in a rude, unpolish'd skin,
 Could he a vain, fantastic nymph have seen,
 In all her airs, in all her modern graces,
 Her various fashions, and more various faces;

How had it puzzled him, who late assign'd
Just appellations to each several kind,
A right idea of the sight to frame,
To guess from what new element she came,
To fix the wavering form, and give the thing a name!

Coming down to the epigrammatists of the last hundred years, we find a greatly increased variety of topic and style of treatment, many of the most brilliant productions being due to continental writers. Some of these I would have been glad to quote had I been able to find them adequately translated, but it hardly needs saying that, in the matter of epigram, translation is inferior only (if at all) in difficulty to composition. There is, however, one body of literature, produced entirely within the last hundred years, which fortunately needs no translation, and to which it would hardly be proper to make no reference. I mean what is called "American Literature." It may be said with substantial truth that no poetry worthy of preservation was produced in America until after the War for Independence. This great event, which, in stirring the deeper feelings of the people, seems to have been the first thing to rouse the dormant Muse, gave a political tinge to everything that was written, and it was not for a good many years that the verse produced ceased to be political first and literary afterwards. Since that time a great mass of poetry, some of it admirable, has been given to the world by American writers, but I doubt very much whether these writers have contributed anything like a full proportionate share to the literature of epigram. It is true they have produced plenty of poetry full of the tenderest feelings, plenty brimming over with rich humour, and an abundance of pieces characterised by a quaintness and eccentricity peculiar to the States; but whether it be that American humour and satire alike contain exaggeration as too large an ingredient, whether the use of slang and colloquialisms be too much relied on to give point to American wit, or whether it be that writers have often elaborated their happy thoughts at

too great length to be classed as pure epigram, certain it is that we find fewer genuine examples than might be naturally expected. We meet with plenty of quaint conceits, quaintly expressed, but incorporated in comparatively long compositions. As one specimen, take the piece of philosophy which Lowell gives us in *Hoséa Biglow*—

A merciful Providence fashion'd us holler
O' purpose that we might our principles swaller.

This is a fair sample of hundreds of such thoughts, and of the way of putting them. A more refined couplet of Lowell's is that in which he speaks of the presentment by successive writers of the same idea—

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'Tis his at last who says it best.

This is well put; but although Lowell's poems and speeches are alike studded with gems of humour and wisdom, yet, as a writer of epigram proper, he must give precedence to another who is less known in England than he deserves to be, Mr. John Godfrey Saxe, a poet of versatility and great refinement of style. I quote two examples from his pen—

"Here, wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend"—
"Tis ten o'clock," said his drowsy mate.
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But, 'tis never too late to mend."

The other contains an excellent specimen of pure repartee—

As Tom and his wife were discoursing one day
Of their several faults, in a bantering way,
Said she—"Though my wit you disparage,
I'm sure, my dear husband, our friends will attest
This much at the least, that my judgment is best,"
Quoth Tom—"So they said at our marriage."

To glance for one moment at other American authors, we find that Whittier, the Quaker poet, with his sober themes and pathetic style, has given us nothing that can be called epigram. Oliver Wendell Holmes, although possessing a sly good-

natured wit and a joyousness of heart all his own, has, so far as I am aware, made no contribution to this literature. Nay, even Bret Harte, with all his vigorous national poems, his parodies, and his dialect verses, may be searched in vain for anything for quotation here. Fond as our American cousins are of a joke, the genius of their humour does not appear to be strongly epigrammatic.

Of English writers of the present and preceding generations, there is so much to be said that even the baldest outline would occupy a whole evening, and this notwithstanding that, as there seems too much reason to fear, epigram writing has received a greatly diminished amount of attention in late years, when we consider the enormous body of general literature produced. Time forbids my enlarging on this part of my subject, and besides, I may safely presume that of the whole literature of the epigram, it is with this portion that you are the most familiar already. My object being to review the stages through which this form of composition has passed, I have not wished to consider the case of any particular writer further than as serving to illustrate the subject. I will only remark that a great many choice specimens, which have appeared in magazines and other periodical publications, have not been permanently preserved to us; and secondly, that it is by no means always in those authors from whom we would look most confidently for examples that our search is best rewarded. A specimen of university wit, which I extract from an old Oxford collection, will serve as one of numberless instances that might be given, in which epigram of merit, having a local and personal application, has attained only a restricted and temporary currency, and then been lost sight of. It is a mock epitaph to an Oxford pie-woman, and reads—

TO THE PIE-HOUSE MEMORY OF NELL BATCHELOR,

AN OXFORD PIE-WOMAN.

Here deep in the dust

The mouldy old crust

Of Nell Batchelor lately was shoven,

Who was skilled in the arts
 Of pies, puddings, and tarts,
 And knew every use of the oven.
 When she'd lived long enough,
 She made her last puff,
 A puff by her husband much prais'd,
 And now here she doth lie,
 And makes a dirt pie,
 In hopes that her crust will be rais'd.

Epigram writing, be it observed, is a style which requires peculiar and special capacity in the author, a capacity which does not always exist in a great poet. Cowper, for instance, with all his genius, was a poor epigrammatist, and was excelled in this respect by men of infinitely inferior poetic power. Then again, as a mere mental exercise, the epigram is worth attention, for the terseness which it requires is of great advantage in imparting elegance to conversation and general literature. The view put forward on this point by Graves, in one of his essays, will recommend itself to some. He says—

Young people might receive the same advantage to their style in writing, and to their manner of expressing themselves in conversation, from being accustomed to the force and conciseness peculiar to an epigram, as it is allowed they generally do, to their way of thinking and reasoning, from the close method of argumentation essential to mathematical writings.

There seems to me to be considerable force in these remarks. The composition of Latin epigrams is still retained as a useful exercise in some of our public schools and universities, and if it be advantageous to write graceful Latin epigrams for the promotion of terse classical composition, surely it must be also advantageous to write English epigrams with the same object in reference to our native language. Looking back on the subject as a whole, we find that the most scathing satire, equally with the loftiest eulogy, has been lavished by writers upon each other. What can excel the fine lines in which Dryden compares Milton to Homer and Virgil?—

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd ;
 The next, in majesty : in both, the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go ;
 To make a third, she join'd the former two .

Or again, Pope's magnificent couplet on Sir Isaac Newton?—

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night :
 God said, " Let Newton be," and all was light.

On the other hand, take the reproof administered by Boileau to the abbé Cotin, for having passed off some of his own verses under Boileau's name —

Of all the pens which my poor rhymes molest,
 Cotin's is sharpest, and succeeds the best.
 Others outrageous scold, and rail downright,
 With hearty rancour, and true Christian spite.
 But he a readier method does design,
 Writes scoundrel verses, and then says they're mine !

Boileau, however, was severe on everyone. It was he, you may remember, who wrote as an epitaph upon his own wife—

Here lies my wife ; and Heaven knows
 Not less for mine, than for her own repose.

We have been treating thus far of epigrams properly so called, that is to say, of set compositions, possessing more or less of the poetic form in which we expect to find the orthodox epigram embodied. In modern epigrams, not only is it verse which is employed, but ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is rhyme also, and to our ears the rhyme adds much to the effect. I said in the early part of my paper that humour involves the unexpected, and that this is why the point of modern epigrams is found in the last line. I have come to the conclusion that, apart from the less attractiveness of form, one reason why prose is not adapted for the purposes of epigram is that in prose a writer can neither choose with the same exactness the precise moment for making his point, nor fling it upon you with the same startling abruptness. Hence we do not speak of prose epigram. Of epigrammatic prose, however,

we find abundance, that is to say, language possessing all the qualities of epigram except the form and arrangement. This as to written language. As to speaking, of course any man who talked extemporised verse would run a great risk that people would laugh at instead of with him; but many of our wittiest men, who, like their less gifted fellows, and like the hero of Molière's comedy, of course "talked prose," continually let fall remarks which contained all the materials for epigram manufacture, if I may so speak. Take the case of Sydney Smith, who was always saying the most telling things in this way. He said—

Marriage I consider to resemble a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing anyone who comes between them.

Notice here the fanciful comparison. Or, to take a "broader" example, we find that, someone having remarked that many eminent men were diminutive in person, Smith exclaimed—

Yes, there's my little friend Blank, who hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed. Here we see a characteristically ludicrous and telling way of putting things, owing none of its point to any pun or play upon words, on which so many of Theodore Hook and Tom Hood's good sayings are founded.

And now a word as to the influence of epigram generally. In all ages the epigram, and its ill-bred cousin the lampoon, have exercised a great influence in the spheres of art, politics, and literature. A distich written under a picture, a couplet improvised by a statesman, or by a demagogue, or a quatrain from the pen of a reviewer, has been seized upon and adopted as an embodiment of popular opinion; and many a time has the artist, poet, or dramatist stood condemned at the instance of a probably anonymous assailant. At the same time, in a vast majority of personal cases, the epigram has not long survived the occasion which gave it birth, and even where it has been preserved to us, we, of course, lose much of its point. Ridicule is a most powerful weapon, especially when contained

in epigrammatic form. In the hands of the author it may silence a rival, in those of the politician it may cover an opponent with confusion, even in the pulpit it may be made a vehicle of the sternest reproof, whilst in every-day life its applications are endless.

There is one other aspect of the subject as a whole on which I must ask leave to touch before closing. It is this—that the diminished amount of attention which epigram writing receives now-a-days is a matter for serious regret, from the historian's point of view. As Mr. Dodd says—

Epigrammatic literature displays national history. The various turns of events, as they quickly pass, are caught, and, as it were, photographed in the epigrams of the day ; and minor circumstances, which may eventually enable the historian to discover the small causes of great changes, are chronicled in a serious distich or witty quatrain. It reflects, too, the national mind. The characteristics of the time, the temperament, manners and habits of the people are portrayed. “There is always a strong reciprocal action and reaction of the popular mind on literature, as well as of literature on the public mind.” If this is true of poets in general, how especially true is it of epigrammatists. Authors of this class have, from the earliest times, not only been affected by the passions and feelings of the people, but have worked upon those feelings, and directed their course.

Time forbids any further consideration of this, the philosophic, and by no means the least interesting phase of the subject. I have attempted to trace the origin and subsequent development of the epigram, and further to point out its capabilities and influence ; in short, to show that whatever is “condensed” in sentiment, be its theme humorous, satirical, patriotic, moral, or eulogistic, finds its most telling embodiment in the form of epigram, and that the literature of this subject, containing as it does some of the noblest truths and most brilliant conceits ever expressed, must be regarded as of no little importance and interest, and as forming in some sense the very salt and seasoning of the world of letters.

January 12th, 1885.

“Flaws in the Education of Girls.”

By MR. EDWARD KING.



LET us start with a definition: Education, in the full and just meaning of the word, signifies the various processes by which the body and mind are thoroughly trained, so as to fit them for the reasonable demands of mature life. Of course in such a definition there is no reference to religious training, which does not come within the scope of the present discussion. It has been finely said that “the intelligence cannot be unintelligently developed”; but, though this has the palpable force of a truism, in practice it is too often ignored. The flaws in the elementary education of girls are cases in point. In many families the engagement of a nursery governess is considered as a matter of less moment than the genteel appearance of the housemaid or parlourmaid, and the cook is treated with a consideration which is fourfold that enjoyed by her to whom the planting of the seed-thoughts of childhood is entrusted. Is it just to expect the propagation of bright and noble thoughts by those who are treated ignobly? Ruskin’s protest (in 1864) has almost equal force to-day—

What teachers do you give your girls, and what reverence do you show the teachers you have chosen? Is a girl likely to think her own conduct, or her own intellect, of much importance, when you trust the entire formation of her character—moral and intellectual—to a person whom you let your servants treat with less respect than you do your housekeeper (as if the soul of your child were a less charge than jams and groceries) and whom you yourself think you confer an honour upon by letting her sometimes sit in the drawing room of an evening?

Let us not be misunderstood; we are not making sweeping complaints. In thousands of homes the place of the educator is recognised as a position of honour and of exalted trust, and it

is just that it should be so. The onus of the flaw lies with those who, by their almost intolerable snobbery and mischievous ignorance, do their best to crush out a noble energy of soul and purpose from the just educational aims of those who are often refined and high-minded gentlewomen, driven by the stress of necessity to a work involving grave responsibilities, rewarded by miserable pay, contempt, and ingratitude.

There are many contributory causes to the existence of flaws in the education of girls; but there are two which seem to meet us on the threshold of the subject. One of these owes its existence to a mean and narrow view of the scope and province of education, and the other to that debasing "craze for cheapness" which infests modern society to its lasting detriment and disgrace. The first flaw, or error, is that a girl's education finishes when she turns her back upon the schoolroom; the second blemish owes its origin to the craving for profuse variety and showy studies on the part of parents rather than for that which is less varied, but far more practical and enduring. As with furniture so is it with education; its value can only be estimated by the experience of the wear of years; cheap and showy goods chip and look hideous through the legitimate attritions of time; a hollow and tinsel education collapses and disgusts under the pressure and the inevitable necessities of life. Look a little deeper than the mere surface of things; follow up observation by reflection and analysis, and you will find it quite possible to trace much of the discontent, the waste, the folly, and the contracted sympathies and mental vision, the petty aims and unworthy motives of played-out old women of five and thirty to the cruel fate that gave them an education which was not planned by practical common sense with an eye to the inevitable wear and tear of the future. The phrases of our language have something to do with the blunders pertaining to education, and as frequently mislead as alliterative proverbs. "When do you finish your education"? or "My daughter will finish her education with

the Lent term" are words which proclaim a lamentable want of a just appreciation of the fitness of things. With her school days a girl ends a preliminary section of her education, perhaps; but in most cases the alphabets of taste, just perception, right judgment, and an acute knowledge of the relative value of things have yet to be mastered. At such a juncture it is positive folly and cruelty to leave a girl to her own resources of self teaching, and yet it is virtually done in a multitude of cases. Lacking a gentle, and loving, and suggestive oversight, the child of the selfish woman of fashion who has just left school, as the result of natural impulse and the rebound of pent up animal spirits, joyously exchanges an enforced sanctimonious primness for a style which is nothing if not "loud," and the bald literature of facts for the florid extravagances of voluptuous fiction. The child very naturally soon becomes the reflex of the mother, and what cause for wonder so long as weeds produce weeds, and indiscretion is the offspring of folly. Of such how truly sings Coventry Patmore:—

Ah, wasteful woman! she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,
 Knowing he cannot choose but pay—
 How has she cheapen'd Paradise!
 How given for nought her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spill'd the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men and men divine!

With the termination of the schooldays the education of the understanding is sometimes supposed to commence. We have here a fairly just theory which seldom resolves itself into fact. But should it not have been more than a theory long before the period of school education terminated, seeing that to understand and perceive is to live, and that the reverse is mere mechanical existence? Books are as essential to a girl after she leaves school as during the time of her preliminary education. Even the slight wear and tear of the morning of

life will soon make shabby her small stock of elementary knowledge, if they do not indeed absorb it entirely, and make pressing demands for more. In this respect if she would be happy she must be progressive. As human education is as wide as life itself Sydney Smith and Sir Joshua Reynolds have some thoughts on the "life conduct of the understanding" which may well be quoted here. Reynolds says:—

Even the greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock : he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own will be soon reduced from mere barrenness to the poorest of all imitations ; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has before repeated.

And, with his usual common sense, Sydney Smith remarks:—

It is a mistake equally fatal to the memory, the imagination, the powers of reasoning, and to every faculty of the mind to think too early that we can live upon our stock of understanding—that it is time to leave off business and make use of the acquisitions we have already made, without troubling ourselves any further to add to them. It is no more possible for an idle person to keep together a certain stock of knowledge than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian sun. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference, and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it.

Possibly this foolish desire to "have done" with education may sometimes be traced to the high pressure methods adopted at some schools where girls are forced up to showy examination results against their will and much beyond their present natural mental capacity. The overgorged mind of the young abhors repletion as much as does the body, and in some constitutions it seems only natural that enforced excessive study should be followed by a revulsion of feeling which makes thoughtful reading ever afterwards distasteful. We outrage nature and common sense, and then inanely wonder at ultimate failure ; the real wonder would be were it otherwise. When it is remembered how frequently in after life the education of a girl is left to take care of itself, there seems all the greater reason that its foundations should be thorough and substantial rather than showy and flimsy. In

after life men more frequently build up their knowledge than women; by close contact with the world and the acute knowledge of their fellow men they are almost stung into mental activity, because they are almost ashamed to stagnate; they cannot afford to dawdle in the rear of contemporary fact and thought, for they would be regarded with an unwelcome compassion were their minds not "up to date." But in the case of many women there is no special or exacting demand for an "up to date" self-education; other matters (and too frequently absurdly trivial ones) appear more pressing, and so, if the foundation of their education is faulty in thoroughness, they find themselves in after life in a pitiful condition indeed; the showy part of their education is useless, and the flimsy unnatural method of enforcing what would have been really useful has caused it to long ago evaporate from the mind. This claptrap show system of education has grown to the most pernicious and dangerous dimensions, and it is the obvious duty of every sensible parent to negative its success by steadfastly declining to send children where its vulgar and mischievous presence is evident. Carried to extremes it is a death blow to the charming simplicity of childhood; its exponents think as much of the trumpery theatricals of their pupils as the more conscientious teacher of a thorough grounding in writing, spelling, and arithmetic, and such hireling instructors of youth are not above pampering the stomachs of their pupils by a wastefully luxurious table, if they can thereby bribe them to give a good account of the land when holiday time comes round. *Per se* the mild theatricals of school life are nothing to complain about; it is only when their importance is exalted to a ridiculous and unhealthy altitude that they are worthy of censure, or when exacting parts are taken by girls of sensitive and delicate temperament.

This remark naturally suggests that there is a health aspect to "flaws in the education of girls"; and here the ignorance and indifference of many mothers have as much to

do with the defects in question as the teachers themselves, because after their daughters have left school the unfortunate silence of the mother is the not infrequent cause of much mischief which will readily present itself to thoughtful minds. Were the valuable and harmless pages of such sterling health handbooks as those of Andrew Coome and Cassell's *Book of Health* more widely studied by the young of either sex, much sickness and unhappiness would be prevented and the health of the nation greatly improved. In many fashionable towns where girls' schools abound the morning walk, the very essence of formality and rigorous regularity, is irritating through its exacting restraints, and is only successful as a peripatetic advertisement for the principals, who, in the planning of such exasperating promenades, have an eye to much frequented streets rather than the fields where the pupils might romp and play at their own sweet will and successfully court the invigorating smiles of Hygeia. As bearing upon this point let me quote a few lines from Dr. Cantlie in the *Book of Health*. Speaking of the "two and two boarding school walk," he says—

It is an infliction that has to be gone through in which the girls may neither look to the right nor to the left, may neither smile nor run—may do nothing in fact that Nature prompts them to do. Place a handcuff between the two as they walk out, and you do what is being done to these young girls' spirits. What is the consequence after school days are over? As the captive revels when set free, the girl rapidly falls away from her stiff training; she has two lives: one the boarding school life, for her society manners; another, the opposite, for home life, in which she is sure to run to the other extreme. She may be chosen for a wife by someone who has seen only the boarding school side of her existence. After marriage the revulsion from this, the training of her youth, becomes more marked, and the accomplishments and training are laid aside; she becomes careless alike of her own improvement, her husband's feelings, and her children's mental welfare. Depend upon it, this is one of the chief causes of unhappy homes.

Or we may put it in another way. As the pony, harmless and innocent in itself, which has been tied up in the stable too long,

is the most likely to get into mischief and danger, so the school girl, full of innocent animal spirits, and rejoicing in her escape from the austere bondage of an unnatural deportment and rigid conventionalities, is the most likely of all girls to fall a victim to the selfish and disastrous snares of the designing, who know no higher ambition than personal gratification. Thereupon, Mrs. Grundy, who is nothing, if not woodenheaded, is greatly shocked, forgetting that her harsh and unnatural laws have had a great deal to do with the first causes of a social disaster, from which she hastens to turn away, with many pious and conventional ejaculations. "Ah but," the short-sighted exclaim, "if our girls are to be permitted to run wild in the fields, and to laugh and shout without restraint, what a generation of uncouth Tomboys in petticoats would be the result." But does that really follow? Health lends a primary charm to the graces of maidenhood; and how is that health to be secured? By the observance of the stiff, and the formal, and the restrained? Are the natural grace and lofty bearing of tribes we are pleased to call semi-savage thus engendered? And if not, why are we to expect the designs of Nature to be completely reversed in a highly artificial state of civilization, and look for an ideal grace as the result of our clumsy and ill-advised methods? Mr. Herbert Spencer's excellent plea for the "running wild" of girls at a time when so much depends upon a common-sense latitude in this respect may well commend itself to every thoughtful and humane mind. He does not think that unladylike habits will be formed by such legitimate license, and argues that—

If the sportive activity allowed in boys does not prevent them growing up into gentlemen, why should a like sportive activity prevent girls from growing up into ladies? Rough as may have been their playground frolics, youths who have left school do not indulge in leap-frog in the streets, or marbles in the drawing room. Abandoning their jackets, they abandon at the same time boyish games, and display an anxiety—often a ludicrous anxiety—to avoid whatever is not manly. If now, on arriving at the due age, this feeling of masculine dignity puts so efficient

a restraint on the sports of boyhood, will not the feeling of feminine modesty, gradually strengthening as maturity is approached, put an efficient restraint on the like sports of girlhood? Have not women an even greater regard for appearance than men? And will there not consequently arise in them even a stronger check to whatever is rough or boisterous?

Now is there not reason and practical good sense in such an argument as this? Fortunately for girls intelligent ideas on their health education are gaining ground, thanks to such able writers as Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Ruskin, Kingsley, Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Dr. Edward Clarke (of Boston, U.S.A.), and the Rev. Professor Momerie; the last-named having done excellent service to the cause by including "The Culture of the Body" in his vigorous and valuable pulpit lectures on "Common Duties." But we must beware of flying to extremes; the body is as liable to exhaustion from excessive over-training as the mind, as witness the not infrequent collapses of highly excitable and sensitive girls after a lawn tennis victory, bought as the result of a pernicious exhaustion, which renders the sufferer specially liable to fall a prey to any prevailing epidemic. Excessive physical tension may also cause evil results when rowing or dancing are carried to extremes. Not long since an amateur oarsman was heard boasting that he would "back his sister over a half-mile course with any man." Such a thoughtless vaunt shows that the want of a due regard to proportion in education, whether physical or mental, becomes little short of a disastrous and offensive deformity. There appears less chance of the evils of physical overstrain in the sports of girls if they are taught at school to take a reasonable degree of pleasure in gymnastics. It is a good sign of the times that at many of the better-class schools a rational amount of gymnastic exercise is encouraged, and with advantageous results. Of course, as in the case of the more robust sports of boys, it is not every girl whose *physique* is suited for the gymnasium, any more than that of every boy is suited for rowing, football, or cricket. The results are usually

most beneficial, if there is a careful oversight to restrain any tendency to excess on the part of enthusiasts. It has been very properly pointed out that one great benefit derived from gymnastic exercises is that the girls are, at least for the time being, compelled to wear loose clothing, in which they can move their arms, and experience no difficulty in stooping or bending and turning their body. Many of them, having once experienced the difference between a dress encumbering their almost every motion and the loose, comfortable gown, in which their limbs are their servants, and not their tyrannical masters, begin to adopt hygienic clothing.

Of course it almost goes without saying that if girls, and those whose place it is to teach them at school, and subsequently train them at home, were more thoroughly and generally grounded in the first principles of health, many of the common and preventible ailments of youth would be comparatively unknown. In that case Nature would not be outraged by the absurd and mischievous anomaly of the attempt to gather fruit from young trees with roots yet unestablished, or, to dispense with metaphor, to force an unnatural brain product from tender children whose physical education can scarcely be said to have fairly commenced. If it be true that in the case of the adult the perfectly sound brain can only be the companion of the perfectly sound and matured body, how much more so is it essential to bear the spirit of this fact in mind in the case of children who have so small a proportion of judgment to counteract any mental excesses, caused by the severe competitive emulation of other pupils or the mischievous and foolish plaudits of designing teachers thirsting to show off their skill in teaching? Or those distressing mental excesses may owe their origin to vain and thoughtless parents, proud to parade the results of examinations which may have been won at the cost of health. And even if health be not unimpaired, what failure is more ridiculous than that offensive outcome of premature brain stuffing—the precocious girl-prig

of ten or a dozen summers? She has seldom a decent percentage of the child charms of her schoolfellows; she feels herself their superior, and is therefore cordially disliked; she is a middle-aged woman before other girls have emerged from the enchanting realm of maidenhood; and *as for love*, she is no more likely to win a husband than she is to think herself what she really is—the exact antithesis of all that is womanly, lovable and charming. May not all who have anything to do with the education of girls remember with profit Ruskin's poetical and yet practical injunction:—

You have first to mould her physical frame, and then, as the strength she gains will permit you, to fill and temper her mind with all knowledge and thoughts which tend to confirm its natural instincts of justice, and refine its natural tact of love.

And here I venture to record the impression that by the words the refinement of the mind in “its natural tact of love,” Ruskin means to suggest a great deal more than merely appears on the surface. It might be as presumptuous as it might be unreasonable to contend that the instinct of love is not general to maidenhood. The fact is as widely admitted as its existence is universal, and yet how seldom is that “natural tact” educated or “refined,” as well it might be, with noble advantage to all concerned? Let me be more explicit on this educational aspect of home life after a girl has left school. She has now turned her back on child life; in a few short years she will probably marry, and it is tacitly admitted that on the wisdom of her choice, and her capacity to make herself a sympathetic, intelligent companion to her husband, greatly depends the sum of her and his happiness until death breaks the bond. She will probably spend half, and the most important part of her life as a married woman. Speaking generally, how much of her home education has been devoted to the suggestion of a prudent choice, or to the training of her mind in the evergreen art of winsome and intelligent companionship for life? Not infrequently little or nothing.

And if this be really true, so long as the fact exists as a blot upon the higher home education of girls who dare wonder that indiscretions are commoner than they should be, or that the divorce court seldom closes its doors for lack of work? Clubs are sometimes condemned as absorbing an unfair proportion of the time of married men. The charge may be often a just one. But there are generally causes for excesses of any kind, and they are not always to be wholly laid at the door of those who indulge in them. Men are sometimes driven to seek sympathetic intellectual companionship outside their homes, because they have sought it in vain at their own firesides. Not that any man of sense would wish his wife such a dull pedant in petticoats as Juvenal describes in his immortal Sixth Satire:—

. . . the female pedagogue who pores
 O'er her Palæmon hourly ; who explores
 All modes of speech, regardless of the sense,
 But tremblingly alive to mood and tense ;
 Who puzzles you with many an uncouth phrase
 From some old canticle of Numa's days ;
 Corrects her country friends, and cannot hear
 Her husband solceise without a sneer.

Rather would the wise man pray that the wife of his choice might realise the dream truth of our English Tennyson:—

Yet in the long years, liker must they grow ;
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;
 She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;
 Till at the last she set herself to man,
 Like perfect music unto noble words.

In the case of not a few girls, balls and dances almost innumerable, a fair sprinkling of "first nights" at "risky" plays, and the indiscriminate reading of novels (many of which are mischievously suggestive), combined with the time spent on a wasteful expenditure on dress, not only leave

meagre opportunity for any education in the innocent arts of a wise and happy life companionship, but create so perverted a mental vision that its attainment seems almost hopeless. Yet these are the girls who are frequently the most eager to marry great estates, rather than noble hearts, because they are so ignorant of just thoughts that they think modest means or a single life contemptible. Fortunately for England there are tens of thousands of homes where the moral atmosphere of "sweetness and light" is the exact antithesis of all this unhealthy excitement. But it cannot be wisdom to ignore a gross evil because by its side dwells a noble amount of good, and hence the needs be for reference to that which is unlovely and unpleasant. It is only natural that the constant reading of novels, the scenes of which are mostly glitter and magnificence, whose love making is usually ushered in by a dazzling dance, and whose lovers are as splendid in person as in fortune, must tend to excite the impressionable mind of the recently released school girl, and lay the foundation of an exacting selfishness and hardness of character which fail to find contentment in the reasonable and tranquil pleasures of ordinary domestic life. The mischievous fiction that single life is ignoble to women dies more slowly than the advance of education should lead us to expect. Fashionable society is too superficial to follow out to its only logical and practical ending the fact "that special qualities are necessary for married life which all people do not possess." Those who may be interested in following up this part of our subject might read, with benefit, a thoughtful article in the *Westminster Review*, for January, 1884, on "The Future of Single Women," in which the writer makes out a very good case for the advantages, in *some* instances, of what has been quaintly described as "an industrial picnic in solitude," and argues with ingenuity that—

The great fact and problem of feminine life is womanhood, with all its possibilities and varieties—wifehood and motherhood are incidental parts which may or may not enter into the life of each woman.

He asserts that—

Womanhood and wifehood are not co-extensive, but up to this time we have acted as though they were.

Reference having been incidentally made to the mischievous influence of "risky" novels in the home education of girls, it is only just to pay some small tribute to the beneficent educational influence of noble fiction. Insidious and dangerous novels are often first read as the result of mere accident. Given a home with only a contemptible permanent supply of literature, the circulating library is eagerly resorted to and fiction often selected haphazard, as the title strikes the taste of the borrower, who, on such a principle of choice, may have the misfortune to unwittingly drift into the perusal of that which may be as insidious as it is unhealthy. Youth is the period of acute mental hunger; is it reasonable to expect the ravenous to be fastidious? But, by a judicious care, and small expenditure, the home library of fiction may give an early and noble tone to taste, and so supply the more urgent mental wants of youth, that there need be small fear of a descent to the garbage of the gutter. How can some parents consistently censure their children for reading worse than foolish books, when they have been so cruelly careless and neglectful as not to scatter about their homes healthy novels of worth and permanent repute? And these are just the purse-proud, ostentatious members of the snobocracy who will waste over the wines of a solemn and tedious and dreary dinner as much money as would buy their children a twelvemonth's supply of sound and invigorating fiction. What is the petty social gain derived from such doleful and heartless ceremonials compared to the noble mental fare which may be gathered from the study of Agnes in *David Copperfield*, or Trollope's Grace Crawley, or the Cecilia Travers of *Kenelm Chillingly*, or Thackeray's Lady Castlewood, or the mother of Anyas Leigh in Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho?* But often, in such ill-ordered homes, though good fiction is wanting, some

baleful society journals are not. So young and hungry eyes fall on these to their peril; the pernicious is read because the healthy and invigorating are not at hand. Surely, if parents—hardened men and women of the world—consider themselves past contamination from such sources, they might have some thought for the sweetness and cleanliness of their children's minds. Let Mr. Justice Hawkins be put in evidence on this point of the evil tendency of some society journals. In summing up a case, on March 17, 1885, he said—

He did not think that . . . ladies would like it to go abroad that they even read such articles as those which had been read in court. Were all these descriptions of improprieties, of immoral and disgusting scenes calculated to serve any good purpose? Had such articles a tendency to promote morality, to preserve the innocence of pure-minded girls, or even to give harmless amusement to either sex, or were they written for the purpose of pandering to depraved and prurient appetites already existing, or of creating depraved and prurient appetites in those as yet strange to them.

In theatrical matters things are little if any better. Look round any theatre on the occasion of a "first night," and see how large a section of the audience is made up of quite young girls. Who dare blame them for being there, should the drama prove of a mischievous character, and the plot be nothing if not abounding in suggestive and "risky" situations? But why give them the chance of being there at all? Surely a week after a *premiere* would suffice. Not only would the company act better, but there would then be time to avoid moral taint, should the *critiques* indicate its presence. It is certainly time to speak out when even one of the better edited society papers, not notorious for its prudery, thus protests in its criticism of "Princess George" (*Society*, January 24, 1885)—

But it is no longer considered improper for women and young girls to witness plays which are little more than a picture of vice put into action, and to follow with interest and without shame the intricacies of illicit amours. A couple of hundred years or so ago, when the loose comedies of the Restoration reflected the vicious manners of the Court and age, women went to the theatre and laughed over . . . lascivious dialogue

. . . but they at least assumed the virtue of modesty if they had it not, and paid a certain homage to decency by wearing masks. Our modern maids and matrons are more honest, or more callous. They listen to suggestive innuendos with cocked ears, and endorse them with a smile.

Surely these are bitter, scathing words, though they apply only to the careless section of the theatre-going community. But, is there not a cause when facts are fairly faced? If you pride yourself upon your knowledge of the world, and yet doubt such facts in their bearing upon some ill-regulated houses, just take an analytical glance round one or two theatres which shall be nameless, and which are now filled nightly by eager and appreciative throngs.

But a truce to objection and censure. The educational flaws and faults in the training of girls, in a multitude of showy and unsubstantial schools and homes, find a noble reverse in the love, and the skill, and solicitude of those who are the exponents of "a more excellent way." All honour to such sensible, Christian teachers! But what an uphill work is theirs in a world which puts a premium on claptrap, and most things which pertain to the unsubstantial and showy. Are *these* hollow methods those that produce the heroic wives who are at their best when sickness strikes down the husband, or financial adversity desolates the hearth? Are *these* paltry methods those that produce the wives whose thoughtful and welcome counsel save the husband from many a false financial move, and whose genial intellectual companionship makes the home coming bright in anticipation and brighter in reality. The response of the experience of thousands of much blessed husbands is—"No: a thousand times, No." And if that be fact, and if it be equally a fact that through the heartless dishonesty, indifference, or laxity of those whose lofty ambition it should be to mould the minds and tastes of girlhood and maidenhood many an otherwise fair life is marred and flawed past recovery, then what solicitude shall be thought too great or what pains too exhaustive or constant to secure

a near approach to the dainty and winsome ideal of the poet?—

In mind and manners how discreet !
How artless in her very art ;
How candid in discourse ; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart.
How simple and how circumspect ;
How subtle and how fancy free ;
Though sacred to her love, how deck't
With unexclusive courtesy.

And, with such sweet words ringing in your ears I fain would
leave you to discussion.

March 30th, 1885.



“Hospital Reform.”

By DR. ROBERTS LAW.



IN acceding to the request of the Council to bring the subject of Hospital Reform before the members of the Athenæum, I could not fail to see that it is one in which all classes are interested, and so well calculated, in spite of the inadequate manner in which I fear it will be introduced, to be productive of an interesting and valuable debate. At the commencement I must call your attention to a reform which has already been quietly and effectively carried out, in the marvellous improvements of the nursing arrangements. The managers of the large hospitals deserve the highest praise both from their supporters and those who are unfortunately obliged to seek relief from their sufferings at such institutions that the Mrs. Gamp whom Dickens has made celebrated in *Martin Chuzzlewit* has become a thing of the past and as unknown as Mrs. Harris was to Mrs. Gamp's acquaintances. Her place is filled by women who undertake the very arduous duties of nursing from a love of the work. I cannot help mentioning that a nurse has recently died at her post in University College Hospital, and been followed to her grave by all with whom she had worked for fifteen years as a last token of their respect and affection. She was one of the first to receive the decoration of St. Katherine, recently instituted by the Queen, a reward not lightly or inconsiderately bestowed. Nothing that I can write could in the smallest degree convey her worth nor the loss the hospital has sustained in her death. Is it possible for any woman to have spent her life more nobly or

more unselfishly? In dealing with the question I only do so as far as it affects the large and voluntary hospitals of the kingdom. Other reforms in the working of the large hospitals have been recognised by those who are interested in them for some time. That such is the case is shown by the fact that the Hospital Association has been formed. This association sprang from a conference on hospital administration held by the Social Science Association, when a committee was formed on which was founded "The Hospital Association." It has on its council men who are connected, either as administrators or medical officers, with most of the large London and provincial hospitals. The inaugural meeting was held at the Mansion House on the 1st February, 1884. I am indebted to the secretary of the association, Mr. Clifford Smith, for much valuable information and literature on the subject. It is a matter for congratulation that such a society exists, as it is to be hoped that it will extinguish the rivalry, even if friendly, which has hitherto existed between the large London hospitals, and compelled the managers or secretaries of their respective institutions to cudgel their brains to devise new plans for inducing the charity giving portion of the public to bestow their money on the institution whose claims they advance. Balls, bazaars, fancy fairs are all employed as means for raising the wind, and members of the theatrical profession are often persuaded to give their time and talents to bring grist to one or other of the hospital mills. The credit of the latest idea belongs to a talented actress whom the members are to have the pleasure of hearing during the session, who has given the proceeds of the sale of a paper read by her at the last meeting of the Social Science Congress to the Chelsea Hospital for Women. It is notorious that hospitals are always deeply in debt and in urgent want of funds. In the reports of work done during the year it is considered most damaging if a large increase in the number of people over the previous year is not shown. Hence it must with regret be admitted that the

quantity, not the quality, of the work done is considered most likely to attract funds. Dr. Fairlie Clarke wrote in *Macmillan's Magazine*—

It requires some self-denial on the part of both the managers and the medical officers to sanction an alteration whereby the number of applicants would be diminished to any considerable extent. It is only natural that those benevolent gentlemen who give largely both of their money and time to support and to manage a hospital should wish to see the institution prosper, and we have got into the way of thinking that the chief test of prosperity is the number of applicants for admission. Thus it is almost thought necessary to offer some explanation if the number of patients one year is smaller than it was the year before, and an ever increasing muster-roll is taken as a subject of congratulation. Surely if this be so, it is allowing a mistaken charity to over-ride our patriotism, it is to congratulate ourselves upon what is, in fact, a mark of social decay, and of the unsatisfactory relation in which different classes stand towards one another. Strange as it may seem to some, it is clear to all thoughtful men that if any amelioration is going on in the social condition of the lower orders, the dole giving charities—whether their doles are bread, blankets, or medical advice—ought to be diminishing the circle of their gifts and not enlarging it. Thus the managers of the hospitals, when called upon to initiate a reform, are asked to allow their numbers to be diminished and some of their applicants drafted off to other institutions.

It is in the out-patient department that this has been carried out most successfully; consequently it is here the greatest abuses are to be found. The liberal way in which the doors have been thrown open to rich and poor alike, no questions asked, has naturally given the public to believe that all are free to avail themselves of the advantages, real or imaginary, that are offered by the hospitals. In this commercial age the ruling spirit seems to be an endeavour on the part of most people to get what they want for as little as possible, and if for nothing so much the better. It would be surprising indeed had the out-patients departments of the hospitals not been freely made use of. There is no doubt that many of the applicants are in a position to pay, and often well, for medical attendance. Many not able to pay a large doctor's

bill at once could invest a certain sum at intervals, and so prepare for a rainy day. I have been frequently astonished how very negligent working men are in joining such clubs as the Odd Fellows or Free Foresters when, for a small annual, quarterly, or monthly payment, they can insure medical attendance in illness, besides many other benefits. The following extract from the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for January, 1875 (just ten years ago), will give some idea of the department in question :—

Hospital patients are frequently seen at the rate of fifty an hour. It is true that private practice demands some little amenities which are not required in public practice. But still, after making all due allowance of this kind, we hold that the great evil of the present system is that patients do not receive the time and attention which their cases demand. In other words they do not receive what the hospital professes to give. The cases do not get the careful advice which they fancy they will get by resorting to a large institution, and this last does not carry out the object for which its founders or governors have given their money.

Mr. Timothy Holmes, who has long called attention to the abuses, says—

In our overcrowded out-patient rooms a physician or surgeon can neither give the required attention to the patients who require it, nor derive and impart from the study of their cases those lessons which it is one of the prime objects of a hospital to furnish. As the poor, he concludes, cannot have due attention, the rich cannot expect to obtain the cultivation of the skill which the teaching in the hospitals can give. This is a question of the utmost importance to both rich and poor, and a change ought to be made in the present system in the interest of both classes.

I must give an extract from a pamphlet by Mr. Sampson Gamgee, of Birmingham, in which he shows that the number of people seeking relief from the hospitals of that city have largely increased, in spite of the increased health—

The number of persons attending the Birmingham medical charities was, in 1867, over 66,676 ; in 1876, over 104,048 ; showing an increase of over 37,370, equal to 56 per cent. Reckoning the population of the borough of Birmingham for 1867 at over 325,000, one person in every five in that year obtained relief from our medical charities ; whereas the proportion rose to one in 3·5 in 1876, when the population was nearly

372,000. In the ten years the borough population increased 13 per cent., and the number of persons relieved at the medical charities increased 56 per cent. In other words, in the past ten years the recipients of medical charity in Birmingham have increased more than four times as fast as the general population of the borough. During some of the ten years under review trade generally was depressed, but several of the ten years included in this enquiry, notably that of the Franco-German War, and the three or four years immediately succeeding it, were a time of almost unexampled prosperity. The fact is, it matters little for our hospitals whether trade be good or bad. In all more or less, in some in a very marked degree, the number of patients goes on increasing; and each annual report congratulates the governors and subscribers on the charity having been attended by so many more persons than before. Throughout the same decade—1867 to 1876—the wealth of Birmingham has gone on increasing to an unparalleled extent. Palatial structures are everywhere rising in our principal streets, millions have been spent in the purchase of gas and water works, and the corporation has already purchased close upon £1,000,000 sterling worth of property, in entering upon the great scheme under the Artisans' Dwelling Act. In proof that the increase of wealth has been substantial throughout the community, a few figures, gathered from most trustworthy sources, will be sufficient. The ratable value of property in the borough of Birmingham has risen from £1,014,037 in 1867 to £1,306,595 in 1876; an increase of £292,558, equal to 28·8 per cent., in the ten years. Still more remarkable is the increase in the value of property within the borough, assessed under Schedule D of the Income Tax. It amounted to £2,136,000 in 1867, £4,224,000 in 1876; very nearly 100 per cent. increase. Our Post Office Savings Bank received £166,337 in 1867, £279,681 in 1876; being an increase of £113,344, over 68 per cent., while in the No. 1 Building Society, which chiefly consists of working men, the assets were £88,302 in 1867, £163,972 in 1876; an increase of 85 per cent. The figures prove two facts—firstly, a rapid increase in the number of persons obtaining medical charity; secondly, a rapid increase in the wealth of all classes of this community. Is it to be understood that with the immense augmentation of wealth the number of the population entitled to gratuitous medical relief has gone on increasing in a progressive ratio? In other words, that as wealth increases so do beggars? The answer to this question must be in the negative, so far as we can judge from the officials' returns of local pauperism. The return for the parish of Birmingham for the week ending 28th December, 1867, and corresponding week for 1876—1867, 11,442; 1876, 8,387; showing a decrease of 3,055, equal to 36 per cent., in 1876 as compared

with 1867. Contrasting the decrease in the parish returns, the general augmentation in the wealth of this community, and the immense increase in the number of persons obtaining gratuitous medical aid at our hospitals and dispensaries in 1876, as compared with 1867, it appears that in 1876 many thousand persons more than in 1867 sought and obtained gratuitous medical relief who did not deserve it. Such a state of things suggests a fraud on the benevolent, who furnish funds for the support of medical charities, in the confident belief that their ministrations are confined to worthy recipients.

I cannot follow out Mr. Gamgee's comparison to London, but it will be admitted that the wealth of the metropolis has kept pace with that of Birmingham. I have not been able to procure the figures of the out-patients department of all the great London hospitals, but by a circular of the Hospital Sunday Funds there were 925,000 out-patients. The London population within the circuit of the Metropolis Management Act, in 1881, was 3,834,354; within the Metropolitan and City Police District, 4,766,661. I will quote the following from the report of the London Hospital:—

The number of out-patients in 1860 was 25,500; in 1870, nearly 63,700; in 1880, nearly 58,500; in 1883, more than 64,200.

The increase between the years 1860 and 1870 is more than double, which ought to indicate an unparalleled amount of distress, but I am not aware that such was really the case. Between 1870 and 1880 there was a decrease of 8,000, which is trifling after the increase, but in 1883 the numbers returned to more than they were in 1870.

Mr. W. H. Smith, M.P. for Westminster, has stated publicly that one time he caused inquiries to be made into the conditions of the out-patients at one of the large metropolitan hospitals and found that 20 per cent. gave false addresses. A similar investigation was instituted at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, into the circumstances of twenty-six out-patients. Five were cases of persons not suitable for hospital treatment; twelve were cases who could afford to pay to a provident dispensary; two gave false addresses; seven were considered proper objects for the charity.

The following is from Sir C. Trevelyan's pamphlet on metropolitan medical relief, of an enquiry of out-patients of the Royal Free Hospital. Each case was considered on its own merits, and were classified as follows :—

1. Those set down as able to pay a private practitioner who are earning 40s. a week or more.

2. Those earning from 20s. to 40s. are considered proper members for provident dispensaries, also single persons in some cases, though earning less than 20s. per week.

3. Persons earning less than 20s. per week, but still enough for their support in health without parish assistance, are classed as "proper applicants."

4. Parish cases include all those who are actually in receipt of parish relief either for themselves or any of their families, as well as those who can barely support themselves by their earnings during health, and who, in time of sickness, cannot obtain even the necessaries of life.

5. Those who have given false information as to name and address.

6. When information obtained was not sufficient to enable the investigators to form any opinion, the case has been set aside. The numbers were as follows :—

CLASS	I.	Afford to pay private practitioner ...	12
	„	II. Provident dispensaries	231
	„	III. Proper applicants	169
	„	IV. Parish cases	57
	„	V. Gave false addresses	103
	„	VI. Information insufficient	69
		TOTAL	641

From these figures it results that, after excluding the 172 contained in the two last classes, $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the remainder were considered suitable for private practitioners, 49 per cent. for provident institutions, and 12 per cent. for parish assistance, whilst 36 per cent. are classed as proper applicants.

It is now time to examine some of the plans propounded by which only those really in need of charitable assistance shall be admitted to the out-patient department, and those who are able to provide medical aid for themselves shall be excluded.

I find that there are three methods — 1. Limitation of numbers; 2. Payment as registration fee; 3. Inspection.

1. Limitation of numbers admitted daily as out-patients. In the first place the number must be determined, which would not be easy, and when agreed upon the real difficulties of the plan would remain to be met. This plan would necessarily lead to a rush to be first, and the doors of a hospital would be besieged much in the same way as the doors of a theatre when a very popular piece is to be seen. Picture to yourself a crowd of sick people pushing and jostling each other to be among the magic number. What an edifying spectacle outside a hospital! Again, those who resided nearest the institution would have a decided advantage over those at a distance and might not require such immediate treatment, so that the worst cases would have to depart until the next day. It would be a case of the pool of Bethesda, except that the chance of those disappointed would occur oftener. Some enterprising person might erect, if the authorities would give permission, tents or other like shelter where, at a charge, intending patients might be accommodated with a night's lodging, and so be ready for the next occasion. Lodgings in the vicinity of the hospital would doubtless be at a premium. This has been tried for a time at the Birmingham and Midland Hospital for Sick Children, and the following is an extract from their report:—

The limitation of tickets to thirty was soon given up, for the natural result was that they fell to the lot of the strongest and rudest, and to those who lived close to the doors of the hospital, so that a patient coming from a distance might happen to be the thirty-first in order of application, and no doubt frequently was in this predicament. It was thought better to run other risks than to maintain so rude a limitation as this.

This method must be put aside as absolutely impracticable. Many present were probably interested by the newspaper reports of a dog who sought relief at the Charing Cross Hospital for its injuries; one of the surgeons stated that it attended regularly. Now should this new class of out-patients

show any desire to emulate the lords of creation in their attendance as out-patients, I think that limitation of their numbers would be the only practical means to meet this difficulty.

2. Payment of what is called a registration fee. This is likely to bear with undue hardness, however small the sum may be, on the very cases that have the first claim on a charitable institution, and be no bar to those who have no right to relief. To make such a system in any way just you would require a sliding scale of fees regulated according to the income, number in family, and many other considerations which it would be indispensable accurately to ascertain. I cannot see on what grounds anyone could be refused because they enjoyed a good income, if they agreed to pay a proportionately high registration fee. This has been tried at the Birmingham hospital I mentioned, without in the long run diminishing the numbers. One expedient after another had failed to check the increase, and as a last resort the committee required sixpence to be paid for each child on admission. For a short time the check was effectual. From 1867 to 1870 inclusive the number of out-patients each year was 9,500, 11,400, 12,900, 14,000. In 1871, with the institution of the sixpenny registration fee, the numbers fell at once to just under 11,000, and, 9,500 in the following year (1872). The respite was brief. The numbers rose again to 11,000, and as soon as October, 1878, the committee instituted a further fee of sixpence each child, to be paid from time to time, as a renewal of the note. In spite of this repeated check the numbers rose to 12,000 in 1874, and to 14,400 and 14,700 the two succeeding years, the increase still going on. Mr. Gamgee in his pamphlet writes :—

The charm in the idea of a free hospital is that its resources are freely available to all sick and deserving persons ; but what becomes of the ideal charm when the condition tacked on to a hearing of his woes is that the poor sufferer shall put down a shilling on the counter ? So long as persons know that they will be received as patients at a hospital on

paying a shilling, and stating their earnings are below a certain standard, it requires no stretch of the imagination to understand that a premium is offered to improvidence and fraud. By such a system the hospital is made a vast competitor against provident clubs, and the self-respect of the working population is undermined by inducements to untruthfulness with practical immunity from detection.

Under such circumstances the hospital becomes not only a training school of pauperism, but of duplicity. Again its hardness may be illustrated by the three following cases:— The first is that of a widow, 56 years of age, who some years previously was operated on for cancer. She had two children, one a girl eleven years of age who went to school; the other, a boy aged 14, brought home 5s. 6d. a week. The poor woman earned her livelihood as a charwoman, and when able to work earned from 7s. 6d. to 8s. per week, so that at the utmost, the sum of 13s. 6d. a week was available for the maintenance of the family. But the poor woman had been so ill the week before applying at the hospital that she only earned 2s. 3d. in six days, so that 7s. 9d. was the sum available for rent and maintenance that week, and as she was utterly disabled when she applied at the hospital, the laddie's 5s. 6d. a week was all that was left. Yet the woman had to pay the shilling registration fee before she was admitted to see the surgeon. The second case, a lad of eighteen, earning 19s. a week at a brass foundry, applied at the hospital for treatment and was registered on payment of a shilling. In the third case, a man earning 26s. a week, and having a wife only to maintain, was also accepted on payment of the shilling. Where is the charity of treating the poor half-starved widow like the men by taking a shilling from each as a condition precedent to admission to hospital relief? How many widows are kept away for want of a shilling? How many improvident men hasten to pay it? I am aware that many advocate this plan, but I hope and think I have shown its hardships and drawbacks. I have no hesitation in condemning it utterly.

3. Inspection. This commends itself to me as the most practical. The committee of a hospital have their duties to perform as trustees of public funds, and as such should spare no effort to keep their hospital for deserving people and rigidly exclude others. I must here say I am indebted to Mr. W. J. Nixon, the able house governor of the London Hospital, for much valuable information. I should be very ungrateful did I not acknowledge here the great courtesy and kindness with which he received me at a recent visit, also the trouble and time he so freely gave me to explain and shew me the system he has just adopted. I hope I may be able to describe it with sufficient clearness to make it understood. Applicants for relief as out-patients give their tickets to a man who has been appointed as an inspector, who questions them as to their means, &c. Should he, from the answers given and other conditions, have reason to suspect they are not fit persons for relief, he demands a reference before passing them in the first time, from whom further inquiries are made, at the same time warning them that he believes them to be able to provide for their medical advice. Should such prove the case, on their next visit, if they persist in their efforts to obtain relief, they are referred to the committee, or rather the house governor. No cases have been brought before him for decision as many never returned, or if they did, finding they could not accomplish their object, frankly admitted they could and ought to pay a doctor. Mr. Nixon had not completed his statistics of last year's work under this system, but he had no hesitation in saying it had fulfilled his expectations. They had followed out 700 cases, of which only a small proportion were found unfit. Mr. Nixon was confident it had kept away many who could not submit to such examination, and the number of out-patients, more particularly in the special departments, had decreased during the year. A similar plan has been carried out at King's College Hospital by the aid of the Charity Organisation Society, with the result of a great

decrease in numbers, not so much by the results of the inquiries when made, as by the fear of their being made. A similar plan has been tried at the General Hospital of Massachusetts with excellent results. Dr. Fairlie Clarke writes:—

With the exception of accidents and cases of emergency all applicants should pass before a competent officer, charged with the duty of ascertaining that their position and circumstances are such as to entitle them to charitable medical relief. Such an officer should be altogether raised above the class of the applicants themselves. Difficulties, no doubt, there would be, especially at first; but if all the great hospitals could be induced to act together I have no doubt a system could soon be devised which would act promptly and efficiently.

If the out-patient department of the large hospitals is to be maintained, a safeguard such as this is absolutely necessary. To abolish the department would be a loss to the deserving poor as well as in the education of medical students. To provide for those who can afford to pay something towards medical relief the establishment of the provident dispensary is undoubtedly the most feasible. It has been suggested that the present free dispensaries should be made provident ones and others formed as may be required. In a report of the Charity Organisation Society it is stated:—

The need is the machinery for bringing payment for doctoring within the reach of the poorer classes, and this can be done by the establishment of provident dispensaries, as is shown by their success in many towns. By small weekly contributions to these institutions the working classes are enabled to pay the cost of their own medical attendance and medicine, and are thus able to avoid the humiliating position of becoming recipients of public charity whenever they are out of health. Any change in this direction seems to us hopeless until provident dispensaries are provided.

I may quote a scale of monthly payments:—

Each person above sixteen	8d.
Man and wife	10d.
Each child (up to three)	2d.
Widows	4d.
Each child of a widow (up to three)	1d.

All must be paid in advance. I have not time to give the rules that would be necessary. I need not do more than indicate the means for those who desire and can pay.

Another question much discussed at present is that of pay hospitals, two or three being already established. As separate hospitals I do not object to them—they are doubtless a boon to many; but to turn our voluntary hospitals into part pay and part charitable is an anomaly. Because the managing body of St. Thomas' have chosen to cripple themselves by reckless expenditure in bricks and mortar, they appeal to the public for increased funds on the one hand, and on the other receive people who pay from £1 1s. a week and upwards. It is trying to perform the supposedly difficult feat of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. It must not be overlooked that the voluntary hospitals are the corner stone of the medical education of this country, and free from any State aid. To introduce paying patients to these hospitals would, in my opinion, go a long way towards their destruction as educational centres, and would necessitate the foundation of State hospitals, as in Germany and France.

This paper has grown longer than I originally intended. In conclusion I can only say that I have endeavoured to place before you what might be done to render our hospitals more useful to those whose misfortunes, and not their faults, compel them to seek medical aid and assistance within their walls.

February 9th, 1885.

“Women and the State.”

By MR. JOHN ASTLEY COOPER.



HAVE undertaken to speak to you this evening upon a subject which more or less occupies the minds of all thoughtful people. I must, however, preface what I have to say by the declaration that I do not myself believe in the extreme doctrines of that movement which is vulgarly connected with the term “Women’s Rights,” if it aspires to place men in the position which women now hold; if it means the seizure of the whole of the educational endowments of this country for the advantage of women; if men are to have no protection against the prodigality of their wives; if men are to attend to their babies, do the housework, as well as a long day’s work; if men are to be so badly paid, for we all know the song of the shirt, that even by inhuman labour they can hardly purchase the luxury of necessary clothing; if they are to be taxed as large property holders, and yet have no representation. These things are surely extremes, and they are to be avoided. But putting these exaggerated aspirations aside, I must confess that I do believe to a large extent in placing women more on an equality, both political and social, than they are at present with men, because such a course of action, I am fully persuaded, would tend to the removal of much of the revolutionary discontent, both moral and social, which is prevalent among us. The subject is as delicate as it is difficult to handle, because of its radical tendencies, because it touches upon the vested prescriptive rights of a dominant class founded upon sentiment rather than reason. I shall

endeavour then, necessarily in a fragmentary and crude manner, from the limited time at my disposal, to open the discussion this evening in which Mrs. Shearer,* so widely known for her eloquent advocacy of the question before us, will take part, and knowing the moderation of her views, I do not fear to take for my motto that beautiful Hungarian myth which says:—

Woman was not taken from man's heel, that he might know that he was not to trample on her, nor from his head, for she was not to rule over him, but from the rib next to his heart, that she might be nearest and most necessary—his equal—in every action of his life.

First of all, however, to gain the respectful attention of those who are utterly opposed to this movement, or who have never given it a thought but of ridicule, I would state after the manner of the preaching friar, who exhibits his relics, his piece of clotted blood, or fragment of hair, that five members of the last Government and a large proportion of the Houses of Parliament were in favour of the suffrage movement, and consequently, arguing *a priori*, of the new course of training, of higher education, and enfranchisement for women from the close trammels of the law. I am, however, in a better position than the preaching friar, for I can point, not like him, to relics and late members, but to living witnesses, for six members of the present Government have expressed their opinion in favour of enfranchisement. I just state this because a great many people believe that this movement is exceedingly phemeral and hardly worthy of the attention of themselves—that is to say, the only sensible people in the world. Those, however, who argue from precedent, and take a historical view of the subject, not remembering the vast strides of modern civilization, have some grounds for their charge of ephemeralism, for the more one investigates the history of opinion and accumulates

* Since this was written, Mrs. Shearer has died in New Zealand, where she had gone for the sake of her health.

knowledge, the more one is inclined to believe that no movement is altogether new, nor that any opinion is altogether new—that is to say that in this cry of higher culture for women and higher political rights history has repeated herself. But it does not follow that because the agitation is thousands of years old, and that it has always arisen during the decadence of a nation, or when a great wave of deceitful immorality is sweeping over it, that the answer to the cry for equality should be always in the negative. That ought to depend to a very large extent upon the condition and culture of the civilized time. This cry for equality never gained for the women direct advantage; it has either subjected them, like the free women of Athens, to almost total obscurity, men saying, like Mr. Matthew Arnold of to-day, that the world is too corrupt, too rough, for such angelic and tender creatures as women to mingle in; or it has forced them into irregularities of conduct not able to be controlled in consequence of the moral carelessness of the time. People point to Aspasia, the companion and mistress of Pericles, the teacher of Socrates, to the grand but guilty and tragic figures of the Medea, the Phœdra, the Clytemnestra, as to what the majority of women might be if equality were given to them; but I venture to say that this is just what they would not be if justice were given them. The Greek dramatists have cast a halo of purity and noble conduct round the names of these women, which no more legitimately belongs to them than to those women who in the polite language of the day people say are no better than they ought to be. Rome, after transferring to Italy the treasures of Greece, fell and became subject to barbarians, and the great empire was carved out among the Goths, Franks, Burgundians, from whom have sprung the Romance nations, the nations of modern Europe. The ferocity of the invaders was tempered by the corrupt civilization of the age, and they adopted to a very large extent the

usages and institutions of the empire, working them into their rude customs and constitutions—

Those wild men's vices they received,
And gave them back their own.

In all rude times physical force is the conquering power. All who could not fight, or whom custom forbade to fight, were rated as baggage and camp followers, and so the subjection of women among the barbarians was sanctioned by the civilization of Rome. Thus barbarism and civilization joined in selfish care to force one half of the human race in slavish obedience to the other. That subjection has never been questioned by any body of women in collective voice from that time until within the last thirty years, when it has been questioned in the capital of the world, as 1,800 years ago it was also questioned, in the capital of the world. Physical force generally goes over to the other side before slavery is abolished. Such has generally been the case in all the great fights against the tyranny of man over man, but in times of lofty civilization, or those times which are named and lauded as such, physical force is to a large extent laid aside and intellectual force takes its place, and then it is that women, despising physical force, because it despises itself, strive to get to the top and act independently. I do not know whether any of you know Froude's fable of the lions and the oxen—at any rate I will tell it to you and you can draw your own moral. The moral is very applicable in my opinion to the present state of affairs between men and women, not only in this country, but especially in France among continental countries—

Once upon a time a number of cattle came out of the desert to settle in the broad meadows by a river. They were poor and wretched, and they found it a pleasant exchange, except for a number of lions, who lived in the mountains near, and who claimed a right, in consideration of permitting the cattle to remain, to eat as many as they wanted among them. The cattle submitted, partly because they were too weak to help

it, partly because the lions said it was the will of Jupiter, and the cattle believed them. And so they went on for many ages, till at last, from better feeding, the cattle grew larger and stronger, and multiplied into great numbers; and at the same time, from other causes, the lions had much diminished—they were fewer, smaller, and meaner-looking than they had been, and, except in their own opinion of themselves and in their appetites, which were more enormous than ever, there was nothing of the old lion left in them.

One day a large ox was quietly grazing, when one of these lions came up and desired the ox to lie down, for he wanted to eat him. The ox raised his head, and gravely protested; the lion growled; the ox was mild, yet firm. The lion insisted upon his legal right, and they agreed to refer the matter to Minos.

When they came into court, the lion accused the ox of having broken the laws of the beasts. The lion was king, and the others were bound to obey. Prescriptive usage was clearly on the lion's side. Minos called on the ox for his defence.

The ox said that, without consent of his own being asked, he had been born into the meadow. He did not consider himself much of a beast, but, such as he was, he was very happy, and gave Jupiter thanks. Now, if the lion could show that the existence of lions was of more importance than that of oxen in the eyes of Jupiter, he had nothing more to say, he was ready to sacrifice himself. But this lion had already eaten a thousand oxen. Lions' appetites were so insatiable that he was forced to ask whether they were really worth what was done for them—whether the life of one lion was so noble that the lives of thousands of oxen were not equal to it? He was ready to own that lions had always eaten oxen, but lions when they first came to the meadow were a different sort of creature, and they themselves, too (and the ox looked complacently at himself), had improved since that time. Judging by appearances, though they might be fallacious, he himself was quite as good a beast as the lion. If the lions would lead lives more noble than oxen could live, once more he would not complain. As it was, he submitted that the cost was too great.

Then the lion put on a grand face and tried to roar; but when he opened his mouth he disclosed a jaw so dreadfully furnished that Minos laughed, and told the ox it was his own fault if he let himself be eaten by such a beast as that. If he persisted in declining, he did not think the lion would force him.

The social and political position of women at the present moment seems eminently one of discontent, though

secret from pride for the most part, and this remark is specially applicable to the high middle class and nobility. It is all very well for Lord Beaconsfield to say with a laugh on his face that women are the only people who get on, and that a woman has only to dance at a ball with some young fellow, or sit next to some old one at a dinner and pretend that she thinks him charming, and he gives her a coronet, which a man can only obtain when he has worked all his life, and thinks that he has done a wonderful thing if he gets it then with no hair on his head and one foot in the grave. And from what great cause in this age of progress and civilization does this discontent among women spring? Simply from the fact that women are brought up with one ambition in life, and that is to marry, and such a prospect is rapidly closing to a large proportion of the women of England. John Stuart Mill, one of the greatest original thinkers in these latter days, and a great supporter of placing women on an equality with men under the law, says—

Marriage is the destiny appointed by society for women, the prospect they are brought up to, and the object which it is intended should be sought by all of them, except those who are too little attractive to be chosen by any man as his companion.

That destiny is naturally a true one, and the old Romans knew it, for they always represent the Venus Felix with a child in her arms. But this destiny is not possible for all women—indeed, proportionately speaking, in the present state of affairs for very few, and there is nothing, after disease, indigence, and guilt so fatal to the pleasurable enjoyment of life as the want of a worthy outlet for the active faculties. Women have the cares of a family, and while they have cares of the family have this outlet, and it generally suffices for them; but what, cries Mill, of the greatly increasing number of women, who have had no opportunity of exercising the vocation which they are

mocked by telling them is their proper one? If this terrible decrease in the marriage rate is true, as a comparison of the census returns for the last twenty years shows, it is only good for the well-being of the State, it is only just to the female population, that restrictions should be taken away and employment thrown open to them, but such employment should only be allowed under the law as will not unsex them, though I think that female good taste and natural inclination to sedentary work will not require the aid of the law in this direction. I do not mean to say that the higher culture of women and opening of employment to them is to be looked at for one moment as a *pis aller* for marriage, but I do believe that the great decrease of marriage in proportion to the population of our upper classes has given an impulse to the thoughts of thinking women and men in this direction, which it would never have received if that destiny of marriage had not within these last twenty years proved so fallacious. The state of society in England and in France has closed that destiny, as it was closed to the women of Rome in the time of the patriot Cato and the rulers of the Republic; in fact the time has come round again, and the times have forced it upon us, that we should reconsider if this slavery of women to one object in life is at all natural, is at all just, and whether, therefore, it is not a great fomentor of moral and physical evil in the world. Suppose, however, for an instant that the men of Rome had yielded to the claims of their women for equality under the law, do you not think that such an infusion of "angelic purity" (let us make use of the enemy's words) into the moral putrefaction around would not have exercised an enormous influence over the future of Rome? Do you not think that it would have saved the disintegration of the empire? Do you not think that so enormous a change in the economy of Nature would not have produced as great an effect upon the purity

and civilization of the world as great as Christianity itself, for if corruption had been stayed, Christianity would never have been preached by St. Paul at Rome?

If we reject this cry from women for justice, we, that is the English people, will be more in the wrong than the people of antiquity, because by the constitution of things they believed that some men were born free and some slaves, and that every man was born to a fixed social position; but it is the boast of England that directly a slave, of whatever nationality he may be, sets his foot upon English soil, his shackles drop from him; we also boast that no man's birth shall hang like a millstone round his neck, and we are proud even of a man, an alien by birth, like Benjamin Disraeli, who seizes the highest power in the State over the heads of nobles, by self-exertion. But this same nation, which vaunts itself in its freedom and its liberal principles, sets its foot upon the neck of the so-called physically weaker part of its race, and will not budge an inch. And what is the great national clog which prevents this great revolution in the cycle of freedom? Gentlemen, the answer we get on all sides, from all classes, is this and this alone—"Because it has always been so." If, however, you will remember, this dogma was the great weapon in its infancy against the religion which you profess, against the clothes which you wear, against the knowledge which has raised you from brutes to the power which makes you God-like, against the modernised comforts of this room, against the existence of the Athenæum itself. A good manufacturer in the north of England was not contented alone with making profit out of the men and women who worked day after day in his factories, but looked also to their physical and moral health. He built large commodious baths for them. The factory hands were very timid of the water at first, as they say most Lancashire people are, but they overcame slowly their reluctance to wash, except one man of mind. To this man all kinds of arguments were used but were of no avail, for his answer was in his

brain like a bee buzzing, and it was this—"My grandfather and my father never washed, and neither shall I." So say many other dirty fellows in analogous words and object to the moral washing of society. I do not think that any of us have been, like Leibnitz's Tarquin, into the council chamber of Nature, but it requires no supernatural knowledge to form a fair judgment how an unemployed and discontented class, with great and subtle influence, will act upon the future of the nation. Rome did not apply the remedy which was at hand and even offered itself, but rejected it with contumely and laughter, and women were during her last days no longer contented slaves, but discontented. They were in a worse position even than the man slave, because they were dependent, because unemployed, because they had not even the unfettered liberty to work at what they liked, no matter how fitted by intellectual training for such work. In England now the same law which applies to the man does, in a harsher degree, to the woman. She suffers under the law, but still she is not counted as a citizen. The woman's property is *ipso facto* the husband's, and he can take away her children if he chooses, with the sanction of the law. To say, as Rosseau does, that all the education of women ought to be relative to men—to please them, to be useful to them, to make themselves loved by them, to bring them up when they are little, to care for them when they are grown up, to counsel them, to console them, to render their lives agreeable and pleasant, such have been the duties of women in all times—seems to me a mockery in the present state of affairs, and is quite enough to make the female class discontented. Mr. Gladstone, in the course of his rectorial address to Glasgow University, remarked—

The heavy mass of idlers among our rich men, though not reckoned statistically among our dangerous classes, yet are in truth a class both mischievous and dangerous to the intellectual and moral vigour of society, and even to the institutions of the country.

For these loose men the women are, to a large extent, responsible, and often the original cause of their looseness. But still the nation as a body, knowing this, is unwilling to apply the remedy to this great danger by giving to women the power to work out other destinies for themselves, independent of men, now that the original and ancient one fixed by man is inadequate to their needs. Women have only been allowed, by the custom of mankind, to participate a very short time in semi-public life, and yet, even in this babyhood period, if I may so call it, they have become famous in arts, literature, and science; and it is impossible to say for what business women are unfitted, because the state in which most live, and have lived, is an eminently artificial one. Their training and dress tend to weaken their physique, but we do know that women perform, to the great satisfaction of employers, work both in insurance offices and telegraph offices; they work in factories; they work in the fields during the broiling heat of summer. Are these signs of a naturally feeble physique? It is not Nature which makes women weak, but lungs and heart distorted from their proper places by a machinery of whalebone and cordage! Supplement this with want of exercise and dawdling days, and here you have the cause of physical debility. I speak not of sensible women, but of the vast mass who do nothing except to think of dress and themselves, and I can assure sensible women that they will have all their work cut out to educate their party. Lady Harberton, writing in *Fraser's Magazine*, says—I forget the exact words—that the girls at Girton cannot read in tight stays, for they stop the free passage of the blood from the heart to the brain, which needs full nourishment to perform its proper work. Ladies and gentlemen, have you never thought that women who wear high heeled boots, showing thereby their scorn of pain and want of equilibrium of character, put themselves on an equality with

the Chinawoman's deformed toes, and enter into noble rivalry with the Esquimaux woman who hollows out a hole in each of her cheeks and inserts therein a stone ornament, or with the Cochin Chinese women who desire and love blackened perforated teeth? All are fashions, and all are derogatory to beauty, and decidedly the barbaric method of the despised Esquimaux and Cochin Chinese is less injurious to health than that of the fashionable Englishwoman. Women are born slaves under the law, and this initium given goes far to make them slaves to fashion and conventionalism. It is well known that races who live in a kind of ready-made land near the tropics are commonly degenerate. As the negro expects his melon and tobacco without labour, so also women are brought up to expect a ready-made home without exertion, at least manual exertion, and consequently their tone is generally lower than men, because they are brought up with dependent small aims and minds. Such a state of mind and body must have evil effect upon the race, for not only are physical qualities inherited by children, but also moral and intellectual. But for this state of things the law of the land and the men of this nation are responsible; to laugh at such foolish, injurious habits is to add insult to injury. I say, then, for this general condition of women the law of the land and the dependent place in society allotted to women by men are responsible. How are we to remedy it? With deliberation I say it. Say—"You are free!" Throw open the public offices; throw open everything to them; and as to that vexed question of admitting women to Parliament, I will only make this observation—that you may depend upon it the first woman who sits in Parliament and overcomes all the difficulties and prejudices, both natural and artificial, that will be thrown in her path, will be well worth her salt, and will add honour to the Commons' House and lustrous wisdom to the Councils of the Sovereign. For me to shirk from

saying this would be illogical, and it will be illogical of the nation not to act up to their past decision, since women are now entitled to vote and decide on municipal and school board matters, to represent the political units which help to make the sum, the house of representatives at Westminster. So much for the general aspect of the question. Now I will dwell very practically, and in as short a manner as possible, on some other questions which are intimately connected with this important matter—the question of education—the greater and more beneficial influence of women arising from a freer and nobler position in the State, and in the family life.

Some ingenuous and candid critic objects that women ought first to be educated and fitted for high offices before they lay claim to them—that every woman ought to be highly cultured before she should look for employments now only open to men, and be not merely contented with the marriage prospect. But, my ingenuous and candid block-head, would you invest your money in speculation which is bound to give no return? If you would not, on the same sensible principle, neither will the father give his daughter an education equivalent in depth to his son, unless he can see a career before her worthy of that education, and that will give her a return in independence. Until high employments are thrown open to women of the upper class, as manual and coarser employments have been opened to the women of the lower class, the two women's colleges at Oxford and Cambridge will never be overcrowded. Even if the prejudice of the people persists in denying women the right of contending for public prizes, this principle of the higher education of women ought to be extended for the sake of its beneficent influence upon family life, and to give women greater influence in the training and future of the family, especially the boys of the family. People complain of the revolt of the younger generation against the authority

of the elder, but they must remember that this is an age in which personal assumption carries little weight unless it is backed by abilities and acquirements worthy of the place assumed. It is not an age of sentiment, but an age of hard and merciless logic. The boys of the family are emancipated earlier, and greater freedom is given them than heretofore. To cope with that increased power and vitality on the children's part, the woman ought also to have higher training and character, or else she will be looked upon as a usurper, and comparatively ignored. This state of things, this incapacity of women to govern children and to share in the aspirations of men, is a great impulse to the immorality of the time, for the influence of the woman in the family is inestimable, and when it is not exerted for good or lies dormant inevitably tends to evil. Before, however, girls can receive as good an education as boys, great changes must be made in the system of public schools in England, especially in the living away from home at boarding schools. Such a life is not natural, and the family life has been superseded by something very artificial in this way. At these great schools, from the large numbers present, instruction is given rather than education, education which means not only the training of the mental and physical powers, but the moral qualities as well. If the women agitators gain their point, I have no doubt that some great change will be effected, and high-class Government schools, both for boys and girls, will be found in all our large centres of population and smaller towns, taught by first-class men and women from both Universities. Doubtless a great outcry will be raised at so radical an endeavour to overturn the boarding-out system, but in Germany, where it is allowed by specialists that the people are best educated, both of the higher and lower classes, not a single boy is received into a school as a boarder. In England too there is great dissatisfaction at the acquirements of boarding school mistresses, who very often are quite unfit to overlook their

schools and decide whether their visiting masters are teaching right or wrong. At any rate it is very certain that if girls are to receive an education of as high a quality as boys, that of the latter must be cheapened, and that of the former placed on a footing with the public school system, and not one merely of accomplishments.

Everyone admits who knows anything about the matter that within the last few years the education of women has done a great deal to make home life more comfortable and the arrangements of domestic affairs more perfect. Those who say the opposite, and there are many of them, but I do not think it worth my while to combat them here, must also say on the same principle that an ignorant sensible woman is more to be preferred than an intellectual sensible woman. The same faculties of trained perception and quick intelligence bear as great fruit in the family life as in any other vocation, and more so because the proper uprearing of children and their perfect training is the most important function in the world, for upon it depends the fate of the race. There are two anecdotes recorded by Madame de Stael concerning the Emperor Napoleon, exhibiting even in a great man childish prejudice—

Madame Sophie Gaze was a friend of Pauline Borghese, at whose house at Aix la Chapelle she met the Emperor. He addressed her roughly: "Madame, my sister has told you that I do not like intellectual women." "Yes, sire," was her reply, "but I did not believe her." The Emperor looked surprised and tried again. "You write, do you not? What have you produced since you have been in this country?" "Three children, sire," was the curt reply. He asked no more. This woman certainly did not rate her intellectual acquirements above her domestic duties, and ten to one through those acquirements she was able to perform those duties better. The other anecdote which Madame de Stael relates is this—

I saw the Emperor one day approach a French lady, well known for her beauty, her intelligence, and the vivacity of her opinions. He placed himself before her, like the stiffest of German Generals, and said, "Madame, I don't approve of women meddling in politics." "You are

right, General," she replied, "but in a country where their heads are cut off, it is but natural that they should like to know why."

And so, for a like reason, the women of this country who pay taxes would like to have some voice in their distribution.

To sum up, then, there are two classes of people who are agitating in the endeavour to free women from degrading and illegal bondage. Firstly, those who are working for the benefit of the world at large to free women for all time from bondage, and these are more thorough than the second class, and have great likelihood of success, for in the great land of the future, in America, their tenets are rapidly making headway. Provisions have already been made both in old and new states of the confederacy, whereby an equality of right about property is given to women, and in more than one they have received enfranchisement. Secondly, those who are not so thoroughgoing, and wish by throwing open some inferior employments and offering small civil rights as a *pis aller* for marriage, to remove the social discontent among women. Such a course of action will only relieve for a time and then aggravate the discontent. To this class belong those ladies who are wiser than their sisters, and who advocate emigration for women, such as Mrs. Blanchard and the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the latter saying that there is a wide field for unemployed female interest in the North West Territory. Males, capable and incapable, have at present too much their own way, and such a female tonic of independent competition would act admirably on the deteriorating influence of civilization. I know of many creatures at present walking this earth who have no claim upon the suffrages of manhood, with the exception of being born male.

Subsidiary schemes are good in their way, but will not affect in the future the position of women unless unjust laws can be repealed, unless women are allowed to lead natural

lives, unless women are allowed without fetters to enter into honourable rivalry with men. If this is done and equality of the sexes is attained and practised, then I say for one let the weaker go to the wall, as the strong man in the race of life pushes aside his equally free but weaker opponent. Nothing in the analogy of Nature, nothing in the government of the Supreme Being, the giver of free-will among mankind, can justify by the mere accident of birth the subjection of one human being to the will of another. This thing ought not to be, and to sweep it away will relieve an immense amount of human wretchedness and degradation in the world, and effect a change of manners and improvement in morals never equalled since the Reformation.

May 15th, 1882.



“*The Study of Local History and Antiquities.*”

By MR. W. LINDSAY.



THAT which is old has a peculiar fascination for many minds apart from its own merits. Old buildings, even though ugly in themselves, become venerable and beautiful from the action of the storm and sunshine of centuries. Schiller well expresses the sentiment when he says—

. . . . Time doth consecrate,

And that which is grey with age becomes religion.

But apart from this feeling (which some may regard as superstitious and sentimental) the study of antiquities has much to attract us. It includes almost everything which throws light on man's past history; his laws, customs, language, as well as his temples, tombs, houses, implements, tools, ornaments. Goëthe said of life, "Strike into it anywhere, and you will find it powerful and interesting." So we may say of antiquarian study, "Strike into it anywhere, and you will nearly always find a thread which will lead you, if you will follow it, to large and instructive results." It introduces us to a new world and enlarges our acquaintance, opens up a vast field extending to regions of varied and frequently curious learning. Each may take his own line and follow his own tastes. As I have seen it somewhere quaintly said—

Each like a bee may select his own flower in Time's garden, and leaving no spot unransacked, accumulated wealth is brought to the common store.

The study of local history and antiquities has made great progress in the present generation. In former days a museum of antiquities was looked upon as a kind of "chamber of horrors," and the antiquarian as a queer unintelligible being. His pursuits met with much ridicule, and were regarded as harmless trifling. He was supposed to dote upon things merely because they were old, and Pope represented the spirit of his day when he wrote—

With sharpened sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore!

Some divided them into classes, those who deceived themselves and those who deceived others, a polite way of saying they were fools or knaves. Then came the "go-ahead" nineteenth century, the age of steam and railways, when the demon of improvement was sweeping away and demolishing all relics and monuments of the past which stood in the way, and men still despised antiquarian studies; they thought that excessive sympathy with the past meant bidding adieu to the present, and that the living present was of infinitely more value than the dead past. Contemners of the past said, "Why trouble ourselves about those old times? The Saxons and Normans were robbers and pirates." Mr. Buckle said in his *History of Civilization*—

In those bad days everybody was a priest or a soldier, and as a natural consequence everything of real importance was neglected. As for manners they had none, and their customs were altogether beastly. "What connection can there be," said they, "between mediæval barbarism and our complicated civilization"? "A page of the *Times*," said Mr. Cobden, "is worth all the works of Thucydides." But a reaction has set in. The past has become dearer to us since we ran no small risk of parting company with it altogether. The study of antiquity has lately acquired a new popularity. A love for what is old, venerable, and beautiful, and a desire to cherish and preserve the memorials of the past has sprung up, and a

feeling that it is no small advantage to us in our matter-of-fact days to betake ourselves from the prose of the present to the poetry of the past. And this new popularity is not merely confined to those old-fashioned people who hate the present and despair of the future, but has extended to those who have a real belief in progress, but who know by experience that sound, healthy, and enduring progress must be built on the solid foundations of that which has gone before. Professor Stubbs says—

The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present came to be what it is.

What our ancestors have sown for us we reap, and we will find it is the spirit of the dead that practically to a great extent governs the earth. It is to their lives and examples, to their struggles and sufferings, we owe the condition of things in which we live. It is the task of the antiquary to trace the gradual modifications by which things, ideas, and institutions have come down to us, by means of a close comparison of relics with records, to trace out the manners and customs of people of a past age, illustrating their mode of life, form of religion, the state of their laws, their legends and traditions, their language and their deeds, and their artistic skill. By means of his careful researches he is enabled to clear up doubts as to dates, by shewing how to reject questionable documents, even by such apparently unimportant labours as deciphering or illustrating inscriptions, and by tracing old brasses (or even the form of a letter or the shape of an ornament or a weapon), he throws light on obscure points of history and assists in determining questions not otherwise satisfactorily settled. Thus the pursuit, first taken up for amusement, may be made to serve the cause of truth. By thus studying man's history, his progress, and the rise of his institutions—not by doting upon what is old merely because it is old, not by

merely collecting curiosities without appreciating them—the archeologist investigates the past so as to illuminate the present and guide us for the future. With such a purpose and such high aims the study of antiquity is cleared of the charge of unprofitable trifling formerly attached to it; that which was taken up as the pursuit of amateurs becomes the study of practical thinkers and scholars, and becomes elevated to the dignity of a science. And the science of archeology has already passed the stage of its infancy, with its early trips and stumbles, and now walks with firm foot among its sister sciences. In our own day a flood of new light has burst upon the world, and the storehouses of record throughout all Europe, as well as England, are revealing buried treasures.

Numerous county societies have been formed all over England, whose journals and records afford valuable contributions to English history, by furnishing fuller and more complete details. Attention has been drawn to the antiquities worthy of notice in all parts of the country, and there are few churches, abbeys, castles, country houses, cromlechs, encampments, and barrows, whose treasures have not been sought out, made known, and cared for, thanks to the love of antiquarian study, first made fashionable by one whom we may regard with neighbourly interest—Horace Walpole, the founder of Strawberry Hill. The way is thus made comparatively easy for us, although much yet remains to be done. What with the excellent handbooks of Mr. Murray, improved hotels, and with the facilities afforded by much abused railways, we do not suffer as did Horace Walpole, the first of modern tourists, who complains of “frequent upsets in the deep miry Sussex roads, great quenchers of curiosity, piteous distresses, and bedchambers stinking of tobacco like a justice of the peace.”

There is no district in England without its interest. Fuller quaintly says—

Some shires, like Joseph, have a better coloured coat than others, and some with Benjamin have a more bountiful messe of meat belonging to them—yet every county hath a child's portion.

It is an old complaint against Englishmen that they know little of their own country. One of the characters in an old play is made to say—

I'll see these things ! They're rare and passing curious.
 But thus 'tis ever : What's within our ken,
 Owl-like we blink at, and direct our search
 To furthest Inde in quest of novelties—
 Whilst here at home upon our very thresholds
 Ten thousand objects hurtle into view,
 Of interest wonderful.

More than 250 years ago, when anyone came to the Lords of the Council for a license to travel abroad, such as was then necessary, Lord Burleigh “ would examine him of England, and if he found him ignorant would bid him stay at home and know that country first ”—and Peacham says in *The Compleat Gentlemen* (published 1822) of English travellers abroad—

While they are curious in the observation and search of the most memorable things and monuments of other places they can say nothing of their own, our country of England being nowhit inferior to any other in the world for matter of antiquity and varieties of every kind worthy remark and admiration.

Without denying the pleasures and advantages of foreign travel, without denying that to see certain classes of grander and more sublime scenery or cathedrals and altar pieces on the grandest scale we must go out of England, still many a traveller who is hurried through Swiss defiles and Tyrolean passes, the Black Forest and the valleys of the Vosges, would obtain as much enjoyment and see as much that would be new to him and find himself in a less beaten track in some such route as the Sussex Downs—full of romantic nooks and recesses, and rich in antiquarian relics ; or in the wild districts of the Derbyshire hills and Yorkshire dales, the moorlands and valleys of the Border country, the boulder strewn moors

of Devon, and the rocky coasts of Cornwall or Northumberland. In Cornwall and Devon cromlechs and stone circles abound; in Dorset, Wilts, and Hants, great camps and earthworks; in Kent, castles and remains of domestic architecture. Materials may be always found at no great distance from our doors, and we who live in the south-east corner of England are peculiarly fortunate, but in Kent, Sussex, and I may add Surrey, it is difficult to move for the shortest distance without encountering some memorial of bygone days. "Where is the dust that hath not been alive"? These districts probably contain a greater number of antiquities of all periods than the counties further west, and we have a charming companion for a holiday ramble in the works of Mr. Louis Jennings, who has made these counties specially his own, as anyone will find if they refer to his *Field Paths and Green Lanes* (chiefly lying in Surrey and Sussex) and *Rambles in the South Downs*, supplemented by Howitt's *Visits to Remarkable Places* and the handbooks of Mr. Murray. Take for example a journey from Ramsgate along the coast to Chichester. We pass by the spot of the great landings on our soil immortalised by Dean Stanley—Cæsar, St. Augustine, Hengist and Horsa, and the first Saxon conquerers; Richboro', whose massive Roman walls still stand; Sandwich, the great haven of our Plantagenet kings; Dover, with its Roman pharos and its massive Norman castle; Lymne, once a great Roman port, masses of whose walls still lie on the hillside near Hythe; Hastings Castle and Battle Abbey, the scene of that momentous struggle of Senlac, so graphically told by Mr. Freeman; Pevensey, with its Roman walls, 30ft. high, surrounding a mediæval castle; Lewes, with its castle and battlefield, where the great Simon de Montfort won for us our national liberties and wrested from Henry III. the great reforms which have become the basis of our constitutional system. Further on we come to the magnificent castle of Arundel, the wonderful Roman villa

of Bignor, the cathedral and ancient city of Chichester. If he has a taste for military architecture he will find an inner and outer circle of castles defending our shores and our capital against the advance of an invader—Dover, Hastings, Pevensey, Lewes, Bramber, Arundel; the inner line of defence being Canterbury, Rochester, Tunbridge, Reigate, and Guildford. On the west, Farnham, Berkhamsted, Windsor, and Wallingford. There is hardly any district in England where places and relics directly connected with the great events of English history are so closely packed or so easily accessible. Here we have a series of illustrations running through the whole course of English history such as would give a wonderful life and interest to our studies. One of the greatest advantages to be derived from English travel is the strong light which may be thrown by it on the events of English history, and the reality which it may be made to give to the words and descriptions of chronicler and historian. Nothing impresses the mind with the reality of past events so much as visiting the scene of some great historical incident. Where is the man “whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona”? Dean Stanley says—

Study the monuments of our ancestors, their gravestones, their epitaphs, on the spots where they lie. Study, if possible, the scenes of the events, their aspect, their architecture, their geography, the tradition which has survived the history, the legend which has survived the tradition, the mountain, the stream, the shapeless stone which has survived even history and tradition and legend.

It is as a help to the study of history that I would more especially urge upon your notice the advantages of antiquarian tastes. We all of us, in these days of household suffrage and ever extending franchises, have the privilege of taking a practical part in political affairs. If it is right that a man should have political power, it is right he should exercise it worthily and honestly, and with knowledge, not

in blind ignorance. It matters greatly to all whether we are well or ill-governed, and it is of vital consequence to us that all should have some means of forming sound and true opinions on political matters. By a polite fiction it is assumed that one man's opinion is as good as another's, yet with most of us those opinions are left to be formed in a haphazard way, or we entirely surrender our judgment to our favourite newspaper. All the institutions of man, all his problems, his laws, his government, are evolutions. They have all grown gradually, step by step; to understand them well we must learn how they grew—in other words their history. But unfortunately history is, to most people, uninteresting and dull, and I read the other day that a learned professor went so far as to say history ought to be dull. If so I can't help thinking it will fail to be read and cannot become popular. If we wish history to be studied—and it ought certainly to be studied—we cannot afford to despise any methods, any aids to make it more interesting. One way—some think there is no better way—is to study the history of a place or a district. The ancient cities of England can boast of long annals of historic interest, and few forms of antiquarian research are more interesting than spelling out all that time has left of its walls and gateways, castles and churches, and other scraps and fragments of antiquity which may have been spared. In France we may find more cities of importance, castles and edifices on a larger scale, and cathedrals of more imposing grandeur. York Minster would present a modest appearance beside the loftier towers and more richly sculptured façades of such cathedrals as Amiens, Chartres, and Rheims. Windsor—even the proud keep of Windsor—would look unsubstantial compared with the massive piles of Pierrefonds and Coucy. French cities have for the most part a longer history. In France we may trace the unbroken story of many a local capital, from the time when it was a

Gaulish hill fort till it became a modern city. In England very few cities can boast so long a life. The case of Exeter, which has lived on from British times, is almost unique; and here we have an instructive contrast, a difference which goes to the root of the history of the two countries. It lies in the fact (at least according to Professor Freeman and his school), that the Angle and Saxon were conquerors of another kind from the Goth, Frank, and Burgundian, who overran Gaul, and that the cities of Britain were destroyed and overthrown and lay desolate for years, whereas the cities of Gaul lived on. Exeter almost alone of our cities has lived on through all its stages; it has ever been the city on the Exe or Usk, and kept its name and its place through all revolutions, and why? Because, according to Mr. Freeman, hitherto the Saxon had been a destroyer. As he moved westward, Winchester, Silchester, Cirencester, Bath, and other Roman settlements had fallen and lain waste; but by the time he had reached Exeter he had become civilized and no more destructive than the Frank or the Goth. Thus it is that so few of our cities can claim so early an origin or boast so long a life. Again, another contrast is to be found in the fact that princely edifices and ducal palaces, the grand houses of nobles and rich merchants are less common in our cities than in France. But a comparison of the histories of the two countries shews us that this feature, though disappointing to the tourist, is one with which we may be well satisfied. It shews us that the English earl or bishop did not aspire to becoming an independent prince, or the city an independent commonwealth, as was frequently the case in Gaul or Italy. The king was near at hand and able to enforce obedience; the central government was stronger and the kingdom more united. Mr. Green says -

Municipal freedom was wrought by the slow growth of wealth and of popular spirit, and by the necessities of kings rather than by

the sturdy revolts that wrested liberty from the French seigneur, or by the century of warfare that ravaged the plains of Italy.

It shews again that England was much more peaceful and well ordered; that whereas a man in England could live in safety in a peaceful manor house in an unwalled village, none but the master of a strong castle was safe beyond the walls of a fortified town. The wealth of the open country in England results from the absence of causes which have devastated the continent, such as long wars and invading armies, which have swept France clear of antiquarian relics except in the towns. Time and neglect have done far more than intentional violence.

I have said thus much of English cities in a general way. But history to be made thoroughly interesting requires localising. With the place come the time and the persons, and standing on the spot we can feel the past a reality and not a dream. Annals are dry reading till they are verified by some appeal to our senses, and especially to the feelings associated with localities which are known to us. Many a man who takes but a lukewarm interest in the antiquities of the whole British Empire may be readily induced to take an interest in those of the county, or city, to which he belongs; and when he finds that the localities with which he is familiar are the sites on which great events took place in bygone times, or in which great men had their residence, their birthplace, or their grave, they will have a new interest in them, a new charm; they will acquire a dignity and importance in his eyes which they never had before, and the feeling of local attachment which animates him will add zest and interest to his inquiries. If he lives in or near some old abbey, castle, or city, he will be tempted to investigate who were its founders and builders, what scenes its walls have witnessed; or if near some great battlefield he would wish to know why it was fought, who were the combatants, and what were the results of the struggle. He will trace out the story

to its beginning, but he must beware of one pitfall—he must not become too much absorbed in his own little sphere. He must not trace out his local history in the narrow spirit which sees no further than the walls of his own city or neighbourhood; he must not think it superfluous to know anything beyond his own town or county, but he must extend his view and see in what relation it stands to England, how the local and general history illustrate one another; thus his inquiries will carry him far afield, and he will traverse in his excursion many a page of national history as well. Take for example the case of a man residing in or near Chichester, a dull and quiet enough place; let him set about tracing out its history, and he will find it full of interest. He would find it occupying the site of a Roman station, the capital of the tribe of the Regni, divided (as most cities of Roman origin are) by its main streets bisecting one another, into four parts, after the manner of a Roman camp, and from one of its gates issued one of the great Roman roads, the “Stane Street,” running northwards through what was the great forest of Sussex and Surrey, by Bignor and Pulboro’ to Dorking, thence to Croydon and Wallington; then the coming of the South Saxons after an interval, under their half legendary leader Cissa, who is said to have founded the city and given it his name—Cissan-ceaster, Ciss-ceaster, now corrupted into Chichester, and established the South Saxon kingdom. Then he will find—curious fact—how Kent, London, Hampshire, and Wiltshire had all become Christianized, with their cathedrals and bishoprics founded at Canterbury, Rochester, Winchester, and Salisbury, while Sussex remained heathen; he will be curious to know why, and he would learn how Sussex was shut out from the world and fell very much behind the time by reason of the dense, impenetrable forest, which extended from the marshes at Romney on the east, to the flats between Chichester and Portsmouth on the north and west. Then

he will read of the coming of S. Wilfrith, the apostle of the South Saxons, A.D. 680, and the interesting story of his travels, his shipwreck on the Sussex coast, and so forth. All this would lead him into an inquiry which would carry him a long way beyond the bounds of the county of Sussex, but which is an essential part of the history of Sussex.

The county of Surrey, though full of associations of a later day, has little to shew of Roman times. In the south of England the long peace established during the Roman sway made it unnecessary to place any important stations in our district, and the Roman legions were quartered in the north (at York, Chester, and in Northumberland). Villas were no doubt built along the great roads which pierced the dense forests of which the county chiefly consisted (one from the Sussex coast passing by Leith Hill and Dorking northwards, and another from the Kent coast to the first crossing of the Thames at Kingston), but we have no important remains like the great villas at Bignor and in Gloucestershire, or fortresses like those which defended the coasts of Kent and Sussex. Our own corner of the county was probably quite uninhabited; the Stone Street passed far to the east of us, and the great road to Bath to the north of us on the other side of the river crossing Hounslow Heath; the hill and park were happy hunting grounds and left to the sole enjoyment of the wild bull, the wolf, and the beaver, of which we are still reminded by the Beverley Brook. The Green, the Old Deer Park, and Kew were probably a dismal swamp, and under water with every return of the tide. To the student of local antiquities the interest of Richmond lies in the annals of comparatively recent times, and we have plenty of associations connected with our Edwards, Henrys, Queen Elizabeth, and the Georges, requiring a whole evening to themselves. But we have close at hand one ancient battlefield, whose traditions take us back into that dim past when history

had hardly begun, and on which I am tempted to dwell for a few moments. If anyone will take the trouble to walk up to the park and look across towards the sloping ground of Wimbledon Common he will see stretched out before him a strip of land round which historic suggestions richly cluster, which has played its part in our history—the site of a great battlefield and an encampment of undoubtedly great antiquity, commonly known as Cæsar's Camp—possibly the site of a still earlier British settlement. Between the camp and the windmill, on the hill side, were to be seen, it is said, within the present century a collection of hut circles of prehistoric times, though no remains of such can now be discovered. It is impossible now to fix the period to which the camp may be referred, but it has been ascribed to British, Roman, Saxon, and Danish hands. Built in a circular form on elevated ground, commanding an extensive view with water near, surrounded as it was with forest, it has most of the characteristics of a British stronghold, and its favourable situation probably led to its being occupied by other nations in succession. Lying on the line of march of an army advancing from the Kent coast to the passage of the Thames it is quite possible, as some assert, that the great Cæsar himself occupied it whilst preparing for his conflict with Cassivelaunus, on the banks of the river, which he crossed either at Kingston or Walton. But whether this be so or not, we know that here was fought a great battle in Saxon times. Let us take up this thread and follow up my suggestion; let us see who were the men that fought, why they fought, and what result it had in English history.

The period to which the battle of Wimbledon belongs is one which till lately has been comparatively unknown, and its interest and importance have still to be fully recognised. The investigations of recent historians have let in a flood of

light upon it, and Mr. Green has very well pointed out that the later stages of our national development only become intelligible when we have fully grasped this age of national formation, and that these early struggles, which Milton regarded as merely "battles of the kites and crows," were in reality the birth throes of our national life. It is impossible to trace step by step, in the time left to us, the settlement of the Anglo-Saxons in the south-eastern portion of Britain; let us, however, see what was the position of affairs in the middle of the sixth century, and briefly survey the situation just before the battle of Wimbledon took place in A.D. 568. The East Saxons, having settled down on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, had occupied the flat lands stretching from the borders of East Anglia along the north shore of the Thames towards the great merchant city of London—"Lunden Byrig." On the south side lay the Jutish kingdoms of East and West Kent, separated by the great forest of Andred from Sussex, the kingdom of the South Saxons, stretching from Romney Marsh to the flats between Chichester and Portsmouth. Our own county of Surrey was probably almost entirely heath and forest, a kind of no man's land, very sparsely inhabited, and these inhabitants were Saxon freebooters and outlaws and all the bad characters of the day. A population of Romanized Britons still held London, but the remainder had retired westwards and northwards. Finally to the south-west of us the West Saxons had established themselves, not without many a hard fight, up the valley from Southampton to Winchester, and were creeping up on to the Hampshire Downs, but were still kept in check from Wiltshire by a fortress at Salisbury, and from Berkshire and the Thames Valley by Silchester. It may be asked how it was that the East Saxons on the north bank of the Thames and the Jutes on the south had remained stationary for about one hundred years and had not advanced up the rich valley

of the Thames, which lay so temptingly before them? Because the well fortified city of London, situated in a position with strong natural advantages, barred the water way. The advance by the north bank of the river was not possible because the clay flats of Essex and desolate fens of the river Lea stretched across their path; there was also the Great Forest spreading over Middlesex towards St. Alban's, so dense that the Romans never attempted to penetrate it with roads, and of which we see the remains in Epping Forest and Waltham Chace. On the south side of London lay a huge swamp, Lambeth and Southwark being inundated by every rise of the tide, and a morass extended as far as the high ground near Dulwich, which it would be impossible for a force to traverse with a strong enemy on the flank.

Now about the middle of the sixth century, though our records are scanty, there appears to have been a general movement westwards both of the East Saxons on the north, and the men of Kent on the south. The hundred years of more or less settled life and peace, and the trade with the continent which their favourable position gave, had strengthened and consolidated the power of the Teutonic settlers; they no doubt wanted more room, and like the Americans and Canadians of to-day thought it time to "make tracks" and "go west," while London, round whom the circle of invaders was gathering, and on the other hand cut off from its trade with the continent, had become weakened. What could account for this general advance about this time? We have no account of the fall and capture of London, but, as Mr. Green points out in his very interesting history, *The Making of England*, nothing but the fall of the city could remove the hindrance to the Saxon advance, and as we know that before the year 600 London had passed into the hands of Seberht, King of the East Saxons, it is probable that it fell about this date (say 560), and that its capture opened the way to the Kentishmen

westwards. However this may be, in 568 a Kentish army had been collected on the western border of Kent, under Ethelbert, King of Kent, then a stripling of sixteen. Hardly had they got across the marshes on the border, skirted the side of Sydenham Hill, where the Crystal Palace now stands, and entered upon the coveted district of Surrey, through Streatham and Tooting, crossing the Wandle, and climbing up on to the high ground of Putten Heath (now Putney), before they found themselves face to face with a foe. The foe, however, was not on this occasion, as we might perhaps have expected, a British force collected to resist the Kentish advance, but a Saxon army, and for the first time in our history we find Saxon against Saxon (or rather Jute) confronting one another. Now, you will remember we left the West Saxons settled on the Hampshire Downs near Winchester, kept in check by the fortified cities of Salisbury (Sorbiodunum) and Silchester (Calleva). In 552 Cynric, after thirty years of inaction, advanced on Salisbury. In 556 the battle of Barbury Hill gave the West Saxons the Wiltshire Downs, they occupied Newbury and advanced along the Kennet to Reading, and conquered Berkshire (Bearroc, land of box trees). The fall of Calleva enabled them to outflank the west corner of Andred Forest, and opened the lower valley of the Thames to their advance. They crossed Bagshot Heath, then as now a lonely stretch of heather and sand, passed Weybridge and the Mole to Kingston, the site of a Roman station. We have already brought the Kentish army to Wimbledon Common, and thus we have the two forces face to face for the encounter. Mr. Green says—

Right in their path now stretched a broad heath, which extended from the river's brink at Putney (Putten Heath) to the height or "dun," known after as "Wibba's Dun" or Wimbledon. The heath was studded with barrows, which marked it as the scene of earlier conflicts and an older entrenchment of seven acres may have been occupied by the forces of Ethelbert if first on the ground.

It is not likely, however, that they set much value upon that, as the Saxons were not skilled either in the defence or attack of fortified places. Sieges came in with the Normans, but before that time warfare consisted of pitched battles in the open field, and was conducted on no scientific principles. The opposing forces having met would probably rush at each other, and lay about them right and left in primitive fashion with their swords and battle axes, at close quarters, till one side or the other took to flight. Possibly those hardy Saxons had something of that contempt for scientific warfare from behind walls and defences, and for shooting your enemy at a distance, which it is said the old Greeks had, considering it a degenerate thing, and not fair fighting, preferring to get at their enemy and hit him on the head with a sword, or run him through with a spear. Mr. Green continues—

A century of peace had left the Jutes of Kent no match for the veterans who were fresh from the long strife on the Hants' and Wilts Downs. The encounter of A.D. 568 at Wimbledon was memorable as the first fight of Englishmen against Englishmen on British soil, and the day went against the young Kentish king—his army was thrown back across the Wandle on its own border, and the disputed district, the Surrey of after days, was not to be theirs, and became from that moment a land of the West Saxons.

The localities to which I have referred are chiefly places of well-known historic interest, but even if a man should not be so fortunate as to live in or near any ancient city, fortress, or abbey church, but in some village or country parish associated with no great events, or with no great names in history of the first rank, he need not be disheartened or deterred, for beneath the prosaic exterior of a quiet parish church may be frequently detected a great deal of English history coiled up, and the annals and registers of a humble country parish have much to tell us of the lives and characters of the humble folk of whom they speak. They throw a side light, but a not un-

important light, on the ways of thinking prevalent in the times to which they belong, on the direction and force of the undercurrent which made possible those great changes which took place in their day, and on their direct and indirect conscious and unconscious share in the making of history, how local self-government became gradually developed in the offices of justice, constable, and overseer of the poor, the genealogy of the families of the district, how the press-gang worked its cruel way to man our ships and fill our regiments, how national disasters were announced by the proclamation of a form of prayer, and national victories by the ringing of the Church bells, and how free was the consumption of beer on the smallest provocation at the parish's expense. These and a thousand other particulars may be gleaned from these annals of a country parish. It is indeed the special province and the delight of the antiquary to wander in these bye-paths and lanes which the historian, in his more stately march, passes by; it is in the bye-paths, fields, and lanes that the fairest flowers are often found. It is here that his researches and investigations, minute and unimportant though they may appear, supplement the labours of, and are frequently of service to, the historian; and as the history of the whole is made up of the history of the parts, and the study of local leads up to national history, so he will find that "if he intelligently pursues those paths he will" (as I have seen it somewhere well put) "eventually walk with firm step from the mere parish lane on to the county road, and even traverse the Imperial highway." It does not follow because lives are uneventful that they are to be passed by without comment, or that the lives and deeds of men unknown to fame are without their value. "Thousands of unknown good spirits have done their work in life, but have left little or no record of their passage; that work has, however, been none the less real, none the less national." Their lives have

not been spent without tragedy and comedy. Pathos and poetry, romance and interest, are found in the lives of ordinary men and women, and (as George Eliot reminds us) "the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts, and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number of those who have lived faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs."

February 23rd, 1885.

[NOTE.—The above paper was not written for publication, and as it was compiled from note books and other miscellaneous sources, I fear there are several extracts and quotations which are not properly indicated and acknowledged.—W.L.]



*“Burns’ Sympathy with the Lower
Creation.”*

By the REV. JOHN MAUCHLEN.



IF the words of a man are any index to his character—and I think it will be granted that a true poet sings what he feels—it will be easy to show that Burns was a man whose merciful spirit and tender feelings overflow in all his writings. If kindness to animals, sympathy with them in their sufferings, indignation at the inhuman wretches who thoughtlessly inflict pain on them, disclose a similar disposition towards the human species, then Burns more than any man we know was incapable, without a remorse which tore his very heart asunder, of wronging his fellow-creatures in the way with which he has been charged. Although his reputation as a poet has steadily increased since the publication of his first volume of poetry at Kilmarnock, and critics do not hesitate now to call him the greatest song writer the world has ever seen, his character as a man has not had such a favourable judgment passed upon it. The godly folks of his day, who tasted somewhat severely and not altogether undeservedly of his stinging satire, have not died out, and it is no uncommon thing to hear him spoken of as a man who gloried in his own heartlessness and profanity. Some have summarily consigned him to—

. . . . Yon cavern, grim and sooty,
Closed under hatches—

where the torment spirit of the place—

Spairges about the brimstone cooty
To scaud puir wretches.

Others as unjust, though less inclined to meddle with the poet's fate, have pitied him with pharisaic self-satisfaction, and without being able to discover in him a redeeming feature. Now we are not going to assert that Burns' character was blameless, nor are we inclined to think lightly of the "thoughtless follies" that "laid him low and stained his name." Of his failings Burns was himself deeply conscious and as deeply repentant. Even in his lighter moments, when writing a satirical epistle to some brother poet, his own life springs up before him and he will not defend it—

God knows I'm no the thing I should be,
Nor am I even the thing I could be ;
But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
Than under gospel colours hid be,
 Just for a screen.

There are passages in his life that can never be screened. The delightful passion which first awoke within him as he sympathetically took the thistle-pricked hand of his fair partner on the harvest field in his own, became at once the secret of his power and of his weakness, his fame and his disgrace. Love not only awoke the poetic fire within him, but continued to be the inspiration of the best he ever wrote. The cause of his settled unhappiness lay also in its abuse in himself and others who trusted him. But that Burns was not a coarse man of the world, who could stifle the voices which reproached him for his conduct, by continuing to pursue the course which "hardens a' within and petrifies the feelin'," but on the contrary, a man whose tender conscience caused him acute mental anguish on account of his follies, is sufficiently seen in his letter to Aitken, when the "gloomy night was gathering fast," and

a combination of circumstances suggested emigration to the West Indies as a possible road out of his difficulties and perhaps to hope. He speaks of the "wandering stabs of remorse which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the calls of society or the vagaries of the muse. Even in the hour of social mirth my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner." He could never remember the wrongs he had done to his fellow mortals without shame; and his moral sense, so much stronger than his will, was a sufficient source of pain, without that inflicted by those who, in the name of religion, took a course which could not fail to drive a man of his temperament straight to ruin—

They take religion in their mauth,
 They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth;
 For what? to gie their malice skouth
 On same puir wight;
 And hunt him down o'er right and routh
 To ruin straight.

It must have been an unspeakable pain to Burns, so conscious of his own failings and so stabbed by the continual remembrance of them, even in circles where others forget them, to be worried by the attacks of petty critics, moral and literary, who were incapable of going beneath the surface, or of understanding his many-sided nature. The "address to the unco guid" coming straight from his heart, and displaying, as the Ettrick shepherd says, "the most intimate knowledge of the mysteries of passion in the human soul, is one of the finest sermons ever written on the text, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.'" After showing that the difference between one man and another lies not so much in inherent virtue as in less trying circumstances, and the "better art of hiding," he goes on to say—

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman;

Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.

One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it !
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias.

Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it ;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.

That is all the defence Burns' character needs—that is all he asks for himself and his misjudged fellows. Strong passions and highly developed social tendencies led him into many wild excesses, which we cannot deplore more deeply than he himself did in his calm moments. We will not say with him that “the light which led astray was light from heaven,” but we will affirm again that at the bottom he was an honest, tender-hearted man. He saw the right and the good, and approved them, but he often lacked strength of will to rule his passions. In such cases his ever-tender conscience piled up the misery of his life which found expression in penitential laments as real as anything in the fifty-first Psalm. Then let us be mute at the balance, or if we say anything, let it be in that spirit of charity and hopefulness which he showed towards him who is considered to be the most abandoned and hopeless of all beings, even the *devil*. Burns could only speak of him thus—

Now fare ye weel, auld Nickie ben !
Oh, wad ye tak' a thought an' men'
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake ;

I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake !

We shall find in the poems now to be noticed a confirmation of this view of the poet's character—that is to say, his sympathy with the lower creation is no forced sentiment, bearing no true relation to the soul of the man. It is natural and heartfelt. He wrote more from his own heart and from his own feelings than most poets. His best poems—those in which his tenderness to animals is most conspicuous—were composed in the field at his work, when his heart was moved by what he saw. His brother Gilbert says when he was inly moved the agitation of his mind and body exceeded anything of the kind he ever saw. His wife often noticed the strange and wild gesticulations of her husband as they walked by the riverside. “I wish you had seen him,” she says; “he was in such ecstacy, the tears were happing down his cheeks.” At other times they were tears of another kind that dimmed his eye. Far in the north of Scotland a boy who acted as guide to Burns and Mr. Nicol was found to possess the famous book of poems that all Scotland was reading. On being asked which poem he liked best he replied, “‘The Cottar's Saturday Night,’ although it made me greet when my father had me to read it to my mother.” Patting him kindly on the shoulder Burns said, “Well, my callant, I don't wonder at your *greeting* at reading the poem; it made me *greet* more than once when I was writing it at my father's fireside.” This was the way he made his poems; they came from him with a thrill of ecstacy or a pang of sorrow. When we read his addresses to the “wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,” running with “bickering brattle” over the cold, frost-covered earth from the cruel crash of the coulter; to his “auld mare Maggie,” standing in the stable, “dowie, stiff, and crazie,” after nine and twenty years of faithful service; to “Poor Mailie,” his pet ewe, warsling in the ditch and

uttering her last groans, so full of humour, to the gaping herd-boy; or his lines on the wounded hare hirpling with bleeding bosom down the furrow to seek some soft grassy spot for a dying bed, we see into the heart of the poet, and feel that one who could not mention a subordinate being, however mean, without a pathos in his language which awakens the very finest feelings within us—who responds so feelingly to all their sufferings—must have been an exceedingly good and kind-hearted man, must have felt himself one with creation “groaning and travailing in pain.”

Being the son of a peasant Burns was brought into contact with all the animal life of a farm from his childhood. From the “new ca’d kye,” routing at the stake, to the little “mousie” nibbling the straw to make its nest in the bare stubble field; from the owl, lone bird of night, venting its sad plaints from some old castle in the midnight hour, to the gay lintwhite singing on the spray, all were familiar to him, yea all were companions to him. The true poetic instinct led him to watch them with tenderness, through all the seasons “as a part of that nature which he pourtrayed with so much truthfulness.” There was not a bonny bird that sang on mountain shaw or green, nor a four-footed beast that had its abode on the farms—Mount Oliphant, Lochlea, Mossgiel, or Ellisland—but he knew it, its song, its habits, its peculiarities, and he gave them all a place in his poetry. The routing kye, the silly sheep, the bleating lambkins, the coward maukin, the sleekit mousie, and the cunning tod; even the laden bee, the stately salmon, the glowering trout, the supple-tailed eel, and the greedy ged, are all mentioned and truthfully described. The whirring *paitrick*, the heather-cropping grouse, the cootie moorcock, the curlew, the sooty coot, the speckled teal, the fisher heron, the clamouring craik, the whistling plover, the duck, the drake, the bittern, and the wailing *houlet*; the sober laverock, the robin, the gowd-

spink, the blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear, the mild and mellow mavis, and whatever other creature seemed to him to be drinking in the joy of the seasons, awakened the sympathy of his heart, which poured forth in spontaneous music from his lips. He says—

I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry.

When Burns began to feel the bitterness and disappointments of his lot—when threatening letters from factors threw the whole family into tears—when what he held to be the first of human joys here below was cruelly thwarted—when these affections were abused in himself and in others (whose chief fault was that they trusted him, not wisely, but too well), and remorse gnawed at his heart—when kirk sessions pointed their spiritual artillery against him—when bad seasons drove him out of his farm and fires burned him out of his flax works, and left him, as he says, “a true poet without a sixpence”—when the unfeeling world, which had lionized him, left him to pine in poverty or to waste his life in drudgery of a common gauger—then these beasts of the field and these songsters of the wood became his companions and comforted him by their unconscious ministry far more truly than his own kind. There was in the wag of his dog Luath's tail, in the friskings of Mailie as she met him returning home weary and sad at heart, or in the mellow notes of the mavis at the fall of evening, something more sincere than anything he could get from the flattering lips of men. These creatures have an echo for every feeling of his heart. When he is cheerful they help him to express his joy; when he is sad they respond to his moods, or their innocent mirthfulness draws forth his heart-broken complaints, and gives relief to his feelings. He sympathises with them in their sufferings, and while he espouses their cause against

the inhumanity of men, he makes them the exponent of his own feelings under the treatment which he has received from his fellows. They are the subjects of his most humorous and tender poems, in which he recounts the whole toiling life of a ploughman, or discusses the relation between landlord and tenant, rich and poor. He is so knit together with them in their humble, down-trodden state, that he calls himself their "poor earth-born companion and fellow mortal," and draws comfort from them at the thought of his own impending fate.

When he indulges in the "sacred lowe o' weel-placed love" it is the songs of the birds that delight his glowing heart—

There's no' a bonny bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean ;
 * * * *
 I hear her voice in ilka bird,
 Wi' music charms the air.

As he walks forth in the gloaming by Afton water which winds by the cot where his Mary resides, he becomes their enchanter—

Thou stock dove, whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
 Thou wild whistling blackbird in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear—
 I charge thee disturb not my slumbering fair.

In return for their ministry of joy to him, he rejoices in everything that makes them happy. In that humorous elegy on Tam Samson, the famous sportsman of Kilmarnock, he finds occasion to congratulate his scaly and feathered friends on the withdrawal of, at least, one deadly rod and gun—

Now safe the stately saumon sail,
 And trout bedrapp't wi' crimson tail,
 And eels weel kenned for souple tail,
 And geds for greed.
 Since dark in Death's fish-creel we wail
 Tam Samson dead !

Rejoice ye birring paitricks a' ;
 Ye cootie moorcocks crouselly craw ;
 Ye maukins cock your feed tu' braw,
 Withouten dread ;
 Your mortal fae is now awa'—
 Tam Samson's dead !

And so, too, in the “humble petition of the water bruar to the Duke of Athol,” in which he pleads that his grace will plant its banks with shady trees, and tells him that many grateful birds will return him tuneful thanks as he wanders on its banks doubly delighted. The interest displayed in this poem, in all that concerns the happiness of the lower creation, could not have been more tenderly expressed if he had been pleading for his own children. But again, the birds that have responded to his joys are also associated with his disappointments, sorrows, and misfortunes. There are no more pathetic utterances to be found anywhere than those two songs which record a passion that has been mellowed by time. The first is the beautiful pastoral, “My Nannie's Awa”—

Now in her green mantle blythe Nature arrays,
 And listens the lambkins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw—
 But to me its delightless—my Nannie's awa'.

Thou laverock that springs from the dew o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the grey breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the nightfa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'.

The second song is too well known to need mention. The sweet songsters which delighted his heart on the banks o' Doon long ago, now pain his sad bosom by recalling past joys. They are still joyful, but he is not what he once was—he is “weary, fu' o' care”—

How can ye chant ye little birds,
 And I sae weary, fu' o' care.
 * * * *
 You'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
 That wanton in the flowery thorn ;

Ye mind me of departed joys—
 Departed never to return.

The memory of the past turns their songs into laments—
 In vain for me on shaw or green
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

Yet in the hooting owl, shut out from all the feathered
 tribe, to tell its sorrows to the unheeding gloom, no friend
 to pity, grief all its thoughts, and solitude its home, he
 finds a note in harmony with his feeling and cries—

Sing on, sad mourner ! I will bless thy strains,
 And pleased in sorrow, listen to thy song.

* * * * *

I will list more pleased to thee,
 Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
 Or drooping wretch oppressed with misery,
 Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

Burns' sympathy with the animal creation in their sufferings was most intense. Never is his tenderness so deep as when he thinks of their exposure to inclement weather. Nowhere does his indignation flash forth so fiercely as when he thinks of the pain which men inflict on them. Winter, he tells us himself, more than any other season of the year, had a peculiar charm for him. "This, I believe," he continues, "may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a melancholy cast; but there is something even in the —

Mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
 Abrupt and deep, stretched o'er the buried earth,

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity favourable to everything great and noble." There was nothing which enraptured him more "than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, on a cloudy winter day, and hear the storm-wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion." Yet on such a night, sitting in his house, swayed now by the ruin that was facing him, now by those exalted thoughts

which the raging tempest awoke within him, we find him saying—

List'ning the doors an' winnocks rattle,
 I thought me o' the ourie cattle,
 Or silly sheep wha bide the brattle
 O' winter war,
 And thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,
 Beneath a scar.

Ilk happing bird, wee, helpless thing,
 That, in the merry months o' spring,
 Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Whare wilt thou cower thy chittering wing,
 An' close thine e'e?

Carlyle says—

How touching it is, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him, that amid the storm he still thinks of the cattle, the silly sheep, and the wee harmless birdies! Yes, the tenant of the mean lowly hut has the heart to pity all these. This is worth a volume of homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy. His soul rushes forth into all the realms of being. Nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him.

The cruel arts of man, however, awaken in him an indignation even deeper than his pity. Witness what he says about the deeds of beekeepers and sportsmen. The bees, after their summer's toil, is sealed up with frugal care in massive waxen pile—

Are doomed by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
 The death of devils, smooed wi' brimstone reek.

Again—

The thundering guns are heard on every side,
 The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide,
 The feathered field-mates bound by nature's tie,
 Sires, mothers, children in one carnage lie.

And the poet adds in indignation—

What warm poetic heart but inly bleeds,
 And execrates man's savage ruthless deeds.

We have a proof that this was no mere sentimental effusion, in the incident which led to the composition of

“Lines on a Wounded Hare”—a good example of the poet’s attempts in pure English. He must be allowed to tell it himself—

One morning lately, as I was out pretty early in the fields sowing some grass seeds, I heard the burst of a shot from a neighbouring plantation, and presently a poor little wounded hare came hirpling by me. You will guess my indignation at the inhuman fellow who could shoot a hare at this season, when all of them have young ones. Indeed, there is something in the business of destroying for our sport individuals in the animal creation who do not injure us materially which I could never reconcile to my ideas of virtue.

The lad who was guilty of this atrocity was the son of a neighbouring farmer, and he says—

Burns cursed me and said he would not mind throwing me into the water, and I’ll warrant he could hae done’t, tho’ I was both young and strong.

Burns, however, did what was far better. His feelings found vent in those lines which everyone must know—

Inhuman man! Curse on thy barb’rous art, &c.

In the same spirit are the “Lines on scaring some water fowl in Loch Turit.” But by far the most pathetic poem of this description is that to which I have more than once referred—the address to a mouse on turning up her nest with the plough in the cold November weather. I do not know of anything that has been written to equal it. Its tenderness touches the heart, and even draws the tear, though it is only about a little mouse. Burns was holding the plough, and John Blain, a farm servant, was driving the horses. The little creature, turned out of its cosy nest by the riving plough, was observed running across the field. Blain, who had the plough-cleansing utensil in his hand at the moment, thoughtlessly ran after it to kill it, when Burns checked him—but not angrily, as in the case of the hare shooter—saying, “Hold, man! What harm has the poor mouse done you”? The soul of the poet, which ever responded to the sufferings and sorrows of the oppressed

and the weak, was touched. He spoke no more during the remainder of the day, but seemed thoughtful. I may be allowed to read to you what that incident gave to the world—

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST, WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

Wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave
 'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' !
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash ! the cruel coulter past,
 Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !

Now thou's turned out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch cauld !

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us naught but grief and pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

These beautiful lines were composed at the plough, when Blain was wondering at the ploughman's silence ; they were written out at home the same night. Above the but and ben of the farmhouse at Mossgiel was a garret, reached by a trapstair, in which the two ploughmen slept. Here also Burns regularly transcribed the verses which he had composed in the field. Think of him, weary with his day's toil, yet unable to sleep for the thought of this little mouse which he had unwittingly disturbed in the afternoon ! Think of him waking up his drowsy companion, who slept none the worse for having lifted up a murderous hand against an inoffensive creature ! And after reading to him the pathetic lines, asking him what he thought of the mouse now ! John Blain learned a lesson in mercy that night which he would never forget, and everyone who has read the poem has learned to look on the most insignificant creature with somewhat of Burns' sympathy.

There are three other poems in which Burns uses his knowledge of the brute creation in a new way. There is the same kindliness of nature displayed in them ; but in

addition to that we have a most wonderful combination of humour and fancy which shows Burns at his best. The first of these—"The Death and dying words of poor Mailie, the Author's only pet Yowe," is one of the happiest of his early efforts. Everyone who is acquainted with farm life knows that this animal is indispensable to the happiness of the farmhouse, especially where there are children. Out of all the lambs left motherless at their birth in the cold spring weather, there is always one which, being too weakly to find support from a foster mother among her own strong children, is taken to the farmhouse, fed by the hand and petted until it becomes a general household favourite of much intelligence, affection, and—it must be added—mischief. Such a pet was in Burns' house at Lochlea—

Thro' a' the toon she trotted by him,
A lang half mile she could descry him,
Wi' kindly bleat when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed.

It is the comicality which gives his "Elegy" on this same favourite its merit. Wanting that, it could only have been a worthless nursery poem. But think of the bardie shutting himself up in his parlour with sorrow, or venturing out with crape on his bonnet, or invoking the bards o' bonny Doon to join in lamenting Mailie dead. These and many other touches show the inimitable skill of the writer. This ewe, with her two lambs feeding near her, was tethered in a field adjoining the house. As the poet and his brother Gilbert were proceeding with their horses to the plough a boy came to them, with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Burns was so amused with the boy's comical appearance and attitudes, that his thoughts ran on the subject the whole day, and on coming home he repeated to Gilbert the poem as it now

stands. The picture of poor Mailie as "owre she warsled in the ditch," and of Hughoc, "wi' glowering 'een and lifted hands," is simply perfect—

He saw her days were nearly ended,
 But wae's my heart ! it could na' mend it ;
 He gapèd wide, but naething spak',
 At length poor Mailie silence brak'.

She sends a message to her master warning him against "the wicked strings o' hemp and hair," and advising him, if he should ever have as much money again as would buy a sheep, to "ca' them out to park or hill and let them wander at their will." Then she commends her offspring to him, imploring him to be kind to them—

Oh, bid him save their harmless lives,
 Frae dogs and tods and butchers' knives ;
 But gie them guid cow milk their fill,
 Till they be fit to 'fend themsel'.
 And tent them duly e'en and morn
 With teats o' hay and rips o' corn.

* * * *

And may they never learn the gaets
 O' other vile waurestfu' pets,
 To slink thro' slaps and reave and steal
 At stalks o' peas or stocks o' kail.
 So may they like their great forbears
 For many a year come thro' the shears ;
 So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
 And bairns greet for them when they're dead.

The expiring animal's admonitions touching the education of the "poor toop lamb," her son and heir; and the "yowie, silly thing," her daughter—in which the cleverness of the poem lies and upon which I cannot venture any remarks—are from the sly humour, commingled with fancy, which will be noticed more fully developed in his later poems yet to be mentioned. However, the closing exordium is amusing enough to those who like myself have frequented the butcher's killing house in a country village, and courted

his favour for the sake of the organ which is inflated through a straw or the stem of a clay pipe—

Now honest Hughoc dinna fail
 To tell my master a' my tale,
 And bid him burn this cursed tether,
 And for thy pains thou's get my blether.
 This said, poor Mailie turned her head,
 And closed her een amang the dead.

“The auld Farmer’s new year’s salutation to his auld Mare Maggie” is another of those poems in which Burns has described the commonplace experiences of farm life with a vividness and strength which give them an enduring interest to everybody. The homeliness of his subjects reveals the perfect truthfulness of his soul. He does not select the distant and imposing; what lies at his feet, what comes daily under his observation, even though it should only be a wounded hare, a dying ewe, a timorous mouse, shivering cattle, or frolicing dogs, is to him a subject of finest inspiration. Such is his salutation to the auld grey mare. We have seen with what kindly humour he perpetuated the memory of poor Mailie. He does the same for his mare Maggie. His descriptions are so perfect that they bring the living scene before our eyes. We think we see him entering the stable with the rip of corn in his hand, speaking a kindly word, while Maggie responds with a nicker of recognition and delight. As he looks at her “howe back,” her legs “stiff and crazy” that once could have carried her “like ony staggie out owre the lay,” her “auld hide as white’s a daisy,” which used to be “dappl’t, sleek, and glazy, a bonny grey,” his mind flies back over the nine and twenty summers that have passed since his father gave her to him; and as he recounts to himself her faithful services he seems to live the memorable parts of his life over again. Maggie is associated with all his toils and anxieties and joys. When he first went to woo his Jenny, she was trotting with her mother; and when he

had won her hand, Maggie was ready to bear her home, and "pranced with muckle glee." At wedding races, coming home from fair or market, she ne'er had a fellow for pith and power, not even among the better breeds—

The sma' droop-rumpled hunter cattle,
 Might aiblins waur't thee for a brattle,
 But sax Scotch miles thou try't their mettle,
 An' gart them whaizle :
 Nae whip nor spur, but just a wattle
 O' saugh or hazel.

With what pride too does he mention her conduct in plough and cart. In setting her face in the plough to some furzy brae the sturdy old mare had the pluck of her master, whose whole life was a kind of unequal struggle. What can be finer than his description of this?—

Thou never braing't, an' fetch't, an' fliskit,
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,
 An' spread abreed thy weel-fill'd brisket,
 Wi' pith an' pow'r.
 Till spritty knowes wad rair't and riskit,
 An' slypet owre.

Or see again how he describes her setting her face to a steep hill with a heavy load—

In cart or car thou never reestit ;
 The steyest brae thou wad hae face't it ;
 Thou never lap, an' sten't, an' breastit,
 Then stood to blaw.
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snoov't awa.

He speaks to Maggie as if she were a human being, and makes himself her true yoke fellow in all the work of the farm. She shares his anxieties and participates in the fruits of his toil. And what will become of Maggie in her crazy age? What will the master do with the mare, auld, howe-backed, stiff-legged, which, since the day she "pranced wi' muckle pride" has served him twenty-nine summers, besides giving

him the four gallant brutes which draw his plough, and others which he has sold? Let his own words testify once more to his kindness of heart and teach us a lesson in gratitude—

And think na' my auld trusty servan'
That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
And thy auld days may end in starvin',
For my last fou'.

A heapit stimpart I'll reserve ane
Laid by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither,
We'll toyte about wi' ane anither,
Wi' tentie care I'll fit thy tether

To some hain'd rig :
Whare ye may nobly rax your leather
Wi' sma' fatigue.

The last poem I shall notice contains the best specimen of that characteristic in which Burns excels all other poets—the blending of humour and fancy. Its conception is one of his happiest, its subject has not lost its interest, and its style affords richer enjoyment the oftener it is read—

Twa dogs that werna thrang at hame
Forgathered ance upon a time.

Through these two dogs he interprets the lives, thoughts, feelings, and manners of the Scottish peasantry as they had never been interpreted before and never can be again. The poem had its origin, like so many of the others in an act of cruelty, to the lower creation. Someone had wantonly killed his dog Luath, and the poet, who was greatly attached to the animal, said to his brother that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his favourite. This he has succeeded in doing beyond his expectation. At the very time when the sad event happened, heavier sorrows were weighing upon the spirit of Burns. Burned out of his flax-dressing shop in Irving, and left without a sixpence, he had returned to Lochlea to

find his father on his death bed. The old man's long struggle with scanty means, barren soil, and bad seasons, combined with the insolent, threatening letters of the factor, which often set the whole family in tears, brought on consumption, of which he died the night after poor Luath. This suggested the form which the poem took. Cæsar (the creation of the poet's imagination) becomes the exponent of the lives of lairds; and Luath of the lives of the poor toiling cottars. In the very description he gives of the two dogs—so true to life that the lamented author of "Rab and his Friends" never excelled it—we cannot fail to see the people whom they represent. Their peculiarities are touched off in the most comical manner. And though it is easy to see on which side the sympathy of Burns lies, he makes Cæsar a very likeable dog—

The fient a pride, nae pride had he.

When the dogs have wearied themselves worrying each other in diversion, scouring about the knowes, and howking mice and moudiworts, they sit down and begin moralizing on their several lots. Yet in spite of all their serious talk, their insight into the manners of man, and their long accounts of the toiling yet contented peasants, or the idle, unsatisfied, and sometimes foolish gentry, they do not cease to be dogs; they are true dogs in all their ways. I cannot go into all they say with so much truthful humour of the virtues and hardships of the poor, or the prosperity of the rich with its accompanying faults and follies; but an example will suffice to show the intelligent grasp which the brutes have of the things they discuss, or rather the view which the poet took of them. Poor Luath, the "faithfu' tyke" of the cottar, makes the factor referred to sit for his portrait—

There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont folk,
Are riven out, baith root an' branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,

Wha' thinks to knit himself the faster
 In favour wi' some gentle master,
 Wha, aibbins, thrang a-parliamentin.'

Notice the kindly humour—

For Britain's guid his soul indentin.'

To which Cæsar, the laird's dog, replies—

Haith lad, ye little ken about it;
 For Britain's guid !—guid faith I doubt it !

He at once seeks to open the eyes of the cottar's dog to the real state of the case. He pictures their extravagant pleasures, their gambling, masquerading, and mortgaging, their dissipations in the fashionable continental cities, and exclaims—

For Britain's guid !—for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction.

Thus enlightened, Luath, with a kindly word for the spendthrift gentry, as if they were more to be pitied than blamed—

Fient heat o' them's ill-hearted fellows—
 can only express his surprise at what he has heard—
 Hech man ! dear sirs, is that the gate
 They waste sae mony a brow estate ?
 Are we sae' foughten and harassed
 For gear to gang that gate at last ?

And so they go through the whole round of the accompaniments of poverty and wealth; and when the conversation is ended you do not see men rise up and part, but the same dogs which we saw "howking mouidiworts" at the beginning of the poem—

Up they gat and shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they were na' men, but dogs;
 And each took off his several way,
 Resolved to meet some other day.

Disordered as these remarks about Burns' sympathy with the lower creation have been, and abrupt as is their close, I trust that we may be all the better for having had our attention drawn to this feature in his character, and

for having heard something of the expression which he has given to it in his poetry. If besides learning to be merciful to the brute creation, and entering into the enjoyment which Burns had in their companionship, they awaken in us that serious thoughtfulness which is exhibited in the lines with which I close, it shall be well for us to have had our hearts drawn out into sympathy with the beasts that perish—

But, mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
 Gang aft a-gley,
 An' lea'e us naught but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear !
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' fear !

November 20th, 1882



“*The Earlier Novels of George Eliot.*”

“*Scenes of Clerical Life,*” “*Adam Bede,*” “*The Mill on the Floss,*”
and “*Romola.*”

By MR. CHARLES AITKEN.

* * * This paper was composed and read several months before the interesting *Life of George Eliot*, by her husband (Mr. Cross), was published. The writer, however, does not think that any important modification is called for in consequence, as his statements and opinions are merely confirmed by the complete and necessarily authentic information which Mr. Cross has placed at the disposal of the public. It is also worthy of note that a large portion of the earlier novels here reviewed were conceived and composed by George Eliot during her lengthened residence at Parkshot, Richmond, Surrey. This great authoress entertained a steady and warm affection for Richmond and its environs, with which she was thoroughly acquainted.



IT is, I think, necessary for the purpose of this paper, that a very imperfect sketch of Miss Evans (better known as George Eliot) should be prefixed. Naturally gifted with a mind of exceptional capacity and vigour, she received an education calculated to develop talents which have indelibly left their mark on the literature of the present century at all events, if indeed she may not claim to be permanently placed on our shelves as an English classic of the first rank. Personally I own to an enthusiastic admiration for nearly all her writings, reserving a special meed of praise for those four earlier novels which form the subject matter of this paper. I hope partially to justify this estimate while briefly tracing the nature of the educational training which she received, and which was sufficiently remarkable to call for a few passing observations. If you examine

works of reference which profess to give an accurate account of the lives of contemporary celebrities you will find it stated that Marian Evans was the daughter of a clergyman, and that upon his death she was adopted by a brother cleric. I have recently learned, upon what I believe to be indisputable authority, that this statement is quite incorrect, as well as others to be found in the same quarters in relation to the education which she received. It is a great pity that errors like these are not promptly and publicly corrected. The matter is of considerable importance. The lives of distinguished authors possess public interest and value, and misstatements with regard to their parentage and education are certain to mislead those who are striving to make an analytical study of their writings.

The father of Miss Evans was a well-known land steward, who raised himself to positions of trust in the Midland Counties by the force and honesty of his character—attributes which he transmitted to his more gifted daughter. She was educated at a school in Coventry, but the cast of her mind, as evinced in her writings, received its impress after she had left any purely educational establishment. Considered by its results, this education was in its issue decidedly masculine in its depth, range, and general character. As I have already said, naturally gifted with a mind strong, logical, and yet withal sensitive, her training admirably served to develop and bring to fruition this unusual combination of qualities. We shall presently see what special influence had been brought to bear upon this rich natural soil, and we shall thus obtain the clue to the power of concentrated thought, and to the capacity for treating subjects which are usually regarded as the province of men as distinguished from women, which so markedly characterise all George Eliot's writings. This peculiarity in the case of her best known work (*Adam Bede*) completely

deceived the critics, many of whom refused to believe the sex of the author, even after the dispute had been definitely settled. And yet despite this capacity for treating her subject matter from the male point of view, she by no means lost those qualities of mind by which women are wont to show their superior delicacy and refinement. For while the controversy with regard to the sex of George Eliot was being keenly waged far and wide, Charles Dickens cleverly laid his finger on the well-known scene of Hetty Sorrel before the looking glass, and said—"That could only be written by a woman."

Now what was this school of thought and educational training which moulded the mind of this great authoress? It was the influence and society of men like Mr. George Lewes, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and Mr. John Stuart Mill. To them undoubtedly she was indebted for much of that unwonted breadth and depth of conception, for that accuracy and conciseness of expression, as well as for her knowledge of German philosophy, and of the ancient and modern European classics in the original. But unfortunately, in addition to all this, she received from the same source that peculiar creed or negation of all creeds which is called agnosticism. Her earlier novels, and particularly the first of these, were evidently written before these tenets were thoroughly incorporated into her mind, and they are in my opinion consequently much more wholesome and pleasant. Although the leaven had already begun to work, her youthful freshness rejected much of the morbid poison proffered to her, and she was unable to deny that that very unselfishness for the sake of humanity which Mr. Spencer cultivated, and which commended itself to her own mind as the highest of all aspirations, found its most satisfactory exposition in the life of Jesus Christ, reflected in the simple, refined, self-sacrificing existence led by many English country clergymen with whom she was brought in

contact. I have been told that at the very last her mind reverted to much the same position which she at this time held, and that just prior to her death her favourite reading was the well known *Imitation of Christ*, by Thomas à Kempis. But her later works give no evidence of this, save and except that the necessity of unselfishness and self-sacrifice to obtain true sublimity of thought and life is never lost sight of. But beyond this all is a dreary blank. It is ceaseless work, without hope of reward, and without any prospect of a future state which we are called upon to believe is the true creed of humanity. Perhaps it would not be erroneous to assert that she had, despite her philosophical and logical training, attempted to solve the unsolvable, and resented the rebuff she consequently received. She wanted to understand, and perchance explain upon a basis of pure reason, such mysteries as the origin of evil, the object of pain, the immortality of the soul, the ultimate destiny of man, and kindred problems which have always baffled the profoundest thinkers; and enthusiastic as I am in my admiration for George Eliot, I am obliged to confess that her final condition as exhibited in her writings was a most derogatory conclusion for a great mind to reach. It seems as if, like the rest of the agnostic school, she finally resolved to enter upon a condition of intellectual and moral "sulks," and because she could not know everything she was determined to say she knew nothing--a mental state which is by no means indicative of real humility, but seems rather the sorry outcome of wounded vanity.

And now, without further preface, I propose to review rapidly four of the earlier works of Miss Evans, in which, in my opinion, the authoress is seen at her best. These are *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, and *Romola*. Properly speaking I ought to include as belonging to this period of George Eliot's literary history *Silas Marner*, but the works selected afford a more

than sufficient field for criticism in the comparatively short time necessarily available. In point of conception *Scenes of Clerical Life* is undoubtedly the weakest perhaps of any of George Eliot's great works, but it is deeply interesting as being practically the dawn of her literary career. Besides, in addition to the incisive aphorisms and original proverbs, which are part and parcel of the author's habitual style, there are numerous passages which evince more than merely budding talent, as well as a quick and keen recognition of the dramatic incidents common even in the humblest rural life—apparent enough at all events to the penetrating eye of genius. And yet, withal, it is made sufficiently clear that those disturbances in the even tenour of the way serve not merely and primarily as foils to commonplace detail, but as leaving behind them hidden and far reaching effects, whereby each little life is made instinct with human passion and struggle, and thereby raised to an ideal level full of deep and great lessons even to those who occupy a loftier atmosphere. I have already said that this first work exhibits the mental position of the authoress, and it also reflects life in the Midland Counties in which her early days had been spent, and with which she was naturally thoroughly conversant.

Where, as is the case in the second of these tales ("Mr. Gilfil's Love Story"), what may be termed an unfamiliar foreign element is introduced in the person of the impulsive Italian Caterina, the result is not satisfactory; there is a felt incongruity; and it is with a sense of relief that in "Janet's Repentance" we once more find ourselves in the company of homely villagers, even though the story is still more painful than either of its predecessors. The first of these, the "Sad misfortunes of Amos Barton," is, I think, the best of the three; the conclusion especially being full of sustained power and pathos. The accumulating sorrows of the unhappy man, though partly arising from his own

stupidity and silly belief in an adventuress, sustains the interest and sympathy of the reader, and though the melancholy end is in perfect unison with the natural course of events, there is an uncontrollable feeling of regret that "a happier issue out of all his afflictions" had not been found practicable. The relations, divergences, and feuds between Church and Dissent, a subject which recurs again and again in subsequent novels, are here also lightly but cleverly etched; and the merits and defects of both parties are treated with a calm analysis and freedom from prejudice eminently creditable, and affords a significant proof of a judicial temperament not usually associated with the female mind. The fortunes of Mr. Barton's wife are even sadder than his own. It is the record of a gentle, loving woman literally worn to death by ever-increasing cares, ceaseless drudgery, and semi-unconscious marital neglect. It is, indeed, a dreary story. Even when the curtain of sorrow is lifted, it is only to descend with a yet blacker gloom. The sorrows of Amos have at last touched the hearts of his unsympathetic parishioners, there seems a prospect of rest after infinite pain, and then—a severance is at once rudely effected between the hearts thus happily united, and Amos is driven into the wilderness no longer consoled and cheered by the presence of his hapless wife. A partial connection between this tale and the history of the Rev. Mr. Gilfil is effected by the re-introduction of some of the subordinated characters, but the scenes are now laid in more aristocratic quarters. The date is 1788, and there are some characteristic touches which correspond with actual history; for example, the incidental mention of the Rev. Mr. Gilfil forgetting to take off his spurs before putting on his surplice, and the comical consequences on his way from the vestry to the reading desk. The rev. gentleman is also stated to have enjoyed a complete immunity from criticism by his congregation, a state of matters which the modern pastor doubtless longs

to revive, and must regard with pangs of unbounded regret and envy. In the heroine Caterina we have the first inkling of Italian character which evidently had already fascinated George Eliot's mind, and which found its later and perfect development in the pages of *Romola*. The story of Mr. Gilfil is faulty in construction, but redeemed by fine passages, such as that in which he is trying to soothe Caterina's mind, burdened with the sense of an intended but unexecuted crime. She has made full confession, and Mr. Gilfil thus presents her conduct for her own consideration in a fresh and comforting light—

My Tina, we mean to do wicked things, that we never could do, just as we mean to do good or clever things that we never could do. Our thoughts are often worse than we are, just as they are often better than we are. And God sees us as we are altogether, not in separate feelings or actions as our fellow men see us. We are always doing each other injustice, and thinking better or worse of each other than we deserve, because we only hear and see separate words and actions. We don't see each other's whole nature, but God does.

I think these observations are full of deep and pregnant thought and appeal to our highest feelings. In the last story, "Janet's Repentance," we have brought before us, in the opening chapter, portraits of the chief male inhabitants of a typical country town called Milby. It is a summer evening, and the mixed company are enjoying themselves in their wonted fashion at the bar of the "Red Lion." The coarse humour and the hard-featured aspect of life reflected by the speakers is admirably portrayed. The dogmatic ignorance displayed by Lawyer Dempster in assertive tones, assisted by considerable powers of rough sarcasm, is always sufficient to browbeat the better informed members of the company and turn the laugh in his favour. The nature of the conversation, tinged with local religious politics, out of compliment to the churchwardens present, is true to the

life. It is difficult to understand how a refined female mind, like that of Miss Evans, had sufficient knowledge to depict a conversation like this with such realism. The chief interest centres in the new evangelical curate, Mr. Tryan, and Janet Dempster, the aforesaid lawyer's ill-used wife. I note in passing that the curates' new fangled notions which aroused the hostility of a large portion of his parishioners are such as would now characterise almost every section of the Christian Church in this country—a striking proof of how evangelical doctrine in some respects has leavened the whole lump. I extract one sentence from this work which gives a clue to subsequent creations and opinions. It is an ordinary Milby dinner party, and the gentlemen are stated "to fall into no excess, except the perfectly well-bred and virtuous excess of stupidity." Altogether the so-called lords of creation get a rough time of it at the hands of Miss Evans, while grandeur and nobility of character, and ideal self-sacrifice, find their exposition or transcendent realization in the persons of Milly Barton, Janet Dempster, Dinah Morris, Maggie Tulliver, and Romola. The authoress evidently thinks in the words of the hymn "that only *man* is vile."

We now enter upon a most imperfect notice of that work of George Eliot which is generally regarded by both the critics and the reading public as undoubtedly the best—*Adam Bede*. This volume, issued anonymously, at once placed the writer in the foremost rank of nineteenth century novelists. To read it is to admire. The critic is apt to become a mere exponent of its beauties. I can only mention one or two salient features which it is impossible to ignore. The story is so well known that it is needless even to indicate the plot; but the absorbed reader may perhaps fail to notice the rythmical cadence of the sentences, especially when the ordinary sylvan loveliness of English rural scenes appears to inspire the author with an almost

poetic form of expression. Almost poetic did I say? Why there is more genuine poetry to be found in this and some of her subsequent prose works than in the great mass of those professedly poetical productions which secure in this age of shams hosts of sickly admirers. I love to dwell on this harmony with nature in one of its most quietly beautiful aspects which is so prominently brought before us in the pages of *Adam Bede*. From the very commencement the sweet aroma of country life pervades and satisfies our senses, whether we haunt the carpenter's shop, where the newly cut shavings scent the air with a clean freshness, or saunter along the hedgerows with the charming Hetty, whose memory, despite, or perhaps in consequence of the weakness of her nature, is especially dear to the male reader. The mere recital of the names of the principal actors in this life's drama is sufficient to demonstrate that Miss Evans has given us from the rich storehouse of her mind, in this one brief volume, at least five characters which ought to live as long as the English tongue lasts. Adam Bede, Dinah Morris, Hetty Sorrel, Mrs. Poyser, and Mr. Irwine are at once genuine creations and portraits of real life. In later works, Adam Bede degenerates into Felix Holt, a palpably overdrawn picture of the superior working man, Mrs. Poyser merges into Mrs. Tulliver, and thereby loses what the Americans would happily term most of her "grit," and similar parallels might easily be instanced; but in *Adam Bede* we have the whole of those original conceptions depicted in perfectly fresh colours, and drawn with a bold unflinching hand, conscious of its power. I have only space for three brief sentences, replete with reality, simplicity, and force. The scene is the Poysers' farmhouse—

You might have known it was Sunday if you had only waked up in the farmyard. The cocks and hens seemed to know it and made only crooning subdued noises; the very bull dog looked less

savage, as if he would have been satisfied with a smaller bite than usual ; the sunshine seemed to call all things to rest and not to labour ; it was asleep itself on the moss-grown cowshed ; on the group of white ducks nestling together with their bills tucked under their wings ; on the old black sow stretched languidly on the straw, while her largest young one found an excellent spring bed on his mother's fat ribs ; and on Alick, the farm shepherd, in his new smock frock, taking an uneasy siesta, half sitting, half standing, on the granary steps.

But time presses, and I hasten to consider the third volume on our list, *The Mill on the Floss*. By some this novel is regarded as superior to *Adam Bede*. A special interest has been attached to it by a current belief that the heroine, Maggie Tulliver, is in reality the expression of Miss Evans' inner self. It may be so ; but I do not approve of thus identifying an authoress or author with her or his creations without their direct permission. At best such a proceeding invests a work with a spurious interest, extraneous to its actual merits, the proper subject matter of the critic. And I cannot admit that *The Mill on the Floss* is superior or even as good as *Adam Bede*, though possibly it contains more subtle touches of insight into the heart and mind, especially at the earlier stages of human existence, in which the authoress breaks comparatively fresh ground. I use the word "comparatively" advisedly. For George Eliot already, in a bright little episode, in which Parson Gilfil poked gentle jokes at little Tommy Bond, as well as in the brief treatment of poor Milly Barton's children, had given evidence of an accurate knowledge of child life, which is more fully developed in *The Mill on the Floss* and in *Silas Marner*. Indeed this sympathetic treatment of children is a special beauty of all Miss Evans' works, though she herself never became a mother. It always appears to me that *The Mill on the Floss* is not written with the easy unconsciousness of *Adam Bede*. This was to be expected. Miss Evans now stood revealed before the reading public, her *nom de plume*

practically discarded. And, doubtless, she felt oppressed by the knowledge that she had a reputation to sustain and, if possible, increase. Hence the story assumes a more didactic form than previous efforts, and the "morals" are more clearly indicated and inculcated. The disastrous results of a litigious spirit are worked out remorselessly in the person of Mr. Tulliver. The country lawyer, already held up to scorn from the high moral point of view, in the person of Mr. Dempster, receives again a severe handling in Mr. Wakem; but I can only account for the tragic end of Tom and Maggie (for nothing in the plot demands their terrible fate) upon the assumption that the authoress felt that she had made her hero prosaically and stupidly impracticable, and her heroine imaginatively and impulsively impracticable, and that the only way to deal with such people was to kill them in their youthful prime in order to prevent as little trouble as possible to the world in general. While thus expressing my opinion roundly on the work, I cannot in common justice fail to point out that in one respect the authoress has made better attempts at humour in *The Mill on the Floss* than in any of her other productions. The whole chapter relating to the visit at "Garum Firs" is excellent fooling, especially where Mrs. Pullet and Mrs. Tulliver reveal their inmost feelings and homely aspirations. I may remark *en passant* that here, as elsewhere, the humour of George Eliot is generally tinged with satire. You laugh *at*, not *with*, the sympathies of her creations; in fact it is scarcely too much to say that she labours to excite very frequently either good-humoured or contemptuous pity, which sometimes accompanies the risible emotions, and thereby effects a species of indirect flattery of the reader's superior intelligence, doubtless very gratifying to his vanity. In the earlier chapters the thoughts and tendencies of Tom and Maggie are described with the accuracy derived only from careful study of child life,

and their subsequent characters are in perfect consonance with these indications. Tom's review of his actions throughout life were summed up in—"under similar circumstances I would just do the same again"; while Maggie's introspection always resulted in "a hopeless aspiration that she had done precisely the opposite of that she did do." These antagonistic mental attitudes furnish the key to most characters and dispositions to an extent in my opinion far beyond what is commonly supposed.

Just one more thought. George Eliot's illustrations derived from familiar objects are in many instances exceedingly good, *e.g.*, when after contrasting the respective dispositions of Tom Tulliver and Philip Wakem she concludes by saying "If *boys* and *men* are to be welded together in the glow of transient feeling, they must be made of metal that will mix, else they inevitably fall asunder when the heat dies out." Note the limitation to "boys and men." The author had long ago noticed that this observation would not apply to *men* and *women* or *even* to *boys* and *girls*.

We have now to attempt in conclusion a brief review of *Romola*. It is possible that to those (if there be any here) who think that criticism should be synonymous with censure, my warm praises of *Adam Bede* were somewhat extravagant. The observations I have to offer upon *Romola* will seem still more unnecessarily eulogistic. I cannot help that, however. Indeed, it is to me a pleasure, as refreshing as it is unwonted, to hymn thus lustily the praises of any modern writer. In one respect, indeed, *Romola* is inferior to most of George Eliot's writings, inasmuch as the clever satiric epigrams, to which I have previously alluded, are less freely interspersed; but for the following reasons I am disposed to place *Romola* upon the highest niche in the temple of literary fame reared by the genius of George Eliot. In the first place, the scene of the story—

Florence—was untrodden ground, unfamiliar to one whose life had hitherto been mainly spent in rural England. The local colouring which has imparted the vividness of real life to the narratives of *Romola* and *Tito*, of *Tessa* and *Mona Brigida*, of *Baldassare* and *Savonarola*, was the result of patient study on the spot. And those who are well acquainted with this picturesque and interesting city are agreed that nothing can surpass the skill with which the surroundings of the characters are depicted, so as to serve as a bold yet unobtrusive background. Miss Evans never descends to mere word painting to conceal the meagreness of the human portraiture. There is sufficient—no more—to enable the reader to breathe the atmosphere of old Florence, and feel the throb of the old world life at one of its most stirring periods. And this naturally leads me to say in the second place that the period of the story necessarily involved a most powerful exercise of the imagination, greater far than most of George Eliot's previous or subsequent efforts. The manners, customs, tricks of speech, religious and moral tone of different degrees of society, the intricacies of political life at a time of confusion, transition, and general excitement had to be interwoven with the lives of a small circle to which the authoress, with exemplary self-control, confined herself, so as not to impair the due balance between national and public and individual and private fortunes. This too has been accomplished to the satisfaction of the severest critics. And yet withal *Romola* has never been a very popular work, probably the chief reason being that most English readers prefer a story the scenery of which is laid in their own country. The occasional interjection of foreign exclamations, possibly untranslatable without greatly impairing the original force, is as a rule resented. And there are other reasons which helped them to comprehend this lack of popularity. One of the principal characters—*Tito*—is a most unpleasant study,

redeemed though he be from any lack of interest in his delineation by the subtle analysis of his moral and intellectual tendencies. Nowhere else, so far as I am aware, have the ruinous consequences of shirking unpleasant duties been traced to their legitimate issue with such terrible logical force. The gay, debonair, pleasure-loving Tito works out the favourite theory of the authoress "that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds, by the reiterated choice of good or evil, that gradually determines characters."—Again and again Tito "chooses the evil rather than the good" in an ascending scale of vice, mean in its inception, meaner still in its execution; and his terrible fate is perused without eliciting a spark of sympathy from the most tender-hearted reader. Again, to the male mind, Romola seems at times needlessly irritating. She is, indeed, essentially a *woman's* heroine. A woman who prefers a library and a few old statues, suffused with the memory of her defunct father, to the really not very unreasonable aspirations of a living husband, ought never to have entered upon that matrimonial estate elsewhere described in this same work as being for a woman "the deepest secret of human blessedness." It may cut to the quick modern enthusiasts for the "higher education," but it is a truism that, with very rare exceptions, an extremely intellectual woman does not make a very good or very happy wife. If she could have told another tale George Eliot would have done so. Her own marriage was probably a mere intellectual arrangement in mature years. In *Romola*, in perfect accord with real life, the baby-faced Tessa, whose mind was simply a blank trustfulness, managed Tito with unconscious ability, while the high-souled Romola acted as a goad to impel him to ruin. Baldassare is a powerful creation, but his intervention at critical points is sometimes highly improbable. Savonarola is on the other hand portrayed with intense sympathy and pathos, and his influence over Romola

is in perfect consonance with what usually occurs when a romantic girl comes in contact with a religious enthusiast. The utter forgiveness of Romola to the usurper of her husband's affections is really too beautiful in its conception and delineation to elicit even the mild censure that it borders on the transcendental. As a whole, I consider *Romola* the culminating point of George Eliot's greatness. The passage is too long to quote now, but especially beautiful is the dramatic transition from the turmoil and bloodshed of distracted Florence to the peaceful waking of Romola in her fisherman's boat, which has drifted from the turbulent city to the blue waters of the Mediterranean, calm and bright with morning light.

In conclusion, I contend that the qualities of mind exhibited by Miss Evans in those works thus cursorily reviewed are altogether exceptional in female writers, and that but few male authors can be placed on a par with her. Her combination of merits is unique. The wisdom of the serpent in worldly matters does not prevent her evincing the most intimate knowledge of the highest forms of religious enthusiasm, and it is difficult to say whether her male or her female characters exhibit best her capacity for penetrating the hidden motives of the human heart. The main theory of life which she emphasises is that which naturally occurred to a philosophical and logical mind. But I am not altogether sure if it is correct. Retributive justice, the consequences of folly, or wisdom, are not always so apparent or so remorseless in their inevitable outcome as Miss Evans would teach us to believe; nor do individuals always perpetrate sudden deeds which decide their destiny in consequence of reiterated choices which lead to those fateful issues. Not unfrequently it is rebellions against our previous habits and training, springing from hasty impulses, which serve to alter the whole current of our lives. Were we all to act in logical sequences, as Miss Evans appears to

think we do, the great difficulty of wise men, what will the fools do? would be solved. But alas, every man contains many men, every woman many women, and the merest caprice frequently decides what man or what woman they will choose for the nonce to represent. "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." A permanent moan of sadness dominates the whole aspect of human affairs as it appeared to George Eliot. In her later life the minor strains became harsh discords. Her belief in a future state entirely vanished, and existence became a dreary drudgery of duty never performed to her entire satisfaction. Into this wilderness the limitation of our subject fortunately prevents us entering. We prefer to think of this remarkable woman chiefly in connection with that instinctive and fervid love of English rural life and character which she so admirably portrayed throughout her various works; or perhaps still more, as she penned for the lasting enjoyment of her countrymen beneath a sunny southern sky the great story of *Romola*, the record of a woman made all but perfect through suffering, without which it has been decreed that no flesh shall attain the highest altitudes of mental and moral sublimity.

November 3rd, 1884.



"The Lunacy Laws."

By MR. THOMAS SKEWES-COX.



THE subject of the paper I have the honour to read to you this evening is one not only of great interest, but is one of paramount importance to all here assembled, as it deals with the liberty of the subject. "Liberty," as you know, is the watchword of every Englishman, and what men and women of this country have jealously guarded since the signing of the Magna Charta. The subject is too large to fully discuss in one paper, and I shall therefore chiefly confine my remarks to one division of it. Under the present Lunacy Laws the insane are divided into three classes, namely:—1, criminal lunatics; 2, pauper lunatics; 3, private lunatics. Although there is much to be said as to the administration of these laws in reference to the two first divisions, it is to the last class—those known as private patients, in connection with private asylums and licensed houses—that I purpose mainly directing your attention this evening.

The objects to be attained by the passing of Lunacy Laws are threefold. 1. That it should not be possible to incarcerate sane persons in asylums as insane; that no one should be liable to be treated as a lunatic without the most searching enquiry, conducted in public and by a competent judicial officer, so as to preclude the possibility of fraud, accident, or mistake. 2. That no person should be detained after he or she has become sane. 3. Considerate

and gentle treatment for those most miserable of our fellow creatures—the inmates of lunatic asylums.

Are these objects attained under the administration of the present Lunacy Laws? I contend they are not. Cases come almost daily before the public shewing these objects have apparently in many instances not even been in view, much less attained, and it is to my mind most essential that sufficient public interest should be awakened, in order that the laws may be amended without further delay. Under the Lunacy Laws dealing with private patients, any registered medical practitioner, in actual practice, is held competent to give a certificate of lunacy. Any person whatever who can obtain two such certificates against another may order in writing that individual's incarceration in any proprietary asylum or place of detention for lunatics that he pleases. No claims of relationship or affection give a right of access to a person alleged lunatic under certificates. As a matter of fact, no alleged lunatic can, save surreptitiously, send a letter to any person not approved of by the incarcerator, and no penalty is attached to the detention of a patient, indefinitely, after recovery. The power of prosecuting for breaches of Lunacy Law is vested exclusively in the Lunacy Commissioners and the Attorney General; but until recently they have seldom prosecuted for such offences. Happily, however, they appear to be rousing themselves to their important functions and powers on this head, for I observed a short time since that in one case they took proceedings against a medical man for contraventions of the Act for the regulation of the care and treatment of lunatics by unlawfully receiving two or more lunatics into his house without procuring the necessary license. The proceedings were instituted under the Act 8 and 9 Vic., cap. 100, which expressly enacts that it is a misdemeanour for any person to receive two or more inmates in a house not duly licensed for the reception of

lunatics. The prosecuting counsel stated that the facts of the case were that the defendant had received into his house a lady who had been duly certified to be a lunatic. After she had been received into the defendant's house he received another patient who was not certified to be a lunatic. The matter, however, became known to the Commissioners, and an order was obtained from the Lord Chancellor authorizing a doctor to visit the house in order to institute inquiries as to the sanity of the second patient confined there. He attended and saw the lady referred to, and found two other ladies who were stated to be lodging there. In a room upstairs he found a gentleman in bed, who was, according to the visiting doctor's report, evidently of unsound mind, and it was proposed to found the prosecution on these two cases, in order that it might be known what the law on the subject was. I think, however, the Commissioners need be under no apprehension as to the state of the law with regard to the confinement and detention of patients *without* the so-called certificate. Although the law declares all false statements in medical reports in lunacy cases to constitute misdemeanours, yet all such reports are held by the Commissioners to be confidential communications, and unless an action at law compels their production as evidence, neither during confinement nor after release can a patient learn whether the reports sent in concerning him are true or false.

I do not for one moment intend, during the short time now at my disposal, to harrow the feelings of the members of the Athenæum with a recital of the acts of cruelty affirmed to be practised at times upon patients alleged to be insane. It is enough for me to point out the facilities given for depriving a person of his or her liberty; and then, if possible, to endeavour to suggest a remedy by which the motives and actions of interested would-be

incarcerators may be frustrated. Any person who may desire to incarcerate another has simply to get certificates from two medical men, sign the order—or even get a servant to sign it—and forthwith the unfortunate victim is hurried off to a madhouse, with no means of communicating with friends, and no one, however near or dear, can call at the madhouse and insist upon seeing the victim, except by the permission of the interested incarcerator. Neither the patient nor anyone else on his behalf, except the signer of the order, can as a matter of course see the order or certificates, or even know the general grounds of his incarceration till after the patient's release, when he or she is entitled to a copy of both order and certificates. It may be asked—"Why should anyone desire to shut up a friend or relative unless there be a necessity for so doing"? But it is no use blinding our eyes to the fact that there are causes or incentives—such as in the cases of greed or desire to acquire pecuniary or other benefits that may follow the removal of a relative; a wish to prevent an objectionable marriage, or children being born of such a marriage; where parish authorities desire to get rid of a troublesome inhabitant, as in the case of Mrs. Girling, of Shaker celebrity; to prevent threatened proceedings in the Divorce Court; or where a person is spending money on some particular object in opposition to the wishes of his or her relatives. Under the present laws too much is done in secret; inquiries, orders, medical certificates, reports, all are privileged, and the Commissioners can release or retain any case coming before them, and need give no reason for so doing.

To shew the comparative ease with which anyone can be deprived by another of liberty, with a minimum risk of an action at law, I will briefly run over the usual method of procedure. For some reason A wishes to shut up B in an asylum. He makes out the order, gets two medical

certificates, and the deed is done. B, possibly a nervous, hysterical woman, is forthwith captured and placed under the control of the proprietor of the asylum; but with what result to B? The Lewes case was one in which the procedure under the statute 16 and 17 Vic., cap. 97, providing for the arrest and detention of pauper lunatics, was put in motion last November, for the purpose of incarcerating a gentleman of independent means. What happened was stated to be this:—The gentleman in question was in the Fitzroy Library, at Lewes, and sat in the private room, to which there was a glass door. Shortly after a medical man came in and spoke to him, but in no way examined him, and remained only a few minutes. The two justices, whose certificate was also necessary under this statute, saw him through the glass door of the library, but had no interview with him, and this constituted the only examination that took place, but the certificates given were sufficient to obtain the removal of the poor gentleman to the County Lunatic Asylum as a pauper lunatic. He was subsequently transferred to St. Luke's Asylum, where he was examined and at once discharged. Upon hearing this case, Mr. Justice Grove remarked that it seemed almost incredible that two gentlemen should say that they had examined a man as a lunatic when they had only seen him through a glass door; but Baron Huddleston added that "his learned brother spoke with the innocence of inexperience, as he had found from experience the greatest carelessness in signing documents of this kind."

Have any of you ever visited an asylum? Can you realize what it is to be taken by force and shut up with mad people? What effect do you suppose this sudden capture and imprisonment with lunatics has on a nervous, sensitive person? I will, in reply, quote from the Blue Book what Doctor Mortimer Granville said before the Select Committee a few years since. Doctor Granville

is one who has made mental diseases a lifelong study, and is one of the great authorities of the day on these subjects.

Question 8,857.—You mean that a sane person in an asylum, subjected to the treatment which is ordered for the insane, would suffer very much from it? Answer.—Very seriously.

Question 8,858.—In what particular points? Answer.—I think first of all the association, in large dormitories and in large day rooms, with persons who are in a state of perpetual excitement, not only increases the excitement of the insane, but would be almost sure to upset the mind of a sane person thrown into the midst of such a company.

Question 8,859.—Taking an excitable or eccentric person whose mind was not of the strongest, you think that that would be sufficient to upset it altogether? Answer.—In a very short time, a very few hours—by that I mean 24 or 36 hours, and so on.

There is one lady who has certainly done the State some service in this matter, although the frequency of her presence in our law courts is no doubt somewhat annoying to other suitors who have claims upon the attention of our judges. Mrs. Weldon has convinced everybody, judges, jury, and the general public alike, that a reform of our Lunacy Laws is urgently required. The case *Weldon v. Winslow* brought prominently before the public the question of the certificates to which I have referred. Baron Huddleston said—

I must express my astonishment that such a state of things can exist; that an order may be made by anybody on the statement of anybody, and that two gentlemen, if they have only obtained a diploma, provided they examine a patient separately and are not related to a keeper of a lunatic asylum, can commit any person to a lunatic asylum. It is somewhat startling—it is positively shocking—that a pauper, or, as Mrs. Weldon puts it, a crossing-sweeper may sign an order and another crossing-sweeper should make a statement, and then two medical men, who would for a small sum of money grant their certificate, may do so, and the person may be lodged in a private asylum, and that this order, and this statement, and these certificates are a perfect answer to any action.

Mr. Justice Manisty on appeal in this said:—

This was one of the most important cases that had come before them for many years, and I think that it involves considerations such as had not perhaps been considered as involved either during the trial or during the argument in that court. It was a case that involved the liberty of the subject under most extraordinary circumstances, and no doubt as regarded the individual who was about to be consigned to a lunatic asylum it was a most momentous question. It was not a question of mere unsound mind, but a question of such an unsound mind that the person ought to be confined in a lunatic asylum, for I think there is considerable difference between a person who might be said to be of unsound mind in a certain sense and a person who should be confined in a lunatic asylum.

Mr. Miller, Q.C., in an able paper read before the meeting of the Social Science Association, pointed out that the certificate was simply the testimony, as experts, of two medical men, unsworn, not subject to cross-examination, not necessarily possessed of any special knowledge of the subject, neither of whom need ever have seen—and in a fraudulent case they never would have seen—the victim before in their lives. What would be said of our criminal law if it warranted the arrest and detention, without trial, of an alleged thief upon the certificate of two lawyers—who might even be paid conveyancers, that they had conversed with him and that they considered his admissions evidence of his guilt? Yet the two cases are analogous. I complain of the law, but do not for one moment suppose I am complaining of the 20,000 medical practitioners now on the Register for the state of that law. The medical profession is admitted on all hands to be a noble and honourable profession, and it would indeed be alike unjust and wicked to in any way insinuate that the majority of its members should be made to suffer for the sins of the few black sheep who are amongst them.

Dr. Balfour, the keeper of a private lunatic asylum, in

a paper which appeared in the *British Medical Journal*, made the following admission:—

The Lunacy Law, were it not for the honesty of the medical profession, could be so manipulated as to render insecure the liberty of any one of Her Majesty's subjects. It is perfectly possible for any person to be falsely sent as insane to an asylum, to be unjustly treated while there, and to be detained, even when properly confined, longer than necessary, if the Lunacy Law, and the Lunacy Law alone, were the protecting agency.

I hold with others, that it is very unsatisfactory, to say the least, that we should, one and all of us, owe the enjoyment of our personal liberty, not to the guardianship of the law under which we live, but to the forbearance and highmindedness of any body of men, however highly we may esteem them and however worthy they may be of our trust and confidence. That such an abuse is legally possible is a sufficient ground for the amendment of the law, even if the many cases of actual abuse had never been substantiated.

Lord Coleridge, in a debate in the House of Lords last year, stated that the experience of thirty years had shewn that in the present lunacy system there was a good deal to be amended, and that, though excellent on paper, it often broke down in practice. The Marquis of Salisbury in the same debate said he felt the Lunacy Laws would hardly survive the blow they had received from Lord Coleridge, and that it seemed to him that in various cases, in this connection, the law of England was absolutely no security for the liberty of the subject. His lordship added that "the defect in the administration of these laws was the utter absence of publicity."

It is always easier to complain of grievances than it is to suggest remedies for their removal. I learn, however, that the Government propose to bring in a Bill with a view to the amendment of the Lunacy Laws, but I am not aware of the measures they intend to submit for the

consideration of Parliament, and I do not think I can do better than state broadly the principles which I support in the matter, and which were embodied in a Bill prepared for introduction to Parliament a few years since, but unfortunately the exigencies of each session have prevented its being brought forward: viz., that the first rule essential to a good lunacy law for all cases (a rule admitting of no exception, even by the consent of the alleged lunatic; for if he be a lunatic, he is incapable of giving a valid consent, and if not, the enquiry ought not to take place at all), is that no inquiry into the sanity of an alleged lunatic, whether by the Master in Lunacy or otherwise, should be held in private. In order to authorize the detention of anyone as a lunatic, such enquiry ought to be public, to proceed exclusively upon some sworn evidence, given by witnesses produced for cross-examination, and conducted by a competent judicial officer, assisted either by a jury, or by sworn medical assessors; except where the enquiry has been ordered by the Lunacy Commissioners its costs should be borne, in the first instance, by the person instituting the same, but he should be recouped out of the lunatic's property (if any), whenever the case was satisfactorily established. Provision must, of course, be made for cases where lunacy takes the form of violence, dangerous either to the lunatic or to others; and it would be impossible, for instance, to suffer a man known to be liable to fits of homicidal mania to remain at large until he had actually killed someone, pending such an enquiry as above mentioned.

The second rule should be that no lunatic should be liable to be forcibly detained in an asylum, or other place whatever, until his lunacy has been established by enquiry, except under a warrant from a magistrate, which warrant should only be grantable upon sworn depositions showing that the deponent had reason to fear, and did actually fear,

that the lunatic, if left at large, would be dangerous either to himself or some other person. Such warrant should only be valid for seven days from its date, unless before the expiration of that time proceedings for an inquisition had been duly commenced. It should be obligatory on the person obtaining such a warrant to take such proceedings within the said week; and his failure to do so or to duly prosecute them, when commenced, should be conclusive evidence against him in any action for false imprisonment which the alleged lunatic might be advised to bring; proper regulations for the frequent and unexpected examination of lunatics by independent, qualified, and responsible officers would of course follow.

These provisions, if thoroughly carried out, would, it is submitted, be sufficient to secure what certainly cannot be said of the law as it stands: viz., at least as high a degree of probability that no sane man would be kept under detention as a lunatic as there now is that no innocent man is condemned to penal servitude as a criminal.

March 5th, 1885.

*“Thomas Carlyle: The Man and
the Writer.”*

By the Rev. ASTLEY COOPER.



ON the Thames Embankment at Chelsea stands a statue of one whose name has been upon the lips of men more or less for the last fifty years. It was placed there by those who regarded him in his lifetime as a prophet, and more than a prophet. It occupies a position near to the spot where the living man abode and worked during those long years, and not far from where Sir Thomas More once resided, Erasmus visited, and Nell Gwynne had her home. Within a stone's throw of it is the famed Don Saltero, where it is said the gentle Addison was glad, on occasion and often, to resort in order to free himself for a time from the ungentle salutations of his wife's tongue, the Countess of Warwick. This same statue is worth a passing visit. I have seen it more than once. It is suggestive, and helps you to realise the externals of the man in whose honour it is raised. He is seated: at his feet are several volumes of books, suggestive of the student. The head is long, and well covered with hair. The face is powerful, but not cheerful to behold; but rather in expression grim, betraying inward discontent and unrest, and with even angry and stern possibilities behind. Anybody might discern all this without knowing the history of the original. The forehead is broad and knotty, not high, and the brow and eyes give signs of large powers of observation and scrutiny. A powerful man you say, both physically and

mentally: but beyond that the effigy does little or nothing to draw you towards the man it represents. There are statues and portraits which act upon you like magnets drawing the heart out of you. They take you captive, and you yield most willingly, nay, there is no will in the matter, you *have* to do it, you yield involuntarily your affections to the original. Not so with that of Thomas Carlyle. He may have much moral beauty within, but his face gives no sign. Let us see.

I have said that this statue stands not far from the far-famed home in Cheyne Row. Who has not heard of that home? Very few I should think, for indeed no house and its ways have been more talked about in these later years than this—wisely and unwisely, kindly and unkindly. They say a man is best known in his home; that there the true Self manifests itself; that there he throws off all disguises and small social hypocrisies, and reveals the true *Ego*. It is so, no doubt, and we will try Thomas Carlyle first by this test. During those fifty years of residence, the steps of that house of small pretensions were well worn by the feet of some of the most celebrated literary, scientific, and artistic men of the period, together with a crowd of lesser admiring pilgrims. Leigh Hunt was always hopping in and out, in season and out, with his bright ways, wit, and fun, and with his talent for borrowing all sorts of things, from teacups up to tea to put in them; and with statelier steps came ranging over years the two Sterlings, father and son, Maclise, Brewster, Jeffrey, Emerson, Tennyson, Kingsley, Dickens, Thackeray, Margaret Fuller, Edward Irving, Froude, Chalmers, John Stuart Mill, John Foster, and others. A goodly band, certainly—fit company for any man, and they were received cordially, and with frugal hospitality, by Carlyle and his wife; and I presume with company manners. But if we only study him in company we shan't find the key to what we want. We want to

know the man first, and not the talker, and that in relation to his wife. Surely a curious little household that in private. The master, grim, dyspeptic, irritable, driven frantic occasionally by cooks and their bad dishes, and by the crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs—a man, moreover, fine drawn and tetchy to the verge of craziness. Madam, too, a curiosity in her way—with a mind bordering on that of genius; full of sensibility; not over strong physically—given to headaches, with a temper quick, and a tongue sharp. The one absorbed in his studies, and the other taken up largely with the petty cares of a small household with a light purse. Two clever minds; two bad tempers; two sharp tongues; two possessors of sarcasm; two egotists; and both together under one roof, and what do you expect? If you are sensible, just what happened at times, and what has happened elsewhere lots of times under the same conditions; and which a scoffing and uncharitable world had better not have been told about; and for which telling, in its cruel nakedness, I can hardly forgive Mr. Froude. And the good woman complains and shows symptoms of jealousy and sense of neglect at times, and you shake your fist at the awful Thomas, and cry, “Hypocrite with all your fine preaching.” But is she the first or last woman who has complained of neglect without much cause; or shown signs of jealousy without much foundation? I trow not. If a woman marries a man of genius she must take him with all his conditions. *He* must think and study and write long hours alone; and she must go her way without him. He will be admired, and ladies will show their admiration by pretty notes, gifts of slippers and smoking caps, by calls and invitations. It is very provoking, all this; but these are the social conditions under which a great man of letters lives, and the wedded woman should sensibly accept them. That that home in Cheyne Row was without

the truest love on both sides I will never believe. That Carlyle meant to be neglectful, of studied purpose, towards his Jennie is to me incredible; but that he occasionally forgot her in his self-absorption is likely enough. That sometimes, in creating his Cromwells, Burns, and Fredericks, he forgot her for a time is within the region of possibility. That he took his heart away from her entirely, and gave it up to a Lady Ashburton, may have been the fancy—the torturing fancy—of a jealous woman, but simply without foundation in fact, is patent to my mind. On both sides their letters are full of affection, endearing terms, and love-like anxieties. They were mutually proud of each other; and even if the husband had his small flirtations, and passing admirations, had she not her's? Truly she would not have been a woman if she had not; and it strikes me, in reading those letters of her's, that the admiration in which Lord Jeffreys held her was by no means distasteful to her feminine nature, and that for John Sterling she had a regard more than common, and that if her Thomas had detected, he, too, might have imagined a cause for jealousy. Heaven gave abundance of talent to that house, and no small measure of heart, but withheld one bit of cement, one magnet, one centralising power. What say you if there had been a child or two there? No doubt it, or they, would have been intellectual prodigies springing from that strange couple—running much more to brains than to breeches—rickety on the legs, but powerful in the upper stories, making them—the parents—in the present think of others than their own dyspeptic, head-throbbing selves, and in the future carrying on the intellectual succession in double force. But more than that; for the time being such human blessings would have changed the complexion of that home, and made impossible many a domestic storm, and torturing, haunting self-consciousness, and bit of worthless, foolish, groundless

jealousy, and sense of neglect. Ah me! Whenever did the drum domestic beat an uniform tattoo in a perpetual strain agreeable to ears on both sides of the house, either in Cheyne Row or elsewhere? Why, then, such a clatter over the sensational letters of an imaginative, talkative woman and childless wife, and the doting reminiscences of a man and a widower lingering in loneliness beyond far the three score years and ten?

In spite of all this Carlyle and his wife were hospitable in their way; and when in the humour, and surrounded by those for whom he had a regard, his conversation, or rather monologue, must have been rich and racy to the highest degree. Having worked and walked by day, evening was the time when he entertained and talked. Tea over, his pipe lighted, and he, partly reclining on the floor so that the fumes of his tobacco might go up the chimney, he would pour forth copiously upon all things in heaven and earth, and under the earth. In the books which treat of him many fragments of these conversations have been preserved. Here is a characteristic bit as a specimen of his evening talks:—

The public, he said, had become a gigantic jackass; literature a glittering lie; science was groping aimlessly amidst the dry, dead clatter of the machinery by which it means the universe; art wielding a feeble, watery pencil; history stumbling over dry bones in a valley no longer of vision; philosophy lispings and battling exploded absurdities mixed with new nonsense about the Infinite, the Absolute, and the Eternal; our religion a great truth groaning its last; truth, justice, God turned big, starting empty words like the address on the sign remaining after the house was abandoned, or like the envelope after the letter had been extracted, drifting down the wind. And what men have we to meet the crisis? Sir Walter Scott, a toothless retailer of old wives' fables; Brougham, an eternal grinder of commonplace and pretentious noise, like a man playing on a hurdy-gurdy; Coleridge, talking in a maudlin sleep an infinite deal of nothing; Wordsworth, stooping to extract catsup from mushrooms which were little better than toadstools; John Wilson, taken to

preside at Noctes, and painting haggises in flood; the bishops and clergy of all denominations combined to keep men in a state of pupilage, that they may be kept in port wine and roast beef; politicians full of cant, insincerity, and falsehood—Peel, a plausible fox; John Wilson Croker, an unchanged hound; Lord John Russell, a turnspit of good pedigree; Lord Melbourne, a monkey; these be thy gods, O Israel! Others occupied in undertakings as absurd as to suck the moon out of the sky; this windbag yelping for liberty to the negro, and that other for the improvement of prisons; all sham and imposture together—a giant lie—which may soon go down in hell-fire.

This is a specimen of his talk, taken, as you will see by the references, from a very early period in his career. Clever and amusing, but about as true and discriminating as that famous remark of David when he said in his haste “*all men are liars.*”

It is now time to turn from this somewhat private aspect of the man to his public career as a Teacher. As a Politician I think I may dismiss him in a few sentences, for in the higher and more serious sense I cannot regard him as any such thing. It is true that he passed through the whole gamut of political profession and belief from Democracy and Radicalism up to stolid, inflexible, and uncompromising Toryism. He was too contemptuous of men and things, writing, moreover, in a language not understood of the people to be an influencing power in this direction. To him Sir Robert Peel was Sir Jabez Windbag; Cobden, an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium; Mr. Disraeli, a person called Dizzy; Mr. Gladstone, a poor creature given to Ritualism. Political economy was “the dismal science.” The House of Commons was to him a mere talking shop; and with newspapers and reported debates he would have no conference. I am not denying that in his *Latter Day Pamphlets, Past and Present*, and *Chartism* there may not be found some good suggestions and sound grains of political wisdom, but that last production of his, called *Shooting Niagara*, was received

with roars of laughter all round, and the author thought to be ripe for Bedlam. No one of any standing quotes him as a political authority; and no one in his senses would recommend a political aspirant to study him as you would John Stuart Mill. The fact is he was too imaginative, too impatient of contradiction, and too fond of standing alone in singular garb and awful speech to make a figure as a sound and reliable politician (if there is any such thing). He would have been singularly and absurdly out of place in the House of Commons; a riddle to any constituency, and a most awkward customer in any Cabinet foolhardy enough to give him a place.

His fame rests rather in Literature, especially in the departments of Biography and History. He did more in his day than any man within my knowledge, for good and evil, to popularise and make known to the English people the treasures of German thought and philosophy. In his early years he wrought hard in this large field, and his first laurels were won in it. A laborious and thorny field truly, but the young Scot made it his own. This was at once his crown and his thorn: his crown, for he did it all by the sweat of his brow: his thorn, for he became saturated with its subtle thought and crabbed phraseology, and it cursed his style for all after time with a bitter curse. To thousands of educated people Carlyle's style is an unmitigated abomination; they would sooner take a turn on the treadmill than read his books. It was so recognised almost from the first. When he was writing in the *Edinburgh Review*, through the friendship of Jeffrey, who was then editor, Macaulay wrote of one of his articles:—"As to Carlyle he might as well write in Irving's unknown tongues at once;" and of Brougham it is said that he was so disgusted with an article called "Characteristics" that he declared he would write no more in the *Edinburgh* if "that man's" articles were suffered to appear there. That his

singular and characteristic style, known for all after time as Carlyleism, was not natural to him, is evident by a comparison of his very first with his after writings. It was acquired and an affectation. He said of his friend Irving that he affected the manner of John Milton and the Puritans in his writing and speech, and smilingly admitted that he too was not guiltless of affectation. I think his mannerism a serious drawback to his popularity and general acceptance, greatly reducing the numbers of his readers, and obscuring his thoughts. But at the same time I confess to a certain charm connected with his composition when you have got over the initial difficulties, and I can imagine a strong admirer finding all other writing poor in comparison. But to a multitude of readers such phraseology and queer construction requires patience and a special education before appreciation comes. Happily few are his imitators, or woe betide, ere long, the purity, native beauty, and strength of the English language. Many of his words are entirely of his own coinage, and they are thrown about in defiance of all accepted rules of grammar. The common people can have nothing to do with such books so written; and it is cruel to ask a working man, after a hard day's work, to refresh himself at such polluted wells of English. But the thought is sometimes fine; a character is completed in a paragraph; the humour is occasionally exquisite; and you have flashes of eloquence of unequalled power. I suppose the works by which he will be longest and best known are his *Cromwell*, his *French Revolution*, and his *Frederick*. But are they history in the strictest sense of the word? *Cromwell* may be after the dry-as-dust fashion. The *French Revolution* is a grand poem in prose form, and *Frederick* partakes, in my judgment, of the character of an historical romance or fiction. Carlyle had all the industry which goes to the making of a great historian, but he was too passionate, too capricious, too exaggerative, and too

prejudiced to give us reliable judgments of men and things. I should like in confirmation of my opinion thus expressed to criticise in detail the three historical works just named, but this is manifestly impossible in a short paper of this kind; still I will venture upon one illustration of what I mean from *Frederick the Great*. Carlyle sums up the character of King Frederick William thus:—

A wild man, wholly in earnest; veritable as the old rocks, and with a terrible volcanic fire in him, too. There is a divine idea of fact put into him, the genus *Sham* never hatefuller to any man . . . A just man, too; would not wrong any man . . . A just man I say, and a valiant and veracious . . . He was a very arbitrary king. But then a good deal of his *arbitrium*, or sovereign will, was that of the Eternal Heaven as well, and did exceedingly behove to be done if the earth would prosper . . . I find, except Samuel Johnson, no man of equal veracity with Frederick William in that epoch . . . Full of sensitiveness, rough as he was, and shaggy of skin . . . I confess his value to me, in these sad times, is rare and great.

Now what are the facts about this "just man" "full of sensitiveness," "with the will of the Eternal Heaven in him"? To inflict pain was the chief pleasure of his life. His bamboo cane was laid upon everybody within his reach. People fled before him in the streets and bolted their doors. One day a person in the street ran away and he sent after him. The man being questioned said he ran away for fear. "You should love, love, love me, you villain, not fear," said the king, with a blow at each word. He thrashed the judges in his criminal court one by one for condemning a soldier for burglary, and knocked some of their teeth out; he struck an officer in the face who drew a pistol and blew his brains out before him. When sick, he lamented his incapacity to thrash everybody he had a fancy for thrashing, and the bulletins of his convalescence contained the passage:—"His Majesty is better, and has thrashed a page to-day." He had a passion for building, and sentenced men to build houses whether they could

afford it or not, and many bankruptcies were the consequence. Academics and professors were treated with insult. He made one of his court fools argue before the University of Frankfurt on the theme: "Learned men are charlatans and blockheads." Leibnitz, the friend of his mother, he said, "was a fool of a fellow, not fit for a sentinel." To the Academy of Science he gave for discussion the reason "why champagne effervesces," which discussion they wittily avoided by asking for fifty bottles for the necessary experiments. He kept a learned man, Gundling, at his court as a fool, tortured and nearly killed him with barbarous practical jokes, and buried him in a wine cask in spite of the protestations of the clergy. Wolfe, the philosopher, was forbidden to remain in the country on pain of the halter, because he had been told his philosophy on the doctrine of "necessity" would lead his grenadiers to mutiny. All this, I think, is pretty well for a heaven-born king—"a just man, full of sensibility and of remarkable veracity." I have gleaned these facts from a reliable source (see *Edinburgh Review*, No. 224, 1859), and put them side by side with Carlyle's portrait of his hero in order to show that where his prejudices, predilections, and passions were concerned, he is not to be depended upon as a credible historian. Cromwell he allows to tell mostly his own story by his letters, with footnotes which are thoroughly Carlylean fingerposts. I admire the pluck of a reader who goes through honestly, word by word, the *French Revolution*, but think a second thorough reading requires more courage than is ordinarily given to mortals. Yet in all these works there are great beauties of thought, rare insights into character, a marvellous massing and sorting of materials, and unmistakable signs of genius in the author.

I now turn for a moment or two to consider a matter of great importance in connection with Carlyle as a teacher,

but as difficult and delicate as it is important. It is a delicate matter to speak of any man's religious views and beliefs, but you cannot estimate either character or influence without it. That they were peculiar and original is certain, but how to disentangle them from their chaotic condition is a task of no great ease. To expect such a man to walk in the flowery meads of orthodoxy would be to expect the impossible. He, who was always eccentric and original in every department of thought and speculation, was likely to be emphatically eccentric and original here. He who had a literary code, a political creed, a special language, a grammar, a style all and peculiarly his own, was not likely to be bound by the Westminster Confession, the Shorter Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, or the Apostles' Creed in matters religious. A restless, unsatisfied, pondering mind like his, when once adrift from the old moorings on subjects spiritual and eternal seldom comes to anchor again, and if this is accomplished is liable, ever and anon, to shift and drag. Calvinism, in which I presume he was early trained in his Scotch home, is of all creeds the most calculated to produce in such a man deep questionings and profound hunger of soul. A dry, narrow, and inflexible creed like that would rattle like a kernel in the shell of that capacious mind and heart; and yet, strange to say, to the very last it seemed to hang about him like a loose, impeding garment, partly, I think, through the undying influence of the memory of a singularly good and pious mother. He was at pains during many years in his letters home to assure his mother, who was more than anxious on the point, that his opinions, although in a different garb, were at bottom analogous with her own. But that a change came over him in early life in relation to Christianity is evident from a pathetic passage in his reminiscences of Edward Irving. He had been to Glasgow on a visit to his friend Irving, who was then helping Dr. Chalmers, and

when the time came for his return to Annandale, he describes how Irving accompanied him fifteen miles on the road, and how they sat among the "peat hags" of Drumclog Moss, "under the silent skies, with a world all silent around them." As they sat and talked, their own voices were "the one sound." Ailsa Craig towered "white and visible" away in the distance. Their talk had grown ever friendlier and more interesting. At length the declining sun said plainly, "You must part." He says—

They sauntered slowly into the highway. Masons were building at a cottage near by, or were packing up on ceasing for the day. We leant our backs on a dry stone fence, and looking into the western radiance continued yet awhile, loth both of us to go. It was just here as the sun was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he on the Christian religion, and that it was in vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well from me, like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him, and right royally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.

You must pardon me if in attempting to formulate Carlyle's religious belief out of the mass of his vague utterances on the subject I throw the grave responsibility off my own shoulders on to that of others, not in cowardice, but because I think they are in a position to do it better. Professor David Masson, who claims the privilege of a long intimacy with him, says on pp. 80-1-2, of his lectures on the personality and writings of the subject of this paper—

Carlyle went through the world as a fixed Theist—God, the Almighty, the maker of all. Through all the eighty-five years of Carlyle's life, all the seventy of his speech and writing, this was the constant phrase to his fellow mortals.—"There is a God, there is a God, there is a God"—not even did the Koran of Mahomet fulminate this message more incessantly in the ears, or turn it more glowingly into the hearts, of the previously atheistic Arabs whom the inspired camel-drivers sought to raise, than did the series of Carlyle's writings fulminate it, and try to make it blaze in a region and generation where, as he imagined, despite all the contrary appearances of organised

churches and myriads of clergy and of pulpits, the canker of atheism was all but universal. When he avoided the single name "God" or the "Almighty," and had recourse to those phrases—"the Immensities," "the Eternities," "the Silences," "the Infinite Unnameable"—which we now think of, smilingly, as peculiar forms of the Carlylean rhetoric, it was, as he himself tells us, because "the old *Numen* had become as if obsolete to the huge idly impious million of writing, preaching, and talking people," and he would employ any synonyms or verbal shifts by which he could hope to bring back the essential notion. In his latter years, and always in his pious self-communings, he seems to have preferred the simple old name he had learnt from his father and mother, with its heart-thrilling and heart-softening associations. But on this subject we have his own words in June, 1868, thus:—"No prayer, I find, can be more appropriate still to express one's feelings, ideas, and wishes in the highest direction than the universal one of Pope:—

'Father of all, in every age,
 In every clime, adored
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, God, or Lord!'

'Thou great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confined
 To know but this—that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.'

Not a word of that requires change for me at this time, if words are to be used at all."

Principal Tulloch in his *St. Giles' Lectures* for 1885 summarises Carlyle's creed admirably. He says:—

Upon the whole we may venture to sum up the relations of Carlyle's teaching to Christianity as follows; it was negative in the following points:—(1) In denial of miracles. (2) In the denial of the Divine Personality; and (3) in his disposition to exalt strength, to set forth the mighty in intellect and character rather than the "poor in spirit," as the Divine ideal. On the other hand his teaching had an affinity with Christianity—(1) In his continued assertion of a Divine Power behind all matter; (2) his representation of man as the offspring of such a Divine Power or Being; (3) his earnestness in behalf of a moral law or an eternal distinction between right and wrong; and (4) his belief, vague though it be, in immortality. When his wife died so suddenly in his absence, his heart seemed

breaking at the thought that he could never see her again. Yet then and afterwards, when he grew calm and was in full possession of himself, he spoke always of a life to come, and the meeting of friends in it, as a thing not impossible.

So much for Professor Masson and Principal Tulloch. They may be right or wrong, or partly right and partly wrong. I will not presume to dogmatise upon so difficult a matter. Some of you, no doubt, presently, in your superior wisdom, will put it all into a nutshell and settle the doubt for ever. Invaluable and priceless benefactors in the regions of divinity and philosophy, I bow before you and reverently uncover, and stand aghast at your talent and courage; but for myself I will only say that though I am much with the doubting Thomas in his revolt against Puseyism, Ritualism, and many of the other isms, yet I deprecate and mourn over his destructive attitude towards the great verities of which these things are the unworthy expression, and at times, in their extreme development, the miserable caricatures. In all ages Christianity has received foul and cruel work at the hands of its professors; but still it has held its ground, unchanged and unchangeable, in all fundamental and eternal essentials—the star of guidance to the human family in time, and the hope of better things in the something inexpressible yet to come. But that Carlyle should have assumed such a position towards it is a matter of deeper regret than I can express, for by it not merely did he throw away from himself a rare vitality and guide which would have been of great value to such an idiosyncrasy; but by his example and teaching he has injured hundreds of feebler minds and souls than his own, and given the patent of his authority to an injurious mysticism eagerly snatched at by minds, in the score, which require rather sweetness and light, in preference to sourness and darkness.

A final word. You will hardly call my paper a eulogy upon the man and the author under review; yet there are

certain moral qualities connected with him and his work for which I have almost an unqualified admiration. I love, for instance, with a fervent love his independence and pride of character. When one remembers how frequently the literary calling has been dragged through the dust and mire, through the meannesses and vices of those who knew and have taught better things, one cannot but feel a reverence for the sturdy Scot who, through years of comparative poverty, disdained to sell his pen to the hiring crew for venal purposes, and stuck to his oatmeal and salt, scorning to beg, borrow, or to steal. In poverty and simplicity he began his career; he sought no favour—he only asked to be taken for what he was, thus practically illustrating his own hatred of shams; he was neither flunky, sycophant, or tool, and at the end of his life no man could challenge, in truth and reason, his integrity of character. I like, too, his home piety. Very beautiful to me is his veneration for his mason, peasant father, and his love for his unlettered mother. His interest and pride in his brothers' careers are honourably significant. In an age when the rising stock talks about "Pater" and "Mater," the "Governor" and "Ma," with flippant familiarity, and almost with condescending patronage, such an example in a man of genius is surely priceless. In sight of this genuine bit of practical piety of the old kind, I can forgive him much of speculative theology uncongenial to my own predilections, for what is the value of the ologies without the virtues? He preached, too, the divinity and dignity of labour, and he himself was a living illustration of his own daily theme. He has left us, as a legacy, thirty-four volumes octavo full of matter so solid that few digestions are equal to it even in small doses, but representing an amount of research, thinking, and writing, wonderful to contemplate. No idler, no dreamer was he. He preached the holiness of work and he practised what he preached. I am not prepared to say

whether or no Carlyle will be read much in the future. It is always dangerous to prophesy before you know; but if I were pressed for an opinion I should say I think not. Still, whether these thirty-four volumes octavo are read much or not he has already infused much of what was special to himself into the mental life blood of the nations, and it will go on reproducing itself. The great light has touched and illumined lesser ones, and they will popularise and diffuse the best of his teaching. Let us remember in our day if we had not had a Thomas Carlyle we should not have had, such as we know them, an Alfred Tennyson, a Charles Kingsley, a Frederick William Robertson, a Ruskin, and many others. Thought is like sound, which, when once projected into space never dies, but echoes and re-echoes for evermore. The prophet and the teacher die and are forgotten, but their words and thoughts never; in some form or other they live on, and this is their true immortality.

February 1st, 1886.



*“The Tenure and Transfer of Land
in England.”*

By Mr. EDWARD HAWES, M.A.



WILL begin my paper with a brief historical account of our land tenures, on which a good deal of light has been thrown by recent antiquarian research. From the earliest English, or as they are often called, Anglo-Saxon times, of which records exist, the lands of the Church have been continuously held on an unchanged free tenure, the historical name for which is “Frankalmoigne.” In the same early times, the freemen of our cities and boroughs held their houses in a species of free ownership, called “Burgage” tenure, and in various parts of England small landowners held their land in what was termed “free socage,” from which two classes many of our modern freeholds are descended. But the country was for the most part parcelled out into estates of about the size of our parishes, which were termed “hams,” as in Twickenham and Petersham, and “tuns,” as in Teddington and Shepperton. Each had a village for its nucleus, with arable land near it, and commons of pasture and wood further afield. These estates were owned by “thanes” and “men,” or as we should say, nobles and gentry (who had to pay dues to the king and accompany him on his military expeditions), and were cultivated by peasant occupiers, termed churls, boers, and cotters, each of whom had his house in the village, and his acres of arable land and rights of wood and pasture on the estate. All held

nominally at the will of the landlord, but all equally held by custom fixity of tenure so long as they performed for him their customary services of tillage and other farm work. Some were free to transfer their holdings on payment of a customary fine and go where they pleased, but others were subject to fixity of tenure to an unpleasant degree, for they were not free to leave if they wished it, being in fact serfs appurtenant to their land. The villagers were not taxed directly to the Crown, but to the landlord, having, besides their customary services, to make him payments corresponding with the duties or pay on successions and transfers, though often heavier in proportion. The custom of inheritance was in most cases that of Primogeniture, or the succession of the eldest son to the whole, in some that of Borough English, or the succession of the youngest son, and in some (particularly in Kent) that of Gavelkind, or the succession of all the sons in equal shares. All these modes of inheritance still exist among us and operate in cases of intestacy. When there was no son, daughters usually inherited in equal shares, but that all children, sons and daughters, should share alike was, so far as I have been able to ascertain, unthought of.

The changes made on the Norman Conquest were not so great as is often supposed. The Conquerer dispossessed the nobles and gentry, who as a body had opposed him, and rewarded his followers with their estates, thenceforth termed "manors," upon terms of their rendering him military services—a tenure differing somewhat, but perhaps not very widely, from the older tenures of the Saxon gentry. But the great mass of present occupiers remained undisturbed, holding their land under Norman lords as new masters in place of the English gentry, under whom they had previously held. The incidents of the Norman military tenures were by degrees commuted into money payments or allowed to become obsolete, and by an Act of Parliament passed

in the time of the Commonwealth, and renewed after the Restoration, all lands held under them were converted into lands of "free and common socage"—that is into ordinary freeholds, and all Norman feudalism was thus abolished.

Serfdom is long since extinct among us, but the old customary tenures, now known as copyholds, survive. The copyholder (who is so called from holding his land by virtue of a copy of the "Court Roll," or book in which the tenancies on the manor are entered) still holds nominally, at the will of the lord, and according to the custom of the manor, "at the rents and services (the latter of which are in fact long since abolished) heretofore due and of right accustomed;" still when a copyholder wishes to transfer his land he has nominally to surrender it to the lord, and the new tenant must pay a fine for being admitted; and still when a copyholder dies, his land nominally reverts to the lord of the manor, and his heir or devisee has to pay a fine for his succession; and what, where the fine is small and fixed, is often felt as a greater hardship, the copyholder has to pay the fees of the steward of the manor, usually the lord's lawyer, on every surrender and admittance. The old customs of inheritance prevail, and other customs of antiquarian interest, but of present inconvenience. Perhaps the most troublesome of these is that of the lord's right to claim "heriots," which exists on a good many manors, in which the land is thence termed "heriotable." This means that when a copyholder dies the lord of the manor is entitled to seize the best animal he can find on the land. It is said to date from very remote times, when the landlord gave his follower an outfit of seed and implements, and one or more oxen for ploughing, and reserved to himself the right of retaking them from the heir on his tenant's death. In a case which came under my notice here in Richmond, which is a manor belonging to the

Crown, a copyholder died who had a pair of good horses in his stable. The representative of the Crown seized one of them as a heriot, and a sum of money which, I think, was a hundred guineas, had to be paid to redeem it. Copyholds being as I have shown, a kind of perpetually renewable lease, subject to troublesome incidents, perhaps just in their inception, but not now in accord with the spirit of the age, compulsory powers have in the present reign been given to copyholders, (except those holding under the Crown), to enfranchise their copyholds, or turn them into freeholds, subject to the payment of compensation, for which an effective machinery—as inexpensive as circumstances will permit—has been provided; and copyholds are now in a rapid course of extinction.

Now the Crown means at the present day, as regards lands, simply a public department—the Office of Woods, Forests, and Land Revenues—advised ultimately in legal matters by the Attorney General, who, whatever his politics may be, considers it his duty to reserve ancient rights and privileges on all possible occasions. The Crown, as a concession to public opinion, professes in theory its willingness to enfranchise, but requires at the outset the payment of a fee for its surveyor, who fixes a high price, which the tenant may take or leave, as he has no appeal against it. This is a defect which ought to be remedied, and there is a minor detail on which the mode of enfranchisement might be improved. If the lord of a manor compels a tenant to enfranchise, the tenant may require the compensation to be in the form of a yearly rent-charge, but if the tenant compels the lord to enfranchise he has not this privilege. I think it should be extended to him, and that it would enable some tenants to enfranchise who cannot now afford to do so. With these exceptions every copyholder has the power, on fair terms, to free his land from those over him.

Freeholds and copyholds are termed lands of inheritance, and are subject, in cases of intestacy, to the old customs of inheritance which I have mentioned, of which primogeniture is the most widely prevalent. The reasons, good or expedient in their day, for these customs no longer exist among us, and the prevalent desire among parents is to leave their property fairly and equally amongst their children, an object which the law provides for in every other description of property, including leaseholds, which are technically "personal estate." There are few people who leave freehold or copyhold property without its destination after their deaths being provided for, so that the sufferers from these customs are not many; but the law ought in principle to indicate the fair and proper division, and it is wrong for there to be even a few occasional cases of hardship and injustice from its operation; so that not only primogeniture, but gavelkind and borough English, ought now to make way for the assimilation of the law of descent of all landed property to that of personalty.

Lands of inheritance are held either in fee simple—which means full ownership, in tail, or for life, and frequently owned at the same time, by one person for life, and by another in remainder in fee or in tail. The law of entail, properly so called, is that by which an owner of land in fee simple, whom I will term the original settlor, may by deed or will direct that it shall descend so as to pass to another person and his personal descendants only, reverting to the heirs of the original settlor or some other persons whom he may appoint, if the descendants of the person to whom he so gives the land die out. Immediately, however, that any person becomes entitled to the possession or rents of land for an estate tail he may forthwith, and at trifling expense, "bar" it, or turn it into fee simple. This right—though formerly the process was expensive—has

existed ever since Henry VII.'s time, and as a rule everyone exercises it directly he gets the chance, so that the abolition of the law of entail by itself would be of very little use, but it is at the door of *estates for life* that the true blame is to be laid for the difficulties which have arisen from settlements of landed property. The aim of the English landed gentry has been to amass large landed estates, which have conferred on them great political power, and to prevent any spendthrift who might come into the family estates from dissipating them. This has been effected during the past centuries by settlements, at the present time colloquially, but somewhat inaccurately, termed entails, as they are a combination of life estate and entail, in which the life estate is the more essential feature, and under which the head of the family for the time being, when he comes into the property, is tenant for life only, with remainder to his eldest son as tenant in tail; and as soon as the son attains twenty-one, and before he succeeds to the possession, his father, by parental influence, coupled with the force of custom and an immediate annuity out of the rents, induces him to re-settle the property, so that when he succeeds to it he is only tenant for life; and so on from generation to generation.

A tenant for life until of late years, unless specially empowered by the settlement, had not power even to grant a lease beyond his own life, much less to sell the property or charge money on the estate for any improvements; but during the present reign statutory powers have been given him to raise money for drainage, erecting farm buildings and cottages, and effecting other improvements; and by the Settled Land Act of 1882 he may freely grant leases of all ordinary descriptions, and may without restriction sell or exchange any part of the land, except the family mansion (if there be one), with its heirlooms and pleasure grounds, and these he may sell,

with the consent of the trustees of the settlement, and if they refuse he may appeal to the Court against their decision. The purchase money may be re-invested in land, or invested in the funds of Railway Preference Stocks, and the tenant for life will have the dividends instead of his rents, but he is not free to take the capital or apply any part of it unrestrictedly as he likes. Improvements may be effected in these provisions as time goes on, but tenants for life have now in substance as much liberty as is compatible with the existence of estates for life. The enactments I have referred to only mitigate the evils attendant on them, and I believe that though there are some difficulties and drawbacks, it would be beneficial, both as a question of political economy to the country generally, and also in particular to landowners themselves, not only for the law of entail, but for the power of creating estates for life in land for the future, to be abolished, and for it to be provided, as regards existing life estates, that on any sale by a tenant for life, he may elect either to have the income of the investments obtained with the purchase money as at present, or to have the capital apportioned between him and the remainderman, and take the proportion of it which represents the value of his life estate for his own use. In explanation of the views I have expressed as to life estates and what I am about to say as to leaseholds, I may mention here that whilst regarding such schemes as that for so-called "nationalization" of the land, and making the State or municipalities sole landlords, as revolutionary and destructive of all inducements for improvement of property, I believe widely-diffused individual ownership—especially of residential property—of such a kind that each owner while he lives has full and complete power of disposal, and the power to leave his property at his death in like free ownership to whom he will—to be in the highest degree conducive to the welfare of society and the State,

and that it is right to encourage such ownership so far as it can be done without injustice or hardship to others.

We now come to leaseholds, which have been sometimes divided into leaseholds for lives and for years. The former are dying out, and I do not propose to consider them. There remain leaseholds for years, which may be divided into (1) farm leases, usually for short terms or from year to year; (2) what are commonly called occupation leases, namely, those by which people take houses or lands for periods not exceeding twenty-one years for occupation, paying the full annual value by way of rent; (3) leases for long terms of years, granted in consideration of the outlay made by the lessees in building or effecting substantial repairs, which for convenience I will class together as building leases; and (4) mining and miscellaneous leases, not materially concerning the general public. As regards farm leases I may remark that there is at present in England no great demand on the part of farmers for fixity of tenure, though landlords would be very glad if their tenants showed a little more fixity, and remained, even at very moderate rents, instead of going away and leaving their farms vacant. Parliament has stepped in of late years by the Agricultural Holdings Acts and the Ground Game Act, with the intention of bettering the tenant's position by making a longer notice to quit necessary than before—which I have found tenants do not at all like when they wish to quit at short notice and find it is reciprocal—by providing that landlords shall compensate them on leaving for improvements and unexhausted manures, and by conferring on them an inalienable right to kill hares and rabbits. But there is one part of their tenure on which it is very difficult to give them freedom. They are usually bound down stringently as to the mode in which they shall cultivate the land they hold, and it is often said that to make farming pay they should be free to do as they like. The

result, however, if they are left free, is frequently that they work all the goodness out of the land in a few years, and then leave it so exhausted that no fresh tenant will take it, except free of rent for the first year or two.—Passing over occupation leases, we now come to building leases, and as during the last and present years bills having for their object the enfranchisement of leaseholds held under leases of this kind have been laid before Parliament, I will enter a little more fully upon this subject. By “Leasehold Enfranchisement” is understood conferring on lessees compulsory powers to acquire the freeholds from their landlords. It has not yet been adopted as a part of the political programme of the leaders of either party, but has met with some support on both sides of the House, and when better understood by fuller discussion in Parliament, may possibly ripen within a few years for legislation. Mr. Broadhurst, the working man’s member, brought in bills on the subject in the last two sessions, and Lord Randolph Churchill brought in last session a bill having the like object. By Mr. Broadhurst’s bill of last session it was proposed to give this power to any person having an unexpired term of twenty years or upwards in any house, or cottage and garden not exceeding three acres in extent, and that leaseholders of places of worship should have the same right. I think twenty years is too short, and that the minimum should be not less than twenty-one, so as to exclude ordinary occupation leases. Mr. Broadhurst advocates the measure particularly on the special ground that the acquisition of the freehold interest by the leaseholders, and consequent more full responsibility for their property, would conduce greatly to the improvement of the dwellings of the poor, an opinion in which he was supported by a majority of ten out of seventeen members of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes; but the measure is needed for the middle, as well as the working classes. London

and growing towns in the southern part of England are almost the sole home of the building lease system. Landowners are obviously monopolists, as no one can manufacture land, and in and around London are many owners of extensive tracts. A man must own or hire a house to live in within reach of his business, and if he has the means he may wish to buy ground and build a suitable house upon it. But when he goes to the landowner (who, of course, makes for himself the best bargain that the law and circumstances permit him to do), he is met with the reply—"I don't sell; my terms are that you take a lease for a term of years, build a house on it with your money, on a plan to be approved by my surveyor, pay me ten times as much rent as I have ever had for the ground hitherto, make no alteration in the house you build without my leave, and paint and repair it at specified times, or forfeit it to me; and that your successors shall deliver up the house to mine in perfect repair, or pay them damages for not doing so, even though my successors may intend to spend nothing on it, but to pull it down the day the lease expires." This is no overdrawn picture, but these are the almost universal terms of building leases and the every-day practice of London and Richmond landowners put into plain language. The man who wants a house does not like it, but in most cases, unless he contents himself with an occupation lease, he must buy or build a leasehold house, or go without one, and the more he adds to or improves his house, with his own money, the heavier is the landlord's demand for dilapidations at the end of the term. Now in the case of building leases the interest of the ground landlord is not one of personal occupation and comfort, but of investment only, and I think it would be to the advantage of the community generally, and that there would be no hardship or injustice, for the State to say to him—"I do not interfere with the highest rent you could get for

the land when you leased it, but if your tenant continues to pay you the rent in perpetuity, or pays you its capitalised value, and pays you in addition the value of your reversion to the house, or an additional rent equivalent to it, I will not allow you to turn that man out and take the benefit of his outlay." And this, with reciprocal powers to enable the landlord to compel the tenant to enfranchise, is what I think a well-considered scheme for leasehold enfranchisement should propose.

It now remains for me to make a few observations on the subject of land transfer, which has been attracting so much attention of late. In cases of complete unencumbered ownership the transfer of land has never been a matter of much difficulty or expense in England, though the form of transfer or purchase deed by degrees became somewhat lengthy, owing to precautionary clauses termed covenants for title, and covenants for productions of deeds, both of which, in their best forms, are by recent statute law now implied by the use of brief technical forms of expression; but the chief cause of delay and expense has been the necessity to the buyer of ascertaining, and to the seller of proving, that the latter has a good right or title to the property. This necessitates an investigation to ascertain that there is no other person having a better right or a dangerous claim, and that there are no unsatisfied money charges on the property. This investigation is in most cases no very arduous matter, but until lately it was paid for according to the amount of work done in detail, which is often as much on a sale for £500 as for £5,000. However, about three years ago the judges, under Parliamentary authority, fixed a scale of remuneration for solicitors for investigating or deducing title, and preparing or perusing the purchase deed, by which buyers or sellers of land, for £1,000 or less, pay their lawyers one and a-half per cent. with a minimum of £3, and smaller proportionate

amounts if the purchase money is greater. This, with the stamp duty of ten shillings per cent., and fees to counsel, if any are paid (which is the exception on small purchases), and other payments, if any, make the average expense to buyers of less than £1,000 value, something under two and a-half per cent., and to sellers something under two per cent. In Middlesex and Yorkshire there are registries for deeds, instituted in the reign of Queen Anne, with the good intention of giving greater security to purchasers, but, speaking of experience of that in Middlesex, I can say that it is of no use to anybody, puts a large income into the hands of a sinecurist, the nominal registrar, and adds on the average a couple of pounds to the expense of every transaction, except in the case of occupation leases, which it does not affect. The cost of transfer, regulated as I have mentioned, is considerably lower than in most countries of Europe, including France, Holland, Belgium, and Italy, and it has its advantages in privacy and often in expedition, as a lawyer employed and paid by a private individual will act much more expeditiously than any official can be persuaded to do; but we have also a Land Transfer Act, passed in 1875, which is theoretically very perfect. Under this, one or more persons may, if desired and upon proof of their title, be registered in the land registry as proprietors for the purpose of transfer, when an intended purchaser, instead of investigating title, has simply to inspect the register and ascertain that they are so free of charges (which also appear on the register, if any exist), and take a transfer on a penny form, which when signed has to be stamped, verified by a declaration, and lodged with the registrar, who in due course, and on payment of a moderate advalorem fee, puts the buyer's name on the register. Other interests in land so registered may be protected by what are called "cautions," which should not put a purchaser to expense, but will delay him until they are

removed, and for aught I can see are likely to cause as much delay as similar interests cause under the present systems. Lawyers advise what they think best for their clients, but on any individual transaction—and they come one by one—the first step of putting a title on the register is a pure and simple addition (and usually a considerable one) to the expense of purchase, and is not worth while unless the property is about to be cut up and resold in a number of lots—and, although the process would be a profitable one for the purchaser's lawyer, he tells his client that it will be of no present advantage, that he can hold his purchase just as safely without it as with it, and can put it on the register just as well, and with no greater expense, at any future time if he sees any object in it, as he can on the occasion of his purchase.

Some have proposed to make it compulsory on every landowner to register his title within a limited period of years, but one result of this, if practicable, would be to put a very large sum of money into the pockets of the lawyers of the country, who must be employed to do the work; and besides, what is to be done to those who decline to register? Is their land to be taken away from them, or are they to be treated like anti-vaccinationists, whose treatment does not appear to be particularly successful? No—the true difficulty lies, I believe, in the complication of interests caused by life estates and long leaseholds, and if the interests in land were simplified its transfer would become simple, register or no register; and to use the words of the Select Committee on Land Titles of 1879—"To legislate for the registration of titles, without as a preliminary step simplifying the titles to be registered, is to begin at the wrong end." It seems probable, however, that an earnest attempt will shortly be made to deal with the subject of transfer by enacting that in all future dealings with land the transfers shall be registered,

and that such registrations shall, in a few years, confer an absolute simple title. The plan has my good wishes, but I do not expect great things from it, or believe that the existing system of transfer deters anyone who wishes to buy land which is offered for sale from doing so, and I may add that had we the most perfect system of land laws existing or attainable, I am not one of those who think they would create a prosperous class of peasant proprietors, or suffice, or even materially tend, to bring prosperity to our agriculture.

December 7th, 1885.



“Charles Kingsley.”

By Mr. PHILIP EDWARD PILDITCH.



IT is without doubt a fact that the truest and most faithful biographies or biographical sketches are those in which is displayed a generous and appreciative sympathy for the character and objects of the man whose life is considered. Such an axiom is most true of the man I am to speak of to-night. His character, his achievements, his modes of thought, and the peculiar nature, not only of the personal influence he exercised while living, but also of that still exercised from the pages of his works; and the records of his noble and well-spent life, are unique and singular to the man, and demand peculiar and sympathetic treatment. His striking individuality pervaded to so marked a degree everything he wrote that it is practically impossible to disassociate the man's private character and life from his public utterances without losing much that is characteristic and valuable in the latter. That which the man taught he practised; the touching memoirs of his wife, telling a tale of unbroken and consistent self-denial and unselfishness in the home circle, and the loving testimony of every personal friend—even the ungrudging evidence of the few enemies created by his strenuous, and it may be somewhat over-impulsive, pursuit of truth and justice—enable us to realise a picture of a singularly blameless and spotless life, lived at a very high level, and in spite of a nervous and excitable temperament in which most men would have found an excuse for chronic peevishness and self-indulgence.

The varied and, at first sight, almost inconsistent character of the spheres of action in which his activities found vent, render it difficult to accurately estimate Kingsley's position among the worthies of his time, or to truly gauge the measure and nature of his influence upon contemporary life and thought. Neither has he passed from our midst long enough to enable us to do this calmly and dispassionately, and therefore accurately. It is comparatively easy to sum up the value of a man's life and settle his claims to rank among the great of an epoch when his work has lain in some single direction, thus affording a somewhat concrete basis for our conclusions, but when one man has united in his single person the novelist, the ardent social reformer, the poet, the parish priest, and the cathedral dignitary, such a task becomes well-nigh impossible, and makes me despair of giving anything like a coherent and worthy account of it. And by nothing less than an all-round view of him—not only as the author of *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* but as he preaches to a few dozen rustics in his village church, teaches the flower of cultivated young England in the Lecture Hall of Cambridge, or is found sympathising with the suffering and controlling the reckless among some gathering of starving London workmen—can we gain a true impression of the man, or appreciate the lessons contained in his works, and extract from them their full meaning.

Such a picture, however, it is not my province to draw to-night; the task I have set myself is a much humbler one—it is to present to you, as well as I am able, a few crude outlines of the teachings embodied in his life and works, in the hope that, even though by accident only, the spirit which underlay them may be in some measure displayed. From the time that Kingsley became rector of the small country parish of Eversley in Hampshire, the events of his life are public property. It is a striking picture; that of

the village parson wielding from his secluded home among the Hampshire ploughboys and poachers, an influence over the cultured youth of England, and, stranger still, over the excited London masses, which few politicians or statesmen have exceeded. I know of no other explanation for it than the transparency of the said parson's sincerity and fervid zeal for the best interests of the classes I have named. On a small income, with no brilliant connections, no hereditary or political position, his power of influencing the minds and actions of multitudes of men was immense.

His efforts to improve the condition, physical as well as moral and spiritual, of the rustics of his parish, are now almost as well known as his works, or his part in the once famous Christian Socialist movement, designed by its founders—a few broad-thinking clergymen and University men—to give the disorganised mass of working men, who for want of a better creed had drifted into Socialism, and often something a great deal worse—some leadership beyond that of the unprincipled demagogue and revolutionist, with the object of restraining them from ruinous excesses, and directing their minds to that reform in individual character which is essential if there is to be any true improvement in social conditions. The intensity of his sympathy for suffering and helplessness was so strong, and so emphatically expressed both in and out of season, that the oft told story is again repeated; his meaning and objects were misunderstood, and for some of his "Parson Lot" letters, contributed to a workman's paper, he was severely denounced by the *Times*, and similar leaders or followers of public opinion; and even a portion of the religious Press joined in the hue and cry against the "Socialist Parson," as they termed him. Socialist in the invidious sense of the word Kingsley never was. Here is a sample of his Socialism—

We teach the workmen to become Christians by teaching them gradually that true Socialism, true liberty and brotherhood, and true equality (not the carnal dead level equality of the Communist, but the spiritual equality of the Church idea, which gives every man an equal chance of developing and using God's gifts, and rewards every man according to his work without respect to persons) is only to be found in loyalty and obedience to Christ.

It seems probable to me that had such a "Socialistic" spirit been more common, and Kingsley's teachings more generally and practically followed by those for whom they were intended, rich as well as poor—for he had a message for the patrician as well as the plebeian—London would not now be closing her shops and crouching behind her police in cowardly and terrified fear of an outbreak of the wretched and lawless among her population. The true earnestness and sincerity of his sympathy for those whom the workings of our social systems have compelled to hopeless toil and poverty, is best expressed by *Alton Locke*, and *Yeast*. *Alton Locke* created an immense sensation at the time. The capitalists and employers of cheap labour lost no opportunity of abusing the book and its author; many even sensible persons who had temporarily lost their heads for fear lest a French revolution was about to inaugurate itself, followed in the same track. But it had its effect; it did the work its author intended it to do. It helped in time to lessen the unreasoning distrust of the lower orders which was becoming habitual amongst many of the respectable classes, and to bring into closer contact the various castes of which society is constituted. For as he reminds us—

Fraternity and equality are not mere political doctrines, but blessed, God-ordained facts; and the party walls of rank, and fashion, and money, are but a paper prison of our own making, which we might break through any moment by a single hearty and kindly feeling.

His sympathy with the working classes never wavered, although his connection with the more extreme workman's

organisations was not maintained, for when in after years he became Canon of Chester, and afterwards one of the Queen's Chaplains, and Canon of Westminster, he used the influence which his position then gave him to plead manfully, and with burning enthusiasm, although with diminished physical force, from his pulpits in the Abbey and in the Chapel Royal, for a deeper bond of sympathy between the well-to-do classes and the myriads of dumb toilers for whom they might, if they would, do so much.

But it is as a writer that we most intimately know Kingsley, and have most occasion to thank him. But few, even of his admirers as a novelist, are probably aware of the wide range of subjects on which he wrote—physical science, history, sanitary science, theology, natural history—in all these branches of literature he produced numerous articles and lectures, besides lyrical and dramatic poetry, the perusal of which will well repay those who have only read his novels, for they will find in them the same qualities which constitute the charm of his larger works.

His literary style is plainly indicative of the nature and temperament of the man. Straightforward, impulsive, clear, persuasive, swelling frequently into a torrent of burning eloquence which few English writers have excelled, falling again into a limpid stream of pure simple Saxon, broken at intervals, but never obscured, by terse epigrams and antitheses; Kingsley's style is as natural and ingenuous as, to make a comparison which will be easily appreciated, Carlyle's is unnatural and involved. If there be a fault it is perhaps that it is sometimes too brilliant, slightly overcharged with metaphor and hyperbole. Who can but forgive this, knowing that it is then utterly natural and unaffected—a perfect reflex of the man's state of mind at the moment, and not the product of a forced and artificial excitement? But Kingsley is far from being a mere "fine writer." In his highest and most eloquent flights his logical faculty

never fails him. I will not pretend that Kingsley's was in a high degree a mathematical or logical mind; it was not. He was a poet expressing himself in prose, and the reader is carried on in spite of himself, convinced, persuaded, stimulated and nerved to better things, more perhaps than by any other author of modern times. His style possesses much of the picturesque dignity and easy flow which make Ruskin the most magnificent writer of the age—the Burke of modern literature. It is not so carefully polished, nor do his writings attain so uniformly high a standard of mere literary excellence, but in the qualities of sympathetic and intuitive insight, the vision gained rather by the heart than by the eye or the mind, he is immeasurably Ruskin's superior. It is difficult to understand the recent savage critique made by Ruskin in a daily paper upon Kingsley's writings, except perhaps on the hypothesis that the greatest living writer on the artistic will not allow himself to appreciate the works of one so careless of the ordinary conventional canons of art in his works.

There is another English writer to whose style Kingsley's bears a resemblance—I mean Dickens. Confining one's comparison to style alone, they are more nearly alike than is obvious on the surface, for it is a difference in the essential motives of the two writers which renders their styles more apparently dissimilar than they really are. Dickens moves us alternately to pity or to laughter; to make his reader smile or weep seems to be his first object and the means by which he does so purely secondary. Kingsley, although far from being void of either pathos or humour, aims first to elevate our minds to pure aspiration and noble deed, without overmuch care for the vehicle by means of which his teachings are conveyed; but allowing for these causes of apparent difference their styles seem to be as much alike as is possible in the case of two men of such strongly marked individualities as Kingsley and

Dickens. Another quality is also common to them, viz., the frequent homely simplicity and incisiveness of their illustrations. This was very apparent in Kingsley's sermons from the first, for the bishop who examined his trial sermons before ordination could only suggest that they were "too colloquial." This quality of directness and plainness of diction formed one of the greatest charms of his religious works and render his volumes of sermons as readable now as when they were published, thirty or forty years ago. The man seems to have been utterly sincere and without affectation; he himself said everything spoke to him so plainly of the Creator that "he saw no inconsistency in making his sermons whilst cutting wood, or in talking to one man about the points of a horse, and the next moment to another about the mercy of God to sinners."

It must be admitted that as a novelist Kingsley was in no sense an artist. He was always too full of his main object—the ethical or moral principle he wished to enforce, to spend much time upon the scientific structure or plots of his works. He never gave himself up to his novels as such, and probably had not the patience to alter, amend, and polish them for their own sakes or for the sake of abstract excellence. It was enough for him if he taught the lesson or enforced the truth he had in view, and for this reason it may be that his works, adapted as they are to the needs of the generation for which they are written, will not live so long as others of much less intrinsic worth. But though diamonds, it is true, are sometimes hastily cut, they sparkle with the lustre of true brilliants, and probably as brightly as if they have been more carefully set.

If there is a blemish in his works it is to be found in his tendency to drop the thread of his tale and glide into direct and didactic ethical teaching. It must be admitted that it would have been better otherwise, but the preacher could not forget the main business of his life, in spite of

novels, or poems, or lectures. We are not partial to the man who points out our failings, and urges to better things, as the discussion on Carlyle showed the other day, nor is the favourite of the age he who seeks to teach rather than amuse, and therefore Kingsley's works are not popular among the fashionably-cultured classes of the community, or the mere pleasure seekers. One taste is enough for the frivolous idler who, attracted by their style, dips into his works, for he finds the jam is only a surface covering and that the unwelcome pill has often to be gulped down with it, and Kingsley is put aside for ever, as a parson, who ought to have stuck to his pulpit.

Detailed criticism of his books is quite out of place in a short paper like this, but I cannot help making reference to *Westward Ho!* as a sample of them and of the characteristic spirit of the man. The superficial reader may consider it a mere romance, but it is far more than it seems. One cannot rise from its perusal without recognising in it the same teaching that runs throughout Carlyle—"That which is right do it with all thy might." *Sartor Resartus*, it is true, is the work of the prophet, the warner; *Westward Ho!* is a poem, a translation of the rude, rough message of the seer into the brighter and more hopeful vernacular of the poet. It is a splendid epic, having for its heroes the Elizabethan worthies; those men of his beloved Devon who carried the flag of England into all the seas and planted it on every land, no matter to whom belonging, and in many a suggestive passage teaching us how much there was in the chivalrous and adventurous spirit of our ancestors of that age which might with advantage be grafted upon and incorporated with our nineteenth century civilisation.

Some say the age of chivalry is past, that the spirit of romance is dead. The age of chivalry is never past so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth, or a man or a woman left to say—"I will redress that wrong, or spend my life in the attempt."

Did our literature possess more such romances we should want fewer sermons, and the imaginations of our youth would indeed be fed with right royal food.

It takes a strong man to be broadly tolerant. Few have nerve enough to be so. The world assumes connivance when a man sympathises with the erring and the evildoer, and there are not many who can stand the world's frown. Only the one whose life is very far above suspicion, whose character is supremely spotless, and who beyond all possesses the courage of a Leonidas, can afford to do so. In *Two Years Ago* Kingsley exhibited this quality to a marked degree. In it he shows his intense sympathy for the hard, rough, and often erring and self-willed men of the world, the Esaus, as he called them, of modern society, in the person of Tom Thurnall. His wife tells us how many an officer from the neighbouring military camp at Aldershot rode over to the little church to see the strange parson who could see down to the bottom of his wild heart so clearly, and understand so well the peculiar temptations and pitfalls to which his mode of life exposed him. Against this work, as in the case of many of his others, there was an outcry. The severely orthodox world could not understand a clergyman daring to express sympathy with a man of Tom Thurnall's type—forgetful, as Kingsley never was, that a clergyman should be a man first and a priest afterwards. He tells us himself that he felt his life's work was rightly among such, the men of strong passions and great, though often misused, vitality. This tendency gave him the sneering title of "The prophet of muscular Christianity," a title he himself deprecated, but which his disciples are quite ready to accept for him and to glory in. In Dean Stanley's discriminating words—

We prize him as one of those phenomena that break through the common-place level like mountain crags, and countersect and unite the ordinary divisions of mankind, or, like volcanoes, burst forth at times

and reveal to us something of the central fires within and underneath the crust of custom, fashion, and tradition.

I bought a photograph of him in the Strand the other day, and the shop assistant told me that Kingsley used often to come in to buy a photo or a print smoking a briarwood pipe. We can well understand how this would shock many good persons, but to Kingsley it mattered little whether he smoked a pipe in the solitude of his rectory lawn or in the streets of London. The essentials were so real, so living to him, that the mere conventionalities had but slight place in his thoughts.

His finest and most scientifically planned and finished work is *Hypatia*, which is really an epical and religious drama. Its second title, *New Friends with Old Faces*, emphasises this; religious doubt, ethical problems, which, examined in their essentials, we find to be synonymous with those which agitate the minds of thinking men in our nineteenth century, he shows us seething in the bosoms of men in togas and Grecian robes, who lived when the Roman Empire was convulsed with the struggles of death. The Chevalier De Bunsen said of his work—

It proves on the largest scale that Kingsley could discover in the picture of the historical past the truly human, the deep, the permanent, and that he knew how to represent it. How with all this he could hit the fresh tone of popular life, and draw humorous characters and complications with Shakesperian energy, is shown by all his works. "The Roman and the Teuton," a series of lectures delivered at Cambridge, dealing with the death of the Roman Empire, and the birth of the Teutonic nationalities affords further proof in the same direction. Theodoric the Visigoth, Justinian the Emperor, and Severinus the Saint become persons of living interest to us, as the pages of *Hypatia* have made Orestes and Hypatia, Raphael the Israelite, and Pelagia the Greek.

Let me give you a short extract from the third lecture, entitled the "Human Deluge," which will give a sample of

his literary style, and illustrate his power of illuminating the driest historical facts—

I wish to give you some notion of the history of Italy for nearly one hundred years—say from 400 to 500. But it is very difficult. How can a man draw a picture of that which has no shape; or tell the order of absolute disorder? It is all a horrible “fourmillement des nations,” like the working of an ant heap; like the insects devouring each other in a drop of water. Teuton tribes, Slavonic tribes, Tartar tribes, Roman generals, empresses, bishops, courtiers, adventurers, appear for the moment out of the crowd, dim phantoms—nothing more, most of them—with a name appended and then vanish, proving their humanity only by leaving behind them one more stain of blood. And what became of the masses all the while? Of the men, slaves the greater part of them, if not all, who tilled the soil, and ground the corn—for man must have eaten then as now? We have no hint; one trusts that God had mercy on them, if not in this world still in the world to come; man at least had none. Taking one’s stand at Rome, and looking toward the North, what does one see for nearly one hundred years? Wave after wave rising out of the North, the land of night, and wonder, and the terrible unknown; visible only as the light of Roman civilization strike their crests, and they dash against the Alps, and roll over through the mountain passes into the fertile plains below. Then at last they are seen but too well; and you discover that the waves are living men, women, and children, horses, dogs, and cattle, all rushing headlong with that great whirlpool of Italy; and yet the gulf is never full.

His poems are not many, but most of them show signs of considerable poetic genius; the “Three Fishers,” which we all read at school, “The Outlaw,” and “Adromeda,” written in Longfellow’s metre, among them, and the grand “Ode to the North-East Wind,” the wind that eventually killed him—

Welcome, wild north-easter!

Shame it is to see

Odes to every zephyr;

Ne’er a verse to thee.

* * *

What’s the soft south-wester?

’Tis the ladies’ breeze,

Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas.

But the black north-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.

* * *

Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee ;
Conquering from the eastward
Lords by land and sea.

Come, and strong within us
Stir the Viking's blood :
Bracing nerve and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God.

For deep pathos there is little in the English language that can beat "The Sands of Dee"; and some of his rustic pieces dealing with the impoverished and vice-breeding conditions of life of the peasantry are intensely passionate, with gleams of a grim and almost Carlylean irony which must have made them far from pleasant reading to many a selfish and careless squire of the generation that has just passed away. For true fun and good humour, with that dash of quaint pathos which sets the humour in high relief, there are few happier pieces than the "Last Buccaneer"—

Oh, England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I ;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again,
As the pleasant Isle of Aves, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Aves that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms, and cannons round about,
And a thousand men in Aves made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains, and obey loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard, with his hoard of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old ;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men, and keelhaul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh ! the palms grew high on Aves, and fruits that shone like gold,
 And the colibras and parrots, they were gorgeous to behold,
 And the negro maids to Aves, from bondage fast did flee
 To welcome gallant sailors a sweeping in from sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the windward breeze,
 A swing, with good tobacco, in a net between the trees,
 With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
 Of the breakers, on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith an ending to all fine things must be,
 So the King's ships sailed on Aves, and quite put down were we,
 All day we fought like bull-dogs, but they burst the booms at night,
 And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
 Till for all I tried to cheer her the poor young thing she died ;
 But as I lay a gasping a Bristol sail came by,
 And brought me home to England, here to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going I'm sure I can't tell where,
 One comfort is this world's so hard I can't be worse off there ;
 If I might but be a sea dove, I'd fly across the main,
 To the pleasant Isle of Aves, to look at it once again.

I take a very high view indeed of the value of Kingsley's work as a religious teacher, which phase of his life, however, the laws of this institution will not allow me to dwell upon ; yet some reference must, I feel, be made to it. His great work in this direction lay in his ready perception and exposition of the fact that the truths of Christianity are not really antagonistic to the great modern discoveries of scientists. He was one of the very few Church of England clergymen who have made a profound study of the physical sciences. He was an intensely earnest student of natural history, geology, botany, and kindred subjects, and could spend with pleasure and profit whole weeks hunting out the treasures of a strip of sandy shore, or investigating the flora and fauna of some apparently commonplace, uninteresting village. It is only a few weeks since that the Primate told in public an anecdote which well illustrates his love of natural science.

He said he was going with Kingsley to a dinner party one summer evening, when they happened to pass a dirty looking pond, and some discussion having taken place upon its supposed inhabitants, Kingsley, stripping off his coat and plunging his arm up to the elbow in the muddy water with the observation, "In the name of science come out," solved the doubt in a practical manner, by bringing forth a handful of the animalculæ he was looking for. It was this intelligent interest in and knowledge of the physical life of the world which led him to discard what he termed "the old monastic theory, that this earth is the devil's planet, fallen, accursed, goblin haunted, needing to be exorcised at every turn before it is useful or even safe to man," a theory which his deeply reverent nature revolted against. To him a knowledge of all branches of sciences was quite compatible with an all-pervading belief in the God of the Christian, and in this respect his works, and particularly his published volumes of sermons, have formed a ledge of strength and security on which many a weak and doubting soul has found what it needed. But I am trespassing too far on the forbidden ground and must retrace my steps.

But my time is gone, and I must not any longer tax your patience. Kingsley was doubtless mistaken in his views on some subjects, his volcanic temperament rendered it impossible that it should be otherwise, but none saw his failings more clearly than he did himself, or were more ready to admit and deplore them, for he had a full share of the modesty of true genius. But I claim for him that he laid down for himself a high and noble standard of life, and lived up to it, and by his works helped myriads of others to approximate nearer a high ideal; that every individual mind he has touched, and every home circle in which his books are known has been elevated and purified, and invigorated by the contact;

that he has strengthened the weak and helpless with a brighter and nobler hope, and softened the heart of many a hard and reckless one by pleadings of infinite tenderness and sympathy; opened a path for the wandering outcast back to hope and self-respect, and inspired many an idler to rise from his indolence and struggle again. His song, enforced with impetuous and never resting intensity, is ever—

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.

I am hopeful that one good, if only one, may result from this dim and feeble sketch of a noble life, for—

We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him. He is a living light fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens the darkness of the world, and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of heaven; a flowing light fountain of native original insight; of manhood and heroic nobleness—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.

And surely such a man was Charles Kingsley.

February 22nd, 1886.



“Notes on Libraries and Books.”

By Mr. FRANK PACY, Librarian, Richmond Free
Public Library.



TO a Richmond audience the subject of Libraries may well prove one of general interest. The inhabitants of this town set an excellent example in adopting the Public Libraries Acts, an example which has been quickly followed by some of the neighbouring parishes. The good effects of the movement in the district are apparent, therefore it is not my intention to make any special mention of local library matters, with which you are well acquainted, but to treat the question as far as possible from an all-round point of view. At the outset I would ask your kind indulgence, for what I must term my temerity in offering opinions in a field which should be traversed by someone more competent than myself.

Until a few years ago the first publication of which we had any knowledge was the Decalogue, or Ten Commandments, written on stone, and read by Moses to the Children of Israel from Mount Sinai; but recent researches have brought to light the remains of ancient libraries which existed as far back as 2,000 years B.C. Probably the first materials used for the spread of literature were stone and clay, and these two substances were made available for that purpose during the course of many ages. In 1850 Sir Austin Layard discovered amongst the remains of the Palace at Nineveh that the floors of many of the chambers were covered with tablets of clay, inscribed with various cuneiform

characters. These tablets formed the library of the Assyrian monarch Assur-bani-pal, who flourished 667-625 B.C., and which consisted of about ten thousand volumes or tablets. A much earlier library, that of Sargon, King of Assyria (*circa* 2,000 B.C.), situated at Agane, was composed of these clay tablets or books, each one being numbered, so that just as at the present time, the student had only to note a number from the catalogue—for these libraries had catalogues—and give it to the librarian, who then handed him the required book. My authority for these particulars is Professor Sayce, who has written largely on the ancient history of Assyria.

Succeeding stone, we find the material used by scribes and *littérateurs* was papyrus paper, made from the reed of that plant, and which continued in use until the discovery of parchment (190 B.C.). The Ptolemies, during their reign over Egypt, prohibited the exportation of papyrus from that country, in the fear that the kings of Pergamus should form a library equal to that of Alexandria, which was the most famous one of ancient times, containing upwards of 400,000 MSS. This most remarkable collection was burned at the taking of the city by Cæsar (47 B.C.). A second library was formed, consisting of 700,000 volumes, and this also was totally destroyed at the conquest of the city by the Saracens, who heated the water in their baths for six months by burning books instead of wood, at the command of the Caliph Omar, A.D. 642.

From the date of the invention of papyrus paper first begins the real history of books. Large collections of writings were made in the countries of Egypt, Greece, Pergamus, and in the cities of Rome, Constantinople, and others. The kings of Pergamus vied with the Egyptian rulers in encouraging literary tastes among their subjects, and in spite of the obstacles thrown in their way by the attempt to withhold proper materials, the library of the

Attali was formed, consisting of 200,000 volumes. Books with leaves of vellum were invented by Attalus, king of Pergamus, about 198 B.C., previous to which time they were in volumes or rolls. The credit of founding the first library for public use is accorded by Pliny and Ovid to the Roman consul, Asinius Pollio, who died A.D. 4. The cost he defrayed from the spoils of his Illyrian campaign. His example was followed by many of the Roman emperors. The Romans, from the time of the last century of the Republic, carefully cultivated studious and reading habits among the people, thus atoning for their previous neglect whilst engrossed in warfare and conquest. The excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii led to the discovery of a library containing 1,756 MSS., methodically arranged in well-constructed presses.

Passing over successive periods to mediæval times, the cause of literature and the charge of books are found to have laid almost entirely in the hands of the monastic clergy. Knowledge for its own sake gave way to religious teaching, and opposition to pagan literature long continued to be the main object of monastic writings. To the monks we are indebted for a great number of the beautiful manuscripts which are now treasured up in the various public and private collections of this and continental countries, as much of their leisure time was employed in illuminating these manuscripts, there being no popular requirement for them, and not only were the Bibles and missals profusely illustrated, but even the historical records and law books were gorgeous in colouring. So valuable and rare were these publications that two or three formed a possession to the rich and cultured man, equivalent in value to the large collections of books, pictures, and works of art, now to be seen at many of the seats of the wealthy aristocracy. It was at this time that the early book pedlars or hawkers flourished; they were called *Stationarii*,

probably because they stationed themselves at booths or stalls in the different fairs, and sometimes in the porches of churches. It is not generally known that in the middle ages the only markets for the sale of books were the early fairs of this country and on the continent. The fair at Sturbridge, near Cambridge, was one of the most important, the principal purchasers of books being the professors and students of the University. The professors both of Oxford and Cambridge attended also most of the continental book fairs, notably the celebrated one at Frankfort, where the first booksellers in Germany are said to have commenced their business.

Books in the middle ages were scarce objects of beauty entirely inaccessible to any but a select few, consequently the inventions of paper in the fourteenth (1319) and printing in the fifteenth (*c.* 1440) centuries may fairly be looked on as those conferring the greatest benefit upon mankind. When considering the near approach made to printing by stamping characters on baked bricks, and the different processes of engraving on seals, coins, &c., practised by the ancients, it may be wondered why the invention did not come to light long before this time, but of course without suitable and cheap paper it was not possible, and neither did the ancients possess proper ink; that used by them, owing to the lack of oiliness in its composition, would have produced on the vellum nothing but a mass of unequal blotches. Nor was the world so ready for its reception after the fifth and sixth centuries as in the classic periods, for during the barbarian ages the traces of literature and civilization were nearly all destroyed. We know how eagerly the travelling minstrels were, in time of peace, welcomed at the baronial castles, where the lord and his retainers, when not engaged in warfare, or pursuing the different sports and pastimes of the age, had absolutely no means of profitably occupying the many leisure hours

falling upon their hands. All ceased their reckless feasting and carousals to gather round the bard, who was then the only means by which information of the surrounding world could be obtained, and who entertained his hearers with soul-stirring tales of love and war. He was the living biographer and historian of his day. The minstrels flourished for about a century and a half.

In the sixteenth century comes a startling change, ignorance and barbarism rapidly being put to rout. Certainly the Elizabethan period must be regarded as the most brilliant time of literary activity in the annals of our country, producing as it did most of the great philosophers, poets, and dramatists. It is but necessary to mention the names of Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Ben Jonson, Ascham, Bacon, Raleigh, and Sidney, standing prominently out from amongst a host of contemporaries. In 1526 and 1534 were published editions of Tyndale's translation of the Scriptures. And what were its effects, apart from the influence of its teaching, which is incontrovertible? By penetrating into the hands of all classes of the English people, it fixed the English tongue, and has done everything to ensure the permanence and position of our language at the present time. I think we may believe that it gave the impulse for reading to the English people, and reading has ever been one of their leading characteristics. We share with the German nation this love of reading, and together with them far outstrip all other peoples in the pursuit of knowledge. Many of you will have read an amusing little book by a French writer, M. Max O'Rell, entitled *John Bull and his Island*. I may here quote from it a line or two upon this subject of the English taste for reading. The author says—

Everybody in England can read and does read. The most insignificant village cobbler has a little library, or at least a few books on the table of his modest parlour. We must, of course, except the lower classes of London, but they are quite a distinct

population, such as you will find in no other country. In France the labourer's wife has her old missal, but it is in Latin; of what use is it to her? In this country these worthy people all have their Bible, written in a language both simple and lofty; all have read it, and will read it again.

We should indeed be grateful for the facilities for reading enjoyed by the poorest man amongst us; not only can books be bought cheaply, but should we be unable to purchase even cheap books, thanks to the development of the library movement, they can, in very many cases, be consulted for nothing. Books are provided in our hospitals, sometimes in the workhouses, and even the prisons have their libraries. A library established for the free and unrestricted use of all classes of the community, also takes the place of a private one for each individual, and there are few who, even if they cared to do so, could gather together several thousands of useful and entertaining books.

It is hardly necessary for me to dwell long upon the desirability of, and advantages accruing from the establishment of public libraries. Anyone regularly frequenting one of these institutions may see day by day the great educating influence they exert, and what can possibly be of greater importance to the country than its educational progress? We now have schools as free perhaps as it is possible to make them, and it is a duty, nay, it is a necessity, that our adult population should be provided with an advanced course of this free education. There is every reason to hope that in the course of a few years this will be effectually done by means of free libraries, which have been aptly termed the "people's colleges." I trust the time is not a great way off when we may expect that every community, however small, will have situated in its midst a public library suitable to its wants. The large towns, with limited funds for library purposes, find that every available pound is swallowed up by present working expenses; but with increased incomes the town authorities

would doubtless be always ready to extend the good work to surrounding suburbs or adjoining townships. If the smaller parishes would agree to contribute their mite in the shape of the legal penny rate, branch libraries could be maintained, and books, periodicals, &c., circulated thereto at a far smaller cost, and the whole thing worked on a much better scale than could be accomplished by forming in each small place a miserable little library, doomed to be always struggling in the effort to keep up an impoverished and feeble existence, and to a large extent dependent for ways and means upon precarious charity.

It is encouraging to look back upon the work done during the past few years (there are now about 130 free libraries in the United Kingdom), but at the same time there is a counterbalancing disappointment when we notice the laggards among our large and crowded cities; notable instances being Edinburgh and Hull, but the post of dishonour is taken by the first capital of the world. In Edinburgh, when efforts have been made to obtain the adoption of the Acts, it has been argued that there are already a large number of excellent libraries in the city, therefore that there is no need of free libraries. The existence of good libraries must of course be admitted, but it is a selfish argument. Because the members of professions, and the well-to-do middle classes are sufficiently provided with literature which they can easily afford to pay for, it should be considered an additional incentive to them to accord the same advantages to their less fortunate brethren, whose pecuniary position does not enable them to spare the necessary amount entitling them to share these privileges.

I previously quoted a French writer's opinion of the lower classes of London; it is not a favourable one, and undoubtedly there is great truth in his remarks. But to whom should the blame be attributed? The working

classes of London seem badly off indeed, when their condition is compared with those of the provinces. What wonder that they do not read when no free opportunity of doing so is given them. Incalculable good might be done with even a half-penny in the pound levied on the rates for the purpose of maintaining free libraries in the large parishes of the metropolis. Once establish a good public library in a proper quarter of the east end of London, and the demand for others would become so strong that in a very short time we should find not two or three as at present (and two of these entirely supported by private munificence), but perhaps a dozen handsome and useful institutions educating the masses in thousands. By parochial authorities and the ratepayers not of London only, but of the country generally, a public library ought to be considered an excellent municipal investment. Surely everything that can relieve the monotony, and oftentimes enforced idleness, and encourage a more refined taste among the inhabitants, is a desirable thing to be aimed at. There are hundreds of persons who regularly make use of these institutions whose time would otherwise be unprofitably and in some cases dangerously employed, and certainly the men and youth of any town, failing reasonable occupation and amusement, are tempted to dispose of their wages, always hardly earned, in a foolish and wasteful manner.

It is my desire to say a few words upon one or two special subjects in connection with the working of a public library. Assuming that it is firmly established and the doors daily opened to all comers; this is not all. Every effort should be put forth to make its usefulness apparent and to increase its popularity. I am frequently surprised at the lack of knowledge shown by many visitors respecting the maintenance and uses of free libraries. Often they cannot realise that there can possibly be any means by which they are helped to information without

having to put the hand into the pocket, and, even in Richmond, time after time we are asked by some grateful individual, "What have I to pay?"

Whatever may be the industries of a certain neighbourhood, in the libraries of the district should be formed collections, as complete as possible, of the works bearing upon these local industries. The workman can then add both to his practical and theoretical knowledge, and thereby rise to eminence in his trade. My work in a large library, situated in the midst of the Lancashire coalfield and cotton district, brought me into intimate relations with the miners and operatives. Evening after evening might be seen colliers and workers in iron all diligently pursuing their studies in the intervals of attending classes at the Mining and Mechanical School. By these means they gain certificates which qualify them for managerships and various subordinate engineering posts, besides which, not content with the professional knowledge required for examination tests, they are anxious to obtain every information respecting the geological formation of the different strata in which their work lies. These working miners and cotton operatives have their clubs and gatherings, where they read and discuss intelligently political, scientific, and religious theories. I venture to say that the Free Library in the town I speak of has been the means of helping numbers of men to become perfect masters of their work, thus, in many cases, improving to a gratifying extent their position in the world. Often have they, in their rough northern dialect, expressed to me the gratitude they felt to the two generous donors who had given them a splendid library at the cost of £30,000. Whilst speaking of Lancashire readers, it will perhaps not be inopportune to mention one little incident which has occurred to me. A working man, having obtained a copy of the *Ethics of Aristotle* in the

Greek, was observed by one of the librarians to be intently gazing at the pages while holding the book upside down, and on his remarking to this ardent student that, not being acquainted with the language, it would be better for him to exchange the volume for an English version, he at once met with the response that unless he (the reader) made an attempt he probably never would be able to decipher the original text.

Another point which I particularly wish to note is the desirability of forming local collections of books. By local collections I mean books bearing in any way upon the topographical, biographical, and literary history of the town and county. This must be a somewhat difficult matter where the funds are very limited. Take only one instance. It would be impossible for us at Richmond to provide out of one year's income for the purchase of a single work, a sum of fifty guineas, yet this is the value of a fine copy of Manning and Bray's *Antiquities of Surrey*, a work which I hope will eventually enrich our shelves. Much help can be, and is accorded by means of donations, and I would take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to those who have already assisted the Library Committee in this matter. The district which surrounds us, through its old and varied associations, offers a grand field for historical and antiquarian research, and I should be glad to see the Public Library prove of practical use to everyone engaged in pursuit of this special knowledge. Anything having a local interest, however small and seemingly insignificant or worthless, may in future years be of the greatest value as throwing some light on the history of the district in our own times. Old prints, newspaper cuttings, letters, &c., relating to local celebrities, can all be made useful if carefully preserved and brought into some form of order, chronologically or otherwise. I contend that the public library is the most proper and safest receptacle for any

special collections to be lodged. I say the safest advisedly, for it might be thought that libraries bequeathed to churches and public schools would be carefully and jealously guarded and added to. Here I may quote an extract from a paper read to the Library Association by Mr. R. C. Christie, chancellor of the Diocese of Manchester, on the "Old Church and School Libraries of Lancashire." He says—

There can be no doubt that during the sixteenth and seventeenth, and part of the eighteenth centuries, large numbers of books were given to the churches and schools, not only in this, but in other counties, which, either by the carelessness, or, I fear must be added, in some cases the dishonesty of their custodians, have now absolutely disappeared.

Now the contents of the public libraries are not likely to suffer in this respect. The present state of many of the cathedral, church, and school libraries is evidence of the lax manner in which they have been cared for (save the mark!). Numbers of the books have been "borrowed" from their shelves, and we know the fate of the majority of borrowed books. Tales have been whispered about rare tomes occasionally turning up at the houses of resident canons, and sometimes being rescued at the last minute from the effects of a defunct dean. Of course no dean or canon could be blamed for having the loan of a book, but surely the duties of even an honorary librarian might reasonably include that of seeing that it was returned when done with.

One of the greatest elements contributing to the future success and undiminished popularity of the town library is the careful fostering of juvenile reading. We must try to inculcate a taste in children which will be the means of affording their minds healthy recreation and knowledge. A fair number of books suitable for children's use should be placed upon the library shelves. Tales and lighter reading are most likely to be first wanted by the young reader, and by all means let him have these, taking care that they

are judiciously selected from the works of the best writers, and above all absolutely rejecting everything of an objectionable character. The "penny dreadful" class of literature circulates to a deplorable extent among boys, more especially those dwelling in towns. Pernicious writings, in which the criminal is held up to approbation as a hero whose deeds are worthy of imitation, prove a fruitful source of juvenile crime. The issue of such publications should be treated as a punishable offence by our laws. In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* I recently saw a proposal that penny editions of *Robinson Crusoe*, *Masterman Ready*, or the *Wild Sports of the West*, and the lives of such men as Gordon, Nelson, Wellington, and all our naval and military heroes, should take the place of the mischievous gutter literature which now diffuses its poison unseen among the youth of England; and an excellent paper by Mr. G. Salmon, entitled "What Boys Read," appeared in the February number of the *Fortnightly Review*, in which the writer gives a catalogue of bright and healthy literature suitable for the reading of the young. It has been suggested that the schoolmaster and librarian should co-operate with a view to proper supervision over the home reading of the children with whom they have to deal. This does not mean a removal of the parents' responsibility; unfortunately many parents do not exercise a sufficient control over the books placed in their children's hands. It is not easy to work out any thoroughly good plan for providing accommodation for children in a small library, where their presence is often, and not unreasonably, objected to by the older readers. In Manchester the difficulty has been overcome in a practical manner by the opening on every evening of entirely separate reading rooms for boys, and from the last annual report of the libraries it appears that no less than 315,559 volumes have been used by boys alone. Truly in this case the supply has brought forth the demand.

I need say but a few words upon the reading of adults. The subject has been well ventilated by the recent discussion on "The Best Hundred Books." It is, I think, impossible to select from the writings of all ages, one hundred books which would be of equal interest to two persons taken haphazard from the multitude of reading men and women. I was amused, but not surprised, to see that Mr. Ruskin "blottesquely" erased about sixty per cent. from the list compiled by Sir John Lubbock. Each man must have some special taste and individuality of mind which would not allow him to accept completely the opinion of another, however well qualified to speak in the matter. As Professor Max Müller tells us—

The best books are not the best books for everybody. . . . Take the most famous writers, those whose names you would find on every list of the "Best Books," and you will see that what is called gold by one critic is called rubbish by another.

The lists of books published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* seem to have been compiled more as a guide to well-educated young men, such as those leaving the public schools and universities. I think there would be a greater possibility of rendering useful assistance if some eminent literary men would make more elementary lists, suitable to the wants of would-be readers who are not so well grounded as to be able to understand and appreciate Eastern poetry, and who had better read modern European history before taking up the writings of Herodotus, Xenophon, Tacitus, and other classic historians.

In supplying a library with books and papers a liberal catholicism must be exercised. All classes, both of general and special readers, should be catered for, otherwise the library will rapidly decay. Books of a lighter and entertaining character ought not to be omitted, for we must remember that a large proportion of those making use of a newly-formed public library are only just entering upon

a definite course of reading, and by first interesting and amusing, we help them to a fondness for literature which ultimately leads them to works of a higher kind requiring a greater amount of thought and study.

The attention of library authorities has lately been directed to the advisability of making efforts to obtain free grants of Government publications as issued, including papers presented to Parliament, and the publications of the different departments such as the Admiralty, the Ordnance and Geological Surveys, the Master of the Rolls, and others, all of which contain a large amount of valuable scientific and historical information. In August last a deputation from the Library Association waited upon the First Lord of the Treasury and explained at length the views of the members. The result has been that the Treasury find objections to the course suggested which they look upon as insurmountable, but they have agreed to allow free libraries 25 per cent. off published prices on all publications issued from Her Majesty's Stationery Office. The libraries will not be much benefited by this concession, because nearly all Government documents have previously been obtained from the trade agents subject to this same reduction. During the year ending March, 1885, £359,000 was spent by Government in printing the various publications. The amount received from their sale was £34,810, while the vast numbers of surplus copies were sold as waste paper, and realised £11,511. This is not as it should be; the public who pay these bills for printing have some right to the use of the matter printed, and it would only be an act of justice that the free libraries should receive gratuitous copies, which simply means a few hundreds loss to the Treasury, in having a less quantity of valuable information sold as waste paper to the different tradesmen, by whom it is used for wrapping up their goods, chiefly edibles. I do not know whether the literary fragments

placed round the groceries or the fish are much appreciated by the domestics in the servants' halls. It would be ungrateful not to mention that Richmond, as well as other towns, did receive last year 165 volumes of the Rolls Publications from the surplus copies in the hands of the Controller of the Stationery Office. This being a valuable grant has made us anxious to procure others.

I am afraid that many critical minds will look upon the title of this paper as somewhat deceptive, in that I have but lightly touched upon books as distinct from their homes the libraries. There has not been time to dwell upon bibliographical facts or curiosities, or to supply any particulars respecting Book Lore and Bibliomania. In a short paper on books it would only be possible to treat of those of one particular period or some special class. I have chosen rather to give prominence to two or three practical points in connection with libraries, but it may be best to close with a few figures on the extent of the literature of the world. In this country something like five or six thousand works are annually issued from the press, exclusive of the large quantity of periodical literature. About the same number are published in France, and considerably more in Germany. It has been estimated, but it can be nothing more than an estimate, that since the commencement of printing about twelve million distinct works have been given to the world. At no time more than the present does the passage from the Book of Ecclesiastes apply—"Of making many books there is no end." Our great National Library at the British Museum, founded 1753, contains upwards of 1,500,000 volumes and 50,000 MSS.; while the Bibliothèque Nationale, at Paris, founded 1595, has 2,290,000 printed volumes and 80,000 MSS. In 1875 there were in Berlin seventy-two libraries, with over a million and a quarter of printed volumes. From a report published in 1876 it appears that there were then in the

United States of America 3,842 public libraries, with upwards of 12,500,000 volumes. By collecting together the distinct editions of works by or relating to any well-known author, large special libraries are formed, as for example the Shakespeare Memorial Libraries at Birmingham and Stratford-upon-Avon, which contain not only English, but everything that can be gathered together of Foreign Shakespeariana. The Bible has been published in no less than 10,000 separate editions. Mrs. Beecher Stowe's tale, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, a book which stirred the hearts of nations to their greatest depths, and was ultimately the means of giving universal liberty to man, has been printed in upwards of forty editions, besides which it has been translated into every European language and numerous Oriental ones.

We cannot estimate the great and good influence of books; they serve alike in the interests of truth, humanity, and religion, by producing reflection and inducing investigation. In the words of Milton—

Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them as active as that soul whose progeny they are—nay, they do preserve as in a vial, the purest efficacy of that living intellect which bred them.

Carlyle said—

Of the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful, and worthy are the things we call books. To conclude with two lines of Sir John Denham, the Royalist poet—

Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use.

April 5th, 1836.

APPENDIX.

Mrs. Kendal's Recital: A Brilliant Afternoon.

From the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* of April 25th, 1885.



ELDOM has a Richmond audience enjoyed so rich a treat as that which was presented to the members of the Athenæum and their friends on Saturday afternoon. That their expectations had reached a high point was evident from the fact that a quarter of an hour before the time for commencing the College Hall was nearly full, and by three o'clock the capacity of the hall was taxed to its utmost. Extra seats were brought in, the platform itself was crowded, even standing room was eagerly occupied, and then some who had disregarded the injunction to "come early" had to turn away disappointed, the hall being so full that they could not get inside the door. And if expectations ran high they were more than justified. From first to last, whether reading or reciting, Mrs. Kendal was listened to with that close absorbed attention which shows how keen is the enjoyment, and how great is the anxiety that not a word, a gesture, or a look should be lost. Commencing rather quietly, with some of the earlier scenes from *As you Like It*, Mrs. Kendal soon rose to her task, and voice, eyes, face, and hands were all employed in giving expression and life to thoughts which Shakespeare could only indicate by his words. The *naïveté* of Rosalind in the earlier scenes, and her archness when with Orlando in the forest, were admirably portrayed; indeed throughout this character was represented in a manner which must have made a lasting impression on all present. Even the other characters, with which Mrs. Kendal must necessarily have been less familiar, received a treatment which none but those endowed with genius could bestow. There was scarcely any applause during the reading, for all were anxious that not a word should be lost, but at its close the applause was hearty and unanimous. The other selection given by Mrs. Kendal was one of those wonderful pictures of life for which we are indebted to

Mr. G. R. Sims. "Ostler Joe" is a touching story of a wife's sin and the loving faithfulness of the humble ostler husband even unto death. Mrs. Kendal seemed to realise every word of the sad story, for tears were falling down her face as she uttered the humble prayer sobbed out by the ostler when he found that his wife had deserted him, and her emotion dominated nearly the whole audience, for there was scarcely a dry eye in the hall. It was certainly a triumph of art, and at the close of the recitation the applause was even more hearty than before.

Mr. Edward King, (who presided) said he had now the honour—and he might say the luxury—of asking them to tender to Mrs. Kendal their grateful thanks for the most interesting afternoon she had given them. To some of them, he thought, it had not only been a present pleasure, but they had been living a kind of double life. They had been thinking of Mrs. Kendal there and also thinking of Mrs. Kendal elsewhere. It was not often that audience and actress had the pleasure of meeting face to face as they had done that afternoon, and for the audience to have the opportunity to show their deep sense of gratitude to one who had done so much to ennoble her art, and to give pleasure to those who had watched her splendid performances (applause). With a good many of them their memories of Mrs. Kendal were associated with the Haymarket Theatre, and no doubt they had been thinking of the pleasure she had given them in the past, in representing those great characters which Shakespeare had created, and which she had adorned in representing. They found in her an epitome of Shakespeare's heroines—Desdemona, Ophelia, and Rosalind—rolled into one. They were not only indebted to her most deeply for what she had done for them then, but for what she had done for them in the past, and he felt it a great luxury to be able to thank her for the choice pleasure she had given him in years gone by. The elder Disraeli said that Madlle. Clairon, the great French actress, held that an actress should not only be noble and heroic on the stage, but that in common life the truly sublime actress should be noble, heroic, and womanly off the stage. They had an example of that in Madlle. Clairon, and he thought they would agree that they had another and a living example not very far off that day (applause). Because he thought they agreed with him in that he had very much pleasure in asking them to accord to Mrs. Kendal their most grateful thanks for the exceedingly interesting afternoon she had given them (applause).

The Rev. Astley Cooper said that was not the first time that, at the request of Mr. King, he had acted the part of his lieutenant there, but never under circumstances of so pleasurable a nature and so magnificent a character as that afternoon. It almost seemed necessary to apologise for praising Mrs. Kendal in Mrs. Kendal's presence ; it was something like painting the lily ; but Mrs. Kendal would excuse them when they proposed that vote of thanks simply as an obvious duty. It must have been at much personal trouble and inconvenience that Mrs. Kendal had come there. Her time was overloaded with many engagements, but she had come to that comparatively insignificant hall, and given them a rich and magnificent treat (applause). For many years he had taken an interest in the art of public reading, though he feared with small personal success. It was a most difficult art to acquire, but he thought they must all agree, from the specimens they had had that afternoon, that to nature Mrs. Kendal had added a very keen and assiduous study, and had arrived almost at perfection. She had said that reading from a book was dreary work, but he could assure her that that audience had not found it dreary work at all (hear, hear). Nature had given her a splendid voice and a wonderful play of features, and those who had eyes as well as ears, and had used them, had come to the conclusion that she had rendered that part of Shakespeare's works in a most magnificent manner (applause). Sometimes he hoped the stage went to the pulpit for instruction, and he thought oftentimes the pulpit might reciprocate that, and go to the stage for instruction. He was not ashamed to say, as he had said there before, that sometimes he was to be seen at the theatre, and he might add that he never came away from the theatre without feeling his perception sharpened and his moral sense cultivated. He wished the stage would recognise the pulpit more, and the pulpit the stage, so that they might go hand in hand in improving the morals of the people, and elevating their taste. He had said that it might seem to demand an apology to praise Mrs. Kendal in her presence, but there was another observation which he must make. He had said thus much of her reading, but he thought the palm must be given to her recitation (hear, hear). In matter and manner combined it was most wonderful and touching. While it was being delivered there was scarcely an eye dry. He wished they of the pulpit could draw tears from the eyes of their hearers (laughter), but he was afraid the pulpit was often too dry to make the pew moist (laughter). They of the clergy who were present were greatly obliged to Mrs. Kendal. He begged in the name of the

audience to second the vote of thanks proposed by Mr. King. He would like to add that they were deeply indebted to Mr. King for the pleasure they had enjoyed that afternoon, for he had taken a wonderful deal of trouble in bringing Mrs. Kendal there. They had been longing to get Mrs. Kendal there, but at last the crowning day had come. There was a great audience, and there ought to be a hearty vote of thanks (applause).

Mr. Samuel Brandram said he hoped that they would excuse his raising his weak voice to join in a tribute of praise to his old and dear friend Mrs. Kendal, and to congratulate that audience on having listened to her perfect elocution (applause).

The Chairman, in putting the vote of thanks, said he did not wish it to be thought that there was any trouble in getting Mrs. Kendal to consent to give them the recital. With her usual generosity and kindness of heart, the moment he asked her if she would gratify them in that way she cheerfully gave her consent. The only trouble had been that unfortunately Mrs. Kendal had some morning performances, and was therefore unable to come on the date originally fixed.

The vote was passed amid hearty applause, and upon Mrs. Kendal rising to respond, the whole audience rose and remained standing while she was speaking. She said she did not often get up to make a speech. Sometimes she did, and her last speech she would never forget, for in consequence of that she had to consider herself the most abused woman in England. In making her one speech at the Social Science Congress she made more enemies than friends (laughter). She hoped the speech she was then making would not have that effect. She was very pleased to come to the Athenæum, and if her recitation had given them any pleasure it was not more than the pleasure it had given her. She was glad to hear the Rev. Astley Cooper speak so well of her profession. What he had said brought to her mind the story they had probably all heard of the bishop and the great actor, Garrick. The bishop had asked Garrick how it was that actors seemed to make a greater impression on their audiences than preachers, and the great actor replied—"My dear and reverend friend, it is because you make one little mistake; you preach a fact as though it were a fiction; we act a fiction as though it were a fact" (laughter and applause). She feared that was a somewhat ancient Joe Miller. She thanked them very much for their exceedingly kind reception.

Mrs. Kendal was accompanied by Mr. Kendal, who occupied a seat on the platform next to the chairman.

At the ordinary meeting of the Athenæum, on the following Monday, the Chairman (Mr. King) proposed the subjoined resolution :—

This meeting of members of the Richmond Athenæum desires to express its hearty thanks to Mrs. Kendal for her generous kindness on the occasion of her visit on Saturday, April 18th. That the Honorary Secretary be requested to convey a copy of this resolution to Mrs. Kendal.

The Rev. G. S. Ingram seconded the motion with very great pleasure, adding that in a brief conversation which he had with Mrs. Kendal he expressed the hope that that would not be the last time that she would favour the Athenæum with a reading, and her reply, very promptly given, was that she also hoped it would not be the last time.

The motion was carried unanimously.

Dr. Johnson, referring to the crowding that occurred on Saturday, said it was better to have an overflow like that, which showed great enthusiasm, than to have even six seats vacant. He hoped they would recognise that the council did all they could to find seats for those who were present (hear hear).



Athenæum Council Dinner.

From the *Richmond and Twickenham Times* of June 6th, 1885.



THE Richmond Athenæum council dinner took place at the Star and Garter Hotel, on Saturday last, and was in every way successful. The company numbered about 120, including the following:—Professor A. H. Church, M.A., president of the Athenæum, in the chair, Mr. Charles Aitken, Rev. Astley Cooper, Rev. G. S. Ingram, Mr. Edward King, and Mr. G. F. Whiteley, J.P., Vice-Presidents, occupying the vice-chairs; Professor Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London; Professor Judd; Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A.; Mr. Thiselton Dyer, Assistant Director of Kew Gardens; Mr. Maurice B. Adams, Mrs. Charles Aitken, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew, Mr. Arthur G. Atkinson, Mr. Atkinson, Mr. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. F. Bateman, Miss Bateman, Mr. Bickerton, Mr. Percy Bull, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cartledge, Mr. Herbert Chapman, Mrs. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke (Norbiton), Mr. J. Clissold (Stroud), Mr. and Mrs. J. Cockburn, Miss Cockburn, Mrs. W. Cockburn, Mr. J. A. Cooper, Rev. C. F. Coutts, Mr. T. Skewes-Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Crafter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dines, Mr. and Mrs. Dollman (Bedford Park), Rev. and Mrs. L. M. D'Orsey, Mr. J. Sandford Dyason, Mr. J. Edgar, Miss Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Edgar, Mr. Henry G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Godby, Mr. Alfred Gosling, Miss Gosling, Mrs. F. J. Gosling, Mr. and Mrs. Haité (Bedford Park), Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Miss Harker, Rev. Stewart Headlam, Mr. J. W. Heath, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hilditch, Miss Hillier (Stroud), Mr. W. J. Hiscoke, Mr. and Mrs. George Ingram, Mrs. Archibald Ingram, Dr. S. Johnson (Hon. Secretary), Mrs. Judd, Miss Kelham, Colonel H. J. King, Mrs. Edward King, Rev. Templeton King and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Lancer, Dr. Roberts Law, Mr. and Mrs. Layton (Brentford), Mr. Matthews (Hon. Secretary to the Turnham Green Literary and Scientific Society), Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Minet, Mr. Munro, Mr. Pacy, Mr. Pilditch, Mr. H. Rassam, Mr. Trelawney Saunders, Colonel

Sparks, Mr. Steward, Mr. and Mrs. R. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Tempny, Mr. Frank Tonge, Mrs. Twells, Miss Vickeray, Dr. and Mrs. Martindale Ward, Mr. Edmund Warne, Mrs. G. F. Whiteley, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williams (Brentford), Mr. Yates, &c.

No pains were spared to make the surroundings of the entertainment as pleasant as possible. The coffee room was fitted up with plants, &c., as a reception room, and here the short interval before dinner was agreeably passed in conversation. The dinner was served in the pavilion, where the tables were well arranged and artistically decorated. The dinner itself was excellent, and Mr. Evans, the Managing Director, may be congratulated upon giving great satisfaction to those who were present. Grace was sung by Messrs. Munro, Chapman, Bull, and Steward, who kindly gave the following part songs, &c., during the evening:—

Madrigal.....	“This pleasant month of May” (<i>Beale</i>).
Part Song	“Lovely Night” (<i>Chwatal</i>).
Part Song	“The Two Roses” (<i>Werner</i>).
Part Song.....	“Shall I, wasting in despair?” (<i>Hatton</i>).

Dessert having been served,

The Chairman said that before proposing to them the first toast of the evening, he must read a telegram which had just been received from Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P., who had promised not only to be present, but to take part in their proceedings. He said in his telegram, “I sincerely regret that I cannot possibly reach Richmond to-day in time for the dinner. Pray assure all my friends of my great disappointment.” Passing on to propose the toast of “The Queen,” the Chairman said they would, he was sure, express their sense of the affection and devotion to her people which the Queen ever showed by duly honouring the first toast of the evening. Wise in counsel, patriotic in feeling, one in whom condescension and kindness had become a habit of mind, the Queen commanded the loyalty and love of the nation (applause). We had been allowed an insight into her mode of home life; we had been permitted to share her three great sorrowful bereavements, and also to rejoice in her many joys. They would unite with him in wishing the Queen long life, and a long continued and solidly happy and prosperous reign over a united and happy people (cheers).

The Chairman next proposed “The Prince and Princess of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family.” He said that every year, every month, and he might almost say every day, showed how the Prince of Wales, and he might add the Princess of Wales, and many other members of the Royal House, interested themselves

practically as well as officially in the good of our people. Their high offices were indeed no sinecure, and their duties were discharged with marvellous tact, great kindness, and no want of courage (hear, hear).

Mr. Thiselton Dyer said he had to ask their attention to the very few words with which he should submit to them what was perhaps the most important toast to those assembled in that room of those which would be before them that evening. But as the material part of that very delightful entertainment had closed, and they had a very considerable feast before them of a more intellectual character, he thought he would do well to carry out the analogy, and to include his share of the proceedings amongst those lighter portions which, perhaps, rather in continental banquets than our own, commenced the repast. It would be better, therefore, that he should not say much about the toast, but leave some of the more important matters which developed naturally out of the work of the Athenæum, and which were to be dealt with by subsequent speakers, to occupy their attention. It was a matter for congratulation, not merely to the town of Richmond, but to the whole of the surrounding neighbourhood, that so remarkable a development had taken place of a public and intellectual character. He was speaking rather as a neighbour than as an actual inhabitant of Richmond, but he must say that he had admired the energy with which they had started, first their Free Public Library (hear, hear), and then appropriately followed it up with that very useful and valuable institution, the Athenæum (applause). They need not be much surprised that that kind of intellectual development had taken place in Richmond, because probably no place in the vicinity of the great city, except perhaps Royal Windsor herself, had so splendid a tradition, so rich and varied a local history, as the town in which they were assembled. He mentioned that because he would like to refer to an exceedingly pretty book which a member—and he was surprised to hear how very junior a member—of the town had issued within the last few weeks, in which a great deal that was interesting, and much that must be new to many residents, was set forth in the most admirable manner. A town with such traditions, which had been the chosen dwelling place of two dynasties of our sovereigns, which had associations of political, literary, and artistic celebrities of every kind crowded thick on almost every acre of the parish—it was not surprising that a town of that kind should feel a sort of intellectual vitality, and seek to break out into some such organisation as the

Athenæum (applause). He therefore felt that it was no small compliment that was paid him, and no small responsibility that was placed upon him, when he was asked to speak to them of the advantages of the Richmond Athenæum, and to ask them to drink to its prosperity. It was not, he believed, a very old society, but, in the case of societies, the vigour of youth had immense advantages. But there was one point of view from which he thought they could look forward to a continued prosperity. It was not merely the splendour of the local associations of the town, nor the accumulation of inherited material possessions, some brought here by royalty and some by private and munificent persons, but the fact that they had collected in this neighbourhood as great a variety of persons possessed of skill and special knowledge of many subjects as was probably to be found in any neighbourhood near London. The organization of that society was expressly adapted to obtain from their members in an informal and neighbourly manner such accounts as must be extremely useful and interesting of those matters in which they were interested, and about which they could talk to them in a very pleasant and agreeable way. That society must be an immensely useful instrument for raising the general culture—to use a rather hackneyed word—of the community as a whole, and therefore he was sure that although he was not living sufficiently near to take any part in the meetings of the society, he could speak in the most heartfelt way when he desired for his own part, and asked them to drink, “Prosperity to the Richmond Athenæum” (applause). But he must not sit down without asking them to allow him to couple with the toast the name of his very old friend, their President. It was a kindly act on his part when, in the absence of the distinguished man who it was hoped would address them, their president asked him to say something to them. He did so with pleasure, for when he first made the acquaintance of Professor Church, it was in a town in the west of England, which had some points of resemblance to that in which they were now assembled. It had even more ancient traditions, great natural beauty, and some of the advantages of culture which they had in Richmond. He there found Professor Church occupied with the same kind of public spirit which he brought to his work in connection with the Athenæum, for he was there interesting the people in the history of the town in which they were born and bred, its natural history, and everything that went to make up the colour of local life. After he (Mr. Dyer) left that town, it was a fortunate thing

which brought Professor Church also to this neighbourhood, after a gap which he thought had divided their lives, and he was glad to find that their President still continued to exercise those public instincts and responsibilities which occupied him so well in the west of England. He asked them to drink "Prosperity to the Richmond Athenæum," and he coupled with it the name of their President, Professor Church (applause).

The Chairman, in responding, said although he knew that his good friend, Mr. Thiselton Dyer, was remarkable for his accuracy of thought and precision of expression in all his scientific utterances, he feared that his compliments to the President of the Athenæum indicated that he had allowed his imagination to run away with him, to some extent, in his beautifully coloured picture of his (Professor Church's) life at Cirencester. What he had expressed with regard to the Athenæum he could fully reciprocate, for he quite believed that they had in that institution a means of cultivation, of bringing together those interested in art, literature, science, politics, and the other elements which made up our intellectual and moral life, and of adding, by the friction of mind with mind, fresh light and fresh colour to the life that we lead. He hoped they had already fulfilled, in some measure, the anticipations which were created at the foundation of the Athenæum. But his own position with regard to the society was somewhat that of an interloper. He was like the labourer who entered the vineyard at the eleventh hour, and he was afraid that he had had more than his share of wages. The Athenæum was, he believed, rather more than a year old when he was persuaded to join it, and, thanks to the kindness of the majority of the members who voted on that occasion, not to join as an ordinary member, but as the President. He had previously held himself aloof from the society, not from lack of interest, but because he felt that, living farther away from the centre of its activity than the majority of its members, and being very much engaged on the evenings on which the meetings usually took place, as well as on a good many other evenings, he would not be able to fulfil the duties of the President, or even of an ordinary member. Many of the members, however, labouring under the mistaken notion that his presidency would be serviceable, insisted upon his assuming a position for which he had none but the slenderest qualifications (no, no). However, he must add a word or two with regard to the Athenæum itself and its work, and perhaps they would permit him to remind them that there were two or three points in which their Athenæum might be

improved. He thought a more general discussion in the body of their meetings on the subjects of the papers which were brought before them would be a most desirable innovation. Too much labour was at present thrown upon those gentlemen who were vice-presidents and members of the council in filling up some of those awkward gaps which sometimes occurred after a paper had been read, and of which on the few occasions when he had taken the chair he had had some painful experiences. He had once or twice spoken himself on such occasions when he had really nothing to say (laughter). They might, he thought, rather go back to the times of that old temple of learning at Athens, the first Athenæum that was ever started, in which poets, orators, logicians, and men of letters met to read and criticise their own works. Not only did they read and criticise their own works, but doubtless they criticised the works of others, and at the same time everyone spoke and everyone listened in turn. If they could only do something of that sort in the College Hall, on Monday evenings, they would get on much better. Let all listen, but let all speak, one on the subject which was best known to him, and another on the subject with which he desired to become acquainted, and with which he had made some beginnings in knowledge. Later on, in that second Athenæum, founded by the Emperor Hadrian, in Rome, the same practice prevailed. Not only was there the discussion of the more modern arts and sciences, as well as those of more primitive Greece, but there were added thereto courses of lectures on subjects which would not all of them be very attractive now. He had noted most of them, and he was afraid that lectures on grammar, philosophy, rhetoric, and jurisprudence would not be altogether satisfactory towards the close of the nineteenth century in their suburban retreat of Richmond, but at the same time the element of lectures had been introduced with some success in the working of their Athenæum, and he thought they might still further develop it with advantage. He merely threw that out as a suggestion to be considered, and which might fructify into actual experience. He had now only to return his thanks to them for the way in which they had drunk the toast, and to his friend, Mr. Thiselton Dyer, for the too kind terms in which he had associated his name with it (applause).

The Chairman again rose to propose the toast of "Literature." He said it was not necessary to multiply words in commending to their notice the next toast. Literature touched them all at many points. Their first contact with its elements, as some of them

doubtless remembered, was not a wholly unalloyed delight. But, childhood past, they had all had the advantage of enjoying the rich and varied pleasures which the expression of human thought in well-chosen and well-ordered words afforded—the fertile contact of mind with mind. All sciences and many arts found means of expression and diffusion in letters. The interest they felt, and the debt they owed to literature as an instrument of culture, extended to the personality and the lives of men of letters. Did they not mourn now with France in the death of that great poet and writer who had refreshed with marvellous vigour the literature of his country, and had remodelled the forms and enriched the cadences of her verse and prose (hear, hear)? It was a peculiarly happy circumstance that he was able to couple with that toast the name of an author and editor who had done so much to instruct and delight the present generation as Professor Henry Morley, of University College, London (applause). He remembered reading with great delight a book that he wrote some years ago, *The Life of Bernard Palissy*. Bernard Palissy interested him because, as some of them were aware, he was somewhat of a china-maniac himself, and because he was one of those who laboured under enormous disadvantages, but succeeded because he was a man of indomitable perseverance and wonderful knowledge. He was a great potter—ceramist, we call him now-a-days—a tolerable chemist, as chemists went in those times, and also a man of general knowledge in scientific matters. Some of them might not know his delightful little book on *Springs and Fountains*, which had been translated by Miss Willett into very delightful English. In that he anticipated many of the conclusions which hydraulic engineers had reached in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and not a little of the knowledge which we thought our own discovery. But we were not only indebted to Professor Morley for presenting to us in a readable form the lives of great men, but he had also done much to present to us in an accessible form their chief works. He was the editor of the *Universal Library*, of which he believed twenty-four to twenty-five volumes had already appeared, at the rate of almost one a month, and which were very carefully edited. In that series the best works of the poets, politicians, dramatists, and writers of fiction and philosophy of France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and our own country were given to the English public with brief notes and brief introductions, all to the point, and marking everything that is most worthy and most easily presented to our countrymen, in such

a form as should commend itself to their attention, and actually entrap them into a study of those works which they perhaps would never have thought of reading. They owed much to the Professor of English Literature at University College, for what he had done for home literature and foreign letters. For this boon alone he deserved their best thanks, and he was sure they would join with him in cordially drinking his health in connection with the toast of "Literature" (applause).

Professor Henry Morley, in responding, said he was sure he would be prudent if he were silent concerning himself, except to express the great pleasure and the great reward it was to any worker at literature to hear a cheering voice of kindly fellowship and appreciation. Everyone who worked with the pen felt that, and feeling it, should say what he felt. Having said that, he would turn from his own work to the work of Richmond. He came to their dinner as a very weak representative of the spirit of literature, for he felt, and many men of letters had felt, that the spirit of literature found itself to be very much alive in Richmond. The foundation of the Free Public Library in Richmond had been welcomed, he thought, by every man and woman in the country who desired the true advancement of the knowledge and fellowship of mankind. Here he felt, in the first place, the strong attractive power of that love of letters which had caused Richmond to be a leader in the suburbs of London, and an example—he wished he could say a leader also—to London herself. London would not follow the lead, although she was shown the way. That meeting was one of the most pleasant he had ever attended; but the most unpleasant at which he was ever present in his life was one held in the parish of St. Pancras to endeavour to establish a free library. There was nothing but yelling, and the clearest evidence of the need of some contact with literature on the part of those who were opposing the establishment of the library. In their Free Library and Athenæum they had contact with papers and books. The literature of our time consisted very largely indeed of journalism, and there were many whose reading was confined almost to the reading of papers. He thought the function of newspapers and magazines, which occupied so large a part of the reading time of the people of England, was a distinct one. They could not do the whole work, but they did a large and very necessary part of the work of literature in this country. They represented in the best possible manner that free interchange with all the various forms of thought by which truth

was distinguished from error, and the steady advance of the country was made possible. The more clearly and ably they could express their different opinions the better it would be, and they had various forms of opinion most ably expressed in no less than three magazines, which existed to allow absolutely within their own columns various discussion of those problems, from the working out of which in that way we might learn more of the fellowship of mankind. They were too apt to think people stupid who did not agree with them, but they had come now to understand that no two people could think exactly alike, any more than they could look exactly alike. There would be great confusion if three or four persons looked exactly alike, and got mixed up (laughter), and it would be scarcely less inconvenient if three or four persons thought exactly alike. Or supposing all men were of one mind, what would the life of the world be? If all men thought alike we might be a bed of cabbages, or peas growing on a stick, or, if they liked, peaches growing on a wall: they remained all alike. But we had to advance from the uncivilised to the quarter-civilised, and from the quarter-civilised we were now on the way to the half-civilised (laughter). He was quite serious when he said he thought we were only on the way to the half-civilised. If they would only take a walk through St. Giles' or even Bond Street, with their eyes open, he thought they would come to the conclusion that he had rather overstated the case when he said that England was half-civilised. They were on the way, however, to the "crowning race," as Tennyson called it, and it was by such work as they were doing in Richmond, by the foundation of Free Libraries and Athenæums such as that, that the real fellowship of literature and the binding power of literature was recognised. There they were as one family, and not excluding that half of the human race which was not merely a companion to the other half, but a guide. The force of literature was a uniting force; it was only a disintegrating force when it was wrongly used. If a man of genius and humour was shown to us by a biographer who had no sense of fun, then we had literature as a disintegrating force, and men who had previously honoured the subject of the biography began to shake their heads at him. That he looked upon as a great misuse of literature, though an unintentional misuse. In the case to which he was referring—no doubt they knew it—the desire was to be absolutely honest and to tell the truth, but if a man had no sense of fun, and he dealt with the life of one who had, it would not be the truth. It would be his truth, but not ours. In their Public Library and Athenæum work, to go back to the

journals and the books, the journals now issued in England were far beyond the point attained by any other country in Europe, and that was one of the great safeguards of an advancing civilisation, for he believed it existed, with books and magazines as the best aids for that discussion which we have. But apart from that, and beyond that, there was the use of books in the home, and in the name of literature he would plead against the too great exclusion of books from our homes. The Free Public Library enabled many to take their books into their homes, to use them, to read them, or perhaps to dip into them. Now a dip into a book was something helpful, and quite different from reading somebody else's account of it. A dip out of a book was very different from a dip into it. A dip into the sea at Brighton did one good. A dip into a pailful of sea water, delivered by the Eastern Counties Railway in London, was a very good thing, but not so good. There were many books by which one could be helped greatly without reading them through, but by simply dipping into them. But contact with books, in which men had endeavoured to deliver their whole souls and their whole hearts, and to speak their whole minds—contact with books of that kind was in the highest degree helpful to the development of the individual character. Each of us had to do all that was possible for the individual development. Merely taking part in a discussion was not sufficient. There must be the quiet hour with the book, in which thoughts sank into them and gave them the strength which they needed for the true battle of life. All such study of literature tended to that fellowship of which their dinner that night was a clear type. It tended to make men think that the differences which existed were wholesome differences, and that rather than quarrel with men for disagreeing with them they should almost go down on their knees and thank God that they were not all alike, for their differences compelled them to think for themselves and to get information. They liked to talk with men who did not agree with them, rather than with those who did, for to converse with one who agreed in everything must be rather like a soliloquy. Literature made true fellowship. There was nothing in Shakespeare but fellowship. They saw the ties of kindred and the teaching that God gave those ties, and the strength of love, everywhere in Shakespeare, and nowhere in all his plays was there a single instance of his admitting evil to be combated by evil, or hate to be combated by hate. His lesson was "Overcome evil with good." In one of his plays a gentleman who was taken to be a Shakespearian

philosopher, M. Jaques, gave the "Seven Ages of Man," which was usually quoted as Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," but that was not Shakespeare's view of life. When Jaques said "We two will rail against our mistress the world," Orlando's answer was Shakespeare's when he said "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." And now he would apply Shakespeare's lesson to himself, and say "You tiresome, tedious fellow, you have wearied your audience long enough; sit down, do," and so he would (laughter and applause).

Mr. Edward King said that when, about a month ago, in a moment of good tempered rashness, he consented, as he hoped, in the interests of the Athenæum, to propose the toast of "Science and Art," he did not pause to think that a time would come when, in the cold shade of a mature reflection, he might bitterly repent his temerity. That time had now arrived, but still, for all that, he felt it was an honour to submit to them the toast of "Science and Art," and to connect with it the names of those representatives of science and art who adorned their table. It seemed to him that there was a special fitness in coupling science and art together in one toast, because to a great extent in everyday life science and art were naturally allied. As he was sitting there looking round the table, he thought even in the festivities they had been engaged in there was an apt illustration of the value of the combination. If their *chef* had not had a little science—a little method in his madness—and if those who had planned and adorned the tables had not put a little art into their work, they would not have had so enjoyable an evening. And then, glancing at the sides of the tables, it struck him that both science and art had something to do with the ladies. They dressed with artistic taste, of course, but they must also dress with a certain amount of scientific taste, for it seemed to him that if dress was to be comfortable, lovely, and healthy, they must ally a little science with their art. Then, in following up the subject of this alliance of science and art, it occurred to him that they might nearly say that the wise and beneficial wedding of science and art in civilised life supplied almost a parallel in advantageous results to the linking of kindred souls of which Longfellow sang so sweetly—

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.

In their proper and practical outcome science and art were allied in

an interesting way. One, to be successful, was inseparable from the other. Perhaps it might be said that the scientific aspect of art was the prose, the practical, and the accurate aspect, which was indispensable to its complete and enduring development. He need hardly remind them how well this was illustrated by the grand art lives of Michael Angelo and Benvenuto Cellini, and also by one whom Professor Church had brought before them in so happy a way—Palissy the potter. In the life of Palissy the potter they had not only to honour the man, but also that most interesting prose poem that Professor Morley had produced for their admiration. Those who had read that very interesting biography had felt that they were reading words which must do them good, not only for the moment, but for very many years. But he would remind them that science was often as dependent upon art as art was upon science for high reputation and lasting fame. Unfortunately for Richmond, some of them who lived in the vicinity of the river had seen some melancholy illustrations of the evil effects of science without art, and had seen how clumsy engineering might spoil a lovely landscape. There was a bridge over the river at Richmond connected with the London and South-Western Railway, and a little while ago the artist of the railway company thought it would look well if it were painted black (laughter). Fortunately an æsthetic member of the Richmond Vestry and the Richmond Athenæum took the matter in hand, and saved the bridge from becoming a hideous black eyesore against a charming landscape. He might also urge upon some gentlemen connected with constructive science the advantage it would be if they had more of the spirit of the alliance of art with science in the erection of bridges. How much better it would be if they more readily adopted that light and graceful form by which a bridge added to the noble beauty of the neighbourhood of Clifton. If that bridge had been such an one as would have been left at Richmond, but for the timely efforts of an artistic member of the Vestry, they would have had a most lamentable exhibition of the non-alliance of the artistic with the scientific. But perhaps one of the most melancholy examples of the unwisdom of dissociating science from art, and ignoring the value of the chemical knowledge which was now taught in the great art schools of the country, was seen in the case of Joseph Mallord Turner and some of those great pictures of his which had charmed so many, but which, to our sorrow, we must feel would not charm many generations more. If they had been produced with that scientific knowledge of the chemistry of colours which many artists of the present day possessed,

we should not have to lament over them as sublime artistic ruins rather than works of enduring fame. This occasional absence of science in art had a bearing on us generally, and a bearing especially upon those who had lauded to the skies pictures which were not honest art, but tricky resemblances of art, clever in their way, but not likely to endure and to do credit to their authors in generations to come. But it was not pictures of that kind that were produced by the gentleman whose name he had to associate with the toast on behalf of Art, Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., to whom they were indebted for many charming illustrations of the deft combination of science and art (applause). With reference to science he had to submit the name of Professor Judd, to whom Richmond was certainly very much indebted for valuable services rendered at a critical time in connection with the artesian well (applause). With those names coupled with it, he had to ask them to drink the toast of "Science and Art" (applause).

Professor Judd said a distinguished classical scholar, having been appointed one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, invented a test question to give the children, and was surprised that he never got a correct answer. The question was "What were the names of the Three Graces?" He always got an answer, that answer being "Faith, Hope, and Charity," and when that was rejected there was generally silence. But on one occasion the voice of a small boy was heard saying "It must be Literature, Science, and Art." He was afraid the boy did not get the credit for the correct answer, but he was inclined to think that if that was not the right answer it ought to have been the right one. He thought it would be presumption on his part were he to venture to define what were the requirements of a grace—but if to be the solace of our leisure hours, the brightener of our homes, and the sweetener of our lives—if these were any of the qualifications meriting the title of a grace, then he thought Literature, Science, and Art were three graces, and he did not know where they would find better (applause). With regard to two of these graces, if he might call them so, he was sure their claims would be acknowledged at once, and if not there were such expounders of their merits in those who represented literature and art on that occasion that he believed the person most opposed to the view would at once submit. They were all indebted to literature; they had all felt the ennobling influence of the poet's words, and the mental rest and refreshment which came to them from the great works of fiction, and they knew how good it was to be surrounded

with the works of art, those things of beauty which were joys for ever; but he doubted if most people would be prepared to admit the third grace to such company. He was afraid science, in such brilliant and graceful company, would be regarded as somewhat of an intruder. If their painter friends were required to give them presentments of these three graces he was not sure that they would not represent science as a person with corkscrew curls and azure gloves, and that she might not be represented as she was on the underground railway, upon which they were compelled to travel and read the advertisements of the Inventions Exhibition, where they found music represented as a charming female very properly turning her head away from an improper boy, while science appeared as a cadaverous hydrocephalous individual, vainly trying to measure the governor—he meant the governor of a steam engine—with a pair of compasses (laughter). He was afraid science suffered in the public mind from too much respect. Did she not give us steam engines, and railways, and bridges, and dynamos, and—he was afraid he must confess—dynamite too? And so science was looked upon as having very little in common with literature and art. And yet there was a lighter and a brighter side of science. There was that in science which led them to the bounds of the infinite, almost to the threshold of the eternal, and awakened thoughts even greater than those conceived of by the poet, truths stranger than the wildest imaginings of fiction, and presented us with beauties which even the artist could only hope to imitate. On all these grounds he thought science was worthy to be cultivated in such a home of science, and art, and literature as this. He was glad they had, in this institution, by affiliating with it a Field Club and a Microscopical Section, secured scientific pleasure alike for summer and winter. Among the rocks and flowers which abounded in this beautiful country of ours they would find abundant food for thought, and in the winter evenings, with the microscope there would be an infinite variety to study. In such a place the sister—he would not call them rival—claims of the three graces would be rightly considered, for had they not as their president one on whom all the three graces had smiled—if Mrs. Church would forgive him for saying so—for he was equally at home in writing a book, in painting a picture, or in pursuing an intricate chemical research. He hoped they would take for their guide in the future the principles which had been inculcated by their early president, and that they would seek to establish this institution with the wide sympathies that distinguished their president, and with

the broad ideal of culture that they knew he had. He heartily thanked them for the way in which this toast had been received (applause).

Mr. Phil Morris, A.R.A., in responding for Art, said that never in his life was he guilty, to his knowledge, of refusing an invitation to dine at the Star and Garter (laughter), and when he received the invitation from the Council of the Athenæum he at once naturally responded to it with great delight, but really now that the time had come, he found the penalty for such readiness to be almost more than he could bear. He followed a craft which was called "silent art," that of painting. He was sandwiched between literature and science as represented by men who had ideas that flowed from them like the flowing of a boundless river, and who had every capability of expressing exactly what they meant. He usually found, unfortunately, that when he wished to express anything, his words expressed almost the opposite thing (laughter). As his was called the silent art, he thought the toast with which it was connected might be drunk in silence, and that there was no need for any response. He offered that as a suggestion for their future dinners. He had come to grief in one wish that he had long entertained with regard to that toast. It had long been a wish of his heart to hear a painter return thanks for the toast of "Art." He had been at civic dinners, and dinners equally as numerous attended as that, and he had heard eminent soldiers or surgeons, and great lawyers or judges respond for art. He had always had the greatest delight in listening to their remarks, for they were always new, and to his mind very original (laughter). He even once heard a midddy, who had returned from an Arctic exploration, called upon to respond for art simply from the fact that he had taken a lens and a few dry plates with him (laughter). So he naturally wished to hear a painter speak on art, and now he beheld such a painter in himself, like an evil wish which had come home to roost (laughter). He had another reason to regret his present position when they had amongst their own body an artist of such celebrity, great power, and with the great future of Mr. Blair Leighton, whose picture in the Royal Academy, "The Secret," would lead him on very speedily to higher eminence. Then there was also Mr. Haité, whose eloquence, and eminence for beauty of design, would make him a very fit one to respond. He felt as if his heart were in his boots when he had to tackle a great subject like art, and to give them some idea of what filled the artistic mind when it thought of art. When an artist had to explain what it

was that made him love these things, he could not do it. It was simply at the end of his brush ; it was involved in his mind with certain ideas of light and shade and of the harmony of colours. How was it to be explained ? Ruskin spent all his life in trying to give them some idea what art was, and when they thought they had got the gist of what he said he contradicted himself three times before he left the subject. The great painters conveyed nothing to their minds of what it was. A young artist was introduced to Turner, who requested him to bring his picture, and when he came out from the great man, some friends gathered round to hear what Turner had said, and what advice he had given. The youth said, in answer to their inquiries, "He told me never to bung up my picture." He meant, he supposed, that the too heavy hand a young painter was likely to have would spoil his picture, and that he failed in that lightness, that infinity, that mystery in which Turner excelled. Little but the *Discourses* of Reynolds were left to guide us in art. But there was one phase he would like to dwell upon, and that was the different life and the different aim of the painters, artists, and sculptors of the present day, and those of the fifteenth century or the Greek period. Take the points of the fifteenth century. An artist had finished a noble theme for an altar piece, and he was seen heading the procession with his picture. There are the people, his neighbours, and the prince of the country possibly ; he is in an exalted position for that day. They parade through his native city, and see the picture placed where it would remain for centuries. He returned to his home exalted, inspired, full of abounding enthusiasm from the plaudits of his friends, to do better and finer work. He, being the pupil of a great artist, had been taught the simple means by which he made his effects and mixed his colours. He became a master in his turn, and had pupils to whom he showed what he had been taught, and what he had himself added to it, and so art progressed step by step. What was the case now ? The Church no longer asked for a theme. The princes and great powers no longer asked for pictures. The artist turned where he liked for his subjects. He might turn to a dish of oysters, and if he painted it well he got fame of a kind. Or he might be tempted by a great and noble theme, and he might spend the best part of his life in painting one canvas. It was no sooner dry than fifty pens were dipped in ink to scoff and scorn it, and, to add almost the last straw of injury to insult, a bland and smiling gentleman came into his studio and asked if he might

be permitted to caricature it for a comic journal (laughter). So they would see that there was no hope that art would ever be so great in its aims, or accomplish so much as in olden times. It would become more general, and that was the great hope of the period. Art no longer belonged to the few, to the prince or the church, but to all. There never was a time when art was so generally practised or so much studied. There was scarcely a home in which there was not some member studying art, and as a consequence the home was all the more beautiful. That this would form a great and appreciative public, who would demand pictures of high aim and character, was the hope of every artist who loved his art. There was one privilege in being an artist, and that was that it occasionally gave him an opportunity to dwell upon his wrongs, and that which he conceived to be the future of his art by such kindly invitations as that which brought him there on that occasion (applause).

Colonel Sparks said the news that was communicated to them in the telegram read by their chairman, that they were to be deprived of the presence of Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, must have caused some disappointment in the room, for they all knew the interest he took in our institutions and would have been glad to welcome him at their gathering; but to no one was that telegram so great a blow as it was to their humble servant, for upon him fell the duty that would have fallen upon Sir J. Whittaker Ellis of proposing the next toast. He regretted his absence on personal as well as public grounds—on personal grounds for he (Colonel Sparks) belonged to a profession in which they were not trained to oratory, for they believed in deeds more than words, and on public grounds, because he felt that he was not able to do justice to the toast which was entrusted to him. But he was taught that the first duty of a soldier was to obey, and therefore, when he was requested by their secretary to undertake to propose the toast, he felt bound to consent. Truth was a fact anybody could assert, and there was one fact that he could assert now without any chance that it would be denied, and that was that the Athenæum was, undoubtedly, a success. What they had heard from previous speakers had proved that fact, and had it not been so the gathering of that evening would have proved it beyond question. It occurred to him that there was one thing above all others which they must desire, and that was that members should join the Athenæum without waiting until they got grey hairs or bald heads. They wanted young members. They knew

the advantages which must accrue from the discussions, and they would all like their fellow-townsmen to get accustomed to hearing those discussions in their youth. He, perhaps, was particularly unfitted to speak on that subject, because, as a member of the Athenæum, he had been conspicuous by his absence from the meetings, but that was not altogether his fault. Many who were unable to attend had watched, with great interest, the growth and progress of the Athenæum from the admirable accounts of its meetings they had been able to read in the local Press. The toast he had to propose was that of "The Vice-Presidents, Council, and Officers," those officers being the auditors, the honorary treasurer, and the honorary secretary. The institution could not have arrived at its present state if no one had been exerting himself. They knew that the labours by which success had been brought about had fallen upon the council and officers, and they knew that those labours had not been light, but must have required a great deal of tact and much thought. He must not omit to mention rather specially the honorary secretary, for they knew that a secretary was something like what the main spring was to a watch. In his case brevity was the soul of wit, and therefore he would leave the toast with them.

Dr. S. Johnson, in responding, said that although he was not proposing the toast, he could say from experience, putting aside the honorary secretary, that the Athenæum had been blessed with a most indefatigable council. From his experience of other societies he could say that the attendance of the members at the council meetings was very much in excess of the usual average, and they who had the more executive duties to discharge had great reason to be thankful to the council for doing so much. Four years ago the Athenæum started very well, but there were many who predicted that it could not last. They seemed to think that the character of the Richmond people was such that they would not keep up for long their sympathy with any new movement. They were very proud that night to see such an assembly. That was in itself an answer to those who said that the Athenæum could not exist for more than a year or two. Not only had the council been most indefatigable, but it was most representative. He was almost sorry that he had been unable to lay before them all copies of the rules, programme, and list of officers, so that they might see the various sections, professions, and classes of life represented. They had on the council the church in several sections—that was the wide liberal church that the Athenæum respected—besides law, the magistracy,

science, medicine, and he did not know what they might not have besides. And some of these were not only represented but personated. The Church was at the head of the Athenæum (laughter), and they had royalty—or should they call it regality?—about them, for there was the King (laughter). The Athenæum professed not to be very political, though they did not encourage it—they neither encouraged nor discouraged. As Kings were non-political it was well to have one amongst them. Dryden said—

Thoughts of kings are like religious groves—
The walks of muffled gods.

In the Athenæum they had that neutrality in politics possessed by one at least of their members, as prophesied by Dryden long ago. It struck him that there was something reminding them of Chaucer and his pilgrimages in some of the pilgrimages they took in search of flowers, and stones, and halves of brickbats, and so on. Although their pilgrimages were not to the tomb of Thomas A'Beckett, those who took part in them sometimes included a Cook, a Miller, a clerk of Oxford, and—although not a member of the council—there was the Dyer. As representing the ladies, in the pilgrimages of old, there was the Nun, and in the Athenæum the ladies were represented in the same way, for on the council they had *none* (laughter). Something had been said about an insufficiency of speaking power in the body of the hall at their meetings. He could assure them that it was the wish of the whole of the council that the speaking should be from the body of the hall more than it was. Frequently the meeting had waited impatiently for someone to speak, and then it was that a member of the council had been obliged unwillingly to step in. Therefore they were not to be blamed for speaking so frequently, but rather to be thanked that when there were difficulties they rushed in where others feared to tread (applause).

The Rev. Astley Cooper proposed "The Ladies." He said that although the toast which had been entrusted to him had been preceded by several of great importance and interest, illustrated by speeches from those famous in literature, art, and science, yet he claimed for his toast a place not second to any of the others. Indeed if he were of an imperious and exacting nature, he might claim for it a prior place, a place entirely by itself. He was afraid, however, that if he were to put forward that ambitious claim, in the few minutes allowed for an after-dinner speech, he would not be able to establish it, partly because of the greatness and magnificence of

the subject, and partly because he was one of those unhappy speakers who could do but little unless they found that they had plenty of time to play with. He generally required ten minutes to wriggle into his subject, another ten minutes to warm to the collar, and another ten minutes to go on as he could, and then they got what they got (laughter). If that toast had been given to him to propose when he was a young man, he should have felt it desirable to get in touch and sympathy with those most concerned in it by paying them a series of compliments. He would have praised their bright eyes, the dimples on their chins, their fair white brows, their glorious tresses, and their most elegant forms; but, alas, he was no longer a young man. Youth and he had long since parted company, and with that parting had gone that elasticity of spirit, that nimbleness of wit, that playfulness of fancy, and that lightness of hand so characteristic of youth. It did not become a man who had passed the meridian of life to say things that would be becoming in a boy just passed out of his teens, and so instead of founding his toast on the physical beauties of the ladies, he would found it on a much higher theme than that (hear, hear). He commended his toast to them on the ground of their moral power (applause). The moral power of woman—and they would excuse him for introducing the old-fashioned term, for the modern term of “ladies” referred only to a class—the moral power of women was unparalleled. Men had nothing like it. They were the founders of the home, and what the homes were the nation was. Pure and good women made pure and good men. Many had been their triumphs in the past, and he hoped many would be their triumphs in the future in the direction of virtue and honour. Napoleon was once talking to a lady on the social condition of this country, and he asked what needed most mending. The reply was, “The women.” He then said that if he had the making of the women of France, he would have the finest soldiers in the world. That, he thought, was a high compliment to the women of France from a military point of view. The other day he was in company with a lady not far from that place, and they were talking on the subject of women’s rights. He was afraid he was a little sarcastic, for he did not altogether agree with the different nostrums which were put out about women’s rights. The lady quite agreed with him, and said when she heard one of her sex say that she had no influence in her home and over her husband and her children, she always said it was either that lady’s misfortune or her fault—her misfortune inasmuch as nature had not

endowed her with her full measure of womanly qualities, or her fault inasmuch as she did not use those qualities. He was aware while he was telling them those anecdotes that there was another which told in another direction. They might have heard of the village schoolmaster who was wont to say that the children of the village governed the village, and he proved his proposition in this way. He said the children governed the mothers, the mothers governed the fathers, and the fathers ostensibly governed the village; therefore, the children governed the village. That might be true or not, and it seemed dead against his theory of the moral power of women; but he took it that these children had moral power over their mothers because their mothers had imparted to them that power, and therefore the mothers had the power after all. The Rabbins were wont to say that man was originally created with a tail, but that the Creator cut it off, and made of the appendage a woman. He had no doubt that this was a fable, like many other things found in the Talmud. But the story had its moral, and was a kind of prediction, for in the course of the natural and moral evolution of ages woman, who was considered and treated as the inferior of man, had become his head, his guide, and his chief (laughter). He was delighted to be the ladies' champion, for, from his point of view, he was throwing himself on the side of the strong, yea, on the side of the mighty (laughter and cheers). Many and great as had been their triumphs in virtue and truth, might they be as great in the future, for he was afraid, looking round on the manhood of England, that the manhood of England wanted a tonic of a moral character. The manhood of England seemed to be getting very flabby. They thought flabbily, and they expressed themselves flabbily. They wanted the tonic which women could give, and that would improve them. One word more. They were in the Athenæum very much indebted to the ladies. It had been said that the churches of to-day were principally filled with bonnets, and that the bare heads and bald pates were conspicuous by their absence. He would not dispute that or argue the question one way or the other, except to say if that were the case, all honour to the bonnets, and more shame to the bare heads and the shining pates. But this he would say, with regard to the Athenæum, that they were wonderfully encouraged and helped by the presence of the ladies (applause); not simply by their presence and the sight of their bright eyes, but by that cheery tapping of their elegant feet which encouraged the poor speakers when they got up to stammer

out something. He had been speaking of the moral power of the ladies, and he wished they would exert it in bringing more gentlemen into their midst. He hoped those who were fortunate enough to possess husbands would tell them that it was more profitable to come to the Athenæum than to be lounging in their clubs or snoozing in their chairs, and that if they went to the Athenæum they would have a chance of improving their minds. Sisters might advise their brothers to come to the Athenæum and improve their minds, or what they were pleased to call their minds, by a course of Athenæum instruction, and those who had sweethearts might assure them that they would be nothing more than sweethearts until they, too, had been through a course of that instruction. If they would only tell them that, he was sure that would fetch them (laughter). He counted it an extreme honour to be permitted to propose the toast of the ladies, and he did it with great heartiness (applause).

The Rev. J. Mauchlen, whose name was coupled with the toast, said the honour of responding for the ladies was one which any man might covet who had the gift of happy speech as well as an intimate acquaintance with their thoughts and feelings, but when that honour was conferred on one like himself, who possessed neither qualification, he thought it was wrongly bestowed. Therefore, while he said a few words on their behalf, he begged the ladies to bear him up in their sympathies and inspire him with some of that subtle influence which had on many occasions inspired men to great deeds and words of eloquence. Although he spoke with the tongue of an angel, he would fail to do justice to the occasion. It was very difficult for men to understand the aspirations of woman, and it was difficult, therefore, for those who had to respond for them to gather up their thoughts and feelings when they were mentioned as they had been on that occasion—so difficult that they generally confined themselves to some sparkling nonsense or insincere flattery. That was an abuse of a privilege which would be swept away if the ladies would take it into their own hands and respond for themselves. They could do it well if they would, and tell them their own ideas of the purposes of the Athenæum. In proof of that he need only call to their minds the speech of the gifted lady who responded to that toast at the dinner in connection with a kindred institution, the Free Library. He had inquired of some ladies what should be the nature of his remarks on that occasion. He did not gain much information, but was sure he was expressing a general feeling among them when he

said that without proclaiming themselves self-dependent, they considered that they should

Leave her space to burgeon out of all
 Within her—let her make herself her own
 To give or keep, to live and learn and be
 All that not harms distinctive womanhood.

They did not consider woman, nor did she consider herself to be an undeveloped man; but they should grow like each other—he in “sweetness and in moral height,” she in “mental breadth” and “larger mind.” Such an institution as the Athenæum was the sure road to this statelier Eden which was to be. They had been good enough to recognise in the toast that

The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink
 Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free.

The ladies reciprocated that sentiment, and on their behalf he thanked them for the kind way in which the toast had been received (applause).

The Rev. G. S. Ingram said that although his toast was the last, he did not consider it the least. It was a toast which he had great pleasure in proposing, and he was sure it would be most cordially received by every person in the room. It was a toast which had to do a kind of double duty. It was the health of the gentleman who was in one sense a pluralist, for he was the chairman of the present assembly and the president of the Athenæum (applause). He was well known and highly esteemed in the scientific world for his high attainments. His presidency of the Athenæum had largely contributed to give that institution a tone and character which he was sure they were desirous it should possess and maintain. Its influence in the town was quiet and silent, like the action of sunlight on the earth, but it was none the less fruitful intellectually and socially. The fact of its affording them an opportunity of coming together at stated times, and in a free, frank, and friendly way exchanging thoughts and opinions on various subjects of interest could not fail to promote good feeling and neighbourliness in the community. Professor Church's connection with the Athenæum had been of great benefit to it, and when they considered the many professional engagements he had they felt all the more indebted to him for so frequently presiding over their meetings. Whether it were a lecture that he kindly gave them or remarks that he made on some subject under discussion, he always interested and instructed them, for he appeared to be as much at home in the province of poetry and general literature as he was in the domain of science.

His presidency had been a powerful factor in helping the Athenæum to its success and to its present position amongst the institutions of the town. Therefore, he had great pleasure in proposing the toast of "The Chairman" (applause).

The Chairman, who was heartily received, said he rose, he was afraid for the fourth time, and he was afraid he must for the second time use words which would have reference mainly to himself. Anything he could do without trespassing on work which demanded his first attention was always at the service of the Athenæum. He must repeat the fact that the credit of carrying on the institution, as that of its first foundation, was in no wise due to him. It really originated, as he had hoped would have been stated earlier in the evening, in a leading article which was inserted in the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*, from the pen, he believed, of Mr. King, and headed "A Parliament of Brains," which appeared in the paper on the 1st of October, 1881. In the next issue of that paper, on the 8th of October, letters appeared in support of the suggestion of the article, that a literary and scientific discussion society should be formed, from Mr. G. Phillips Bevan, J.P., Rev. Astley Cooper, Rev. J. Mauchlen, Mr. J. R. Jackson, Rev. G. S. Ingram, Dr. S. Johnson, Mr. Arthur Brewin, Mr. J. Maxwell, and others. The discussion was continued in the columns of the paper from week to week until November 1st, when a public meeting decided to establish the Athenæum, and appointed a committee to prepare the rules, &c. That committee reported at another meeting, at which the rules were adopted and the officers selected. A considerable number of members were soon enrolled, and the first paper was read on the 9th of January, 1882. It was really to the gentlemen he had named, and others who had served on the council or as vice-presidents and in other offices, that the success of the institution, which had been great in the past, as he hoped it would be in the future, was due. There were two other points to which he wished to refer. The first was that they really were indebted for a great part of their pleasure that evening to the part songs so kindly volunteered by Messrs. Munro, Chapman, Bull, and Steward. He was sure the members of the Athenæum would desire him to convey to those gentlemen their best thanks for the exquisite additions they had made to the entertainment of the evening (applause). He would like also to state that that day was the seventieth birthday of the gentleman who had so kindly proposed his health, and he was sure they would wish him to

convey to Mr. Ingram their best wishes and congratulations, and to express their hope that his useful, and, he believed, extremely valuable and happy life in their midst, would be prolonged, with continued health and continued prosperity, for many years to come (loud applause).

The proceedings then terminated.



Rules of the Athenæum.

- 1.—That the name of the Society be the “Richmond Athenæum.”
- 2.—That the purpose of the Society be the consideration of literary, scientific, social, political, and kindred subjects.
- 3.—That the affairs of the Society be managed by a council, consisting of twenty ordinary members, together with the president, vice-presidents, treasurer, and secretary, who shall be *ex-officio* members of such council.
- 4.—That at all the meetings of the council five shall form a quorum.
- 5.—That the members of the council and other officers of the Society shall vacate office at the annual general meeting, to be held in October of each year, and shall be eligible for re-election, with the exception of the President, who shall not hold office for two consecutive years.
- 6.—That the annual subscription be 6s., payable in advance in October of each year, and that the name of no member who shall be in arrear for twelve months remain on the books.
- 7.—Candidates for admission as members must be proposed in writing by not less than two members of the Society, and on such proposal being approved by the council, and on payment of the annual subscription, shall become members of the Society. That ladies be admitted to the full privileges of membership.
- 8.—That the council shall have power to remove any member from the Society, upon receiving a requisition to that effect, with the reasons stated, signed by not less than twenty members of the Society.
- 9.—That the subject of each paper for discussion be first submitted to and approved by the council.
- 10.—That the time allowed to the reader of a paper or opening speaker be half an hour, and to succeeding speakers ten minutes, the opener to have ten minutes to reply at the conclusion of the discussion.
- 11.—That by the special vote of any meeting, the reader of a paper or opening speaker be permitted such extension of time as the said meeting shall determine.
- 12.—That each member be privileged to introduce two friends at the ordinary meetings of the Society on the presentation of visitors' tickets.
- 13.—That only members be eligible to take part in any discussion, except by the special permission of the chairman of the meeting.
- 14.—That a special general meeting may at any time be called by the council, fourteen days' notice of the same being given; and also that it shall be imperative upon the council to call such special general meeting on a requisition to the secretary, specifying the object of such meeting, and signed by not less than twenty members.
- 15.—That the treasurer shall receive all subscriptions and other monies due to the Society, and apply such monies to the discharge of its liabilities.
- 16.—That the accounts of the Society be audited annually by auditors to be appointed at the annual general meeting.
- 17.—That at each annual general meeting a detailed account of the receipts and expenditure shall be presented, such account being made up to the 30th September, and previously audited by the auditors.
- 18.—That no rule of the Society be altered, except at a special general meeting, notice of which must be given in accordance with Rule 14.

The Richmond Athenæum

BOOK ADVERTISER.

HENRY SOTHERAN AND Co.,

Second-Hand Booksellers,

AND

Publishers of **G**ould's **O**rnithological **W**orks.

BOOK-BUYERS AND LIBRARIES AT HOME AND ABROAD SUPPLIED
ON THE BEST TERMS.

A Monthly Catalogue issued. A General Catalogue, price 3s. 6d.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

LIBRARIES PURCHASED FOR CASH.

136, STRAND, W.C. ; 36, PICCADILLY, W., LONDON.

DICKENS'S DICTIONARIES, 1886.

18mo, Paper Covers, 1s each ; Cloth, 1s. 6d. each.
Dictionary of London. | Dictionary of Paris. | Dictionary of the Thames.
Dickens's Dictionaries of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.
18mo, 1s. each ; or together in One Vol., Cloth, 2s. 6d.
Dickens's Continental A B C Railway Guide. Monthly, 1s.

MISS C. M. YONGE'S NOVELS & TALES, 6s. each.

The Heir of Redclyffe—Heartsease—Hopes and Fears—The Daisy Chain—Pillars of the House. two vols.—The Clever Woman of the Family—Dynevor Terrace—The Young Stepmother—The Trial—My Young Alcides—The Three Brides—The Caged Lion—The Dove in the Eagle's Nest—Love and Life—The Chaplet of Pearls—Lady Hester and the Danvers Papers—Magnum Bonum—Unknown to History—Stray Pearls—The Armourer's 'Prentices.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S NOVELS, Crown 8vo., 6s. each.

Westward Ho !	Hypatia	Alton Locke.
Hereward the Wake.	Two Years Ago.	Yeast.

Now publishing, in Crown 8vo, price 2s. 6d. Also in stiff boards, uncut edges, 2s. 6d.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS, Edited by John Morley.

Johnson. By LESLIE STEPHEN.	Byron. By JOHN NICHOL.	Milton. By MARK PATTISON
Scott. By R. H. HUTTON.	Cowper. By GOLDWIN SMITH.	Hawthorne. By HY. JAMES.
Gibbon. By J. C. MORISON.	Locke. By THOMAS FOWLER.	Southey By Prof DOWDEN.
Shelley. By J. A. SYMONDS.	Wordsworth By F. W. H.	Chaucer. By Prof. A. W. WARD.
Hume. By T. H. HUXLEY, F. R. S.	MYERS.	Gray By EDMUND GOSSE.
Goldsmith. By W. M. BLACK.	Dryden. By GEORGE SAINTS-	Swift. By LESLIE STEPHEN.
Defoe By W. MINTO.	BURY.	Sterne. By H. D. TRAILL.
Burns. By Principal SHAIRP.	Landor. By SIDNEY COLVIN.	Fielding By AUSTIN DOBSON.
Spenser. By THE DEAN OF ST.	Charles Lamb. By Rev. A.	Sheridan. By Mrs. OLIPHANT.
PAUL'S.	AINGER.	Addison. By W. J. COURT-
Thackeray By A. TROLLOPE.	Bentley. By Prof. R. C. JEBB.	HOPE.
Burke. By JOHN MORLEY.	Dickens. By Prof. A. W. WARD.	Bacon. By the DEAN of ST.
Bunyan By J. A. FROUDE.	De Quincey. By Prof. MASSON.	PAUL'S
Pope. By LESLIE STEPHEN	Macaulay. By J. C. MORISON.	Coleridge. By H. D. TRAILL.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

Dictionaries Published by Cassell and Company.

"Messrs. CASSELL and COMPANY have added to their long series of Dictionaries, which will soon furnish condensed information de omni re scibili, a 'Dictionary of English History.'"—SATURDAY REVIEW.

THE DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH HISTORY.—A Record of the Doings of the English Nation at Home and Abroad. 21s.; roxburgh, 25s.

"No one can doubt that a dictionary of English History, well compiled well edited, and written with authority, is calculated to supply a real want in the present day. So far as we have examined it, the present volume adequately fulfils these conditions."—*Times*.

"This book will really be a great boon to everyone who makes a study of English History."—*Athenæum*.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIC DICTIONARY.—A New and Original Work of Reference to all the Words in the English Language, with a Full Account of their Origin, Meaning, Pronunciation, and Use. Nine Divisional Volumes now ready, price 10s. 6d. each; or in Double Volumes, half-morocco, 21s. each. * * * Also now being issued in MONTHLY PARTS, price 1s.

"The great enterprise of Messrs. Cassell deserves to enjoy a full measure of public favour, as the general design is judicious, the arrangement systematic, and the execution of the work extremely creditable to the editor and all others concerned. The peculiar excellences of the dictionaries of Webster, Ogilvie, and Richardson are each and all surpassed. . . . The illustrations are executed with clearness and precision, many of them possessing much artistic merit. . . . It is not our custom to refer to the price of books, but in this case the cheapness of such an excellent publication is one of the most notable points about it."—*Athenæum*.

DICTIONARY OF PHRASE AND FABLE.—Giving the Derivation, Source, or origin of Common Phrases, Allusions, and Words that have a Tale to Tell. By the Rev. Dr. BREWER. *Sixteenth Edition.* Cloth, 3s. 6d., or in superior binding, with leather back, 4s. 6d.

"Singular copiousness and minuteness of detail will be found in this treasury of derivations or origins of common phrases, allusions, and 'words that have a tale to tell.'"—*Illustrated London News*.

DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.—Being a Comprehensive Guide to English Authors and their Works. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. *New and Cheap Edition,* 7s. 6d.; roxburgh, 10s. 6d.

"This book contains a short and condensed biographical index of the chief writers in the English language, whether of poetry or prose, their works being in all cases regarded as the material of such notices; to this is added, or rather with this is interwoven, a list of their principal writings. Another element of usefulness in the work is the list of most familiar quotations, well-known expressions, and first lines of the most important poems."—*Times*.

THE PRACTICAL DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS.—Containing about 20,000 Drawings of Machinery, Instruments, and Tools, with Comprehensive and Technical Description of every subject. *Complete in Four Volumes,* cloth, 21s. each; or in half-morocco or Persian morocco, £5 the set.

CASSELL'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.—With nearly 600 Illustrations. Crown 4to. Cloth, 7s. 6d.; roxburgh, 10s. 6d.

CASSELL'S FRENCH DICTIONARY (French-English and English-French). *Entirely New and Enlarged Edition, being the 20th Thousand.* Extra crown 8vo, 1,150 pages, cloth, 3s. 6d.; in superior binding, with leather back, 4s. 6d.

"The cheapest, the most complete and extensive, the only thoroughly accurate book of the kind in this country."—*Record*.

CASSELL'S GERMAN DICTIONARY (German-English and English-German Pronouncing). 3s. 6d.

CASSELL'S LATIN DICTIONARY (Latin-English and English-Latin). 3s. 6d.

A CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE, giving particulars of about ONE THOUSAND VOLUMES published by Messrs. CASSELL AND COMPANY, ranging in price from Threepence to Twenty-five Guineas, will be sent on request *post free to any address.*

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co.'s New Books.

LIFE AND SOCIETY IN EASTERN EUROPE. By WILLIAM JAMES TUCKER, an English Linguist. Demy 8vo, Cloth, 15s.

THE GREEK ISLANDS AND TURKEY AFTER THE WAR. By Dr. HENRY M. FIELD, author of "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," &c., 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.

EL MAGHREB: 1,200 Miles' Ride through Morocco. By HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD. With Map. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 8s. 6d.

THE NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "RUDDER GRANGE," &c.

THE LATE MRS. NULL. By FRANK R. STOCKTON, author of "Rudder Grange," &c. 1 vol., crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. (Copyright in Great Britain.)

"A Story full of good entertainment.—*St James' Gazette.*

UPLAND AND MEADOW: a Poetquissings Chronicle. By CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D., author of "Primitive Industry," &c., 12mo, cloth, 10s. 6d.

THE ROYAL JUBILEES OF ENGLAND. With Introductory Sketches of the Mosaic and Roman Jubilees, and a Narrative of the Reign of Egbert, First King of England. By WILLIAM ELLIS. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

BURMAH AFTER THE CONQUEST. By GRATTAN GEARY, author of "Through Asiatic Turkey." Crown 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

TO READERS OF MAGAZINES.

A New Serial Story,

By the Author of "Lorna Doone," with Illustrations by Fred. Barnard and Alfred Parsons,

And a New Serial Story,

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Commenced in the April Number of

Harper's Monthly Magazine. Price 1s.

Each Number has 160 Royal 8vo. pages, and contains about 66 finely-executed wood engravings.

LONDON: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street, E.C.

WILLIAM CLOWES & SONS, Limited,

Law Publishers and Booksellers.

Now ready, 2 vols., demy 8vo, price 32s.

THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION. By Dr. RUDOLPH GNAPST, Professor of Law in the University of Berlin. Translated by PHILIP A. ASHWORTH, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

Now ready, Ninth Edition, post 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

THE STUDENT'S BLACKSTONE.—Being the Commentaries of the Laws of England of Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, Knight. Abridged and Adapted to the Present State of the Law. By R. M. N. KERR, M.A., Oxon, Barrister-at-Law.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

THE INSTITUTES OF JUSTINIAN, illustrated by English Law. Intended chiefly for Students at the Universities and Inns of Court. By JAMES WILLIAMS, B.C.L., M.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

* * * In this work the Institutes are, as far as possible, compared paragraph by paragraph with English Law upon the same subjects.

Just published, demy 8vo, cloth, price 15s.

SALVAGE, TOWAGE, AND PILOTAGE (The Law of). By HARRY NEWSON, Esq., LL.B., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "A Digest of the Law of Shipping and Marine Insurance."

Just published, royal 8vo, calf, £1 11s. 6d. net.

ADMIRALTY CASES, 1648-1840.—Reports of Cases determined by the High Court of Admiralty and upon Appeal therefrom. Temp. Sir Thomas Salusbury and Sir George Hay, Judges, 1758-1774. By Sir WILLIAM BURRELL, Bart., LL.D., M.P., &c. Together with Extracts from the Books and Records of the High Court of Admiralty and the Courts of the Judges Delegates, 1584-1839, and a collection of Cases and Opinions upon Admiralty Matters, 1701-1781. Edited by REGINALD C. MARSDEN, of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 17s. 6d.

EMDEN'S PRACTICE IN WINDING UP COMPANIES.—A Concise and Practical Treatise upon the Law and Practice relating to the Winding up of Companies. With Forms, &c. By ALFRED EMDEN, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law.

"We have rarely met with a work . . . in which so much pains have been taken . . . to set forth the whole law and practice to which it relates"—*Law Times*.

Now ready, Second Edition, thoroughly revised, cloth, 30s.

THE LAW OF MONEY SECURITIES. In Four Books.—I. Personal Securities; II. Securities on Property; III. Money Market and Stock Exchange Securities; IV. Miscellaneous. With an Appendix. By C. CAVANAGH, B.A., LL.B. (Lond.)

"An admirable synopsis of the whole law and practice with regard to securities of every sort."—*Saturday Review*.

Just published, crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS and SUGGESTIONS to YOUNG SOLICITORS and ARTICLED and other CLERKS in Matters of Daily Practice especially in Country Offices. By H. MOORE, Esq., Author of "Practical Forms of Agreement," "Instructions for preparing Abstracts of Title," &c.

Just published, demy 8vo, cloth, 20s.

PRINCIPLES of the LAW of TORTS. By F. T. PIGGOTT, Author of "Foreign Judgments and Parties out of the Jurisdiction."

Demy 8vo, 930 pages, cloth, 32s.

THE LAW and PRACTICE of COMPENSATION, for Taking or Injuriouly Affecting Lands under the Lands Clauses Consolidation Acts, 1845, 1860, and 1869, &c. With an Introduction, Notes, and Forms. By SYDNEY WOOLF, of the Middle Temple, and JAMES W. MIDDLETON, of Lincoln's Inn, Esqrs., Barristers-at-Law.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 12s. 6d.

THE LAW of PRIVATE ARRANGEMENTS between DEBTORS and CREDITORS. With Precedents of Assignments and Composition Deeds. By REGINALD WINSLOW, M.A., LL.B., of Caius College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.

Demy 8vo, cloth, 20s.

PRACTICAL FORMS OF AGREEMENTS relating to Sales and Purchases, Mortgages, and Deposits, Emfranchisements and Exchanges, Building and Arbitrations, Letting and Renting, Hiring and Service, Debtors and Creditors, and numerous other subjects; with a variety of useful Notes. By H. MOORE, Esq., Author of "Instructions for Preparing Abstracts of Title," "The Country Attorney's Pocket Remembrancer," and formerly Editor of "The Lawyer's Companion."

LONDON: WM. CLOWES & SONS, LIMITED, 27, FLEET STREET.

LONDON LIBRARY,

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE, S.W.

President—Lord TENNYSON.

Vice-Presidents—The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

His Grace the Lord ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

Sir HENRY BARKLY, K.C.B., E. H. BUNBURY, Esq.

Trustees—EARL OF CARNARVON, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P., EARL OF ROSEBERRY.

Committee—

Sir F. W. BURTON.
AUSTIN DOBSON, Esq.
H. W. FREELAND, Esq.
SYDNEY GEDGE, Esq.
EDMUND GOSSE, Esq.
F. HARRISON, Esq.
Professor HUXLEY.
C. M. KENNEDY, Esq., C.B.

D. C. LATHBURY, Esq.
A. LANG, Esq.
Rev. STANLEY LEATHES, D.D.
W. WATKISS LLOYD, Esq.
H. MAXWELL LYTE, Esq.
ST. GEORGE MIVART, Esq.
JAMES COTTERMORISON, Esq.
Professor HENRY MORLEY.

Dr. MUNK.
EDWARD PEACOCK, Esq.
F. POLLOCK, Esq.
Rev. Dr. RIGG.
G. J. ROMANES, Esq.
HERBERT SPENCER, Esq.
LESLIE STEPHEN, Esq.
DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

The Library contains 100,000 Volumes of Ancient and Modern Literature, in various Languages. Subscriptions, £3 a year without Entrance Fee; or £2, with Entrance Fee of £6; Life Membership, £25. Fifteen Volumes are allowed to Country and Ten to Town Members. Reading Room open from Ten to Half-past Six. Catalogue Supplement, 1875-80, price 5s.; to Members, 4s. *Prospectus on application.*

ROBERT HARRISON, *Secretary and Librarian.*

TO LIBRARIANS AND BOOK BUYERS.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, Publishers and Booksellers, of New York,

HAVE the pleasure of announcing to Librarians and Booksellers throughout the United Kingdom that through their London Branch Office, No. 27, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C., they are now prepared to carry out, on the most favourable terms, orders for their own Standard Publications and all American Books and Periodicals. The attention of Book Buyers is invited to the following Bibliographical issues:—

BEST READING (THE).—A Classified Bibliography for Easy Reference.

With hints on the Selection of Books, the Formation of Libraries, on Courses of Reading, &c. Fifteenth edition, entirely re-written, and brought down to August, 1876, with the addition of priced lists of the best books in French, German, Spanish, and Italian Literature. Edited by F. B. PERKINS. Octavo, cloth extra, 6s.

Same, Second Series, comprising the publications for the five years ending December 31, 1881. Edited by LYND E. JONES. Octavo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

HINTS FOR HOME READING.—A series of papers by EDWARD EVERETT

HALE, F. B. PERKINS, H. W. BECHER, CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, JOSEPH COOK, LYMAN ABBOTT, M. J. SWEETSER, CYRUS HAMLIN, H. W. MABLE, and others. Edited by LYMAN ABBOTT; together with a new edition of "Suggestions for Libraries," with first, second, and third lists of 500, 500, and 1,000 volumes, recommended as the most important and desirable; forming Volume XVIII in Putnam's Handy-Book Series. 16mo, boards, 3s.; cloth extra, 3s. 6d.

BOOK LOVER.—A Guide to the Best Reading. By JAMES BALDWIN, Ph. D. Fourth Edition, 12mo, cloth gilt, 6s.

LITERARY NEWS.—A Monthly Bulletin of Current Literature, 1s. per annum, post free.

Catalogues sent upon application.

MONTHLY, THREEPENCE.

THE NEW PICTORIAL REVIEW,

3d.] “Illustrations,” [3d.

Edited by FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH,

Author of “The Fern Portfolio,” “Where to Find Ferns,” “Burnham Beeches,” &c.

“ILLUSTRATIONS” comprises Amusement, Art, Biography, Economy, Invention, Literature, Science, and Everything that concerns the Business and Pleasure of Life.

“ILLUSTRATIONS” was commenced in February, 1886.

“ILLUSTRATIONS” has Engravings on nearly every Page. The first Yearly Volume will probably contain over 600, and will include contributions from R. D. BLACKMORE, Author of “Lorna Doone,” &c ; F. E. HULME, Author of “Familiar Wild Flowers;” GEORGE HALSE; WALTER WINANS; FREDERICK GOLDEN SHORT; R. A. MARSTON, Editor of “The Fishing Gazette;” THE EDITOR; and other Artists and Writers.

London :

WELLS, GARDNER, DARTON, & CO., 2, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWSAGENTS.

JOHN SALKELD,

English & Foreign Second-hand Bookseller,

314, CLAPHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.,

HAS always on hand a Large Number of TRACTS, PAMPHLETS, &c., on Special Subjects, as well as Many Thousands of Books for Sale at Reasonable Prices.

CATALOGUES OF NEW PURCHASES ISSUED MONTHLY.

No. 234 READY IN JUNE.

Libraries and Small Collections of Books or Engravings Purchased for Cash.

“*THE RICHMOND AND TWICKENHAM TIMES*” (Founded May, 1873,) is the only Newspaper of an independent policy printed in Richmond. Originally started as a weekly partly printed sheet of 40 small columns, it has now, for many years, been wholly devoted to Local News, and contains 48 long Columns in its Saturday issue, and 24 in its Mid-Weekly Edition. It is sold by 79 Newsagents, and circulates over an area containing a population of 150,000 persons. Every Saturday; Price One Penny.

“*THE THAMES VALLEY TIMES*” is the Mid-Weekly Edition of the above Newspaper, and is published at One Halfpenny, on Wednesday Afternoons, at Three o'clock. Its Second Edition contains all Wednesday's Local News up to the moment of going to press. A Special Edition is also printed for the Brentford District. “*The Thames Valley Times*” circulates in Richmond, Kingston, Surbiton, Norbiton, Twickenham, Brentford, Hounslow, Chiswick (Turnham Green, Bedford Park, and Gunnersbury), Mortlake, Barnes, Kew, Petersham, Ham, Isleworth, Teddington, &c. Sold by 79 Newsagents. Chief Office:—14, King Street, Richmond, Surrey.

“*THE RICHMOND DISTRICT DIRECTORY*” is published annually about the end of March. It is a well printed volume, and is sold by all the Local Booksellers and Newsagents; price 1s. 6d. It always contains one, or more, Portraits of Local interest, and usually a Map relating to the neighbourhood. Besides being a Directory for Richmond, Twickenham, St. Margaret's, Kew, Mortlake, East Sheen, Petersham, and Ham, it contains a mass of other Local Reference Matter, including facts relating to Brentford, Isleworth, Hounslow, Chiswick, Teddington, and the Thames. Neatly bound in cloth, gilt top, price 1s. 6d. Publishing Office:—14, King Street, Richmond.

THE “TIMES” STEAM PRINTING WORKS is not the Office to go to if you want Bad Printing, dear at any price. But if Good Work, Punctuality, and Moderate Prices are desired, it will be convenient to note the address. Special attention given to Book and Pamphlet Work, and every kind of Printing requiring extra care in its production. This volume was printed at the “*Times*” Steam Printing Works, 14, King Street, Richmond.

“AVAUNT, PERPLEXITY!”—*Shakespeare.*

Now ready, price 3s. 6d., 580 pp., strongly bound in cloth,

Hazell's Annual Cyclopædia, 1886.

Containing about Two Thousand Concise and Explanatory Articles on Every Topic of Current Political, Social, and General Interest.

REVISED TO MARCH 31st, 1886.

Edited by E. D. PRICE, F.G.S., assisted by leading Specialists in each Department.

It is intended that this New Annual shall provide the latest information on such subjects as are now, or are likely soon to be in the minds of the public, thus forming a Companion to the Newspaper and a Guide to the Current Topics of Conversation.

LONDON: HAZELL, WATSON & VINEY, LIMITED, 52, Long Acre;
HODDER & STOUGHTON 27, Paternoster Row; and of any Bookseller.

THE BEST GARDENING PAPER FOR AMATEURS.

The Gardening World.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY, PRICE ONE PENNY.

EVERY number of THE GARDENING WORLD contains well written and instructive articles, by the best practical gardeners of the day, on the Cultivation of Fruits, Flowers, and Vegetables; seasonable hints on the Current Work of the Garden; a specially written Calendar of Garden Operations for Amateurs; instructions for the management of Orchids; cultural notes and comments on Florists' Flowers; all the Horticultural News of the Week; reports of leading Horticultural Societies' Exhibitions; and the Trade Advertisements of the leading Nurserymen and Seedsmen.

The Paper can be obtained from all Booksellers and Newsagents, and from all Railway Bookstalls; or Post Free from the Office for 6s. 6d. per annum, prepaid.

B. WYNNE, 17, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

BOOKS ILLUSTRATED WITH ETCHINGS.

"In the production of books of this particular class Messrs. SEELEY have no rivals."—
GUARDIAN.

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

WINDSOR. By the Rev. W. J. LOFTIE. With Twelve Plates and numerous Vignettes. Imperial 4to, cloth, gilt edges, 21s.

. Also a Large-paper Edition, with Proof of the Plates, £4 4s.

"Among the many beautiful illustrated works which have been originally published in the Portfolio this will rank, both for its texts and etchings, as one of the best."—*Saturday Review*.

ISIS AND THAMESIS: Hours on the River from Oxford to Henley. By Professor A. J. CHURCH. With Etchings and Vignettes, 6s.

. Also a Large-paper Edition, with proof of the Plates, £2 2s.

"These pages will be enjoyed alike by the artist, angler, and 'Varsity man.'"—*Graphic*.

PARIS in OLD and PRESENT TIMES; with especial reference to Changes in its Architecture and Topography. By P. G. HAMERTON. With Twelve Etchings and numerous Vignettes. Cloth, gilt edges, price £1 1s. Large Paper Copies, vellum, price, £4 4s.

"Mr. Hamerton writes of Paris as if he loved and admired it. . . . There is not a dull or tedious paragraph in the volume. The illustrations are . . . all of the best."—*Saturday Review*.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, from the Earliest Times to the Death of Shakespeare. By SIDNEY L. LEP. With Fourteen Copper Plates and Thirty Vignettes, by E. Hull. Cloth, gilt edges, price £1 1s. Large Paper covers, vellum, price £4 4s.

"Containing good sketches of urban and suburban life during the period. The illustrations are firmly drawn, clear and good. On the whole the book is excellent."—*Athenæum*.

ETCHINGS in BELGIUM. Thirty Plates. By ERNEST GEORGE. New Edition. On hand-made paper, imp. 4to, price, £1 1s.

"A book to be loved and prized by all to whom art is dear."—*Standard*.

OXFORD. Chapters by A. LANG. With Ten Etchings by A. Brunet-Debaines, A. Toussaint, and R. Kent Thomas, and several Vignettes. Price £1 1s.

"Told in Mr. Lang's best style, and beautifully illustrated."—*Literary Churchman*.

CAMBRIDGE. By J. W. CLARK, M.A. With Twelve Etchings and numerous Vignettes by A. Brunet-Debaines and H. Toussaint. Price £1 1s.

LONDON: SEELEY & CO., Essex Street, Strand; and all Booksellers.

COUNTY MAPS.

Just Published; size, 2 feet 11 inches by 4 feet 6 inches; Mounted on Rollers and Varnished, or to Fold in Cloth Case, 15s.

PHILIPS' NEW MAP OF THE COUNTY OF SURREY, shewing clearly the Parliamentary Boroughs and Parishes; Parks, Roads, Rivers; and the Railways, brought down to the present date, with their Stations distinctly marked. Carefully reduced from the Six-inch Ordnance Survey to the Scale of One Inch to One Mile. By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S.

PHILIPS' NEW MAP OF MIDDLESEX, including large portions of Surrey, Kent, Essex, &c. Shewing clearly the Parliamentary Boroughs, Hundreds, and Parishes; Principal Streets in London; Parks, Roads, Rivers; and the Railways, brought down to the present date, with their Stations distinctly marked. Carefully reduced from the Six-inch Ordnance Survey to the Scale of Two Inches to One Mile. By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, F.R.G.S. Size, 5 feet 8 inches by 4 feet 6 inches.

Dissected on Cloth and in Case, £1 1s.; Mounted on Mahogany Rollers and Varnished, £1 6s.

THE CYCLISTS' MAP OF THE COUNTRY ROUND LONDON, shewing the Main Roads leading to St. Albans, Chelmsford, Maidstone, Reigate, Guildford, Windsor, &c., distinctly coloured. Reduced from the Ordnance Survey. Scale—Half-inch to a Mile.

Folded in Case, 1s.; Mounted on Cloth and in Case, 2s. 6d.

PHILIPS' CYCLISTS' MAPS OF THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, shewing all the Main Roads distinctly coloured, Dangerous Hills, &c. Reduced from the Ordnance Survey.

Folded in Neat Cloth Case, 1s. each; Mounted on Cloth and in Case, 2s. each.

LONDON: GEORGE PHILIP & SON, 32, FLEET STREET.

The Only Popular Literary Journal.

THE

LITERARY WORLD

Choice Readings from the Best New Books and Critical Reviews.

Every Thursday. ONE PENNY.

(Now in its 17th Year.)

The best means of getting to know about all the new books. *The Literary World* aims at describing books and giving a taste of them, rather than merely criticising them.

May be obtained of all Booksellers, or from

JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, FLEET STREET, E.C.

NEW NOVELS BY MRS. BARR.

Fourth Edition now ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE,

By AMELIA E. BARR.

The Guardian says:—"It is a very beautiful story, and we cordially recommend it to our readers, old and young."

The Times says:—"It is a realistic and simple story."

The Spectator says:—"This is a story of very great merit, with its vivid pictures of scenery and life, and its powerful drawing of character."

The Bradford Observer says:—"Jan Vedder's Wife' is one of the most powerful stories, powerful in its purity and simplicity, that has appeared for some time."

The West Coast Journal says:—"There are very few to compare in high moral tone, purity of motive, and descriptive scenes with 'Jan Vedder's Wife.'"

Just ready. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

A DAUGHTER OF FIFE,

By AMELIA E. BARR.

The Leeds Mercury says:—"A more enjoyable story of Scottish life has not come from the press during recent years."

The Arbroath Herald says:—"We most cordially commend this beautiful Scotch story."

The West Coast Journal says:—"A beautiful well-told story . . . will amply repay perusal."

The Cambridge Congregational Magazine says:—"The author will, we believe, be one of the best-loved writers of our time."

A New Tale, by MRS. BARR, entitled:—

BETWEEN TWO LOVES,

Is now appearing in *The Christian World*.

Mrs. BARR says this is "the best and strongest story I have written."

LONDON: JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 & 14, FLEET STREET, E.C.

Now ready, in One Handsome Volume, demy 8vo, price 10s. 6d., cloth extra.

Acts of the Church, 1531-1885.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND HER OWN REFORMER,

AS TESTIFIED BY THE RECORDS OF HER CONVOCATIONS.

By JAMES WAYLAND JOYCE, M.A.,

Rector of Burford. Author of "England's Sacred Synods."

Crown 8vo, pp. 607, price 7s. 6d.

The Uncanonical and Apocryphal Scriptures,

Being the additions to the Old Testament Canon which were included in the Ancient Greek and Latin Versions; the English Text of the Authorised Version, together with the Additional matter found in the Vulgate and other Ancient Versions, Introductions to the several Books and Fragments, Marginal Notes and References, and a general Introduction to the Apocrypha.

By the Rev. W. R. CHURTON, B.D.,

Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, Canon of the Cathedral of St. Albans, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop.

Two Volumes, foolscap 8vo, cloth, with Map of Palestine, 6s.

The Gospel Story :

A PLAIN COMMENTARY ON THE FOUR HOLY GOSPELS.

Containing the Narrative of our Blessed Lord's Life and Ministry, in simple Language.

By the Rev. W. MITCHELL, M.A.

The Daily Round.

MEDITATION, PRAISE AND PRAYER.

ADAPTED TO THE COURSE OF THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

Neatly bound in cloth in various sizes ranging from a small Pocket Edition, price 3s., to a large type Edition, printed in large type, for the use of aged persons, price 10s. 6d.

The different Editions may also be had bound in leather, gilt edges.

Crown 8vo, cloth, 15 volumes, price 7s. each.

Lives of the Saints.

By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD, M.A.

MR. WHITTAKER is now preparing an ENTIRELY NEW EDITION, with about five hundred beautiful Illustrations.

The New Edition will form Seventeen Volumes, large crown 8vo, and will be issued in a handsome cloth binding.

LONDON : J. WHITTAKER, 12, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row, E.C.

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.,
LONDON, MARCH 1886.

JOHN C. NIMMO'S
LIST OF NEW BOOKS
FOR
THE SPRING OF 1886.



A New Edition, in Three Volumes, medium 8vo, cloth,
fine paper, price 31s. 6d. net.

BURTON'S
ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY :

WHAT IT IS,

WITH ALL THE KINDS, CAUSES, SYMPTOMS, PROGNOSTICS,
AND SEVERAL CURES OF IT.

In Three Partitions.

WITH THEIR SEVERAL SECTIONS, MEMBERS, AND SUBSECTIONS,
PHILOSOPHICALLY, MEDICINALLY, HISTORICALLY
OPENED AND CUT UP.

By **DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR**
[ROBERT BURTON].

Burton's Anatomy at the time of its original publication obtained a great celebrity, which continued more than half a century. During that period few books were more read or more deservedly applauded. It was the delight of the learned, the solace of the indolent, and the refuge of the uninformed. It passed through at least eight editions, by which the bookseller, as Wood records, got an estate; and, notwithstanding the objection sometimes opposed against it, of a quaint style and too great an accumulation of authorities, the fascination of its wit, fancy, and sterling sense have borne down all censures, and extorted praise from the first writers in the English language. The grave Johnson has praised it in the warmest terms, and the ludicrous Sterne has interwoven many parts of it into his own popular performance. Milton did not disdain to build two of his finest poems on it; and a host of inferior writers have embellished their works with beauties not their own, culled from a performance which they had not the justice even to mention. Change of times and the frivolity of fashion suspended, in some degree, that fame which had lasted nearly a century; and the succeeding generation affected indifference towards an author who at length was only looked into by the plunderers of literature, the poachers in obscure volumes. The plagiarisms of "Tristram Shandy," so successfully brought to light by Dr. Ferriar, at length drew the attention of the public towards a writer who, though then little known, might, without impeachment of modesty, lay claim to every mark of respect; and inquiry proved, beyond a doubt, that the calls of justice had been little attended to by others as well as the facetious Yorick. Wood observed, more than a century ago, that several authors had unmercifully stolen matter from Burton without any acknowledgment.

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

SUPER ROYAL QUARTO.

Illustrated with Twenty-six Full-page Original
Etchings from Designs

By BIDA.

*ETCHED BY EDMOND HÉDOUIN AND
ÉMILE BOILVIN.*

Also Twelve Culs-de-Lampes from Designs

By GUSTAVE GREUX.

Bound in a new and original rich plush padded binding,
price Three Guineas *net*.

NOTE.—“The Song of Songs” is printed from the REVISED VERSION, the copyright of which belongs to the authorities of the Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, who have courteously granted the publisher permission to use it for this purpose.

The twenty-six full-page etchings are beautifully printed on fine Japanese paper, and carefully mounted on white vellum paper, same as the text is printed on.

No finer specimens than these of BIDA’s wonderful designs have hitherto appeared.

OCTAVE UZANNE'S NEW WORK.**The Frenchwoman of the Century.**

FASHIONS—MANNERS—USAGES.

By **OCTAVE UZANNE,**

Author of "The Fan," "The Sunshade, Muff, and Glove."

Illustrations in Water Colours by ALBERT LYNCH.*Engraved in Colours by* EUGÈNE GAUJEAN.Super royal 8vo, elegantly bound in padded Japanese leather,
price Two Guineas *net*.

Only 500 copies are printed, 300 for England and 200 for America.
Type distributed.

NOTE.—"The Frenchwoman of the Century," written by Octave Uzanne, gives a description of the principal fashions in France, its customs, manners, and usages from the earliest years of the Revolution to the present time. With the history of the dress is pleasantly intermingled a history of the most notable people of this eventful period. The book sparkles with vivid allusions to the principal men and women of the epoch. Napoleon is photographed in his habit as he lived, and the inner life of the Empress Josephine appears as in a delicate miniature. The work, comprehensive in extent, is at the same time minute in detail. The fashions of the Directory and the First Empire are, as it were, underlined. To the assistance of the letterpress has been called, not without sufficient reason in description of the intricate complexity of Parisian fashions, the able pencil of M. Albert Lynch, who has been careful to supply his water colour illustrations exactly in those places where they were most wanted. These pictures have been subsequently engraved in colours by the skilful hand of Eugène Gaujean.

The work, careless and superficial it may seem, is in reality a marvel of profound research and exact investigations. Though copious it is not prodigal, though anecdotal it is seldom trifling, though learned it is never dull. Its expression is polished and lively, its plan precise and duly defined. The best writers of the time for the subject in hand, such as George Duval, Madame d'Abranté, Emile de Girardin, and others of equal reputation have been diligently consulted. The volume is a suitable, almost indeed a necessary, appendage to the other works of Uzanne, viz., "The Fan" and "The Sunshade, Muff, and Glove," recently published.

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

An elegant and choicely Illustrated Edition of
The Vicar of Wakefield.

By **OLIVER GOLDSMITH.**

With Prefatory Memoir by **GEORGE SAINTSBURY**, and One Hundred and Fourteen Coloured Illustrations by **V. A. POIRSON** (Illustrator of "Gulliver's Travels").

Royal 8vo, cloth extra, printed in colours and gilt top, price 12s. 6d.

NOTE.—This edition of Oliver Goldsmith's famous English classic is illustrated and produced in so sumptuous a form and at so moderate a price, the publisher feels confident the entire edition will be speedily disposed of. It is uniform in size and style of illustration to "Gulliver's Travels" recently published, and of which three thousand copies were sold in two months.

Edinburgh and its Neighbourhood

IN THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS.

A series of Illustrations of the more remarkable Old and New Buildings and Picturesque Scenery of Edinburgh, as they appeared about 1830. With Historical Introduction and Descriptive Sketches by **JAMES GOWANS.**

Royal 8vo, Eighty Illustrations, fine paper, cloth elegant, price 12s. 6d.

NOTE.—The leading feature of this book will be a series of views of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood from the original steel plates after drawings by Mr. Thomas H. Shepherd, and published in 1833. Some of these views are of special interest, as they give vivid representations of historical and other edifices now swept away in the course of improvements which have so much altered the features of "the grey metropolis of the north." A few of the original descriptions of the views will be preserved, but most of the others will be superseded by fresh sketches, whilst the original introduction will be recast, and in great part rewritten. Numerous incidents will be supplied illustrative of the social life of the period, when Scott was still the typical representative of the literary life of Scotland, and Christopher North and his associates were exercising a mighty influence in the domain of literature and politics by their diatribes and searching yet sympathetic criticisms in the brilliant pages of *Maga*.

A new and beautiful edition of the "IMITATION OF CHRIST," in demy 8vo, with the text and quaint borders printed in brown ink, and illustrated with Fifteen Etchings, ten by **J. P. LAURENS** and five by **CH. WALTNER**, price 21s. net, bound in full parchment, gilt top.

THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

FOUR BOOKS.

Translated from the Latin by **Rev. W. BENHAM, B.D.,**
Rector of St Edmund, King and Martyr, Lombard Street, London.

NOTE.—The etchings to this new edition of the "IMITATION," fifteen in number, and printed on fine Japanese paper, make it one of the most beautiful at present to be had.

New Series of Historical Memoirs.**The Autobiography of Edward,**

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

With Introduction, Notes, Appendices, and a Continuation of the Life. By SYDNEY L. LEE, B.A., Balliol College, Oxford. With Four Etched Portraits, fine paper, medium 8vo, cloth, 21s. *net.*

NOTE.—“Lord Herbert of Cherbury’s Autobiography” is one of the most fascinating and entertaining books of its class. The author is devoid of self-consciousness, and keeps no secrets from his readers. He dwells as complacently on his failings as on his virtues; his childlike vanity keeps his self-esteem intact in the least promising circumstances. But the book does more than throw a steady light on an attractive personality, it illustrates the habits and customs of English and French society at the beginning of the seventeenth century. No other work so fully describes the contemporary practice of duelling. Abundant reference is made to politics, and it thus forms an important commentary on the history of James the First’s reign. Incidentally Lord Herbert enunciates his religious, educational, and metaphysical theories, and substantiates his claim to be regarded as the father of English deism. The autobiography only carries the writer’s life as far as the year 1624, and Lord Herbert died in 1648. The book has been reprinted two or three times since its first publication by Horace Walpole in 1764, but it has never been fully edited. In the present edition the editor endeavours to explain the allusions to the historical events, and gives brief accounts of the numerous terms and books mentioned in the text, and interprets the obscure words and phrases. He will also continue Lord Herbert’s life until the date of his death, print some of his correspondence, and will attempt to define his place in English literature, philosophy, history, and religion.

MEMOIRS OF

The Life of William Cavendish,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

To which is added the True Relation of My Birth, Breeding, and Life. By MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE. Edited by C. H. FIRTH, M.A. (Editor of “Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson.”) With Four Etched Portraits, fine paper, medium 8vo, cloth, price 21s. *net.*

NOTE.—The Memoirs of the Duke of Newcastle by the Duchess has been judged by Charles Lamb a book “both good and rare,” “a jewel which no casket is rich enough to honour or keep safe.” The first edition of these Memoirs is, however, difficult to obtain, and the later reprint in form hardly worthy of the original. The aim of the present edition is to supply a book which shall be in type, print, and paper attractive. At the same time, preface, notes, letters, and an index are added to increase its use to the student of seventeenth century history, and to all who are interested in the records of our great civil war. As in the corresponding edition of Mrs. Hutchinson’s Memoirs, the spelling is modernised and explanations of obsolete words given.

NEW SERIES OF HISTORICAL MEMOIRS—continued.

The True History of the Life and
Work of William Shakespeare,

PLAYER, POET, AND PLAYMAKER.

By F. G. FLEAY, M.A. With Three Etchings of interest. Fine paper,
medium 8vo, half parchment, gilt top, price 15s. *net*.

NOTE.—The theatrical side of the career of Shakespeare has never yet received any adequate consideration, his connection with the theatres and acting companies in his earlier years not having been traced or even investigated. His relations with other dramatists, especially with Jonson, have also been grossly misrepresented. While every idle story of mythical gossip has been carefully collected, and the pettiest details of his commercial dealings have been garnered, little attention has hitherto been given to his dealings with the plays by other men with whom he was fellow-worker, and a large group of evidences bearing on the chronology of his work, derived from the early production of English plays in Germany, has been cast aside as valueless. In this work an attempt is made to collect this neglected material, to throw new light on the Sonnets, and to determine the dates of the production of all his works. A complete list of all plays published with due authority anterior of 1640 by any dramatic writer is given from the Stationers' Registers. Many unfounded hypotheses of Collier, Halliwell, and others are for the first time exploded, and the work of ten years investigation is condensed in a single volume. In many instances one paragraph represents months of labour, and it is hoped that a permanent addition of value is thus made to Shakespearian literature. The arrangement of the book is made so as to appeal not merely to the specialist, but to every one who feels an interest in the greatest writer of any literature, and the crowning glory of our own.

VOLUMES RECENTLY ISSUED.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF COLONEL HUTCHINSON. By his
Widow, LUCY. Revised and Edited by CHARLES H. FIRTH, M.A.
With Ten Etched Portraits. Two Volumes, fine paper, medium 8vo,
and handsome binding, 42s. *net*.

NOTE.—Only 500 copies are printed, 300 for England and 200 for America.
Type distributed.

OLD TIMES: A Picture of Social Life at the End of the Eighteenth Century. Collected and Illustrated from the Satirical and other Sketches of the Day. By JOHN ASHTON, Author of "Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne." One Volume, fine paper, medium 8vo, handsome binding, Eighty-eight Illustrations, 21s. *net*.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE BRUMMELL, Esq., commonly called BEAU BRUMMELL. By Captain JESSE, unattached. Revised and Annotated Edition from the Author's own Interleaved Copy. With Forty Portraits in Colour of Brummell and his Contemporaries. Two Volumes, fine paper, medium 8vo, and handsome cloth binding, 42s. *net*.

NOTE.—Only 500 copies are printed, 300 for England and 200 for America.
Type distributed.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT GRAMMONT. By ANTHONY HAMILTON. A New Edition, Edited, with Notes, by Sir WALTER SCOTT. With Sixty-Four Portraits engraved by EDWARD SCRIVEN. Two Volumes, 8vo, Roxburghe binding, gilt top, 30s. *net*.

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

NEW SERIES OF HISTORICAL MEMOIRS—continued.**SOME NOTICES OF THE PRESS.****HUTCHINSON.****Athenæum.**

"Is an excellent edition of a famous book. Mr. Firth presents the 'Memoirs' with a modernised orthography and a revised scheme of punctuation. He retains the notes of Julius Hutchinson, and supplements them by annotations—corrective and explanatory—of his own. Since their publication in 1805, the 'Memoirs' have been a kind of classic. To say that this is the best and fullest edition of them in existence is to say everything."

Times.

"Beautifully printed upon fine paper, with rough edges, and with margins which will delight the heart of the book-lover, we announce with pleasure a new edition of Colonel Hutchinson's 'Memoirs,' revised, with additional notes, by Mr. C. H. Firth. This edition, which is in two handsome volumes, contains ten etched portraits of eminent personages. As the editor remarks in his introduction, none of the 'Memoirs' which relate to the troubled history of the English Civil Wars have obtained a greater popularity than those of Colonel Hutchinson compiled by his wife."

OLD TIMES.**Daily Telegraph.**

"That is the best and truest history of the past which comes nearest to the life of the bulk of the people. It is in this spirit that Mr. John Ashton has composed 'Old Times,' intended to be a picture of social life at the end of the eighteenth century. The illustrations form a very valuable, and at the same time quaint and amusing, feature of the volume."

Saturday Review.

"'Old Times,' however, is not only valuable as a book to be taken up for a few minutes at a time; a rather careful reading will repay those who wish to brush up their recollections of the period. To some extent it may serve as a book of reference, and even historians may find in it some useful matter concerning the times of which it treats. The book is in every respect suited for a hall or library table in a country house."

BEAU BRUMMELL.**Morning Post.**

"The editor of the present edition has been enabled to add much new matter which had been excluded from the original by reason of many of the persons therein referred to being alive at the time. . . . And readers who plod through these two handsome volumes will be rewarded with an admirable picture of English and French society in the days of the Regency."

Notes and Queries.

"The book, which is on beautiful paper, is worthy of a place in most collections, and the privilege of possessing it in a form so artistic and handsome is a subject for gratitude."

GRAMMONT.**Hallam.**

"The 'Memoirs of Grammont,' by Anthony Hamilton, scarcely challenge a place as historical; but we are now looking more at the style than the intrinsic importance of books. Every one is aware of the peculiar felicity and fascinating gaiety which they display."

T. B. Macaulay.

"The artist to whom we owe the most highly finished and vividly coloured picture of the English Court in the days when the English Court was gayest."

An Elegant and Choicely Illustrated Edition of

Travels

INTO SEVERAL REMOTE NATIONS OF THE WORLD BY LEMUEL GULLIVER,
First a Surgeon and then a Captain of Several Ships. By JONATHAN
SWIFT, Dean of St. Patrick. With Prefatory Memoir by GEORGE
SAINTSBURY, and One Hundred and Eighty Coloured and Sixty Plain
Illustrations. Royal 8vo, cloth extra, price 12s. 6d., 450 pages.

SOME NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Saturday Review.

"Mr. Saintsbury, in editing the fascinating volume before us, wisely refrains from hinting at any matter that may become matter of controversy. The remarks with which he introduces this beautiful edition of one of the masterpieces of the world's literature breathe the very spirit of true criticism. . . . But we have barely alluded to the distinctive features of this edition which make it a book to be coveted and purchased by all true bibliophiles. M. Poiron's pictures, in their delicacy and subtle humour, are in every way worthy of the story. Those which illustrate the Voyage to Lilliput are perhaps the most dainty and delightful in their quaint poetical design and colouring. But there are some uncoloured head and tailpieces which, to all true lovers of art, will appear simply delicious."

Daily News.

"No handsomer edition of Swift's renowned work than that which Mr. Nimmo has just published of 'The Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World, by Lemuel Gulliver,' is recorded in the annals of bibliography. Mr. George Saintsbury furnishes a brief biographical and critical introduction."

Scotsman.

"The charm of the book, besides the excellence of the printing and generally attractive appearance, lies in the illustrations. They are charmingly drawn bits, some interwoven, so to speak, into the page, others of them occupying the whole page, and all of them marked by a delicacy and refinement which are delightful. Take the edition altogether and it is one of the most remarkable books of its kind that has been published."

Times.

"For this handsome edition of 'Gulliver's Travels' we have nothing but praise. Paper and type are unexceptionable, while there is a profusion of quaintly grotesque illustrations."

The Guardian.

"This is in every respect one of those sumptuous volumes which are now being devoted to our standard authors. Every luxury of paper and type have been freely spent upon it, and the numerous illustrations, both plain and coloured, especially perhaps the latter, display a spirit and humour and wealth of delicate and graceful fancy which it would be difficult to surpass. Possibly some of our readers may have a very vague remembrance of what Swift really allowed himself to write. If so, they will be tolerably certain to be attracted by the grace and beauty of this edition of his most popular work."

Spectator.

"Of all Swift's works, 'Gulliver's Travels' is the most satisfactory and complete, as it is the most famous; and it follows, therefore, that all lovers of English literature will be pleased at the production of so handsome a reprint as that published by Mr. J. C. Nimmo. A special feature of this edition is the pictures. There is no doubt that the process by which they are produced is extremely delicate and beautiful, the colours being as transparent as water colours, and laid with perfect clearness of outline and precision of detail. And we reinvite those who have not read 'Gulliver's Travels' since childhood to study once more one of the profoundest and most brilliant satires, one of the greatest of imaginative creations, and one of the noblest models of style in the English language."

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Elizabethan Dramatists.

NOTE.—This is the first instalment towards a collective edition of the Dramatists who lived about the time of Shakespeare. The type will be distributed after each work is printed, the impression of which will be four hundred copies, post 8vo, and one hundred and twenty large fine-paper copies, medium 8vo, which will be numbered.

One of the chief features of this New Edition of the Elizabethan Dramatists, besides the handsome and handy size of the volumes, will be the fact that *each Work will be carefully edited and new notes given throughout.*

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

(IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, JANUARY 1886)

ON THE

Elizabethan Dramatists.

“If it be true, as we are told on high authority, that the greatest glory of England is her literature, and the greatest glory of English literature is its poetry, it is not less true that the greatest glory of English poetry lies rather in its dramatic than its epic or its lyric triumphs. The name of Shakespeare is above the names even of Milton and Coleridge and Shelley; and the names of his comrades in art and their immediate successors are above all but the highest names in any other province of our song. There is such an overflowing life, such a superb exuberance of abounding and exulting strength, in the dramatic poetry of the half century extending from 1590 to 1640, that all other epochs of English literature seem as it were but half awake and half alive by comparison with this generation of giants and of gods. There is more sap in this than in any other branch of the national bay-tree; it has an energy in fertility which reminds us rather of the forest than the garden or the park. It is true that the weeds and briars of the underwood are but too likely to embarrass and offend the feet of the rangers and the gardeners who trim the level flower-plots or preserve the domestic game of enclosed and ordered lowlands in the tamer demesnes of literature. The sun is strong and the wind sharp in the climate which reared the fellows and the followers of Shakespeare. The extreme inequality and roughness of the ground must also be taken into account when we are disposed, as I for one have often been disposed, to wonder beyond measure at the apathetic ignorance of average students in regard of the abundant treasure to be gathered from this widest and most fruitful province in the poetic empire of England. And yet, since Charles Lamb threw open its gates to all comers in the ninth year of the present century, it cannot but seem strange that comparatively so few should have availed themselves of the entry to so rich and royal an estate. Mr. Bullen has taken up a task than which none more arduous and important, none worthier of thanks and praise, can be undertaken by any English scholar.”

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Elizabethan Dramatists.

The Works of Christopher Marlowe.

Edited by A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Post 8vo, cloth. Published price, 7s. 6d. per volume net; also large fine-paper edition, medium 8vo, cloth.

The Works of Thomas Middleton.

Edited by A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

In Eight Volumes, post 8vo, 7s. 6d. per volume net; also large fine-paper edition, medium 8vo, cloth.

NOTE.—The next issue of this series will be *The Works of John Marston*, in Three Volumes, and *The Works of Thomas Dekker*, in Four Volumes. The remaining dramatists of this *Period* will follow in due order.

Some Press Notices of the Elizabethan Dramatists.

Saturday Review.

"Mr. Bullen has discharged his task as editor in all important points satisfactorily. Marlowe needs no irrelevant partisanship, no 'zeal of the devil's house,' to support his greatness. . . . Mr. Bullen's introduction is well informed and well written, and his notes are well chosen and sufficient. . . . We hope it may be his good fortune to give and ours to receive every dramatist, from Peele to Shirley, in this handsome, convenient, and well-edited form."

Scotsman.

"Never in the history of the world has a period been marked by so much of literary power and excellence as the Elizabethan period; and never have the difficulties in the way of literature seemed to be greater. The three volumes which Mr. Nimmo has issued now may be regarded as earnest of more to come, and as proofs of the excellence which will mark this edition of the Elizabethan Dramatists as essentially the best that has been published. Mr. Bullen is a competent editor in every respect."

The Academy.

"Mr. Bullen is known to all those interested in such things as an authority on most matters connected with old plays. We are not surprised, therefore, to find these volumes well edited throughout. They are not overburdened with notes."

The Spectator.

"That Marlowe should take precedence in Mr. Bullen's arduous undertaking is matter of course. He is the father of the English drama, and the first poet who showed the capabilities of the language when employed in blank verse. His line is not only mighty; it is sometimes most musical, giving us a foretaste of what English verse was to become in the masterful hands of Shakespeare. We cannot part with Mr. Bullen without congratulating him on his success."

Contemporary Review.

"Mr. Bullen relates the little that is known of Marlowe's life with much care, leaving all that he tells us of him beyond the region of doubt; for with great pains he has succeeded in verifying his statements."

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Elizabethan Dramatists.**SOME PRESS NOTICES—continued.****Athenæum.**

"Mr. Bullen's edition deserves warm recognition. It is intelligent, scholarly, adequate. His preface is judicious. The elegant edition of the dramatists of which these volumes are the first is likely to stand high in public estimation. . . . The completion of the series will be a boon to bibliographers and scholars alike."

Pall Mall Gazette.

". . . Marlowe has indeed passed the age of simple eulogy, and has reached that of comment. The task set before him by Mr. Bullen is that of supplying a text which shall be as clear and intelligible as the conditions under which plays were printed in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries render possible. In this he has been successful. . . . If the series is continued as it is begun, by one of the most careful editors, this set of the English Dramatists will be a coveted literary possession."

Notes and Queries.

"Passages of Marlowe are as nervous, as pliant, as perfect as anything in Shakespeare or any succeeding writer. The same may be said of Marlowe's dramatic inspiration. Much mirth has been made over the grandiloquence of his early plays. None the less Marlowe is, in a sense, the most representative dramatist of his epoch. . . . Appropriately, then, the series Mr. Bullen edits and Mr. Nimmo issues in most attractive guise is headed by Marlowe, the leader, and in some respects all but the mightiest spirit, of the great army of English Dramatists."

Illustrated London News.

"It is perhaps, a bold venture on the part of the publisher, or would be if he had chosen an editor less competent than Mr. A. H. Bullen. Marlowe's power was felt by Shakespeare, and felt also by Goethe; and Mr. Bullen is not, perhaps, a rash prophet in saying that, 'so long as high tragedy continues to have interest for men, Time shall lay no hands on the works of Christopher Marlowe!'"

The Standard.

"Throughout Mr. Bullen has done his difficult work remarkably well, and the publisher has produced it in a form which will make the edition of early dramatists of which it is a part an almost indispensable addition to a well-stocked library."

The Quarterly Review.—October 1885.

"We gladly take this opportunity of directing attention to an edition of Marlowe's complete works recently edited by Mr. A. H. Bullen. If the volumes which follow are as carefully edited as this the first instalment of the series is, Mr. Bullen will be conferring a great boon on all who are interested in the Early English Drama."

The Spectator.—October 17, 1885.

"Probably one of the boldest literary undertakings of our time, on the part of publisher as well as editor, is the fine edition of the Dramatists which has been placed in Mr. Bullen's careful hands; considering the comprehensiveness of the subject, and the variety of knowledge it demands, the courage of the editor is remarkable."

The Antiquary.

"Mr. Swinburne calls Marlowe 'the greatest discoverer, the most daring and inspired pioneer, in all our poetic literature.'"

Manchester Examiner.

"Not Shakespeare, not Milton, not Landor, not our own Tennyson, has written lines more splendid in movement or more wealthy in sonorous music than these, from 'The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus'—

'Have I not made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Enon's death?
And hath not he who built the walls of Thebes,
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp,
Made music with my Mephistophiles?'"

*Uniform with "Characters of La Bruyère" and a "Handbook of
Gastronomy."*

Robin Hood:

A COLLECTION OF ALL THE ANCIENT POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS now
extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw ;

To which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life.

By JOSEPH RITSON.

*Illustrated with Eighty Wood Engravings by BEWICK, printed on China
Paper.*

Also Ten Etchings from Original Paintings by A. H. TOURRIER
and E. BUCKMAN.

8vo, half parchment, gilt top, 42s. net.

NOTE.—300 copies printed, and each numbered. Also 100 copies on fine
imperial paper, with etchings in two states, and richly bound in Lincoln
Green Satin. Each copy numbered. Type distributed.

This edition of "ROBIN HOOD" is printed from that published in 1832,
which was carefully edited and printed from Mr. RITSON'S own annotated
edition of 1795.

The Guardian.

"This reprint of the Robin Hood ballads will be welcome to many who have
loved from childhood the rude romance of the famous outlaw ; it will not be the
less welcome to them by reason of its excellent paper and print and the reproduction
in China paper of Bewick's original woodcuts. A novel and interesting feature
of the book is the old musical settings which are appended to some of the songs."

Pall Mall Gazette.

"Robin Hood has lived in the old ballads of England for many centuries ; his
own exploits and those of his merry men have been sung in every town ; the Eliza-
bethan dramatists made him the hero of many of their plays. Southey proposed
to write an epic poem on him, Walter Scott delighted in him, Shakespeare brought
a faint echo of his life into 'As You Like It,' his bower is still carried through the
streets on the first of May, while Maid Marian dances on the pavement for pennies,
and still in the pleasant summer afternoons worthy tradesmen flock to the Crystal
Palace in doublets of Lincoln green, and with horns that won't blow and bows
that won't bend wander through the refreshment-room and the Pompeian Court
of that amazing structure in a laudable attempt to combine respectability and pic-
turesqueness."

Notes and Queries.

"The shape in which this work is presented is uniform with La Bruyère and
Brillat-Savarin, the appearance of which has already been noticed. Pickering's
edition of 1832, which contains the additions of Ritson and of his editor and
nephew, including the tale of Robin Hood and the Monk, the existence of which
was ignored by Ritson, has been followed, and the woodcuts of Bewick have been
retained. These are now printed upon India paper, with a view of communicating
greater softness. To these indispensable illustrations have been added nine etch-
ings which now first see the light, from original paintings by A. H. Tourrier and
E. Buckman. Some of these, which are also on India paper, are very spirited in
design and rich in execution. A handsomer edition of Ritson's Robin Hood, or a
more coveted possession to the bibliophile, is not to be expected."

The Literary World.

"Any who cherish a love for mediæval lore will find much to delight
them in Ritson's Robin Hood, and an edition more desirable than the one Mr.
Nimmo has given us could hardly be demanded by the most fastidious of book
collectors. The print and paper superb, and the illustrations have all the fresh-
ness of originals."

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

A. B. FROST'S NEW ILLUSTRATED WORK.

100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 5s.

Rudder Grange.By **FRANK R. STOCKTON.**

The new "Rudder Grange" has not been illustrated in a conventional way. Mr. Frost has given us a series of interpretations of Mr. Stockton's fancies which will delight every appreciative reader,—sketches scattered through the text; larger pictures of the many great and memorable events, and everywhere quaint ornaments and headpieces. It is, on the whole, one of the best existing specimens of the complete supplementing of one another by author and artist.

**SOME PRESS NOTICES.**

The Times.—"Many of the smaller drawings are wonderfully spirited; there are sketchy suggestions of scenery, which recall the pregnant touches of Bewick; and the figures of animals and of human types are capital, from the row of roosting fowls at the beginning of the chapter to the dilapidated tramp standing hat in hand."

Scotsman.—"Externally it is an uncommonly pretty volume, and the pencil of Mr. A. B. Frost has been employed to brighten its pages with a hundred capital illustrations."

Daily Telegraph.—"Allured by the graphic illustrations, no fewer than a hundred, which the pencil of Mr. A. B. Frost has furnished, the reader who takes in hand Mr. Frank R. Stockton's 'Rudder Grange' will have no reason to regret the fascination, or to wish he had resisted it; altogether the book is full of quiet and humorous amusement."

Morning Post.—"It will be welcomed in its new dress by many who have already made the acquaintance of Euphemia and Pomona, as well as by many who will now meet those excellent types of feminine character for the first time."

Saturday Review.—"The new edition of 'Rudder Grange' has a hundred illustrations by Mr. A. B. Frost; they are extremely good, and worthy of Mr. Stockton's amusing book."

Court and Society Review.—"After looking at the pictures we found ourselves reading the book again, and enjoying Pomona and her reading, and her adventure with the lightning rodder, and her dog-fight as much as ever. And to read it twice over is the greatest compliment you can pay to a book of American humour."

Figaro.—"The volume contains no less than a hundred illustrations large and small, all charming, and what is even better, all appropriate. There is no doubt that it will be very popular."

Society.—"Mr. Stockton's story is quaintly conceived and thoroughly American in style, the characters being most amusing types, and Mr. Frost has provided a host of quaintly grotesque illustrations, large and small, adding much to the intrinsic merit of the work."

Guardian.—"The illustrations by Mr. A. B. Frost to the new edition are extremely humorous and the edition itself is handsome both in type and paper. No one who cares to know what American humour is at its best should be without a copy of 'Rudder Grange.'"

A VERY FUNNY ILLUSTRATED HUMOROUS BOOK.

Stuff and Nonsense.

By **A. B. FROST,**

The Illustrator of Stockton's "Rudder Grange."

Small 4to, illustrated boards, price 6s.

Mr. Frost has made a wonderfully amusing and clever book. There are in all more than one hundred pictures, many with droll verses and ludicrous jingles. Others are unaccompanied by any text, for no one knows better than Mr. Frost how to tell a funny story, in the funniest way, with his artist's pencil.

Standard.—"This is a book which will please equally people of all ages. The illustrations are not only extremely funny, but they are drawn with wonderful artistic ability, and are full of life and action.

"It is far and away the best book of 'Stuff and Nonsense' which has appeared for a long time."

Times.—"It is a most grotesque medley of mad ideas, carried out nevertheless with a certain regard to consistency, if not to probability."

Figaro.—"The verses and jingles which accompany some of the illustrations are excellent fooling, but Mr. Frost is also able to tell a ludicrous story with his pencil only."

Press.—"The most facetious bit of wit that has been penned for many a day, both in design and text, is Mr. A. B. Frost's 'Stuff and Nonsense.' 'A Tale of a Cat' is funny, 'The Balloonists' is perhaps rather extravagant, but nothing can outdo the wit of 'The Powers of the Human Eye,' whilst 'Ye Æsthete, ye Boy, and ye Bullfrog' may be described as a 'roarer.' Mr. Frost's pen and pencil know how to chronicle fun, and their outcomes should not be overlooked."

Graphic.—"Grotesque in the extreme. His jokes will rouse many a laugh."

Daily News.—"There is really a marvellous abundance of fun in this volume of a harmless kind."

Athenæum.—"Clever sketches of grotesque incidents."

Literary World.—"A hundred and twenty excruciatingly funny sketches."

CONTENTS.

The Fatal Mistake—A Tale of a Cat.

Ye Æsthete, ye Boy, and ye Bullfrog.

The Balloonists.

The Powers of the Human Eye.

The Crab-Boy and His Elephant.

The Old Man of Moriches.

The Bald-headed Man.

The Mule and the Crackers.

The Influence of Kindness.

Bobby and the Little Green Apples.

The Awful Comet.

The Tug of War.

The Ironical Flamingo.

&c. &c. &c.



LIMITED EDITIONS

OF

The Two Guinea Half-Bound Parchment
Series of Choice Works.**A Handbook of Gastronomy.**

(BRILLAT-SAVARIN'S "Physiologie du Goût.") New and Complete Translation, with 52 original Etchings by A. LALAUZE. Printed on China Paper. 8vo, half parchment, gilt top, 42s. *net.*

NOTE.—300 copies printed, and each numbered. *Type distributed.*
[*Out of print.*]

The Characters of Jean de La Bruyère.

NEWLY RENDERED INTO ENGLISH. With an Introduction, Biographical Memoir, and Copious Notes, by HENRI VAN LAUN. With Seven Etched Portraits by B. DAMMAN, and Seventeen Vignettes etched by V. FOULQUIER, and printed on China paper. 8vo, half parchment, gilt top, 42s. *net.*

NOTE.—300 copies printed, and each numbered. *Type distributed.*
[*Out of print.*]

The Complete Angler;

OR, THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION, OF IZAAK WALTON and CHARLES COTTON. Edited by JOHN MAJOR. A New Edition, with 8 original Etchings (2 Portraits and 6 Vignettes), two impressions of each, one on Japanese and one on Whatman paper; also, 74 Engravings on Wood, printed on China Paper throughout the text. 8vo, cloth or half parchment elegant, gilt top, 31s. 6d. *net.*

NOTE.—500 copies printed.

[*Out of print.*]

Robin Hood:

A COLLECTION OF ALL THE ANCIENT POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS now extant relative to that celebrated English Outlaw; to which are prefixed Historical Anecdotes of his Life. By JOSEPH RITSON. Illustrated with Eighty Wood Engravings by BEWICK, printed on China paper. Also Ten Etchings from Original Paintings by A. H. TOURRIER and E. BUCKMAN. 8vo, half parchment, gilt top, 42s. *net.*

NOTE.—300 copies printed, and each numbered. Also 100 copies on fine imperial paper, with etchings in two states, and richly bound in Lincoln Green Satin. Each copy numbered. *Type distributed.*

This edition of "ROBIN HOOD" is printed from that published in 1832, which was carefully edited and printed from Mr. RITSON'S own annotated edition of 1795.

Carols and Poems

FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT TIME.

Edited by A. H. BULLEN, B.A.

Post 8vo, cloth, elegant gilt top, price 5s.

NOTE.—120 copies printed on fine medium 8vo paper, with Seven Illustrations on Japanese paper. Each copy numbered.

Saturday Review.

"Since the publication of Mr. Sandys' collection there have been many books issued on carols, but the most complete by far that we have met with is Mr. Bullen's new volume, 'Carols and Poems from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Time.' The preface contains an interesting account of Christmas festivities and the use of carols. Mr. Bullen has exercised great care in verifying and correcting the collections of his predecessors, and he has joined to them two modern poems by Hawker, two by Mr. William Morris, and others by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Symonds, and Miss Rossetti. No one has been more successful than Mr. Morris in imitating the ancient carol:—

'Outlanders, whence come ye last?
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.
Through what green sea and great have ye past?
Minstrels and maids stand forth on the floor.'

Altogether this is one of the most welcome books of the season."

Morning Post.

"Good Christian people all, and more especially those of artistic or poetic inclinations, will feel indebted to the editor and publisher of this fascinating volume, which, bound as it is in elegant cloth, ornamented with sprigs of holly, may fairly claim to be considered *par excellence* the gift-book of the season. 'Carols and Poems' are supplemented by voluminous and interesting notes by the editor, who also contributes some very graceful dedicatory verses."

Spectator.

"Mr. Bullen divides his 'Carols and Poems from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Time' into three parts—'Christmas Chants and Carols,' 'Carmina Sacra,' and 'Christmas Customs and Christmas Cheer.' These make up together between seventy and eighty poems of one kind and another. The selection has been carefully made from a wide range of authors. Indeed, it is curious to see the very mixed company which the subject of Christmas has brought together—as, indeed, it is quite right that it should. Altogether the result is a very interesting book."

Notes and Queries.

"Mr. Bullen does not indeed pretend to cater for those who regard carols from a purely antiquarian point of view. His book is intended to be popular rather than scholarly. Scholarly none the less it is, and representative also, including as it does every form of Christmas strain, from early mysteries down to poems so modern as not previously to have seen the light."

The Times.

"Is very exceptionally a Christmas book, and a book at which we may cut and come again through this sentimentally festive season. It forms a 'Christmas Garland' of the sweetest or the quaintest carols, ancient and modern."

Athenæum.

"Is an excellent collection of ancient and modern verse, mostly religious and sentimental, formed with much learning, research, and taste by Mr. A. H. Bullen."

Illustrated London News.

"The atmosphere of these plain-speaking songs is of the rarest purity. They come from the heart, and appeal to it, when the way is not choked up by the thorns and briers of conventional propriety. The reader accustomed to more artificial strains may not see the beauty of these songs at first, but it will grow upon him by degrees; and possibly he will look with something like regret to the old-world days when verses so pure and quaint were household words in England."

Old Spanish Romances.

Old English Romances.

Romances of Fantasy and Humour.

Illustrated with Etchings, crown 8vo, parchment boards or cloth,
7s. 6d. per vol.

The Times.

"Among the numerous handsome reprints which the publishers of the day vie with each other in producing, we have seen nothing of greater merit than this series of volumes. Those who have read these masterpieces of the last century in the homely garb of the old editions may be gratified with the opportunity of perusing them with the advantages of large clear print and illustrations of a quality which is rarely bestowed on such reissues. The series deserve every commendation."

THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

Translated from the Spanish of MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA by MOTTEUX. With copious Notes (including the Spanish Ballads), and an Essay on the Life and Writings of CERVANTES by JOHN G. LOCKHART. Preceded by a Short Notice of the Life and Works of PETER ANTHONY MOTTEUX by HENRI VAN LAUN. Illustrated with Sixteen Original Etchings by R. DE LOS RIOS. Four Volumes.

LAZARILLO DE TORMES. By Don DIEGO MENDOZA. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE. And **GUZMAN D'ALFARACHE.** By MATEO ALEMAN. Translated by BRADY. Illustrated with Eight Original Etchings by R. DE LOS RIOS. Two Volumes.

ASMODEUS. By LE SAGE. Translated from the French. Illustrated with Four Original Etchings by R. DE LOS RIOS.

THE BACHELOR OF SALAMANCA. By LE SAGE. Translated from the French by JAMES TOWNSEND. Illustrated with Four Original Etchings by R. DE LOS RIOS.

VANILLO GONZALES; or, The Merry Bachelor. By LE SAGE. Translated from the French. Illustrated with Four Original Etchings by R. DE LOS RIOS.

THE ADVENTURES OF GIL BLAS OF SANTILLANE. Translated from the French of LE SAGE by TOBIAS SMOLLETT. With Biographical and Critical Notice of LE SAGE by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. New Edition, carefully revised. Illustrated with Twelve Original Etchings by R. DE LOS RIOS. Three Volumes.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN. By LAURENCE STERNE. In Two Vols. With Eight Etchings by DAMMAN from Original Drawings by HARRY FURNISS.

THE OLD ENGLISH BARON; A GOTHIC STORY. By CLARA REEVE. **THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO: A GOTHIC STORY.** By HORACE WALPOLE. In One Vol. With Two Portraits and Four Original Drawings by A. H. TOURRIER, Etched by DAMMAN.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS. In Four Vols. Carefully Revised and Corrected from the Arabic by JONATHAN SCOTT, LL.D., Oxford. With Nineteen Original Etchings by AD. LALAUZE.

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

ILLUSTRATED ROMANCE SERIES—continued.

THE HISTORY OF THE CALIPH VATHEK. By WM. BECKFORD. With Notes, Critical and Explanatory. **RASSELAS, PRINCE OF ABYSSINIA.** By SAMUEL JOHNSON. In One Vol. With Portrait of BECKFORD, and Four Original Etchings, designed by A. H. TOURRIER, and Etched by DAMMAN.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE. In Two Vols. With Biographical Memoir, Illustrative Notes, and Eight Etchings by M. MOUILLERON, and Portrait by L. FLAMENG.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. By JONATHAN SWIFT. With Five Etchings and Portrait by AD. LALAUZE.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY. By LAURENCE STERNE. **A TALE OF A TUB.** By JONATHAN SWIFT. In One Vol. With Five Etchings and Portrait by ED. HÉDOUIN.

THE TALES AND POEMS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE. With Biographical Essay by JOHN H. INGRAM, and Fourteen Original Etchings, Three Photogravures, and a Portrait newly etched from a life-like Daguerreotype of the Author. In Four Volumes.

WEIRD TALES. By E. T. W. HOFFMAN. A New Translation from the German. With Biographical Memoir by J. T. BEALBY, formerly Scholar of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. With Portrait and Ten Original Etchings by AD. LALAUZE. In Two Volumes.

Imperial 8vo, Extra Illustrated Edition of

The Complete Angler;

OR, THE CONTEMPLATIVE MAN'S RECREATION OF
IZAAK WALTON AND CHARLES COTTON.

Edited by JOHN MAJOR.

Full bound morocco elegant (Zaehnsdorf's binding), price Five Guineas *net*.

This Extra-illustrated Edition of THE COMPLETE ANGLER is specially designed for Collectors of this famous work; and in order to enable them either to take from or add to the Illustrations, it is also supplied unbound, folded and collated.

The Illustrations consist of **Fifty Steel Plates**, designed by T. STOTHARD, R.A., JAMES INSKIP, EDWARD HASSELL, DELAMOTTE, BINKENBOOM, W. HIXON, SIR FRANCIS SYKES, Bart., PINE, &c. &c., and engraved by well-known Engravers. Also **Six Original Etchings and Two Portraits**, as well as **Seventy-four Engravings on Wood** by various Eminent Artists.

To this is added a **PRACTICAL TREATISE ON FLIES and FLY HOOKS**, by the late JOHN JACKSON, of Tanfield Mill, with **Ten Steel Plates**, coloured, representing 120 Flies, natural and artificial.

One Hundred and Twenty copies only are printed, each of which is numbered.

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

The Fan. By OCTAVE UZANNE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DESIGNS BY PAUL AVRIL.

Royal 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 31s. 6d. net.

The Sunshade—The Glove—The Muff.

By OCTAVE UZANNE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DESIGNS BY PAUL AVRIL.

Royal 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 31s. 6d. net.

NOTE.—*The above are English Editions of the unique and artistic works, "L'Eventail" and "L'Ombrelle," recently published in Paris, and now difficult to be procured, as no new Edition is to be produced. 500 copies only are printed.*

Saturday Review.

"An English counterpart of the well-known French books by Octave Uzanne, with Paul Avril's charming illustrations."

Standard.

"It gives a complete history of fans of all ages and places; the illustrations are dainty in the extreme. Those who wish to make a pretty and appropriate present to a young lady cannot do better than purchase 'The Fan.'"

Athenæum.

"The letterpress comprises much amusing 'chit-chat,' and is more solid than it pretends to be. This *brochure* is worth reading; nay, it is worth keeping."

Art Journal.

"At first sight it would seem that material could never be found to fill even a volume; but the author, in dealing with his first subject alone, 'The Sunshade,' says he could easily have filled a dozen volumes of this emblem of sovereignty. The work is delightfully illustrated in a novel manner by Paul Avril, the pictures which meander about the work being printed in varied colours."

Daily News.

"The pretty adornments of the margin of these artistic volumes, the numerous ornamental designs, and the pleasant vein of the author's running commentary, render these the most attractive monographs ever published on a theme which interests so many enthusiastic collectors."

Glasgow Herald.

"I have but collected a heap of foreign flowers, and brought of my own only the string which binds them together,' is the fitting quotation with which M. Uzanne closes the preface to his volume on woman's ornaments. The monograph on the sunshade, called by the author 'a little tumbled fantasy,' occupies fully one-half of the volume. It begins with a pleasant invented mythology of the parasol; glances at the sunshade in all countries and times; mentions many famous umbrellas: quotes a number of clever sayings. . . . To these remarks on the spirit of the book it is necessary to add that the body of it is a dainty marvel of paper, type, and binding, and that what meaning it has looks out on the reader through a hundred argus-eyes of many-tinted photogravures, exquisitely designed by M. Paul Avril."

Westminster Review.

"The most striking merit of the book is the entire appropriateness both of the letterpress and illustrations to the subject treated. M. Uzanne's style has all the airy grace and sparkling brilliancy of the *petit instrument* whose praise he celebrates, and M. Arvil's drawings seem to conduct us into an enchanted world where everything but fans are forgotten."

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Copyright Edition, with Ten Etched Portraits. In Ten Vols., demy 8vo,
cloth, £5, 5s.

Lingard's History of England.

FROM THE FIRST INVASION BY THE ROMANS TO THE
ACCESSION OF WILLIAM AND MARY IN 1688.

By JOHN LINGARD, D.D.

This New Copyright Library Edition of "Lingard's History of England," besides containing all the latest notes and emendations of the Author, with Memoir, is enriched with Ten Portraits, newly etched by Damman, of the following personages, viz. :—Dr. Lingard, Edward I., Edward III., Cardinal Wolsey, Cardinal Pole, Elizabeth, James I., Cromwell, Charles II., James II.

The Times.

"No greater service can be rendered to literature than the republication, in a handsome and attractive form, of works which time and the continued approbation of the world have made classical. . . . The accuracy of Lingard's statements on many points of controversy, as well as the genial sobriety of his view, is now recognised."

The Tablet.

"It is with the greatest satisfaction that we welcome this new edition of Dr. Lingard's 'History of England.' It has long been a desideratum. . . . No general history of England has appeared which can at all supply the place of Lingard, whose painstaking industry and careful research have dispelled many a popular delusion, whose candour always carries his reader with him, and whose clear and even style is never fatiguing."

The Spectator.

"We are glad to see that the demand for Dr. Lingard's *England* still continues. Few histories give the reader the same impression of exhaustive study. This new edition is excellently printed, and illustrated with ten portraits of the greatest personages in our history."

Dublin Review.

"It is pleasant to notice that the demand for Lingard continues to be such that publishers venture on a well-got-up library edition like the one before us. More than sixty years have gone since the first volume of the first edition was published; many equally pretentious histories have appeared during that space, and have more or less disappeared since, yet Lingard lives—is still a recognised and respected authority."

The Scotsman.

"There is no need, at this time of day, to say anything in vindication of the importance, as a standard work, of Dr. Lingard's 'History of England.' . . . Its intrinsic merits are very great. The style is lucid, pointed, and puts no strain upon the reader; and the printer and publisher have neglected nothing that could make this—what it is likely long to remain—the standard edition of a work of great historical and literary value."

Daily Telegraph.

"True learning, untiring research, a philosophic temper, and the possession of a graphic, pleasing style were the qualities which the author brought to his task, and they are displayed in every chapter of his history."

Weekly Register.

"In the full force of the word a scholarly book. Lingard's history is destined to bear a part of growing importance in English education."

Manchester Examiner.

"He stands alone in his own school; he is the only representative of his own phase of thought. The critical reader will do well to compare him with those who went before and those who came after him."

Imaginary Conversations.

By **WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.**

In Five Vols. crown 8vo, cloth, 3os.

FIRST SERIES—CLASSICAL DIALOGUES, GREEK AND ROMAN.

SECOND SERIES—DIALOGUES OF SOVEREIGNS AND STATESMEN.

THIRD SERIES—DIALOGUES OF LITERARY MEN.

FOURTH SERIES—DIALOGUES OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

FIFTH SERIES—MISCELLANEOUS DIALOGUES.

NOTE.—*This New Edition is printed from the last Edition of his Works, revised and edited by John Forster, and is published by arrangement with the Proprietors of the Copyright of Walter Savage Landor's Works.*

The Times.

“The abiding character of the interest excited by the writings of Walter Savage Landor, and the existence of a numerous band of votaries at the shrine of his refined genius, have been lately evidenced by the appearance of the most remarkable of Landor's productions, his ‘Imaginary Conversations,’ taken from the last edition of his works. To have them in a separate publication will be convenient to a great number of readers.”

The Athenæum.

“The appearance of this tasteful reprint would seem to indicate that the present generation is at last waking up to the fact that it has neglected a great writer, and if so, it is well to begin with Landor's most adequate work. It is difficult to over-praise the ‘Imaginary Conversations.’ The eulogiums bestowed on the ‘Conversations’ by Emerson will, it is to be hoped, lead many to buy this book.”

Scotsman.

“An excellent service has been done to the reading public by presenting to it, in five compact volumes, these ‘Conversations.’ Admirably printed on good paper, the volumes are handy in shape, and indeed the edition is all that could be desired. When this has been said, it will be understood what a boon has been conferred on the reading public; and it should enable many comparatively poor men to enrich their libraries with a work that will have an enduring interest.”

Literary World.

“That the ‘Imaginary Conversations’ of Walter Savage Landor are not better known is no doubt largely due to their inaccessibility to most readers, by reason of their cost. This new issue, while handsome enough to find a place in the best of libraries, is not beyond the reach of the ordinary bookbuyer.”

Edinburgh Review.

“How rich in scholarship! how correct, concise, and pure in style! how full of imagination, wit, and humour! how well informed, how bold in speculation, how various in interest, how universal in sympathy! In these dialogues—making allowance for every shortcoming or excess—the most familiar and the most august shapes of the past are reanimated with vigour, grace, and beauty. We are in the high and goodly company of wits and men of letters; of churchmen, lawyers, and statesmen; of party men, soldiers, and kings; of the most tender, delicate, and noble women; and of figures that seem this instant to have left for us the Agora or the Schools of Athens, the Forum or the Senate of Rome.”

14 King William Street, Strand, London, W.C.

In One Volume, 8vo, cloth, price 7s. 6d.

The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles

(ΔΙΔΑΧΗ ΤΩΝ ΔΩΔΕΚΑ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ).

Recently Discovered and Published by PHILOTHEOS BRYENNIOS, *Metropolitan of Nicomedia.*

Edited, with a Translation, Introduction, and Notes, by ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK and FRANCIS BROWN,

Professors in Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Revised and Enlarged.

Extract from the Preface.

"Among the special features of this edition may be noticed the discussions as to the integrity of the text; as to the relations between the 'Teaching' and other early Christian documents, with translations of these *in extenso*, so far as seemed desirable for purposes of comparison; the presentation, entire, with annotations, of Kramutzcky's now famous reproduction of 'The Two Ways;' the sections on the peculiarities of the Codex, the printed texts, and the recent literature; and the care expended on the history of the characteristic Greek words 'of the Teaching.'

"The editors feel sure that continued study will only add to the interest felt by scholars in this unique product of early Christianity, and enhance their estimate of its importance."

Westminster Review.

"This enlargement of the hastily prepared edition brought out last year by the same editors seems to us one of the most complete and valuable of the numerous commentaries on the 'Teaching.' The matter of the discourse need not again be dealt with; it may suffice to say that these introductions and notes show thoroughly sound and scholarly work, and the reproduction of the conjectural restoration of 'The Two Ways' by Kramutzcky, with which our editors incline to identify the document, may be read with interest, even by non-theologians, as a justification of 'reconstructive criticism.' The commentary, too, though mainly for experts, may be read with profit by any who are interested in scholarship. We cordially welcome this new evidence of the activity of America in theological learning."

Spectator.

"Of the several editions of the 'Teaching' none is more worthy of the student's attention than this. A very full introduction gives an account of this very remarkable work of Christian antiquity (certainly the first in intrinsic value of the sub-Apostolic writings), of the circumstances of its discovery, &c. Then follows, first, the text, with a translation on the opposite pages, then notes, and then an appendix."

The Scotsman.

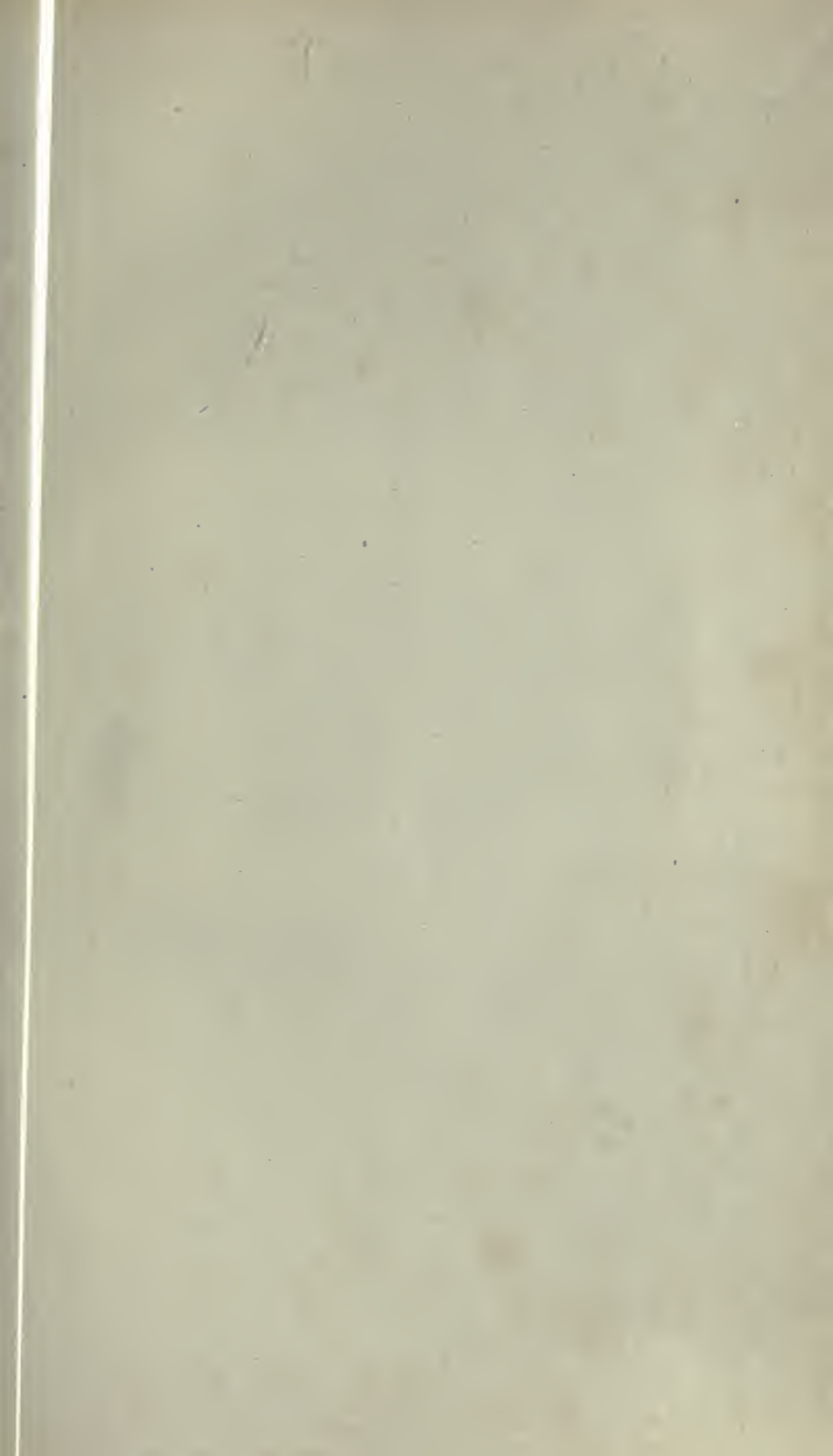
"There are few literary discoveries of recent years which have been so interesting to ecclesiastical scholars, or which have aroused more discussion, than that by Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia, of a manuscript in the library of the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre in Constantinople. Found in 1873, it was published in 1883, and for the first time scholars became acquainted with a work which they had seen tantalisingly referred to, quoted, and used by early Christian writers."

The Bookseller.

"If genuine, and apparently there is no reason to doubt its being so, this is one of the most important documents connected with historical theology that has been discovered for many years. It professes to be a summary of the Christian religion as taught by the Apostles themselves. . . . If the editors be correct in their conjectures, the 'Teaching' must have been written about the end of the first century or very early in the second."

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and appears to be a formal document or letter.

Very faint text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or date.



763858

AC5

R5

YC 04951

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

