

BURNLEY
LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CLUB

ESTABLISHED 1873

TRANSACTIONS

VOL. XXXVI

1918-19

GEORGE ANDERSON (BURNLEY) LTD.
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MDCCCXIX.

Burnley Literary and Scientific Club

ESTABLISHED 1873

OFFICERS OF THE CLUB

YEAR 1918-19.

President :

G. A. WOOD, M.A.

Vice-Presidents :

FRED. J. GRANT, J.P.

WM. THOMPSON

W. LEWIS GRANT

A. A. BELLINGHAM

JAS. LANCASTER, J.P.

H. L. JOSELAND, M.A.

Hon. Treasurer : FRANK E. THORNTON

Hon. Secretary : THOMAS FOSTER

Committee :

T. G. PARKINSON

J. T. LUPTON

G. S. RITCHIE

R. S. HEAP

FRANK HUDSON

T. W. WADDINGTON

ANNUAL REPORT.

1918—1919.

In presenting their Report for the Session 1918—1919, the Committee would first place on record their thanks to all who have addressed meetings of the Club. It has often been difficult to secure speakers, and many have come at considerable inconvenience to themselves. The Committee are glad, however, that they have been able to provide a series of addresses which have sustained the reputation of the Club, and hope that with the return of peace conditions there will not be the same difficulty in compiling a syllabus.

Out of the twenty-two meetings held, ten have been addressed by our own members, three by friends resident in Burnley, and nine by friends from outside the town. The Committee note with particular pleasure that two of the speakers were ladies, one an Associate of the Club, Miss Wood, M.A., and the other, Mrs. Shawcross, the daughter of one of the Club's most respected past Presidents, Mr. Henry Houlding.

The attendance at our meetings has been very gratifying. The average has been 63 : 32 members and 31 Associates and friends. Such an attendance as has been maintained all through the period of the war has thoroughly justified the Committee's decision to run the meetings of the Club in spite of all the hindrances that appeared to stand in the way.

The membership of the Club has been well sustained. The Committee hope that in the future more members will

avail themselves of the opportunities furnished by our meetings for hearing subjects of real importance discussed by persons competent to deal with them.

It is with deep regret that the Committee have to record the deaths, during the year, of four gentlemen who have long been intimately associated with the work of the Club. Two of them, Mr. W. Lewis Grant and Mr. James Kay, were past Presidents. Mr. J. S. Mackie had been for many years a member of the Committee; and Mr. Frank Hudson, for nine years held the post of Secretary with great credit to himself and to the Club. His was one of the lives given in his country's service, and one that could ill be spared. The Committee and the Club have in each case expressed their sorrow and their sympathy with the relatives of our departed friends.

In conclusion, the Committee appeal to all members of the Club to help by their attendance, and by taking part, if possible, in discussions, to promote the usefulness and interest of our meetings.

THOMAS FOSTER, Hon. Sec.

April, 1919.

BURNLEY LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC CLUB.

Treasurer's Account for the Year ending the 31st December, 1918.

Dr.

Cr.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
INCOME.						
140 Members' Subscriptions	70	0	0			
4 do. (half-session)	1	0	0			
1 do. (arrears)	0	5	0	71	5	0
53 Lady Associates' Subscriptions	13	5	0			
4 do. (half-session)	0	10	0	13	15	0
Bank Interest				85	0	0
Sale of Lantern Screen				1	1	6
Total Income				87	1	6
Balance on hand, Dec. 31st, 1917				31	14	5
				£118	15	11
EXPENDITURE.						
Expenses in connection with papers						18
Advertising						5
Collector's Commission						5
Postages						2
Printing and Stationery						5
Rent						13
Reports of Meetings for Transactions						5
"Transactions," Volume 35						00
Manchester Geographical Society						2
Hall-keeper						1
Bank Cheque Book						0
Arc Lamp for Lantern						5
Total Expenditure						65
Balance in hand						53
						14
						7
						£118
						15
						1

FRANK E. THORNTON, Hon. Treasurer.
10th March, 1919.

Audited and found correct,
ARTHUR BARDSLEY.

SYLLABUS.

OCTOBER TO DECEMBER, 1918.

-
- Oct. 8—"Material and Design in Pottery"
 JOSEPH BURTON, A.R.C.S., A.I.C.
 (Illustrated by the Lantern).
- „ 15—"An Hour with Dickens" J. CHORLTON.
- „ 22—"West Riding Moors and Moorland Folk"
 W. RILEY, Author of "Windyridge."
- „ 29—"Progress in South Africa under the Union"
 T. A. EDWARDS, F.R.G.S.
 (Illustrated by the Lantern).
- Nov. 5—"Beauty in Daily Life" CHARLES SIXSMITH.
- „ 12—"With Caravan and Camera in Ribblesland"
 T. WINSKILL.
 (Illustrated by the Lantern).
- „ 19—"The Tendencies of the Modern Press"
 A. ROUGHT BROOKS.
- „ 26—"William Blake: Painter, Poet, and Mystic"
 Illustrated by Lantern Slides representing some of his
 greatest artistic "inventions."
 REV. R. A. TAYLOR, M.A.
- Dec. 3—"The American Civil War" R. H. BOWDLER, J.P.
- „ 10—"Yatefield and Woodtop in the 18th Century"
 W. HARRISON HALL.
- „ 17—"By Fiord, Fjeldt and Fos" J. H. CRABTREE.
 (Illustrated by the Lantern).

SYLLABUS.

JANUARY TO APRIL, 1919.

-
- Jan. 14—" J. M. Barrie's ' Thrums ' "
REV. A. H. BOMFORD.
- „ 21—" Literature in the Twentieth Century "
MISS L. J. WOOD, M.A.
- „ 28—" Samuel Butler of ' Erewhon ' " . . . CHARLES HOYLE.
- Feb. 4—" Historical Research and its Humour "
REV. A. PEEL, M.A., Litt.D.
- „ 11—" Fifty Years in the People's Schools "
A. WILMORE, D.Sc., F.R.G.S.
- „ 18—" Joseph Conrad " THOMAS BANK.
- „ 25—" The Journals of John Wesley " . . . THE PRESIDENT.
- Mar. 4—" Y.M.C.A. Work with the Troops in France "
MRS. LUCY SHAWCROSS.
- „ 11—" Greece and some Islands in the Ægean Sea "
J. B. GASS, F.R.I.B.A.
(With Lantern Illustrations).
- „ 18—" Our Fathers' Gods : Tales and Traditions from Norse
Mythology " REV. A. J. STANHOPE.
- „ 25 " Concerning Utopia " THE PRESIDENT.
- April 1—ANNUAL MEETING.

In Memoriam.

Mr. W. Lewis Grant.

Mr. W. Lewis Grant, Vice-President, who passed away in November, was amongst the earliest members of the Club. For three years he was the President of the Club, 1903—1906. He occupied the post of Hon. Secretary as long ago as 1879 and continued in that office until 1883. Again in 1884 he undertook the same position which he then continued to 1887. He thus in two periods acted as Hon. Secretary for seven years.

It was not in these offices alone that he served the Club, but also as a member of the Committee from its very earliest foundation. And again as a frequent contributor of papers he did his full share of valuable work, and in the meetings he was a frequent and graceful speaker.

He knew intimately all the history and traditions of the Club and was always jealous of its good name and fame. He identified himself most closely with all its activities, and was ever ready with suggestions and full of information as to rules and precedents. Never did he shirk work and he devoted hours and hours to the adequate discharge of obligations in connection with the Club; he was always ready to confer, to advise, to help in any direction where his knowledge, experience and services could be of assistance.

The success of the Club was one of his dearest objects. He was delighted to work for it and to bring to bear his intimate knowledge of its affairs, and to give the benefit of his long experience and his ripe judgment. No one who sought his assistance and his advice ever came away without receiving all they sought. In losing him the Club has lost one of its staunchest adherents, and one whose bright and genial bearing, together with his unflinching zeal and enthusiasm, made him an invaluable colleague. His memory will be long cherished and the example he set will remain as a valuable incentive.

Lieut. Frank Hudson, LL.B.

Lieut. Frank Hudson, LL.B., was killed in action in France on October 12th, 1918, whilst gallantly leading his company to an attack against a very strong position. His commanding officer said that "he died the death of a brave and noble gentleman, and that his memory is honoured by all who knew him."

He was a member of the Committee of this Club. For nine consecutive years, 1906-1915, he held the office of Honorary Secretary. During that long period—a length never equalled by any previous Secretary—he discharged its duties with unfailing steadfastness and zeal. He accomplished the work with a thoroughness which left nothing undone or overlooked. It was his special pleasure and delight to give himself unstintingly for the benefit of the Club. By his education and training he was especially qualified for the office. He gave much time to the fulfilment of its work. In other ways he was a very busy man, but somehow he always contrived to be free to serve the Club. Nothing appeared to be left undone, or omitted. His thoroughness and thoughtfulness were marked characteristics.

Mr. Hudson devoted himself early in life to working in many spheres for the public benefit. He gave his best efforts to the performance of what he conceived to be his duty to others. In this respect he set an example to the young men, who by learning and position, should come forth and take their part in helping forward the general welfare. Had his life been spared, he would undoubtedly have taken a prominent part in the affairs of the Club and would have occupied its highest position.

The loss to the Club is most deeply regretted, not only on account of the very considerable work which he had done, but also for the future help he would have given and the incentive of his character and example.

His early removal whilst still a young man, is a heavy loss both to the Club and to the town.

Mr. James Kay, J.P.

The Committee have to record with great regret the death of Mr. James Kay, J.P., on March 6th, 1918, who was President of the Club for the years 1901-2 and 1902-3. For many years he held the office of Honorary Treasurer and fulfilled the duties with conspicuous ability.

He was one of the founders of the Club and a member of the Committee during almost all its history. The Club has been blessed with men of talent and influence, who were willing to give of their leisure to promote its welfare and progress and the happiness of its members, and of this number not the least gifted was the late Mr. Kay. He strove to maintain its high character and usefulness.

His business occupations did not prevent him taking his full share of public work in connection with religious, charitable, educational, and other matters associated with the life of a large thriving manufacturing town. Mr. Kay carried with him an easy graceful manner and a happy disposition, coupled with a cheery optimism that attracted people to him and made him a delightful companion. He was a great traveller and brought the results of his journeyings for the benefit of the Club, in choice language and illustrated by his facile and capable brush. The fair things of this world were really a delight to him. He loved the blue Italian sky and the sunny genial warmth of the Italian climate and to those who were not favoured to enjoy it he sought to bring it home to them in word and pencil pictures. His papers given to the Club, "A Tour in France," "Impressions of Canada and the United States," "Water-colour Sketching," amongst others, will be happy memories for many years to come.

We have on the long roll of our members, past and present, the names of gifted musicians, poets, scientists and artists, but Mr. Kay stands almost unrivalled in skill with the pencil and brush in producing the beautiful water-colour sketches of the pretty scenes in nature he so much loved.

Mr. John S. Mackie.

By the death of Mr. Mackie the Club lost a very useful member. He was very quiet and unassuming, never speaking except on subjects with which he was well acquainted. His contributions to the Club proceedings—whether by way of essay, or by participation in the discussions—were always valuable. In history as in literature he trod paths not often traversed, and he spared no pains when research was required in some recondite subject. The circumstances of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Mackie were most pathetic, and called forth the deepest sympathy from all who knew him. The members of the Committee sent contributions towards the erection of a memorial tablet in the place of worship he attended.

MATERIAL AND DESIGN IN POTTERY.

BY JOSEPH BURTON, A.R.C.S., A.I.C. OCT. 8TH, 1918.

Mr. Joseph Burton said that in studying the form of pottery, two factors must be recognised; first the article to which it is applied; second, the nature of the material of which it is composed. When use is in question, any ornament or decoration which interferes with utility is worse than wasted. The craftsman must work within the limits of his material, hence the nature of his material is of especial value. The characteristic quality belonging essentially to a particular material bears the same relationship to the material that individuality does to the artist, and we want in art something that expresses individuality. A peculiar characteristic of clay is its plasticity, a characteristic which has led to the development of thrown shapes. A certain subtle quality of line which is seen in these thrown shapes could not have been obtained in any other material. The special characteristic of earthenware is its coarseness, hence this form of pottery requires to be glazed. The specific quality of porcelain is its translucence. The Chinese were the first to discover porcelain. Not only are the Chinese great craftsmen, but they have a greater appreciation of quality of material than any other people. The brittleness of porcelain is a factor to be taken into consideration. These characteristics have a controlling influence upon type of shape to be evolved. A line that would be beautiful in bronze would be absolutely wrong in porcelain. The most beautiful shapes in every material are results of right processes which are based upon the qualities of that material. In order to judge whether a certain article of pottery is right or wrong, certain fundamental principles which determine the correct shape must be recognised. For instance, does ornament enhance the intrinsic value of the article? If not, it is worse than wasted. If it masks the nature of the material it is absolutely wrong; for this reason it is wrong to imitate in one material the quality of another. The nature of the material must determine the form of an article

and must enhance the quality that material possesses. Ornament should be related to the shape of the article to which it is applied. In judging the worth of ornament, it should first of all be recognised what is meant to be represented. It makes all the difference if the designer is trying to convey a symbolical idea through his art. For instance, a wonderful Chinese figure in the British Museum, considered the finest piece of pottery in the world, is greatly disliked by some people because of its large ears. In making these ears unduly large, the Chinese craftsman was trying to convey one of the attributes of God—always listening.

AN HOUR WITH CHARLES DICKENS.

BY J. CHORLTON.

OCTOBER 15TH, 1918.

The task before me to-night is both easy and difficult. Easy to take a volume of Dickens and read sketches from it ; difficult—out of such a profusion of wealth to discriminate and select so as to meet the preferences of all. It is impossible in one evening to amply discuss Dickens. We should need a whole series of evenings to illustrate his almost inexhaustible fulness and versatility, to depict his characters, to set forth his views, his aims, the lessons he seeks to teach, the feelings he inspires, the effects his works have produced.

There is a clear, definite, serious purpose running through every book, to which every character is subservient, and which every page illustrates. To miss the purpose is to miss everything and to lose all interest.

It is not necessary to go into all the particulars of his birth, parentage, ancestry, and education. He evidently sprang from the great middle class. His great drawback was the poverty and shiftlessness of his father. He experienced poverty in its acutest form, and the whole of his early life was passed amid scenes of hardships and destitution.

This fact gave tone and colour to all his after life. It was this early discipline which provoked ever after his ardent sympathy for the poor, and gave to his pen its richest eloquence as he depicted their condition and pleaded their cause.

Dickens' began work first as an office boy. In "David Copperfield" we have one of his employers, strict austere Mr. Murdstone. A fellow worker named Fagin furnished a name for the notorious Jew in "Oliver Twist." Dickens' father, who spent a considerable portion of his life in a debtor's prison, stands as the portrait of "Micawber." The "Marshalsea" was a favourite subject with Dickens, and no wonder, for he spent much of his early life amid the scenes he has described.

In his young days he had experience which gave him a thorough understanding of men and things in this knock-about world. He was errand boy, apprentice, merchant's clerk, lawyer's clerk, newspaper reporter, journalist and at last successful author.

Dickens' writings are word pictures. His personages start from the page and assume living shapes. You can see them, move with them, talk to them and hear them. And they are so because Dickens himself saw them, lived with them, and so reproduced them for our endless delight and profit.

He is one of the men who have enriched our vocabulary—enriched it with living words, so that as soon as the word is spoken there starts up an image embodying the idea it is intended to convey. Take a few instances, "Micawberism" conveys the sense of impecuniosity and laziness; "Mark Tapley," the happy art of being jolly under all circumstances; "Pecksniff," the type of meanness and hypocrisy. "Uriah Heap" reminds one of a fawning knave. Government formality is pilloried in the circumlocution office, and the phrase "How not to do it."

What is it that made Dickens so popular? My answer is—He was a Man. A man who knew and loved and lived and worked for his kind. Every page is aglow with philanthropy and humanity. His eye saw beneath the surface. He makes us feel that humanity is superior to all artificial distinctions and if we maintain our inward worth we can never be disgraced.

We do not claim that Dickens was faultless. It is because of his kindly all pervading charm, that he wins our admiration. It is because of the tenderness and purity of his writings, his high regard for the good and true and above all, his reverence for the sanctity of the home.

We place Dickens in the front rank of social reformers. His writings have had a marked effect upon our laws and customs.

We must not overlook his great love for children. There are always children about him—bright, happy children tripping gaily through pleasant scenes.

Perhaps the majority of readers turn to Dickens more for fun than anything else. His intimate friends said that he was often, even in mature life, like a laughing, rollicking

boy. There was humour in every fibre of his being. From any of his works you might write a book on the beneficent uses of laughter. The great book of humour is "Pickwick."

We must not forget that Dickens can make us weep as well as laugh. What wonderful powers of pathos.

After the humour and the pathos comes the tragedy. Read the death of Bill Sykes, of Rogue Riderhood, of Carker, and in their intense realism you see retribution dogging the steps of the unscrupulous and the criminal, until every door of escape is closed and they must perforce meet their doom.

The effect of our study of Dickens will lead us to a large and broad sympathy with those humane purposes which inspired his pen; to greater love for our fellow men; to covet for ourselves the best gifts—the love of truth, purity, and right; the hatred of wrongs and shams.

WEST RIDING MOORS AND MOORLAND FOLK.

BY W. RILEY.

OCTOBER 22ND, 1918.

THE PRESIDENT (G. A. Wood, M.A.) said it was his sad and very painful duty to refer to the death in action in France of Lieut. Frank Hudson. He was a member of the Committee of the Club. The news which came that morning meant the most vital loss to the Club since the war began. It removed from the list of officers a name that would long be honoured in the annals of the Club. Throughout his official connection with them, Lieut. Hudson set before himself an extremely high standard and no one was more anxious to maintain and consolidate the position which the Club had held in the town and district. It seemed but a short time since they took leave of him when he gave up the office of Secretary after acting in that position for nine consecutive years, and when they marked in a tangible manner their sense of his sterling worth. They had looked forward hopefully to the time when he would return to shew once more those scholarly qualities of mind which he possessed to such a marked degree. No such fortune would be theirs; his life had been sacrificed to a more immediate purpose, and if one could put aside a sense of personal loss and look to the larger issues, it was seen that his death was part of that vast, glorious sacrifice that had been and was being made on behalf of those principles dear to the hearts of the Briton—that freedom, liberty, truth and right might prevail and be established.

MR. RILEY thanked the President for his kindly introduction and expressed pleasure at the opportunity of meeting friends in Lancashire.

It was not as strange as it might appear that he should have elected to speak on the subject of the Moors to the dwellers in the industrial towns of the West Riding and the Lancashire towns that bordered upon Yorkshire, for the inhabitants of those localities were in reality moorland folk. He himself was born on a moor, though it was only "Bradford

Moor," yet even there he might have inherited something of the spirit of the heather-clad moors. To him the moors were all and always fascinating, though they were diversified as the stars—some dull and frowning, others bright and beautiful.

Mr. Riley quoted from Emerson that the air we breathe had an effect on character, and that the air of mountains was "a potent predisposer to rebellion." That being so there was little wonder that moormen were, like the moors themselves, rebellious. They thrust the roots of their natures deep into the ground; resisted the march of progress; were sometimes harsh and treacherous, but like the moors they had their tender qualities.

The lecturer showed how the old schoolmasters who live remote from men, and men of the poacher type, are rebels in their way, and he then gave a masterly survey of the character of Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights." He showed how every character that stepped upon the stage in Emily Brontë's book was the moor in one of its aspects.

The Brontë sisters were all lovers of the moor—"smittled" by it—but they were not all influenced in the same way. Emily's love for it was of the passionate order—heaven itself was not to be preferred to the wild moor around Haworth parsonage. All the sisters were rebels: all had been swept by the free spirit of the moors.

The lecturer went on to show how strongly the moors held the moorland folk. Sir William Craven was drawn back to Appletreewick from the excitements of London, and Tom Parker, the famous tenor, after a short heart-breaking absence from his home, refused to sleep a single night away from Haworth moor.

So when the moorman became religious he required in his pastors the rough qualities that he showed himself. As he did not believe in "mealy-mouthed" folk, men of the William Grimshaw type appealed to him most. Mr. Riley gave some striking illustrations of the secret of Grimshaw's power and success.

Even in the realm of Cupid the moorland folk—men and women alike—were rebels, having no sympathy with the "soft" ways of the town. "Billing and cooing" were as much out of place in their courtship as a geranium among the heather. He gave amusing instances of this, and concluded by commending to us the moors and the moorland folk.

PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA UNDER THE UNION.

BY T. A. EDWARDS, F.R.G.S. OCTOBER 29TH, 1918.

Before the Union progress could not be expected. The progress to which I refer is increasing the sum of human happiness.

What is the best way of proving a nation's condition? Some may say figures and statistics; these I do not propose to use, but shew by photographs taken at different periods of the same place, the progress that has been made.

Transport is of the first essential in South Africa. To-day the rate of travel on the railways is only about half the speed of English railways. In 1907, before the Union, it was only one-fifth of the English speed. In the Union many branch lines have been opened out and thereby increased the facilities of travel. Before the Union there were no through trains; to-day there are trains as well equipped as any English trains. I have spent five days and nights on one train, with every provision as to food and sleeping, and even baths.

Ox-wagon is also a mode of transit, usually eight pairs of oxen to each wagon. Another mode is a four-horse mule cart. To-day you can also see motor cars, a sight prior to 1908 we should never see. On the roads there is a great lack of bridges.

The gradients on the railways are very steep and the curves very acute, consequently the speed is slow and at one place nine miles are traversed for half a mile made in advance.

The authorities are now awakening to the importance of agriculture. For its progress, transport is of the utmost importance. The question of water need not be a hindrance as there is a sufficiency in the Union. The difficulty is its distribution. In a dry river bed water can always be got at a depth of about 20 feet.

In 1914 there was a great drought in Rhodesia. In Bulawayo we had only a ten days' supply; and yet in Salisbury at the same time they had a full supply, but they have a large dam which thus provides a full supply. This system is now coming into pretty general use.

The next drawback to agriculture is the insect pest. The locust is a terrible plague. The old Boer farmer simply sat down and did nothing. To-day the Government offers a reward of 1/- a sack for young locusts. By degrees these pests will be overcome. These offers can only be made by the Union, which has the general well-being to consider.

Photographs were shewn of some of the principal buildings in Capetown, which shewed them to be of a superior character. The water supply in Capetown is to-day 1/- per 1,000 gallons, lower in price than in Manchester.

To-day Cecil Rhodes' dream of an extended Empire has almost come true—a rail from Capetown to Cairo.

Education is making great progress; there is now a school in almost every town, and universities are also being established.

The south coast is well protected by light-houses, but the eastern coast has not yet been provided and mariners stand well out to sea.

With one pair of horses I travelled 36 miles in one day, 62 miles the next day, 62 miles the third and 50 miles the fourth. One black boy has travelled with me over 60,000 miles: an honest and capable and good all round assistant.

Hotels are much improved from 1908 to 1914.

The ostrich trade was made possible by irrigation making the growth of lucerne grass a success, and lucerne grass, when chopped, is the best food for ostriches, and their feathers are much superior when kept in captivity.

East London has greatly improved its harbour accommodation and will soon allow the largest steamer to berth alongside the quay. King Williamstown is now well supplied with water from the Buffalo River and an immense lake has been made to store its waters. Queenstown on one day in the year obliges every school child to plant a tree and so long as they live their tree is their particular care. Since 1906 Queenstown has built a reservoir which holds a seven years' supply, if no rain fell.

Efforts are being made to educate the Kaffir boy ; a new language is springing up : a sort of lingua franca, for the Zulu is an impossible language for a European.

Durban is the most go-ahead town in South Africa. The progress from 1908 to 1911 was considerable, but that is greatly surpassed in 1914. A bathing enclosure in the sea is so constructed as to be secure against sharks. A new town hall was built in 1911, of grand proportions ; the whole town is belted with electric tram cars ; in every street there is a kiosk in which is a municipal officer who supplies any information required.

Johannesberg has made great strides from 1908 to 1914, and its public buildings are now of remarkable magnitude and beauty.

Cotton can be grown, oranges and lemons, and soon we shall have them largely exported to this country. A basket of delicious fruit is sent by Mr. Pickstone, of Capetown, carriage paid, to this country for 9/-.

Pretoria from 1908 has made enormous strides forward. Its new railway station cost £30,000, and to-day it is one of the leading cities in the Empire.

In 1908 I was convinced that the old feud between Briton and Boer would die ; in 1911 I found it greatly reduced and in 1914 I found Britons and Boers working harmoniously together. •

BEAUTY IN DAILY LIFE.

BY CHARLES SIXSMITH.

NOVEMBER 5TH, 1918.

MR. W. THOMPSON said before we commence the ordinary proceedings it is my sad duty to move a vote of condolence. We were all pained and shocked to learn of the sudden demise of our old friend and colleague Mr. W. Lewis Grant, one of the Vice-Presidents. He has been a member of this Club almost from its beginning. He was President for three years. He occupied the position of Hon. Secretary for a period of seven years, and he has served upon the Committee almost from its earliest establishment. Nor does this record exhaust the list of his activities. He contributed many valuable papers and in the ordinary meetings was a frequent and graceful speaker.

During all that time we have always had the greatest regard for him. He was always most pleasant and agreeable. He had a high standard of duty. No consideration of self or his own ease or pleasure was ever allowed to prevent him from fulfilling all the many obligations which he undertook. In that respect he was indeed an example.

He was upright and conscientious to a degree. Nothing would ever have induced him to swerve from the strict line of rectitude. The success of this Club was to him a matter of the deepest interest. He was ever ready from the stores of his knowledge and ripe experience, to give guidance and help upon all occasions. He was keenly desirous to support its prestige and none laboured more assiduously to achieve that purpose. In all that affected its traditions and its precedents he was a trusty guardian. He spent many laborious hours in working and preparing for the benefit of the Club and at all times did his utmost to advance its interests. The prosperity and well-being of the Club lay very near his heart.

It was ever a pleasure to work with a colleague who was so genial and so courteous, and his zeal and enthusiasm were inexhaustible.

In losing him the Club has lost one of its staunchest adherents. His memory will long be cherished, and the example he set will remain as a valuable incentive.

I now move that a letter of condolence be sent to his family, expressing our high appreciation of his merits and services, and our sympathy in their loss.

MR. JAS. LANCASTER seconded the resolution. He said the secret of the Club's success could be attributed to such Presidents and Vice-Presidents as Mr. Lewis Grant. He had the previous evening looked through some volumes of the Club's Transactions. He found that for many years almost every volume contained either a paper or some other contribution by Mr. Lewis Grant. They could best honour his memory by trying to carry out the noble aspirations expressed by their late friend.

The vote was acknowledged by the members standing in silence.

MR. SIXSMITH said that with the growth of commercialism and industrialism beauty has been a diminishing feature in the lives of the people. Ruskin said that life without industry was guilt and he also said that industry without art was brutality. Art was usually considered to be something for the luxurious and the cultured only, and not for the ordinary working folk; yet it could never be vital unless it pervaded the daily life of the people. It really meant thoughtful workmanship, the well-doing of what is worth doing. So that a potter, a shoemaker, or a blacksmith, may be an artist as well as a painter of pictures.

Why was it that our modern buildings were much less beautiful than had been erected in former days and articles of daily use were shoddier and uglier than ever before. We had more scientific knowledge, technical skill, and finer machinery than ever our forefathers had. Was it not that instead of being made with fitness for use as their first consideration they were made with an eye on the shop window only. It was outside show and cheapness rather than quality of material and workmanship. It was a significant fact that inferior goods could be palmed off easier on the British people than on the natives of West Africa. The reason he believed to be that our people have lost much of the craft-knowledge and experience which still existed among native people. In former days most of the

industries were carried on in the villages and homes of the people. The children grew up familiar with the operations of agriculture, of weaving, the making of furniture and pottery, the blacksmith's shop, etc., and were familiar with the methods and materials. This too at a time when things were made directly for use rather than profit, and had the beauty of simplicity and sincerity. This was an education in itself and more valuable than book education. This craft-knowledge enabled people to judge the quality of the things they had to buy. Now, the conditions of modern industry convert great numbers of men into mere machine tenders, giving them no interest or self-expression in their work or anything to stimulate their artistic sensibility.

He did not share Ruskin's objection to machinery which after all was only a more efficient tool. The trouble is we don't make proper use of it. It needed to be kept under stern control as readers of Samuel Butler's "Erewhon" would understand. The present war has shown what a tyrannical master it may become and lead us to destruction unless we keep it under control. We cannot condemn machinery on artistic grounds.

If we consider why it is that such things as a plough, a boat, a motor car, or an aeroplane were things of beauty while our aspidistra pots and vases, curtains and wall papers were disagreeable to those with a sense of beauty, we should probably find that it was because in the one case fitness for use was the prime consideration and in the others a mere show apart from use. There was no reason why the commonest things in our homes should not give us æsthetic pleasure. If we put sincerity into the making of these things they will reflect again beauty and vitality. Material things are capable of expressing and developing the human soul. When designing and making them in the right spirit we are brought nearer to an understanding of the great designer of the world.

However, there were signs of a better understanding and hope for the future in the coming changes which we all were expecting. The loss of beauty in daily life was due mainly to the development of the factory system. The conditions of modern industry convert vast numbers of people into mere automatons tending machines. We needed a new spirit in modern industry, a spirit similar to that of the old craftsmen who took a pride and pleasure in their work. The war would inevitably bring radical changes in industry. There was already much industrial unrest. He

did not think it was mainly a question of wages. It was one of conditions. The real solution was the humanizing of our industry. Even the personal relationship of master and man had disappeared with the Joint Stock Company. The man who is occupied with work that he enjoys is a happy man and gets some reward from his labour besides wages. Most workmen would ridicule the idea that there can be any joy in work so accustomed are they to dull drudgery. Naturally he wants to give as little of it as possible and get as much pay for it as he can.

The shop steward movement, the establishing of Whitley Councils were efforts toward the democratizing of industry which is all to the good, but what is really wanted is the humanizing of it. There is no single panacea to be universally applied. What is applicable in one trade may not be feasible in another. In many trades we might return to more local and smaller workshops, trades say wherein the cost of the article is so increased by the middleman that the advantage of production on a large scale is lost. In the big industries where production on a large scale is an advantage, it is more difficult. Cotton spinning for instance: the efficiency and labour saving by doing it on a big factory scale is so enormous that we cannot give it up although the work is monotonous. But in such a case it might be arranged for two shifts a day of 5 6 hours each, which would leave the spinner half his day for some occupation, if he liked, in which he could find pleasure and be a free agent; the working of an allotment for instance, or some home industry. That is certainly a practicable proposition.

There is no reason why a considerable amount of small industries and craft-work should not live side by side with the big factories. They would exercise a salutary influence on the art of industry. In this way the workman would gain more freedom, more scope for the operation of his inventive and creative faculties. He might regain the delight of making things. In this direction something might be done to bring back pleasure in work, art into industry, and beauty into the common daily life.

WITH CARAVAN AND CAMERA IN RIBBLELAND.

BY T. WINSKILL.

NOVEMBER 12TH, 1918.

THE PRESIDENT (G. A. Wood, M.A.) said he begged most heartily to congratulate the officers, members and associates of the Club on the fact that to-night for the first time for over four years, the Club met with the world virtually at peace. We realised with deeply thankful hearts that the great hopes and purposes of the Allied nations had now been attained.

Like captives after long confinement in a dungeon, we were almost dazed with excess of light; we could scarcely realise that the goal had been won and that we must soon bend to unprecedented tasks in the arts of peace.

Since the Club met a week ago, we had lived through some tremendous days. Would that he could do justice to their immense import—their vast significance, not only to the English people but to the future economy and ordering of the whole world. All former things in the vast area of Central Europe had passed away, and it might be surely and solemnly said that a new age lay quick and restless on the breast of its dead mother.

Even in those first moments of thankful retrospect, we felt, and felt deeply, that the war had been worth while. It was a MORAL end for which we fought. We fought for the justification of Right against the challenge of overwhelming material power. At no stage in the war did we lose sight of that. It had borne us up in times of depression. It had sustained us in our purpose. It had given us tenacity and the will to see it through. It had made sorrow proud; it had given meaning and consecration to all our losses.

He noticed that the Premier, speaking at the Guildhall on Saturday, spoke of the leaves falling in the beautiful forest of Versailles and of how he was reminded thereby that empires and kingdoms and kings and crowns were

falling like withered leaves before the gale. The President said he wondered whether the Premier had in mind that superb "Ode to the West Wind" by Shelley, wherein the poet thought of autumn's wreckage and the ruthless forces which scatter it, as the naturally necessary condition of the promise and burgeoning of spring. At any rate we hoped that in the case of Europe that might be so and that, though spiritually and politically a desolating winter had come, spring could not be far behind, when the sun of righteousness should rise and shine again.

MR. T. WINSKILL said they were a party of four who, in real Bohemian fashion, set off from Burnley with movable apartments to spend a holiday in the Ribbles Valley.

I cannot say what impelled us to desire a change from the walking tour holiday, and to try the method, so ardently recommended by the late Dr. Gordon Stables, and immortalised by Borrow, of wandering into the country by caravan. Unlike Gordon Stables' "Land Yacht," our horse and van were somewhat modest in appearance, yet we soon heard such appellations as "Wombwell's" and "Buffalo Bills." The caravan was, however, clean and neat, and entirely suitable for our requirements.

Our first halt for the night was made at Mitton; the farmer, whose permission we sought to draw our house on wheels into his field, under the shade of the old Parish Church, was most obliging, and remains to-day one of our closest friends. Indeed, on each of the other occasions we found no difficulty whatever in getting the horse put in a field or stable at the places we selected for our decumbency. Moreover the farmers were exceedingly kind and heartily approved of our method of "holidaying"; a pipe of tobacco and civility on more than one occasion drawing invaluable advice and information from these rural gentlemen.

Mitton is one of the most perfect "Nooks of the World." It is so sweetly situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and so typical of our "Old English Hamlets," that we were loth to leave it. The ancient parish church at Mitton possesses many features of interest; its main attractions are the numerous memorials of the knightly family of Sherburne, the ancient lords of Stoneyhurst.

Our first full day was spent journeying from Mitton to Waddington. What a number of interesting and historic places lie in this short journey; with beautiful weather we

took our fill of the pleasures of the Gipsy life. No wonder Borrow was so fond of the life of the "Romany Chals." First walking, then riding when inclined to do so, bursting forth into song when inspired, choosing the prettiest spots for lunch, never retracing our steps for meals as would be the case if staying at an hotel or boarding house, chatting in the spirit of Sterne with all whom we chanced to meet, and throughout with plenty of time for observation with the country at its best, seemed to us Elysian. Surely Whitman and Burroughs could not have been more exuberant over the open road.

One of the features which impressed us most was the "fraternity of the road," for almost all passers, from the tramp to the aristocrat in his touring car, dropped some complimentary remark or gave us a wave of the hand.

By Wigglesworth the journey was continued to Clapham. The speaker dealt with the geological features of Clapham, Giggleswick, and the district around Settle. He dealt with such features as caves and underground streams, and traces of the cave dwellers of ancient Britain.

Illustrations were shown of the scenery and geological sections in the district traversed.

THE TENDENCIES OF THE MODERN PRESS.

BY A. ROUGHT BROOKS.

NOVEMBER 19TH, 1918.

After dealing with the effect of the war upon the Press, Mr. Rought Brooks expressed the opinion that the changes and modifications brought about would not entirely disappear with the coming of peace. Millions of men who might never have left their native towns, save for a trip to Bridlington, Brighton, or Blackpool, had been in countries the very existence of which many of them were but vaguely aware; they had been face to face with the grim realities of life and death, and they would return with a broader outlook and with an awakened interest in national and international affairs. The same remark applied almost equally to those people who remained at home.

The kind of news with which the public were satisfied before the war would satisfy them no longer. Until a short time ago, no English newspaper except "The Times" made any serious attempt at an independent and consistent presentation of foreign news and views. This was perhaps not to be wondered at, when it was considered that "The Times" used to spend something like £20,000 a year in cables alone, besides maintaining salaried correspondents in every quarter of the globe. The absolute necessity of keeping pace with foreign news and foreign opinion in the future would tend more than ever to the grouping of the great dailies in the hands of a few wealthy syndicates. The great provincial dailies would probably meet the contingency by co-operation.

In order to get his subject into perspective, Mr. Rought Brooks traced the rise of the great dailies, giving historical details of their beginnings and progress. During the nineteenth century, he said, and until a time within the memory of most of us, newspapers, both great and small, were the private properties of certain families, and the control generally passed from father to son. It was during this period that British journalism attained a position easily superior to that of any other country. In the collection and presentation of news, in freedom from corruption and blackmail, and in political power, the newspapers of Great Britain stood alone,

A newspaper was looked upon as something more than a mere commercial enterprise; it was a sacred trust. It is on record that the late Mr. John Edward Taylor refused even to consider an offer of a million sterling for the "Manchester Guardian."

In the nineteenth century—until at any rate just before its close—circulations were comparatively small. In 1834 the sale of "The Times" was about 10,000 a day, and it was not until the Crimean War that it rose to 50,000. Other London papers at that time ranged from about 2,000 to 8,000 only. The rise of the big modern circulations was due not so much to the abolition of the stamp duty in 1855 and the paper duty in 1861, but to Forster's Education Act of 1870. The intellectual requirements of a very large section of the new reading public were not met by newspapers like "The Times," the "Standard," the "Daily Telegraph," the "Manchester Guardian" the "Daily News," or the "Daily Chronicle." Sir George Newnes was the first to cater for this class with "Tit-bits," which he started in Manchester in 1880. Eight years later an enterprising young man, who had been in Newnes' employ, named Alfred Harmsworth, followed suit with "Answers," and Arthur Pearson, who was Newnes' London manager, instituted "Pearson's Weekly." Young Harmsworth fell in the war.

Kennedy Jones, a young journalist who had just left the "Birmingham Daily Mail," and had come up to London in search of a job, bought an option on the London "Evening News," which was practically moribund. He suggested to Harmsworth that they should buy the "Daily News" outright and run it. The money was raised and Mr. Kennedy Jones was to be one-eighth proprietor of the business. Not many years ago, it is reported, Mr. Kennedy Jones refused to sell the share for a quarter of a million! Upon the deal the Harmsworth fortunes were founded.

With the "Evening News" as a basis the "Daily Mail" was started, avowedly with the intention of catching the class of readers who had previously never read anything beyond their local paper and journals of the "Tit-bits" standard. It was (in that vague but useful phrase) the psychological moment for no sooner was the "Daily Mail" well established, than the South African War broke out. This gave Harmsworth the opportunity of a magnificent advertisement. Added to great enterprise in the way of newsgetting, the service of writers like Rudyard Kipling

and the late G. W. Steevens made the "Mail" the paper for the people. American methods were frankly imported and the "story" and the "stunt" replaced the matter-of-fact methods of the older papers.

At the same time the influence of Lord Northcliffe has not been altogether for the bad. The pre-Northcliffe papers were stodgy, both in manner and matter, they paid no attention to "make-up," and whatever news they had was dumped in anyhow with uniform headlines. Lord Northcliffe practically introduced into England the science of sub-editing and headline writing. He introduced, too, the signed article, by means of which the views of eminent literary and scientific men were for the first time placed before the general public. It is to his credit, too, that the worst features of the Yellow Press of America he did not import even in his yellowest depth. The success of the "Mail" and of the "Express" stamped the "Daily News" and "Daily Chronicle," who both came down to a halfpenny in 1904, besides following the "Mail" in brightening up their pages. In recent years the "Mail" has dropped to a large extent the "good story at any price" and developed a more reliable and comprehensive news service.

The British press had never reached such a high standard of all-round excellence, both literary and mechanical, as it had in 1914, and it was never as free from objectionable matter.

A striking development of recent years was the rise of the picture daily paper. This synchronised with the rise of the cinema, and was indicative of the same love of "tit-bitiness" in the public as marked the rapid rise of the "Mail," the "Express," and the "Despatch." Here again Harmsworth was the pioneer, the other illustrated papers, both daily and Sunday, being close copies of the "Mirror."

The rise in circulation of Sunday papers was a significant fact.

At first sight, said the lecturer, it might seem curious that every effort to establish a Labour daily paper had proved a failure. The explanation, however, was simple. Neither the "Daily Herald" nor the "Daily Citizen," considered purely as newspapers, were as good as any one of their halfpenny rivals. It is no use a newspaper expecting support merely because it happens to be Conservative, Liberal or Labour, as the case may be. It must be at least as good a newspaper as its rivals, or it is doomed to failure.

The outstanding tendency of the day in the newspaper world is the commercialisation of the Press; the passing of practically all our great papers from private hands into the hands of great combines. This is to be regretted. The chief reason is that it destroys to a large extent, editorial individuality and responsibility. The successful editor of a paper run frankly and solely for the sake of dividend is not the man who can LEAD public opinion but the man who can interpret and influence it. Another danger is that it places in the hands of certain men power without responsibility. Lord Northcliffe, of course, is the most striking example. He controls directly "The Times," the "Daily Mail," the "Evening News," and the "Weekly Dispatch"—not to mention "Comic Cuts," and "Home Chat"—and the influence he can bring to bear upon the electorate is so great that no government can with safety defy him. Arising out of this was another dangerous tendency—the very latest—the active association of a government or of a political group with a section of the press. The function of English newspapers (other than their primary function of supplying news) has always been that of exponents and critics; they have never before been the mere mouthpieces of politicians. In the matter of an independent Press, the provinces were to-day better served than London. The "Manchester Guardian," the "Yorkshire Post," the "Yorkshire Observer," the "Liverpool Post," the "Birmingham Daily Post," and the "Scotsman" are all as yet true to the honourable traditions of the past.

Mr. Rought Brooks, in conclusion, read a letter which he had received from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q"), Professor of English at Cambridge University.

WILLIAM BLAKE :
PAINTER, POET, AND MYSTIC.

BY REV. R. A. TAYLOR.

NOVEMBER 26TH, 1918.

Blake lived in two centuries. Such a man might seem to be out of place in the so-called Age of Reason, an analytical and critical age. Among his contemporaries, however, were the poets Cowper, Crabbe, Burns and Wordsworth who marked a renaissance of poetry in the last two decades of the 18th century, which was to merge into the full glory of the poetry of the 19th century.

Blake appears to have been known to only a few people, and among these were some who called him "Mad Blake." He had no schooling in the ordinary sense of the word, as he could not brook the restraint of school. He did attend a school of drawing and became a pupil of Desire, the engraver. His temperament might be described as Gothic, though he appears to have been influenced to some extent by Flaxman who was a Classicist.

The woman Blake married appears to have been an ideal wife for such a man. She was the sole model for his drawings of the female figure. She was a woman of infinite patience, sympathising with and helping her husband as far as she was able. All his life was spent in London, except for an interval of three years, when he lived at Felpham. To this short residence by the sea may be traced the sea-side influences upon his work.

The lecturer quoted examples of Blake's early poems, and claimed that his Lyrics were highly reminiscent of the work of the Elizabethan poets.

Dealing with the mysticism of Blake, the lecturer referred to Emerson's "Over-Soul" as giving a suitable description of mysticism. He said that mystics were generally curiously

happy men, "Blessed because they saw, or thought they saw, God." He quoted many of Blake's sayings by way of illustration.

In a passage devoted to Blake's "Prophetic Books," Mr. Taylor pointed out the great difference between them and his "Songs of Innocence." Blake believed them to be written under the direction of messengers from heaven who attended him day and night, and pointed out the similarity of this claim and those made by W. T. Stead.

The lecture was illustrated by slides showing many of Blake's drawings. Most of the originals were done in monochrome, though some were done in colours. All were known for their remarkable clearness of outline.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

BY R. H. BOWDLER, J.P.

DECEMBER 3RD, 1918.

A great event in history is not, as a rule, the result of any one cause; there are generally many contributory causes. It is safe to say there would have been no Civil War in America if it had not been for slavery. There were contributory causes, but slavery was the one fact of primary importance.

The American Colonies were founded at different times, by different people, and under different circumstances. Some of the Colonies were founded for commercial reasons, others for the sake of religious freedom, some were acquisitions from the Dutch, others were off-shoots from the older settlements. There was no common bond of union between them. There was a marked difference in climate and natural conditions between the northern and the southern settlements. It needed the overwhelming necessity which led to the Declaration of Independence to bring them together for a common purpose.

In the North the people had to win their living by individual exertion, which produced a spirit of personal independence. In the South it was different, for the colonists looked up to the great plantation owners for leadership. Thus it came about that these leaders wielded an influence out of all proportion to their numbers, and they were in the habit of holding over the heads of the more populous Northern States the threat of secession if their own particular ends were not met.

In the early years of the nineteenth century there was a great change in process, for the Northern States were growing in power and in population. The balance of power would have adjusted itself had it not been for the great expansion of the country and the question of slavery in the newly acquired territories. It was the great expansion of the country and the addition of immense new territories to the Union in the early and middle years of the nineteenth century, which intensified the controversy between the two

sections of opinion. The Northern States were not prepared to sanction the extension of slavery to the newly acquired territories. In 1820 the Constitution of the new State of Missouri had to be considered, and the Northern and Southern interests came into conflict. The dispute led to a compromise known as the Missouri Compromise.

Another stage was reached in 1850 when territory acquired from Mexico gave rise to another compromise.

In 1854 Senator Douglas introduced a Bill for the organization of Kansas and Nebraska, one clause of which provided for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and this became law. The issue was now joined.

In 1857 another stage was reached. The Supreme Court pronounced to the effect that the right of property in a slave is distinctly affirmed in the Constitution. This decision evoked the utmost opposition from the Republican party, and from Abraham Lincoln, who was then rapidly coming to the front. In 1858 he came forward to oppose Douglas, and there occurred some famous debates between the two men.

In 1859 John Brown made his famous but illegal raid upon the arsenal of Harper's Ferry in Virginia. He felt that the time had come for action, and that the issue once joined would soon be decided. Brown was found guilty and hanged.

The Presidential Election dawned in 1860 and the South began to utter threats of secession in the event of the election of a Republican President. There was a spirit in the Democratic party and it was then that Lincoln was finally adopted, and chosen by the electors. In 1861, when he entered upon office, the clouds were gathering and all men were asking what the future had in store.

We have now taken a rapid survey of the situation as it had developed up to the eve of the Civil War.

Almost as soon as Lincoln was elected President there came the first secession. South Carolina declared that she resumed her sovereign powers among the nations. This example was followed by other states, until in 1861, seven States had seceded and proposals were discussed in favour of a Southern Confederacy. On February 18th, 1861, a provisional Government was formed. Thus there came into existence an organization prepared to take up whatever

responsibilities the situation might reveal. Northern opinion was still halting and irresolute. The seceding States were united and they were inspired by high purposes. This unity of feeling and disciplined spirit of self-sacrifice was a great asset to the Confederacy.

When the first act of war took place four other States joined the original seven, but the remaining three doubtful middle States were preserved to the Union largely owing to the efforts of Lincoln.

The contest then rested between these eleven States and the Northern Union of twenty-three: a population of 9,000,000 against 22,000,000.

But the Confederacy had other advantages than unanimity. Their President, Jefferson Davis, had many limitations but he had had much experience in Congress, and was also an old officer from the military academy of West Point. Lincoln had no such training, and in the early stages of the war had to grope his way among the pitfalls of statesmanship and military strategy, and hold his people steadfast at the same time.

The South had also the supreme good fortune to secure the services of one of the really great men of the time, a soldier of extraordinary capacity and a man of high character and integrity—General Robert E. Lee. Lee became the commander of the army of Northern Virginia, and he was the greatest soldier of the war. He had another great soldier associated with him—Thomas Jonathan Jackson, or, as he is always called Stonewall Jackson: he was a man of deep moral character and a brilliant soldier.

The Confederacy had another advantage as they were moving upon interior lines. The Union or Federal troops had to move over wide spaces in their attempt to close in upon the Confederacy.

The leadership of Lincoln was an immense advantage, for his steadfast faith and determination never failed. The wealth and material resources of the North were far superior to those of the South. The South believed that its cotton crop ought to prove valuable as an asset, but this hope was to end in disappointment, for the North was supreme on the sea and was able to maintain an effective blockade of the Southern ports, and this blockade was a potent factor in the final overthrow of the Confederacy.

Provided only the heart of the people of the North remained true the end was inevitable and it is to the eternal credit of Lincoln that by his efforts the Northern States held on until the victory was won.

In the harbour of Charleston there were three or four forts. When South Carolina seceded she demanded the delivery of these forts. One of these forts was the famous Fort Gunter, and here the first blow of the war was struck by the South, and the North at once prepared with enthusiasm for the struggle.

No one in the North believed in a long war and they formed no conception of the formidable task which lay before them. Their difficulty was to find a capable commander.

The area where the war was fought was bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the south by the Gulf of Mexico, on the west by the Mississippi River and on the north by the Ohio and the southern boundary of Pennsylvania.

The first great object of Northern strategy was to obtain the control of the Mississippi valley and thus shut in the Confederacy on the west. It was also necessary to master the Central area. It was a long time before this was accomplished but in the end it became possible to advance upon Richmond in the east and to invade the Southern States at the same time, and to complete a movement which ended in the destruction of the Confederate armies.

In 1862 Lincoln issued the historic proclamation which declared that on the 1st January, 1863, all persons held as slaves in any State in rebellion against the United States, shall be free. It was a military emancipation, but it was quite evident that a new era had opened. This had a good effect upon foreign opinion.

There was talk of inviting the mediation of a foreign power as some said victory was not possible and it only remained to fight for a boundary. But Lincoln did not flinch, new resources in men and money were found.

In 1863 the North gained important victories and the stage seemed set for the final scene. They had at last found a general fit to command, and not only Grant but other generals had made good; Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, who are associated with the final triumph of the Union. Early in 1864 Grant was put in supreme command of all the armies of the North.

At the beginning of 1865 Grant began his preparations for his final advance. The superior numbers of the North made it possible to outflank Richmond on the south, and the Confederates had to conform to it until their thin line could hold no longer. Richmond was evacuated, and Lee had no alternative but to go to Grant and bring the long struggle to an end. The final scene took place in the Court House of Appomattox and it was worthy of the two men. Grant offered generous terms which touched the heart of Lee. There was no exultation over the defeat of a worthy foe. The surrender took place on April 9th, 1865, after four years of war.

We should not fail to recognize the ability and character of General Lee on the one side, and Abraham Lincoln on the other. There can be no difference of opinion about the personal integrity and commanding influence of these two great men. The South could not have continued the struggle for so long if it had not been for the military genius of Lee. And the North could hardly have emerged victorious if it had not been for the clear sight and dauntless faith of Lincoln, who steered the ship of state until the haven was gained. The great fight was won, the cause of slavery was discredited, the Union was preserved.

YATEFIELD AND WOODTOP IN THE 18TH CENTURY.

By W. HARRISON HALL.

DECEMBER 10TH, 1918.

My family settled at Yatefield in 1774 and several interesting documents, including Wills, an account book, Abstract of Title, etc., are in my possession.

A register copied from a prayer-book printed in 1712, says that Richard Hall and Sarah Hall were married in 1746. This Richard Hall purchased the Yatefield Estate in 1774 for the sum of £680. He bought it from Henry Pearson, of New Accrington. The estate was described as a messuage farm and tenement of 19 Lancashire acres. It is sometimes called Yatefield and sometimes Gatefield; the latter name is clearly derived from the word "Gate," meaning a way.

In 1795 Richard Hall made a Will and in that document mention is made of the new building called the factory. It is obvious from the reference to a new building that it had been recently erected. That same building is standing to-day, but is now a dwelling house.

In 1793 this country was at war with the Scourge of Europe: and there were opened subscription lists to provide our soldiers with extra food and clothing. In the "Blackburn Mail," in December, 1793, there is a list of names and sums subscribed by the inhabitants of Bunley and neighbourhood. At that time the population of Burnley was 3,305 only. Woollen and worsted yarns were the principal industries and the prosperity of the town was due to the army contracts placed with the leading manufacturers. There still exists only one solitary example of these old-time woollen spinning mills, which is in Massey Street, Keighley Green. A considerable part of the raw wool was carded and combed by workers in their own homes. Shortly after the advent of the 19th century, the woollen trade began to decline in this district and Halifax became the chief centre.

The decision to bring the canal through Bunley was arrived at in 1794. It would appear that this decision was a disputed matter as the Canal Company was formed in 1770.

The Canal Company purchased 2 acres, 2 roods, 3 perches of land from the estate of Yatefield, for which they paid £335 3s. 1½d. This land was purchased in 1798. In 1804 the land was paid for and the canal was completed. The Gannow tunnel and the canal through Burnley was opened for traffic in 1806.

In 1827 the making of Accrington Road was begun, and with this commenced the development of the district. After the completion of the road there was built at Wood Top a toll bar. From Accrington Road down the Bacup Road (now Cog Lane) on the east side was a fine belt of lime trees, underneath which was a fine playground.

By the year 1842 the power loom was thoroughly established in Lancashire, and had almost displaced the old hand loom. This led to a demand for warp and weft and the building of spinning mills. In 1843 the canal began to supply water to these new erections. Some idea of the cotton trade development is obtained from the fact that in 1841 there were 2,600 looms and 157,000 spindles in Burnley, and twenty years later the numbers were 16,000 looms and 680,000 spindles. It was at this period that the Cotton Twist Company was formed. The promoter was John Alecock Dixon. In 1845 he purchased the Yatefield Estate on behalf of the company for £3,000. Amongst the shareholders of the company are some old Burnley names: Chaffer, Birley, Temple, Wilkinson, Marsland, Anningson, Shaw. The company ratified the purchase made on its behalf by Mr. Dixon and in 1847 the purchase deed was completed. The company was not successful and in 1852 it was dissolved and the Yatefield Estate again came into the market. Part of it was sold to Mr. James Temple.

In 1848 the railway line from Accrington to Burnley was opened, and this made another cutting through the Yatefield Estate. The company gave notice that they intended to take part of the estate and that any claim for compensation must be made at the office in Bury. The notice is dated 1846. The amount of land required from the estate was 2 acres, 2 perches.

In my deeds of the forties frequent reference is made to John Hall, yeoman, a farmer and tradesman, who in 1840 was Constable of Burnley. He was probably the last holder of that office, for in that year Sir Robert Peel's police came into being.

The establishment of Sunday Schools in the Chapelry of Burnley must be dated in 1787. In that year there was only one school and 69 scholars.

In a Will of Richard Hall (1795) he directs that timber on his estate be cut down in order to liquidate certain of his liabilities. It is difficult to-day to realize that timber of sufficient value to become the subject of a testamentary disposition really existed in the Accrington Road district. A good deal of timber existed in Wood Top district in quite modern times, and persons still living can remember the wood from which Wood Top gets its name. In 1831 reference in a deed is made to Top o'th Wood field.

About 1840 there is an account shewing sugar to have been at a higher price than it is to-day. It shews that 6lbs. of sugar were brought at Bland's the grocer in St. James' Street, for 5/-, this being at the rate of 10d. per lb.

My grandmother, in her young days, lived at the Whalley Arms, in Whalley. It is interesting to know that when there the great Richard Cobden came regularly to the house for lunch and she attended to him.

A familiar sight in old times was to see a string of galloways carrying lime in sacks on their backs, going up Cog Lane. They travelled from Clitheroe away past the Bull and Butcher public house in Manchester Road.

The old stocks were not unknown to residents at Wood Top. Probably the last conviction at Burnley resulting in a committal to the stocks, if the fine and costs were not paid, was in 1865, when Henry Marshall, for being drunk and disorderly at Wood Top, was fined 5/- and costs or 6 hours in the stocks.

BY FIORD, FJELDT AND FOS.

BY J. H. CRABTREE.

DECEMBER 17TH, 1918.

Soon after leaving the shores of England one arrives on the rocky fringe of Norway. We enter calm water and arrive at Stavanger. There is little difficulty with regard to language as in most of the hotels some of the staff are sure to speak English.

Pictures of mountain and flood meet the eye at every turn and are magnificent in the extreme. The rushing and tumbling waters of the many streams, gleaming and foaming, give a feeling of life and vitality.

The Norwegian knows little of flocks of sheep; goats are his speciality. It is common enough for a small farm to have its herd of twenty, and several larger farmsteads possess herds of 500 and over. They are easily managed and fed.

The Hardanger Fiord is well nigh overpowering with the beauty of its surroundings. The steep granite precipices, the gushing waterfalls and mountain rills, the cloud-capped summits, the tinkling of bells from the herds of cattle and goats, the little white kirk amid the greensward, and the salmon fishing-grounds by the shore, are scenes which meet the gaze when steaming along this incomparable fiord.

Between Vossvangen and Stalheim are the Tvinde Falls. These falls are very near the road and so are easily approached, and their appearance and effectiveness are quite unique.

Balholm, on the Sogne Fiord, is a veritable paradise. The village is of fair dimensions with a few hundreds of a population. The houses are scattered about and are wonderfully clean both inside and out. The natives are extremely pleasant and friendly. The children are healthy looking, chubby faced creatures, who do not disdain strange company.

Bergen is a busy and prosperous town. Its fish market is a notable sight. It has many public buildings, mansions, and a number of commodious hotels. Its gardens are unique, its streets wide and clean. Education is well looked after. Instruction is free and unstinted, and the poor have equal chances with the rich.

The people of Norway are honest and kindly; very gentle in their manners, both to each other and to their animals. The air is bracing and invigorating, and there is no better place in which to spend a holiday.

J. M. BARRIE'S "THRUMS."

BY REV. A. H. BOMFORD.

JANUARY 14TH, 1919.

Mr. Barrie has travelled far from Thrums and his genius nowadays is occupied in other and very different spheres. In a way he has surpassed his own fanciful creation. Peter Pan simply never grew up; but the amazing thing about Mr. Barrie is that he has grown incessantly, but grown down; and to-day he lives in that never-never land of elvishness where sentiment has free licence and the only forbidden fruit is that of old age.

But in spite of all the charms of the present day Barrie there are many who will still prefer to wander at will through the cobbled streets of Thrums, hobnobbing with its quaint folk, laughing at their absurdities and being strangely moved by the tragedy and pathos thereof.

In "Margaret Ogilvy," we are told that the seeds of his literary ambition were sown by his mother. Together they studied books borrowed from the "penny library"; one day this supply being exhausted, he was moved to write the stories himself in the tiny garret room of their cottage, with his mother as sole auditor and critic.

His real introduction to literary work was a brief spell of journalism in the midlands. Then, on a certain great day, there came to him the thought that there was something quaint about his native place. The first sketch was well received, the second equally successful; then, assisted by his mother's memories of bygone days, there followed a series that securely established his reputation. Thus the village of Kirriemuir, better known as "Thrums," became famous to the world.

The Scotch village tale was not new to literature, but Barrie contrived to touch an intimate and more responsive chord; with the simplest of materials he achieves an almost unendurable pathos which is never forced. And the pathos is salted with humour, while about the moving homeliness of his humanity play the gleams of a whimsical wit. These points were briefly illustrated by the lecturer, as also the religious peculiarities of the Thrums folk, and Barrie's practical philosophy concerning life's deepest things.

Then followed a Recital from the various Thrums' writings, which with obvious exaggerations held up the mirror of life as it was lived in the obscure Scotch village.

LITERATURE IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By Miss L. J. WOOD, M.A.

JANUARY 21ST, 1919.

MISS WOOD restricted her remarks to the creative literature of the period, that literature whereby the life spirit of the age manifested itself. By way of introduction, she asked her audience to consider in what varied ways that life spirit had shown itself in previous centuries. In the 16th century it evinced itself in adventure, in the 17th and 18th in experiment and speculation, and during the 19th, in spite of the romantic revolt in the early decades, in compromise—compromise which led towards assent to a gospel of deliberate and leisurely progress, and to Tennyson's ideal of "Freedom slowly broadening down from precedent to precedent." In seeking to define the note that marked 20th century literature, Miss Wood took a masterly survey of the drama, of the novel and essay, and of the poetry of modern times.

So far as drama was concerned, the 19th century failed because undue prominence was given to incident as the chief essential of plot, and to eccentricity as the chief essential in characterisation; it displayed, too, a lack of sincerity in the treatment of its themes. During the last twenty years, however, a new and serious drama had emerged, of which G. B. Shaw, St. John Hankin, Galsworthy, and Stanley Houghton had been the chief exponents, together with Lady Gregory and J. M. Synge, whose exquisite sketches of life and character in Ireland were full of subtle psychology.

This newer school depended more upon the ultimate relation between plot and character, upon the power of selecting characters which were not only types, but also individuals. Of verse drama, Gordon Bottomley's "King Lear's Wife" and Lascelles Abercrombie's "Sale of St. Thomas" were mentioned as showing imagination and moral force fitly clothed in poetic form. There were plays in the 20th century drama in which they might well dispense with the stage and its accessories, and be content with the written page and the brooding mind; such a one was Synge's "Riders to the Sea," and another was Hardy's "Dynasts," which

latter, of course, was never meant to be staged, and, though of the last century in point of time, was of the twentieth in spirit.

In dealing with the fiction of the century, Miss Wood cleverly marked the distinctions which separated the short story from the novel. In contradistinction to the novelist, the short story writer threw off at white heat a single phase of character, a crisis in life, a passing incident possessing charm or interest, and his work called for scrupulous care and concentration. Some excelled in this form, and O. Henry, Galsworthy, Conrad, Martin Ross, Katherine Tynan, and particularly Leonard Merrick, "the novelists' novelist," were cases in point. Miss Wood went on to remark that one of the characteristics of the modern short story was the unusual turn which rendered the close unexpected or epigrammatic, and instanced the work of May Sinclair and O. Henry in illustration.

Turning to the novel, the lecturer said that for the authentic father of the 20th century novel one must turn to Samuel Butler of the 19th century, and especially to his "Way of All Flesh." There they found that insistence on the influences of heredity and environment on character, on similarities and dissimilarities in families, and on the subtler forces at play in the human soul which were common to such novelists as Arnold Bennett, J. D. Beresford, Gilbert Cannon, Hugh Walpole, and Compton Mackenzie. The best work of such as these should not be considered merely as material for idle pastime, for they had all preached the gospel of the 20th century, which said that to be comfortable and self-complacent was to be dead, and that through struggle and failure and strife the human soul rose to communion with God, the Immanent Creator of the Universe. Reference was also made to H. G. Wells and Algernon Blackwood.

Miss Wood next touched upon the essay, in which English literature was so rich, and claimed G. K. Chesterton, Alice Meynell, Dixon Scott, and "Alpha of the Plough" as representative of those who had used the light rapier of the essay to attack folly and abuse. They had shown to us fun in trouble, beauty in ugliness, truth in strange garb, and morality in wit.

In dealing with the poetry of the century, Miss Wood pointed out how less than 20 years ago there seemed to be little prospect of the glorious renaissance of lyric and reflective verse which had recently marked our time. It was in poetry

that they would find the supreme expression of the late force of the age. In 20th century verse there was nothing of compromise but much revolt against convention; yet, it cherished the memory of the past, and hoped for a greater future in which past and present would be blended. It stepped more surely through the material universe, and felt the vibration of the Infinite, of which the finite was but a part.

Its dominant note was courage, physical, intellectual, and spiritual—the courage which had saved the world from utter ruin during the last four years, and which must rebuild it in the next decade. Miss Wood went on to pay a tribute to the immense part which the Celtic writers, Synge, Yeats, James, Stephens, and W. H. Davies had played in this renaissance of poetry. James Elroy Flecker, Robert Bridges, Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell, and Rupert Brooke also came in for appreciative notice. The lecture, which was illustrated throughout by selections, was brought to a close by the reading of Lawrence Binyon's great elegy "For the Fallen."

SAMUEL BUTLER OF "EREWTHON."

BY CHARLES HOYLE.

JANUARY 28TH, 1919.

For the purpose of this essay we propose to separate mankind into those who acquiesce and those who question. For a specimen of the latter clan we can suggest no better one than the subject of this sketch, Samuel Butler.

He was a son of the manse; born on December 4th, 1835, at Langas Rectory, Nottingham, the son of the Rev. Thomas Butler and grandson of the Rev. Samuel Butler, Bishop of Lichfield, he was destined from the first for the Church. He was educated at Shrewsbury and Cambridge, and distinguished himself in classics. After taking his degree he went up to London to prepare for ordination and took up parish work among the slum population. Here his inquisitive and critical spirit began to assert itself. Butler began to doubt the efficacy of baptism, and finally repudiated all intention of taking orders. It was a tremendous shock to his family: here was a son who had been expensively educated up to the age of 24, refusing to follow the family tradition, with all the advantages of the family connection, and with nothing else in his fingers. After much heated discussion and the holding of a family council, young Butler was packed off to New Zealand, and furnished with sufficient money to start sheep farming. There he remained for several years, and then having made sufficient money to assure himself a modest competence, he returned to England. He settled in rooms in Clifford's Inn, London, and took up painting as a profession. The remaining events of his life are soon told. He lived and died a bachelor, though with certain humourous half-regrets. In addition to his painting he became a first-rate musician and a tolerable composer, a poet, novelist, essayist, critic and scientific investigator, in all of which he struck out on his own lines. He thoroughly enjoyed life, had a long innings, enjoyed a good dinner, a cigar, a glass of wine, a good book, a good concert, and above all a good holiday. Every year he spent two months in Italy, visiting all sorts of out of the way places. Finally, he died on June 18th, 1902, aged 67, leaving nearly a score of his own works that were generally neglected in his lifetime, but are now becoming recognised as the faithful expression of a most original and acute mind.

Before beginning to examine Butler's works and ideas a word of caution seems necessary. He was not a great

constructive thinker but rather a born inquirer and interrogator, and his chief service to us lies in making us look at the facts of life afresh. He displayed a wealth of wisdom of insight into things, of humour, and of provocation.

While in New Zealand he contributed to the local press, and after his return to London he wrote for several magazines and then in 1872 published his "Erewhon (Nowhere), or Over the Range," which is still his best-known book. It was written in the first person, and tells the story of the discovery of a new country, with an account of the society and civilization that existed there. The opening chapters are somewhat laboured and drag more than a little. The story narrates how the hero was arrested for having a watch, as the inhabitants had abolished all machinery some centuries earlier, fearing that it might become the master of man rather than the servant. There he makes another discovery; in Erewhon any one who lapses into a moral fault or commits a crime is visited by the minister and consoled with, but those who allow themselves to suffer from any illness are severely punished by the law.

On reading such a book one naturally thinks of Gulliver's Travels, which Butler must have had in mind. There can be no doubt that in the treatment of a whimsical idea, Swift is the master: on the other hand, Butler's humour is sweet and wholesome, while Swift is savage and biting.

Butler's next notable book was "Alps and Sanctuaries," one of the most delightful travel books ever written, and illustrated by many charming pen-drawings by the author. The book is an account of the author's holiday tramps in Northern Italy. It is a voyage of exploration through the whimsical fancies of its author. There is much to attract and allure, and every now and then some extravagance of opinion to resent and protest against.

And so Butler filled his days, turning ideas inside out, and periodically publishing books which never paid. He translated Homer's Iliad and Odyssey into English prose and wrote a book to prove that the Odyssey was written by a woman, he edited and arranged Shakespeare's sonnets according to a theory of his own, along with other works and two cantatas.

Since Butler's death his executors have published his only novel "The Way of All Flesh."

It is too early to attempt to forecast the ultimate place of Butler in English literature. He is only just coming into his kingdom. No one can doubt his value to our own generation

HISTORICAL RESEARCH AND ITS HUMOUR.

BY REV. A. PEEL, M.A., LITT. D.

FEB. 4TH, 1919.

Historical research means the examination at first hand of the records, books and manuscripts of the period with which one deals. It stands for the refusal to accept second-hand authorities—with the possibility of omission, prejudice, bias, and falsehood—and endeavours to get into a contemporary atmosphere. That is to say, in research about the life of Queen Elizabeth, one reads the letters she wrote and received, the records of her Parliaments, the reports of Ambassadors to her Court, and the correspondence of the people round about her.

Historical research is not dry work. In investigating the ecclesiastical history of the 16th century, you are dealing with human beings. Men and women were just as real and diverting then as they are to-day, and you are never far from that which is interesting and often humorous. Granted that there must be some drudgery—the copying of ancient manuscripts badly written on paper now brown and crumbling with age—yet even in this work examples of the variety of interest attached to mankind continually crop up.

Many illustrations were then given from diocesan and other records showing the type of the 16th century clergyman, the condition of the church in that period, etc. Complaints about profiteering, which had a very modern sound, were also read from Robert Crowley's poems (about 1550) and from the early history of the Pilgrim Fathers across the Atlantic.

The student was often inclined to think that there was nothing new or original under the sun, for the same problems, the same idiosyncrasies, and even the same stories were to be found in age after age.

The conduct of historical research led men to many places—church-yards, and vestries, country mansions and lawyers' offices—but always to the great libraries, especially

the more ancient ones, to the British Museum with its 3,000,000 books, the Bodleian at Oxford, and the University Library at Cambridge. The Record Office in London had often to be used for state documents, and Somerset House for wills, while much information was to be gleaned from Cathedral Library manuscripts. The pleasures and difficulties of work in these and other places were dwelt on. The greatest joy of the "researcher," however, was to be found in the comradeship of fellow-workers, in their readiness to assist and share their knowledge. It was also a pleasure to be able to testify to the willingness of many differing from one's self in many ways to render assistance and offer hospitality.

Much amusement lies in the quaint handwriting, printing, spelling, and expressions of a time when to call a man a "painful preacher" was to pay a high compliment. Numerous examples of humorous things that had come under notice were given throughout the lecture.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE PEOPLES' SCHOOLS.

BY A. WILMORE, D.Sc., F.R.G.S.

FEB. 11TH, 1919.

DR. WILMORE gave a most interesting and partly auto-biographical account of his experiences in a period corresponding with the introduction of compulsory education in 1870 up to the present time in this district. He paid a great tribute to the late Mr. Wm. Farrer Ecroyd, of Nelson, and many old Lancashire Quakers, and to the old Lomeshaye School at Nelson. He commenced his education in an old "Dames" school, in which were a few seats without backs, and where bread and treacle were given as a "bribe" to the children to stay. He gave a description of Lomeshaye School from 1869 to 1875, where, he said, they were taught the "three r's" thoroughly. The motto there was "Go up and get to the top," and the instruction given was thorough—they could spell, write, and read well, and could do sums, arithmetic being the "star turn" of the school. Drawing, English grammar, and literature were also features of the school, as well as geography and scripture. Dr. Wilmore referred to the half-time and early full-time systems of those days, but he said there were evening schools, and to these the Ecroyds of those days gave great encouragement. There was a mill library at Lomeshaye, and it was a type of its time, and he and education generally owed a great deal to it. There was also the Burnley Mechanics' Institution—the "free and easy" evening school, where men went to try and make up for lost opportunities. He lifted his hat to the Burnley Mechanics' Institution and all that it stood for. It had been a great centre of intellectual life through more than half a century. There there were real chemistry, with real experiments, and mathematics on a higher plane. Dr. Wilmore went on to describe the evening classes of those days both from the point of view of student and teacher. As a teacher in a day school, he spoke of Accrington Road School, where there was a one-armed schoolmaster—a smart man and a good school—and "payment by results." Salem School, Nelson, also came under notice, and the lecturer went on to say how teachers got certificates without college training. Then he spoke of a period from 1885 when he was

in London, and where he introduced some Lancashire innovations. Afterwards he came back to the North on account of his health, into the thick of the "crack schools" of the time—such as Burnley Fulleage, Burnley Red Lion Street, Accrington Road, Willow Street, Accrington, and Carr Road Wesleyan, Nelson, and in which lots of "big" men and women were made. Dr. Wilmore told how he became a geologist, and how his father became his first registered pupil in this subject. He had gone forward in this great field, and was elected a Fellow of the Geological Society in 1893. His association with the Yorkshire Geological Society was dealt with, and also the discoveries in the Craven limestone districts of new fossils—all this being the story of the years from 1890 to the present time, and in which he was still at work. The evening schools of that time, such as the Burnley Mechanics' type, trained men to work, to think, and to persevere—men who had helped to build up Burnley, Nelson, and Colne. Dealing with his work in science teaching at Colne, in physiography and geology, Dr. Wilmore said that the Technical Education Act and the Technical Education Committee had never been sufficiently valued, though at Colne men like the Rev. T. Leyland and Mr. Wm. Holmes did pioneer work. As to pupil teachers' centres, though there was a dead set against them, they did good work, and he really doubted if they had been replaced in the newer educational system. Meanwhile, technical schools were growing, and men and women were being offered increased facilities. Even in Colne something was done. As science master there he tried many new ventures, such as geological journeys far afield to Malham, Grindleton, or Chatburn. Then came the era of popular Secondary Schools. Nelson had its "Municipal High School"—though he did not like "high" names—Burnley its old Grammar School, and Colne, which had lost its Grammar School, had a Secondary School. He was appointed first head, and had now had sixteen happy years there, leaving with great regret. The new schools were doubtfully received, especially the mixed school idea, but he could say without any doubt that he had never seen anything dangerous or doubtful in the system. He thoroughly approved of the co-education of the sexes. The real difficulty, as he had proved it, had come from people who did not believe in co-education on principle, who said they could not succeed, and who were prepared in season and out of season to do all they could to prove they were not succeeding. Some of the pleasantest times of his life had been when his upper boys and girls had gone off with him on a tramp or a

cycling trip. The behaviour had always been safe, and the influence on each other wholly good. It was with such a school that he was associated for many years, and he had thoroughly enjoyed the work, and although he now had left, he hoped still to go on doing some teaching. He gave typical examples of the successes of his pupils, both boys and girls. He could not tell how much of energy, ability, and trained intelligence had been lost by the war—it must be a very great deal—but technical schools were to-day a great new factor, and must be wisely governed and sympathetically and liberally treated. There was a great deal to be done in the future in widening and varying the curriculum, with technical, commercial, scientific, literary, artistic education in the upper forms of a much more highly developed character than had yet been possible, and which was only possible by co-ordination of schools. There should be five or six schools in the “Burnley Province,” and they should be one school, so that pupils might be grouped and co-ordinated according to their abilities and their tastes, and the wishes of their parents in the later years of their school life.

In conclusion, he said we are—fifty years after our national start—re-starting. Let it be the English method of individuality, of stimulus to original work in every direction; not the German method at all; but let us borrow from three great nations what we can see that they can teach us—the United States, France, and Germany.

JOSEPH CONRAD.

BY THOMAS BANK.

FEBRUARY 18TH, 1919.

Who is Joseph Conrad? His full name is Joseph Conrad Kozeniouski, and he was born in Ukraine, a southern province of Poland, in 1857. His father was the son of a Polish squire, a man of no mean literary attainments, and his family was deeply concerned in the last Polish rising in 1863. From his earliest years the boy longed to go to sea and above all to become an English seaman. When he was twenty he realized his ambition: and for the next twenty years he spent a roving life, unconsciously gathering the material which he was destined to use to win for himself a place among the leaders of English literature. He dropped into literary life somewhat casually, partly as a result of illness, partly through his friendship with John Galsworthy and the prompting of Edward Garnett.

Such is a bald statement of his career as given in a publisher's catalogue. Conrad has amplified that statement in a "Personal Record." It is more a confession of the few principles that have governed his conduct ashore and afloat, than an attempt to tell in detail the story of his years.

As has been said, he was born in Southern Poland. When he was nine years of age or thereabouts, while looking at a map of Africa, he put his finger on a blank space and said "When I grow up I shall go there." He did go there; the desire to travel must have been in his blood. His home was hundreds of miles from the sea; and when he made known his intention to go down to the sea in ships, his relatives and friends thought he was daft. But he persisted; efforts were made to dissuade him from his lunacy; but they were not successful. Conrad went to sea, moreover he became a British seaman and eleven years later he stood on Tower Hill on the steps of St. Katherine's Dock-house, a British master mariner. He says he has tried to be faithful throughout his two lives, first as a master in the British merchant service, and then as a writer of English. He became a naturalized Englishman.

His father was a Polish revolutionist who suffered banishment. The wife followed her husband into exile: she was a woman of brilliant gifts and of great personal

beauty. She did not long survive the rigours of the climate of the country of exile.

Conrad seems to have little interest in what are generally called the great social, political, and economic reforms of the day. His interests are individual, they do not spread to the mass. He is a great psychologist. The anguish and the rapture of the human heart, the little kinks in our characters, the sublimity and degradation to which men and women may rise and fall, it is these that have moved him to write, rather than the spectacle of mankind suffering under the burden of an unjust social system. He is not religious in the ordinary sense of the term, but he has manifested a great devotion to duty as a seaman and to his high calling as a man of letters. Conrad has the gift of introspection, which enables his readers to catch glimpses of the movements of the author's mind. He admits that he has laid bare his own personality. "I know," he says, "that a novelist lives in his work."

Those who know him personally say he has a Latin vivacity of manner and speech. One can readily believe this, because a character named "Captain Marlow" appears several times in his books, in "Youth," in "Lord Jim," in "Chance." Marlow, in fact, tells the story: and what an amazing talker he is; he carries you along his stream, his flood of talk and you never weary; you are interested, you are moved, you are caught in the web of his splendid imagery. He makes you realise the unsteady motion of a ship, the hardships and the glamour of life thereon; the gloom of tropical forests, the blaze and glare of sunshine that fills the east: of palm trees waving their branches high above ground, of strange and yet real places where the human comedy and tragedy go on, just as they go on in conventional and civilized lands.

"Almanzer's Folly" was Conrad's first book. He carried the manuscript over half the globe before it was finished. He began to write it casually; weeks and months elapsed between the completion of the chapters, but when it was finished and published it proved an immediate success, as it deserved, if only for its sweet and pliant prose.

Again and again in his books Conrad writes with admiration and love for the country of his adoption—England.

Conrad's tale, "The Nigger of Narcissus," is a description of a voyage from Bombay to London, in a full-rigged ship. When the vessel reaches the Channel and England is sighted,

there is in the book a piece of prose which should be in every anthology of our mother tongue. Conrad is too sane, too well poised to be a Jingo or an Imperialist, but he knows and feels how good has been England's contribution to the stock of the world's good. In "Lord Jim" one of the characters speaks thus:—"I was going home, to that home distant enough for all its hearthstones to be like one hearthstone, by which the humblest of us has a right to sit. We wander in our thousands over the face of the earth, the illustrious and the obscure, earning beyond the seas our fame, our money, or only a crust of bread; but it seems to me that for each of us going home must be like going to render an account. We return to face our superiors, our kindred, our friends—those whom we obey and those whom we love; but even they who have neither, the most free, lonely, and bereft of ties,—even those for whom home holds no dear face, no familiar voice—even they have to meet the spirit that dwells in the land. Say what you like, to get its joy, to breathe its peace, to face its truth, one must return with a clear conscience. There are the girls we love, the men we look up to, the tenderness, the friendships, the opportunities, the pleasures! But the fact remains, that you must touch your reward with clean hands, lest it turn to dead leaves, to thorns in your grasp."

"One must return with a clear conscience; you must touch your reward with clean hands." Those words stand for the spirit of Conrad's life. He does not use them as a text and preach from them. Nevertheless, there runs through his books an appeal to play the game, to be true to the accumulated conscience of the race, to strive never to fall below it.

Some of Conrad's finest work is to be found in "The Mirror of the Sea," a volume of essays, in which he writes of ships, of sailors and of the sea.

"A great art, a great genius that spends himself in the practice of it, and these with a personality of the most engaging urbanity and charm—these are Joseph Conrad." He is a man of middle stature, with a Latin vivacity of manner and speech. Years upon decks and aloft have helped to shape him: as he sits or moves in the rooms of his pleasant house in Kent, he has the bearing of a seaman. He has found the place in life that was due to him and friends who can do justice to his achievement. He is one of those aristocrats of literature who have never stooped below the level of their powers, whose standards and endeavour have never been adjusted to the expediency of the moment.

THE JOURNALS OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY G. A. WOOD, M.A. (PRESIDENT). FEB. 25TH, 1919.

The President said he desired to speak of John Wesley as one of the great representative Englishmen of the eighteenth century and as one who holds a place in the story of our national life as securely as does Pitt or Cromwell or Shakespeare. In the "Journals of John Wesley" there were to be found many illustrations of Wesley's astounding energy and varied activity. From October, 1735, when the journal commences, down to October, 1790, when it ends, there is an unparalleled record of ceaseless preaching and journeyings and of constant reading and writing. His travels were full of exciting incident and his varied activities included the composition of hymns and sermons, the writing of school text-books, the founding of an orphanage in Newcastle, of the Kingswood School near Bristol, of a medical dispensary in the same city, and of charity schools in London. To few had it been given to enjoy such crowded hours of not only glorious---but also useful life. Wesley was a man of indomitable persistence in the face of difficulty and had the inestimable advantage of an iron constitution.

Other qualities which lay at the root of Wesley's power and influence were his power of initiative and of organization and his gift of sound eighteenth-century prosaic common sense. He was genuine, setting his face against all types of cant, and he was practical both in his preaching and sympathies. He would not take opinion as he found it, without subjecting it to the tribunal of his own independent judgment. There was much daring to stand alone in Wesley's nature.

The historical value of the Journal is very great and deserves considerable attention. Wesley's life covered the eighteenth century and his diary very completely reflects much of the social state of England in that century. It contains a mine of information concerning the roads and methods of travel in his day. It illustrates the cruel sports and vulgar manners of the populace. In this connection the lecturer read many interesting extracts in which Wesley

speaks of our Lancashire towns, and of the hostile receptions he was accorded by an uncouth and debased populace. Reference was also made to Wesley's visits to Bunley between 1784 and 1788—and of his preaching in front of the Thorn Inn.

Wesley's achievements in literature were not of high quality, but he came into interesting association with many of the literary figures of his day. He met and talked with Dr. Johnson and was introduced by him to Boswell. Horace Walpole heard Wesley preach in 1766 and afterwards commented on his dramatic power. Sir Walter Scott, in 1782, praised the way in which he used many "excellent stories" in his sermons. It was also mentioned that Edward Fitzgerald found Wesley's Journal very congenial reading.

In conclusion it was pointed out that Wesley, as one of the major figures in the Evangelical movement, effected a considerable moral uplift among the wilder and grosser elements in the population of his time; and certain clearly defined strata of English society to-day, including some of the most stable and steady elements of our population, ultimately owe that inheritance of stability and steadiness to the impressions and changes wrought in their eighteenth century forbears, by the work of such men as John Wesley.

Y.M.C.A. WORK WITH THE TROOPS IN FRANCE.

BY MRS. LUCY SHAWCROSS.

MARCH 4TH, 1919.

The paper was a record of personal experience and provided many interesting glimpses of life under the "Red Triangle" of the Y.M.C.A.

Prior to joining this organisation, Mrs. Shawcross had had experience of work among soldiers in the military hospitals of a large industrial area and it was this which led to an invitation from the Y.M.C.A. Executive to join for service in France.

Mrs. Shawcross gained her first experience of war work in France near Harfleur, so intimately associated in English minds with Shakespeare's "Henry V.;" and she counted not least among her privileges, her recital there, to English soldiers of to-day, of some of those stirring and heartening speeches which occur in the play. It was the lecturer's experience that the words still possessed their ancient appeal and could move the English soul to patriotic emotion.

After a short period near Harfleur, Mrs. Shawcross was passed on to the area in which she was destined to work for the rest of her time in France. She humorously described many of the disabilities under which the work was conducted as well as something of its routine. She laboured in three huts in all, one of which was in the neighbourhood of a remount and veterinary camp and another near a convalescent camp. In the latter as many as 3,000 men a day were served.

The arrangement of the huts was described—how they served as concert room and refreshment room and provided space for billiards and usually a "quiet room" in which letter-writing and general reading could be carried on. It was mentioned incidentally that in the provision of writing paper alone over £90,000 was spent by the association in the year 1918.

Mrs. Shawcross also mentioned the strange contrasts which a common work brought into juxtaposition, instancing the case of a dry canteen presided over by a plain, practical, materialistic Yorkshire woman in conjunction with an Anglo-Parisian artist young and fair, idealistic in every fibre of her being.

Apart from canteen work, the huts were used for evening concerts of various types, ranging from the excellent entertainments given by the Lena Ashwell Concert Parties to the informal sing-songs provided by such talent as the audience itself could muster. Of these Mrs. Shawcross gave a very interesting account interspersed with many anecdotes involving both humour and pathos.

She emphasised more than once the light-hearted note of gaiety which always pervaded the Y.M.C.A. huts. She surmised that it sprang from the realisation that the men had, of having escaped for the time from the horrors of war and death, coupled with a sense of the joy of life in all its manifestations. It was to her a high privilege to minister to the wants of those splendid "boys" in all of whom were the elements of a magnificent heroism, careless of self and splendid in sacrifice.

In conclusion Mrs. Shawcross recited with vigour and eloquence some stanzas from a poem written by her father (the late Mr. Henry Houlding) "The trumpets are sounding—the heroes are falling."

GREECE AND SOME ISLANDS IN THE ÆGEAN SEA.

BY J. B. GASS, F.R.I.B.A.

MARCH 11TH, 1919.

In my mind there is always the memory of sailing on summer seas, giving pleasure of thought beyond imagination--joys of colour and beauties of form--dreamy days of sailing in bright sunshine with a quivering world of blue, shimmering and sparkling as if its life were all brightness and happiness and peace.

There is a great charm in sailing in the Mediterranean with its wealth of legend and story of classical ages, its land-locked shores and its numerous islands.

The Straits of Messina form a narrow sea-way, where the train goes from the mainland to Sicily, the carriages being run on to a steamer, making practically a land journey to this delightful island. The architectural remains are of great interest and none more so than the records of Greek occupation, the life, the pleasures and the religion of the wonderful people. The Greek theatre is similar to those still existing in Greece and shews how the conquerors brought their open air pleasures.

Out of the mists of the early morning Mount Etna unveiled herself, and gleamed out high above the vapours. This superb dome of glistening snow dominates the land.

After many days of peaceful sailing, the islands of the Grecian Archipelago appear where the turquoise blue of the nearer sea fades into the hazy brightness of the horizon. There is a peculiarity of contour in all the Isles of Greece, which have mighty terraces and platforms and cliffs clasping the bright bays and green plains. Much is barrenness, but there are rich plains where grow vines and figs, oranges and tropical fruits, as well as corn, but on the islands there are few trees.

The interests of Greek travel are not of the things of to-day, but of the conditions, progress and religion of, a wonderful people.

The roadstead at Nauplia is one of the best in Greece and seems to have been a seaport in prehistoric times, and was at one time the capital. In this still thriving town there are many Albanians, who maintain their national costume and speak their own language.

Mykenae is a walled town on the top of a hill. This somewhat insignificant place was, in the Homeric age, the first city in Greece and its command of trade routes caused it to be of great importance. The Acropolis of this ancient city was destroyed B.C. 468, by the people from the plains of Argos near the city of Nauplia, and the inhabitants put to the sword or sold into slavery. It contained many remarkable tombs where the embalmed bodies were laid, adorned with beaten gold plates in the forms of butterflies and flowers; and wonderfully wrought gold cups and trinkets of gold and jewels and richly decorated pottery were also placed there. These products of a civilization extending probably from 1500 to 1000 B.C., were discovered in 1876 by Dr. Schliemann. They are now in the museum at Athens.

At the end of a long valley in the purest air on a mountain plain is the great open air cure establishment at Epidauras. There are records of weak men made strong, miracles of healing of all sorts. There were great dormitories like the sanatoria of to-day, pump rooms for hydropathic treatment, gymnasia for physical exercises, a large open theatre still in good preservation with accommodation for 16,000 spectators.

Two interesting islands in the Ægean Sea are Santorini and Milos. They are both volcanoes and the bays into which we sailed form the craters and have some activity in their depths even now. Milos is the most westerly of the Cyclades and has a special interest, for here in 1820 was found that beautiful Venus of Milo, one of the chief glories of the Louvre in Paris. This beautiful Venus is of the later period of Greek art. Beautiful in pose and outline, with lovely lines of figure, and drapery, with such sweet serenity of face, it to-day radiates as it did when the goddess was worshipped at Milos. To-day, in the crowd of women who look down from the house tops or stand in the doorways, several types of this perfect Greek beauty can be found. Excavations have been made by one of the kings of Bavaria and more recently by the British School in Athens. From

1896 to 1899 they made important discoveries of the remains of buildings and palaces of the Mykenean type as well as of the later Greek city, with its streets, its houses and its theatres.

Delos is the sacred isle of the Greek Confederation. It became the favourite seat of commerce and the principal slave market, as well as the centre of religion and pleasure. Every fifth year games were celebrated and its festivals were thronged by merchants from all the classic world. It fell from its high estate in the second century A.D.

Patmos is noteworthy for its association with St. Paul. Here is the famous monastery of St. John. The wonderful manuscript of the gospel of St. Mark is here preserved, with other manuscripts and old world books, carefully guarded by the monks who live on this island so famous in Christian history.

Samos is one of the largest and most prosperous of the Greek isles, where peace and contentment reign.

The Bay of Arcadia, the harbour for Olympia is at Katakolo; the peasants of Arcadia still retain their ancient costume and it is very picturesque.

The beautifully situated plain of Olympia is about 120 miles south-west of Athens and about 9 miles from the sea. Here took place the noted games which were in the nature of a religious festival, and exercised great influence on the character of the Hellenic nation. From the eighth century B.C. and for upwards of a thousand years, the full moon after the summer solstice in every fourth year the games took place. There the chosen champions contested for the garland of wild olives, a prize most coveted. There was no town at Olympia, only a walled enclosure, 750 feet long and 530 feet broad, called Altis, and some public buildings adjoining. This area was excavated from 1875 to 1881 and to-day its history can be traced, together with the magnificent temple dedicated to Zeus. There were treasure houses, minor temples, gymnasia, baths and residences for the priests and competitors in the games, which took place in the Stadium, which gave accommodation for 45,000 spectators.

Orators, historians and other authors of celebrity read their works aloud to the spectators assembled at the games. The festival ended in processions and in solemn sacrifices to the gods, especially to Zeus. The games lost their significance, dropped into disrepute, and were finally suppressed 393 A.D.

Athens is looked upon as the great centre of Greek art and literature. In its earlier history the progress of the useful and ornamental arts had scarcely been so great in Athens as in the other parts of Greece. The Athenians organized their fleet and acquired a command over the resources of the greater part of the islands and became the virtual head of the Greek Confederation. It was about the sixth century B.C. that Athens began to assume any degree of splendour. The Acropolis Hill, with its steep rock sides, dominates the city ; it is the most famous hill in the world. The Parthenon is the most beautiful and perfect building the world has ever seen. Built of marble, with the great columns beautifully proportioned, it gives a sense of mystery with its soft glow of golden radiance and delicacy of outline.

There are many other temples and shrines on the Acropolis each wonderful in its way and the whole air is filled with beauty. Mars Hill is near by, where St. Paul stood and said "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

A country with so rich a history as Greece has many interests for the traveller who cares for things of the past. To an architect it is a dream land. To the sculptor, to the student of literature and philosophy Greece still has its message.

OUR FATHERS' GODS : TALES AND TRADITIONS FROM NORSE MYTHOLOGY.

BY REV. A. J. STANHOPE.

MARCH 18TH, 1919.

English literature, which is still growing, traces its birth to N.W. Europe and is older than the land whose name it bears. Whilst the Norse language is undoubtedly the parent language of English, the Saxon by inventiveness and conservativeness enlarged and preserved a fine ancient literature. This literature contains a wonderful mythology, the spirit of which is alive to-day, and is a life breath of all our literature.

Norse Mythology does not teach a plurality of Gods, although it might appear so. From Allfather, the uncreate, the unseen and unknown, the Norse mind evolved Odin and other gods and goddesses as personifications and manifestations of certain principles.

Creation was evolved out of a struggle between good and evil; Spirit, Will and Holiness (Odin, Vili and Ve) finally prevailing over the evil forces of nature in the form of frost giants.

In the story of Norse Mythology there was a golden age, an Eden and a tree of life. Evil assailed and there was something very much like a fall. From the same origin have come many of our fairy tales as well as common sayings. "Jack and Jill" were water bearers, whom, our ancestors said, had been snatched up to the moon. Shakespeare's witches in *Macbeth*, his fairies in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, have their counterpart and their origin in these northern myths.

Many of these tales have been altered and added to from time to time, and often applied, or misapplied to historical events and physical phenomena. They have no more to do with such things than have the prophecies of our Bible to do with Attila or Napoleon.

Justice has never been done to the Norse gods in the way of representation. The men of the north had not the advanced knowledge of the Greeks and hence, beyond a few carved door posts and some Runic letters, it has been left to modern art to try and make up for the deficiency.

The ancient gods were very real to our ancestors. From them they learned to look upon life as something to be lived far apart from worldly gain. The school book stories of the Vikings being pirates and robbers who dreamed of a heaven where they would drink mead out of their enemies' skulls, is only part of the truth. Their gods taught them to be brave, virtuous and pure in life. It was the spirit of the northern goddesses that led the Saxon women to follow their men on the sea to strange lands, to settle with them and make new homes. The treasures of " Norse Mythology " are " a precious possession."

CONCERNING UTOPIA.

BY G. A. WOOD, M.A.

MARCH 25TH, 1919.

My subject this evening is the "never-never land"—to which I have given the name "Utopia" as a generally received name covering all types, though in reality the name of one—the famous one created by our own Sir Thomas More. It is, I am aware, a subject of extreme tenuity, having no secure root in actual things. An unfortunate theme too, for, as one writer has said, Utopias contain too much poetry for the practical man and too much prose for the poetically minded, and furthermore that ladies are apt to find in them much that is tedious and intolerably masculine.

There have been many varied places of repose for the human mind, distressed and harassed by the harsh insistences of the real; lovely and ideal worlds arising out of human aspiration towards a sunnier and a happier and a less exacting life than the fates award here. They have been placed imaginatively in this direction or that, often definitely anchored to some spot of earth's surface by the tales of early seafarers returning from uncharted seas in primitive times. There were the Greek Fortunate Isles, the Garden of Hesperides, which had their being westward towards the setting sun. There were the Welsh Gwerdonnan Lian (the green isles of Ocean)—a material paradise where dwelt the souls of good Druids who, as pagans, were excluded from the Christian Heaven. These delectable islands could be seen at times (so ran the legend) by all who cared to take a sod from the consecrated soil of St. David's Churchyard, stand upon it, and look westward from the Pembroke coast. And there is, too, the Arthurian island valley of Avilion

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
 And bowery hollows, crowned with summer sea.

And perhaps a little more substantial than "such stuff as dreams are made on" was El Dorado conceived by Columbus as lying somewhere in the northern part of South America and as being the original paradise of our race. It cast a potent spell over several generations of navigators of the type that would have looted heaven itself, could they but have beached a boat upon its golden shore.

One might perhaps call all these Utopias—Utopias where nature is reputed to have been prodigal—where the air is balmy—regions full of sheltered and sunlit spaces. They are *physical* Utopias. But the term is more commonly and more narrowly applied to those imaginary places where, by wise rule, organization, and conscious planning, the inhabitants are reputed to have attained a more ordered and a more perfect life, a life of greater regularity, security and amenity than mankind in reality has hitherto experienced. And it is of Utopia in this narrower sense that I wish to speak to-night. For in every age, particularly in ages of depression in the world's history, the sorry scheme of things has provoked some, who, in righteous wrath, or in satire, or in playful irony, have shattered it to bits and mentally remoulded it "nearer to the heart's desire." And it is to such that we are indebted for the Utopias of the world. They are all dreams, the baseless fabric of visions. They consist essentially of the substance of things hoped for, and we know that our hopes are "inaccessible like stars," and "the term of hoping is prolonged unto the term of life." And it is, I suppose, because of this inaccessibility and because of the air of serene, clear-cut, perfection which they wear, and because of that provoking sense of impracticability which they often inspire, that the very terms "Utopian" and "Utopia" are terms of mild derision, reserved especially for high flown fancies and impossibly ideal proposals. Not however from this critical standpoint do I propose to view the subject this evening, nor do I approach it in the spirit of the reformer advocating that this or that suggestion should be adopted or rejected. I approach the Utopias as a student seeking to understand their historical and literary import and playing discursively with what has always been a fascinating but ever an elusive theme.

On surveying the subject, we see that literature is fairly rich in Utopias. We have the great father of them all, Plato's "Republic," and Plutarch's "Life of Lycurgus" in ancient literature; we have Dante's "De Monarchia;"

Augustine's "De Civitate Dei." There is the great "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, the "New Atlantis" of Bacon, "Oceana" by Joseph Harrington, all cast in the glories of 16th and 17th century English prose. There is also the French "Voyage en Icarie," by Etienne Cabet (1840), Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Butler's "Erewhon," Morris' "News from Nowhere," Howell's "Altruria," and the great modern Utopian trio of the twentieth century, H. G. Wells' "Anticipations," "Mankind in the Making," and "A Modern Utopia." If it be permissible to mix things sacred and profane, there might be added, too, the Apocalyptic vision which closes our English Bible, certainly the most sublime of all Utopias, strangely symbolic, spiritually incandescent, full of an earnest and serene expectancy, achieving a new earth (as well as a new heaven), and attaining the final consummation of all Utopias; for there shall be "neither sorrow nor crying nor any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

One cannot, of course, deal with all the "Utopias" or at all exhaustively with any. I propose, therefore, to take a representative selection comprising some five or six, commencing with the oldest of all and concluding with the latest. I shall try to review briefly their relation to their several authors, to the times which called them forth, the mould of thought into which they are cast, and how they reflect the bias of the century in which they were conceived.

PLATO—"REPUBLIC."

Nearly all Utopias owe a great deal to the Greek philosopher Plato. In his works there are two main foci from which much of the framework and a good deal of the theory of subsequent Utopias arise. And these foci are (a) the two dialogues which refer to the story of the phantom island of Atlantis; (b) that work of his mature age in which much of his ripest wisdom is contained commonly known as the "Republic." Out of the story of Atlantis have arisen many of those physical Utopias of which I have mentioned a few. Few stories have been so rich in derivative literature. It has attracted to itself new details drawn from mythology, from Holy Writ, from the adventures of early navigators, and it has contributed the fictional framework to many of the books which describe the ideal state. It seems a strange thing that the mind of the early world should turn so persistently westwards in its early myths and legends. It would seem almost as if they had some faint premonition of that vast continent which the voyages

of Columbus ultimately revealed—some premonition that they passed on from age to age—until at length, eighteen hundred years afterwards, the dream of Atlantis suddenly materialised.

But for many of the theories on which the ideal state is founded, and especially for that haunting vision of a communism, i.e., of a community of goods, we must look to the other focus, viz., the "Republic." It is therefore necessary to spend some little time in the consideration of Plato and his Republic. Plato himself was one of the immortal trio, Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, who succeeded each other as great Greek philosophers and thinkers. Plato's era was about 400 years B.C.—just outside the twilight of the world. The Greeks themselves had not long emerged from barbarism and barbarism for the most part still surrounded their little states. There were no "lessons of history" for these thinkers—no steady influence of tradition—no vista of a long and immemorial past. We are almost at the beginning of things so far as European civilization is concerned. Plato was thus one of the great primal thinkers of the world, driven to work out problems for themselves with no tradition to guide them—pondering on the existence or non-existence or the true nature of what have since been called the "eternal verities," truth, beauty, justice, right, wrong, their right place and operation in the world.

And one must remember also that the Athenian state was passing, during his young manhood, through a very troubled phase. Athens had emerged triumphantly out of the darkness of barbaric surroundings. It had enjoyed a brief and splendid noontide, but its sun was overcast when Plato came. Through his youth and early manhood there was raging the Peloponnesian war, which ended after a twenty-five years' struggle with the decline of Athens from the glory she had enjoyed under Pericles. Greek energy in all directions was at the ebb—in sculpture, in military prowess, in politics. Plato was invited to take a part in the active affairs of his time, but declined on seeing the unscrupulous doings of the oligarchy which had recently succeeded to rule. One may indeed doubt whether he was temperamentally fitted for practical affairs. He was one whose mind turned inwards rather than outwards, and he was led by the politics of the time to seek in the calm of thought and meditation those idealities which he failed to find in the world about him—idealities which were to him more real and of vaster import than the passing shows without:—

“ Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality.”

Not only were they more real, they were the ultimate realities and as a philosopher he made it his business to seek them, to distil them in the alembic of his own mind, to issue them for currency into the abstract world of thought, where alone they may be beheld in their beauty, released from the alloy of meaner pursuits and desires which tend to hide them or annul their power or detract from their worth in the actual world of men.

Now it was in effect out of a discussion on the nature of Justice that the ideal Republic of Plato arose, and by Justice he did not mean legal justice, but rather “rightness of life,” and it is suggested that this rightness of life would be more easily discernible in a small state, than in the individual man, for in society we see man “ writ large.” He proposes therefore to construct such a state, to build it up from fundamental principles and in this way to order its construction by the purposes for which the state exists. Plato argued that man is individually insufficient, our limitations drive us to become members of society and the fact of similar limitations in others make us needed by others and therefore useful members of society. There will be therefore a division of labour; there must be artisans of all useful kinds; there must be distributors, dealers, merchants, money; and if many of the amenities of life are desired there would be a certain number of luxury trades necessary. As the community developed more territory may need to be taken from the barbarian; this would imply war. At any rate the state would need protection in case of incursion or attack. Therefore soldiers, properly trained and disciplined, would be needed to guard the state and when not fighting, he seems to look to them also as the administrators of the state. There would thus of necessity be two classes:—(i) a class of producers, workers, labourers, distributors. (ii) a class of carefully chosen guardians, strong, brave, and high-spirited.

It was from the latter class that Plato would choose his magistrates and rulers. The rulers would be the oldest, most prudent, least selfish of the class, and Plato devotes much of his book to defining the discipline and training most fitted to secure the fulfilment of their high destinies. The soldiers and administrators were the choice spirits of

the state. Plato's republic then was governed by an aristocracy of mind and what have been cynically termed his "soldier-saints" were those from whom the guardians of society were to be chosen.

Before we can proceed further it should be said that the Justice or "rightness" which Plato sought, he ultimately found in perfect balance, poise and harmony. Indeed harmony, balance, equipoise is the key thought in all things Greek. The rightly ordered state was that which was stable—the state whose various component classes realise the part they have to play if the whole is to achieve the highest possible happiness as a commonwealth. There is no "class" war in Plato and no "class" antagonisms. And if this is Justice in the state, Justice or "rightness" in the individual is by analogy to be looked for in him whose appetites, whose passions, whose "spirited element," whose reason, have been so disciplined or promoted as to produce an inward balance or harmony, so that the lower in us shall not usurp the place of the higher and so that the higher in us shall rightly order and use the lower. Shakespeare borrowed a thought akin to this when he said of Brutus ;

" His life was gentle and the elements,
So mix'd in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world ' This was a man.' "

With this ideal harmony and balance of soul in mind, Plato would educate his "guardian" class. After the fashion of his time he prescribed for them poetry and music for the mind and gymnastics for the body. Moreover, they would possess no private property—not even private houses. They would share a community of goods. They would have common pursuits. Shocking as it might sound to modern ears, Plato would even have them institute community of wives and children. Silver and gold were to be banished from them. They would be taught that they have in their composition a diviner metal and do not therefore need the dross which pleases others. "Noblesse oblige" should be sufficient motive. In short, they must have nothing they can call their own. Otherwise they might cease to be watchdogs and become wolves, preying on the state. Their lives must be frugal and hardy and they would be supported by contributions from the governed class. No wonder one of Plato's hearers remarked that from the guardians' point of view this was not the happiest of lives to live. "That may be so," retorted Plato, "but the true object of

government is not to secure the happiest life for any one class, but the greatest happiness for the entire community."

It may incidentally be of interest to say that 400 years B.C. Plato saw no legitimate reason why women should not be guardians as well as men. As he quaintly says "The gifts of nature are alike diffused in both." For the most part men's pursuits can be followed by women. And so upon women of the guardian class he would impose much the same training and discipline as for men. This is all the more surprising when we recall the low status of wives and women in his own day. It was little above that of the serf.

The "practical" man attacked Plato very fiercely upon his programme. "Can you convince us that such an ideal is practicable and if so, how can it be realised?" Plato's reply was a plea for the value of ideals. He told them that he never created his republic to be realised, that there was no harm in taking a glimpse at ultimate truth that lies beyond experience. It might serve as an ideal wherewith to measure the shortcomings of existing states. There was, however, one possibility—a remote one certainly—of its realisation. It depended on an "If." It could be realised *if* "kings were philosophers and philosophers could be persuaded to be kings."

Incidentally it might be mentioned that Plato's philosopher should not be associated with the idea of mere bookishness and of exclusion from the affairs of the world. He should be thought of as one keenly interested in all manifestations of the human soul,—one who had by self-discipline, meditation, and training attained a loftier and more commanding eminence of mind than the majority— one who exercised a ripe wisdom with which to estimate and test mundane affairs. He was one who could set the present against the background of the past and see it in relation to a probable future. His mind embraced a perspective in which he saw time and temporal things against the background of eternity, he was "the spectator of all time and all existence." Plato would have his kings to be philosophers on a principle very closely allied to that which says "Where there is no vision the people perisheth."

In the actual words of his reply we can detect the penitiveness and large pity of that great mind for erring mankind. We can catch some reflex of the sad vicissitudes of Athens—perhaps too some memory of the shameful death of Socrates at the clamorous outcry of an ignorant democracy.

“ Unless political power and wisdom be united in the same person, there will be no deliverance, my dear Glaucon, for cities nor yet for the human race—nor can the commonwealth we have sketched in theory ever grow into a possibility and see the light of day.” And again—“ Perhaps in heaven there is laid up a pattern of this commonwealth for him who wishes to behold it, and beholding to organise himself accordingly, for I do not believe it is to be found anywhere on earth.”

In this we see perhaps the origin of that ideal city of the heavens which “ has always hovered over the Christian world.”

I am afraid that the Republic, stated in its baldness and in outline, scarcely seems to merit to us the veneration in which it is held by scholars and thinkers. If we take up the book we find we are moving in a chill world, chilled in translation, but chill too in its naked austerity. It contains nothing of vagary, and not a great deal of scope for mere idle fancy. It moves from opening to end with the stern relentless progress of the Socratic dialogue. In spite of all, however, the fact remains that Plato's Republic has always been one of the great vitalising influences in the field of political thought. It is a germinal book and along with the other dialogues and the “ Laws,” has helped to mould the minds of many of our great statesmen and administrators. In its bare outline, as I have given it, the Republic does not help us much with the modern problems of government, but perhaps its richest and most suggestive portions are in the asides, in the parentheses, and in the incidentals. It is not, I think, by chance that Plato did not define the just state as one in which every individual had his *rights*. It was one in which each realised his part and was prepared to give the service he could best and most usefully render. Note how the accent is taken off *rights* and put upon *duties*. A tincture of his would not be amiss in the modern world.

He has, too, some entirely wise words about the various types of government—how one type by abuse tends to pass into another. *e.g.*, from government by aristocracy to oligarchy, and thence to democracy, and from democracy into a tyranny. The extravagant love of riches and display which is apt to be the besetting sin in an oligarchy produces a dangerous class of poverty-stricken men who aim at its downfall and an equality of civic rights. Thus a

democracy results whose watchword is Liberty, which in its turn tends to become Licence. Ordinary men living in the atmosphere of such a state display an irresponsible love of enjoyment, regulated by no clear principle, apt to turn from one pleasure to another as fancy dictates. The extravagant love of liberty prepares the way for tyranny. The future tyrant is at first the select champion of the commonalty, becomes more and more powerful and even if banished returns with access of power, and ends by becoming a consummate tyrant.

Finally the Republic in the portion dealing with the education of the guardians affords us the first example of a comprehensive scheme of education, properly conceived and worked out with the great and true purpose of all education in view viz., the preparation for citizenship and all the duties it imposes. In regard to education, he enunciated principles which are as true to-day as they were five hundred years ago. The function of the educator is "to turn the eye of the soul in the right direction," i.e., not to put something in from without, but to direct powers already there. He held the view that character should be shaped before the intellect is trained. He emphasised the great and abiding influence of early environment. He saw the importance of so moulding the impulses and instincts in childhood that youth will spontaneously lean towards the good.

Taken all in all, the "Republic" has been a great beacon light to posterity at which many torches have been lit. The fires of Platonic thought have never died out entirely. They may have smouldered for hundreds of years, but they have invariably flamed again as in the great Renaissance when Plato's spirit illumined the way to new conquests and led men to be greatly daring in pursuit of truth.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

In traversing the great expanse of the mediæval age one might note that it was the Platonic spirit which shaped St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei." This time Rome, which had proudly claimed to be the "Eternal City," fell a prey to her follies and her own inner decay. Those who had seen in her the symbol of stability, and who remembered her tremendous success in the art of governing an empire comprising many different races, tongues and customs, learned in bitterness once more that here "there is no continuing city." Under this staggering blow to western

civilization, St. Augustine, like Plato, took refuge in ideality. And though in fierce indignation he swept away the whole fabric of Greek and Roman Paganism and called in trumpet tones for allegiance to the Eternal City of God, he was in reality preaching in Christian terms Plato's old doctrine of the ideal as the only satisfying and abiding real.

DANTE.

Dante, too, had his Utopian visions; he, also, was "haunted by the ghost of the old Roman Empire and its beneficent all-comprehensive rule." His vision in his "De Monarchia" was the vision of a universal empire—a world government—the idea of a family of nations. He would establish an empire that, by its very scope and inclusiveness, should abolish the suicidal strife of nations. Dante's little treatise is one long aspiration that "in this little plot of earth belonging to mortal man, life may pass in freedom and peace." How modern is this! Is not a large part of the world pulsing to-day with the same ideal?

SIR THOMAS MORE—"UTOPIA."

On turning to our own great "Utopist," Sir Thomas More, we find that he reverts for his framework to that old conception of the phantom island. About the time More wrote, the imagination of Western Europe had been profoundly stirred by the voyages of the great navigator Amerigo Vespucci in the early years of the fifteenth century.

More's "ancient mariner," who tells the tale, Raphael Hythloday, is represented as having sailed with Vespucci on his last three voyages. He had not returned from the last until, having wandered and travelled far from his comrades, he had found what they never saw—the island of Utopia.

It is worth remarking in passing how the spirit of the great age of maritime adventure chimed with the needs of these makers of the ideal and perfect commonwealth. The wide-eyed, open-mouthed wonder with which England received the romantic tales of the seaman adventurers created precisely the atmosphere which rendered some far-off indefinite isle the very best refuge for ideality which an author could desire—the very site for unheard-of innovation. For of such strange, unknown, wonderful places, who could say what may, or may not, be true?

More was in Flanders on an embassy when he wrote his *Utopia*. It was edited by Erasmus and printed in Louvain long before it was published in an English translation in this country. It has always been a wonder to historians how More dared to publish it at all, even on the Continent, for he was highly placed in the service of Henry VIII. and had much to lose; and a satire so keen upon the statecraft of his own times and of his own country was not likely to consolidate his position at Court or to leave him unscathed. For the irony whereby he praised English political practice for doing precisely what it did not do, was too obvious to escape notice.

From the point of view of letters, the merit of More lies in his supreme skill in feigning. His meticulous precision as to dates and facts gives one the firm impression that the narrator must have been an eye-witness; indeed, in making fiction circumstantial and real, his only competitors are Swift and Defoe. In More's *Utopia* there is altogether more colour, life, and reality than in anything of a similar nature which had been done previously. And it is this virtue which makes the second and constructive portion of the "*Utopia*" so eminently readable.

The book is representative of the first flush of early Renaissance thought in England. Belonging to the same generation as Colet and Erasmus More shared something of their sweet humanity and intellectual passion. He was essentially of the scholar type as the little sketch of him by Holbein shews. His work is saturated with the Platonic spirit. There is the same plea for rulers who are also philosophers, and for community of possessions—this time reinforced by the early apostolic practice of holding all things in common. There is the same satiric contempt for money and precious metals—gold and silver were used to manacle their defaulters and diamonds and pearls were the playthings of children. More's Utopians used money only for purposes of foreign trade and for paying mercenaries to fight their wars.

Like all Utopias, More's was to a great extent called forth by the abuses of the times. He desired to hold the mirror—the mirror of humanism up to nature, and the first part of the book consists of a pointed and a barbed indictment of the age in which his life was cast. The reverberations of the wars of the Roses had hardly died away—the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church were at their worst and cried to heaven for amendment—society was ill-conditioned—the rich and noble lived idle lives, the poor were in misery,

the clergy were corrupt—"we first made thieves and then hanged them." "In this so-called Christian Commonwealth," said More, "I see nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the Commonwealth." Thus in the first part of *Utopia* he brings, with all the ardour and daring of youth, against a moribund world an indictment trenchant and scathing in the extreme.

In the second or constructive portion of his book he gives to his Utopian island an extreme likeness, in many respects, to England. Its chief city stands on just such a river as the Thames—a river spanned by a bridge of stonework with gorgeous and substantial arches. The houses, too, put one in mind of mediæval London, when the houses in the Strand had their long gardens stretching southwards to the water's edge. More's vision, however, idealises the narrow and filthy streets of mediæval London into wide and handsome thoroughfares containing here and there common halls where all the people in the same ward dine. They remind one very much of the exquisite halls of the mediæval craft guilds. All Utopians, men and women alike, must learn one craft, as well as take their turn in husbandry. Labour is incumbent upon all; but not hard, wearing labour which ages and bends people prematurely, and not the labour which commences at dawn and ends with dark. If all did their share of work, a six-hour day should suffice to keep the state provided and the remaining waking hours are then free for intellectual pursuits and recreations; for these add to the fulness of life and promote a true felicity. One is frequently impressed in reading More with the plea that life was intended to be "merric" not implying thereby a foolish and unregulated frivolity, but rather that it should be serene and joyous. One might perhaps detect in all this a revulsion against the sour asceticism and self-abnegation of the middle ages, and a far-off precursor of the very modern claim for a 44 or 48 hour week.

Like Plato, More regarded war as sometimes inevitable, but he had no illusions concerning the nature of war. Military glory was a thing contemptible to the Utopians. They engaged mercenaries to do their fighting and considered war itself as a thing "very beastly." Hunting, too, they took to be "the lowest, vilest, and most abject part of butchery."

One would like to quote in full the entirely wise words in which the religion of the Utopians is described—the extent

to which they carried a wise religious toleration. Up to More's time there had certainly been no finer or wiser words used concerning the value of the dim religious light, music, ritual in religion, a formula of common prayer, than those in which he describes the religious practices of the Utopians. It all has the added glamour for us that it couched in English not very far removed from the severe austerity, the simple and supreme dignity, of the Anglican Prayer Book itself.

His passages, too, on the value of study and culture generally, on the aims with which they should be pursued, and on the education of women, are four to five hundred years in advance of the current views of More's time. In his own household at least we know that practice overtook theory and that the Latin scholarship of his own daughters was at least of Continental fame.

One cannot pass from More without remarking that very many theories and very many practices ascribed to his Utopians, though they remained exorbitant fancies for three hundred years or more—things "pour rire"—have, thanks to the long arm of co-incidence or to More's uncanny prevision, become or are becoming commonplaces to us. I have already mentioned the six-hour day; but what of the artificial incubation of eggs, the provision of public abattoirs, the idea of municipal kitchens and dining halls, his old age pensions, his revolt against capital punishment—all of which are quite modern notions with us; some definitely accepted, others still in the forefront of the land of debate.

FRANCIS BACON—"NEW ATLANTIS."

The next Utopia in point of time is the "New Atlantis" 1629, of Francis Bacon. Here we have another example of the Platonic tradition of a far-off and unknown island situated (to use Bacon's quaint words) "in the midst of the greatest wilderness of waters in the world," "in the secret conclave of a vast sea." We had faint echoes of the age of early maritime adventure in More and we saw how his Utopia was reminiscent of the voyages of Amerigo Vespucci. Similarly in the "New Atlantis" we feel the breath of the spirit of sea-adventure as we approach the island of "Bensalem" in the remote Pacific. It is a strange thought to us that in the further confines of that same ocean there still lay awaiting discovery the then unknown continent of Australia. The "New Atlantis" would seem almost to imply a prescience of its existence, just as the age-long persistent dream of the wonderful western Atlantis foreboded the

discovery of America eighteen hundred years after the myth was first conceived. The approach of the sea-worn visitors to Bensalem is quite in the Elizabethan manner and might have served Shakespeare as the introduction to another "Tempest." On landing we feel somewhat at home, for the governor of this secret fastness confounds his visitors, on learning their nationality, by his intimate and up-to-date knowledge of the prowess of Elizabethan seamen. He realises how "the navigation of the world, especially for remote voyages, hath been much increased by them within these six score years." After this gratifying compliment our visitors are conducted to the Strangers' House, especially built for the accommodation of such as these, reminds one in many respects of Elizabethan and Jacobean building construction: its windows are some of glass, some of a kind of cambric oiled, its dormitories are separated by partitions of cedar wood. Coming from the pen of Francis Bacon, the writer of those curt essays full of sententious wisdom, illumined usually by the dry clear light of a passionless intellect, the first few pages of the "New Atlantis" are unexpectedly romantic and will bear comparison with the clever belief-compelling fiction which introduces the Utopia of More. But at this point nearly all likeness to the rich humanism of More ends. The "New Atlantis" is a work unfinished. Rawley, its author's commentator and first editor, remarks that his lordship thought to have written "of the best state or mould of a commonwealth," but he was diverted from this larger scheme by his desire to exhibit instead a model or description of a "college for the interpreting of nature and the producing of great and marvellous works for the benefit of man." Hence it follows that the first and last institution in this city of Bensalem is thus: "Solomon's House or the College of the Six Days' Works." This, in effect, was a great world laboratory for investigation and experiment so that "the causes and secret motions of things" might be discovered and that the bounds of human power might be enlarged.

As a matter of incidental interest it may be noted that the scientific investigators of Bensalem could imitate the flight of birds. The governor tells his visitors that "we have some degree of flying in the air"; "we have also ships and boats for going under water."—a wonderfully uncanny prediction which has taken centuries to fulfil in the aeroplane and submarine.

But, as in Plato and More, the vast significance of the "New Atlantis" does not lie in such detail as this, interesting

though it be. It lies in this: that the "New Atlantis," is a particularly personal Utopia, embodying in a fanciful way the great dream and ambition of its author's mind. It does not cover the whole life of the community or deal with the complete organization of a commonwealth, although it certainly goes some little way towards that end. In its restricted compass it displays the overwhelming bent and bias of Francis Bacon's mind towards a new philosophy of knowledge. For Bacon was the founder of the inductive method of modern scientific investigation. He was "magnificently abusive" of the former would-be leaders of knowledge, from the early Greeks onwards. Such knowledge to him was speculative, unreliable, the product of fancy and logic. By long centuries of in-breeding the ancient wisdom concerning the nature and constitution of the physical world had produced a body of disputatious thought that was arid in its results and frequently diverting in its pathetic futility. Everyone has heard of the great wranglings among the schoolmen of the Middle Ages concerning how many angels could be accommodated at one time upon the point of a needle. If science has come to this, said Bacon, in effect, let it be cast out and let us begin at the beginning; let us examine the actual, tangible, visible world about us; let us collect facts, examine them, classify them; let us make experiments; let us discover the hidden laws which govern the universe; let our knowledge be based upon the evidence of the five senses; for on such activities only can we safely construct a fabric of sure and certain knowledge.

Therefore, in the "Novum Organum," the "Advancement of Learning," and, in a fanciful way, in the "New Atlantis" he laid carefully the foundations of these methods of scientific investigation. He really and truly thought that in them he had found a key to knowledge that could be effectively used by all men, and that the secrets of the physical world would automatically emerge "to the extension of knowledge and the relief of man's estate." Can we wonder therefore, that, with such a great and glowing faith, his Utopia never proceeded beyond the conception of some perfectly equipped laboratory where the material world may be subjugated, made to reveal its ultimate secrets at the command and bidding of man's imperial and probing intellect? He had the driving power of a great ideal behind him—all this was to "contribute to the glory of God and to the relief of man's estate."

Thomas Campanella (1568-1639), a Calabrian monk and a contemporary of Bacon, was imbued with the same spirit, and during a thirty years' imprisonment, imposed by the Spanish Inquisition, he wrote his "City of the Sun," in which he strenuously expounded in a Utopian dream a theory of the supremacy of scientific knowledge very similar to that of Bacon. As a Utopia, it is much more complete than that of Bacon and contained much apparently borrowed from Sir Thomas More. These ambitions and dreams of Francis Bacon and Campanella were ultimately responsible for much which has redounded to the good of mankind. To them we owe the achievements of modern science and the extent to which such achievements have promoted "the relief of man's estate" need no vindication here. But modern science has not brought us to Utopia. It has made possible the hideous destruction of modern war and it is certainly true that out of these seventeenth century ideals there has arisen in the course of centuries a tendency to exalt the study of the material universe at the expense of those older and humaner themes of letters and philosophy. This Baconian theory of knowledge, the high expectations from the pursuit of scientific research, the triumphs of the scientist over the material universe, have left a widespread belief in the power of mere knowledge to educate the mind—a belief which has influenced educational theory, frequently to its detriment, from that day to this. It seems to contain the origin and source of the strictly and narrowly utilitarian theory of knowledge and education, though Bacon himself never realised this nor intended it to produce this result. After all, a mind is not rich in proportion to the number of facts or the amount of knowledge it has stored away. The best mind is still the one well tempered and perfectly balanced in the Platonic sense—the mind richest in sympathies—the one which has been shaped and moulded by the best that has been thought and said in the world in all ages.

WILLIAM MORRIS—"NEWS FROM NOWHERE."

We pass now to the nineteenth century—to the Utopia of William Morris, to be found in the well-known "News from Nowhere." We feel at once that the age of the old romantic maritime adventure as the prelude to Utopia is now no more. The nineteenth century brought us our industrial development, and our commercial supremacy. As a revolt against its inherent evils, we have the economic doctrines of Ruskin,

Socialism of various brands, and, towards the end of the century, a ceaseless and widespread propaganda spreading its various tenets. To the unbiased and dispassionate student all this provides one more witness to the eternal struggle of man to free himself from the limitations and disabilities by which he is, or by which he imagines himself to be, hampered in his age-long pursuit of a fuller and freer life. To many minds, some of them minds of the finest calibre, these new nineteenth century doctrines made irresistible appeal and among them was the generous mind of William Morris.

"News from Nowhere" differs from former Utopias in this: that it does not merely recount a story of some different people whose ways are not our ways and whose life is different from or better than our own. He paints England as it was in the nineteenth century and England as it is imagined to be in the twenty-first century, and what is more, he tells us how the change is brought about. It is Utopia with a prelude—the prelude of a class-war which brings down in ruin the edifice of a commercialised civilisation. This idea of a class war as the only cure for the world's ills has been one of the most corrosive influences, among certain sections of the community, for the past forty years. The idea of the gradual capture of all political power by the workers seems to have attracted to itself ideas of its speedy and complete attainment by the use of varying degrees of violence and force.

Morris has whole chapters detailing the rise and progress of the great strike, which ultimately led to civil war between the classes, and this in turn to a complete and catastrophic overthrow of a society based on commercialism and competitive trade. From a literary point of view these chapters are not a great success and the chapter expounding in catechetical form the basis of the substituted communism is neither better nor worse than many a propaganda leaflet of a typical socialist society or league. Rightly or wrongly, Morris saw in nineteenth century civilization a great ogre which had sapped the joy of living from the lives of great masses of mankind. If More scourged the mediæval age with whips, William Morris chastised the nineteenth century and its commercialism, with scorpions. Our vaunted civilization for many meant organised misery. The great clamour for cheap production, our vast pride as the market of the world, meant for the masses the very negation of life as he would have it lived. In our claim for

the virtue of opening up new markets and the creation of new wants, he saw only an unparalleled hypocrisy and greed. In short he viewed the society in which he lived very much as Sir Thomas More viewed his: "a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the Commonwealth."

Characteristically enough, he who in Morris brings the "News from Nowhere" is no ancient mariner bringing strange tales from the sea, but a tired Hammersmith toiler who proceeds, as the tale opens, from the city towards a drab villa in the suburbs by way of the old sulphurous London underground and the magic vision of a better world is achieved by the old fiction of the dream. Our Hammersmith friend went to bed in 1891 and saw in dreamland the London of somewhere far beyond 2003. Though Morris makes his strikes, his two years' civil war, and his revolution, the bloody and devastating prologue to change, it is indeed a beautifully romantic world into which the tired Hammersmith dreamer is transported. As one might expect from Morris, it contains a wealth of colour a wealth of art, a wealth of architectural fitness, which might well inspire us whose fate it is to live in the twentieth century, with a world of civic and municipal ideas capable of execution here and now.

Bacon's panacea was knowledge—knowledge and mastery of the material world. The panacea of Morris is art and a return to the spirit of the mediæval craftsmen who found the highest joy of life in work through which the hand might set forth the mind and soul. Morris indeed seems to have been deeply imbued with a passion for the curious workmanship of the mediæval ages. Oxford, to him, was beautiful, even in the nineteenth century, simply because it had been able to preserve a mass of pre-commercial buildings in which the sober and exalted joy of the craftsman in stone finds free and unfettered expression. He cannot see why our civic buildings, our markets, our theatres, should not be richly wrought and finely ornamented even as some of our churches are. The Rip van Winkle of the "News from Nowhere" found the Hammersmith market to be a mote-house "like a Gothic fane," the great doors were of damascened bronze; the Hammersmith theatre was a building which, in its proportions and beauty, resembled the Baptistry in Florence. The costumes of the "News from Nowhere" are alone worthy of a separate study—simple in design, of fine web—leathern waistbelts clasped

with damascened steel beautifully wrought, or with silver filigree work. All the women were found to be "decently veiled with drapery," not "bundled up in millinery (1891)—clothed like women, not "upholstered like arm-chairs." Their street carriages were light and handy "as graceful in design as an Essex wagon."

A vastly Utopian and I am afraid totally impossible vision, is the journey from Hammersmith to Bloomsbury, as it revealed itself to our astonished dreamer, and yet 'read purely as a fiction, it makes delightful reading. Passing along the Broadway we enter the leafy glades of Kensington, on emerging from which we obtain glimpses of the Abbey towers, of Westminster; on through Piccadilly, arcaded and cloistered like some old Italian town, and into Trafalgar Square—not the square we know—but a whispering orchard whose southern slope and aspect is especially kindly to the apricots which flourish in profusion. Thence through Long Acre, the road bordered by rose-gardens, which clothe the gentle slope where once was Endell Street and so to the British Museum, whose pillared portico is seen through a long vista of greenery. Near here lived old Richard Hammond, who henceforth right through the book points the moral and adorns the tale of this new age, by memories handed down from grandfather and great grandfather concerning what used to be the condition of affairs 200 years ago in the bad old nineteenth century. It is dinner-time, however, and our visitor is invited to take a place for the mid-day meal in the Bloomsbury Hall, for in the twenty-first century they have adopted the old idea of Sir Thomas More concerning central district dining halls. As he approaches he hears the silvery chimes from the belfry tower paying a sweet clear time and he enters through richly carved cloisters and an exquisitely moulded doorway. He notes the walls are adorned with noble frescoes of old world myths, now known and appreciated, but alas, half forgotten in the nineteenth century. Everything is cooked and served with daintiness shewing that those who prepared the meal were artistically interested in their work; and the glass, crockery and plate were extremely beautiful to anyone acquainted with mediæval art.

But if his regenerated London is delightful, what shall be adequate praise for that boating journey on his beloved Thames, which occupies so much of the later half of the book? It is a joyous trip, full of pictures of June hay-making in Thames-side meads. It is a Thames whose lower and middle

reaches are shorn of all the pretentious vulgarity of the Cockney villa, its higher reaches rich in those cosy well-built cottages whose rooms and bed-chambers are as fragrant and clean as the ideals of the old pastoral poets. Through the book one is impressed by the fact that Morris was acutely conscious of the vast number of things in daily life that are capable of being treated and dealt with in an artistic spirit; indeed, the soul of Morris, the artist, may be said to be enshrined in his "News from Nowhere." Among other things, the country, as distinct from the town, has come to its own. The tides of that "rural exodus" of which so much was heard in the later nineteenth century had effectively spread out the population more equably over the space available. All this newer and richer environment has, in Morris, already altered the cast of feature and the general mien of mankind. All live a happy, leisurely, yet eager life—they have attained what More called "a merrie life." Graceful in figure, pleasant to look upon, stamped with the seal of health, the people generally far exceed in age the three score years and ten, though that, in itself, says Morris, does not matter greatly, so long as a man is healthy and happy while he *is* alive.

It is curious how all these Utopias appear to reflect something of what seems to be moving in mens' minds to-day towards actuality. Morris speaks (as it seems now almost prophetically) of the transformation of the brick and mortar deserts of the manufacturing districts owing to the great change in the distribution and use of mechanical force. He foreshadows those great central power-generating stations whence power and heat will ultimately be transmitted where needed "with as little as possible of dirt and confusion and the distressing of quiet peoples' minds."

When we think of how much old Sir Thomas More foreshadowed of present day modernity, of the aeroplane and submarine of Bacon's "New Atlantis," of the great central power stations of Morris's "News from Nowhere," there is a peculiar truth in the poet's lines:

"And therefore to-day is thrilling
 With a past day's late fulfilling . . .
 "Scorning the dream of to-morrow
 We are bringing to pass as we may,
 In the world, for its joy or its sorrow
 The dream that was scorned yesterday."

But however alluring in parts these Utopias may be, they have one great fault, viz., the half implied idea that there might be a reconstruction of society that, once attained, would cure for ever all its sorrows—the idea that an epoch could be ended and a new era commenced with the fundamental relationships of life suddenly changed. Such an idea to-day is impossible, though young and generous souls have toyed with the notion in all ages. Furthermore even if a state of perfect virtue and amenity were attained it could not remain *static* for succeeding generations to inherit in all its pristine perfection—for the simple reason that the mind of man is *dynamic*, always trying, endeavouring, attempting, daring. It is hardly necessary to say that such a state would be wearisome, monotonous and provide merely an antlike existence lacking in all scope for the play of individuality—we should be *standardised* for ever. As human nature is, it simply would not work.

He who would write a practicable Utopia must set his course on that far reaching stream of thought which commenced in the middle of the nineteenth century, rapidly overflowed its original channel and irrigated fields very alien from that in which it took its rise. I refer, of course, to Darwin's great biological work "The Origin of Species." At first it was a profoundly disturbing book, but it ultimately proved a very fertile influence in far other spheres of thought than that to which it immediately relates. It has altered, during the last generation, the very cast and mould of thought itself. It is either Paley or Butler who likens the universe to a watch, whose parts are so contrived and mechanically set together that a maker and a preconceived design must be supposed and that who concludes therefore the universe is the handywork of a conscious contriver. The comparison is neat and in its own day was sufficient and convincing. To-day it is scarcely sufficient for the simple reason that we no longer cast such cosmic thoughts into the mould and terminology of mechanics. All life, all manifestations of it, and all the institutions of mankind, are looked upon as the result of the slow growths of time. History is more usefully conceived as an organic growth, not as the web of circumstance. All our vital and important metaphors have ceased to be in mechanical terms, i.e. if the metaphor is not merely decorative and if it be an essential part of our logical approach to a subject. Present day historical research and literary criticism stand fundamentally on the conception that the past is father to the present, that all life is one continuity with endless deviations and offshoots—endless adaptations

to new circumstances—endless struggle—but still organically one. I do not mean to say that Darwin is wholly responsible for this, or that some such conception had not been adumbrated before Darwin. One remembers, for instance, how the political theories of Burke were almost entirely based on some similar idea and how it was his grip of the essentially organic unity of a nation's life and institutions which made him the uncompromising enemy of the French Revolution. But it was certainly the biological theory of Darwin and his followers which gave the idea its modern appeal and the authoritative sanction of science and which passed it into such extensive circulation in the world's currency of thought.

Tried by this test all the older Utopias fail because all would imply a conscious acquiescence to order one's life for evermore upon an approved, fixed, and henceforth eternal plan. No reconstruction of society can be achieved once and for all. States like organisms are ever changing, ever growing, inevitably developing, organically linked to what has gone before. There can be no catastrophic change, no sharp cut between the old and chaotic past and the new and perfected present.

H. G. WELLS—"A MODERN UTOPIA."

It is the frank acceptance of this which gives to H. G. Wells' "Modern Utopia" a far more practical appeal than that possessed by any of its predecessors. What it may lack in romance and the appeal of the remote and strange, it gains in feasibility and practical suggestion.

Wells is mightily impressed by the vast, triumphal, yet withal gradual, progress of mankind from the beast. What was London 1,000 years ago? What is it now? What will it be 1,000 years hence? What changes there are will arise from the impulse and the mind of man. The generations to come will be strong and fair in proportion as the will of mankind is sturdy and organised and the imagination comprehensive and bold. "Man and all the world is no more than the present phase of a development so great and splendid that (beside this vision) epics jingle like nursery rhymes and all the exploits of humanity shrivel to the proportions of castles in the sand. Man is not final. Even the coming man, the *efficient* man, will be succeeded by men who will inhabit the uplands of the future still more gracious and splendid than anything we can hope or can imagine. This is the purpose of The Will and we must

“work to further it.” From one who had learned personally from Huxley how man is finite but not final, from one who had traced his state from more primitive forms and had realised and taken the dimensions of the subject “by the scale of the stars,” we must expect a Utopia peopled by beings not all fundamentally different from ourselves. Wells’ Utopians are ourselves raised to the *n*th degree of development, but essentially ourselves. “Utopia will still be an arena in which men survive and fail. A modern Utopia, unlike its predecessors, dare not pretend to change this . . . though it may order and humanise the conflict. Man will remain a competitive being, and though moral and intellectual training may vary and enlarge his conception of success and fortify him with refinements and consolations, no Utopia will save him from the drama of struggle, from exultation and humiliation, from pride and shame.”

But we may do much to make the margin of failure endurable—the struggle, now, at the bottom, is an ugly and foul struggle for food and shelter and clothing . . . a modern Utopia will maintain a standard of life. In a modern Utopia there will be no perfection—there will be friction and conflict and waste, but a waste enormously less than in our world. Wells makes it perfectly clear that there will have to remain “the fertilising conflict of individuality which is the ultimate meaning of the personal life.” In older Utopias there would seem to be a notable lack of the opportunity to enjoy “individual liberty.” In More’s Utopia, e.g., a man may not even walk abroad without first obtaining “the goodwill of his father and the consent of his wife,” or, if, as in Morris’s “News from Nowhere,” all do as they please, there is the impossible qualification that none choose to do evil. Again, Wells emphasises that Utopia will be attained by a combination of clear-sighted imagination, plus organisation and the cult of efficiency, working towards the achievement of high and noble aims. “It will not come about by chance or by anarchy, but only by co-ordinate effort and common unity of design. The world will not be righted by acclamation and in a day.” “But to tell of just land laws and wise government and a wisely balanced economic system and wise social arrangements, without telling how it can be brought about and how it is to be sustained against the vanity and self-indulgence, the moody fluctuations and uncertain imaginations, the heat and aptitude for partizanship that lurk in the texture of every man alive, is to build a palace without either door or staircase.”

All this sounds like leading up to the poser which the so-called "practical" man put to Plato 400 B.C. "Is this republic practicable and if so, how can it be made practicable?" and the strange thing is that the answer of H. G. Wells, the ultra-modern is precisely that of Plato. The wheel has come once again "full circle," and once more the ancient wisdom finds itself in full accord with the most modern. "My ideal republic may be realisable," said Plato, when "kings are philosophers and philosophers kings." "And my 'New Utopia' is realisable," says Mr. Wells, "if some where in this country you can find *adequate* men—men "capable of unselfish devotion, of intentional courage, of "honest thought, of steady endeavour."

Who will these men be? he asks. Will they be a caste? a race? an organization in the nature of a church? He cannot quite say, but he ventures to give them a name and call them the "Samurai," men of the highest imaginative type who will somehow gradually gain and ultimately wield all the real power of the world. It will be their problem to combine progress with political and social stability. They would gradually develop into an order, whose self-imposed rule of life was somewhat severe and which involved some self-renunciation for the sake of higher things. They would have to be prepared on the principle of "Noblesse Oblige," to maintain a bodily and spiritual fitness for the task to which they had been called. They would be such as know and feel the impulse to *serve* as well as to gain or to eat, and who, by organisation and imaginative foresight would conserve much of the energy now wasted in overlapping organisation and chaotic ill-directed effort. In short, they would be Plato's "guardians" in modern times.

I once thought I could see the beginning of some such *caste* as Wells speaks of, in a society which was in being in pre-war days, though I have not heard much of it lately, viz., the Cavendish Association representing a "duty and discipline" movement among public school and university men. It was an association which impressed upon such men the obligation of taking a fair share in civic and municipal government where, by reason of their training and their presumably wider outlook, they would find scope for useful work.

At any rate through the Samurai it is the hope of Mr. Wells that the whole tone of thought throughout the community might be lifted many degrees above its present level. If one is to judge by the avowed principles of the "man in the street" it is not overhigh. Take a few at random

and translate them out of the vernacular and how do they sound?

- (a) "If you do anything for nothing, do it for yourself."
- (b) "Do others or they'll do you";
- (c) The many variants of Jago's advice "Put money in thy purse";
- (d) The theory that one has a perfect *right* to all one can *get*;

all of them more or less jocularly used, but nevertheless seriously inspiring a vast amount of conduct. In this general raising of the level of the standards of thought lies the only hope for any approach to a "Utopia." We want a quantitative increase in the best opinion—a greater response, in the ordinary humdrum affairs of life, to the fine old tradition of "Noblesse oblige"—a proportionate conscientiousness of *duties* to set over against an acute sense of what our *rights* are.

I say "in the ordinary humdrum affairs of life" advisedly because it has, I think been indubitably proved during the last five years that the nation as a whole (inclusive, without distinction, of all classes) can rise to a great occasion when the moral issue looms large and clear. And that is one reason why this modern Utopia of Wells, with its plea for organisation and efficiency, sounds on reperusal more up-to-date, more relevant in every way to the modern world than it did some fifteen or sixteen years ago, when it was first put forth. The whole problem of Reconstruction, as it is now understood, is in reality the problem of Utopia as Wells then conceived it. But since Wells wrote, the whole nation has passed through a discipline and undergone an experience which has proved what almost insuperable tasks can be achieved when the nation is united with a common high purpose in view, when it submits itself willingly and obediently to whatsoever modifications of life are necessary to attain that end.

Such organization of the nation had to be hastily accomplished—there were no doubt many flaws in it giving rise to individual grievance, to temporary resentment, to personal irritation, to perhaps a too hasty and sweeping condemnation of the officialdom it was necessary to set up—I grant all this freely. We were numbered and docketed and cross referenced and indexed as never before. But I venture to suggest that the end has justified the means and the great deliverance we have experienced from famine and the enemy has amply justified the means taken and

the sacrifice entailed. In short, we have had an example of what organization on a national scale, when led by a great purpose, can accomplish. It surely is conceivable with so recent an object lesson in mind that, given greater leisure, organised method and the vision of the seer, could achieve an equally great triumph when directed towards achieving any one or all of the humane victories which a peaceable world offers for the winning to the nation which desires them with sufficient unanimity and with sufficient earnestness. And that is one reason why I think that at the present moment the reconstructionists might catch some note of thoroughness and even some crumbs of practical suggestion from this trio of books written sixteen years ago. The national mind was never more open to suggestion and H. G. Wells has certainly written the most practicable of all the "Utopias."

CONCLUSION.

It is high time, however, we drew to a conclusion this very discursive review of some of the issues raised in our selection of:—

“Old Chimæras, old receipts, for making happy land.”

We saw how in the Platonic republic there was no unchartered freedom, no indulgence in chance desires. The body politic was knit together by wise rule and a disinterested administration which ensured the willing service of all—each in his several capacity—in the interests of all.

Sir Thomas More built Utopia on this foundation, but all classes were embraced in this discipline of virtue laid down by a philosophic king and his wise counsellors. His commonwealth is interpreted in terms of mediæval life which renders it far more interesting and far more picturesque to the ordinary reader than Plato will ever be. It is our classic English “Utopia.”

Then we have the great vision of Bacon, who saw in the capture and conquest of the forces of the material world the future hope for mankind. Scientific method was to be the ultimate liberator through which man would find freedom and happiness. A “wandering fire,” though bringing inestimable blessings, for it has made possible the hideously destructive nightmare of modern war.

Morris found his solvent for the world's dull, drab, sordid state, in art—in the possibility of doing the world's

necessary work in the old loving spirit of the mediæval craftsman. In a grossly commercial age he was impressed by the indifference to some of the best things in life which the commercial spirit breeds, and by the denial of these good things to great masses of the English people which an age of soulless machinery and cut-throat competition involved. Morris would have us return nearer to the natural life—to take once more a naïve delight in the sights and sounds and colours of mother earth. He would have joy, “in greatest commonalty spread.” In the land of Morris’s “Nowhere,” could it materialise:—

“Our youth returns; for there is shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.”

Wells brings the biologic conception of evolution to the problem of Utopia with very telling effect. We are brought back to the value of the progressively imaginative vision—each age has its own Utopia—each age is in need of its Platonic guardians—the adequate men who shall wield the power of the world and direct the fortunes of its progress in a spirit of disinterestedness—with an eye and mind directed earnestly to the public good.

They are all attempts “To see life steadily and see it whole,” undistorted by the disturbing medium of current tradition and convention. No two see quite the same vision. Yet there is something to be learnt from all and the man who can read any one of them and not rise from his reading with some new idea, some happy inspiration (to say nothing of much incidental amusement) must be a very dull fellow indeed.

Utopia will never be achieved; it will go on being progressively achieved. In this eternal quest there can be no final attainment, yet, with unwearied feet, travelling we know not whither, we can help to conduct our own generation to some not unworthy bourne provided we carry with us the ancient viaticum of the ideal, a sense of *duty* as well as a sense of *right*, and the ancient watchword *Noblesse oblige*.

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	PAGE
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Chorlton, J.	17
Crabtree, J. H.	46
Edwards, T. A., F.R.G.S. ...	22
Gass, J. B., F.R.I.B.A.	66
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Hoyle, Charles	52
Peel, Rev. A., M.A., LITT.D. ...	54
Riley, W.	20
Shawcross, Mrs. Lucy	64

CONTRIBUTORS—CONTINUED.

	PAGE
Sixsmith, Charles	" Beauty in Daily Life " 25
Stanhope, Rev. A. J.	" Our Fathers' Gods : Tales and Traditions from Norse Mythology " 70
Taylor, Rev. R. A., M.A. ...	" William Blake : Painter, Poet and Mystic " ... 36
Wilmore, A., D.Sc., F.R.G.S.	" Fifty Years in the People's Schools " ... 56
Winskill, T.	" With Caravan and Camera in Ribblesland " 29
Wood, G. A., M.A.	" The Journals of John Wesley " 62
	" Concerning Utopia " ... 72
Wood, Miss L. J., M.A. ...	" Literature in the Twentieth Century " 49

INDEX.

	Page.
LIST OF OFFICERS	3
ANNUAL REPORT	5
BALANCE SHEET	7
SYLLABUS	8—9
IN MEMORIAM	11—14
TRANSACTIONS	15—98
LIST OF MEMBERS	99—106
INDEX TO CONTRIBUTORS AND SUBJECTS	107—108

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