sciolists who follow like jackals in the lion's wake"; the lion being Sir E. B. Tylor.

Speaking "as man to man," as the phrase goes, there was an elusiveness and reserve in Lang's talk on religious subjects. Matthew Arnold, in his Introduction to Gray in the *English Poets*, quotes a remark of James Brown, Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Gray's executor, that he "never spoke out." And this applies to Lang. The hesitancy is shown, the humorous blended with the serious, in this letter. It acknowledges a copy of *Jesus of Nazareth* sent to him through the publisher, Kegan Paul.

"1, Marloes Road, W.,
"*November* 24, 1880.

"DEAR CLODD,

"I have not yet recovered your new address and am constrained to thank you through Paul for *Jesus*. This sounds not such a very wrong thing to do. If we lived in a properly holy country I would certainly denounce you to the Inquisition.

"I confine my blameless studies to the evolution of Heathen gods concerning which the Prophet assures us that they are vanity. Then I have no lore in Israelite matters, except that Robertson Smith says Rachel and Leah were Totems. For plentiful ignorance I cannot criticize you except that I miss the Resurrection in your biography. This is, or ought to be, a burning question, but alas! *il y a fagots et fagots* but none for the heretic. Perhaps the more Christian plan would be to convert you, but it is longer and more uncertain and less amusing to a faithful people.

"With many thanks all the same, though I do not fancy we can agree on the subject,

"Yours very truly,
"A. LANG."

Here is a letter on a less controversial matter—

"1, Marloes Road, W.,
"*October* 22, 1908.

"DEAR CLODD,

"The anthropologist gets as near his primitive man as he can, far enough away; and the psychist takes what evidence he gets to go to a jury. However, as you are rather too old a bird to learn a new tune (while the older bird tries to pick up the melodies as he goes along), here is a curious psychological game with nothing in it to shock the retrograde and obsolete. You make your mind as blank of conscious thought as you can and you wait for the *words*—rather than thoughts—that pop into your head. As one rapidly forgets, you write down every clause and wait for more. The result would make a boiled owl laugh. I found this out only to-day and have been giggling over the records. Do try it; one catches an aspect of one's nature hitherto veiled. As for you, as you see illusions hypnagogique the faces spoken of [I had told Lang that sometimes, before getting to sleep, a row of leering faces would pass before me], you are much more hallucinable than most people. I find that most people not only don't see them but don't believe that anybody does. This is the true scientific spirit. Bless you, I do not exclude wild animals, but we have evidence as to their psychic faculties. Dogs, one knows, and cats are highly psychical, but we have no companionship with tigers, etc.

"Yours sincerely,
"A. LANG."

In the *Morning Post* of the same date Lang describes the experiment referred to in the above letter. He

made his mind as blank as possible and watched for any words that floated into his consciousness. "These words," he says, "I wrote down. The results were very laughable. My own way of writing is not Johnsonian. But the style of my unpremeditated writings was full of long words. The first words almost that swam uncalled into my ken were, 'Affability is the characteristic of the dawdling persecutor.' A longer 'message' began thus: 'Observing the down-grade tendency of the Sympneumatic currents, the Primate remarked that he could no longer regard Kafoozleum as an aid to hortatory eloquence.'"

Some of the obituary notices of him—that of *The Times*, for example, spoke of a "touch of superciliousness in his manner," and of an aloofness which barred intimacy. Meredith said to me: "Lang had no heart, otherwise he might have been a good poet." Had Meredith known him, he would have modified his judgment. I told him so, and on a later visit I took him *Rhymes à la Mode*, that he might read at least one poem, the touching *Desiderium* written in memory of Miss Alleyne, Lang's sister-in-law. Here are two stanzas—

"Ah, you that loved the twilight air,
The dim-lit hour of quiet best,
At last, at last, you have your share
Of what life gave so seldom, rest!

Yes, rest beyond all dreaming deep,
Of labour, nearer the Divine,
And pure from fret, and smooth as sleep,
And gentle as thy soul, is thine."

The aloofness was only skin-deep, thin as the epiderm. Once penetrated, the warm human blood was felt, and if Andrew Lang was not of the rare company who have a genius for friendship, those who came to know him

longest learned to appreciate him most. This was my experience, and the testimony may have more weight because our points of view sometimes differed fundamentally, and there was more than one skirmish between us. These only emphasized many kindly acts—not least among them the thankless task, voluntarily offered, of reading one's proofs—a labour which, in his own case, he detested. I know that sometimes he gave offence by the tone of his reviews, the temptation to banter being too great to be resisted. But he bore no malice; and they who submit their wares to the critic must not be too squeamish over the verdict. Andrew Lang well and worthily maintained the high traditions of his calling, and in the sweetness and purity of home life he kept himself " unspotted from the world." He died at Banchory, and rests, " Life's tired-out guest," under the shadow of the ruined cathedral of his beloved St. Andrews.

XVIII

Francis Hindes Groome (1851–1902)

If there was no gipsy blood in Francis Hindes Groome, the nomad, which is primitive and persistent, was strong in him. He was the second son of FitzGerald's intimate neighbour, Robert Hindes Groome, Archdeacon of Suffolk and Rector of Monk Soham, whose grandfather was master and owner of the *Unity* lugger in which the poet Crabbe sailed to London. The Hindes were connections of ours, but, despite arboreal instincts, I have not climbed that genealogical tree of many branches. The old captain made enough money to buy the advowson of Monk Soham, where, in succession, the Groomes were rectors. There Francis Hindes Groome was born in 1851. It was his privilege in boyhood to hear his father and FitzGerald and William Bodham Donne talk "like chapters out of George Eliot's novels," so he tells us in his delightful *Two Suffolk Friends*, wherein are masterly portraits of his father and FitzGerald. FitzGerald's *Letters* tells us how he loved "the Old Giant Handel; whose coursers with necks with thunder clothed and long resounding pace, never tire." [1] In contrast, with a taste less classical, the Archdeacon sang popular songs at village concerts. At one of these, a brother parson, who was in the chair, announced that the Reverend Robert Groome would sing *Thomas Bowling!* The village greens and commons of East

[1] *Letters*, Vol. I. p. 86.

Anglia were much more than now the squatting-grounds of caravans of gipsies, with whom young Groome made friends, drinking-in their roving spirit. In time he could *rokka Romanes*, "speak Gipsy," better than Borrow; in fact I have heard Watts-Dunton say that Borrow's knowledge of gipsy life and language was superficial compared with Groome's; so far as a Gorgio could be initiated, he had been made a Romany. It gave Meredith no small pleasure when Groome praised his character-drawing of Kiomo in *Harry Richmond*. "Chastity of nature, intense personal pride, were as proper to her as the free winds are to the heaths, they were as visible to dull divination as the milky blue about the iris of her eyeballs." In Groome's romantic novel *Kriegspiel* his character-drawing of the gipsy Ercilla Beschalé surpasses Borrow's Ursula and equals Cervantes' Gitanilla. Here is an interesting letter anent *Kriegspiel*—

"3, Whitehouse Loan, Edinburgh,
"*January* 19, 1896.

"My dear Clodd,

"I mean to come south for a week next month, and was wondering whether by any chance there will be an O.K. dinner on then, for if so I could time my visit accordingly. I am just bringing out a very novel venture in the form of a novel, 'Kriegspiel the War Game,' the obscurity of which title is meant to be elucidated by the quotation—

> "'But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
> Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
> Hither and thither moves and makes and slays,
> And one by one back in the Cupboard lays.'

It is a very sensational story, if not indeed mildly improbable. Lang, who read it in MS., pronounces

it 'Exciting and unsound: only isn't the butter spread rather thick?' Which, I think, is a very just criticism. The scene is laid largely in Suffolk, and you will recognize some of the localities—Parham Hall, with bits of Letheringham and Hengrave. I wish its success may be half as good as that of my little 'Two Suffolk Friends,' a success as amazing and largely ascribable to yourself. I shall send you an early copy.

"Ever most truly yours,

"FRANK H. GROOME."

"Whitehouse Loan, Edinburgh,
"*May* 27, 1896.

"I believe I have to thank you for the most kindly review of the great novel in the *Sketch*, where the portrait reminds me that I have been owing you a photo for months and years: at last I repay the debt. If the exertions of friends avail aught *K.* should be a success, still, I don't think of turning a professional novel-writer. No, I am engaged just now on a Universal Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary, the compiling of which is fine, busy-lazy work, and whose sale will beat that of all novels but Marie Corelli's.

"Two days ago I walked twenty miles over the Cauld Stane Step (1,254 feet); if you have read R. L. S.'s *Weir of Hermiston* you should know where that is, at the back of the Pentlands. I was quite proud at the finish, not having walked twenty miles for (I daresay) ten years, and at once arranged for a little walking tour this next week-end up Loch Lomond way. I wish I could be at your next O.K. dinner at Marlow. (I believe I recognize the attraction) but I am thinking of revisiting Germany in July, taking London (or rather Surrey) and Suffolk on my way back.

"What think you of the translation of our friend Watts?—Dunton, I cannot rightly say I like the name. If, or when rather, you see Clement Shorter, pray express to him that he has 'done me proud,' and believe me to remain,

"Ever most truly yours,

"F. H. Groome."

Apropos of Theodore Watts double-barrelling his name, I asked Meredith why he had done it. "Really, Sir Reynard, I'm surprised at your dulness." "Agreed," said I, "but other fellows are as dull. I thought MacColl (then Editor of the *Athenæum*, to which Watts-Dunton was a regular contributor) could tell me, but he didn't know." "Well," said Meredith, "I can. As a boy you were taught Dr. Watts's *Divine and Moral Songs*, and you know what a vogue they had, and for anything I know to the contrary, may have still. So, of course, our dear Theodore doesn't want to run the risk of being confused, years hence, with the author of 'How doth the little busy bee' in any anthology in which his poems may have a place." I thanked Meredith for so lucid an explanation!

In *Gipsy Tents*, published in 1881, Groome set down in vivacious detail the story of his vagabond life among the Romani, not, however, adding how he stole the heart of Esmeralda, whose tambourine, by the way, is among the many unique treasures which my friend Clement Shorter—*optimo hospitum*—can boast of in his wonderful collection of literary relics at 16, Marlborough Place. No lover of *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* should neglect that book.

For a good many years Groome lived in Edinburgh, working as sub-editor of *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, which explains the references in this letter.

" 339, High Street, Edinburgh,
" *July* 30, 1892.

" Thanks for your letter and the inclosures. Herewith R. A. Proctor. As to Bates, Patrick will be much obliged if you would think-up a brief article, space for which may be squeezed out of Batavia and Miss Bateman. Also Weismann, you will judge how much he must have whilst remembering we are rather cramped for space.

" I got back here Thursday evening, and find here the loveliest weather (for Scotland). It is hard settling down to work.

" I return Lady Gurdon's letter. Appreciation of my Father's stories always pleases me greatly. Ah me! I would that to-morrow I might be rowing up again your Aldeburgh river. Well, I shall look back to that day and forward to just such another.

" Ever truly yours,
" F. H. Groome."

The reference in the foregoing is to a lamented and accomplished friend, the wife of Sir Brampton Gurdon (both are dead), who endeared himself to his fellow-Omarians and whose generous entertainment of the " pilgrims " after the ceremony of the planting of the rose-bushes at Boulge is a cherished remembrance. Lady Camilla, whose tales and sketches of provincial life were posthumously issued under the title of *Memories and Fancies*, had become keenly interested in folk-lore, and gathered a valuable collection of material which was published by the Folklore Society.[1]

[1] *County Folklore* (Suffolk). Collected and edited by the Lady Eveline Camilla Gurdon (1893).

"Grundisburgh Hall, Woodbridge,
"*July* 25, 1892.

"DEAR MR. CLODD,

"Thank you very much for the *F. L. Journal* containing the 'Philosophy of Rumpelstiltskin.' It is a most interesting article and has given me a great deal to think about. If you can come on Friday, pray do so, the Flower Show has been changed to an earlier date, so we shall be free on the 5th and so glad to see you.

"I have not got Moor's *Oriental Fragments*, but possibly it is in the Ipswich Museum, or failing that, I feel sure Capt. Moor of Bealings would lend me a copy, which would save Mr. Hindes Groome the trouble of sending his to me.

"The article in *Blackwood* which you have so kindly sent me is delightful: my husband and I read it together, and really shouted with laughter. The beautiful story of the 'Only Darter' I had already read, and been very much impressed by, in the *Suffolk N. and Q.* It seems to me quite beautiful. I hardly know what to compare it to—it is as good as some of Barrie's best work and Miss Wilkins' best stories.

"When you come I have an interesting letter to show you from a cousin in Scotland about Firstfoot: she has been questioning a Perthshire man.

"Yours sincerely,

"E. CAMILLA GURDON."

In December 1892 Groome wrote to me about Fitz-Gerald's old friend John Loder, of Woodbridge book-selling fame, who has enriched my library with two volumes which belonged to FitzGerald, *Persian Miscellanies* and Russell's *Memorials of the Life and Works of Thomas Fuller*. Groome adds that Loder "knows

Canon Ainger, who is by way of a FitzGeraldian if not indeed an Omar Khayyámist."

Among the more prominent men of the cloth whom I met at the delightful little dinners given by dear old Edward Hawkins, father of "Anthony Hope," at the snug vicarage in Bridewell Place, was Canon Ainger. I accepted it as token of friendship that when he had undertaken a monograph on *Crabbe* in "The English Men of Letters Series," he invited himself to stay with me at Aldeburgh, curious to see what, if any, traces of the poet survived there. There are none: the cottage in which he was born has long vanished beneath the encroaching sea; the old "Salt House" at Slaughden, where he assisted his father as collector of the salt duties, was demolished fifty years ago, and the one association that remains is the tumbling old quay along which the poet rolled the barrels. Of the letters from Canon Ainger which I have preserved, only the following is free from personal and unimportant matter.

"Master's House, Temple, E.C.,
"*August* 2, 1899.

"DEAR MR. CLODD,

"I ought sooner to have acknowledged your friendly letter, but the close of the session brings many calls upon one's time.

"Thanks for your reference to Mrs. FitzGerald's letter to Tennyson, which I was glad to have recalled to me.

"It is strange that after seven years thinking of it, Fitz did not realize the risk of the step he was taking. I had not known it was so long as you tell me.[1] I am very glad to find you so entirely agree with me as to the merits of that miniature biography.[2]

[1] Fitz-Gerald's marriage to Lucy Barton.

[2] *Poems and Letters of Bernard Barton, with a Memoir by E. F. G.* (1853).

"There has just come into my possession a copy of the 1821 Keats (the *Lamia* and other poems) with some interesting MS. of Keats himself in it, not only an inscription to the friend to whom it was sent, but some sarcastic remarks on the Publisher's Preface. I should much like to show it to you some day after the coming vacation.

"After next Sunday I shall be a good deal away until we re-open our Church (if all's well) on the first of October. Many thanks for your kind offer of a welcome when I am next 'down Aldeburgh way.' It will give me great pleasure to accept it.

"Meanwhile, believe me, dear Mr. Clodd,

"Very truly yours,

"ALFRED AINGER."

To return for a moment to Edward Hawkins. Supping with him one evening, the late H. R. Haweis being the other guest, Hawkins told us that, on the previous Sunday, they had heard Haweis's father preach in the church where his father had preached one hundred and twenty years before! The explanation was that the grandfather had preached at his ordination, when he was twenty-three, that he had married when he was past sixty and that his son, on the occasion in question, was eighty-three.

An item or two of literary gossip and criticism in them may warrant the addition of these letters.

"339, High Street, Edinburgh,

"*April* 13, 1895.

"MY DEAR CLODD,

"... So you are at Aldeburgh for Easter. I would I were there too, and I wish I could promise to come later

on. But my ties with Suffolk are loosened, now my sisters have given up the manor-house at Pakenham, and my doctor brother is leaving Stowmarket. But I shall certainly see you. I should like to manage another O.K. dinner in the country, for the last one survives as a pleasant memory.

"I haven't yet read *The Woman who Did*. 'The Man who Couldn't' would make a fine companion volume. I have just been glancing over the new *Men of the Time*. It is an immense improvement on Moon's edition, but the omissions are still remarkable. Crockett, Luke Fildes, Mrs. Clifford, R. Bridges, Holyoake, are a few out of a list of forty or fifty.

"Very truly yours,

"F. H. GROOME."

"137, Warrender Park Road, Edinburgh,
"*June* 10, 1898.

"My *Gypsy Folk Tales* (Hurst & Blackett) is nearly finished—a big 8vo. of over 400 pp. I hope you won't object to the following, 'To MM. Cosquin, Clodd, Jacobs, Lang, and their fellow Folklorists this Book is respectfully dedicated.' I, as a non-professional folk-lorist, address the book to those who are. I shall, of course, send you an early copy, but I don't quite know when it will be out. It will contain a good deal of controversial (and probably controvertible) matter, but I hope and think that you will be surprised at the additions it makes to folk tales collected within the Anglo-Welsh area—versions of 'The Master Thief'; 'Strong Hans'; 'Our Lady's Child'; 'Oh! if I could but shiver'; 'The Battle of the Birds'; 'Ferdinand the Frightful,' etc., etc. There are also hosts of Gypsy

stories from Turkey, Roumania, the Bukowina, Transsylvania, Galicia, etc. . . .

" Ever truly yours,
" F. H. GROOME."

Besides his letters and the gifts of his books, there is a little green volume about which he wrote : " I am sending you a copy of FitzGerald's *Polonius* which I think you will like to have. I picked it up the other day for a few pence in a bookseller's catalogue, where it was entered under the heading ' Facetiæ.' "

Within four years after the publication of *Gypsy Folk Tales*, an important addition to material for the comparative study of the folk tales of the world, brain trouble numbed the faculties of one of the most gifted scholars and lovable men whom I have known or am likely to know. Death released him in his fifty-first year.

XIX

J. Allanson Picton (1832–1910)
Moncure D. Conway (1832–1907)

"The Club that most interested me was the Omar Khayyám. It would require many pages to tell of my delightful memories of my brother Omarians." Thus wrote Moncure Conway in his *Autobiography*, wherein he goes on to narrate the story of the planting of the rose-bushes on FitzGerald's grave and then coming with other friends for a week-end convivium to Strafford House. Then he speaks of the Sunday gatherings at my house in London: "those evenings at Rosemont as a time when we grew. Picton was always there." Picton, at that time, had abandoned preaching for educational work, being, with Huxley and Mark Wilks, a member of the first School Board for London.

After occupying pulpits in Manchester and Leicester (which latter place he represented in Parliament from 1885 till 1894) he became minister of a Congregational Chapel in Hackney. Always tending towards liberalism in theology, he delivered a series of lectures on the *Religion of Jesus*, which evidenced such divergence from orthodox theories of the divinity of Jesus that he resigned his charge. A man of very remarkable gifts and wide scholarship, the possession of fair means and ample leisure enabled him to follow his bent, the goal of which was in Pantheism. "If I am to be remembered

at all," he said to me, "let it be as Picton the Pantheist." More than one of his books is given to making popular, as far as that difficult task is possible, the Philosophy of Spinoza, the "Great Prophet," the man who looked on the Universe and called it God. He found a congenial spirit in meeting Sir Frederick Pollock, to whose masterly and definitive book on Spinoza he acknowledged deep obligation. He won, what was not easily secured by those whom he met, the regard of Sir Alfred Lyall. An ex-dissenting parson who had become an ardent convert to Pantheism was a *rara avis*, and Picton's story of his passage from the creed of the Congregationalists to the most creedless of all beliefs interested a mind like Lyall's which had been in close contact with the contemplative and tolerant religions of the East. He enjoyed a story which Picton repeated in his *Religion of the Universe*. "Things are as they are. To ask why they are so is no more reasonable than the question once put to me long ago by a little girl of eleven or twelve years and which I think was the most comprehensive question ever put to me in my life. 'Sir,' she said, 'please tell me why there was ever anything at all?' How could I reply except as I did? 'My dear, I really do not know, but here the things are and we must make the best of them.'" From Picton's many letters to me the following are chosen as showing his general attitude in breadth and variety of interest.

"Caerlŷr, Conway,
"*November* 11, 1901.

"My dear Clodd,

"Your letter of the 9th has given me great pleasure, not only from the kindness and interest it shows, but also because it is such a gratification to hear

from you again. I thank you heartily for your book[1] of which I had heard a good deal, but which to my own loss I had not seen. It is a very interesting exposition of the great world of *Aberglaube* lurking behind and beneath most nursery stories. You possess a style eminently adapted to draw readers on into the charmed circle of your influence. Some of your remarks come specially home to me in my *sæva indignatio* against prevalent sacred pretences. Truly, as you say on p. 97, 'there may be profit in the reminder of the shallow depth to which knowledge of the orderly sequence of things has yet penetrated in the many.' As to the power of iron as a charm, is it possible that it originated in the conservative notion probably entertained at its first introduction that it was offensive to unseen powers? The feeling which dictated persistence in the use of stone knives for sacred purposes must have been associated with the notion that iron was offensive to the spirit world. (But, then, perhaps that should have applied to copper and bronze as well.)

"As to the *name*—I have always been haunted by a curious desire to tear up and throw out of the railway carriage windows the small printed labels of newspaper wrappers addressed to me. It is an unreasoning and instinctive action—which possibly may be a sort of atavism. The philological indentification of 'name' with 'soul' is very interesting, and appears to me probable.

"I need scarcely say I have little hope of any result from my protest against the present demoralizing in my *Bible in the School*. Watts asked me to write it and I did. But it will be no use. I can understand the state of mind which clings desperately to disappear-

[1] *Tom Tit Tot: An Essay on Savage Philosophy in Folk Tale.*

ing supernatural sanctions because they still seem to the perplexed soul necessary to morality. But I cannot understand the state of mind which frankly surrenders superstition for itself as utterly false, and yet insists on teaching it to children as true in the interests of morality.

"I wish you would take an opportunity of revisiting this lovely valley, where I am now writing with my bay window wide open to the night. I hope your son, whom I was so glad to see when he called, gave you a good account of my eyrie. It is not Tai Bach, but a new house built by myself on a ledge of the steep hill above. Pray come to see it some time.

"I am ever,

"Yours most truly,

"J. Allanson Picton."

"Caerlŷr, Conway,

"*November* 26, 1901.

My dear Clodd,

"Really I am very sorry that I have exceeded the bounds of propriety in delaying my acknowledgement of your exceedingly kind gift of a second book. The truth is that though I have given up ploughing the seashore of politics I have a good many public and benevolent duties of one sort or another here, though of course. I could have acknowledged receipt, I could not have expressed my thanks with knowledge until now.

"I marvel much at your power of achieving 'multum in parvo.' It is astonishing how much is compressed at no sacrifice of clearness into the compass of this book on *Primitive Man*. As to iron, I find on p. 192 a statement of the fact that special powers were attrib-

uted to the metal as against witches, etc. But neither there nor in other passages on the metals do I find an explanation, unless indeed the heavenly origin of meteoric iron suggests it. On p. 97 you make a remark which touches human sympathies: 'The cost' of 'escape from false impressions of things makes the thoughtful weep.' I have also been saddened by the thought of the long, dark, painful course of human evolution. But I have comforted myself by reflecting that palæolithic or neolithic man had no better conditions of things with which to compare his lot. *We* think how *we* should feel amidst such squalor. Hence our pity. But is it not tolerably certain that each generation, being adapted to its surroundings, was fairly happy?

"Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,

"J. ALLANSON PICTON.

"P.S. As you wish to make use of Huxley's words to me re *Bible in School* I had better give you the particulars. It was in the street—Pall Mall, near the Athenæum, not very long before his death. It was only a momentary conversation, but he distinctly regretted the failure of his proposal for selected extracts and added: 'Indeed, I am now inclined to think that you were right.' I will not guarantee the exact syllables, but they were certainly to that effect.

"J. A. P."

"Caerlŷr, Penmaenmawr, R.S.O.,

"*May* 13, 1904.

"MY DEAR CLODD,

"Assuming that you will be at Strafford House on Sunday, I write to say how deeply I appreciate your

kind letter of the 8th instant re *The Religion of the Universe*. Your sympathy is all the more valuable for its discrimination. Our attitude towards the Universe, especially at this transitional stage of religion, when the old foundations are breaking up and the more permanent clearly discerned below is, as you say, very much a matter of temperament. And the different temperaments would do well to emulate your large tolerance.

"Still seeing how something in the nature of religion, an instinctive sense of an encompassment by a life larger than one's own has inveterately accompanied every step of human evolution since the word human became applicable at all, I find it impossible to believe that the disappearance of a special and arbitrary conception of the encompassing Life can possibly abrogate so essentially fundamental an element in the spiritual forces of evolution. I write in some haste, for I have to go out, but shall hope for *viva voce* continuation and correction. I think I must take the ten o'clock train on the 21st.

"Yours very truly,

"J. Allanson Picton."

"Caerlŷr, Penmaenmawr, R.S.O.,
"*February* 5, 1905.

"My dear Clodd,

"I have a good many things to say and I hope I shall not bore you. First as to Professor Barton's 'Semitic Origins.' I am very thankful for the opportunity of reading it, and when you are able to let me know whether I should address it to Aldeburgh or otherwise, will return it. I think there is a very large, perhaps one might say an overwhelming, amount of probability in his main theory of the origin of Semitic religion in sexual rites connected with the revival of

nature in whatever season answers in those latitudes to our spring. The word revival reminds me of a curious letter in to-day's *Times* from a native 'Cymro' on the sexual associations of more modern religion. As an item of social lore it is worth looking at. But Barton deals with times concerning which evidence can hardly be said to be available except by way of indirect inference from later facts. I fear there is some truth in the strictures of *Man* [Sept. 1908] pasted on cover, as to the over confidence of the author. You can scarcely get Jahweh out of Ishtar except as you get what is called 'spontaneous generation' into the beginning of organic evolution. You have a feeling that it must have been so, and there is no more to be said. By the way, I don't know why Barton and Budde and lots of others drop the final aspirate of Jahweh, and write Jahwe. My very limited Hebrew at least teaches me that the word is a 'quadrilateral'—*i. e.* with four original consonants of which the final aspirate is one. Estlin Carpenter and Bettersly in their *Hexateuch* always render it as I do, 'Jahweh.' However, I don't pretend to any authority in such things. I think the chapters on 'transformations' of the Ishtar Cult are admirable. I am now reading Budde, to whom I was attracted by the notes of Barton, and I find him amazingly clear and concise for a German. (I preferred the German, though he gave the lectures in English.) His case for the indebtedness of the Hebrews to the Kenites for their religion is very strong.—But what bothers me is that all these learned men persist in talking as though there were a residium of supernatural 'revelation' or direction in the evolution of Hebrew religion such as—at least by implication—is wanting in other religions. So far as I know neither Flinders

Petrie nor any other Egyptologist has found any evidence whatever for the captivity in Egypt or the Exodus. I know Estlin Carpenter thinks that the legend may have arisen from a temporary entanglement of a small nomad Hebrew clan in Egypt. And there is sense in that. But a good deal more is assumed by Barton and Budde. The fact is I am a good deal disheartened in my old age by the 'make-believe' prevalent among educated and even cultured people on the subject of supernatural religion. However, I must draw to a close. I have got 'Pantheism, its Story and Significance, a sketch by etc.' type-written in duplicate. I wonder whether you would mind the trouble of reading it when you are at Aldeburgh. I should value your opinion much, while of course retaining freedom of judgment. It is probably not quite what you would expect. I treat nothing as genuine Pantheism which does not absolutely exclude any other *Being*—as distinguished from existence—than that of God. For this reason I have nothing to say about Plato—though a little about the New Platonists and very little about the Christian Mystics, who were not real Pantheists. I concentrate attention on Spinoza—and endeavour—vain hope!—to give a more popular exposition than Pollock.

"As there seems no hurry, take your own time about replying and believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"J. Allanson Picton."

"Caerlŷr, Conway,
"*July* 26, 1906.

"My dear Clodd,

"Many thanks for the *Open Court* frontispiece. I don't think I have ever before seen any likeness of

Spinoza, and I have gazed and scrutinized with deep interest. At first one has the feeling that so transcendent a mind ought to have had a more imposing face. But, as Mrs. Picton pointed out, the eyes have the glance of genius. The place of origin is not named. Is it the often-mentioned portrait at the Hague? You don't say anything about expecting it back. Perhaps you have another copy. In any case I am obliged to you for sending it. I have written a short contribution to the *Agnostic Annual* on 'The Faith of a Pantheist.' The limits imposed were such that it has been like an effort to distil the ocean before me into a pint pot. But quite possible even an endeavour at impossible compression may be useful.

"Constables have not given any indication as to when they are going to issue the 'Handbook,' though in sending the last revised MS. I asked the question. After the summer I shall ask again.

"Petrie's book on Sinai and Serabut is a wonderful record of research. But I am not satisfied with his rationalization of the Exodus. I fear it is another instance of the strange prepossession shown by even men of distinguished intellect to take for granted that Jewish myths must have a core of history. For myself I incline more to 'Musre' and the consequent 'Jerahmeel!'

"When Petrie finds a single relic *in situ* or inscribed brick in Goshen which implies the Mosaic story, the question may be re-opened.—Did you notice in the first public announcements of Grenfell's most recent finds in the Fayoum, a fragment of a gospel was mentioned, showing no relation to the four? It is odd that it is not included in the show at Somerset House. Should you have any chance of enquiring about it?

"I have a juvenile banker staying with me, and he thinks you must be free by now from the Herculanean labours of July and therefore I have written the more freely.

"Yours very truly,

"J. ALLANSON PICTON."

"Caerlŷr, Penmaenmawr, R.S.O.,
"*August* 7, 1908.

"My DEAR CLODD,

"In your *Pioneers of Evolution* you do not—unless I am sadly blind—refer to the part played by Astrology and Alchemy in preparing the way for Astronomy and Chemistry. I must say that I have only been renewing my ancient knowledge of your work by glancing through again and examining the Index.

"As I have to touch on both the above subjects, I have looked through Ecclesiastical histories and Cyclopædias, etc., to find any evidence that the Church condemned either Astrology or Alchemy as it condemned magic and witchcraft. I get no result. I have found no record of any such condemnation. But I know your reading has been very much wider than mine. I should be greatly obliged if you could refer me to any such condemnation. It seems to me that so long as Astrologers and Alchemists could keep clear of any suspicion of *magic* they were safe. They did not deny anything in the Bible and therefore the Church was not concerned. Of course if Astrologers had been star-worshippers it would have been a different thing. Kepler wrote horoscopes for gain—and defended it in a magnificent passage which I quoted nearly fifty years ago in *Heroes and Martyrs of Science*. I don't want to trouble you, but if at your convenience you can let me know of

any condemnation you have met with I should be thankful.

"Yours very truly,
"J. ALLANSON PICTON."

MONCURE CONWAY came of a good old Virginian stock. He was born of parents opposed to slavery, yet they were slave-owners in their own despite, since the institution was an integral part of social conditions in the Southern States of America. He has told in detail his life history from the time when, as a youth, he became a Methodist preacher and reproved some lady members of his church for the "sin" of dancing, to his settlement in London and his travels in the East in old age. Passing from creed to creed, each being in turn more liberal than the one abandoned, he became minister of the Ethical Church in South Place, Finsbury. I enjoyed his friendship for more than thirty years—a friendship sweetened by ever-growing affection for a brave and brotherly soul.

Edward FitzGerald said of his friendships that they were like "loves," and so it was with those of Moncure Conway. His letters to me were often headed "Beloved." When after twenty-one years' ministry at South Place, he returned to America, they were charged with the feeling, almost the fear, that the thousands of miles separating him might estrange him from old friends and be the bar to renewal of communion. Happily, the fear was falsified. When one heard he was in New York, a letter would come from Paris with promise of a visit to London, and then, on his arrival, there would be the merry repetition of farewell dinners which became as numerous as the "last appearances" of a popular actor.

Conway had "warmed both hands before the fire of life," and revelled in the glow. He had travelled much, finding most delight in a *Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East*, the title of his last book. There he was in the birthplace of the great religions. From their sacred scriptures he had selected the material of his *Sacred Anthology*—the Bible of South Place. Little escaped him, as this extract from a letter shows.

"About twenty miles out of Madras I drove to the ancient church of St. Thomas, said in the legend to have gone there and suffered martyrdom. Not far from the church is a stone with reddish stains left there by St. Thomas who (like Kristna) was wounded in the head. The old Portuguese priest told me that an English antiquarian, a 'Positivist' (he could not tell me the name) dug under the stone and found a tablet on which was a rudely-designed dove and an inscription which in English was: 'He who is the pure God, blessed for ever.' I wonder if it may not be possible for some man of your acquaintance to tell me who that Positivist was, in what language the inscription was written, and whether the details above—pencilled on the spot, almost unreadably—are correct? I would pay an investigator or verifier."

He had read many books; he had mixed with many distinguished contemporaries—Emerson and Carlyle, Darwin and Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Martineau, Mazzini and others. At his house in Hammersmith and elsewhere, graced by a charming and cultured hostess (Mrs. Conway was a sister of R. H. Dana, author of the well-known *Two Years before the Mast*), I met some of his delightful fellow countrymen, securing

me pleasant talks, *e.g.* with Lowell and John Hay. I wish I could convey the dulcet tones in which Lowell spoke of the charm of London—what others have called its "soul." It brought to my memory an amusing story told us by Professor Ward Howe, whom Grant Allen and I met when we were in Egypt. An Englishman travelling for the first time to the "hub of culture" (the flattering term has ceased to be applicable) asked the ticket collector, as the train neared the station, whether it was Boston. "Yes, sir." "Well, I am wondering, because I hear an odd sort of hum as of a big city, but it is unlike any other." "Yes, sir, what you hear is the Bostonians reading Browning!"

Another story amused us: Allen loved to retell it. Ward Howe said that in his college days, when the lecturer's eye fell on an inattentive student, he would pounce upon him with a question to wake him up. On one occasion, a student had this put to him. "Mr. Smith, answer me this—To which of the two, prose or poetry, does the concurrent voice of antiquity assign the priority?" "I beg your pardon, Professor, but do I understand that you ask me, to which of the two, prose or poetry, does the concurrent voice of antiquity assign the priority?" "That is so, Mr. Smith." "Well, Professor, to which of the two, prose or poetry, the concurrent voice of antiquity assigns the priority, I don't know, and, sir, I don't care a damn!"

Meeting John Hay one afternoon, talk turned upon American humour, especially in its laconic essence, when he said, "The neatest example I can give you is of the man who took-in a lady to dinner, and on her telling him that she was a widow, he asked whether she was grass or sod?"

To return to Moncure Conway. In our last talk

together at the Savile Club he had much to say by way of criticism of Sir George Trevelyan's *American Revolution*. He thought that the book did insufficient justice to the British case and that time will bring some revision of the popular verdict on Washington. His view, he told me, was based on an intimate acquaintance with contemporary documents. I cite this as showing that his judgment had a power of detachment without which true focus of men and events is impossible. He abhorred war: he had seen the horrors of the battlefield when acting as correspondent of the *New York World* with the French army in the Franco-German struggle. He had long co-operated with the International League of Peace and Arbitration in Europe, and was disconcerted when, asking the support of Herbert Spencer to the movement, an unsympathetic reply came, Spencer prophesying [how the carnage of this Great War has justified it] that "there is a bad time coming and civilized mankind will (morally) be uncivilized before civilization can again advance," and therefore that the proposed movement "would be poohpoohed as sentimental and visionary."

"50 Rue de Richelieu, Paris,
"*August* 26, 1900.

"MY DEAR CLODD,

"Thanks, thanks, thanks! The way in which Stead put the thing was such that I resolved to make another appeal to Spencer to lend the weight of his name to my schemes for arbitration, and began my letter by mentioning that I had heard that his reply to me two years ago was printed in your *Grant Allen*—to whom I supposed he had communicated it, as I had not. Spencer replied that he could not remember having

any communication with Grant Allen on the matter and having "looked through the book pretty completely," did not remember any reference to it.[1] This gave me a fright. Could I by any accident have allowed Spencer's letter to get out of my hands, and thus into print? So was I one of the many tormented, as Voltaire observed, by troubles that never arrive—until your letter came.

"As to my scheme for arbitration it has been worked out carefully, and is now under discussion of the leading peacemakers. It has been translated into French and German; but not yet printed. Before long I shall send you a copy.

"*Entre nous* I think our dear Herbert S. is showing his age. It is nothing but a kind of Scientific Calvinism to decline helping an effort for arbitration on the ground that 'we are in course of rebarbarization,' etc., etc. It is as bad as yielding to the majority. If natural selection is working for evil it is all the more necessary that the evolutionist shall introduce intelligent and purposed selection. For the rest my effort was not to get a court 'to pass opinions on international relations,' but to have every particular dispute between nations that threatens peace arbitrated by the most eminent and able men of all countries (save the disputants), these great men being of acknowledged competency and holding no office under their governments. The method of securing the consensus of the competent and unbiassed has been elaborated by me with care, and has fair prospect of being adopted by the Paris Congress which meets in Paris, September 30 and after.

"It may be that my plan will be found impracticable, nevertheless, amid all the deluge of blood I have found some comfort in devising my rainbow. At any rate

[1] Spencer overlooked it. It is given on p. 199.

we can find here and there an ark, but I fear that the arks will become fewer and smaller. Jingoism has invaded even South Place, and possibly the Omar Khayyám Club. O my lost countries.

"With affectionate farewell,

"MONCURE D. CONWAY."

But the enemy with whom he never made truce or terms was that obscurantism which in every field opposes its stolid front to progress and all that of spiritual and intellectual freedom is involved therein. In defence of that most sacred of causes he had endured much ere he came to England. His unwavering efforts to remove the curse of slavery from his native land had cost him dear. Slave-owners found their defenders in pulpits; preachers contending that slavery was an institution justified by Hebrew and Christian precedent. The line which they took was sarcastically expressed in Lowell's *Biglow Papers*.

"Ham's seed wuz g'in to us in chairge, an' shouldn't we be lible
In Kingdom Come, ef we kep' back their priv'lege in the Bible.
All things wuz g'in to man for's use, his sarvice an' delight;
An' don't the Greek an' Hebrew words that mean a Man mean White?
. . . . . .
When Satan sets himself to work to raise his very bes' muss,
He scatters roun' onscriptural views relatin' to Ones'mus."

After doing what was in his power to free the slave and after accomplishing his own spiritual liberty, bought with no mean price, Conway came to us as an exile. He found an abiding home in the land he loved so deeply; he found an abiding place in hearts stirred to noble impulses by what he had spoken and written, wherein truth was never subordinated by him to a fleeting rhetoric.

XX

Rev. Charles Voysey (1828–1914)

Among the happy chances spoken of as bringers of friendship was that through which I came into close relations with a man whose heresies, if they did not shake, at least perturbed, the Church at a time when the agitation caused by the publication of *Essays and Reviews* and *Ecce Homo* had well-nigh died away.

One day in the spring of 1871 a clerically-dressed gentleman called on me at the Bank and introduced himself as an old friend of our late manager, about whose family he asked for information. On his giving his name, I expressed pleasure at seeing him, adding some words which indicated agreement with his heresies. The Rev. Charles Voysey—that was his name—had just before then been deprived of the living—" passing rich on forty pounds a year "—of Healaugh in Yorkshire for denying the divinity of Jesus Christ. In his case, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had no alternative but to confirm the decree of the Diocesan Court at York. Foreseeing that this was inevitable, he made plans for removing to London and starting what was called the Theistic Church, whose habitat for some time was St. George's Hall, Langham Place. There, occasionally, I " sat under " him; and, in other ways, our intercourse, socially, became frequent.

In the latter part of 1875 he came to me in a state of high excitement to tell me that a wealthy French noble,

Count de Montagu, a convert to Theism, had offered liberal support to the "cause," including, since the movement had no organ, the subsidy of a magazine the title of which Voysey suggested should be *The Langham*. "Will you contribute to it?" he asked. Of course, the answer was "in the affirmative" as they say in Parliament. The magazine was floated; its contributors duly paid, and there followed an invitation to the staff to meet the "pious founder Count" at dinner at Voysey's. There we assembled on March 16, 1876. The company, so far as I can remember, consisted of Professor F. W. Newman, brother of the Cardinal, Dr. George Wild, H. Baden Pritchard, R. Hope Moncrieff and one or two others whose names I cannot recall. The "Count's" absence from the reception room was explained by Voysey as due to lameness. Ushered into the dining-room, we defiled before our titled host and sat down to an excellent dinner. A year after that the "Count" disappeared. His story, put together with the help of my old friend Hope Moncrieff, is as follows—

The "Count's" real name was Benson. He was the son of a Jewish tradesman in Paris and a born rascal. He first gulled the British public by posing as the mayor of a French town burned by the Prussians in the Franco-German War of 1870. He induced a brother magnate—no less a personage than the Lord Mayor of London, to open a fund for the rebuilding of the town; he even made love to his daughter! But a short time passed before the rogue was found out: he was laid by the heels and sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate. There he set fire to his bed, whereby he was helplessly crippled. Regaining his freedom, he explained his lameness as due to a railway accident,

and was carried about by a "valet," one of the gang of swindlers concerned in what was to be known in criminal annals as the Great Turf Frauds. For the "Count de Montagu" was no other than Benson. In 1875, when he placed his purse at the disposal of Voysey, he was living in good style at Shanklin and had a house in Cavendish Square. He played the piano divinely; he became a social power, winning his entry into fashionable circles by entertaining lavishly. Interest in him was spread by the rumour that he was plotting the restoration of the Imperial dynasty. In 1877 Benson was arrested in connection with the turf frauds and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment. Released, I don't know the precise date, he went to Mexico City, put up at a first-class hotel, and advertised himself as agent in advance of Madame Adelina Patti, who was announced to give a series of concerts there. He opened an office for the sale of tickets, raked-in a large sum, with which, on the eve of Patti's arrival, he fled to New York. Traced there, he was extradited and sent back to Mexico. He committed suicide by throwing himself over the stairs in his prison.

The reconciliation of his rascality throughout life with his allocation of a part of his stolen money to the service of God must be left to the expert in mental pathology. Benson's morals—if he can in any way be credited as possessing any—were on the plane of the Italian robbers who pray to the Madonna for success and promise her a share of the plunder.

Needless to say that none of us "in the know" ever mentioned the word "Count" in Voysey's hearing. My drifting from the Theistic creed, to which he adhered until death, did not mean any cooling of our friendship. He did me the service of preaching a sermon against

my *Jesus of Nazareth*, his charge against which was that it ignored the fact that the history of Christianity evidences that its influence for evil has been scarcely less than its influence for good. It is a somewhat rare experience to have written a book which was banned by a Theist, blessed by two Agnostics and which irritated Ruskin. Huxley's letter about it was given on p. 41. Here is George Eliot's—

"The Priory, North Bank, Regent's Park,
"*January* 4, 1880.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am greatly obliged to you for sending me your book entitled *Jesus of Nazareth*, which I have read with much interest both in its purpose and in its execution. I hardly thought before that we had among us an author who could treat biblical subjects for the young with an entire freedom from the coaxing, dandling style, and from the rhetoric of the showman who describes his monstrous outside pictures not in the least resembling the creatures within.

"My mind cannot see the Gospel histories in just the same proportions as those you have given. But on this widely conjectural subject there may and must be shades of difference which do not affect fundamental agreement.

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"M. E. LEWES."

The three scolding letters from Ruskin were (after Bowdlerization) privately printed by that Mæcenas of bibliophiles, my friend Thomas Wise, and afterwards included in Sir E. T. Cook's edition of Ruskin's works. They were followed by a letter from his secretary asking

me not to take them too seriously, because Ruskin was suffering at the time from mental overstrain which rendered him especially off balance when dealing with religious subjects. Hence, this short extract from the last letter will here suffice.

"Your book makes me so angry every time I open it that I never can venture to write. Yet the anger is a strange phenomenon in one's own mind about a thing where no harm is meant. . . . How do you ever get on with Holman-Hunt? I thought he was more of a bigot than I—by much."

In contrast, here is a chaffy letter from Meredith—

"Box Hill,
"*November* 8, 1905.

"My dear Sir Reynard of the Alde, Admiral,

"Say Monday and give me pleasure. During my time of the swinging of the leg in its cathedral gaiters [1] I read your life of J. of N. and was impressed by the fairness and ability of it. The portrait for frontispiece in the place of J. of N. was very interesting.[2]

"Warmly yours,
"George Meredith."

[1] A bandaged, broken leg, through a fall over the threshold at Flint Cottage.

[2] The edition was one of the Rationalist Press reprints, in each of which a portrait of the author, without name attached, faces the title-page. Hence, when I next saw him, Meredith could not resist the humorous comment: "I never knew that J. of N. looked like that."

XXI

The Rev. Charles Anderson (1826–1898)
Samuel Butler (1835–1902)

Charles Anderson, an eccentric heterodox clergyman, was Vicar of St. John's, Limehouse. His homely little vicarage faced the gasworks, giving occasion to his bluff, hearty friend, the Rev. Harry Jones, to say to him on his appointment to the living that he hoped he would "diffuse more light and less stink" in that dolorous neighbourhood. He was in the habit of writing to authors whose books interested him and of seeking their acquaintance. That is how I came to know him, and, through him, George Gissing and Mrs. Lynn Linton. Without a soul in the parish who had anything intellectual in common with him, Anderson was thrown on his own resources and on such friendships as might come to him in the way named above. If he could not get a talk, then he relieved his tedium by writing letters, of which the following are samples. The first is dated five days after the death of Matthew Arnold, whom, as Inspector of Schools, he occasionally met.

"St. John's,
"*April* 20, 1888.

"Dear Clodd,

"Have you read or are you reading *Robert Elsmere?* The book is able and interesting, but the leading theory that East London (always East London) may be regenerated by a new religion, an agnostic theism—

is *twaddle*. This fighting the ground inch by inch to retain some fleeting dogma of deity is a losing battle all along the line. It will be far wiser to throw up and have done with it. A ghost of a ghost in the nature of things *lacks* substance. You know Mrs. H. W. is a niece of Matt's?

"I am re-reading Arnold's poems. It is a great thing for us that he lives as much as ever he did in his books. 'He being dead yet speaketh,' and with a new and even more touching ring in his voice as it sounds from the tomb. I have just finished Grant Allen's *Devil's Die*. It seems to me very sad that a man of his parts should have to earn his bread by writing second-class, highly sensational novels. Far better to make your 'tin' as, say, secretary of Joint Stock Mammon.

"What a funny world it is! Arnold lived to hate Gladstone and dies to be buried on Primrose Day.

"Ever yours,

"C. A."

The friendly relations between him and Matthew Arnold are shown in the following unpublished letter which Anderson gave me—

"Athenæum Club,
March 25, [1873].

"MY DEAR MR. ANDERSON,

"Thank you for your note; I always like to think of you as one of my readers.

"I received *Philochristus*, and learnt by enquiry of Farrar who the author was.[1] I looked through the book with interest, but the work seems to me to have the defect of being neither quite a work of art, nor quite a direct treatment of its subject, but something betwixt and between.

[1] The Rev. Dr. Abbott.

"We shall meet, I hope, at St. Anne's, in a few weeks time.

"Ever truly yours,

"MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"P.S.—Seeley's articles [1] are, as you say, signs of the times, but there, too, the treatment of the subject is not frank and direct enough."

"St. John's,
"*December* 30, 1888.

"DEAR C.,

"I have read Huxley's *Science and Morals*. It is in his best and cleverest manner and is *unanswerable*. But, when all is said, there remains this—Man regarded from the standpoint of a scientific freethinker, say, Huxley, is altogether a different being from man regarded from the standpoint of an orthodox Catholic, say, Newman.

What man is, what he will be, what is well for him, what is possible for him, all this gets quite another answer from these opposite attitudes of enquiry. Each system offers its own admixture of loss and gain. But we are no longer in the position of making choice. In the old days Catholicism was the inevitable belief. Now, scientific free thought is the inevitable. Unhappily, at the present moment we are firmly seated *nowhere*, but tend so far to fall between the two stools. We have neither the faith, poetry and moral force of the supernatural past, nor the sound logic, social axioms and easy fatalism of the scientific future.

"I am reading *Luck and Cunning*. It is a game of blindman's buff with the first principles of organic science. A metaphysician in a scientific laboratory is as mischievous as a bull in a china shop. All either does is to smash things up in rampant ignorance. Is

[1] Afterwards published under the title of *Natural Religion*.

Butler shamming when he professes not to understand Darwin, Spencer, Romanes, or is he stone blind through insatiable egotism? His endeavour to show Darwin up as a dishonest writer or one who twists words with nature to mislead is evidence that the one thing for him is a good sound birching to thrash the nonsense out of him.

"Ever yours,
"C. A."

Anderson took me occasionally to meetings of the Curates Clerical Club, known as the C.C.C. to distinguish it from the Clerical Club. But at that time, about 1875, it had belied its name, because all its members were either rectors or vicars.[1] They were a genial, interesting company. Among them were Harry Jones, Brooke Lambert, Llewellyn Davies, W. R. Fremantle, and John R. Green, the historian. It would not be doing any one of them justice to say what the churchwarden said of his parson who was a *bon vivant* but a poor preacher, that he was "better in the bottle than the wood." To recall their names is to recall prominent members of the Broad Church, which, with the help of the Essayists and Colenso, had won freedom of utterance for the clergy of the establishment, but which nowadays, has scarcely a representative left.

The Club and their guests were invited by Dean Stanley—the date was June 24, 1878—to the Deanery, when he read a paper on "Advances in Liberal Theology." I recall the occasion because one of the clergy present was under taboo for very advanced views. The

[1] John Jackson, who was then Bishop of London, had a large family of daughters. They were known as the Curates' Aid Society because the parsons who married them secured rapid promotion. Whether any of the members of the C.C.C. were among the fortunate husbands, I cannot say.

brave little Dean showed what he thought by giving him a seat on his right at the supper table.

Anderson's contributions to literature were in the harmless shape of two or three volumes of sermons, into which creed entered little and conduct much, and on which the dust of years now lies. He was a very good story-teller. When he was a curate somewhere in the Midlands, a district visitor came to him to say that she despaired of her work and must give it up. She gave this as the reason. " When I called on old Mrs. Brown, who, you know, sir, is dying of cancer, I tried to make her more resigned to her sufferings by reminding her that the Squire's lady has the same dreadful thing, and she might see that the rich are just like the poor in not being able to stave off disease, for all the money they have. Then she said to me, ' That's all very true, miss, but you see, her Ladyship ain't in that state of life as how she's got to come to be read to ! "

Anderson's move to London was to a curacy at St. Ann's, Soho, where he and Mr. Selwyn Image (now Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford) were colleagues. They have told me with gusto the story of a distinguished traveller and his wife who, on reaching the Holy Land, made their way to the river Jordan, whence they returned with a bottle of water from the sacred stream to be used at the christening of an expected baby. Duly corked and sealed, the bottle was kept till the day when the rite was to be administered to the new-born. Arrangements were perfected; the procession to the font in St. Ann's Church was headed by a manservant carrying the bottle, the precious contents of which Jeames poured into the font to the mystery of a gurgling sound. To the consternation of the party it was found that the plug had been left out, and recourse had to be

made to the secular water supplied by the New River Company!

Settled at the East End, Anderson, who had considerable taste in such matters, told me how impressed he was at the absence of any sense of the beautiful among the dock-labourers, carters and others ranked as the lower classes. Handsome young fellows would lead to the altar brides whose faces bore on the hideous, the bridegrooms apparently seeing in them types which to them may have had all the charms of Venus. Of course, the attraction of the female from the sexual standpoint explained the indifference of the male about her pug nose, mouth stretching from ear to ear, and wretched complexion; but it shows that the sense of the beautiful was wholly lacking, and so far suggests an interesting question on the evolution of the æsthetic faculty. But physical charms would not be looked for in the case of two septuagenarians who presented themselves before him for marriage. Anderson had as verger an old sailor who came with a sort of hangdog look to him one morning with the needless query, "You knows old Betty, sir?" [Betty was Anderson's charwoman.] "Well, sir, I know you'll laugh, but Betty and I are going to be spliced, and we wants you to splice us." Both bride and bridegroom were, as hinted above, past seventy. In due time they took their places before the altar. When the old man was called upon to repeat the words, "I take thee my wedded wife, to have and and to hold," he broke in: "Very true, sir, much *too old*, both on us, sir."

Somewhere about the 'eighties Anderson came to me on a matter which now and again troubles the clerical conscience. He said to me: "I have given up all belief in the Creeds and, as far as Agnosticism can be defined,

I am an Agnostic. I have only my income of £300 a year, and being a single man without any claims on me I spend more than two-thirds of it on the upkeep of the church, payment of the choir and the rest of it. That leaves me under £2 a week to live on, which I manage to do; so if I chuck the thing I am penniless; it will be a case of standing on the kerb outside your Bank with matches and bootlaces for sale. Now I ask you, as an old friend, what shall I do?"

My answer was: "Stick to your job. I know what a lot of good work you are doing down there." I couldn't say otherwise, for what the devil was my poor old friend to do, and I did know all about his unselfish work in a dismal neighbourhood full of hopeless lives?

The question remains beset with difficulties, and can only be settled by the abolition of the preposterous demand made on men at a fluent period of life, when the emotions are excited into full play, to declare their unfeigned belief in what they afterwards discover to be false.[1]

Samuel Butler (1835–1902).

I bracket Anderson and Samuel Butler together for this quite flimsy reason. To Anderson, practically, is due the first publication of Samuel Butler's *Psalm of Montreal*. This was in the *Spectator* of May 18, 1878. I first met Butler at the Century Club, of which select body I had the honour to be elected a member in 1877. Professor Clifford and Sir E. B. Tylor were my sponsors.

[1] "If the clergy are bound down and the laity unbound; if the teacher may not seek the truth and the taught may, if the Church puts the Bible in the hand of one as a living spirit and in the hand of the other as a dead letter—what is to come of it? I *love* the Church of England. But what is to become of such a monstrous system, such a Godless lie as this?"—*Letters of* (the then Rev.) *John Richard Green*, p. 110.

Photo, J. Russell & Sons.] [*To face page 254.*

Believe me
Yrs very truly
S. Butler.

The Club, heretical though it was, had one feature in common with the primitive Christians; namely, that it met in an upper room. This was every Sunday and Wednesday at eight o'clock at its quarters, 6, Pall Mall Place, for purposes wholly convivial. Along one side of the room there was a long table on which were spread churchwarden pipes, tobacco and cigarettes, whiskey, brandy and mineral waters. The subscription was one guinea a year, inclusive of smokes and drinks, consequently those who did not come to the Club paid for those who did. Under Rule XI no newspapers, books, cards or dice were permitted in the Club room. Our one annual frivolity was an invitation to ladies to an oyster soirée. Dropping-in about nine o'clock, one was certain of a free and easy chat with Lewis Morris, author of the once popular *Epic of Hades* (also known as the *Hades of an Epic*); with Samuel Butler and Lionel Robinson (our honorary secretary), as standing dishes. Its members included Walter Bagehot, W. K. Clifford, Henry Fawcett, David Masson, Admiral Maxse (the hero of *Beauchamp's Career*), Goldwin Smith, the two Stephens — Fitzjames and Leslie — John Tyndall and Sir E. B. Tylor—these were occasionally in evidence. The Club came to an end in 1881. It died of inanition; the novelty of arriving late at night, and staying till the small hours, wore off, and there were defections among the single members who " kept not their first estate," and were haunted by fears of curtain lectures. From its ashes rose that giant caravanserai of Liberalism, the National Liberal Club.

On the first Sunday evening in March 1878 Butler and I were early arrivals, and after talking freely about his colonial experiences, he recited to me the *Psalm of Montreal.* I begged him to give me a copy,

which I read to Anderson, who said, "Matt. Arnold is coming to inspect my school next week, do let me show it to him." He read it, and said he should like Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, to see it. Thus it came about that, with Butler's consent, the poem appeared in that orthodox paper.

Butler spoke to me more than once of a novel which he had on the stocks, adding that it could not be published during the lifetime of his father, because he was one of the chief characters. This was the remarkable *Way of all Flesh*, which was posthumous. He was, for a time, not an infrequent visitor at my house on Sunday evenings and I recall the pleasure which he expressed in meeting Grant Allen and Richard Proctor. But after his deplorable attack on Darwin in *Unconscious Memory*, published in 1880, he became a man with a grievance. Unfortunately he nursed the delusion that every man of science if he defended Darwin was in conspiracy against himself and this made that freedom which is the charm of intercourse very difficult. The matter is one for deeper regret because a pamphlet entitled *Charles Darwin and Samuel Butler, a Step towards Reconciliation*, published since Butler's death, shows that his charge against Darwin was based on a misunderstanding. In his *Life and Habit*, published in 1877, he had paid this tribute, "I owe it to Mr. Darwin that I believe in evolution at all."

Characteristic of a man of singularly original power, whose company was always entertaining, is the following letter about that book.

"15, Clifford's Inn, E.C.,
"*January* 2, 1878.

"Dear Mr. Clodd,

"Thank you very much for sending me your friend's[1] notes on *Life and Habit*. It is very good of him to like

[1] Rev. Charles Anderson.

my book. I wanted it to please people and if there was anything in it they had a fancy to, to keep it and set it straight for themselves. Of course I knew I should not be *en règle*, but such as I am I must be myself and travel by lanes rather than highways, or I had better shut up shop at once. So long as your friend is pleased with the book in spite of its errors and shortcomings, I am satisfied. Of course if I had seen Clifford and G. H. Lewes's books referred to, I should have said so, but in these days one cannot consider it likely that one is going to say anything new and makes sure that one will run up against some one else and simply goes ahead: If any one thinks I have taken any of their property they shall have it back whether it is theirs or no; on the first chance I get of saying that they said it before me I will call attention to their having said it: this is the only system on which one can keep a quiet mind. I think of writing an article on the supreme happiness of having no breeches; besides, living people can take care of themselves, but if I catch any one robbing the dead, especially the dead that have fallen honourably in battle, poor and neglected in their own day, after having borne its burden and heat, I will rob them of every stitch of clothing they have on their backs, so far as the law will allow me.

"Believe me,
"Yours truly,
S. BUTLER."

Butler was of the *genus irritabile;* hence, too apt to resent adverse criticism, even when, as in the example given in the following letter, its honesty cannot be challenged.

"Wilderhope House, Shrewsbury,
"*March* 26 [year ?].

"DEAR MR. CLODD,

"Your kind letter has been forwarded to me here where I am staying—at my father's house. I shall not be back till Saturday evening and cannot therefore dine with you at the Savile. I will meet you there say at 9 o'clock—not to dine—but to smoke a cigarette and have a chat. The *Athenæum* has been a very great lift to me and given me much encouragement; really I was beginning to think I had no chance, no matter what I did. Even more encouraging than the *Athenæum* itself is the fact that Romanes & Co. are taking the line which I have insisted upon, in company with others, for so long—for after all it is the theory and not the person which is the thing to be thought of.

"I have a quarrel with Grant Allen, so you will not find him an ally of mine. I did not like his heading off the reviews of *Evolution, Old and New*, with two reviews on the same day: one in the *Academy* and one in the *Examiner*—both very unfair ones—one signed and the other not. Grant Allen is an author himself and must know what hard work we find it to make the two ends meet; and he should not have misrepresented me as grossly as he did. However, it doesn't matter. The editor of the *Examiner* told me, much against my will, and, indeed, against my strongly expressed wish not to know—who it was that had written the article, and under these circumstances I have more than once in my books [referred] to the article as Grant Allen's, which, under any other, of course, I should not have done.[1]

[1] See Appendix to second edition of *Evolution, Old and New*, 1882, and to reprint, 1911. Also *Luck or Cunning*, Chap. XVI, "Mr. Grant Allen's Charles Darwin." 1887.

"I think the formation of a structure is as much an instinct as the making of a nest. Von Hartmann is very sound upon this point, though not in any part that I have translated. Of course, if this is not so, the whole theory falls to pieces, and I think it explains too much not to be substantially sound. With many thanks for your kindness in writing,

"Believe me,

"Yours very truly,

"S. BUTLER."

The varied matters dealt with in the following letters warrant their inclusion here.

"15, Clifford's Inn, Fleet St., E.C.
"*October* 2 [1878?].

"DEAR SIR,

"I have to thank you for lending me Mivart's book.[1] It is of the greatest possible use to me all through. May I keep it yet longer? I blush to say that I have not yet read your books and can only hope that you have not read mine—if so I shall feel easier in my mind, but I assure you I am very busy, I intend however, going down into the country next week to finish my book and shall take yours with me.

"Can you tell me whether Darwin ever answered Mivart,[2] or might I without impropriety send a note to Mivart himself and ask him when and where his book was answered, if at all?

"Yours truly,

"S. BUTLER."

[1] The reference is to Professor St. George Mivart's *Genesis of Species* (1871).

[2] In a letter to Wallace, dated July 9, 1871, Darwin says: "I am now at work at a new and cheap edition of the *Origin*, and shall answer several points in Mivart's book."—*Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, Vol. III. p. 144.

"15, Clifford's Inn, E.C.,
"*May* 5, 1879.

"DEAR MR. CLODD,

"I enclose review in Nature. I have heard this morning that Huxley does not like *Life and Habit*—on asking the grounds I was told he said that I had not the grasp of science which would enable me to deal with such questions satisfactorily. What nonsense! The matter is one which any barrister or business man can judge of just as well as Huxley himself. Besides, how is it that though the scientists are very ready with such general remarks as this I cannot get chapter and verse for a single blunder from any one of them? No one would be more heartily obliged to them than I if they would only say, 'You have maintained so and so, now this cannot be for such and such a reason.' But from no single source have any such attempts reached me. I am beginning to have a strong suspicion that the task of doing so is not found too easy.

"Yours very truly,
"S. BUTLER."

"15, Clifford's Inn, E.C.,
[*Undated*].

"I return Huxley's *Lay Sermons* after reading "The physical basis of life" with much interest. I am bothered by § at top of p. 80. "Let water, carbonic acid, etc." This should be a further simplification of what has immediately preceded and I cannot make it out to be so, nor quite understand what is meant; nor do I catch the difference between protein and protoplasm, p. 75. Also I fail to see, rather, somewhat protest against the attempt to make out that he is not a materialist—in fact the last 8, or 10 pp.

seem to me rather like the sort of thing you tell me he condemns in Fred. Harrison, but I was very much interested in the essay and shall be able I hope to profit by it.

"I have not yet been to Dr. Williams's library—I have been to the Museum every day till 1, but shall go soon.

"I venture to send you along with this one of the many unsold copies I have of *The Fair Haven* in the hope that the first 25 pp. of the introductory memoir may amuse you.

"I send you what is called the 1st edn., *i. e.* without the preface, because it is better without it—the preface being written without due thought and in fact a mistake.

"I am,
"Yours faithfully,
"S. BUTLER."

"15, Clifford's Inn, E.C.,
"*September* 18 [year ?].

"Let me beg of you not to give me a copy of your book. There is all the difference between a book which sells and a book which does not sell. I am only too thankful to find any one who will accept a copy which otherwise lies and will lie on a bookseller's shelf for ever so far as I can see. I have borrowed your book from a friend—or rather a friend has promised to lend it me or if you like to lend me a copy of it would give me pleasure, but I would ask you to let this be the extent to which I am to be your debtor in this particular matter.

"If you know any one else who you think would like a *Fair Haven* he can have it, at any time—strictly speaking, I ought to pay any one for taking it—as I want to get rid of them.

"Thank you for your explanation *re* Huxley. I will be at Dr. Williams's library about 3 o'clock on Wednesday.

"As regards the particular line taken in the *Fair Haven* concerning the Resurrection—in opposition to Strauss—I should be very sorry to say that I held with it—but if I could with tolerable certainty from a Johannian source for the account of the Res^{n} given in the 4th gospel I think I *should*. But one can't.

"Believe me,

"Yours faithfully,

"S. BUTLER."

To the new reset edition of the *Fair Haven*, Mr. R. A. Streatfeild contributes an Introduction in which he says that that ironical work was misunderstood, not only by reviewers, some of whom greeted it solemnly as a defence of orthodoxy, but by divines of high standing, such as the late Canon Ainger, who sent it to a friend whom he wished to convert. This was more than Butler could resist, and he hastened to issue a second edition bearing his name and accompanied by a preface (given in the present reprint) in which the deceived elect were held up to ridicule. (p. xi.)

Butler castigated the stupidity which construed the arguments in that book into a defence of Christianity, and, certainly, he had warrant when such a Gibbonian sentence as this could thus be interpreted: "He," [that is, John Pickard Owen, the supposititious author of the book] "stood alone as recognizing the wisdom of the Divine Counsels in having ordained the wide and apparently inconceivable divergencies of doctrine and character which we find assigned to Christ in the Gospels, and as finding his faith confirmed, not by the supposition that both the portraits drawn of Christ are objectively

true, but *that both are objectively inaccurate and that the Almighty intended they should be inaccurate,*" etc. (p. 23, 1913 edition).

And yet when Butler wrote *Life and Habit* as a serious contribution to the doctrine of Evolution, he resented the attitude of the readers of *Erewhon* and the *Fair Haven*, when he was asked "Where was the joke?" And the more he protested "that there was no joke," the more did his readers laugh and say, "Oh no, we're not such fools as all that, we know it's your fun."

As Chauncey Depew said: "When once you've stood on your head, the public won't let you stand on your feet." The truth of this was Butler's irritating experience.

XXII

Eliza Lynn Linton (1822–1898)

It was at Hayter House, Marylebone Road, that I first met Mrs. Lynn Linton. Charles Anderson took me there. For some years after that she lived much abroad, chiefly in Italy; hence we met rarely. But in the spring of 1883, I went to Rome and put up at the Hôtel d'Italia, where she was staying, with the result that we became close friends, and, during her absences from England, constant correspondents. Her letters were full of the affection which she lavished on those for whom she cared.

A warmer-hearted, braver, more chivalrous, and candour must add, less discreet, woman, never lived. She loved and hated "not at all or all in all," and in those unsubdued emotions lay the cause of misconceptions about her, begotten among those who knew her only as a writer saying in plain English what she meant. By such persons this dear woman, who was more heart than head when pouring out what grieved her soul; this dear woman who looked, what she was, all tenderness, winning you by the softness of her voice and the sweetness of her smile, was denounced as a virago and a scold. True champion of freer life for her sex, she brought on herself torrents of misrepresentation and abuse by her articles on the Woman Question, notablest among which was one on the "Girl of the Period" in the *Saturday Review* of March 14,

Photo, Elliott & Fry.] [*To face page 264.*

Yours ever affectionately
E. Lynn Linton

1868. The " Shrieking Sisterhood," who, to quote from Sir Walter Besant's poem on her after her death—

> " Made them masks of men and fondly thought
> Like men to do, to stand where men have stood,"

raised " hue and cry " after a woman whose crime was insistence on the immutable distinction of sex as sufficing condemnation of movements fatuously striving to ignore that distinction, to the imperilment of the primal duty of motherhood. Concerning this, Mrs. Lynn Linton's views were of the freest and widest. She was not of " the thousands who are afraid of God, but more of Mrs. Grundy." And her contention was that the education of girls should be such as would best qualify them to become the comrades and helpers of men, not their competitors; as she said, " not their bad or inferior copies."

She was a very accomplished woman. The youngest of twelve, she had a motherless childhood, while a somewhat erratic father (he was Vicar of Crosthwaite and, it is interesting to note, was the owner of Gadshill, which was sold, after his death, to Charles Dickens) did not make for the comfort of the bereaved family. Thrown on her own resources, she taught herself French, German, Italian and Spanish, adding a smattering of Latin and Greek. All her life she pursued knowledge : she said to me, " I have never left school." To her is applicable what Plutarch says of Solon—

" For sure he was very desirous of knowledge as appeareth manifestly, for that being now old, he commonly used to say this verse—

> ' I grow old learning still.' " [1]

[1] *Plutarch's Letters*, Solon, Vol. I. pp. 284, 340 (Temple Classics).

At the age of twenty-three she settled in London, starting on her long career as novelist, essayist and journalist. Her second book, *Amymone*, a romance of the age of Pericles, won the praise and secured for her the lifelong friendship of Walter Savage Landor: her "dear and glorious old father," as Swinburne spoke of him in a letter to her. For "father" and "daughter" they respectively called each other. On my shelves, among the books which Mrs. Lynn Linton bequeathed to me, stands Landor's *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, thus inscribed—

"To Eliza Lynn, from her affectionate old friend, W. S. Landor, March 5, 1854."

Facing the Preface is the arrogant, moving quatrain—

> "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife:
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art,
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

It was written on his seventy-fifth birthday, at Bath, where Eliza Lynn (as she then was) was staying with him. She told me what Mr. Layard has set down, also from her lips, in his biography of her.

"At breakfast he would not touch his food until he had scrawled off the lines. Then he read them with such exquisite pathos, such touching dignity and manly resignation, that she fell to weeping." [1]

The discoveries of modern science keenly interested her eager soul. No small tribute to her competency in mastery of these discoveries, as also of their significance, was paid her by Herbert Spencer. When the late Professor Drummond published his *Ascent of Man*—one of

[1] *Mrs. Lynn Linton: Her Life, Letters and Opinions*, by G. S. Layard, p. 70. As I had, through pressure of other work, to decline an invitation to write Mrs. Lynn Linton's biography, I was glad that this was undertaken by Mr. Layard, who, although he knew her only six years before her death, has given an adequate portrayal of a noble woman.

a class of hybrid books which sought to square the fundamental tenets of Christianity with the doctrine of Evolution, he suggested to her that she should write an article on it. This appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* of September 1894, and received his warm approval. Yet, with the zeal that compasses "sea and land to make one proselyte," the Spiritualists had claimed her as a believer in the genuineness of the frauds of mediums. What her attitude to this travesty of the Unknown was can be gathered from the following letter to me, written October 14, 1895.

"Malvern House, Great Malvern.

"My dear, I ordered and have got and read *Isis very much Unveiled*.[1] To think that such men as Professor Crookes and the like are taken in by these transparent humbugs and trickeries to the extent of believing in new unexplored and uncatalogued forces! It is astounding! I remember the portraits (?) spoken of, as painted by a Russian artist, a Mr. Lehmilchan. They were in his studio, with special light thrown on them. One was a Master of 90, looking like 50; one of 60, looking like 35. What rubbish! The man had never seen them and painted only from description and I think he said (spirit?) photographs.

"Are there any new books to read? . . . I have not found my house yet, or, rather, the one I want is in abeyance, but I hope to settle finally and permanently.

"Good-bye, dear and good,

"Lovingly yours,

"E. Lynn Linton.

"P.S.—Such a dear, kind letter from blessed Dr. Bird and dear Lallah [Dr. Bird's sister]."

[1] By Edmund Garrett. The book was an exposure of Madame Blavatsky's *Isis Unveiled*.

At her flat in Queen Anne's Mansions, her home for eleven years, there gathered men and women of varied interests. What those meetings recalled to him—unconsciously reflecting the feelings of others—is expressed by Henry James in this extract from a letter written at the Hôtel du Sud, Florence, February 7, 1887, to Mrs. Lynn Linton.

"I am sitting by the yellow Arno, and having literally to shut out the dazzling southern sunshine; yet my imagination takes flight on the wings of regret to the cosy sky-parlour from which you look down on the fogs and towers of Westminster, and I feel that I am losing all kinds of pleasant things."

The "Lynn Linton Correspondence," from which I quote the above, and which, somehow, after her death, was offered for sale by Henry Sotheran & Co., revealed the largeness of the circle in which she had moved. Alfred Austin heads the list and Edmund Yates ends it; scarcely a letter in the alphabet of authors is missing! The finger can point to the name of only one writer with whom Mrs. Lynn Linton's relations were not cordial—George Eliot.[1] This was not, I can aver, due to any professional jealousy: Mrs. Lynn Linton was incapable of that. She spoke of George Eliot as her intellectual superior. But, hating shams and snobbery, she was angry with the "Society" crowd that fawned at the feet of a woman living with a married

[1] "It was at John Chapman's [publisher of the *Westminster Review*] that I first met George Eliot—then Marian Evans, having neither her pseudonym nor her style and title of George Lewes's wife." (*My Literary Life*. By E. Lynn Linton, p. 94. Posthumously published, 1899.) "To me—[Chapman] was more antipathetic than any man I have ever known" (*Layard*, p. 251).

man because of her eminence in literature. In a letter to Herbert Spencer she says: "There were people who worshipped these two [George Henry Lewes and Mary Ann Evans] who cut me because I separated from Mr. Linton and who would have held Thornton Hunt [he went off with Mrs. Lewes] good for stoning. . . . Had Miss Evans been exactly the woman she was, and not the authoress she was, she would have been left in the shade by all those who sought her in the sunlight."

The tragic blunder of Mrs. Lynn Linton's life—due to emotions getting the better of judgment; she was in her thirty-sixth year—was her marriage to W. J. Linton: a clever craftsman and writer, but a feckless, muddle-headed enthusiast, possessing, it would seem, a certain charm for a woman nurturing ideals. Her ruling motive for marrying him was to give effect to the pleadings of his dying wife, whom she had self-sacrificingly nursed, to look after her children. For nine years Mrs. Lynn Linton kept the home together, giving of her strength, time and money. But life with such a husband became more and more impossible, and, after nine mismated years together, the two parted: he emigrating to America with his family, to remain more or less dependent on his wife's bounty until his death in 1897, at the age of eighty-five.

Very inadequately have I availed myself of this opportunity to obey the behest to me conveyed in a letter dated January 1, 1890: "When I die I should like you to write a little line for me and put me right in some parts of my character so misunderstood now." As she says in *Joshua Davidson*, "Characters are crucified, if men are not."

XXIII

Dr. George Bird (1817–1900). Sir Richard (1821–1890) and Lady Burton (1831–1896). Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson (1828–1896). Paul Blouët (Max O'Rell) (1848–1903). George Washington Cable (born 1844). L. F. Austin (1852–1905).

Dr. George Bird (1817–1900).

Few have heard of, fewer still survive who knew, Dr. Bird, truly the "beloved physician" of Sir Richard Burton, Leigh Hunt, Swinburne and others less distinguished. What wealth of gossip he poured forth about these men—gossip unrecorded. Only a story or two does memory hold. One is of Swinburne, unsteady of gait through drink, grumbling, as he was helped into a hansom, that the step was made so high! Another is of Burton who, complimenting a young lady on her beauty as that of Helen of Troy, was asked by her "where Helen lived?" She was not as versed in classic lore as the very stout lady who, after much thought as to what character she should represent at a fancy-dress ball, told her husband that she had decided to go as Helen of *Troy*, whereupon the ungallant spouse suggested that she should go as Helen of *Avoir-du-pois*.

Sitting "under the spreading chestnut-tree," *Punch* recently illustrated a story which Bird told me about Burton, *apropos* of his pilgrimage in disguise to the sacred shrine at Mecca. Detected, through some blunder in ritual, he would have been killed by a

fanatical Moslem, but " getting there first," killed him. " And how did you feel when you had killed a fellow creature? " asked Bird. " All right—and *you?* " retorted Burton.

Sir Richard (1821–1890) and Lady Burton (1831–1896).

It was from Dr. Bird's house, 49, Welbeck Street, that Richard Burton and Isabel Arundell took their nuptial flight. I met Burton (then Sir Richard) at meetings of the Anthropological and Folk Lore Societies, but had no talks worth recording with him, because these bore on the papers read at those gatherings. But his amazing, dare-devil career has had more than one narrator. I saw more of his voluble, excitable widow at the time when she was living in apartments in Baker Street. To a fanaticism unusual even among Catholics she added what that Church bans—belief in spiritualism. One afternoon, after general talk, she suddenly exclaimed, " Richard has heard all we've been saying," which brought the blood to my cheeks, only to recede when I recalled that nothing had passed in the conversation to bring a blush to the cheek of a bishop.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson (1828–1896).

It was at a meeting of " Our " Club, which I was told is the lineal descendant of the " Forty Thieves " Club, a rendezvous of Dickens, Jerrold and other men of letters, that I was introduced to Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson by an old friend, Professor David E. Hughes (d. 1900), who is, perhaps, best remembered as the inventor of the microphone, an instrument which does for faint sounds what the microscope does in revealing objects beyond unaided vision. For this and other inven-

tions (he was one of the pioneers in wireless telegraphy) Hughes received decorations so numerous that they covered his breast and his back, reminding me of what the late Sir Robert Hart said to me, that if he put on all *his* orders he would look like a Christmas tree! Hughes promised me a jolly evening at "Ours," but as the talk was led by one Colonel Heywood (or Haywood), Chief of the City Police, on the number of murderers whom he had seen hanged, and on gruesome details of their crimes, the evening was not an hilarious one!

To Richardson, who, by the way, scoffed at the germ theory of disease, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, a fanatical teetotaler, bequeathed an ancestral cellar of wines for experimental purposes. None of us could induce Richardson to give us samples for *our* experiment! Of its ultimate fate I know nothing. He was a born raconteur, and, therefore, a welcome guest at Whitsuntide. I recall two of his stories, both of them about specialists. One of them was summoned from Edinburgh to the bedside of a lady who (for the concealment of the real name) shall be called Lady Strangeways. After leaving her, duty took him to a house some distance from Strangeways Castle to see another patient, who spoke more than once of "My husband, Lord Strangeways." "Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I have been attending Lady Strangeways at the Castle." "Oh," she replied, "that's the hussy who goes about with him in public. I'm his lordship's private wife."

Of another specialist friend he told this story. He had been suddenly summoned by a Scotch millionaire who was suffering from dislocated jaw. He put the jaw right, and naming his fee, was offered one half of

the sum by the patient. Without haggling, he relocked the jaw, and told the man that his fee was now doubled, and he would be a dead 'un in a few minutes if he didn't pay up.

PAUL BLOUËT (MAX O'RELL) (1848–1903).

Paul Blouët, better known as Max O'Rell, had stories to tell of his soldier career in the Franco-German War which I have wholly forgotten. Suffice it that the seeds of disease, brought on by manifold privations, were then sown, making him incapable of bearing the strain imposed by lecturing tours and resulting in his death at the age of fifty-five.

"8, Acacia Road, London, N.W.
"*March* 27.

"MY DEAR CLODD,

"Like most preachers, I have not practised what I preached.

"I preached the gospel of cheerfulness. I told my hearers that to be cheerful and happy, one must be moderate in everything. And you should have heard and seen me when I exclaimed: 'What's the use to gain the whole world and make your wife a widow!' Humbug! The whole time I was allowing a manager to book *actually 156* lectures for me during the season 1897–98.

"My health and strength broke down. Then I caught a cold, which would have been nothing had I been well and strong when I caught it, but which in the state I was in, turned to a catarrh of the stomach. And, alas, I have no under-secretary of state, no understudy to take my place, so I go on—and have now to give three more lectures. Then, by doctor's orders, I must go to Bournemouth for complete rest—so I shall

not be able to go to you on April 3rd. Yes, it seems an awful long time since we saw you. In June and July I am going to take it very easy, and both my wife and I shall look forward to seeing a good deal of you, at your hospitable house and here—and many times, we hope, to make up for long absence.

"Believe me, my dear Clodd,

"Yours very sincerely,

"PAUL BLOUËT."

Among his Irish stories (related, with pardonable "inexactitude," as in his own experiences) was the chestnut of the Jarvey who, telling his inquiring fare that the statues outside the Dublin post office were those of the Apostles, replied, in answer to the comment that there were only three of them, "Sure, yer honner wouldn't want thim all out at once; the rest are inside sartin' letthers." The other was new to me. Driven round Dublin some years after the Fenian agitation of 1867 the Jarvey told Blouët of the companies of men who both in that city and in Cork were waiting with swords ready to leap from their sheaths and guns ready to be shouldered. And when he asked why they didn't rise, the reply was, "Sor, the police won't let 'em." Travelling in Australia, and leaving the town where he had lectured the next morning, there were two miners in the carriage who didn't recognize him. Says one to his mate, "Did you hear that chap Max O'Rell last night?" "Not me, do you think I'd waste my money on a . . . bloke speaking broken English?"

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE (born 1844).

In his *Diversions of a Naturalist* my old friend—in biological teaching, next to Huxley, my master—Sir

Ray Lankester, speaking of a Whitsuntide party at Aldeburgh in 1898, tells in his delightful way how George W. Cable, author of *Old Creole Days* and other charmingly vivid presentments of life in the Southern States, filled his pockets with rolled pebbles from the beach, naively asking whether they had not been put there by the hotel keepers " to make a promenade for the visitors ! " It was Cable's first visit to England and it was a privilege to ask him—especially as a fellow countryman of valued old guests, Moncure Conway and Dr. George Haven Putnam—to meet men as varied and distinguished in their several walks of life as Sir Ray Lankester, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir George Scott Robertson, Clement Shorter and George Whale. We took him down the river to Orford Castle, in the *Lotus*, and as the others did not care to climb the stairs up which they had toiled in previous years, I piloted him to the top. The view from the ancient keep—all that remains of a fine Norman fortress—impressed him, but more than this, the wild flowers blossoming on the time-worn walls, and he said to me, " You'll think me weak, but you know this is the first time I've seen a castle, and I feel as if I should like to steal into a corner, and just sit down and cry." Two days after that, the party went to Framlingham to see the exquisitely sculptured tombs of the Norfolk family in the church, and to roam inside the once majestic castle, now enclosing an empty space, at that time of the year, full of buttercups and daisies. Again impressed by the unfamiliar scene, Cable gathered some of these homely flowers to send to his children. The only orthodox member of the party, moreover, the incarnation of modesty and simplicity, he charmed us all. His sense of humour was buffer to any shock delivered in fireside

licence of speech. I recall a Limerick by Sir Frederick Pollock—

"There was an old person of Barking
Who tired of this world's care and carking.
When they said, 'God is just';
He replied, 'I mistrust
That Examiner's system of marking.'"

Cable just smiled, and turned the current talk by reciting—

"There was a young lady named Perkins
Who just simply doted on gherkins,
She ate such large numbers
Of unripe cucumbers
As pickled her internal workin's."

Which of the party was it who capped this with

"There was an old man of Tarentum
Who sat on his false teeth and bent 'em:
When they said, 'You have lost
What must much have you cost;'
'Oh, no,' he replied, 'I was lent 'em.'"

On the day that the party broke up, Cable left, besides a sunny memory, this quatrain in my copy of *Old Creole Days*—

"To Edward Clodd.
"To find fair pictures added to a favourite book
Is with new friends to meet upon an old highway;
To have bright dreams while drowsing in a leafy nook,
Or blue skies, or good news, upon a holiday!"

L. F. Austin (1852–1905).

Who among Omarian diners can forget with what Elia-like humour L. F. Austin, time after time, proposed the toast of the guests? Here is an unpublished poem which he wrote in my copy of Andrew Lang's *Letters to Dead Authors*.

THE BALLAD OF ANDREW LANG

"I keep quite a classical Court,
I'm great on the study of Greek;
And yet on a fashion or sport
I gaily descant for a week.
Believe me, no log-rolling clique
Has ever exalted my horn,
Nor rival asserted in pique,
I touch what I do not adorn.

From Homer to Haggard I roam
Cementing incongruous spheres,
You'll find me serenely at home
In golf or in quaint Elzevirs.
I compliment Dickens on Squeers—
His mirth was a sickle in corn—
But when he would move us to tears
He touched what he did not adorn.

Methinks the illustrious dead
Are truly enchanted to see
My manners so perfectly bred
That Thackeray's 'Mister' to me.
And when my own weird I must dree;
And pass from life's radiant morn,
The voice of the Shades will not be—
I touched what I did not adorn.

ENVOY

Old friend, as you list to my lay
Your brows are not writhing with scorn,
For none who have known me can say—
I touch what I do not adorn."[11]

In their literary skill, their quick adaptability and their gift of allusiveness drawn from wide reading, the two writers had much in common. Of this Austin supplies proof in his *At Random*, a volume of essays dear to the lover of light literature. He who playfully wrote therein "On the Art of Not Growing Old" died in his fifty-third year.

T

XXIV

Professor A. Van Millingen (1840–1915)

The announcement of the death of Alexander Van Millingen in September last would convey little to the world at large, since his work lay in Constantinople and his visits here were rare. But to those who had the privilege of his friendship their lives are the poorer in his loss; the stock of sweetness on which they could draw is lessened. I knew him through the good offices of my friend Mrs. Holman-Hunt's nephew, Consul Waugh, who, on my first visit to Constantinople, in 1906, made me free of a delightful club and introduced me to leading English residents there, to whom, for their generous hospitality, my debt remains, and must remain, unpaid. I was fortunate in the friendships thus made. The Rev. Robert Frew, than whom none knew their history better, piloted me round the wonderful, battered walls, concerning which Byron wrote to his mother: "I have seen the ruins of Athens, Ephesus and Delphi. I have traversed a great part of Turkey, of Asia and of Europe, but I never beheld a work of nature or of art which yielded an impression like the prospect of the walls of Constantinople from the end of the Golden Horn to the Seven Towers." Mr. Frew won the hearts of the Turks during the war with Italy in the service which he rendered to the cholera-stricken troops. At the outbreak of the present war, he was permitted to remain in Constantinople, but the ingrates

searched his house and carried off fifteen years stock of sermons! They were subsequently restored: I have hesitated whether to send him condolence or congratulation.

I must relate a small adventure which his help carried to successful issue. Through Consul Waugh's kindness, my name was sent in as a person reputable enough to view the ceremony of the Selamlik, *i. e.* the weekly procession of the Sultan from the Yildiz Kiosk to the mosque within the palace grounds. Telling Frew of my luck, he said, "You know, it's a sort of levee, and you must go in frock coat and top hat." I told him that I had brought neither. "Well," he said, "your dark serge suit may pass, but the hat is *de rigueur*. You had better see if mine fits you." I did, and it covered my eyes! But I borrowed it, and the next morning, when I arrived at the palace gates, avoided betrayal of the misfit by holding it in my hands and wiping my forehead as if perspiring. So I succeeded in witnessing a brilliant spectacle which since the deposition of Abdul Hamid is shorn of its glory. The short route was lined with troops—Turkish, Arab, Koord and others—moving to martial music barbaric in its notes to strangers' ears; high officers of state in resplendent uniforms awaited the Sultan's approach; then came the veiled women of the harem in broughams, which were ranged round the courtyard of the mosque, then, amid the shouts of the soldiers, "Padisha in chok yasha"—"Long live the Padisha," the Shadow of God, his open carriage surrounded by sleek eunuchs, came at a brisk pace. Then he entered the mosque to pray to the Substance. A blaze of colour; a shout; more music; then the return journey, when the Sultan took the reins; a memory that cannot fade.

Sir Edwin Pears, *doyen* of the English colony, and of high rank as an historian (witness his *Fall of Constantinople* which is the story of the infamous Fourth Crusade; and his *Destruction of the Greek Empire*) took me on a most delightful visit to Alexander Van Millingen, then Professor of History at Robert College, on the Bosporus. He, who had the annals of *Byzantine Constantinople* and of the *Byzantine Churches of Constantinople*—I quote the titles of his more important works—in the hollow of his hand, was my guide among the beauties and intricacies of the great church of the Divine Wisdom, St. Sophia. No words can convey the impression that comes to one who, realizing a dream of youthhood, stands in old age under the great dome of that wonderful, venerable building. And to have had all its details made clear by so expert an archæologist and historian was a privilege given to few.

As a boy to whom the Crimean War was the excitement of school days, it was a chance not to be lost to cross with Sir Edwin Pears from Europe to Asia to see the cemetery where thousands of British soldiers lie in unnamed graves. There also rest the remains of Professor Van Millingen's father, who was associated with Byron in the time of Greek independence, and afterwards was Court Physician to four Sultans.

Then, visiting the American College for Girls, the principal, Miss Patrick, D.Ph., beguiled me into a promise to lecture to the students when I came to Constantinople again. The promise was the easier to give because its performance seemed most improbable. But a happy fate took me there the following year as the guest of Mr. Frew, and I found myself facing a very receptive audience of girls of various Eastern nation-

alities (no Turks were admitted under the Hamidian régime) who were sufficiently educated to understand a talk on Man's early history in simple English. To me an experience as agreeable as it was unique.

Of course, Meredith must have his joke when I reported my return to England.

"You will be most welcome on Wednesday. You will tell me as much as discretion permits of your adventures in the harems of Constantinople, where you confess to have lost your heart. Poor Sultan!"

Note to Page 38.

Mrs. Romanes tells me that I have misrepresented her late husband's mental condition in the last stages of his illness. He had been in impaired health for some time, but Sir J. Burdon-Sanderson, in his obituary notice of Mr. Romanes written for the Royal Society, stated that "to the end he preserved not only his mental vigour but also his interest in scientific pursuits." I much regret having made any misleading statement, but in justice to myself I must add that it is based on what was told me at the time by two Oxford professors, who would not have been wittingly untruthful. Both are dead. My statement has further corroboration in the following extract from a letter from an eminent man of science, still living (1925): "There is no doubt that George Romanes suffered from aberration in his last illness. He had serous effusion, which affected first his eyes and then his brain."

INDEX

D

E

F

MIALL, PROFESSOR L. C., F.R.S.—**History of Biology.** 160 pp., with Illustrations; cloth, 2s. net, by post 2s. 4d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 3d.

MILL, JOHN STUART.—**Autobiography** of. 343 pp.; cloth, 2s. net, by post 2s. 4d.

MOORE, J. HOWARD.—**Savage Survivals.** 160 pp.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 9d.; paper cover, 1s. 6d. net, by post 1s. 8d.

MURRAY, PROF. GILBERT.—**The Stoic Philosophy.** Cloth, 1s. net, by post 1s. 2d.; paper cover, 6d. net, by post 8d.

PAINE, THOMAS.—**The Age of Reason.** Parts I and II. 128 pp.; cloth, 1s. 6d. net, by post 1s. 9d.; paper cover, 7d. net, by post 8½d.

—— **The Age of Reason.** Parts I, II, and III. With a Biographical Introduction by the Rt. Hon. J. M. ROBERTSON. 144 pp.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 9d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 2½d.

—— **The Rights of Man.** Edited by HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. 160 pp.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 2½d.

—— **A Selection** from his Political Writings, including "Common Sense," "The Crisis," and his Speeches upon the Trial and Death of Louis XVI. Edited by HYPATIA BRADLAUGH BONNER. 144 pp.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 10d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 2½d.

—— **The Works of Paine** (as above), bound in imitation half calf, gilt top, 5s. net, by post 5s. 9d.

PALMER, T. F.—**Does Man Survive Death?** 48 pp.; paper cover, 6d., by post 7½d.

Contains a fund of information on Spiritualism and the belief in a future life.

PERRYCOSTE, F. H. (B.Sc., Lond.).—**Ritual, Faith, and Morals.** xxvi+252 pp.; cloth, 2s. net, by post 2s. 4d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 4d.

—— **The Influence of Religion upon Truthfulness.** xxiii+324 pp.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 6d.

PETRESCU, N., PH.D.—**The Principles of Comparative Sociology.** 208 pp.; cloth, 7s. 6d. net, by post 8s.

PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—**Thoughts, in Prose and Verse.** 144 pp.; cloth, 5s. net, by post 5s. 6d.

"Shows everywhere Mr. Phillpotts's distinguished workmanship and scholarly mind."—*Spectator.*

POWERS, H. H., and ARCHER, WILLIAM.—**The Religion of Tomorrow.** 72 pp.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 10d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 1d.

PRICE, GEORGE MCCREADY.—**Is Evolution True?** Being a Verbatim Report of the Debate held at Queen's Hall, London, on September 6, 1925, with JOSEPH MCCABE. 64 pp.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 9d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 1d.

READ, F. W.—**Egyptian Religion and Ethics.** 160 pp.; 6 Plates cloth, 4s. 6d. net, by post 4s. 10d.; paper cover, 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 9d.

READE, WINWOOD.—**The Martyrdom of Man.** 507 pp. fcap 8vo; leather, 4s. 6d. net, by post 4s. 10d.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 10d.

Cecil Rhodes once said of this work: "That book has made me what I am."

REID, W. NICOL.—**The Supremacy of Reason.** 128 pp.; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 10d.; paper cover, 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.

"A persuasive and very intelligent appeal to the reasoning faculties of all thinking and unprejudiced people."—*Publishers' Circular.*

RHYS, JOCELYN.—**Shaken Creeds: The Virgin Birth Doctrine.** A Study of its Origin. 272 pp.; cloth, 7s. 6d. net, by post 8s.; paper cover, 3s. 6d. net, by post 4s.

"Those who wish to examine into the subject exhaustively in order to form an opinion as to the evidence.....will find this book a most valuable help."—*Montreal Herald.*

—— **Shaken Creeds: The Resurrection Doctrines.** 272 pp.; cloth, 7s. 6d. net, by post 8s.; paper cover, 3s. 6d. net, by post 4s.

"The case is unanswerable.....An industrious compilation, written in an easy and flowing style."—*The New Age.*

The Publishers regard these two volumes dealing with Shaken Creeds as probably the most important of recent publications.

ROBERTS, GEORGE LITCH, M.A.—**Objective Reality.** 287 pp.; cloth, 7s. 6d. net, by post 8s.

What is Truth? Religions and metaphysics have adventured diverse speculative answers: ".....but evermore came out by the same door as in [they] went." This book—of philosophy based solidly on scientific data—shows by illustration and deduction that sensory evidences, supplemented, extended, and amplified by instrumental aids and marshalled by scientific ratiocination, are the sure guide out of the quicksands of mysticism, metaphysic, and spiritism to the consistent rock of certainty. It shows how, and how far, the truth about man and the universe may be known. It sounds a clear note of sanity.

ROBERTSON, THE RIGHT HON. JOHN M.—**Explorations.** 254 pp.; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 4s.; paper cover, 2s. 6d. net, by post 3s.

A collection of Critical Essays, comprising: The Causation of the French Revolution; The Prose of the English Bible; Tolstoy; Herbert Spencer; The Meaning of Materialism; Professor James's Plea for Theism; Professor James on Religious Experience.

"Much of this book testifies how nobly and efficiently reason can war against plausible fanaticism."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

—— **Spoken Essays.** 230 pp.; cloth, 7s. 6d. net, by post 8s.

The subjects treated in this volume comprise:—Utopia; Oliver Cromwell; The Theology of Earthquakes; The Meaning of Utilitarianism; The Theory of Cosmic Purpose; The Naturalistic Theory of "Hamlet"; Earl Balfour's Theism; Rationalism and Religion.

—— **The Evolution of States.** ix+487 pp.; cloth, 5s. net, by post 5s. 9d.; paper cover, 3s. 6d. net, by post 4s. 3d.

—— **The Life Pilgrimage of Moncure Conway.** 96 pp. fcap 8vo; paper cover, 6d. net, by post 8d.

—— **Earlier Writings.** Consisting of six volumes, entitled "Criticisms" (2 vols.), "Essays in Ethics," "Browning and Tennyson," and "Essays in Sociology" (2 vols.). Supplied in sets only, 15s. net (inland postage 9d.).

—— **A Short History of Morals.** viii+460 pp. demy 8vo; cloth, 6s. net, by post 6s. 9d.

—— **The Jesus Problem: A Re-statement of the Myth Theory.** 272 pp.; paper cover, 2s. 6d. net, by post 3s.

Contains a mass of evidence, reviewed with impressive skill, showing that Christianity is founded on a myth, and that the Gospel story is literally a story.

ROBERTSON, THE RIGHT HON. JOHN M.—**Christianity and Mythology.** New, revised and expanded, edition. xxiii+472 pp.; cloth, 5s. net, by post 5s. 9d.

—— **A Short History of Christianity.** xx+354 pp.; cloth, 3s. net, by post 3s. 6d.; paper cover, 2s. net, by post 2s. 6d.

—— **A Short History of Freethought, Ancient and Modern.** Third edition, much revised and considerably enlarged. Two vols., xxiv+1,019 pp.; 7s. 6d. net the two vols., inland carriage 1s.

—— **The Historical Jesus: A Survey of Positions.** xxiv+224 pp.; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 4s.; paper cover, 2s. 6d. net, by post 3s.

—— **Charles Bradlaugh.** (Vol. IV of "Life-Stories of Famous Men" Series.) 128 pp., with four Portraits; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 10d.; paper cover, 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.

—— **Voltaire.** (Vol. VIII of "Life-Stories of Famous Men" Series.) 128 pp., with four Portraits; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 10d.; paper cover, 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.

—— **Renan.** (Vol. IX of "Life-Stories of Famous Men" Series.) 128 pp., with four Portraits; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 10d.; paper cover, 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.

—— **Gibbon.** (Vol. X of "Life-Stories of Famous Men" Series.) 128 pp., with four Illustrations; cloth, 3s. 6d. net, by post 3s. 10d.; paper cover, 2s. net, by post 2s. 3d.

ROGERS, W. S.—**The Search for Truth, Outlined in Letters from a Rationalist.** 32 pp.; 6d. net, by post 7d.

R. P. A. ANNUAL, THE **(for 1926).**—96 pp.; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 10d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 2d.

Contents:—The Triumph of Evolution, by Joseph McCabe; Ghosts: A Poem, by Eden Phillpotts; The Trial of Socrates, by Professor J. B. Bury; Thoughts in a Night Club, by Gerald Bullett; The Problem of "Mark," by the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson; The Rationalism of Anatole France, by Winifred Stephens Whale; The Causes of Evolution, by J. B. S. Haldane; On a Hill-Top: A Very Modern Dialogue, by A. Gowans Whyte; The Reign of Cant, by Charles T. Gorham; An Unfamiliar Figure in American Rationalism, by Alexander Kadison; Life's Struggle and the Ethical Code, by Professor C. J. Patten.

RUSSELL, HON. BERTRAND.—**Free Thought and Official Propaganda.** Cloth, 2s. net, by post 2s. 2d.; paper cover, 1s. net, by post 1s. 2d.

RUSSELL, JOHN, M.A.—**The Task of Rationalism:** In Retrospect and Prospect. 80 pp. fcap 8vo.; cloth, 2s. net, by post 2s. 2d.

SALT, H. S.—**Life of James Thomson ("B.V.").** xii+172 pp.; cloth, 6d. net, by post 11d.; paper cover, 3d. net, by post 9d.

—— **The Faith of Richard Jefferies.** 2d., by post 2½d.

—— **The Story of My Cousins.** Brief Animal Biographies. 80 pp., with five half-tone Plates; cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 8½d.

SAUNDERS, A. L., C.S.I., I.C.S. (retired).—**The Religions of India.** A Lecture delivered to the Victoria League on Monday, March 9, 1925. 48 pp.; 1s. net, by post 1s. 1d.

XSEIBEL, GEORGE.—**The Religion of Shakespeare.** 80 pp.; limp cloth, 2s. 6d. net, by post 2s. 9d.; paper cover, 1s. 6d. net, by post 1s. 8d.

"It is a refreshment to the mind to come across a book of Shakespearean commentary undisfigured by pedantry."—*T.P.'s and Cassell's Weekly.*

Note.—Books preceded by a ✗ are copyright in America, and cannot be supplied to customers resident in that country.

FAMOUS CHEAP REPRINTS.

(Postage on each 2d.).

1s. 6d. net.

✗§THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE. By ERNST HAECKEL.

1s. 3d. net.

§TWELVE YEARS IN A MONASTERY. By JOSEPH MCCABE.

Each 1s. net.

§THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES. By CHARLES DARWIN.
✗*LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Prof. HUXLEY. (A Selection.)
THE PIONEERS OF EVOLUTION. By EDWARD CLODD.
✗MODERN SCIENCE AND MODERN THOUGHT. By SAMUEL LAING.
✗*LITERATURE AND DOGMA. By MATTHEW ARNOLD.
✗*EDUCATION: INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL. By HERBERT SPENCER.
THE EVOLUTION OF THE IDEA OF GOD. By GRANT ALLEN.
HUMAN ORIGINS. By SAMUEL LAING.
✗LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Prof. TYNDALL.
ON LIBERTY. By J. S. MILL.
*STORY OF CREATION. By EDWARD CLODD.
LIFE OF JESUS. By ERNEST RENAN.
✗AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF HERBERT SPENCER. By Prof. W. H. HUDSON.
*THREE ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By J. S. MILL.
THE CREED OF CHRISTENDOM. By W. R. GREG.
*THE APOSTLES. By ERNEST RENAN.

Each 1s. net.

*PROBLEMS OF THE FUTURE. By SAMUEL LAING.
✗WONDERS OF LIFE. By ERNST HAECKEL.
*JESUS OF NAZARETH. By EDWARD CLODD.
✗ESSAYS. By HERBERT SPENCER.
AN EASY OUTLINE OF EVOLUTION. By DENNIS HIRD, M.A.
PHASES OF FAITH. By F. W. NEWMAN.
*MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE. By Prof. HUXLEY.
*ORIGINS OF RELIGION. By ANDREW LANG.
*TWELVE LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Prof. HUXLEY.
✗‡LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. (Complete in one vol., paper 3s. net, cloth 5s. net.
*ON THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF LIVING MATTER. By H. CHARLTON BASTIAN.
PAGANISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By J. A. FARRER.
†HISTORY OF RATIONALISM. (In two vols.) By W. E. H. LECKY.
APHORISMS AND REFLECTIONS. By T. H. HUXLEY.
✗SELECTED WORKS OF VOLTAIRE.
THE KINGDOM OF MAN. By Sir RAY LANKESTER.
*LECTURES AND ESSAYS. By Prof. W. K. CLIFFORD.

3d. net.

*LAST WORDS ON EVOLUTION. By ERNST HAECKEL.

R. P. A. EXTRA SERIES (each 1s. net).

*HAECKEL'S CRITICS ANSWERED. By JOSEPH MCCABE.
*SCIENCE AND SPECULATION. By G. H. LEWES.
NEW LIGHT ON OLD PROBLEMS. By JOHN WILSON, M.A.
*THE RELIGION OF WOMAN. By JOSEPH MCCABE.
*THE LEGEND OF CHRIST. By CH. VIROLLEAUD. Translated by F. O. RITZ.
ETHICS OF THE GREAT RELIGIONS.
✗*CONCERNING CHILDREN. By C. P. GILMAN.
✗*A NEW CATECHISM. By M. M. MANGASARIAN.
*ETHICAL RELIGION. By W. M. SALTER.
*RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION. By E. S. P. HAYNES.

Any of the above List, excepting those marked with an *, †, ‡, or §, may be had in cloth at 2s. net
* Paper cover only. † Cloth, 4s. 6d. net. ‡ Cloth, 5s. net. § Cloth, 2s. 6d. net.