Illustrious abstainers / by Frederick Sherlock.

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FREDERICK SHERLOCK

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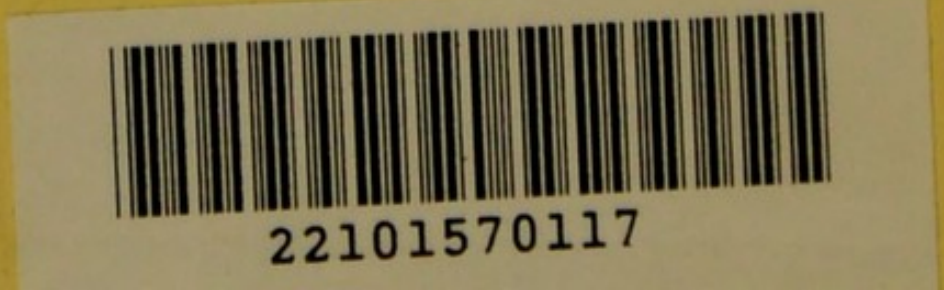

ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS.

BY

FREDERICK SHERLOCK,

AUTHOR OF
"TEMPERANCE AND ENGLISH LITERATURE," ETC.

"Those whose bright faith makes feeble hearts grow stronger,
And sends fresh warriors to the great campaign,
Bids the lone convert feel estranged no longer,
And wins the sundered to be one again."

—ELLERTON.

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CONTENTS.

IV.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, M.D., THE DISTINGUISHED SURGEON.

V.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, THE MARTYRED SEAMAN.

VI.

DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, F.R.S., THE EMINENT SCIENTIST.

VII.

REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S., THE LEARNED DIVINE.

VIII.

THOMAS EDWARD, THE SCOTCH NATURALIST.

IX.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, M.P., THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

X.

SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., THE CHRISTIAN MERCHANT.

XI.

THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D., THE CHAMPION OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

XII.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P., THE ADVOCATE OF PROHIBITION.

XIII.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B., THE HERO OF LUCKNOW.

XIV.

FATHER MATHEW, THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

XV.

JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON, THE FOUNDER OF BESSBROOK.

XVI.

ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.

XVII.

JOHN B. GOUGH, THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

XVIII.

REV. CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE, M.A., THE ELOQUENT PREACHER.

XIX.

SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, BART., THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE U.K. ALLIANCE.

XX.

JOHN HOWARD, THE PRISON PHILANTHROPIST.

INTRODUCTION.

AN opinion obtains in some quarters, that it is a weak-minded thing to become a total abstainer from the use of intoxicating liquors; and moreover, that however useful the pledge may be for the reclamation of the drunkard, it has no claim upon the man ordinarily disposed to be temperate in his habits.

In the following pages an attempt is made to prove, that many distinguished men have professed loyal adhesion to the principle of Total Abstinence; men whose achievements have won for themselves a reputation far beyond their own circles; men whose names are more or less connected with the history of the times in which they lived. It will also be shown incidentally, that not a few of our Illustrious Abstainers identified themselves with the Temperance Movement after a diligent and careful examination of the principle, alike in its bearing upon themselves as well as the probable effect of their example upon their fellow-creatures.

Every reader is familiar with the total abstainers of Sacred history. The Nazarites, the Rechabites,

Samson, Samuel, Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, Azariah, John the Baptist, Timothy (who was clearly one, or St. Paul would not have recommended him to use wine medicinally), may be mentioned. Ancient profane history also furnishes many an example of Illustrious Abstinence, but the author has not availed himself of these sources of information, believing that modern instances would be of greater interest, and therefore more generally acceptable.

Our own Gracious Sovereign is the Patroness of the Church of England Temperance Society, and it has been stated that Her Majesty's custom was to train all her family as total abstainers until they were sixteen years of age. The Princess Christian and the Princess Louise are said to be total abstainers even now, and when the Prince Leopold resided in Oxford, His Royal Highness accepted the presidency of the Diocesan Temperance Association.

The Emperor and Empress of the Brazils are also total abstainers, and the Queen of Madagascar not only practises total abstinence personally, but has made strenuous efforts to prohibit the liquor traffic within her dominions.

The *Friend of Missions* says that the French Consul lately asked the Queen, that the French traders might be paid for the loss they suffered from her forbidding the sale of spirits in her dominions. "Yes," she replied, "we will give compensation,

provided you will also compensate us and our subjects, for the incalculable mischief the sale of your poison has done."

The United States has more than once elected a total abstainer to the high office of President. Abraham Lincoln's example and precept were heartily given for Total Abstinence, and the short sermon which he was in the habit of preaching to children has been often quoted :—"Don't drink ; don't smoke ; don't chew ; don't swear ; don't gamble ; don't lie ; don't cheat. Love your fellow man ; love truth ; love virtue, and be happy."

The present House of Commons contains at least fifteen total abstainers, and it may not be generally known that some of John Bright's first public addresses were made as the secretary of a Total Abstinence Society in Lancashire. No. 197 of the "Ipswich Tracts" is from the pen of the now famous statesman, and its outspoken testimony will be apparent from the following quotation. Mr. Bright says :—

"We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything which can intoxicate ; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it ; another glass excites him still more ; a third fires his eye, heats his blood, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions ; a fourth increases all this ; a fifth makes him foolish

and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; a seventh or an eighth makes him stupid, a senseless degraded mass—his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled! This is sin, awful sin! for 'drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.' But where does the sin begin? At the first glass—at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul? Reader, think of this."

It is not without interest that Mr. Bright's coworker in the repeal of the Corn Laws was also a total abstainer. Mr. Cobden upon one occasion said:—

"Every day's experience tends more and more to confirm me in my opinion that the Temperance cause lies at the foundation of all social and political reform."

The late Earl of Stanhope was for a long time prominently identified with the movement. In one of his published addresses he states:—

"My father was a weakly child. He was taken early to Geneva, when a celebrated medical pro-

fessor, who had formerly been a pupil of the great Boerhaave, was consulted on his case. He advised that he should use much exertion, *and drink nothing but water.* He adhered strictly to that advice, and when, in after years, his habits became more sedentary, he still used only water. He became clear and vigorous in his various energies of body and mind, and exerted his faculties almost to the last moments of his life. My grandfather was also a water-drinker, and even at the age of seventy-two devoted several hours a day to abstruse mathematical studies. My grandmother drank only water, and enjoyed the use of all her ordinary faculties, until near her dissolution, which took place when she was ninety-two years of age."

Lord Stanley of Alderley is known to have been a total abstainer for many years, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Townshend united themselves to the Independent Order of Good Templars very soon after its introduction into this country. The Marquis, when speaking at a temperance meeting in the city of Norwich, thus defined his position :—

" Those against whom we have to fight, and with whom we have to plead, are the moderate drinkers. They erroneously and lamentably imagine that they do no harm, either to themselves or others, in continuing the custom of drinking what is so hurtful.

We have to impress upon them the error under which they labour. My experience is that I never enjoyed better health than since I gave up drinking, even moderately, wine and other like beverages."

The principle of total abstinence has been accepted, too, by theologians of widely different creeds. The following dignitaries of the Church of England are all total abstainers,—Bishop Lightfoot, Bishop Temple, Bishop Ellicott, Bishop Thorold, Bishop Abraham, Dean Close, and Dean Edwards: in this connection mention may also be made of the famous Sydney Smith, and the late Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church numbers many abstainers in her ministry, while the teaching of her great founder was pre-eminently upon the side of total abstinence. In his sermon on "The Use of Money," John Wesley denounces the sale of intoxicating liquors in the most vigorous terms. For example, he argues:—

"Neither may we gain by hurting our neighbour in his body; therefore we may not sell anything which tends to impair health. Such is eminently all that liquid fire, commonly called drams, or spirituous liquors. It is true these may have a place in medicine (although there would rarely be any occasion for them were it not for the unskilfulness of the practitioner); therefore, such as prepare and sell them only for this end may keep their con-

science clear. But who are they who prepare them only for this end? Do you know ten such distillers in England? Then excuse these. But all who sell them in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners general. They murder his Majesty's subjects wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. They drive them to hell like sheep: and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood. And canst thou hope, O thou man of blood! though thou art 'clothed in scarlet and fine linen, and farest sumptuously every day'—canst thou hope to deliver down the fields of blood to the third generation? Not so; for there is a God in heaven; therefore, thy name shall be rooted out; like as those whom thou hast destroyed, body and soul 'thy memorial shall perish with thee.'"

His disciplinary rules are not less pronounced.

"Let no preacher drink on any pretence."

"Let the reader closely examine and exhort every person to put away the accursed thing! Let the preacher warn every society that none who is guilty herein can remain with us."

Albert Barnes, William Arnot, C. H. Spurgeon, J. P. Chown, Cardinal Manning, Cardinal McCloskey,

may also be named as thoroughly agreed in the advocacy of total abstinence.

If we turn for a moment to another profession, the Army, we have no difficulty in citing a goodly array of examples. General Garibaldi has been often referred to as an abstainer, and the records of our own country furnish us with Sir Henry Havelock, Sir Charles Napier, Sir Richard Dacres, Lord Chelmsford, and Sir Garnet Wolseley. The first and last are dealt with in subsequent pages. Sir Charles Napier abstained habitually from the use of wine and all other fermented liquor, and in the biography published by his brother (the distinguished military historian, Sir William Napier) there are not a few interesting references to the subject. General Sir Richard Dacres, in writing from the Crimea, January 17th, 1855, said, "Since I have become a teetotaler I have gone through greater fatigues in hot climates. I have crossed the Atlantic, come here, been exposed to disease and some discomfort (not much from my rank and situation), and I have never been sick or had even a short attack of diarrhœa. I ascribe this to water; but, mind, I am a temperate eater also; never eat animal food more than once a day; no lunch but a piece of biscuit; am a very early man. Now all these things combined enable me to do as much hard work at fifty-five as many ten or

fifteen years younger. What I began with, as an example, I now continue, as I consider I am much better without wine, beer, etc., both in a religious and worldly point of view ; I shall continue as I am, please God, to my life's end." Lord Chelmsford is known to have been an abstainer for upwards of a quarter of a century, and is said to be abstemious almost to the point of asceticism.

In the kindred service, the Navy, the late Commodore Goodenough, Admiral Sir William King Hall, Admiral Sir James Sulivan, and Admiral Prevost, may be mentioned.

Admiral Sir W. King Hall thus narrates the story of his connection with the movement :—

"When in command of Her Majesty's ship *Russell* at Falmouth, there was a great deal of drunkenness in the ship, and in consequence a great deal of crime and punishment. This arose from the numerous temptations which abound in that port, Falmouth being a port of call where ships touch for orders ; and on one occasion I counted as many as four hundred sail at anchor at one time. The place abounded in public-houses and beer-shops, and the inducements to temptation caused much leave-breaking. At the commencement of my second year in command, the day after New Year's Day, I turned the hands up, and with the defaulters' book in my hand read the punishments of the past year,

including many committals to Bodmin Gaol, cells, etc., etc. More than two-thirds arose from drink. This surprised the men very much. I then said : 'I know nothing about temperance, but you see all this disgrace, and punishment, and misery to some of your families is due to drink. If we give up the drink this cannot happen. If you consent to give up your allowance of grog, and avoid all public-houses and beer-shops, and drink nothing but water for the next three months, and sign your names and bring the list up to me, I will agree to give up my wine, and head the list with you. Take forty-eight hours to consider it, but when you've made up your minds, stick to it.'

"In a few hours forty-six of those men who had been most often under punishment signed the list, and we started our teetotal party. The publicans were surprised when the men landed to see some of their best customers pass by their doors, and much to my delight I was a witness of it. At the end of three months I again turned the hands up on the quarter-deck, and said, 'I have kept my pledge ; now how many of you have broken yours ? You all know each other well, so there can be no deception about it.' To my great satisfaction they said one and all that none had broken it, and thirty more men came across, saying, 'I'll join your party, too.' I may also state that to my certain know-

ledge some have kept it up to this day, though it is about twelve or thirteen years ago."

Of travellers and explorers, we can claim Livingstone, Sir John Franklin, and Sir John Ross, and the last expedition to the Arctic Regions afforded signal proof of the great value of Total Abstinence in cold climates.

In Science the names of Dr. Richardson, Sir Henry Thompson, and Richard Anthony Proctor stand as beacons set on a hill, nor should we omit a reference to one whose unwearied researches have done so much to educate public opinion upon the Temperance question, the revered Frederic Richard Lees.

Literature could ask no grander representative than the immortal Milton. In the closing period of his literary career he penned the tragedy of "Samson Agonistes," in which he has given undying expression to his views upon total abstinence. In his "Second Defence of the People of England," he writes, "Know that to be free is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be temperate, and just, to be frugal and abstinent, and lastly to be magnanimous and brave: so to be the opposite of all these is the same as to be a slave." The same epoch furnishes another example in the person of the poet Waller. A century later we have the potential name of Samuel Johnson.

In William Ball's "Slight Memorials of Hannah More" is this remark:—"I dined last week at the Bishop of Chester's; Dr. Johnson was there. In the middle of dinner I urged Dr. Johnson to take a *little* wine; he replied, 'I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as Temperance would be difficult.'"

Every student knows that the topic is frequently referred to in "Boswell's Life," and that Johnson's closing testimony was, "I will take anything but inebriating sustenance."

One wishing to influence a man addicted to intemperance, and knowing that persuasion would be of little avail without example, resolved to try total abstinence for a month. Finding himself just as well at the end of the month as at the beginning, the experiment was repeated for a second month and with the same satisfactory result. It then occurred to him that it would be useful to know how long he could dispense with strong liquor without affecting his health and strength. The final conclusion of this practical experiment has not yet been reached, although forty-two years have passed since the initiatory step was taken. The experimentalist was Mr. Edward Baines of the *Leeds Mercury*, who after many years of editorial and political work entered Parliament at the age of fifty-nine, where he spent fifteen years in charge of

the business of a great borough, through several eventful sessions, and who, to use his own language, "left Parliament absolutely unscathed, and all but unworn, notwithstanding the late hours, hurried meals, bad air, party strife, and anxious responsibilities."

Samuel Carter and Anna Maria Hall, William and Mary Howitt, Frances Ridley Havergal, Harriet Martineau, Francis William Newman, John Cassell, and many others whose "names are familiar as household words" in the literary memorials of our own time, have practised total abstinence in the full belief that by so doing they were ensuring to themselves better health and greater capacities for service, study, and work, than would have followed the use of stimulating liquors.

From across the Atlantic we have the support of Benjamin Franklin, the poet Whittier, George Bancroft the historian of the United States, William Lloyd Garrison, and numerous others. Franklin writes :—

"From my example a great many of the workmen left off their muddling breakfast of beer and bread and cheese, finding they could, like myself, be supplied from a neighbouring house with a large porringer of hot-water gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three-halfpence.

This was a more comfortable as well as a cheaper breakfast, and kept their heads clearer."

It will thus be seen that a goodly list of Illustrious Abstainers is to be found, and it only remains to be added, that it is hoped the following sketches of the way in which Total Abstinence has been viewed by twenty representative men, may be of some service, however slight, in helping forward a movement which so vitally concerns the best interests of the community.

THULE LODGE, BLACKHEATH, S.E.
November, 1879.

I.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, K.C.B.,

The Brave Soldier.

I.

"Desire of wine and all delicious drinks
Which many a famous warrior overturns,
Thou couldst repress: nor did the dancing ruby
Sparkling, outpour'd, the flavour, or the smell,
Or taste that cheers the hearts of gods and men,
Allure thee from the cool crystalline stream."

MILTON.

"IF he found a shell approaching him, he invariably turned his face towards it, so that if he was killed it might be said of him that he died with his face towards the enemy." This remarkable disposition towards bravery is somewhat unsympathetically dismissed by one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's biographers as "a curious trait in his character;"—we would rather recognise it as the keynote of the brilliant career of this world-renowned warrior, whom we are proud to claim as a distinguished and representative "Illustrious Abstainer." For considerably more than half of his busy life—for upwards of a quarter of a century—he has set "his face towards the enemy;" giving us a grand example of a righteous appreciation of the path of duty, and affording as true and worthy a pattern of British bravery as any that adorns our nation's history. Whether it be as ensign, captain, colonel, or major-general, he is ever found "with his face towards the enemy."

It would appear that in adopting the military profession, Sir Garnet has been true to the traditions of the ancient line from which he is descended. The learned in pedigree

have little difficulty in tracing back the gallantry and bravery of the Wholeseleys (as the name was originally spelt), to the fighting days of old; and if we remember rightly the father of Sir Garnet was a Major in the 25th Regiment.

The subject of our memoir was born on the 4th June, 1833, at Golden Bridge House, County Dublin. When he had barely entered his nineteenth year he was appointed Ensign in the 80th Regiment. Shortly afterwards, the young soldier was called upon to take part in the Burmese war. His high courage and dauntless bravery in this his first engagement in actual warfare, secured his promotion to the rank of lieutenant; an honour which may be considered well earned, when we remember that for six months after his arrival in England he was in constant jeopardy of bleeding to death from the wounds he had received.

In 1854 Captain Wolseley took his place in the dreadful Crimean war, and even when again wounded, manfully remained faithful to his post, thereby earning from his comrades the character of being "the bravest man in the army." In the ever-to-be-remembered assault on the Quarries, which was the first great success in this terrible campaign, Wolseley played a distinguished part; indeed we read of him, "that he was so overpowered by his labours on this occasion—to use his own words 'The hardest day's work he ever did in his life'—that upon being relieved, he fell down speechless outside the Quarries, and lay there among a number of dead bodies, himself to all appearance being one amongst them." Although his courageous services were everywhere spoken of, and notwithstanding that he was the recipient of honours bestowed by the Emperor of the French and the Sultan of Turkey, he was somewhat ungraciously forgotten when the home Government distributed its rewards.

In 1857 we find him once more "with his face towards

the enemy." This time it is the Indian Mutiny that calls forth an exhibition of his indomitable bravery. Sir Colin Campbell, of glorious memory, chose Captain Wolseley to lead the attack upon the Happy Palace; and right nobly did he perform his mission. It is reported of him in connection with this encounter, that "A private named Andrews who had been Wolseley's servant in the Crimea, in endeavouring to show the way across a place of danger, was shot through the body from a loop-hole some five or six yards from him. Wolseley sprang out and bore him in his arms, and whilst he was carrying him, another shot intended for Wolseley passed through the body of the man; nor was this act of devotion in vain, for the private still lives, and for his services and his wounds has been rewarded by a grateful (!) country with a pension of eightpence a day."

At twenty-six years of age the intrepid young soldier was promoted to the position of lieutenant-colonel.

On the staff of the allied expedition to China, he rendered good service, and for his subsequent daring exploits in Canada, was gazetted a Companion of the Bath, and became Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, Knight Commander of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The thrilling particulars of his greatest achievement, the conquest of Ashantee, are well known; suffice it to say few campaigns were ever so rapidly carried to so triumphant an issue and with so small a loss of life. On his return home he received a right hearty welcome, being voted the thanks of Lords and Commons, together with the substantial acknowledgment of £25,000.

And now a word or two as to the position which this eminent soldier has taken with regard to the use of intoxicating liquors. The golden rule of his life "with his face towards the enemy," prepares us to be told that in this,

as in all other matters, he is thorough: that he has set "his face towards the enemy," which unhappily too many put "in their mouths to steal away their brains;" and is a consistent total abstainer. We have a lively recollection of one of those gossipy letters, with which most of the provincial journals entertain their readers weekly. It was published immediately after the return of Sir Garnet from Ashantee, and the London Correspondent carefully noted that "the *only* drawback to the warrior's success in society was the inconvenient fact that he was a teetotaler." The writer went on to gravely lament this "inconvenient fact," and plaintively remarked, "that it was rather embarrassing for 'mine host' and his invited friends to be drinking to the health of the hero of the day in fine old Port or Burgundy, whilst he was content to acknowledge their compliments in a draught of cold water!"

Sir Garnet is not ashamed of his abstinence, but on the contrary, has upon many occasions exerted himself to extend the principle both by precept and practice. For instance, when conducting the Red River Expedition, one of the chief elements of his success was the regulation which he made to prevent dram drinking. Only one bottle of whiskey was carried on the expedition, and this in Sir Garnet's own canoe. On the return journey, when all danger was past, it was proposed to broach it. "No!" replied Wolseley, "I have promised it to Kane," his soldier servant of the 60th Rifles; it is needless to say, the Colonel kept his word, and Kane obtained the bottle which had journeyed some two thousand miles in his master's canoe. But we have not simply Sir Garnet's oral teaching upon this matter. In 1868 he published his "Soldier's Pocket Book," now generally received as a standard authority. The work is not merely a compendium of drills, or instructions in

the modes of warfare, but contains practical recipes for the preparation of food, and the discharge of duties of a semi-household character. From this excellent treatise we cull the following testimony to the value of total abstinence, which is alike worthy of the attention of civilians and soldiers.

"Give your men as little spirits as possible; tea and coffee are much more sustaining, and are more portable. If in countries where light wines are plentiful, induce your men to drink them, nothing beyond fifteen per cent. alcohol being used; they are good anti-scorbutics, and scurvy is the one great disease to guard against in war. The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march, has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who mistake the cravings arising solely from habit for the promptings of nature. It is the commonest thing to see men, when travelling at home, taking brandy to keep themselves warm. It is an ascertained fact that alcohol of any sort reduces, instead of increases, the temperature of the body.

"The use of spirits in cold weather has been well tested during the various Polar expeditions, the medical officers of which all condemn it as a preventitive against cold. No men require greater endurance than the trappers of North America, and none do a greater amount of hard physical work than the voyageurs and lumbermen there; none of them drink spirits when in the woods; tea being their constant beverage. Our armies in Kaffraria had no spirits issued to them, as a rule, and no army in the field was ever more healthy (if any other was as free from sickness). Our experience in the Indian Mutiny also carries out this theory: for months, in some places, our men were entirely cut off from all liquor, and they were healthier than when, subsequently, it was issued to them as a ration.

"By increasing the allowance of tea, and abolishing that of rum, you diminish the supplies to be carried to a great extent, whilst you add to the health and efficiency of your men. Their discipline will improve as their moral tone is raised, engendering a manly cheerfulness that spirit-drinking armies know nothing of. No men have ever done harder work than was performed by the troops employed upon the Red River Expedition. No spirits of any sort were issued to them, but they had practically as much of good tea as they could drink. Illness was, I may say, unknown amongst them.

"The use of rum has been so long the custom in our armies, that it is difficult now to discontinue it. It can only be effected by a cheerful co-operation on the part of the officers. If the men do not receive rum, and have not the means of buying it, the use of wine in camp by officers should be given up. It is a humbug for an officer to lecture men about drinking, advising them against the use of spirits, and then go to his tent to be merry over a bottle of sherry. Wine with the officers holds the place of rum with the private, and although the bottle of wine may do the former no harm, he ought cheerfully to go without his luxury when he compels those under his orders to forego theirs; feeling that his conduct is for the good of the service should amply compensate him for the privations. As the allowance of baggage to which officers are entitled has now been reduced to a minimum, they will not have power to carry about luxuries, such as wine, with them."

"With his face towards the enemy," Sir Garnet Wolseley has thus far fulfilled a noble part, and we doubt not that when his time comes for facing the last enemy of all, this brave soldier will end a glorious career with his "face still towards the enemy."

II.

THOMAS BURT, M.P.,

The Working-Man Legislator.

II.

"Honour to him, who, self-complete, if lone,
Carves to the grave one pathway all his own;
And heeding nought that men may think or say,
Asks but his soul if doubtful of the way."

LYTTON.

THOMAS BURT was born on the 12th November, 1837, at Morton Row, by Percy Main Colliery, adjacent to North Shields. His father was a miner, and commenced to earn his living as a collier at the early age of eight years. In his time he endured many vicissitudes, more than once passing through the perils of a colliery explosion—more than once suffering the hardships and privations which are the usual concomitants of the working-man's plague—a strike. In 1840 the humble family took up their abode at Seghill (now called Blake Town). The elder Burt was an industrious, honest fellow, and, being far from indifferent to the advantages which education affords, took a pride in sending his children to school.

In April 1844, a great strike took place amongst the Northumberland and Durham miners, and it continued for nearly five months. Burt senior took a prominent part in the controversy, so that, even when the dispute terminated, the memory of his activity was as "bitter herbs" to the masters, and they steadily refused to give him employment. He thereupon removed to Seaton Delaval, and succeeded in obtaining work at the pits there. Thomas was now placed

at a school, situate at a distance of three miles from the parental roof, and, as a consequence, his attendance was not characterised by the regularity necessary to the attainment of much progress. At ten years of age he sought and secured an engagement as a trap-door keeper at Haswell pit, much to the regret of his parents. Even in the present day, the arena of a coal mine is not considered the best possible training-ground for the inculcation of principles of sobriety and virtue: yet thirty years cannot have passed without effecting some improvement in the condition of the miners.

We may rest assured that the little collier-lad witnessed many a scene of degradation, heard many a word of wickedness, nay, endured not a few fierce assaults upon his own moral character, and altogether contended with a succession of trials such as none but a noble heart could have withstood. The workmen's cry of recent years—

> Eight hours pay,
> Eight hours play,
> Eight shillings a-day!—

is in marked contrast to the conditions of labour which this child-workman had to undergo. In going to and returning from the pit, one hour was occupied; the tramp underground (down in the pit, to and from the particular part of the seam in which he worked) consumed another hour; the actual working time was twelve hours; so that, during no less than fourteen hours each working day, young Burt was fully engaged. Seldom seeing the rays of the glorious sun; seldom traversing beyond the narrow confines of the scene of his daily labour; ever breathing an atmosphere charged with gases which vitiate the blood and enervate the frame—against such fearful odds as these, the child collier by

persevering courage and honest industry, has manfully fought his way to a place amongst some of the foremost men of the time.

What is the secret of his success? (Remember he was a collier—remember he was a collier's son.) Surely this, he *seldom tasted intoxicating liquors in his childhood; at fifteen years of age he took the pledge of total abstinence, and has faithfully kept it ever since.* Just at the age when so many of the youth of our land begin to think it manly to "do a bitter beer, a cigar, or a twopennyworth of something hot!"—just at the age when too many young fellows try to hurry on a few years by the twirl of a flimsy cane, or the parade of a loud cravat:—just at the age when so many who are the hope of fond parents, and should be the pride of the social circle, begin to waste their earnings in the public-house:—at this crisis in his career, Thomas Burt, the humbly-born collier, dared to take a decisive step which was to be the foundation of a successful life for himself, and an illustrious example for the world.

The young abstainer devoted all his spare time (we use this phrase for the want of a better) to self-culture. In a little garret, over the solitary room of which the cottage consisted (for one apartment did service as sitting-room, bedroom, kitchen, wash-house, and indeed was the all-in-all of the family), Thomas studied Latin and Short-hand, and the prose works of Milton (so strangely neglected by the ordinary student) were carefully read again and again. His diligence, earnestness, patience, at length received their reward, and in 1865 he was appointed Secretary of the Northumberland Miners' Mutual Confident Association, a position of great difficulty and much responsibility.

The business aptitude which has characterized his management of the affairs of this important trust will be acknow-

ledged, when we record, that his first official report showed a balance to the credit of £23 and a roll of 4,000 members: whereas, notwithstanding that the self-educated secretary has had to cope with more than one strike of great magnitude, a recent report exhibits a reserve fund of £16,000 and registers a membership of nearly 17,000 men. Another significant fact is, that although Mr. Burt is now the salaried official of this large organization of workmen—although he has personally undergone the drudgery of a pitman's life, and is therefore fully conversant with a collier's difficulties —he advocates the creation of courts of arbitration, and is a sturdy opponent of strikes.

Shortly after his appointment to the secretaryship referred to, Mr. Burt was bitterly attacked by "A Coalowner," in the columns of the *Newcastle Chronicle*,—which by the way is the property of another total abstaining member of Parliament, Mr. Joseph Cowen. Mr. Burt replied to his anonymous assailant with great spirit. Said he :—"I was chosen agent for this Association for the purpose of doing the best I could to aid the workmen in securing justice. I did not force myself on the men; they urged me to take the office; and as soon as they can dispense with my services I am prepared to resign. But so long as I am in office I will do my best to serve my employers. Four months since I was a hewer at Choppington Colliery. As a working man, I was in comfortable circumstances, serving employers whom I respected, and who, I believe, respected me. I had been at that colliery nearly six years, and during that time I had never a wrong word with an official of the colliery. 'A Coalowner' may ask there whether I was a 'demagogue' or an 'agitator.' I left the colliery honourably, and I have no doubt I can get my work again at that place if I want it. If not, I can get work, I doubt not, elsewhere, and under

good employers too, for I long since made up my mind not to work for a tyrant. I say this merely to let your readers know that the position I hold is not degrading either to myself or the men who employ me."

At the last general election, when working men candidates were unsuccessfully nominated in more than one constituency, Thomas Burt was elected M.P. for Morpeth, by a large majority of votes over his gallant rival, Major Duncan. The contest was rendered conspicuous by the manly conduct of Mr. Burt, and when all was over he was entertained at a public dinner, at which the defeated candidate was present, and said "That Mr. Burt would be successful he fervently hoped: that he would be upright and honourable he positively knew. He wished him good luck." Of Mr. Burt's deportment in Parliament, what need to tell? Whenever he speaks he commands the ear of the House; a thorough mastery of his subject, accuracy of expression, and clearness of thought, constrain the attention of his auditors. He has constantly voted for all measures calculated to control or suppress the liquor traffic, and upon more than one occasion has been an acceptable speaker on the United Kingdom Alliance platform.

At a recent public meeting convened by the Metropolitan Auxiliary of the Alliance, Mr. Burt delivered an address of much power. After expressing his hearty interest in the Temperance movement, he referred to the commercial crisis through which the country had been passing, and said:— "The *Times* a few days ago, in combating the notion (not held I hope to any great extent) that the way to cure this evil and make everybody well off is to cease or to limit production, said that society is a sort of co-operative movement. Well, I fear that the co-operation is not very properly carried out. The *Times* very properly pointed out the

great amount of waste that is going on in the support of armaments for standing armies, and it might have gone further and pointed out the immense number of people in this country that are mere 'stomachs.' They merely gobble up everything they can get without producing anything at all, and the *Times* might have pointed out the great number that are even much worse than mere stomachs, who devote their busy hands to purely destructive purposes, to turning the good grain that is given by a bountiful Providence into a poison that scatters misery, death, and destruction on every hand. These were some of the evils that we have to cure."

The lessons of his life are apparent, and reverting to the deciding point in his career—the fifteenth year of his age—we think Thomas Burt may fittingly appropriate the noble lines of Bulwer Lytton—lines which are said to have been the favourite quotation of Charles Dickens:—

"..... Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate;
And with such jewels as the exploring mind
Brings from the caves of knowledge, buy my ransom,
From those twin gaolers of the daring heart—
Low birth and iron fortune."

III.

PRESIDENT HAYES,

The Wise Governor.

III.

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,
And blackens every blot."

TENNYSON.

THE custom of speaking of America as the *New* World, is apt to displace an important fact, namely, that America is peopled by many who are the lineal descendants of British sires, and to whom we ought therefore to be drawn, with somewhat closer ties, than is the case with entire strangers. Such an one is the President of the United States.

Nearly two centuries ago, a George Hayes migrated from the shores of Scotland, and settled in Connecticut. His great-great-grandson died of typhoid fever at Delaware in 1822, leaving two children and a widow, who gave birth to the subject of our memoir three months after her husband's death, on the 4th October in the same year. Fortunately the bereaved family were well provided for, and the interests of the children were carefully guarded by a wealthy bachelor uncle, who sent Rutherford to Kenyon College, Ohio, in the sixteenth year of his age.

The young lad was a sturdy healthy fellow, of fine physique, a lover of manly sports, clever with the rifle, passionately fond of hunting, a skilful angler, a famous swimmer, and an adept at skating. As a pedestrian he

can also lay claim to no inconsiderable success, for it is on record that even at an early age he walked home to Delaware at Christmas time, a distance of forty miles, in twelve hours. After completing his college course, he served a short time in an attorney's office in Columbus, and in his twenty-third year commenced practice on his own account in Cincinnati. He speedily came to the front rank as a speaker, and when the slavery crusade began, promptly threw himself into the agitation, unhesitatingly giving his allegiance to the anti-slavery party.

In 1861, when the terrible Civil War commenced, Hayes underwent a short course of military training, and assumed the office of Major of the 23rd Ohio Regiment. At the battle of South Mountain he was wounded in the left arm, and had to lie by for two months. As an instance of his bravery, it is related that upon one occasion his regiment had to charge through a swamp fifty yards wide. It seemed impossible to get through it, and the whole line was staggered for a moment. Just then Hayes plunged in, and, under a shower of bullets and shells, with his horse sometimes down, he rode, waded, and dragged his way through, and, after a pause long enough to partially re-form the line, charged forward again. He was everywhere exposing himself fearlessly. Men were dropping all around him, but he rode through it all as if he had a charmed life.

In another battle, Hayes rode down to rally his men, but they melted away from around him, and left him exposed alone to the fire of the enemy, who filled the air with a hail of lead. He was galloping forward at full speed, when his horse was killed under him, and as the horse dropped, the rider was flung over his head, and terribly bruised from crown to heel, while the ankle of his left foot, catching in the stirrup, was dislocated. He lay conscious, but perfectly

still, well knowing that the slightest movement would bring him a shower of bullets; then at length, watching his chance, he leaped to his feet, and regained his own lines, after a sharp chase, and mounted his orderly's horse. He remained in the saddle all day, in spite of his dislocated ankle and other injuries. At the close of the day he was struck in the head by a spent ball.

Between May and October, 1864, Hayes was under fire on sixty days, and he was under fire about one hundred days in the course of the war, from 1860 to 1865. He was four times wounded, the severest wound being that received at South Mountain. He was beloved by the soldiers of his regiment, one of whom said, "A braver or better man was not in the army. On a long, dusty march I could always tell his horse, as it was always laden with the guns and knapsacks of the soldiers who were fatigued—he walking by its side, no matter how great the heat. Yes, sir, he was a kind man, but we had to do our whole duty as his soldiers."

At the close of the war in 1865, he was made a general, and elected a member of Congress for Cincinnati. As a statesman he has rendered good service, being especially zealous in the cause of education, having enthusiastically advocated the diffusion of knowledge by the formation of lending libraries, and the extension of the operations of existing similar beneficent institutions. In 1872 he was appointed Governor of the State of Ohio, the duties of which office he discharged with such wise administration as to command the admiration and approbation of the whole community. After a severe struggle, General Hayes was elected "King of the Kingless land," and for the past three years has ruled over forty-two millions of people. During the Presidential contest many strange reasons were given as to his unfittedness for the distinguished office,

not the least whimsical being that he was merely a Total Abstaining Sunday-school Teacher!

His adhesion to the principle of Total Abstinence is no new thing, for the *Providence Journal* narrates that, "Directly after his successful campaign for the Governorship of Ohio, Mr. Hayes chanced to be in Cleveland in attendance upon some important duties in connection with the recent campaign. After supper he and several of his political friends retired to his own apartments to talk over recent events, and, of course, hearty congratulations were given him from all. In the course of the evening some one suggested the expediency of calling for some champagne, to rightly celebrate his recent election. Mr. Hayes remarked that he desired none, and would prefer to have none brought up. The gentleman, however, in spite of his remonstrance, went into the hall, summoned a servant, and ordered some champagne. Presently a waiter came into the room with glasses and bottles of champagne on a tray, and set them down upon the table. Mr. Hayes immediately turned from the topic of conversation occupying those present, told the waiter to remove the tray from the room without delay, and remarked that he hoped the gentleman who had ordered the wine would excuse him, that he thanked him, but it was in direct opposition to his principles to partake of any alcoholic liquor at all, and especially so under the present circumstances. He said:—'Gentlemen, I consider my election to the Governorship worthy of a better celebration. I think it would be well for us all, instead of resorting to this kind of conviviality, rather to consider well what duties and responsibilities such an office enjoins upon me.' With these few manly remarks the subject was dropped. This incident shows unmistakably the general bearing of the man's character."

It is worthy of note that Abraham Lincoln, one of the best of General Hayes' predecessors in the important position which he now holds, was also an out-and-out abstainer, and it is encouraging to know that in addition to the President of the United States, the Emperor of Brazil, Queen of Madagascar, the Princess Louise, and if rumour be correct, the Princess Beatrice, are all total abstainers.

The wife of President Hayes was a Miss Lucy Ware Webb, of Cincinnati, to whom he was married in 1852. Her family was Kentuckian, of that sort which seems to assemble in itself whatever is fine and good in the Southern civilization, but she was herself born in Chillicothe, Ohio, where her father, Dr. James Webb, formerly of Lexington, Kentucky, had been long in practice. Her great-grandfather had, like her husband's, been an officer of the Revolution; and other ancestors had been people of note and substance in their native State. Her father was for many years "a colonizationist," but he died without carrying out his plans regarding the slaves on the family estate in Kentucky, and his children, after his death, freed them without conditions. The grateful blacks at once came to Ohio and settled as near their late owners as possible, where they long remained in the performance of all kinds of imaginary services, and the receipt of a substantial support.

Mrs. Hayes is a strong supporter of the President in his devotion to total abstinence. A leading New York journal recently referred to the matter in the following terms:—

"At the last State reception at the White House, one of the most brilliant ever held there, with its eight hundred and fifty invitations, no wine was allowed. The newspapers had been very sure that the good lady for once would forego her Temperance ideas, the wish perhaps being father to the thought. An Admiral present being asked if he missed the

wine, replied, 'Not a bit. It is a perfect godsend to old fellows like me to spend an evening without wine. To-morrow I'll get up in first-rate condition—no headache, not cross, and blessings on Mrs. Hayes for her good sound sense!'"

The moral heroism displayed by Mrs. Hayes is without a parallel. Heretofore he was considered a brave man who refused wine at a White House reception. President Polk was considered a remarkable man in this respect—he would not taste of wine at his own board. But he did not dare to brave the influence of custom so far as to refuse it a place at his receptions. The influence of Mrs. Hayes' devotion to principle will extend to every nation which has a Minister in Washington.

IV.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, M.D.,

The Distinguished Surgeon.

IV.

"With caution taste the sweet Circean cup :
He that sips often, at last drinks it up.
Habits are soon assumed ; but when we strive
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.
Called to the temple of impure delight,
He that abstains, and he alone, does right."

COWPER.

WE have long held the opinion that there are three classes of the community whose influence is pre-eminently to be desired in the great Temperance Reformation, namely, the preachers, the teachers, the doctors ; and we do not hesitate to say, that if these three were universally and heartily with us, legislative, oratorical, and (to coin a word) associational aid would be utterly uncalled for. Given the preachers TO EXHORT, the teachers TO INSTRUCT, and the doctors TO PRACTISE US, in the principle of Total Abstinence, and Intemperance would in a few years be signally and specifically improved out of existence.

Those who have carefully observed the course of events during the past ten years, cannot fail to have been impressed with the steady advance of Temperance opinion amongst these three leading professions. THEN, a total-abstaining curate was a rarity ; systematic teaching on the subject was not even dreamt of ; alcohol was the remedial agent prescribed for nearly every ailment under the sun. NOW, archbishops, bishops, deans, canons, the clergy of greater

and lesser degree, vie with each other in the profession of abstinence; School Boards earnestly vote the insertion of Temperance teaching in class-books; scholarships are founded conditional upon the competitors being abstainers; upwards of two thousand medical men append their signatures to a manifesto declaring that the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence; a London hospital from which alcoholic stimulants are rigidly excluded is an established fact; a British Medical Temperance Association holds periodical meetings, and a British Medical Temperance Journal occupies a high position in contemporary literature.

To endeavour to estimate the varied causes which have produced this improved state of affairs is not our present intention; but, doubtlessly, EXAMPLE has been the great motive power. An individual abstainer in any rank of life can, by the influence of his own personal example, do more for the amelioration of his fellows than it is possible for legislative enactments to accomplish; but, when the principle of total abstinence is wedded to high social distinction, world-wide celebrity, and universally acknowledged ability, as in the case of Sir Henry Thompson, it is impossible to gauge the greatness of the influence which radiates therefrom.

Sir Henry was born at Framlingham, Suffolk, on August 6th, 1820. His father had an idea that the medical profession was strongly impregnated with heterodox views upon religious questions; and upon this account emphatically objected to his son's becoming a member of the fraternity. This antagonistic feeling was maintained until the young enthusiast attained his majority, and an income sufficiently large to admit of his following the course of study upon which his heart was so fully set. In due time he walked the London and Paris hospitals, and by diligent

application and unwavering assiduity, speedily overcame the difficulties of a late start in life, and as readily secured a prominent position in his profession. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon of University College Hospital, London, in 1853, Surgeon in 1863, and Professor of Clinical Surgery in 1866. He gained the Jacksonian prize of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1852, and a similar prize in 1860.

The event which permanently established Sir Henry's reputation as a surgeon, possesses an historic interest. His Majesty, the late King of the Belgians, was in what was believed to be a hopeless condition. For a fortnight he had been utterly unable to lie down or to take his rest. In this extremity, the young English surgeon was summoned, and

nature, as the only

Sir Henry has been favoured with the instruction and artistic friendship of John Philip and the great Belgian painter, Alma Tadema, whose unique style he follows.

Several of Sir Henry's pictures have been well-hung at the Royal Academy. Artists, scientists, travellers, statesmen, authors—all distinguished and eminent in their several professions—are the guests around his hospitable board. To them his habitual example is one of total abstinence. He says that he is better without wine; better able to get through his work quickly and cheerfully, and better in health than he was ten years ago.

But Sir Henry has not simply confined his good words for total abstinence to friendly conversations amongst those who are honoured with invitations to his table. So long ago as March 15th, 1873, he addressed an admirable letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, from which we take the following extracts:

Again, Sir Henry observes:—"My main object is to express my opinion as a professional man, in relation to the habitual employment of fermented liquor as a beverage. But, if

I ventured one step further, it would be to express a belief that there is no simple habit in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist, in which the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest."

This emphatic deliverance received great attention at the time, and on the 4th of April following, Dr. E. Decaisne (Secretary of the French Association for the Suppression of Intemperance, and a physician of eminence practising in Paris) addressed a fraternal letter to Sir Henry Thompson, in which, after remarking that an experience of fifteen years has convinced him "that the prominent cause of disease in the upper classes may be attributed to the daily use of fermented liquors, even though taken in moderate quantities," he goes on to say, "Allow me deferentially to remark, my learned and respected brother, that in your great undertaking you are acting the part of a good citizen, and that of a true friend to your country, and I hope and believe that you will enlist numbers in this good cause, who think with us that the suppression of intemperance is the great question of the day in Europe."

A year later, in responding to an invitation to attend a meeting convened in Lambeth Palace, by the Church of England Temperance Society, Sir Henry wrote :—"I almost hesitate to say 'No,' so very much should I like to comply; although the utmost that I should desire to do would be to offer a brief but decided testimony in favour of Total Abstinence, as more favourable to the health of the majority of the community than habitual drinking, even of a so-called moderate kind." The friends in Manchester were more fortunate, however, and succeeded in obtaining the services of Sir Henry as Chairman of a great Band of Hope

Demonstration in their noble Free Trade Hall, when he delivered a highly suggestive and appropriate address.

A more recent appearance on the Temperance platform was at the Conference on Moderate Drinking, held in Exeter Hall, London, on the 7th February, 1877. From the excellent address delivered by Sir Henry on that occasion, we cull the following significant extract:—"I will tell you who cannot take alcohol, and that is very important in the present day. Of all the people I know who cannot stand alcohol it is the brain-workers, and you know it is the brain-workers that are increasing in number, and that the people who do not use their brains are going down, and that is a noteworthy incident.

"Let us just for one moment compare the life of a country squire of fifty or seventy years ago with the life of his modern prototype—the country gentleman of to-day. Why, our country squire in old time had little to think about besides a parish quarrel or two. He had no excitement whatever for his brain, unless it was the excitement of the hunting field. He read his county newspaper once a-week; the main part of which was the state of the market, and that part which records the births, marriages, and deaths—and he might possibly have through the county member a frank once or twice in the shape of a letter brought by a postman who came about so often to deliver it. And last, and by no means least, he inherited his religion and his politics from his father equally with the family acres, and never had to trouble his head about either of them. Does that make no difference? Is that anything like the condition of to-day? Why, your modern country gentleman must have every morning at his breakfast-table the latest news from every Court in Europe, or he will not be satisfied. He will read all this, and much more, while

he swallows his breakfast. He has fifty letters to answer a week, and I do not know how many telegrams. He must have opinions on every point in religion and politics, or he won't hold his own with society in the country, or in town where he must go to spend a part of the year; and he must know all the *pros* and *cons* about a hundred things which never crossed the tranquil brain of his grandfather. I cannot conceive a greater difference between the two conditions, and now you will see how my assertion about the brain-workers tells; and why all these men, who never troubled their brains, who had nothing whatever to excite them, drank thus freely and lived thus long, while the modern man in the country is as much a brain-worker as any man in town. Now, then, I reply lastly, and once for all: if you want to be a two-bottle man, go and live as your forefathers did—*if you can.*"

These are brave words, and we think it is the glorious hope of the Total Abstinence Movement that the brain-workers are arraying themselves upon its side—that the brain-working physicians are beginning to see and to act up to their responsibilities in the matter. Another medical man, Dr. Munroe, of Hull, made the following statement in one of his speeches a few years ago:—"It is a great sorrow to me now to think of, that for twenty years I made many families unhappy. *I believe I have made many drunkards*, not knowingly, nor purposely, *but I have recommended the drink.* It makes my heart ache, even now, to see the mischief I have made in years gone by—mischief never to be remedied by any act of mine." Baron Stockmar, in his affecting narrative of the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte, describes the royal lady as piteously crying upon her death-bed, "Doctor, they have made me tipsy!"—and one has said, that when the true story is told of the last

moments of Albert the Great and Good, it will be made plain that it has its lessons, dark and deep, upon this aspect of the Temperance reformation.

There is a feature of Sir Henry Thompson's advocacy of Total Abstinence, which is very characteristic. Moving in the highest circles, enjoying European fame, occupying a foremost place amongst his professional brethren, severely scholastic and highly cultured in his attainments, it is natural that he lays all the influence and stress that he can command upon the *moderate* use of alcohol. Taking it for granted that excessive drinking, drunkenness, intemperance, is utterly repugnant to correct tastes, his efforts are skilfully directed towards shattering the hateful battery of daily tippling in what is conventionally called "moderation," behind which so many professedly religious people ensconce themselves, but from which it cannot be denied that the great army of drunkards is daily and hourly recruited.

Sir Henry was made a corresponding member of the Society of Surgery in Paris in 1859, honorary member of *l'Accademia de' Quiriti* at Rome, and an officer of the Order of Leopold in 1864. He was knighted in 1867.

V.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH,

The Martyred Seaman.

V.

"The Saints of God! life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!"

BISHOP MACHAGAN.

JAMES GRAHAM GOODENOUGH was born at Stoke Hill, near Guildford, on December 3rd, 1830, and was the son of Dr. Edmund Goodenough, Dean of Wells, whose father gained a niche in ecclesiastical history as Bishop of Carlisle. Any who have enjoyed the luxury of a trip to Wells, and have traversed the stately aisles of the grand Cathedral pile, set as it is, in the midst of some of the most charming scenery in England, are not likely to dispute the inference that probably the passionate taste for music, and refined appreciation of the lovely and beautiful in nature and art, which distinguished the riper years of Goodenough, are due to the pleasing associations of his childhood's hours.

The privilege of being Jack-of-all-trades and master-of-none was practically denied our hero; for it is stated, that at his christening, his father selected the following of the sea as a profession for his son James; so that from his earliest days the lad was trained to look upon Her Majesty's Navy as the destined path of his future career. The good Dean's

son evinced a keen interest in the plan which was thus early brought before him, so much so, that in order to fortify himself, and to make himself more fitted to endure that hardness which might fall to his lot in the days to come, he voluntarily accustomed himself to a dry-bread breakfast, and this when he was only about eight years of age.

At ten he entered Westminster School, and on the 7th May, 1844, joined the Navy, sailing for the Pacific on September 7th, in the *Collingwood.* The sterling character of the young cadet is shown by the fact that he did not content himself with performing the mere routine duties of his office, but assiduously set to work to study foreign languages, and to otherwise economise the time which one less in earnest would have devoted to recreation. In 1848, after six weeks' leave of absence, he changed vessels, joining the *Cyclops*, on an expedition to Africa, returning to England again in 1849, to join the *Excellent.* He passed the mates' examination in June 1850, and in July 1851 succeeded in obtaining a lieutenant's commission; being appointed two months later to the *Centaur*, which was placed in charge of the South American station until February 1854, when the outbreak of the Crimean war necessitated her speedy recall.

The young officer was exceedingly anxious to see active service, and it was, therefore, with no little disappointment that he accepted a transference to the *Calcutta*, the guardship at Plymouth. Twelve months later, however, his ambition was gratified by his appointment to the *Hastings* as gunnery lieutenant, and at the bombardment of Sweaborg, he was in the thickest of the fray, two of the men in his boat being dangerously wounded by the bursting of a rocket. In 1856, he obtained command of the

gunboat *Goshawk*, and was present at the great review at Spithead, after the peace. In August of the same year, he was appointed first lieutenant of the *Raleigh*, which shortly afterwards sailed for China. Within one hundred miles of Hong Kong, the *Raleigh* struck on a rock on the 15th March, 1857, and became a total wreck, happily without loss of life. In May, Goodenough was given the command of a small hired steamer, the *Hong Kong*, and saw some stiff service at the battle of Fatshan. A few months later, this vessel was returned to her owners, and Lieutenant Goodenough accepted the post of second lieutenant of the *Calcutta*.

The following touching incident is related in connection with the capture of Canton :—After the action was over, the humane Goodenough saw one of the enemy, a tall Tartar soldier, enduring extreme agony from a wound in his thigh. Bending over his fallen foe, he gently poured the contents of his water bottle into the suffering soldier's mouth. An eye-witness observes, that "the poor man's grateful look was an abundant reward for the self-denial; if a painter could have painted such a look it would have created a sensation."

For his services at Canton he was promoted to the rank of acting commander of the *Calcutta*, and in May 1858 captured the Taku forts, with the loss of one man killed and two wounded. After a short trip to Japan, he returned home in August 1859. The Chinese difficulty still remaining unadjusted, he was appointed commander of the sloop *Reward*, and again proceeded to Hong Kong. In 1862, he returned, and in 1863, at the request of the Admiralty, he proceeded to North America to obtain information as to the ships and guns there in use. He married in May 1864, and in November of the same year took the com-

mand of the new flag-ship *Victoria*, and proceeded to Malta; during his stay there founding a "Soldiers' and Sailors' Institute," where the men might spend their leisure time profitably, and withal free from the dangers and temptations of the ordinary resorts. In May 1866 he joined the *Minotaur*, visiting Ireland in 1867 and 1868. Writing from Cork to a friend, he thus states his impressions:—"I dislike more and more those people who abuse the Irish, and complain that nothing can be done with them—and they have such pleasant manners. I think it must be that they are not borne down bodily and mentally by the wealth of their superiors ever present before their eyes. Oh! how I hate wealth. How I hate rich houses, and exclusive people, and everyone who does not open his heart to mean as well as rich people. How wonderful the sympathy which some Irish natives have, and how one sees what a source of comfort and peace their human sympathy is to them. It is all the difference between a spring welling out fresh clear water and being ever renewed, and a stagnant pool receiving all the refuse and evil drained from other minds."

In the spring of 1870, Captain Goodenough presided over a meeting given to seamen by some English residents at Lisbon. In the course of his remarks, he took up a position which is not unfrequently adopted by well-meaning controversialists (although to our mind most unreasonably so), and said that he considered Temperance a higher virtue than Abstinence, whilst he frankly conceded that the latter was in many cases a man's only safeguard, and the only means of preserving him from ruin, adding with characteristic candour that although he approved and applauded what they were doing, he did not do it himself. A few months later he was in England once more, and spoke in a similar strain at a meeting in the Sailors' Home, Portsea.

Reflecting upon the question, and honestly examining it in its several bearings, he soon changed his opinions, and came to the conclusion that he could not consistently advise others to do what he did not do himself. Henceforward he rigidly abstained from the use of all intoxicating liquors. Sympathy with those who were endeavouring to raise and rescue his men, in the first place considerably influenced his decision; but he was not long in discovering that his example not only furnished him with an answer to those who affirmed that it was impossible to do without stimulants in hot or cold climates, or after much hard work, but that his own health improved under the cold water treatment, and, as he expressed it at a meeting in Sydney, five weeks before his melancholy death, he was "as much up to hard work, as ready for any enjoyment, any exertion, or exposure (even to passing a night under a tree), as I have ever been in my life, and even more so."

An instance of his uncompromising manner of viewing things is thus recorded:—Discussing one day with a friend some of the difficulties of young officers with regard to expenses and extravagance, his companion, a younger man, spoke of being more careful. "No!" said he, "it's no use talking of being *more careful*, and trying to ease a thing off; my principle is, that if I found a thing interfering with my duty to my life, I would cut it off; root and branch—make an end of it at once; that is the only way."

We cannot stay to tell of his voluntarily imposed philanthropic work among the French peasantry about Sedan, during the dreadful Franco-Prussian war, his subsequent visit to Russia, and his instructive comments thereupon, but must hasten on to notice his appointment as Commodore of the Australian station, which command he took up in May, setting sail from Spithead in the *Pearl*, in June 1873.

With painstaking, nay, something akin to fatherly care, he watched over and guarded the interests of the men under his control, and in his canteens firmly declined to sanction the sale of beer. He arrived at Sydney in May 1874, having called by the way at the Fiji Islands. The next two months were spent in Sydney, where he speedily became very popular amongst the citizens, one of whom, in speaking of the favourable impression which the gallant Commodore created, says, "There was nothing more touching than to see him at a feast. I have often met him when men, as they yielded to the exhilarating influence of wine, dropped their sullen and selfish look, and became cheerful and sympathetic; but there sat the solitary water-drinker from the beginning to the end of the feast, his countenance lit up with an intelligent smile, enjoying the company of his fellow-men, by reason of a far deeper bond than participation in the same pleasure. He had renounced this species of excitement, not because *he* had found any harm from it, or believed there was any harm in it to men of ordinary self-control; but he was a commander of men, and with him command meant beneficence, and command meant example."

On the 14th June, 1875, the *Pearl* sailed from Sydney, in order to convey to Fiji the newly-appointed Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon. The passage was a rapid one, and, after a stay of three weeks, Goodenough again sailed westward. On the 11th August he landed at Vanikoro, of the Santa Cruz group, the inhabitants of which had a reputation for unfriendliness. The Commodore's intention was to have gone in with the ship, but there proved to be an insufficient draft of water, so he left the vessel outside the reef and took to the boats. The natives professed to be friendly, and volunteered to direct the party to an inland

village. The expedition was commenced, but after proceeding some three hundred yards Goodenough deemed it prudent to order his men back to the boats. When all but himself, two officers, and his coxswain had re-embarked, a native four yards from him shot an arrow which struck him in the left side, and the attack was immediately followed by a complete volley of arrows. He shouted, "To the boats!" and then rushed down amid a shower of arrows which wounded five men and himself again in the head, and shoved off. After his wounds had been dressed, he thought it right to mark his displeasure at the treachery of the natives, by burning the huts where the outrage occurred, having first given orders that no life should be sacrificed. The Commodore then took to his bed, and in a few days symptoms of tetanus supervened. He soon after said to those who were with him, "I gather from your manner that I am going to die soon; if so, I should wish to see all the officers to bid them good-bye." They all assembled, and after taking an affectionate farewell of each, he desired to take leave of the men, and insisted on doing so, although it was feared at first that the effort would be too great. Said he, "If I can only turn one soul to the love of God, if it were but the youngest boy in the ship, I must do it. Perhaps when they hear it from the lips of a dying man they will believe it." The scene is thus graphically pictured by his widow in her deeply interesting memoir, to which we are largely indebted for the incidents previously narrated:—

"He begged the men to smile at him and not look sad. He begged them to try and resist when on shore the temptations to sin. 'When you are tempted,' said he, 'think of the love of God.' He begged the older men, who had influence over the younger ones, to use it for good, adding, with touching pathos, 'Will you do this for my

sake? As to those poor natives,' said he, 'don't think about them and what they have done. It is not worth while; they couldn't know right from wrong. Perhaps some twenty or thirty years hence, when some good Christian man has settled among them and taught them, something may be learnt about it.' After again speaking of the vastness of God's love, he said, 'Before I go back to die, I should like you all to say, "God bless you,"' which they did, and he then replied, 'May God Almighty bless you with His exceeding great love, and give you happiness such as He has given me.'" Once again saying "Good-bye to all," he was carried back to his bed, saying, "I suppose there is nothing more to be done now, but to lie down and die quietly." When very near the end he was given some brandy and water; upon putting it to his lips he looked up with a smile and said, "Why this is pure brandy and water. I oughtn't to be faithless at the last," and would only consent to drink it upon being told by the surgeon that he ought to. On Friday, August 20th, he woke up from a short sleep looking a little dazed, and said, "I have quite forgotten all about everything." Seeing the Commander by his side he turned to him, saying, "Hastings, you will do all that is right," and quietly and peacefully the soul of the brave mariner passed away from life's troubled sea, to find a sure anchorage in the haven of heavenly rest.

VI.

DR. BENJ. WARD RICHARDSON, F.R.S.,

The Eminent Scientist.

VI.

"He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE Midlands have contributed many fair names to the long catalogue of famous men—a muster-roll which has ever been England's glory and boast—and the annals of the county of Leicester, rich as they are in remembrances of well-known worthies, will to abstainers at any rate, receive additional interest from the fact of being able to lay claim to the name of Dr. Richardson, who was born on the 31st October, in the year 1828, at Somerby. The groundwork of his education was received at a private academy, kept by a clergyman, the Rev. W. Y. Nutt, at Borough-on-the-Hill, in the same county, from whence, upon deciding to follow the medical profession, he was transferred to Anderson's University, Glasgow. The industry and diligence of the young student soon brought him considerable notoriety, and in the twenty-sixth year of his age he successfully graduated in medicine at the University of St. Andrew's. Two years later, Dr. Richardson became, by examination, a member of the Royal College of Physicians, and at about the same time (1856) he gained two valuable prizes, namely, the Fothergilian Gold Medal, for an essay on the diseases of the child before birth, and the Astley Cooper Prize of £300, for an essay on the coagulation of

the blood; thus showing that the capacity for investigation and experiment, which has brought his name into such great prominence during recent years, has been a prevailing characteristic in his career. His great natural attainments, and assiduous application to study, speedily gained him a high place in his profession; and within seven years of the time of his being admitted to the profession, he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, St. Andrew's University having meanwhile recognised his great achievements by conferring upon him the M.A. degree, and a few years later he was still further honoured by becoming the recipient of the degree of LL.D.

But it is not simply amongst his fellow-countrymen that his great abilities have been recognized. In 1863, Dr. Richardson was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Philosophical Society of America; and in 1867, was complimented in a similar manner, by the Imperial Leopold Carolina Academy of the Natural Sciences. His activity in his profession will be better understood by a brief recapitulation of his studies, discoveries, and investigations. To Dr. Richardson belongs the credit of having discovered the application of ether spray for the local abolition of pain in surgical operations, in 1866; and a year later he ventured upon another most important advance in medicine, by the introduction of methylene bi-chloride as a general anæsthetic. The study of disease by synthesis; the restoration of life after various forms of apparent death; the investigation of the theory of a nervous atmosphere, or ether; the effects of electricity on animal life; methods of killing animals intended for food, without the infliction of pain; numerous new medicines; together with many original researches on the treatment of diseases, form some of the labours which have gained him such a distinguished position amongst his

brethren. Indeed, it may be said, that his principal contributions to medical science have been directed to the advancement of medical practice by the experimental method.

The value of Dr. Richardson's labours in this manner have not been unnoticed by the profession. In the year 1868, he was presented by six hundred of his medical brethren and fellows in science with a handsome testimonial, consisting of a microscope by Ross, and a purse of one thousand guineas, in recognition of his various contributions to science and medicine. Dr. Richardson was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1867; has been President of the Medical Society of London; four times President of the Medical Graduates' Association of St. Andrew's; succeeded Lord Jerviswoode, in 1869, as assessor for the General Council in the University Court of St. Andrew's; was President of the Health Department of the Social Science Congress at Brighton, in 1875; is now President of the Society of Arts, and also Honorary Physician to the Royal Literary Fund, and to the Newspaper Press Fund; besides being an active member of most of the learned Societies. To Dr. Richardson belongs the credit of originating the *Journal of Public Health*, and also the *Social Science Review*, both of which he edited for some years with a considerable amount of success. He is the author of "Discoveries on Practical Physic," "The Diseases of Modern Life" (which treats largely of the maladies induced by the use of alcohol), and several other medical works.

Dr. Richardson's connection with the Temperance movement was brought about in a remarkable manner, and cannot be better stated than in his own words, which we quote from an important address delivered in the Sheldonian

Theatre, Oxford, on the 30th March, 1876. After observing that the result of his investigations had led him to conclude that the popular prevailing idea that alcohol, as a food, is a necessity for man, "has no basis whatever from a scientific point of view," the Doctor thus proceeds :—

"Let me say, that at the commencement of the labours which brought me to the conclusion above stated, I had no bias in favour of or preconceived opinion respecting alcohol.

"Like many other men of science, I had been too careless or too oblivious of those magnificent labours which the advocates of Temperance, for its own sake, had, for many previous years, through good report and evil report, so nobly and truthfully carried out. But for what may be called one of the accidents of a scientific career, I might indeed, to the end of my days, have continued negative on this question.

"The circumstance that led me to the special study of alcohol is simply told. In the year 1863 I directed the attention of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, during its meeting at Newcastle, to the action of a chemical substance called nitrate of amyl, the physiological properties of which I had for some months previously been subjecting to investigation. My researches attracted so much attention, that I was desired by the physiological section of the Association, over which Professor Rolleston most ably presided, to continue them, and, in the course of pursuing them, other chemical substances, nearly allied to that from which I started, came under observation. Amongst these was the well-known chemical product which the Arabian chemist, Albucasis, is said first to have distilled from wine, which, on account of its subtlety, was called

alcohol, which is now called ethylic alcohol, and which forms the stimulating part of all wines, spirits, beers, and other ordinary intoxicating drinks. To the research I devoted three years, from 1863 to 1866, modifying experiments in every conceivable way, taking advantage of seasons and varying temperatures of season, extending observation from one class of animal to another, and making comparative researches with other bodies of the alcohol series than the ethylic, or common alcohol.

"The results, I confess, were as surprising to me as to any one else. They were surprising from their definiteness and their uniformity. They were most surprising from the complete contradiction they gave to the popular idea that alcohol is a supporter and sustainer of the animal temperature."

In the months of November and December 1874, and January and February 1875, Dr. Richardson delivered the now famous course of Cantor Lectures on Alcohol, before the Society of Arts. The lectures deal, in a comprehensive, instructive, and able manner, with the whole question, and, in their published form, have run through twenty editions, and are still largely in request.

On the 7th February, 1877, a very important and influential meeting was held in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of Sir Henry Thompson, M.D. The addresses were on the subject of Moderate Drinking; and Dr. Richardson, who was one of the speakers, stated as his experience, that moderate drinking is the moral mainspring of the whole organization of drunkenness, and all the crime that results from it. In concluding an eloquent address, he observed, "In another age it will be a wonder that such arguments as those which we are obliged to use were ever, necessary to convert an unwilling world. In the meantime,

undeterred by any of those specious pleas, it is our duty, whether it be called fanatical or philosophical, practical or unpractical, advantageous to class interests or opposed to them, to unite body and mind, heart and soul, in suppressing this evil at its root, and in endeavouring to make this earth something nearer heaven, by pulling down from his high place the demon who still reigns so triumphantly in the sphere in which we live."

On the 7th of May, 1877, Dr. Richardson visited Cambridge, and spoke at considerable length upon the Action of Alcohol on the Mind. Later he took part in a meeting in the Royal Albert Hall, London, upon which occasion Dr. Heslop, of Birmingham, who was the next speaker, commenced his remarks by observing: "I beg leave, on the part both of the public and the profession to which I belong, to take this opportunity of tendering thanks to the accomplished physician who has just addressed you, for yet again bearing his testimony to the wrong of alcohol, and to the benefits of totally abstaining from it. Dr. Richardson has done more service during the last few years to his fellow-citizens, by his ardent speeches and his admirable writings on this subject, than probably any person living in this country. It is difficult for any one to glean anything from a field which has been reaped by Dr. Richardson."

Although Dr. Richardson's deliverances upon alcohol naturally appeal almost exclusively to the thoughtful, cultured, and intelligent minds in the adult population, it is encouraging to think that the young have not been entirely excluded from participation in them. A special meeting of officers and teachers in Sunday-schools was held in Exeter Hall, under his presidency; and, in an admirable address upon the occasion, he indicated the following seven great

points, which he recommended as highly important, to be impressed upon the minds of the scholars :—

I. That it is an entire fallacy to suppose that alcohol, in any of its forms as intoxicating drink, is the gift of God to man.

II. That if the habit of drinking intoxicating beverages is never indulged, it is never felt as a want.

III. If this habit be indulged, the difficulties of throwing it off are tenfold increased.

IV. You may further teach by history and by example —but always better by example—that the hardest work, mental and bodily, is best carried out without the stimulating effects of this agent, which so many look to for support in all their labours.

V. That alcohol has no claim, in a scientific sense, to be considered as a sustainer either of bodily or mental life or work.

VI. That in alcohol there is nothing that can build up any tissue, or supply any force.

VII. That in approaching the subject of Temperance, and in showing the uselessness of the most mischievous of all agents within the reach of man, you are promoting a good which extends beyond your own time.

We regret we cannot find space to refer to Dr. Richardson's abundant labours as a sanitarian. The *furore* which was created by his remarkable address at the Social Science Congress at Brighton, in 1875, will be still fresh in the recollection of our readers ; and, although some were sceptical as to the practicability of carrying out the ingenious suggestions for "Hygeia : a City of Health," many of the proposals are now in actual operation in various parts of the country.

In 1878, Dr. Richardson prepared his "Temperance Lesson Book," at the request of the National Temperance

League. The work speedily attained to an immense circulation, and is now in daily use in numberless schools throughout the kingdom. It is impossible to speak too highly of this effort to indoctrinate the minds of the rising generation with the teachings of Science as to the true nature of Alcohol. We believe that the lapse of a few years will produce a grand harvest, as a result of the good seeds which, by this means, are now being so widely and wisely sown.

VII.

REV. CANON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,

The Learned Divine.

VII.

"A man who devotes his life to learning, shall he not be learned?"

CARLYLE.

THERE is an erroneous impression abroad, that the promotion of Temperance by the Church of England is quite a new movement, and we have listened to more than one reference to this assumed fact, the speaker in each case announcing, with withering sarcasm, that he rejoiced that the Church of England had *at last* joined in the great Christian crusade against intemperance. The origin of this fallacy is probably to be traced to the circumstance, that a few years ago, the then existing Church of England Temperance Society was submitted to a thorough and systematic revision and reorganization, the Executive Council boldly adopting the daring innovation of inviting every member of the Church to join in the suppression of intemperance, irrespective of whether he was prepared to become a personal abstainer or not. The wisdom of this step has been abundantly demonstrated; so much so, that scarcely a day elapses without the ranks of the abstaining section of this powerful association becoming strengthened by the welcome addition of self-convinced non-abstainers. Foremost amongst those recruited in this manner may be placed the names of Wilberforce and Farrar.

The Rev. C. R. Farrar, the father of the Rev. Canon Farrar, was himself a clergyman of the Church of England,

and held the rectory of Sidcup, in Kent, for a considerable period. Becoming profoundly impressed with the claims of the missionary movement, he resigned his benefice, and attached himself to the permanent staff of the Church Missionary Society, under whose auspices he went out to India, where his son, Frederic William, was born in the Fort of Bombay in the year 1831. At an early age, the young lad was sent to King William's College, Isle of Man, where he remained until the sixteenth year of his age, being then transferred to King's College, London. Four years subsequently, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, bearing with him the reputation of having gained the classical and divinity scholarships of King's College, and also the classical exhibition of the University of London. In 1852, Mr. Farrar became a foundation scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree with great honours in 1854, and being elected a Fellow of his College in 1856. He obtained several valuable prizes; amongst the number, the Norrisian prize, awarded for his contribution on "The Doctrine of the Atonement;" the Le Bas prize; and for his poem, "The Arctic Regions, and the Hope of Discovering the Lost Adventurers," the Chancellor's English medal for the best English prize poem. In 1854, Mr. Farrar became an assistant master at Marlborough College, of which Dr. Cotton (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta), was then principal, and after a short but highly-successful period of work in this sphere, he resigned the appointment to enter upon similar duties at Harrow, under Dr. Vaughan. In 1854, Mr. Farrar was ordained Deacon by the Bishop of Salisbury, and Priest in 1857 by the Bishop of Ely, in which year he also took his M.A. degree. In 1858, he was appointed Honorary Fellow of King's College, became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1864, Preacher to the University of

Cambridge in 1868, Honorary Chaplain to Her Majesty in 1869, and Hulsean Lecturer in 1870.

On the 16th January, 1871, he was elected to the important position of Head-Master of Marlborough College, and next year received the appointment of Chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen, and was the first who took the D.D. degree by examination in accordance with the new regulations at Cambridge, which he did in the year 1874. In 1875, Dr. Farrar became Canon of Westminster, and next year was nominated to the valuable rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster, whereupon he resigned the principalship of Marlborough College, and left behind him the bright landscapes of a rural district, to do battle with the complex cares and anxieties of a metropolitan parish.

It will thus be seen that full forty years of his busy life have been spent in scholastic duties, either as student or teacher, and it is quite impossible to measure the extent of the wonderful influence of his labours amongst the youth of the nation. Testimonies from sources which cannot fail to command respect, have over and over again been given to Canon Farrar's worth in this respect. Bishop Cotton, who, as we have already remarked, was Head-Master at Marlborough, when Farrar first went there, said, in a letter in 1865, "I never knew anyone who had a greater power of stimulating intellectual exertion and literary taste. The impulse which he imparted to my sixth form was extraordinary. When boys first joined it, they seemed in a very short time to be imbued by him with a new intellectual life, and a real desire of knowledge and improvement for their own sakes." When he was a candidate for the position of Head-Master of Marlborough, he was sustained by a number of testimonials from most of the leading pro-

fessors of the day. The distinguished philosopher, Professor Maurice, with whom Farrar was upon terms of the closest intimacy, gave the following expressive estimate of his former pupil—(for it should be remembered that, while at King's College, Farrar enjoyed the tuition of Dr. Jelf, Professor Plumptre, Archdeacon Browne, Professor Maurice, etc.)—"He is well able to combine the culture of other days with the special wisdom of ours;" Professor Max Müller said the name of Farrar would "add lustre to any school in England." Dr. Butler, the Head-Master of Harrow, wrote, "As an accurate and scientific scholar, a man of letters, and one of the first speakers and preachers of our time, he cannot fail to bring fame and force to any institution, however high, with which he may be now or hereafter connected;" while Dr. Vaughan observed, "His character is most lovable. He wins to himself all who approach him. He would be, I am sure, the magnet of all that is noble and generous in the hearts of those whom he ruled. And it would be with no selfish motive, but with the single-minded desire to implant and to cherish in his pupils everything high-minded, and religious, and Christian, that he would put forth this singular power of attraction." Dr. Farrar's *régime* at Marlborough more than justified these remarkable expressions of opinion, and upon resigning the position he received a testimonial valued at One Thousand Guineas, subscribed for by his late colleagues and pupils.

As an author, Canon Farrar is highly and deservedly esteemed. In 1858 he published a marvellously fascinating story of school life, entitled, "Eric; or, Little by Little," which has passed through fifteen editions, and is said to be autobiographical in character; the Isle of Roslyn being the Isle of Man, and the "Eric" of the story being

none other than the Frederic of the title page. So great was the success of the work, that it was followed in 1859 by "Julian Home," and in 1863 by "St. Winifred's; or, the World of School," each of which has also run through several editions. To philological literature he has contributed "The Origin of Language," 1860; "Chapters on Language," 1865; "Greek Grammar Rules," 1865 (seventh edition now in circulation); "Greek Syntax," 1867; "Families of Speech," 1870. In connection with his scholastic work, he has published "A Lecture on Public School Education," delivered before the Royal Institution in 1867, and edited "Essays on a Liberal Education," in 1868. His theological works are "The Fall of Man, and other Sermons," 1865; "Seekers after God," 1869; "The Witness of Christ to History," 1871; "The Silence of the Voice of God," 1873; "In the Days of thy Youth," 1876 (being sermons to the Marlborough boys, and one of the most popular of the author's writings, having speedily attained its third edition).

Canon Farrar's greatest success as an author so far is undoubtedly "The Life of Christ," published by Cassells in 1874. Eighteen editions have already been issued, and the public demand for the work is still unsupplied. Besides the volumes enumerated, Canon Farrar has just written a "Life of St. Paul," and has contributed many valuable articles to the "Dictionary of the Bible," "Kitto's Biblical Cyclopædia," "Encyclopædia Britannica," "Bible Educator," *Quarterly Review*, *Fraser's Magazine*, *Quiver*, *Contemporary Review*, etc., some of which have produced important modifications in the training given in our public schools.

As a preacher and platform orator, Canon Farrar enjoys a unique position, being alike acceptable to the learned and

intellectual professors at the University, and popular with the masses of the general public who crowd to hear him in the great city. With rare eloquence, admitted persuasiveness, and a singularly effective method of delivery, he combines an earnest practical nature which never fails to impress his hearers with the fact that they are listening to one, who having realized the responsibilities of his high office, has determined to discharge its arduous duties to the utmost of his ability. This it is which led Canon Farrar to take up the Temperance movement. In a speech delivered at the Conference of the National Union of Elementary Teachers, in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, he said,—"When I first came to London, the very first experience I had showed me that this (drunkenness) was the curse of the nation. The very first time I preached in my church, the service was interrupted by a drunken man. The first time my wife went to Westminster Hospital, she was as nearly as possible knocked down the steps by a drunken man. The first pastoral visit I paid was to the room occupied by a woman who, though too poor to pay for the schooling of her children, yet was able to spare enough for a consumption of drink that forced her to clutch the nearest article of furniture to save her from falling. With experiences such as these," continued Canon Farrar, "what could one do but take any step that would in the slightest degree—were it only one individual or one family—rescue these people from a state of degradation."

We remarked at the outset that Canon Farrar is a distinguished illustration of those who, beginning as advocates of moderation, are, by the sheer force of experience, driven to accept the pledge of total abstinence. His own account of the matter, given when presiding at a temperance

lecture delivered by the Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D., minister of Belgrave Presbyterian Church, in the Mission-room, New Tothill-street, Westminster, is most interesting. Canon Farrar said,—"that the last time he addressed a meeting in that room on the subject of total abstinence he was not a pledged abstainer. Since then he had taken every possible opportunity of examining into the nature of the pledge, for he had determined that if he ever took it at all, he would only do so as the result of mature deliberation. Well, long thought only added more to his conviction, and after seeing that even a single glass of wine, when one was engaged in laborious work, was rather injurious than otherwise, he finally, not in the least for his own sake, but solely for the sake of others, took the pledge at the beginning of the month."

Canon Farrar was one of the speakers at the magnificent demonstration against moderate drinking held in Exeter Hall, and the two points which he essayed to speak upon were, public example and personal security. He brought a powerful argument upon the first division of the question to an eloquent conclusion by the following stirring appeal: "While, in the meantime, the Legislature is trying experiments; while conferences are sitting; while congresses are talking; while the requisite thousands are being collected; while efforts are being made to meet this immense and powerful monopoly, all this while thousands and tens of thousands of our stalwart men and fine lads, and our young girls, are simply reeling along that path of fiery pitfalls which ends in the drunkard's grave; and, therefore, let us all try to do something, and if we can do nothing else, we can do this one very little thing,—viz., show, by our personal example, how easy a thing it is, and how beneficial a thing it is, to abstain from that which, in extreme moderation,

may have produced no injurious results, but which is most fatal and most ruinous to thousands who begin with that extreme moderation, and are led by it to fatal excess as by a direct and yet most treacherous avenue."

Canon Farrar frequently treats of Temperance in the pulpit, and has published two masterly sermons on the subject; one entitled "The Vow of the Rechabites," and the other, "The Vow of the Nazarite." The latter was preached before the University of Cambridge, and was characterised by a liberality of thought and aptness of illustration that are as rare as they are gratifying. After sketching in vigorous phrases the practice and position of the Nazarites referred to in the sacred text, the preacher skilfully referred to Antony, Boniface, Bernard, Francis of Assissi, Milton, Wesley, Lacordaire, as illustrious examples of abstinence, observing —"There seems to be a special strength, a special blessing, above all a special power of swaying the souls of others for their good, which is imparted to wise and voluntary abstinence. The hands of invisible consecration overshadow, the fire of a spiritual unction crowns, the head of him who in early youth has learnt to say with his whole heart, 'In strong warfare, in holy self-denial, I dedicate my youth to God.' And such we want: we want them among you the youth of England; and in proportion as we get them will England sink or rise. We want very specially just now this almost scornful rejection of self-indulgence, this deliberate determination to plain living and high thinking in the young. We do not want those whom they call the gilded youth—the fluttering butterflies of the season —the dandies and the gossipers, and the pleasure-seekers, who make their lives deservedly wretched because they make them deliberately base, and to whom we might say, in the words of the poet—

"'Ah, what avails to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul be dirt?'"

After contrasting life at the University of the present day, with that of a century or two ago, he brought the Temperance question home to the collegians by this eloquent declaration—"And in the hearing of some of you, in whose hands shall be the future of England, who will live to fill her pulpits, to write her literature, to make her laws, and who will, I hope, be eager to help in tearing away this poisoned robe which has been maddening the blood of our country; I say, with all the emphasis of a conviction not hastily or rashly formed, that not only are our best agencies of mercy neutralised by this one vice of intemperance, but that all these agencies concentrated into their most effective vigour would do less—infinitely less—good than would be done by the expulsion of this one *preventable* cause of sin and misery. Called by the Providence of God from the brightness of a life spent at our great public schools, to face the repellent squalor of London pauperism, *that* has been brought home to me by vivid personal experience, 'I speak that which I know, and testify that which I have seen.'"

We are satisfied that the courageous example of this illustrious abstainer has already borne much fruit, and trust it may long continue to exert a great influence over an extended circle. Probably many of that goodly company who have received their education at his hands, will be induced to throw in their lot with the patriotic cause of Temperance, if for no other reason than this, that he whom they had learnt to love, has himself learnt to love it for the sake of his great love to his fellow-creatures.

The story of his life is one continuous narrative of progression and development, and a calm survey of the past achievements of this greatly respected divine justifies a prognostication which we venture upon with an earnest expectation that the day of its accomplishment may soon be fulfilled—namely, that Canon Farrar is destined to be elevated to a seat upon the Episcopal Bench. For this dignity he is pre-eminently fitted, not more by his great natural abilities and profound scholastic attainments, than by his truly pure and heroic endeavours to persuade the sons of Adam to come into closer communication with the Great Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

VIII.

THOMAS EDWARD,

The Scotch Naturalist.

VIII.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—COLERIDGE.

THE worthy men whom the author of "Self-Help" delights to honour, are in the main sturdy heroes, cradled in working-class homes, and beset with the thousand-and-one obstacles to success incident to a start in life from such humble beginnings. Usually Dr. Smiles's pen has been occupied with the narration of the struggles and triumphs of those who have passed over to the majority, ere he gave to the world his thoughtful estimation of their labours. In one notable instance, however, the reading public was startled by the production of a captivating volume, the preface to which concludes with the following suggestive observations:—"It may be objected, why write the life of a man who is still living? To this it may be answered, that Edward has lived his life and done his work. With most of us, '*Hic jacet*' is all that remains to be added. If the book had not been written now, it is probable, that it never would have been written. But it may be asked, 'Is the life really worth writing?' To this question the public alone can give the answer." For ourselves we will only say, that the non-publication of the story of the

devoted labours of the "Scotch Naturalist" would have been an undoubted loss to literature. That the life was worth the writing, has been abundantly manifested by the large circulation to which the volume has already attained. An intelligent admiration of the unmistakable genius, whose painstaking devotion to science it so graphically describes, has shewn itself in many quarters; and the Earl of Beaconsfield's graceful appreciation of his duty as custodian of the Royal Literary Fund, from which he promptly granted an annuity to the "Scotch Naturalist," was warmly approved by the public in general, and the literary and scientific world in particular.

Who, then, is this "Scotch Naturalist" who may to-day enjoy the singular felicity of taking down from his bookshelf the record of his own life? The story is soon told. The "Scotch Naturalist" is Thomas Edward, who was born at Gosport on Christmas Day, 1814. His parents were a worthy Scotch couple, the father being a hand-loom cotton weaver by trade. Soon after our hero was born, the family took up their residence in Aberdeen. The love of nature was from the first a distinguishing characteristic of the young lad. Many are the stories which Dr. Smiles tells of the child's keen interest in animated creation, and many were the punishments which the young enthusiast patiently endured rather than forego the pleasure of following his favourite pursuit. By-and-bye he was sent to school, but his ardour for the society and companionship of creeping things innumerable, proved a great hindrance to his progress in the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and an unpleasant knack of cramming his pockets with living specimens of slimy sluggish snails, birds, leeches, bees, reptiles, and other odds and ends, brought about his ignominious expulsion from three schools successively.

At six years of age he commenced to earn his living, and found employment at a tobacco factory in Aberdeen, at the wage of fourteen pence a week. In two years' time he and his brother were transferred to the Grandholm cotton factory, pleasantly situated on the river Don, about two miles from Aberdeen. Thomas was greatly delighted with the change, for it brought him into nearer communication with lovely woods and glorious old plantations teeming with nature and natural beauties. At eleven years of age the father thought it was time for Thomas to be apprenticed to a trade, and accordingly an engagement for an apprenticeship of six years was entered into with one Charles Begg, a shoemaker. The wages were to be eighteenpence per week for the first year, with sixpence to be added weekly in each succeeding year. Hours 6 a.m. to 9 p.m., two hours being allowed for meals, and the master to provide shoes and aprons.

This era in the life of the "Scotch Naturalist" is amply dealt with by the biographer, and will, we are sure, be perused with great interest by those actively sympathising with Temperance work, opening up, as it does, one of the most suggestive phases of the horrible cruelties which the innocent and unsuspecting are daily called upon to bear, at the hands of those whose actions are wickedly stimulated by alcoholic liquors. Dr. Smiles observes that, "the only things Begg could do, besides shoemaking, were drinking and fighting. He was a great friend of pugilism; though his principal difficulty, when he got drunk, was to find anybody to fight with in that pacific neighbourhood. It was a misfortune for the boy to have been placed with so dissolute a vagabond. He had, however, to do his best. He would, doubtless, have learnt his trade very well, but for the drunkenness of his master, who was evidently going headlong to ruin. He was very often absent from the shop; and, when

customers called, Edward was sent out by his mistress to search the public-houses frequented by Begg, and the latter when found was usually intoxicated. The customers would not return, and the business consequently fell off. When drunk, Begg raved and swore, and, after beating the boy in the shop, he would go upstairs and beat his wife." Such a besotted wretch was not likely to show much tenderness to the pet birds, young moles, and other similar treasures of his apprentice; and many were the cruelties which young Edward was called upon to see inflicted upon those living creatures, which were far dearer to him than his own life. Upon one of these occasions the persecuted boy went home fully determined that he would never again serve for a single moment under such a brute, and he never did.

The perplexed lad, heartily sick of shoemaking, next tried to ship himself off to sea, but being unsuccessful, ran away from home, and went on tramp to Dundee. After an absence of a week, he once again found shelter under the parental roof, and, at the urgent request of his mother, returned to the shoemaking under a new employer. At eighteen, he enlisted in the Aberdeenshire Militia, and one day upon drill his ruling passion soon brought down upon him the stern rebuke of his officers. A large brown butterfly flitted past. Edward had never seen its like before. Without a moment's thought, away he chased after it, and had nearly caught the prize, when suddenly he was gripped by the neck and found himself taken prisoner by the corporal of his company.

Two years later, he removed to Banff, where he married and settled down. His wife proved herself a true helpmeet, and, although his earnings did not amount to more than 9*s.* 6*d.* per week, the young couple lived happily together. It was at this time that Edward began that system of self-

education which has stood him in such stead in his later years. Whilst he was apprenticed to Begg, the drunken shoemaker, he asked leave to attend a writing class in the evenings, and was met with the rejoinder, "What! learn to write! I suppose you will be asking to learn dancing next! What business have you with writing? Am I to be robbed of my time to enable you to learn to write?" Now, however, he sought and found an inexhaustible source of delight in his original researches into the habits and characteristics of birds and animals. He associated very little with his fellow-workers, and was quite a mystery to them, because he did not, as they, seek for enjoyment at the bar of a public-house!

Dr. Smiles records that Thomas Edward, "on returning home from his work at night, used to equip himself with his insect boxes and bottles, his botanical book, and his gun; and to set out with his supper in his hand, or stowed away in his pocket. The nearest spring furnished him with sufficient drink. So long as it was light, he scoured the country, looking for moths, or beetles, or plants, or birds, or any living thing that came in his way."

Such was his industry, however, that by the year 1845 he had preserved nearly 2,000 specimens of living creatures, found in the neighbourhood of Banff. With wonderful ingenuity, he prepared cases, and with his own hands fitted up an interesting exhibition of his collection, which he threw open to his fellow-townsmen, upon payment of a small admission fee. In 1846, he gave another and more attractive exhibition, the success of which was so great that he determined to remove the collection to the city of Aberdeen, where he was sanguine of great results. Unhappily his expectations were doomed to disappointment, his greatest difficulty being to persuade the public that he was not an

impostor ; for they refused to believe that the collection was entirely the work of his own hands, or that it was his own exclusive property. One of the objectors, a local physician of some eminence, upon more than one occasion argued the point with poor Edward, and urged that working shoemakers had neither the learning nor the opportunities necessary for scientific pursuits, nor yet the time nor the money to spare for the purpose. Said he, "No, poor devils! they need all their time and all their money to eke out their bare and half-starved existence." To this vigorous criticism Edward replied, "I quite agree with you in some of your remarks; but I am sorry to say that the wretchedness you allude to, is in too many cases attributable to themselves, and also to their slatternly and improvident wives. They do not go into the fields to drink in the sweets of nature, but rush unthinkingly into the portals of hell, and drown their sorrows in whisky. In this way they beggar themselves and pauperise their families."

We have not space to tell of the efforts which Edward made at Aberdeen to popularize his exhibition. Suffice it to say, that after six weeks' experience, the magnificent collection of birds and natural objects, which it had taken him eight years to collect, was sold for £20 10*s.* ; and he returned to Banff, full of despair, to begin the battle of life again at shoemaking. By the year 1858, Edward had accumulated another splendid collection of natural history objects. This was his third, and probably his best. His midnight explorations had not been undertaken, however, without making great inroads upon his health. We read that "when going out at night, Edward was often advised to take whisky with him. He was told that if he would drink it when he got wet or cold, it would refresh and sustain him, and otherwise do him a great deal of good. Those who knew of his night-wanderings, wondered how he

could ever have endured the night air, and been kept alive, without the liberal use of whisky. But Edward always refused. He never took a drop of whisky with him—indeed, he never drank it, either at home or abroad. 'I believe,' he says, 'that if I had indulged in drink, or even had I used it at all on these occasions, I could never have stood the cold, the wet, and other privations to which I was exposed. As for my food, it mainly consisted of good oatmeal cakes. It tasted very sweet, and was washed down with water from the nearest spring. Sometimes, when I could afford it, my wife boiled an egg or two, and these were my only luxuries. But as I have already said, *water was my only drink.*'"

His wife's testimony on the matter is surely well worth attention. The good dame upon being recently asked what she thought of her husband's wanderings about at night, wisely replied,—"Weel, he took such an interest in beasts that I didna compleen. Shoemakers were then a very drucken set, but his beasts keepit him frae them. My man's been a sober man all his life; and he never negleckit his work. Sae I let him be."

In 1866, Mr. Edward was elected an associate of the Linnæan Society, and shortly afterwards was unanimously admitted a member of the Aberdeen Natural History Society, and also a member of a kindred association in Glasgow.

It will not, we trust, be considered out of place here, to remind the reader that another distinguished naturalist may also be claimed as an Illustrious Abstainer. The late Charles Waterton in his well-known Autobiography writes as follows:—

"The severe attacks of dysentery, and the former indispositions caused by remaining in unwholesome climates, and by exposure to the weather, seem to have made no

inroad into my constitution ; for although life's index points to sixty-two, I am a stranger to all sexagenarian disabilities, and I can mount on to the top of a tree with my wonted steadiness and pleasure. As I am confident that I owe this vigorous state of frame to a total abstinence from all strong liquors, I would fain say a parting word or two to my young reader on this important subject. If he is determined to walk through life's chequered path with ease to himself, and with satisfaction to those who take an interest in his welfare, he will have every chance in his favour, provided he makes a firm resolution never to run the risk of losing his reason through an act of intemperance, for the preservation of his reason will always insure to him the fulfilment of his resolution, and his resolution will seldom fail to crown his efforts with success. The position of an irrational ass, cropping thistles on the village common, is infinitely more enviable than that of a rational man under the influence of excessive drinking. Instinct teaches the first to avoid the danger, whilst intemperance drives the last headlong into the midst of it. To me there is no sight in civilised society more horribly disgusting than that of a human being in a state of intoxication. The good Jesuit, who, six-and-forty years ago, advised me never to allow strong liquors to approach my lips, conferred a greater benefit on me than if he had put the mines of Potosi at my immediate disposal. I might fill a large volume with the account of miseries and deaths which I could distinctly trace to the pernicious practice of inebriety. I have seen manly strength, and female beauty, and old age itself, in ruins under the pressure of this degrading vice. The knave thrives on the follies of the drunkard, and whole families may trace the commencement of their decay to the dire allurements of the public-house."

IX.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL, M.P.,

The Sailor's Friend.

IX.

"Of those things only should one be afraid,
Which have the power of doing others harm:
Of the rest, no: because they are not fearful."

DANTE.

A BREWER'S clerk seems to be an unpromising subject for the eulogy of abstainers; but truth is stranger than fiction, and it so happens that the gentleman whose name is so warmly received in Temperance circles nowadays, was once upon a time the humble dependent of a big brewer, who, as is usual with potential liquor-men, was at the same time chief magistrate of the important town in which he conducted his business.

Samuel Plimsoll is one of twelve children born to Mr. Thomas Plimsoll, and first saw the light in the great western seaport of Bristol, in 1824. His parents were not burthened with riches, so the children were early placed out to work for their daily bread, and had to fight the battle of life unaided. In the prosecution of this mission, Samuel, while quite a lad, removed to Penrith, and after a short stay there, proceeded to Sheffield, where he obtained employment in a solicitor's office.

The restless activity of the young fellow, who anxiously desired to make his way in the world, soon wearied of the dry routine and drudgery of the law; and he transferred his services to Mr. Birks, a local brewer, and Mayor of the

borough at the time. Mr. Plimsoll attached himself to the Congregational body, and became a member of the church which enjoyed the ministrations of the Rev. Thomas Smith. He speedily sprang to the front as an ardent worker, and in 1851 was appointed to the onerous and responsible post of local honorary secretary of the Great Exhibition. This office was highly congenial to his tastes, and so self-denying were his exertions, so unremitting his attention, and so enterprising and satisfactory were his arrangements, that Sheffield took an exceedingly prominent position in the world's great show; and it was unanimously conceded that some pecuniary compensation was abundantly due to the enthusiastic Mr. Plimsoll for performing his work so well. But the energetic secretary had a soul above money, and an honorarium, delicately offered by the Commissioners, was firmly and courteously declined.

Soon afterwards Mr. Plimsoll determined to try his fortune in London. He was then twenty-eight years of age, and with a very limited capital, commenced business as a coal-merchant. Not long ago, in referring to that time, he said:—"For months and months I lived in one of the model lodging-houses established mainly by the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury. There is one in Fetter Lane, another in Hatton Garden; and, indeed, they are scattered all over London. I went there simply because I could not afford a better lodging. I have had to make 7*s.* 9½*d.* (3*s.* of which I paid for my lodging) last me a whole week, and I did it. It is astonishing how little you can live on when you divest yourself of all fancied needs! I had plenty of good wheaten bread to eat all the week, and the half of a herring for a relish (less will do if you can't afford half, for it is a splendid fish), and good coffee to drink; and I know how much—or rather how little—roast mutton you can get

for twopence for your Sunday's dinner. Don't suppose I went there from choice; I went of strong necessity (and this was promotion, too); and I went with strong shrinking —with a sense of suffering great humiliation, regarding my being there as a thing to be carefully kept secret from all my old friends. In a word, I considered it only less degrading than sponging upon friends, or borrowing what I saw no chance of ever being able to repay."

The originality of Mr. Plimsoll's genius was not long in turning his newly-adopted avocation to good account, and he invented a system of loading, which he patented. This has proved a great commercial success, so that the royalty is now a highly valuable property.

In 1865 he was a candidate for the representation of Derby in the Imperial Parliament, but was unsuccessful. In 1868 he again contested the borough, and was returned with the substantial majority of 2,500 votes. His public career since then has been one of continued usefulness.

We have mentioned that Mr. Plimsoll was born in Bristol, the history of which ancient seaport is bound up with the fortunes of that adventurous family, the Cabots. An interesting parallel has been drawn from this circumstance by one of Mr. Plimsoll's admirers, who observes that "in many respects the mantle of the Cabots may be said to have fallen on Mr. Plimsoll's shoulders. He did not, it is true, plough the distant seas in search of some fabled land of Cathay, where people should never grow old; but he did what every original genius does—he found out a sphere in which to labour, and worked at it with all his might. His mission has been, if not to cross the seas himself, to provide for the safety of those who are obliged to do so. That is the work by which he has made his name a household word amongst us; but it is not the

only one by any means through which he has earned an honoured place in the annals of England. This one work, indeed, is sufficient to place him on the muster-roll of that noble army which includes the names of Howard and Wilberforce. The Romans awarded the civic crown to him who had saved the life of a single citizen. What honours would, in their estimation, have been adequate for him of whom it is no exaggeration to say that his unselfish efforts have been the means of saving thousands of British sailors from a watery grave?"

The fame of Britain as a maritime nation has ever been the theme of our patriots and poets. No song ever fires the true Briton's heart so surely as the stirring strain—

"Rule Britannia! Rule the waves;
Britons never shall be slaves."

When Campbell penned the noble lyric, "Ye Mariners of England," he stepped at once into the affections of the whole nation, which enthusiastically welcomed his outburst of patriotism:—

"Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the flood below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow."

How strange it is, then, that so little was done for our poor sailors until Mr. Plimsoll's time. That older ballad on which Campbell is said to have modelled his glorious stanzas, is perhaps the truer of the two. The touching pathos of the quaintly-written lines, appeals direct to the heart:—

"You gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease;
How little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas,
When the stormy winds do blow."

Mr. Plimsoll not only thought about the patient heroic mariners, but with an earnestness that defied all obstacles —God alone knows how many and real they have been— set himself to work out the amelioration of their condition also. By resolutions in the House of Commons, by eloquent speeches in all parts of the country, and by much vigorous writing in the public journals, he has carried on his philanthropic campaign. A few years ago he published his famous book, *Our Seamen: An Appeal*, which bore the characteristic dedication: "To the Lady, gracious and kind, who seeing a labourer working in the rain, sent him her rug to wrap about his shoulders."

Mr. Plimsoll's mission is tersely set forth in the following extract:—"There are many hundreds of lives lost annually by shipwreck; and, as to the far greater part of them, they are lost from causes which are easily preventible. I may say further, that they would not be lost if the same care was taken of our sailors by the law as is taken of the rest of our fellow-subjects. A great number of ships are regularly sent to sea in such a rotten and otherwise ill-provided state that they *can* only reach their destination through fine weather, and a large number are so overloaded that it is nearly impossible for them also to reach their destination if the voyage is at all rough. And I can show you that from these two causes alone (and these applied only to one portion of our merchant ships), rather more than a full half of our losses arise."

For upwards of six years, Mr. Plimsoll directed all his

energies towards bringing about some legislative enactment which should diminish the dangers attaching to the mercantile marine of this country; and the Queen's Speech at the commencement of the Session of 1875 acknowledged the justice of his plea. The President of the Board of Trade introduced his Merchant Shipping Bill, and all went well until the month of July, when Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) announced that pressure of other business would necessitate the abandonment of the proposed measure. Mr. Plimsoll's indignation was uncontrollable, and he besought the Prime Minister in the most solemn way not to deliver up thousands of our brave mariners to certain death, by the withdrawal of the Bill. He suggested that the course had been brought about by interested shipowners, or "shipknackers" as he witheringly termed them; and in a burst of emotion exclaimed, "I will unmask the villains, who have sent brave men to death!" The incident was not without its effect, for although Mr. Plimsoll was called upon to apologize for using unparliamentary language, he had the satisfaction of witnessing the passing of a temporary measure, embodying the greater number of his own suggestions.

With regard to the question of Temperance, Mr. Plimsoll, in addressing a public meeting in Derby in 1878, said he put personal example in the fore-front of the moral influences which were likely to operate beneficially in the suppression of the evils of the traffic. And he felt much pleasure in reminding them that he had himself been a total abstainer for eight years, and had not hesitated to avow that in the House of Commons. Example, as he understood it, would really have to do the principal part of the work, and its influence was incalculable with the English people.

More recently still, in a public address to his constituents,

he referred at length to the liquor question, and dwelt with especial emphasis upon the systematic adulteration so largely carried on in the manufacture of alcoholic liquors. *The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette and Hotel Courier* reviewed the speech in a leading article, and insinuated that Mr. Plimsoll's address was nothing but a spiteful attack upon his colleague in the representation of Derby, Mr. M. T. Bass, the well-known brewer. The trade organ further broadly stated that Mr. Plimsoll had assumed his facts, and observed:—"He (Mr. Plimsoll) said, speaking about salt, that he *knew* —'I speak deliberately, because I speak of things I know' —that salt was used for the deliberate purpose of making people thirsty, and then he went on to say that he knew one case in which 'a barge load of some seventy or eighty tons was taken to a large brewery in one town in the Midland counties'—Burton-on-Trent, of course, suggests itself —and this, he added, 'is a frightful fraud and a wicked sin.'" It is well to remember, in connection with this episode, the important fact which we have already mentioned, namely, that a portion of Mr. Plimsoll's early life was actually spent in a large brewery in Sheffield.

Now that Mr. Plimsoll has put his hands to the Temperance plough, we trust he will never look back. His magnificent energies on behalf of the sailors show the great achievements his brilliant powers are capable of accomplishing, and we fervently hope that the heart-moving message of the wise old proverb, "There are more drowned by the wine-cup than in the sea," will encourage the distinguished philanthropist to consecrate the remainder of his days to the extermination of that traffic which destroys more lives every year both on sea and on shore than either disease, pestilence, famine, fire, war, or any other calamity.

The Temperance Movement has happily made consider-

able headway amongst our seamen. The story of Miss Weston's labours at Devonport is a continuous narrative of progression and success. From very humble beginnings it has so far extended, that to-day there is scarcely a ship "on commission" which does not contain representatives of her army of abstainers. The Independent Order of Good Templars has also a numerous following upon the seas, and quite recently, the Missions to Seamen Society has joined hands with the Church of England Temperance Society, for the purpose of forming branch Temperance Associations in the interests of our countrymen, who brave the perils of the stormy deep.

X.

SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P.,

The Christian Merchant.

X.

"In political as well as in household economy, the great question is, not so much what money you have in your pocket, as what you will buy with it, and do with it!"—RUSKIN.

ONE of the most encouraging reasons for believing in the ultimate triumph of abstinence over intemperance is, that sagacious commercial men—those whose instincts and training are essentially practical—those whose very businesses accustom them to habitually solve knotty problems, by the unfailing test question, "Does it pay?"—these substantial matter-of-fact men—are now taking a foremost position in the controversy, and are accepting as a truism the appalling statement that the commercial vitality of the nation is being undermined and destroyed by that traffic which absorbs every week so much of the hard earnings of the people. Of course in this, as in every other department of the agitation, earnest pioneers have done much noble work. In Ireland we have the prohibitory town of Bessbrook, founded by John Grubb Richardson. In England there is a Saltaire, thanks to the enterprise of Sir Titus Salt; and scattered through the country there are warm-hearted successful men of business, such as the Peases of Darlington, the Palmers of Reading, the Jupes of Mere, the Whitworths of Manchester, William Hoyle of Bury, Hugh Mason of Ashton-under-Lyne, W. S. Caine, of Liverpool, and others, testifying day by day their experience as

employers of labour to be, that the drinking customs of the people are materially injuring the trade and commerce of the country.

To this list may be fittingly added the name of Morley, a name which bears a well-established reputation for honourable fair dealing the wide world over. The present head of the firm of I. and R. Morley is Mr. Samuel Morley, who was born at Hackney in the year 1809. The house originally commenced business in London, and as their operations expanded and developed, opened large concerns (chiefly occupied in the manufacture of hosiery) in various parts of the country, the historic town of Nottingham being the centre of the greater portion of their manufacturing industries. For this town Mr. Morley was elected a member of Parliament in July, 1865, but was unseated on the petition of his opponents in May of the following year. No stain, no disgrace, no reproach, fell upon Mr. Morley in connection with this untoward event, but on the contrary, the commission, in delivering sentence, publicly declared that his hands were clean in the matter, and in the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone referred in similar terms to the catastrophe.

In May 1868, Mr. Morley was an unsuccessful candidate for Bristol. A vacancy having occurred by the retirement of Sir Morton Peto a few months later, Mr. Morley again came forward, and was duly returned member for the western emporium of trade, where he is greatly respected.

At Nottingham Mr. Morley is certainly the most popular man in the neighbourhood. He is a munificent supporter of the local institutions, is indeed the heart of generosity, and expends several thousands annually in the shape of pensions to his aged workpeople. The editor of the *Licensed*

Victuallers' Gazette, in replying to a testy correspondent some time ago, pleasantly said :—"You remind us of the man who, on the day after Boxing-day, was weeping bitterly because he was not happy. To him his wife spoke thus :—'Not 'appy! an' why ain't yer 'appy? You was drunk a' Christmas Eve, you was drunk a' Christmas Day, you was drunk a' Boxing Day an' you're drunk now! What more do you want? D'yer want to be a hangel?" Mr. Morley believes in trying to make the people "hangels," but his plan is free from the assistance of intoxicating liquors.

In 1878, Mr. Morley laid in Nottingham the foundation-stone of a magnificent structure called the Morley House. The buildings form an imposing block of three stories and attics, and have two frontages, one in Shakespeare Street, and the other in Melbourne Street. The style adopted is Gothic, and the materials are red brick, and Bath and Hollington stone. The buildings afford accommodation for several undertakings, the chief being a temperance café, located on the ground floor. The remainder of the basement is let as shops, of which there are five in the double frontage of the building, two facing Melbourne Street, and three Shakespeare Street. Staircases ascend from entrances at either end, and from the café entrance to the first floor, there are spacious apartments for the Young Men's Christian Association, the Sunday School Institution, the Morley Committee, and the Samuel Morley Club. A handsome refreshment bar is located upon the landing devoted only to the sale of non-intoxicants.

Many of the leading citizens, irrespective of creed or politics, assembled to take part in the inaugural proceedings; and at a large meeting held in the Mechanics' Institute, under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. Morley delivered an address, dealing in a thoroughly lucid and able manner

with the various departments which find a home in the new buildings.

Speaking of Temperance, he said,—"I have had to do all my life with, I believe, almost every movement to elevate the people from the sunken condition in which thousands of them are, and we find the evil of drink meeting us in every way. It therefore becomes imperative to try and grapple with it somehow:"—and after referring to the testimonies of scientific men, the evidence laid before the Lords' Committee, and the general aspect of Temperance legislation, he returned once more to his own experience, with the bold avowal—"Some time ago I pledged myself, and I continue to pledge myself, that whatever happens I shall never lose an opportunity of pressing upon the attention of earnest men and women the importance of personal example as well as efforts amongst the poor to render effective service in this state of things."

Mr. Morley has been prominently identified with all the leading temperance movements in London during many years past, and occupies the position of president of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. Speaking at one of their public meetings Mr. Morley said:—"As one of the hardest-worked men in England, he had for twenty years found himself able to do all that fell to him upon good honest water. He defied them to go on telling other people to practise a course they were not practising themselves. He tried to work upon that line once, and failed; but ever since he supported precept by example, his influence had been beneficially exercised upon numbers of those who, humanly speaking, would have been reached in no other way."

The National Temperance League's sermons to young men (usually preached on the second Sunday in January)

were in 1878 followed up by a special meeting held on the following evening, when nearly 1,000 young men assembled in the warehouse of Messrs. I. and R. Morley, Wood Street, in response to an invitation emanating from Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Mr. C. Leaf, Mr. R. Davis, Mr. G. Williams, and the Rev. Dr. Sinclair Paterson, "to confer as to the importance of promoting temperance in the city houses."

Mr. S. Morley, M.P., presided, and said that he must express the opinion that nothing stood so distinctly in the way of the people as drink. It was destroying families, ruining children, breaking the hearts of thousands of wives, aye, and of husbands too, when the wife happened to be the guilty one. Even apart from religion, and entirely on social grounds, he felt he was doing what was right when he urged attention, either in the form of precept or example, to this subject. He had come reluctantly to the opinion that they must have legislation. He did not see a chance of getting any substantial relief without some form of legislative action, and he was in this mind—that while the subject was large, and required to be dealt with on a broad basis, he was prepared to accept any form of legislation that would give him a substantial part of the remedy he wanted. He did not desire to oppress those who differed from him, and he was unconscious of ever having uttered an intemperate word upon the temperance question; yet he would fall short of his duty if he did not raise a warning voice against this great and this growing evil. He did not deny the right of persons to drink intoxicants if they chose; but if young men, especially, drank them with a relish, he warned them that they were in danger. Twenty-five years ago he became an abstainer, and he now thought himself as well able to do a day's work as any he saw before him. Not a few of those who started in life with prospects quite

as good as his own had been utterly ruined by drink. They had allowed the animal to get the master of them, and the consequence was that which he had described.

Most temperance workers have heard of the wonderfully successful temperance meetings which have been held in the Lambeth Baths, under the energetic supervision of that zealous labourer the Rev. G. M. Murphy: but probably few are aware that during the whole of the sixteen years in which this good work has been going on, the rent, amounting in the aggregate to £1,200, has been generously contributed by the noble-hearted Samuel Morley. At one of the annual meetings Mr. Morley presided and delivered a comprehensive address upon the temperance question, in the course of which he said:—"In the House of Commons there was some effort to place a higher tax upon intoxicating liquors—upon the alcohol they contained. One Irish member urged that this tax should be placed on beer and not upon spirits. He (Mr. Morley) thought they should try and put the tax upon both, though he listened to this suggestion with great attention. It was amusing, if it had not a painful side, to hear this Irish member speak about the necessity of whisky as against beer, because men could not get enough food to eat. He (the speaker) had to suggest that if the men who were spending their money in spirits would reserve it for food for their children, they would hear less of Irish suffering than they were accustomed to do." Before the proceedings terminated, the opportunity was taken of presenting Mr. Morley with a handsome illuminated address, which, after gratefully acknowledging Mr. Morley's princely liberality to the Lambeth Bath Meetings in particular, pays the following well-deserved eulogy:—

"By your benevolent consideration innumerable homes among us have been made happy, while whole neighbour-

hoods and districts have become purer and more enlightened. Through the facilities you have thus afforded, temperance truth has proved the stepping-stone to peace, happiness, and hope, and in countless instances has become the handmaid to the Gospel. We thank God fervently for having raised you up to be a succourer of many, and pray that your valuable life may long be spared, that your bright example may be widely followed, to the gladdening of multitudes of hearts, the great advantage of our common country, and the increase of the knowledge and love of Christ."

We have no space to refer to Mr. Morley's varied philanthropic labours for the poor of London: his chivalrous devotion to the interests of the Congregational Church of which body he is an invaluable member: or his incessant efforts in the cause of freedom and religious liberty: to him may be unreservedly appropriated the matchless lines of England's greatest poet, who nearly three hundred years ago applied to one of the knights of his noble creation the glowing tribute:—

> "Speaking in deeds and deedless in his tongue,
> Not soon provoked, nor being provoked soon calm'd;
> His heart and hand both open and both free;
> For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
> Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty;
> Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath."

Mr. Morley is a Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London, and a Magistrate for the counties of Middlesex and Kent. In 1841 he married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Hope of Liverpool, and has a large family.

During the past few years public attention has been frequently directed to the legislative aspects of the Temperance Movement. In many circles, the propriety of making

Temperance a test question at Elections has been keenly discussed; and it is probable that in not a few constituencies the next Election will be fought from this standpoint. To-day, there are fifteen total abstainers in Parliament: viz., Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart.; Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart.; Messrs. W. Shepherd Allen, John Bright, Thomas Burt, James P. Corry, Joseph Cowen, W. Cowper-Temple, David Davies, Samuel R. Edge, Marriott R. Dalway, Samuel Morley, Samuel Plimsoll, Alexander M. Sullivan, and Benjamin Whitworth. May the next Election witness a large accession to their ranks!

XI.

THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.,

The Champion of Ragged Schools.

XI.

"A man he was to all the country dear."—GOLDSMITH.

THE Forbes-Mackenzie Act, so frequently referred to during the discussion on the Sunday Closing (Ireland) Bill, was to a large extent secured for Scotland by the efforts of the Association for the Suppression of Drunkenness; of this society Dr. Guthrie was one of the original founders, and it therefore seems appropriate that we should place him in our gallery at this season, when the Temperance friends in Ireland are enjoying the recently secured boon of a similar measure.

Thomas Guthrie was born at Brechin, on 12th July, 1803. His father was a leading merchant there, and for many years the Chief Magistrate of the town. The early education of Thomas was received at various schools in the neighbourhood, and in 1815 he was sent to pass the summer in the country with the Rev. Robert Simpson, the parish schoolmaster of Dun. In November of that year he set out for the University of Edinburgh, and after fulfilling the regular college curriculum, was licensed by the Presbytery of Brechin on the 2nd February, 1825. From a variety of causes, however, the young pastor was not settled in any charge until 1830, when he was inducted into the living of Arbirlot. The same year he was married to Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Burns, of Brechin.

He remained at Arbirlot for seven years, and then received a call to the Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh. In 1838 he commenced the erection of a new church in the Nether Bow, now called Victoria Street. The building was named St. John's, and was completed in 1840. Here he continued to labour with much acceptance until the Disruption, when his congregation had to find accommodation for two years in the large chapel belonging to the Wesleyan body in Nicolson Square. Meanwhile a new church was being erected on the Castle Hill, with seat-room for twelve hundred sitters. It was opened on the 18th April, 1845, under most auspicious circumstances.

In 1849 the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred on Mr. Guthrie by the University of Edinburgh, and the distinction was all the more gratifying as it was the first time since the Disruption, that the Senatus had conferred a degree in divinity on any minister outside the pale of the Church of Scotland.

The circumstances which led to Dr. Guthrie's becoming a total abstainer are full of interest. In the year 1862 the distinguished divine attended the annual meeting of the Irish Temperance League in Belfast, in the capacity of deputation from the sister organisation in Glasgow. In his address on the occasion, he said:—"I was first led to form a high opinion of the cause of Temperance by the bearing of an Irishman. It is now some twenty-two years ago. I had left Omagh on a bitter, biting, blasting day, with lashing rain, and had to travel across a cold country to Cookstown. Well, by the time we got over half the road, we reached a small inn, into which we went, as sailors in stress of weather run into the first haven. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking,

we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly, we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. We thought that what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander'—but the car-driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. *He would not taste it.* 'Why?' we asked, 'What objection have you?' Said he, 'Plaze your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drap of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart, and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. There was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated Roman Catholic carman; and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence why should not I, a Christian minister? I remembered that; and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

What a lesson there is in this simple narrative! Who can estimate the wonderful results which flowed from the quiet testimony of the humble Irish carman? Total abstainers may surely learn from this episode in Dr. Guthrie's career, the duty of frankly avowing their principles whenever occasion may arise, and no matter what the circle of society in which they move.

At the time when this event took place, total abstinence had but few supporters amongst the upper classes; indeed, Dr. Guthrie affirmed that so far as he knew there was not one abstaining student within the University, nor was there an abstaining minister in the whole Church of Scotland.

We have seen how Dr. Guthrie was impressed by the

carman's "Plaze your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drap of it;" let us now follow the Doctor as a total abstainer, and note the results which accompanied the testimony which he gave when he returned to Edinburgh.

Again we will quote Dr. Guthrie's own words. He observes:—"The first time that I met Lord Jeffrey in private, was at a dinner party in the house of my very kind friend, Mr. Maitland, of Dundrennan, afterwards, and for far too short a time, Lord Dundrennan. This was rather a trying occasion for me, in so far as it was the first time on which I was to declare myself as belonging to the—at that time—despised sect of total abstainers or teetotalers. I had become convinced that my power to do good among the lapsed classes lay in standing out before them as one who, in following Christ and for their sakes, was ready to take up his cross daily and deny himself. If I was to prevail on them to give up the whisky, I myself must first give up the wine. I had known so many instances of the sons of ministers, and of Edinburgh ministers, going to the bad: I had seen so many of my old Divinity Hall acquaintances placed at the bar of the General Assembly, and deposed for drunkenness, and other crimes which it leads to: that with an eye both to the good of my family and of my parishioners, I resolved to stand out before the public as a total abstainer, and to bring up my children in the habits of that brotherhood and sisterhood.

"I well remember yet the day and place when I screwed up my courage to the sticking point. From how great a load of anxiety and care in respect of the future of my children it relieved my mind! But I confess I felt it hard to have my principles put to so severe a strain, before they had time to acquire fibre and firmness, as they had to stand

at Mr. Maitland's dinner-table. Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, with their wives, and others of the *élite* of Edinburgh literary and legal society, were there—people who might have heard of teetotalers, but certainly had never seen one before, and some of whom probably never dreamed of denying themselves any indulgence whatever for the sake of others, far less for the wretched and degraded creatures who haunted the Cowgate and Grassmarket. But by my principles I was resolved to stick, cost what it might. So I passed the wine to my neighbour without its paying tax or toll to me, often enough to attract our host's attention, who, to satisfy himself that I was not sick, called for an explanation. This I gave modestly, but without any shamefacedness.

ceal their astonishment,

and admiration. He did not speak, but his look was not to be mistaken, and, though kind and courteous before my apology, he was ten times more so after it. This was to me a great encouragement to persevere in the line in which I had entered, and which I continued to follow for twenty years. Independent of the good it did to my family and others, it was a great personal advantage to myself. It made my health better, my head clearer, my spirits lighter, and my purse heavier. I feel sure that all parents, though they themselves might not be able to shake off their old

habits (a very easy thing after all, to one who has not become the slave of drunkenness), if they knew but the load taken from my mind when I first resolved to bring up my family in total abstinence, would rear their children in the total disuse of all such dangerous stimulants."

Dr. Guthrie was one of the founders of the Free Church Temperance Society, and declared he would rather see in the pulpit a man who was a total abstainer from this root of all evil—drink, than a man crammed with all the Hebrew "roots" in the world.

The story of the noble labours of Dr. Guthrie amongst the Arab children of Edinburgh and Glasgow has been told over and over again. In this work he was brought face to face with the evils of the liquor traffic in one of its most soul-sickening aspects.

Although a personal abstainer himself, he did not refuse to co-operate with any earnest men who were wishful to bear a part in the bringing about of a better state of affairs, without becoming abstainers themselves. In 1850, he assisted in the formation of the Scottish Society for the Suppression of Drunkenness, the members of which were all more or less influential persons, but scarcely any of them save himself abstainers. This association disseminated a large quantity of literature bearing upon the question, and its first publication was from the pen of Dr. Guthrie, and

was entitled "A Plea on behalf of Drunkards, and against Drunkenness." This pamphlet he followed up by three New-Year's tracts—(1851) "New-Year's Drinking," (1852) "A Happy New-Year," (1853) "The Old Year's Warning."

In 1857, he published a course of sermons, "The City; its Sins and Sorrows." The work created a profound sensation, and its circulation has exceeded 50,000 copies. For the Scottish Temperance League he wrote two New-Year's tracts—(1859) "A Word in Season," (1860) "The Contrast"—which have been circulated to the number of 450,000. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in defending his Light Wines Bill in the House of Commons on May 1st, 1860, said, "I have found a testimony which is entitled to great weight, coming from a man pledged by his sacred profession, eminent for his eloquence, distinguished and beloved for his virtues—Dr. Guthrie. That gentleman, in a series of remarkable sermons which he wrote, called 'The City; its Sins and Sorrows,' testified that he had been both in Paris and Brussels, as well as in other parts of France and Belgium, on occasions of great national festivity, and during a period of seven weeks he had not seen, whether in mountain hamlets or mighty cities, so much drunkenness or disorder as might be seen in Edinburgh or other large cities of our own country in seven hours."

For a number of years Dr. Guthrie edited the *Sunday Magazine* with conspicuous success, and to its pages contributed many papers upon a variety of topics.

In March 1872, his health began to fail. He preached his last sermon in the little Free Church of Lochee on August 25th, from the text, "The just shall live by faith." He returned to Edinburgh for rest. In September he suffered from a sudden attack of congestion of the lungs. The greatest sympathy was manifested by the general

public. The Duchess of Argyll, Dean Ramsay, Sir Titus Salt, the Rev. T. Binney, and numerous other distinguished personages sent earnest letters of inquiry. In January 1873, he was sufficiently recovered to be removed to St. Leonards; but the end was rapidly approaching. Sabbath, the 23rd February, was his last day on earth. About ten o'clock in the evening he fell into broken sleep, and a few hours afterwards his spirit took its flight. His remains were interred in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, on the 28th day of February, and his funeral was one of the most impressive demonstrations ever known in that historic city.

Professor Blackie commemorated the eventful scene in the following exquisite sonnet:—

"The city weeps: with slow and solemn show
The dark-plumed pomp sails through the crowded way,
And walls and roofs are topped with thick display
Of waiting eyes that watch the wending woe.
What man was here, to whose last fateful march,
The marshalled throng its long-drawn convoy brings,
Like some great conqueror's when victory swings
Her vans o'er flower-spread path and wreathèd arch?
No conqueror's kind was here, nor conqueror's kin,
But a strong-breasted, fervid-hearted man,
Who from dark dens redeemed, and haunts of sin,
The city waifs, the loose unfathered clan,
With prouder triumph than when wondering Rome
Went forth, all eyes, to bring great Cæsar home."

XII.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, BART., M.P.,

The Advocate of Prohibition.

XII.

"Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the fight that crowns us, but the end."

HERRICK.

A *SIMILITUDE of names*, the learned Camden observes, *dothe kindle sparkes of love and liking among meere strangers*. We suppose it must be conceded, however, that the celebrated creator of the Permissive Bill, and the noble army of Publicans, have been in open antagonism too long, for the gentle *sparkes of love and liking* to be operative in their case. Hence it is, that the sweet similitude of names, comprised in the elegant chaplet which we are about to weave, has signally failed to exercise the chastening influence which would have resulted in any other region but this naughty world. It must needs be confessed, one is being continually reminded, that the conditions of daily life are provokingly different from those ideal standards, for which all polite and proper-minded people sigh.

A veracious historian has recorded that once upon a time, "The Liberator" utterly stemmed the tide of a Dublin dame's oratory, with judicious expletives borrowed for the occasion from the classical treasuries of Euclid. Strong words break no bones, and the licensed victuallers sadly mistake their man, if they think to beat him off the field with coarse and uncomplimentary epithets. On the contrary, Sir Wilfrid rather enjoys them, and in a recent speech affirmed that they were the pleasantest reading he ever perused.

We may premise that we do not, however, guarantee the following to be a complete guide to the *Lawson Nomenclature.*

According to the *Morning Advertiser*, *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, and other standard authorities, Sir Wilfrid Lawson is—The Carlisle Punster—That old Cracked Teapot—The Watery Jester—The Incarnation of Lawsonism—A Demented Creature—That Washed-out Water Party—The Drivelling Idiot—The Brainless Fanatic—The Confiscatory Molly-Coddle—The Arch-Enemy of the Working Man—The Mistaken and Deluded Baronet—The High-Priest of the Lawsonites—The Empty-Headed Noodle—The Peregrinating Pump-Handle—The Tea-Drinking Twaddler—The Pop-Bottle Pump Orator—That Political Renegade—The Permissive Platitudinist—Old Billy Liberty—Sir Wilful Daws' Son—The Peripatetic Agitator—The Utopian Dreamer—The Maudlin Mountebank—The Honourable and Amusing Baronet—The Screaming Schemer—The Crooning Clown—That Fool of Fools—The Purveyor of antiquated Joe-Millerisms—The Base Slanderer of his Countrymen—The Wailing Cant—The Arrant Humbug—The Apostle of Slops !

After this amusing catalogue one may well turn for consolation to the Bard of Avon :—

> "What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
> By any other name would smell as sweet."

We may also venture to play off against this "inebriated verbosity" of the publicans, an epithet of our own, by naming the distinguished Champion of Prohibition, *His Most Excellent Majesty the King of the Teetotalers.*

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is a descendant of an ancient and honourable family, whose history is interwoven with the records of the County of Cumberland for well-nigh three

centuries. King James II. created the baronetcy, and the present highly popular holder of the title is not the only member of the family who has had a place in the parliamentary representation of the County, two of his predecessors having been members for the Borough of Cockermouth.

Sir Wilfrid was born at Brayton Hall, Aspatria, Carlisle, on the 4th September, 1829. His father, "a loyal, just, and upright gentleman," was held in great esteem; nor is this to be wondered at, seeing that the late baronet is acknowledged to have displayed towards all with whom he came into contact, a rare kindliness of disposition and geniality of manner. By his mother's side, Sir Wilfrid is connected with the Netherby family, and some have not been slow to trace to this source the ready wit and brilliant talents of the Permissive Bill baronet; giving reasonableness to the theory, by appropriately recalling agreeable reminiscences of Sir Wilfrid's distinguished uncle, the late Sir James Graham.

Sir Wilfrid's father, although prominently identified with the out-door pursuits and pastimes, which were the English country gentleman's delight fifty years ago, was for a long time a total abstainer; and moreover occupied himself in promoting in many ways, schemes for the improvement of the social condition of his poorer neighbours, and for the quickening of their spiritual life. The present baronet, whilst inheriting his father's high virtues and Temperance principles, has progressed upon them to the extent of devoting his life towards the attainment of a method, the adoption of which shall permit the people to make a fair trial of Temperance principles, through that channel which above all others the subjects of Victoria admire and respect —we mean the duly enacted laws of the land.

Not long ago a London newspaper gave space to a

letter written by a gentleman of high social position, who felt compelled to forego the advantage of entering his son upon the books of a great public school, lest the notorious drinking customs of the neighbourhood should prove a means of dissipation and corruption to his beloved boy. Sir Wilfrid's father appears to have cherished similar suspicions, and consequently had the education of all his children conducted under his own eye by a tutor at home. The mastery of detail, liberality of thought, and accuracy of expression which characterise Sir Wilfrid's public utterances, in so marked a manner, amply testify to the success and thoroughness of his home training.

It is probable that during the past ten years no other platform speaker has delivered more addresses upon one given theme, than has Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The parliamentary career of Sir Wilfrid commenced in 1859, when he was elected a member for the citadel City of Carlisle, which constituency he has continued to represent ever since, with the exception of a brief interval prior to the election of 1868. Upon most of the leading topics which have occupied the attention of statesmen during this period, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has given expression to his views, and always in an entertaining style.

The question however with which the honourable baronet has been mainly identified, is that of the Licensing Laws. On the 4th March, 1864, Sir Wilfrid first moved for leave to bring in the measure, which is now so well known by the name of "The Permissive Bill." The United Kingdom Alliance has circulated many thousand copies of a leaflet, which thus ably explains the proposal:—

"*What is this Permissive Bill that we hear so much about?*

"Before we answer this question, it is necessary to explain

that intoxicating liquors are now forbidden to be sold by anyone in England, Ireland, or Scotland without a license. These licenses are obtained from the Excise, but they cannot be procured unless the applicant has obtained a certificate from the magistrates of the borough or county in which the house is situated. At the annual Licensing Sessions these certificates are granted or renewed for *one year only*. The magistrates, who have full discretion as to the number, are supposed to consider the wants of the neighbourhood in which the public-houses and beer-shops are placed. They have granted 160,000 licenses throughout the Three Kingdoms. In some places they are much more numerous according to the population than in others. *In many parishes there are none.* This happy state arises from the owners of the property refusing to allow any of their houses or land to be occupied by such a business. From this sale of intoxicating liquors most of the intemperance and consequent pauperism and crime of the country proceeds. A large amount of taxation is necessary to support paupers and criminals. It is found that the supply of these liquors creates a demand for them, and the more places there are licensed, the worse a neighbourhood becomes. Seeing the advantages arising from being clear of these temptations to intemperance, and that the sale was licensed for the supposed convenience of the public, in 1864 Sir W. Lawson brought in a Bill to enable the ratepayers to state, in a regular and legal way, whether they desired the traffic in intoxicating liquors amongst them; and if they did not, they were to be permitted to prohibit the sale, or, in other words, to inform the magistrates they must not grant the licenses. Hence the Bill is called a 'Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill;' but it might, with equal propriety, be called a Bill to lessen pauperism and

poor's rates, and to increase the comforts of the people. It is clearly a Bill to relieve the people from taxation, and to increase their liberty and protection."

On the second reading of the Bill, on June 8th, 1864, its rejection was moved by Captain Jervis, and seconded by Mr. Roebuck, who has ever since continued to oppose the measure. The debate lasted about three hours, and upon a division was negatived, 35 voting for and 292 against.

It is only a short time since the prince of pressmen (George Augustus Sala) unearthed an obituary notice of Sir Wilfrid's grandfather, which credited that gentleman with having possessed an "uninterrupted *gaiete de cœur* which not even pain nor sickness had power to subdue." That this *gaiete de cœur* has descended to the present baronet is abundantly testified by his speeches; indeed the greatest living master of epigram, once aptly alluded to Sir Wilfrid in the House of Commons, as "the honourable Baronet with his gay wisdom." The designation was too good to be lost, and a contributor to the *Liverpool Argus* compiled a "*Series of Selected and Humorous Extracts from the Speeches of Sir Wilfrid Lawson*," which has since been printed in pamphlet form, and attained an immense circulation under the suggestive title "*Gay Wisdom.*" It is well-known that Sir Wilfrid possesses the pen of a ready writer, and it is to be regretted that his vivacious verses do not more frequently travel outside the privileged circle of his own friends. In bringing our narrative to a close, we only express the desire of thousands when we say that we trust this Illustrious Abstainer may "live longer than we have time to tell his years"; and we earnestly hope that he will heroically continue to labour on, until an emancipated nation sends up to Heaven the exultant cry, 'THE PEOPLE'S ENEMY IS GONE—IS GONE!"

XIII.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B.,

The Hero of Lucknow.

XIII.

"Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have triumphed following Thee, the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour and their King."
—Bishop Wordsworth.

ONE of the most tuneful of living poets commences his story of *Sigurd the Volsung, and the Fall of the Niblungs*, with the following fascinating and splendid lines:—

There was a dwelling of Kings, ere the world was waxen old;
Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs were thatched with gold;
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its doors;
Earls' wives were the weaving women, queens' daughters strewed its floors,
And the masters of its song-craft were the mightiest men that cast
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.

The song-craft of the Total-Abstinence movement is unhappily still in its infancy; and to-day the lovers of melody have to search diligently before they can gather versification upon the Temperance question worth treasuring. There is a host of Temperance rhymers, but they never weary of tuning their harps to one series of similes, which are to be found without stint in most of the Melody Books compiled for the use of Temperance associations. We refer to the well-worn postulates, that *a deadly battle is raging between the good and the evil:* that *the Abstainers are*

engaged in the furious conflict: that *there is a Total Abstinence army, which will in the end be very properly proclaimed victorious.* While protesting, however, that the soldier is put upon parade a trifle too often by these apprentices in the song-craft of the Temperance-movement, far be it from our intention to disparage the legitimate use of the military simile. It has long been deservedly cherished by Christian teachers as an apt illustration, wherewith to impart lessons of honour, duty, obedience, and self-sacrifice. On the contrary, be it ours to point out, that there does exist in very deed, and in truth, a real living Total-Abstinence army; heroic, devoted, true-born sons of our illustrious Queen—an army of brave, sturdy warriors (who fear no foe), scattered over all parts of Her Majesty's dominions, daily testifying that Abstinence from Alcoholic Liquors has made them better men, and thereby has also made them better soldiers, and the more fitted to defend their Queen and their country in the trying hour of grave perils and great dangers.

It is not alone in the British Army that we to-day find military upholders of the Total-Abstinence cause. The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, writing from the seat of war in 1877, said :—

"A finer army corps than that lost at Plevna to the Turks was probably never seen. Twice a week the men got meat, buffalo beef of the most aromatic and toughest kind—fine exercise for good teeth to eat it, and a splendid lesson to a squeamish and troublesome stomach. A man that could live on such meat, and get used to it, would never find fault with his food any more. For drink the men had sometimes coffee—nothing else, but water. For your Turkish soldier is no wine-bibber. In the great majority of cases he dislikes even the country mastic,

which, by the way, is a pernicious, ungodly drink, manufactured and drunk in unwholesome quantities by the 'oppressed Bulgarians.' No mastic was allowed in Plevna, except in the Christian quarter of the town; and no wine was brought into camp. That, too, was left to the people who were opposed in religion to the Turk. On the whole, the 'unspeakable' lived frugally upon very rough bread and poor water, went to sleep on the bare ground, very frequently under the enemy's fire, had no rest from watching except such as they found in the brief snatches of slumber taken when the Russians did not happen to be harassing them, and with all that maintained a quiet, cheerful, kindly demeanour, such as I have observed in no other camp in the world. I have been in many; have seen soldiers of various nationalities and many creeds; but I never was with men who did their duty so readily, underwent so much privation cheerfully, and fought so hard as these same much-despised Turks. Osman Pacha's example had, doubtless, a great deal to do with the manner in which the fight was maintained."

Upon another occasion, the same correspondent writing of the heroic Osman Pacha, observed:—

"I boast a waterproof sheet, while he has none. For the last four days and nights he has not lain down, and has had nothing but the hard biscuit on which the soldiers fare. Only an iron constitution and an iron will would enable him to support this; happily, he has both. Of course, like a good Turk, he systematically drinks nothing stronger than coffee. Stimulants are to him what they are to Sir Wilfrid Lawson; he is as firm a teetotaler as that celebrated advocate of Permissive Bills; and so far from looking upon even moderate drinking with favour, views the consumption of alcohol with sentiments akin to

disgust. 'Why, they actually send their troops into action drunk,' he remarked, when speaking of the Russians; and he looked so outraged at the thought of drinking before fighting, that when presently, to calm sundry qualms of the stomach which eight days' incessant riding and driving had induced, I was fain to take a sip at my brandy flask, I did it when the Pacha was not looking. Methought he would reason, 'There is an Englishman who is going into action with us directly,'—for the fight was now imminent,—'and he is drinking, too.' I felt more constrained in the presence of this temperate Turk than before any English teetotaler I have ever met. I do not think the whole United Kingdom Alliance staring at me at one moment, would have had such an effect upon me as the quiet example and words of Osman Pacha. You find no one drunk here. Such a breach of discipline would be severely punished by the temperate Osman. It was only yesterday that, seeing a sergeant on the march steal a few leaves of tobacco, the Marshal came up, stripped the stripes off the unfortunate fellow's arm, and gave him a sound beating with his cane. 'Would you be as bad as the Cossacks?' said he, as he cut the unlucky sergeant on the back; 'then take that, and that, and that!' And the man had more than he could rub off in a few moments."

Then again, quite recently, the President of the United States issued a general order in regard to drinking in the army. The regulation affirms, "That no person addicted to drinking can expect to be trusted with any responsible duty, and a person who cannot be trusted had better not be continued in office." It is further declared that penalties inflicted for intemperance in the army will be rigorously enforced, and as we have remarked elsewhere, President Hayes is himself a Total Abstainer, and bore no inconsiderable

share in the memorable civil war of 1861 (when he was Major of the 23rd Ohio Regiment); nor should we omit to mention in this connection, that another renowned American soldier, General "Stonewall" Jackson, was remarkable for his habits of strict abstinence. On one occasion, when very much exhausted, he was asked by a brother officer to join him in a glass of brandy-and-water. "No," said he, "I never use it; *I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets.*"

Returning however to the British Army, it is gratifying to know that Total Abstinence is making great progress amongst soldiers of all ranks; and particularly is this the case in India, where 8,576 non-commissioned officers and men now belong to Temperance Societies. We need not dwell upon the various forces which have conduced to this end, although unquestionably the efforts of the Rev. William G. Gregson, Baptist Missionary in India, and the self-denying labours of Miss Robinson at Portsmouth and Mrs. Daniell at Aldershot, may be largely credited with the glorious results, which are the joy and crown of the Temperance movement of to-day. The example of the great military commander, Major-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, has likewise been all-powerful for good, and the reading, reflective soldier has also for his guidance in the question of Total Abstinence, the precious memorials of such immortal heroes as Havelock, and of Sir William Fenwick Williams, the heroic defender of Kars, during the Crimean War, who has placed upon record the following emphatic testimony:—"I am indebted to a gracious Providence for preservation in very unhealthy climates; but I am satisfied that a resolution, early formed and steadily persevered in, never to take spirituous liquors, has been a means of my escaping diseases by which multitudes have fallen around me. Had not the Turkish army at Kars been literally a 'cold water army,' I am persuaded

they never would have performed the achievements which crowned them with glory."

Henry Havelock was the second son of a family of seven children, born to William Havelock a shipbuilder, and first saw the light at Bishop Wearmouth, near Sunderland, in the County of Durham, on April 5th, 1795. His father was prosperous in business, and when Henry was about four years old, retired from commercial life, and purchased the estate of Ingress Park, near Dartford in Kent, whither he removed with his family. Henry, even in youth, was noticeable for his cool judgment, calculation, and forethought, and for an amount of fearlessness, at which his father was surprised. It is related of him that his father one day observed, "Were you not frightened when you fell off that tree just now?" "No," was the reply, "I had too much else to do to be frightened; I was thinking about the bird's eggs;" and away he walked.

This anecdote reminds one of Southey's story of the great naval hero, Horatio Nelson, who, when a mere child, strayed birds'-nesting from his grandmother's house in company with a cow-boy; the dinner-hour elapsed, he was absent, and could not be found; and the alarm of the family became very great, for they apprehended that he might have been carried off by gipsies. At length, after search had been made for him in various directions, he was discovered alone, sitting composedly by the side of a brook which he could not get over. "I wonder, child," said the old lady when she saw him, "that hunger and fear did not drive you home." "Fear, grandmamma," replied the future hero, "I never saw fear! What is it?"

Havelock's mother intended that he should be trained for the law, but the young lad was a great reader of everything upon which he could lay his hands relating to military

affairs. His schoolmaster one day noticed that Havelock had a black eye, and pressed for an explanation as to the cause. "It came there," was the boy's only answer. "How did it come?" Havelock remained imperturbably silent, and a sound thrashing was the result. The fact was that he had been interfering for a schoolfellow who was not getting fair-play in a fight, and in his zeal for his friend had got disfigured.

When nine years old he was removed to the Charterhouse, and in a memorandum written in after life, he states that his most intimate friends there were—Samuel Hinds, William Norris (subsequently Sir William Norris, Chief Justice of Ceylon); and Julius C. Hare (well-known in the literary world as a ripe scholar). Nearly co-temporary with Havelock at the Charterhouse were Connop Thirlwall (the late Bishop of St. David's); Waddington (Dean of Durham); Grote (the historian of Greece); Archdeacon Hale, Fox Maule, Eastlake (the painter); and others, who have since risen to great eminence in their several professions.

After spending seven years in the famous school (where by the way he was one of a devoted band of lads who were not ashamed of meeting together for prayer and praise), he became a pupil of Chitty, the great special pleader of the day, in whose office he had, as a fellow-clerk, the since well-known Talfourd.

Meanwhile, Havelock's elder brother William had entered the army, and when Napoleon returned from Elba in 1815, Henry yielded to the military propensities of his race, and besought his brother to get him a commission forthwith. A slight delay ensued, but about a month after the battle of Waterloo Henry was appointed second-lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, then the 95th. No very active service awaited him for some time, as he himself states, "He

served in England, Ireland, and Scotland, in the interval between his first nomination and the year 1823, travelled in France and the North of Italy, read a good deal in a discursive way, and acquired some knowledge of his profession, which was useful to him in after days." The augmentation of the 13th Light Infantry taking place, he was transferred to that regiment, and embarked for India in January 1823. We quote from Havelock's journal, written (it should be noticed) not in the first person, but in the third, when he is speaking of himself:—

"A far more important event, as regarded the interests of the writer, ought to have been recorded whilst narrating the events of 1823; for it was while he was sailing across the wide Atlantic towards Bengal, that the Spirit of God came to him with its offers of peace and mandate of love, which, though for some time resisted, were received, and at length prevailed. There was wrought that great change in his soul which has been productive of unspeakable advantage to him in time, and he trusts has secured him happiness through eternity. The *General Kyd*, in which he was embarked, conveyed to India Major Sale, destined thereafter to Jellalabad; but she also carried out a humble, unpretending man, James Gardner, then a lieutenant in the 13th, now a retired captain, engaged in Home Missionary objects and other works of Christian benevolence at Bath. This excellent person was most influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal, by his works of Christianity, in earnest."

In such a frame of mind as this he landed in India, determined from the first to devote his time and attention to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the men entrusted to his command. Abstemious himself, he never ceased to implore the men to keep clear of intemperance. "There

is no such soldier in the world," he used to say, "as the English soldier, if he can be kept from drink. Whilst they were in Burmah they were suddenly warned of the near approach of the enemy. General Sir Archibald Campbell sent in great haste to order the men of a particular corps to at once occupy a certain position. Alas! imminent as was the danger, the order was purposeless, for the men of the regiment were so many of them intoxicated, that they were unfit for duty. Campbell in the emergency happily knew full well of one trusted band upon whom he could rely, and said, "Then call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready." The bugle sounded; the Abstainers were immediately under arms, the enemy was repulsed, and the General's object achieved.

In 1829 Havelock was married at Serampore to Hannah, the third daughter of the Rev. Dr. Marshman, the well-known Baptist missionary, and the union proved to be a most happy one in every respect.

In 1835 he was appointed adjutant of the 13th Light Infantry, and rejoined it at Agra. This promotion did not at all check his desire to foster the moral well-being of his men; and as has been well-stated by the Rev. William Brock, he felt that "drunkenness was a nuisance as well as a sin; he would check it if he could. Irreligion was a disgrace to any profession; he would work away against irreligiousness, depending on the Holy Spirit of promise for making men willing in the day of God's power." In 1838 Havelock was promoted to a captaincy, after serving twenty-three years as a subaltern officer.

The attention of the Government had for some time been directed to certain Russian emissaries in Afghanistan, who were known to be assiduously cultivating friendly relations

for the Czar. Overtures for a friendly alliance having been declined, the necessity for immediate action was apparent. An expedition was at once despatched to Afghanistan under the command of Sir John Fane, with whom Havelock was actively employed. After a determined resistance, Havelock saw the colours of his own regiment waving on the tower of the fortress of Ghuznee. The particulars of the gallant struggle are thus given by the hero:

"In little more than two short hours, a garrison, plausibly estimated at 3,500 men, was dispossessed of a fortress, the walls of which, up to the moment of attack, had scarcely been grazed by cannon shot, the fire of the works being as entire as in the first hour of investment. This had been done without a ladder being raised in escalade. Let it be recorded to the honour of the captors, that though Ghuznee was carried by storm, after a resistance stout enough to have roused the angry passions of the assailants, the Afghans were everywhere spared when they ceased to fight; and it is in itself a moral triumph exceeding in value and duration the praise of the martial achievement of the troops, that, in a fortress captured by assault, not the slightest insult was offered to one of the females found in the Tyrmann within the walls of the citadel. This forbearance, and these substantial proofs of excellent discipline, reflect more credit on officers and men than the indisputable valour and skill displayed in the operation. But let me not be accused of foisting in unfairly a favourite topic, or attempting to detract from the merit of the troops, when I remark in how great a degree the self-denial, mercy, and generosity of the hour, may be attributed to the fact of the European soldiers having received no spirit ration since the 8th July, and having found no intoxicating liquor amongst the plunder of Ghuznee. No candid man of any military experience

will deny, that the character of the scene in the fortress and citadel would have been far different, if individual soldiers had entered the town primed with arrack, or if spirituous liquors had been discovered in the Afghan depôt. Since, then, it has been proved that troops can make forced marches of forty miles, and storm a fortress in seventy-five minutes, without the aid of rum, behaving, after success, with a forbearance and humanity unparalleled in history; let it not henceforth be argued that distilled spirits are an indispensable portion of a soldier's ration. The medical officers of this army have distinctly attributed to their previous abstinence from strong drink, the rapid recovery of the wounded at Ghuznee."

He acquitted himself so well in his engagements in the Khoord Cabool Pass, the blockade of Jellalabad, battle at Maharajpore, and at the battle of Sobraon, that he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet. At length, after an absence of twenty-seven years, Havelock returned to his native land in 1849, and reached England on the 6th November. He settled down in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, and although his first duty was to seek medical advice, with the view of ascertaining how far his shattered health might be renewed, he soon found ways and means of engaging in philanthropic and religious work. Visiting the sick, speaking a word of consolation to the mourner, and conducting family worship, were to Havelock congenial occupations.

It is related of him that upon one occasion he had been conducting a devotional service in company with his household, amongst whom was an Irish servant-girl. She was melted to tears by the fervency and unction of his prayer, and as she arose from her knees, addressed him, "Oh, Misther dear, you're not fit for a soldier. It's too tinder-

hearted you are. Sure you was born a priest, and a priest it is you ought to be."

In 1851 Havelock returned to India alone, leaving his wife to take charge of the younger members of his family. On the 8th December, 1855, he was gazetted as Adjutant-General to Her Majesty's forces, and once more became immersed in the onerous duties of his profession. On the 1st November, 1856, war was declared with Persia, and Havelock joined in the expedition which was then formed. The campaign was brought to an abrupt termination by the treaty signed at Paris on March 4th, 1857. An instance of Havelock's personal bravery occurred during this Persian expedition. We are told :—

"As the steamer which conveyed his men was moving upwards, he saw that they must be exposed to a heavy cannonade when they passed a fort that was bristling with cannon. He ordered his men to lie down flat on the deck, and then took his own station on the paddle-box, that he might act as the emergency required. The danger to himself was imminent, for there came all around him a perfect shower of balls; but he escaped unhurt. He was not touched. Fearlessness of this kind had become habitual to him. In part, probably, it was the result of constitutional temperament, but in a far greater measure it was the consequence of his active realization of the power and sovereignty of God."

During Havelock's sojourn in Persia, the terrible Indian mutiny had broken out. At the culmination of the crisis, Havelock reached Bombay, and at once embarked in the *Erin* for Pointe-de-galle, intending to take the next steamer thence to Calcutta. The voyage promised fairly enough, but on the fourth day a storm arose, and in the course of the ensuing evening the *Erin* struck heavily, and became

a total wreck. In the alarming scenes which ensued it devolved upon Havelock to give instructions to the terrified crew, and to take a position of authority. Above the confused din was heard the calm voice of the gallant hero—"Now, my men, if you will but obey orders, and keep from the spirit-cask, we shall be saved." Happily the advice was accepted, and not a solitary life was sacrificed. On the 17th June Havelock arrived in Calcutta and immediately commenced operations. On the 30th he was in Allahabad, and assumed the command of the relieving army. On the 10th July, Havelock marched under a burning sun fifteen miles to Synee, where he joined Major Renaud's party, and the two companies marched on to Kleaga, five miles from Futtehpore. At Futtehpore a spirited engagement took place which resulted in the entire discomfiture of the enemy. The British, still undaunted, continued their triumphant march. On the 15th, Havelock fired the village of Aong and the bridges over the Pando Nuddee; on the 16th he secured the great victory of the recapturing of Cawnpore, defeating the atrocious Nana Sahib in a pitched battle, and seizing all his guns. Having rested his weary troops for a single day, Havelock marched against Bithoor. Nana Sahib and his blood-thirsty supporters, however, gave full play to their innate cowardice, and decamped. On the 4th August, with a force of 1,400 men, Havelock commenced his second march to relieve Lucknow; he arrived at Unao on the following day, and found that place unoccupied; but at Busserut Gunga the enemy were in great numbers. A brisk engagement ensued, and the loss of the rebels was estimated by General Havelock at 300 killed and wounded. Cholera, that fell disease, made sad work with the army, and for some time Havelock's movements were very much checked in consequence of this sickness.

By virtue of his superior rank the duty of taking the command devolved upon General Outram, who, however, with noble generosity, issued the following divisional order, knowing full well how truly Havelock yearned for the relief of the unfortunate creatures who were held in cruel captivity in Lucknow :

"The important duty of first relieving Lucknow has been entrusted to Major-General Havelock, K.C.B., and Major-General Outram feels that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished. The Major-General, therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion, and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Order, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow the Major-General will resume his position at the head of the forces."

Havelock crossed the Ganges on the 19th. Two days after, the battle of Mungarwar took place, and caused little loss to Havelock's army, but it was very disastrous to the enemy, who fought no more until they reached Alum Bagh ; where they were again completely put to rout. Early on the morning of the 25th the army was again on the move. Upon arriving at Lucknow, they found perils of a new kind awaiting them. Undermining operations were carried on in all directions by the enemy. The dauntless British forces maintained their intrepid course, however, and continued

their never-to-be-forgotten march of fire and death. On, on they went, through a perfect storm of bullets, which were fired upon them from the roofs of the houses, from the open window casements, and from every other available position. The gate of the Residency was at length before them, and with one sturdy ringing cheer the vanguard of Havelock's Column of Relief entered in, bringing to the beleaguered garrison safety at last. But all was not yet over. Havelock spent an anxious time, putting forth every exertion to maintain the position, and using all his skill to counteract the atrocious agencies of the enemy, who still kept at their barbaric work. At length General Sir Colin Campbell came to the rescue, and the relief of the besieged garrison was accomplished.

Havelock's health was greatly impaired, owing to the arduous labours and severe privations through which he had passed. The Queen had conferred upon him the Commandership of the Bath, and Sir Colin Campbell had the satisfaction of addressing the gallant hero as Sir Henry. These earthly honours were not, however, to be long enjoyed, for, despite all the aid which medical science could exercise, the brave and gallant warrior rapidly grew worse, and expired on November 24th, 1857. Havelock was tenderly and affectionately ministered to in his dying moments by his eldest son (the present baronet), to whom he said a few minutes before his departure, "Come, come, my son, and see how a Christian can die." A day or so prior to the end, his distinguished comrade in arms, Sir James Outram, having called, Havelock observed, "For more than forty years I have so ruled my life that when death came I might face it without fear." On the 25th November a grave was prepared in the Alum Bagh, and Sir Colin Campbell, with many other sorrowing comrades, followed

the remains of the illustrious hero to their lasting resting-place. The Rev. Canon MacIlwaine, the Editor of *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, has commemorated the affecting scene in the following expressive lines :—

"Breathe gently his name, let it rise from the ground
Where thousands are weeping, his ashes around ;
The Christian, the soldier, the noble, the brave,
Still calmest in conflict, still foremost to save.

"Bring palms for the Victor, shed tears for the friend :
A wail from the country he died to defend ;
But deepest and purest the sorrow of those—
The sisters he saved from the direst of foes.

"Sleep, soldier of Christ ! in a tomb that is meet,
Where Gunga, subdued, rolls her waves at thy feet ;
The cross of Victoria, bright, laid on thy breast,
While Britons who loved thee keep guard o'er thy rest."

Twenty-one years have passed by since the Christian warrior fell on sleep, but his works still endure. A powerful illustration of this came before the writer in Belfast. A veteran pensioner called at the Irish Temperance League offices one day, to purchase a number of pledge cards. Upon being asked why he interested himself in the Temperance movement, the old soldier proudly replied, "Sir, I am one of Havelock's men." In his declining years he was still endeavouring to bear a part in the maintenance of the noble Temperance movement, which was so dear to the heart of his erst-while gallant chief in India, in the days of the Mutiny. Some time afterwards this same veteran survivor of Havelock's brigade, kindly supplied us with a memorandum of his reminiscences, from which the following is extracted :—

"During the long and painful march through India, to

the frontiers of Persia, Afghanistan, and Cabul, Captain Havelock made himself beloved of every man in his regiment. He had ever a kindly look and a cheery word for his men. He often told them that he was an abstainer from everything that intoxicates, and exhorted his men to follow the same course. When a soldier was brought before him charged with drunkenness, his common exclamation was, 'Oh, my good man, liquor, liquor is the curse of the army. You cannot be a good soldier and drink intoxicating liquor. I never touch it.' With his brother officers he exercised a wholesome influence with regard to drinking. During the siege of Afghanistan, which lasted for five months, General Sale, acting under the advice of Havelock, would not allow any spirit rations to be served out to the men. The army consisted of three thousand men, and during the whole of the time there was not a single case of sickness. After the victory of the English over the Afghans the troops occupied the enemy's camp, which was well stored with liquor of various kinds. The soldiers of one regiment, rejoicing in their great victory, indulged freely in the drink. Havelock expostulated with them in his own mild way, but in vain. Again he assembled this regiment and warned them of the dangers they incurred from intemperance. Dangers from without in the form of their savage enemies, the Afghans; and dangers from within, in the form of those terrible malarious diseases, so prevalent in India. A second time Havelock's warning remained unheeded. For the third time he assembled the regiment, and with it the whole of the army. Pointing to the dreaded triangles which he had caused to be erected, Havelock announced his intention of flogging every man in the regiment who was henceforth reported for intemperance. He ordered the skins containing the wine, arrack, and

toddy to be emptied out on the sand, and during the remainder of his stay with that portion of the army, there was not a single man brought before him for drunkenness."

To those who are wont to contemptuously sneer at the Temperance movement; to the captious critics who speak with affected disdain of the cold-water-army, we say, however much you may disparage the work, and deride our agencies; however much you may point the polished epigram at our movement, and seek to ridicule our efforts, we have a good hope that abstinence will yet prevail. A hope which is fortified and strengthened by the remembrance of the cheering fact that the principle has been upheld, supported, and contended for, by the heroic Havelock and many other illustrious worthies like him, who, by patience in well-doing, have left behind them for the veneration of after ages, names which shall live for evermore.

XIV.

FATHER MATHEW,

The Apostle of Temperance.

XIV.

"'My hand is strong, my heart is bold,
My purpose stern,' I said;
'And shall I rest till I have wreathed
Fame's garland round my head?
No! men shall point to me, and say,
See what the bold can do.'"

ROBERT NICOLL.

WHEN Dr. B. W. Richardson made his memorable tour through Ireland in the autumn of 1877, the writer was privileged to attend him, and of all the places visited, the greatest interest centred in Cork. We knew full well that Father Mathew ("the Apostle of Temperance") had spent the best years of his eventful life in the beautiful City of the South. It was in Cork that the devoted priest first identified himself with the Temperance movement; it was in Cork that he first exercised his persuasive powers to influence others to become abstainers also; it was to Cork that he returned to die, worn out by his incessant labours for the cause both in the Old and New World.

The story of Father Mathew's career has been often told. Descended from an ancient Welsh family, which settled in Ireland some two and a half centuries ago, Theobald was one of eight children, who were left orphans at an early age, and was born in Thomastown on the 10th October, 1790. Lady Elizabeth Mathew, Theobald's grand aunt, adopted him and placed him under the care of a Catholic priest as his teacher. At thirteen years of age the boy was sent to a school in Kilkenny, where he

remained for seven years. After spending a year or two at Maynooth, Theobald was ordained at Dublin by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray. The young priest was appointed coadjutor to Father Donovan, who had charge of the Franciscan Friary in Blackamoor Lane, Cork, an inconvenient structure, with not over comfortable residential quarters. Father Mathew diligently discharged the duties of his vocation, and his labours amongst the sick, the suffering, and the sad, speedily made him exceedingly popular and beloved. His private means were frequently entrenched upon for his good works, and it is said that upon more than one occasion Father Mathew bestowed sums ranging from £50 upwards to necessitous tradesmen, in order to enable them to tide over financial difficulties.

The good priest bore no inconsiderable share in the public work of the city, and was for many years one of the Governors of the House of Industry. William Martin, a member of the Society of Friends, was also one of the board, and as the cases came before them never failed to point out the connection between drink and poverty; often adding, "Oh, Theobald Mathew! if thou wouldst only give thy aid, much good could be done in the city."

At this time, however, there were a few hearty workers in the field, prominent amongst whom were the Rev. Nicholas C. Dunscombe, Richard Dowden (a distinguished member of the Unitarian Church), and the William Martin just mentioned. This philanthropic band formed a Temperance Society in Cork, and an effort was made to enlist the sympathies of Mathew. He carefully considered the arguments of two friends who brought the matter before him, and shortly afterwards invited the Temperance Committee to meet him in the Friary Schoolroom. When this little meeting took place, Father Mathew said—"If only

one poor soul could be rescued from destruction by what we are now attempting, it would be giving glory to God;" whereupon, taking the pen in his hand, he added in a voice heard by all—"Here goes, in the name of God," and inscribed his signature. Thus on the 10th April, 1838, commenced that auspicious movement which has never been equalled in the annals of the Temperance reformation.

A new Society was formed, with Father Mathew as President, and at the second meeting 330 members were enrolled. The old schoolroom was soon found to be too small to accommodate the numbers who flocked to the meetings, and the Horse Bazaar, capable of holding 4,000 persons, was promptly rented for the purposes of the Temperance Association. The populace was so influenced by Father Mathew's eloquent appeals, that by the end of the year in which he joined the Society, no less than 150,600 names were entered upon the pledge book. The following is a copy of the pledge :—

"I promise, with the Divine assistance, as long as I shall continue a member of the Teetotal Temperance Society, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except for medicine or sacramental purposes; and to prevent as much as possible, by advice and example, drunkenness in others."

The news of the good work done in Cork soon spread far and wide, and many were the invitations which Father Mathew received, to visit different parts of the country for the purpose of founding Temperance associations.

In 1843 he journeyed to London, and was received with immense enthusiasm. Crowds assembled whenever he was announced to speak, and at every meeting great numbers received the pledge. A short time ago, we came into the possession of a manuscript which affords some interesting

information relative to these London meetings; we preserve the quaint phraseology of the narrator intact, as his testimony as an eyewitness of the Mathew meetings is of value. He writes :—

"Having been directed in the Providence of Almighty God to commence the first Temperance movement at London in 1829, by a letter and parcel from New York, in the United States, and being then the minister of the Mariner's Church, in Welclose Square, by the London Docks: Mr. Giles, a respectable member of the Society of Friends, had followed the example of our first Temperance plan, and enlarged upon it, by Temperance Meetings with Catholics in that district; and as we abounded with Irish families in Rosemary Lane, Ratcliff Highway, and East London generally. I was surprised at the excitement that prevailed in those parts by such a host of families publishing and proclaiming the expected arrival of Father Mathew, as was the general cry, to advocate the Temperance Reformation in public. I therefore attended with all the multitudes his first lecture in a large field by Commercial Road, East London; and I was so much surprised and delighted with his long and excellent address respecting the dangers of strong drink, and the health, comfort, and prosperity of total abstinence, that when he concluded I went to him on the platform, and said :—'Sir, if this is your general mode of address respecting strong drink, and the advocacy of Temperance as a great National Moral Reform, I shall be most happy to attend you all the time you are in London every day, and to render you all possible assistance that I can, as being more accustomed to open-air speaking than any person in London, and as having seen more of the fatal evils of drunkenness than any person in the Royal Navy

and the British Army in this country, and in Spain and France.' Mr. Mathew instantly expressed his kindest thanks, and from that time I attended him every day with a stout errand boy, and being so well known personally in London, I was able for weeks to devote every day of his public meetings to this work, without seeking for any pay or self-interest of any kind; and having seen the effects of whiskey and the customs of Ireland, I was truly astonished at the extraordinary instrumentality of Mr. Mathew from Ireland, to promote sobriety and moral reforms as a Temperance Missionary in England, and especially in the great central metropolis of the demon of drunkenness as East London, where are our ships, and commerce, and sailors; and drunkenness, made this port the most giant monster of vice and immorality in the world. I therefore took the superintendence of the greater part of those Temperance Meetings, and addressed the people, and boldly met all the strong drink enemies who stood up and raised companies to oppose us in this work. At every meeting after Mr. Mathew's address, he called upon as many as chose to come forward and signify their adoption of the pledge by kneeling down and repeating the words, and then I had persons with me to count the number, and thus every day I had the Poll made and reported, and published every week; and when Mr. Mathew closed, I had the inclosed published, but it has long since been out of print, and unknown to the present generation, yet this day, April 4th, 1860, having unexpectedly received a paper from a stranger at Belfast with some printed Temperance papers, I have been so rejoiced that I now send the correct Temperance Poll to the Ulster Tract and Book Depository, Donegall Square, Belfast. Hoping that it will be published there for Ireland, as I can most solemnly pledge myself to

its correctness, and as it is my last copy, I shall be most happy to receive one in return from Belfast.

"GEORGE CHARLES SMITH, R.N. Captain, Superintendent of The British and Foreign Seamen's and Soldiers' Friend Society, Naval and Military Office, Indian Bethel House, Penzance, Cornwall.

"The Friend who kindly sent me the Temperance hymns and a few Temperance slips, and also a few stamps for the sailors' orphans, is Alexander S. Mayne, Belfast."

The following is a literal copy of the enclosure referred to by Captain Smith :—

"TEMPERANCE POLL.

"In the Metropolis of the British Empire, from July 31 to September 4, 1843. By the blessing of Almighty God upon the extraordinary labours of the REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

Commercial Road, Cemetery Field	22,787
Kennington Common, three days	10,000
Fulham, at Parsons' Green	900
Albany Street Riding School	2500
Cumberland Market, Marylebone	3730
Britannia Fields, Islington	3720
Paddington, Western Railway Field	930
Enfield, Temperance Hall Field	280
Streatham Mews, St. Giles's	4324
Blackheath, the Princess' Mansion	453
Deptford Railway Terminus Field	244
Westminster, Penitentiary Field	2020
Bermondsey, Spa Road Station	943
Stratford, Maryland Point Field	502
Hackney Temperance Hall Ground	360
Cartwright Square, Rosemary Lane	2121
Somers Town, Duke of Bedford's Fields	753
Golden Lane, Burial Ground, Barbican	2328
Chelsea, Wellington Cricket Ground	1142
Spanish Place Calmel Buildings, Portman Square	3000
Total, finishing the London Mission	63,037

"Some thousands have also taken the pledge in Temper-

ance meetings from the influence of those public labours, and HALF-A-MILLION of persons have listened attentively for many hours to the moral instruction of the TOTAL ABSTINENT TEMPERANCE NATIONAL REFORMATION.

"G. C. Smith, Registrar, Welclose Square."

That the "strong drink enemies" of Total Abstinence did interfere with Father Mathew's London meetings, as alleged by Captain Smith, is well proven by quotations from the metropolitan press of that day (*vide* Maguire's *Life of Mathew.*)

Of Father Mathew's visit to other large towns in England, his labours in Scotland, and his great work in America, we must forbear to write. Wherever he went his efforts were remarkably successful. Important testimonies to his useful work have been given from time to time by eminent theologians of Churches opposed to Mathew's religious tenets, distinguished statesmen, and authorities of acknowledged eminence in the world of letters.

In 1847 Her Majesty granted him a pension of £300 a year, and the intelligence was conveyed to Father Mathew by Lord John Russell, whose letter stated that the pension was given as a mark of Her Majesty's "approbation of your meritorious exertions in combating the intemperance which in so many instances obscured and rendered fruitless the virtues of your countrymen."

For nine years longer he continued to carry on the crusade. But such incessant work, such continued journeyings to and fro, the constant strain and wear and tear of his busy life, played havoc with his constitution, and on the 8th December, 1856, he sank peacefully to rest. The tidings of his death were received with manifestations of

deep regret, and his funeral was attended by 50,000 mourners.

Shortly afterwards steps were taken to perpetuate his memory, the result being the erection of a noble statue by Foley, upon a fine site in the city which Mathew loved so well.

The *Alliance News* of June 2nd, 1877, contained the following :—

"Lines on seeing the statue in Cork of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance, surrounded by whiskey shops and their customers :—

"Is this the best that Irish hearts
And Irish hands can do,
To honour one so good, so wise,
So gentle, and so true?

"Mark to what poor and narrow bounds
Their gratitude extends—
They raise a statue to his fame,
But thwart his noble ends.

"They cast his teachings to the winds ;
They mock his honoured name ;
They nurse the foe with whom he fought ;
They glory in their shame !

"Vice, crime, and poverty all round
Their hideous orgies hold—
Vice, crime, and poverty which feed
The sacred love of gold.

"Oh, take that mocking statue down,
Nor rear it more, until
You've learned the lesson of his life,
And vowed to do his will." Z.

This vigorous verse was in well-informed circles attributed to the pen of a distinguished English Member of Parliament,

who was then making a tour through Ireland, and some amusement was caused by the publication of the following reply in the *Belfast Ulster Echo*:—

WE will not take the statue down,
Despite your gibing sneers;
When vict'ry lies within the grasp,
That's not the time for fears.

Your puerile wit, your mocking taunts,
From ignorance arise;
Your maudlin satire wakes our scorn!
Your pity—we despise!

Name, railing rhymster, if thou can'st,
A braver Temperance band
Than those who in the past—aye still,
For Sunday-closing stand.

For England's fault—must Erin wait?—
For waiting suffer blame—
Look, look at home—then turn to us—
THEN—hide your head in shame!

Erin! lift up thy heart with joy,
Deeds are the noblest test:
Work on—thy Sabbath yet shall be
A real day of rest!

An interesting commentary on the success of Father Mathew's labours is afforded by the Inland Revenue Returns. In 1842 the duty on whiskey yielded £569,000 less than it did in 1839. But the apparent loss was more than made good, the total revenue from duty-paying excisable articles in 1842 being £90,000 above the average. One well competent to give an opinion has said:

"The scale kicked the beam, not on the wrong, but on the right side. The nation's books, though the whiskey-traders dealt so little with her, were not the worse but the

better. Tea and sugar yielded an increase of 10 per cent. A draper in the poorest part of Dublin City bore testimony that his trade had increased sixteen-fold since the whiskey was abjured. Crime and violence were most sensibly lessened; and on all hands and on every side the revenue was recouped for the absence of the blood-stained coins of the traffic. Incomings increased, outgoings decreased,—two evident signs of well-doing, whether for the pocket of the citizen, or for the coffers of the nation."

It has been asserted that Mathew's labours conferred no lasting benefits upon the community, that his converts only ran well for a brief season. Without entering into an argument upon the matter, we may fairly urge, that it is unjust to pass such a judgment on Father Mathew's labours. What about those converts who *have* remained faithful? It is only a short time since the "Newry Blacksmith" died at the ripe old age of seventy years. Whitfield, after being the slave of drink, took the pledge at one of Father Mathew's meetings in the neighbourhood of Newry, became a reformed man, did good service for the promotion of the Temperance movement, and remained a faithful abstainer to the end of his days. Who that has heard another noble worker (happily still spared), Mrs. John Grubb Richardson, tell the story of how she took the pledge at the hands of Father Mathew in the open square at Portadown, will say that Mathew's work left no lasting blessings in its train!

This sketch commences with a reference to a visit to Cork; it may fittingly conclude with another. Upon the occasion in question we experienced a pleasant surprise, by meeting in the streets an old friend, the Rev. Father Nugent, of Liverpool. His earnest prosecution of the good work on the banks of the Mersey had brought on a serious illness, and he was then recruiting his health. Yielding to our

entreaties, Father Nugent attended Dr. Richardson's lecture in Cork, and delivered an impassioned address which deeply stirred the large audience. Upon his shoulders, the mantle of Mathew may truly be said to have descended, and on last New Year's morning two thousand total abstainers walked from Liverpool to Walton, a distance of three miles, to wish the abstaining priest "A Happy New Year."

We cannot refrain from expressing our deep satisfaction at the aspect of the Temperance question in the Churches. The prominent leaders of every denomination are declaring themselves upon the side of total abstinence, and the Catholic Church is to be congratulated upon having such brilliant lights as Cardinal Manning and Cardinal McCloskey, men who are not ashamed to acknowledge before all the world that they are content to fulfil the important duties of their distinguished positions without the stimulating aids of alcoholic liquors.

Cardinal Manning has now been a total abstainer for nearly ten years, and has laboured incessantly for the extension of the principle. His thoroughness upon the question has been abundantly shown, and it would be impossible to convey anything like an adequate expression of the enthusiasm which he aroused amongst his co-religionists in Liverpool, when he said that "he held drunkenness to be the fountain of all vice and sin, and such being his conviction, as long as he lived his effort would be to assist in putting down and limiting, in any degree that he could, the great evil of intoxicating drink." Upon the same occasion he further observed, that "he felt that it was his duty, whatever might be the opinion of others—and he respected those who differed from him—to pursue the path upon which he had entered, and that was the path of total abstinence; and to endeavour by

word and deed to induce others to pursue the same course." The Cardinal is a vice-president of the United Kingdom Alliance, upon whose platform he is often to be found in many parts of the country. The Sunday Closing Movement has his warmest support, and he never wearies of reiterating his belief in the Permissive Bill as being the most practical measure of Temperance legislation before the country.

XV.

JOHN GRUBB RICHARDSON,

The Founder of Bessbrook.

XV.

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."

—SHAKESPEARE.

ON the last day of Dr. Richardson's visit to Ireland, the eminent physician was entertained at a public breakfast in Belfast, under the presidency of the Mayor, Sir John Preston. In responding to a resolution of thanks, Dr. Richardson said :—

"As to the impressions which his visit to Ireland had produced, everything he had seen and heard was quite different from what he expected to see and hear. The first impression produced was that Ireland was many years ahead of her sister kingdom in this subject of Temperance. He did not think it was difficult to discover the reason :— Ireland was the first country in the three kingdoms to form a Temperance Association. As early as 1827 such a Society existed in Dublin, and, no doubt, most fruitful seed was sown. Ireland was then highly favoured in having at this centre of activity one of the noblest, most conscientious, and most able members of the medical profession, Dr. Cheyne. His advocacy of Temperance was of the greatest advantage. His admirable letters on Temperance, though they were privately circulated, acted like the secret spring of a timepiece, and were keeping the cause moving till

newer forces were added. Father Mathew followed in the south, while in the north the less resolute but more temperate and firm persuasive voice of Professor Edgar, was heard in a manner that tuned itself exquisitely to the northern mind.

"The results of their labours might be said to have been solidified by the foundation in Ireland of that wonderful, thriving, prosperous little community at Bessbrook, where not a dram-shop existed—that little town which Ireland owed to his distinguished namesake, Mr. J. G. Richardson, and which would last as one of the most telling monuments of his prescience, philanthropy, and good name."

This eloquent tribute to the enterprise and public spirit of the honoured founder of Bessbrook, may serve as a fitting introduction to a narrative of the success with which his labours have been crowned.

Mr. John Grubb Richardson was born in the year 1813, at Lisburn, a town dear to every student of literature, from its associations with the noble-minded good old Jeremy Taylor. Mr. Richardson's ancestors were connected with Oliver Cromwell's army, and settled in the north of Ireland upwards of two centuries ago. He received his early education at Ballitore School, and subsequently completed his studies at Frenchay in Gloucestershire. When little more than seventeen years of age, he became an apprentice to his father (who was engaged in the linen trade) and, speedily developed remarkable capacities for business.

Very soon the onerous duties of management devolved upon him: but young as he was he proved fully equal to the task, and under his wise and judicious direction the operations of the firm were considerably extended. Branches were opened in the United States and on the Continent, and the trade so developed in every direction, that at the present time, the name of the firm is known and respected

in every country where the sale of linens forms a portion of the commerce.

Some twenty-five years ago, an estate of about six thousand acres, situate in the county of Armagh, and belonging to an Irish nobleman, was in the market. Mr. Richardson became the purchaser, and there erected the factory which is now so famous under the name of the Bessbrook Flax Spinning Mills.

The situation is one of the most delightful in the whole neighbourhood, being sheltered by gently rising ground on three sides, and having a fine open view towards Armagh, Portadown, and Newry. The latter town is between three and four miles distant, Belfast thirty, and Dublin about fifty miles.

Approaching Bessbrook from Newry, the Spinning Mills form the most prominent feature in the view. The immense range of lofty buildings is of noble proportions, and for massive elegance compares very favourably with similar stately erections in the Lancashire factory district. It is not however until we enter the hive of industry, that anything like an adequate conception can be formed of the magnitude of its operations. Passing from room to room, the mind is somewhat prepared by the incessant whirr of the machines, the variety of the departments, and the organised activity of nearly five thousand busy workers, for the reception of facts and figures relative to Bessbrook, which might otherwise seem almost too startling for acceptance.

In these model works the flax is submitted to every stage of the spinning and weaving manufacture. Commencing with what is termed the hackling department, and we are writing from personal observation during a visit to Bessbrook in the autumn of 1878, the visitor sees the flax treated by three distinct processes. First, *the roughing* is performed

by roughers, the flax being passed over a coarse hackle and relieved from dirt and tow. The next process is *the machine hackling*, by which the flax is combed out, the machines being managed by young lads from thirteen to sixteen years of age. Finally, *the sorting* takes place, the men selecting the flax into different qualities as it comes from the machines.

These preliminaries over, the flax is quite ready for spinning into yarn. In this process female labour is largely utilised: the "preparers," "back-minders," "rovers," and "spinners" being generally women. The yarn when spun, is passed on to the reeling room to be put into hanks, this work being done by girls. Entering the next department in order, we find men engaged in steeping the yarn in a mixture which imparts fixity and strength, after which it has to be bleached and dried.

Leaving the spinning, and wending our way to the weaving department, we are confronted with another busy band of female operatives. Upwards of 500 looms are at work. The merry click clack which to our untutored ears savours somewhat of noise and distraction, is simply all the harmony of busy and successful labour to these active workers. After winding the yarn on spools for warp, and pirns for weft, the warp is attached to what are termed warpers' beams. This being done, it is next transferred to the dressing room, where under the guidance of men four warpers' beams are blended into one thread, which ultimately forms the basis of the manufactured article. Ere this is accomplished, however, female labour is once more laid under obligation, the beams are attached to "heddles," and the warp thus raised.

We have yet another department to enter, namely, the weaving shed. Here the warp is attached to looms and the yarn is speedily and effectually wrought into plain linen, towels, hollands, sheeting, etc.

The Bessbrook Mills have long been celebrated for the excellence of their damask manufacture. Constant employment is given to a large number of accomplished designers, male and female, whose time is fully occupied in the invention of artistic designs and the preparation of patterns of the same in card-board. By the aid of some exquisitely contrived machinery, these patterns are utilised in the manufacture. When once the pattern is properly adjusted the worker sets the ingenious machine in motion, and the spectator is fairly entranced by the marvellous rapidity with which the most elaborate and intricate designs are faultlessly reproduced, in all their artistic grace and beauty in the manufactured article.

When the mills are in full work, occupation is afforded for about four thousand five hundred hands, and nearly £70,000 per annum disbursed in wages alone. The six powerful engines which keep the machines in motion, consume some 10,000 tons of coal every year, and the value of the raw material worked up in a twelvemonth is little short of £200,000.

Leaving the factory, let us now take a stroll through the town which has been built by Mr. Richardson soiely for the accommodation of the hands in his employment. Bessbrook stands upon an elevated site at the northernmost end of the factory, and is a model town in every respect. Its chief feature is a handsome square, from which well planned streets diverge in the direction of the works and the town of Newry. The shop keepers have been personally selected by Mr. Richardson, and are liable to be put under notice if detected in dishonest practices. No two tradesmen engage in the same business, but in addition to the butcher, baker, draper, bookseller, post office, etc., there are two co-operative stores belonging to the workers themselves,

one owned by adults, whilst the allotment of shares in the other is strictly confined to juveniles. The town is lighted with gas manufactured at the mill; the sewerage system is well-ordered; and the roadways are maintained in an excellent state of cleanliness and repair. The houses are built upon one uniform model of style, though varying in size, every family being accommodated with three or six rooms according to the number of its members. The rents are so fixed that whilst they do not unduly press upon the tenants, they nevertheless return a fair percentage to Mr. Richardson upon the capital invested.

The town is replete with public institutions. The Literary Institute is amply supplied with a well-selected library of standard works, and an abundant store of the leading papers and periodicals of the day. There is also a Recreation Room, which is much frequented in the winter months by the local lovers of chess, draughts, and backgammon. Hard by is the Dispensary, which is conducted on an original system. Every worker in the mills engages to contribute from his or her wages weekly, a certain fixed sum to the Sick Fund. The amount thus raised, supplemented by a handsome yearly contribution from Mr. Richardson's purse, provides for all the expenses of the Dispensary, meets the stipend of an efficient medical officer, and further, enables a payment of half the ordinary wages to be made to any worker who is compelled to go on the sick list.

A little retired from the main street may be found the schools. These are handsomely furnished with all needful requisites, excellently managed, and invariably well attended. The schools are under the supervision of the National Board of Education, and to provide against the apathy of parents Mr. Richardson has organized what we may

almost speak of as a system of compulsory education:—Every householder being required to pay one penny per week as a school fee, for each child over four years of age.

Adjacent to the factory is a commodious Dining-hall where good hot coffee is sold at one halfpenny per cup, and other refreshments at similarly reasonable figures.

Another important institution, especially from a domestic point of view, is the Home Farm of nearly three hundred acres. An abundant supply of unadulterated milk is thus placed within the reach of all. There is further, a Savings Bank, paying depositors interest at the rate of five per cent., and so much valued that some of the depositors have upwards of £300 to £400 to their credit. There are five handsome places of worship (one Church of Ireland, one Presbyterian, one Wesleyan, one Friends' Meeting House, and one Roman Catholic), the respective congregations supporting the current expenses.

But the remarkable feature of Bessbrook, consists in the entire absence of certain familiar institutions which are by all admitted to be far too common in other localities, and which many are disposed to think might well be spared altogether to the immense gain of the community at large. We look in vain in this model town for public-house or pawn shop—and we may add, as indicating a striking proof of the close connexion of Temperance with good order, that in Bessbrook no one ever complains of a policeman not being at hand when wanted, inasmuch as no policeman ever is wanted, and therefore this "institution" does not exist.

The sale of intoxicating liquors has been entirely prohibited by the proprietor of the works, and as a consequence there is not only the absence of drunkenness, but a general

freedom from the "legion" of evils which seem inseparable from the drink.

Mr. Richardson and his excellent wife are, it need scarcely be said, themselves total abstainers. For upwards of a quarter of a century they have been prominently identified with the Temperance movement in Ireland. Example and precept are combined: and their word to their employés is not "Go in this or that way," but "Come and follow us."

During the last Session of Parliament, Mr. Richardson was one of the witnesses examined by the Lords Committee on Intemperance. Upon this occasion, he tendered some interesting particulars relative to his experience in Bessbrook, which have since been published in the official Blue Book.

Mr. Richardson is a Vice-President of the Irish Temperance League, and a munificent supporter of its funds. He takes an active interest in the electoral programme of the League, and is an earnest advocate of the useful work which the organization is effecting in Belfast, by means of a commodious and well appointed Temperance Café (which we have Sir Wilfrid Lawson's authority for saying is one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the country), and numerous street coffee stands. Speaking at a public meeting in that town a few months since Mr. Richardson said:—

"The North of Ireland owed a great deal to the League. Upon moral, religious, and commercial grounds, he could honestly urge the claims of the society. It had been the means of educating the country by the funds placed at its disposal, which it had used well and economically. Some of the best minds to be found in Great Britain had been employed to come forward to educate them on this Temperance question, and the consequence was that of the twenty-

nine members of Parliament in Ulster, twenty-eight were supporters of the movement. This nation could not possibly continue long in a prosperous condition if the people continued to drink intoxicating liquors. It was computed that every year £290,000,000 were spent in this Empire for drink. If only those millions were thrown into the trade of the country, what great good would be done; and there would be nothing more heard of the reduction of wages and consequent strikes. There was no disputing the fact that as a nation we were drinking ourselves to ruin. There were in the empire no fewer than 190,000 houses licensed for the sale of spirituous liquor, and he considered that these 190,000 houses killed 190,000 persons annually. While such a state of things existed, they could not expect that trade would prosper, and before they could remove the commercial depression that prevailed at present the country must shake off the yoke of intemperance."

Mr. Richardson is likewise a Vice-President of the Irish Association for the Suppression of Intemperance, a Society which under another name was mainly instrumental in procuring the passing of the Irish Sunday Closing Bill. As a Vice-President of the United Kingdom Alliance, Mr. Richardson receives a cordial welcome at Manchester, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that what he has so successfully accomplished at Bessbrook, is the strongest possible argument for the exercise of similar influence throughout the land.

One thing is clear, that with all her faults Ireland may at least point England to Bessbrook and its founder, as presenting an instance of a practical solution of the perplexing problem, how to make the working-classes thrifty, sober, industrious, and prosperous.

We cannot close our narrative without adding a word of

tribute to the less public but equally useful labours of Mrs. Richardson. The kindly interest which she has ever manifested in any movement calculated to improve the condition of the inhabitants of Bessbrook is beyond all praise, and her elevated example has had no little influence upon the ladies of the northern province of Ireland.

XVI.

ELIHU BURRITT,

The Learned Blacksmith.

XVI.

"To employ
The mind's brave ardour in heroic aims,
Such as may raise us o'er the grovelling herd,
And make us shine for ever—that is life."

—THOMSON.

ONE cannot but feel that there is something appropriate in speaking of the "Learned Blacksmith" as an American, when we remember that it is to the literature of America we must refer for the most exquisite verses ever penned in praise of the anvil.

Who has not heard of Elihu Burritt? How many there are who have bright recollections of pleasant conversations with this extraordinary genius, who literally walked to the ends of the earth, speaking peace to the nations and praise to the Lord. As he lay a-dying, the armed bands of the most powerful race on the face of the globe were engaged in bloody warfare; wars and rumours of wars filled the air; many of those who hitherto had declared for peace, were calling loudly for revenge. But that which was sown shall yet be reaped. The Divine ordering of events cannot be controlled by the wickedness of man. The truth for which Burritt toiled and slaved, shall yet be endued with life and energy: the day will come when his despised "Olive Leaves" shall have more power than the sword.

Elihu Burritt was in every sense a man of the people. He came from a lowly stock—his father was a shoemaker,

who "brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord" a family of ten children, of whom Elihu was the youngest, having been born in New Britain, Connecticut, on December 8th, 1810. Many a time when returning weary from market, at ten miles' distance, the good shoemaker would journey two or three miles out of his way, to leave a few oranges, or other acceptable present, with some sick person who stood in need of such assistance. Nor was the wife of this good man less conspicuous for real and unaffected piety. "She was the best friend her children had on this side of Jesus Christ. She exhibited all my father's benevolence, with an unruffled placidity of manner, truly beautiful," was in later years the affectionate testimony of her gifted son. Amongst the earliest recollections of his childhood was the arranging of all the chairs and stools in the house in a semicircle round the fire, and the benevolent expression of countenance with which his father used to conduct to the best seat in the social circle an old idiotic pauper, known by the name of "Aunt Sarah." Not that she stood in that relationship to the family: but if anyone in the neighbourhood met with a misfortune—lost a limb, or was halt, or blind, or dumb—he became to this good family an uncle; or if a female, an aunt.

Such was the home of the Burritts; and we can readily understand that it was something even higher than duty which caused Elihu, after performing a hard day's work, to sit by his father's bedside watching him, while sick and dying, half through the silent night. When about sixteen years of age, Burritt was apprenticed to a blacksmith, and took up his residence with an elder brother, Elijah, who, in consequence of his anti-slavery notions, had fled from Georgia and returned to his native town to open a school. It was about this time, too, that Burritt commenced with

diligence his remarkable pursuit after knowledge. At one-and-twenty, when his apprenticeship expired, he laid aside his hammer, and became a student with his brother for six months. At this time he could earn a dollar-and-a-half a day at his trade, and consequently might take it that every day he spent at school cost him so much money. This pecuniary consideration served to render the young enthusiast doubly industrious, and at the expiration of the half year he found himself well versed in mathematics, in addition to which he had read several French works, and gone through Virgil.

He then returned to the forge with the determination that he would make up for lost time, which he accomplished by undertaking to do the work of two men, by which he thus secured double wages. Fourteen hours of bodily toil were now his daily portion, yet he still made time to prosecute his French and Latin studies in the morning or evening. About this time, also, he began to study Spanish and Greek. His Greek grammar could just be carried in the crown of his hat, and was his constant companion in the workshop. While standing at the furnace, waiting for the fusing of the metal, he would frequently commit part of a Greek verb to memory. After about six months were spent in this way, he once more left the forge, determined to again appropriate his earnings to the acquisition of knowledge. During the winter he took lodgings at New Haven, where his intellectual labour appears to have been marvellous.

In his own words :—

"As soon as the man who attended the fires had made one in the sitting-room, which was about half-past four in the morning, I arose, and studied German till breakfast, which was served at half-past seven. When the boarders were gone to their places of business, I sat down to Homer's

Iliad, without a comment to assist me, and with a Greek and Latin Lexicon. A few minutes before they came in to their dinners I put away all my Greek and Latin, and began reading Italian, which was less calculated to attract the notice of the noisy men who at that hour thronged the room. After dinner I took a short walk, and then again sat down to Homer's Iliad, with a determination to master it without a master. The proudest moment of my life, was when I had first possessed myself of the full meaning of the first fifteen lines of that noble work. *I took a triumphal walk in celebration of that exploit.* In the evening I read in the Spanish language until bedtime. I followed this course for two or three months, at the end of which time I read about the whole of the Iliad in Greek, and made considerable progress in French, Italian, German, and Spanish."

When the winter was over he returned to his native town, and once more donned the leathern apron in the fresh determination to make up for lost time at the anvil. The fame of his learning had already travelled abroad, and he was invited to take charge of a Grammar School in a neighbouring town. He did so, and for twelve months attended most vigorously to the studies of himself and his pupils. The lack of that vigorous exercise to which he had been accustomed told upon his health, and, on relinquishing the school, he again returned to the forge.

Dean Alford says, "'Tis plod, plod, plod, step by step—dull work; but you can console yourself while labouring up the hill on the fine prospect and fresh breeze you will enjoy when you reach the top. Diligence is the only way of acquitting one's self honourably in any station of life; it is what we owe to ourselves and to Him who gave us our capacity and talent." Burritt was thoroughly imbued with the plodding spirit, and kept steadily onward in the search

for knowledge. The Oriental dialects engaged his attention, but his great difficulty was to obtain the necessary books for his study. The idea occurred to him of working his passage across the Atlantic, and coming to Europe in order to procure the books which it seemed impossible to get in the United States. He started on his way, and walked to Boston, a journey of one hundred and twenty miles.

Hearing of the existence of an Antiquarian Library at Worcester (distant some forty miles from Boston, and familiar to Temperance men from its inseparable connection with the romantic story of John B. Gough), Burritt turned his steps in that direction. On the way, he was overtaken by a waggon, and happily persuaded the youthful driver to give him a friendly lift. It then became a question of importance what payment should be made for the value received. Now the whole of his available resources at this time, consisted of one dollar and an old watch. To part with the money seemed to be impossible; Burritt therefore tendered the watch in payment, premising that if the lad could afford to have it repaired, it would be made worth even more than the ride, in which case, if they two should ever meet again, the "balance might be handed over to the original owner of the watch." The terms were accepted, and each went on his way. Burritt obtained employment as a journeyman blacksmith in Worcester, at twelve dollars per month with board included. One day he was surprised by a visit from the young waggoner, who came to him at the anvil, and smilingly handed him a few dollars, at the same time saying that the watch had been mended, and was giving every satisfaction as a time-keeper. But we have not yet done with this wonderful watch: it has a story all its own. Years had passed, and Burritt was travelling by rail from Worcester to his native town, New Britain,

when a well-dressed fellow-traveller accosted him. "You have forgotten me, Mr. Burritt," said he, "but I have not forgotten you." Burritt asked for information to assist his recognition. "You remember," returned the other, "the boy to whom you gave the watch. I am he; a young man, now a student of Harvard College." It was a pleasant meeting; the warmest hand-shaking followed. "And about that watch," said Burritt, "what has become of it? for, to tell you the truth, I was much attached to it, and should like to have it back again." "That you shall," replied the young man; "you *shall* have it back. I sold it; but I know where it is, and it shall be yours." The watch soon became Burritt's again; and was ever after retained by the "Learned Blacksmith" as one of his greatest treasures.

As we have already stated, Burritt resided at Worcester with the object of availing himself of the privileges for study, afforded by the Antiquarian Library. The limitation of the hours during which the Library was open to the public, was a great barrier to the blacksmith's plans. He was obliged to attend to his duty at the anvil, but prosecuted his studies in the early hours of the day, and at such other odd moments as his insatiable craving for knowledge spurred him on to appropriate, such as meal times, etc. An extract from his diary, will enable the reader to form a conception of the life, which our hero was leading at the time referred to:—

"*Monday*, June 18th, headache; forty pages Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, eleven hours' forging. *Tuesday*, sixty-five lines of Hebrew, thirty pages of French, ten pages Cuvier's Theory, eight lines Syriac, ten ditto Danish, ten ditto Bohemian, nine ditto Polish, fifteen names of stars, ten hours' forging. *Wednesday*, twenty-five lines Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, seven

hours' forging. *Thursday*, fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight ditto Syriac, eleven hours' forging. *Friday*, unwell; twelve hours' forging, *Saturday*, unwell; fifty pages of Natural History, ten hours' forging. *Sunday*, lessons for Bible class."

It will be seen that this incessant strain on the body and mind, was not effected without making inroads upon Burritt's health. He had his own pet remedies, and his prescription for the headache is eminently characteristic: —"A little less study, and a little more work, say two or three hours' additional forging." So the years went by in one incessant round of study. The Turkish, Ethiopic, and Persian languages were successively mastered; many of the Icelandic Sagas were translated for leading Reviews; and he was in frequent request as a public lecturer.

As an interesting specimen of Burritt's style as a writer, no less than an important insight into a remarkable epoch in his life, we ask attention to his story, "Why I left the Anvil:"—

"One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought, that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any of the enginery agoing in modern times, when a most unearthly screaming pierced my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was, the great iron horse! Yes, he had come looking for all the world like the Dragon we read of in Scripture, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying in surprise and indignation at the "base use" to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexiped move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of the wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards their city slaughter-house. It was wonderful.

The little busy beewinged machinery of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden! it devoured the intervening distance, and welded the cities together! but for its furnace heart and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast, an enormous aggregation of—horse power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

"Passing along the street one afternoon I heard a noise in an old building as of some one puffing a pair of bellows. So with no more a-do I stepped in, and there, in a corner of a room, I saw the *chef d'œuvre* of all the machinery that has ever been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction it was simple and unassuming as a cheese press. It went with a lever—with a lever, longer, stronger, than that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

"'It is a printing press,' said a boy standing by the ink trough with a queueless turban of brown paper on his head. 'A printing press!' I queried musingly to myself. 'A printing press? what do you print?' I asked. 'Print?' said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, 'why, we print thoughts.' 'Print thoughts?' I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration, he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest, and he left an ink mark on his forehead from a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. 'Why, yes,' he reiterated, in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which, though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, 'we print thoughts to be sure.' 'But, my boy,' I asked in honest soberness, 'what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them to print them?'

'Thoughts are what come out of people's minds,' he replied. 'Get hold of them, indeed? Why minds ar'n't nothing you can get hold of, nor thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, wouldn't make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them; they don't make any noise, nor have any colour; they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut, the sexton, says, that a man weighs just as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before—No, sir, all the minds that ever lived wouldn't weigh an ounce troy.'

"'Then how do you print thoughts?' I asked. 'If minds are thin as air, and thoughts thinner still, and make no noise and have no substance, shade, or colour, and are like the winds, and more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment: sometimes in heaven, and sometimes on earth, and in the waters under the earth; how can you get hold of them? how can you see them when caught, or show them to others?'

"Ezekiel's eye grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing his ink-roller proudly across the metallic page of the newspaper, he replied, 'Thoughts work and walk in things what make tracks; and we take them tracks and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone or what not. That is the way we print thoughts. Don't you understand?'

"The pressman let go the lever, and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and following up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper buff cap. Ezekiel comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hands on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest exposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

"'Thoughts make tracks,' he continued impressively, as

if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating it slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type-case, with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. 'Thoughts make tracks,' he repeated, arranging in his left hand a score or two of metal slips, 'and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the heart of a human man; and we can print it too,' giving the inked form a blow of triumph with his fist, 'we can print it too, give us paper and ink enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlid of thoughts, as much like the pattern as two peas.' Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the brawny pressman looked first at him, and then at the press, with evident astonishment.

"'Talk about the mind's living for ever!' exclaimed the boy, pointing patronisingly at the ground, as if mind were lying there incapable of immortality until the printer reached it a helping hand, 'why the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, as dead as a stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me who have run the ink rollers. Immortality, indeed! why, people's minds,' he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, 'people's minds wouldn't be immortal if 'twasn't for the printers—at any rate, in this here planetary burying-ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for the dead men,' he subjoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it as if dubbed a knight of the legion of honour, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. 'Give us one good healthy mind,' resumed Ezekiel, 'to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man, and we will insure his life; we will keep

him alive for ever among the living. He can't die, no way you can fix it, when once we have touched him with these here bits of inky pewter. He sha'n't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that shall come to live here as long as the world stands.'

"'Ezekiel,' I asked, in a subdued tone of reverence, 'will you print my thoughts too?'

"'Yes, that I will,' he replied, 'if you will think some of the right kind.' 'Yes, that we will,' echoed the pressman.

"And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my 'thought-tracks' ever since."

We believe it was in 1841 that Burritt first appeared before the public as a lecturer. Some few years later he founded a weekly newspaper entitled, *The Christian Citizen*, and in its columns first appeared his best known composition, the undying description of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. In 1846, the blacksmith made his first visit to Great Britain, and early in the following year published a small volume entitled, "Sparks from the Anvil." During the Potato Famine, Burritt went to Ireland, and was so moved by the scenes which he witnessed that he penned an appeal to his fellow-countrymen which met with a very hearty response from the American nation.

When the Anti-Slavery question neared its culmination, Burritt returned to his native land and started a newspaper in which he advocated the emancipation of the slaves by purchase. He also organised a society for the same purpose, and devoted much time and money to its service. In 1863, Burritt again came to England, and during the summer months walked from London to John O'Groat's, subsequently recording his experience in a very pleasant and readable volume. Two years later, President Lincoln

appointed him U.S. Consul at Birmingham, and for about five years he filled this position with eminent success. His consular duties were relieved by literary employments, and occasional appearances upon the platform in the advocacy of temperance, peace, international arbitration, co-operation, postal reform and kindred topics.

Upon the Temperance question he ever gave a thorough-going testimony. His life motto was

TOUCH NOT!
TASTE NOT!
HANDLE NOT!
SMELL NOT!
ANY THING THAT CAN INTOXICATE.

He delivered many addresses and wrote several papers upon the subject. One of his favourite arguments goes to show that the influence of the drunkard is all on the side of total abstinence. He affirms that the drunkard is one of the greatest instruments pleading our cause, for he pleads "with all the eloquence of his misery." Burritt concludes a powerful appeal with the pregnant questions, "When the biting scoffs of men and dogs have chased him into his frosty retreat, and he stands at bay upon the straw on which a broken-hearted creature, which he once called his wife, is trying to die—what does he preach there? Is it temperate, moderate drinking, or total abstinence, that he advocates, when his little, shoeless, shivering children lift their feet out of the cold ashes, and, with faces stereotyped with haggard misery, fix on him their large, hungry, glassy eyes for bread?"

We might make many similar extracts, but let one other suffice, taken from a remarkable paper on the text "Lead us not into temptation." The case of a reformed inebriate

successfully treading the better path is supposed. He successfully passes by the subterranean shambles where he was once made a brute; the sight of the hoarse drunkard causes him not to falter; the hoarse songs of the revellers have lost their charms; he even breathes the atmosphere of the grog shop and escapes its contagion. "But there is another ordeal through which he may not pass, unless some special angel of mercy keeps his feet from falling." Burritt then lays bare the iniquitous system of "social hospitality." The host, an amiable, accomplished philanthropist, "is taking the most moderate, temperate draught, and he never drinks but once at his dinner-table. Look at that young man! he is lost! he is hit to the heart! the snare is sprung! he risks one deceitful, fatal sip! Up, and after him: he is making his way to the shambles: his feet are on the threshold of the chamber of death. Follow him closely up, brethren! bring him forth, poor man! cut away the pestiferous folds of the monster, and see if he may stand upon his feet again. Watch him closely, brethren, and if you resuscitate a breath of life within him, let him not breathe a second time in gunshot of a moderate drinker. Was the fall of that young man the result of accident? Grant it; but how comes it that it was an accident, which could only occur under the roof and influence of that moderate, wine-drinking uncle? Is it an accident; is it a fortuitous necessity that fills the dwelling of such a citizen with the deadliest pit-falls for those who have just been plucked from the abyss? Is it a harmless inadvertency, that his drawing-room and dining-room are set off 'with lime twigs,' to catch the newly redeemed soul? Suppose you should escape the curse uttered against him 'who puts his bottle to his neighbour's lips,' and still work all the ruin of such an action, would it serve as an

opiate to your conscience, and sweeten the hemlock of human misery, to say that it was an accident?"

In 1870 Burritt again returned to his native town, where he died on the 8th March, 1879, leaving to his country the sweet fragrance of a name which will be ever honoured as amongst the noblest of the age in which he lived: and bequeathing to the world a glorious example of self-culture, which we doubt not will be potential for good through all time.

XVII.

JOHN B. GOUGH,

The Temperance Orator.

XVII.

"Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself:
In it must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone."

—SHELLEY.

THE Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone in lecturing on the Life of an *Illustrious Abstainer* (the late Dean Hook), took exception to Carlyle's classification of Napoleon amongst the world's heroes, and while admitting that he was a great man in the sense of being a man of transcendent power, was not ready to admit that a man whose life was fundamentally tainted with selfishness was a hero. The distinguished lecturer keenly dissected the commonly received definitions of the term, and then submitted his own true idea of a hero. Said Mr. Gladstone, "a hero was a man who must have ends beyond himself; must cast himself as it were out of himself."

Now it seems to us that we have just such a type of the hero in the person of that remarkable genius, who for well-nigh forty years has occupied the most prominent position in the peaceful warfare maintained by Temperance reformers against the greatest enemy of our common humanity—the liquor traffic. In thus writing, we are not unmindful of the fact that a brilliant array of noteworthy men, occupying leading positions in Church and State, renowned warriors, eminent travellers, distinguished physicians, and celebrities

in the world of literature and art, are now identified with the total abstinence movement; nor would we disparage the noble service which this goodly abstinence army hath wrought. In John B. Gough, however, we recognize a glorious combination of the depth, breadth, and height of the whole movement. His touching life-story forms, as it were, a threefold cord—a marvellous resurrection from the lowest depths of intemperance—a sanctified mission broadening to the ends of the earth in its usefulness—a matchless advocacy surpassing in eloquence some of the brightest examples of oratory which have ever stirred men's hearts.

"Young men, I say to you, looking back at the fire where I lay scorching—at the bed of torture, where the iron entered my soul; yes, looking back at the past—standing, as I trust I do, under the arch of the bow, one base of which rests on the dark days, and the other, I hope, on the sunny slopes of Paradise—I say to you, in view of the awful evil spreading around you, beware! tamper not with the accursed thing! and may God forbid that you should ever suffer as I have suffered, or be called to fight such a battle as I fought for body and soul!" Such has been the persuasive plea by which this peaceful hero has wakened the better life of numbers of his hearers, in both hemispheres; and this vein of rugged individuality which pervades all Mr. Gough's orations, is to some extent the secret of the extraordinary power which he wields over his audiences.

The autobiography of J. B. Gough ranks as a classic in Temperance literature, and is so well known that it almost seems a needless use of words to attempt to trace an outline of Gough's career. However, there is some consolation in the saying of quaint old George Herbert, "The good life is *never* out of season."

To begin at the beginning, "the great *American* orator"

is an Englishman, and with that "wicked perversity" which the licensed victuallers always associate with total abstinence, took it upon himself to enter the world in the famous county consecrated to the

"Fragrant hop with aromatic scent,"

having been born at Sandgate, Kent, on the 22nd August, 1817. When Curran, the Irish orator, visited Burns's birthplace in 1810, he found it converted into a public-house, and the landlord in a state of intemperance. "There," said the drunken fellow, pointing to a corner on one side of the fire, "there is the very spot where Robert Burns was born." "The genius and the fate of the man," says Curran, "were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he had foundered, that I could not stand it, but burst into tears." Happily a project is on foot which will save the birthplace of Gough from a similar desecration. The good vicar of Sandgate has organized a movement for the purpose of buying the plot of ground on which the cottage stands where the Temperance orator was born, and Mr. Gough personally laid on the site the foundation-stone of a coffee tavern, to be called after his own name, on the 3rd of June last, which was the fiftieth anniversary of his departure from the village as a penniless boy.

Gough's father was in the army and served in the Peninsular War. He was discharged in 1823, and received a pension of twenty pounds a year. He appears to have been a disciplinarian of a somewhat strict type, but the son always speaks of him with love and reverence. His mother's character, he says, "was cast in a gentler mould. Her heart was a fountain whence the pure water of affection never ceased to flow."

He had but one sister, and both children were for a time taught by the mother, who held the position of schoolmistress at Sandgate for twenty years. The father after leaving the army found employment as a gentleman's servant, and as the boy grew into youth his parents placed him in a seminary at Folkestone. Here he rapidly progressed in knowledge, but left at the early age of ten years, since which time he has never entered either day or Sunday-school to learn a lesson. Not the least interesting reminiscence of Mr. Gough's youthful days is the following:—

"The venerable and devoted William Wilberforce resided, during a few of the summer months, at Sandgate, for the benefit of his health. I had heard much of the great philanthropist, and was not a little delighted when my father took me to his lodgings, where a prayer-meeting was held. How it was, I know not, but I attracted Mr. Wilberforce's attention. He patted me on the head, said many kind things, and expressed wishes for my welfare. He also presented me with a book, and wrote with his own hand my name on the fly-leaf. Having acquired some reputation as a good reader, he requested me to read to him. I did so, and he expressed himself much pleased. The book he gave me I have long since lost; but never shall I forget the kindly words of the venerable giver."

Upon the occasion of his recent visit to his native land, the lad who attracted the venerable and devoted William Wilberforce's attention found two of the distinguished philanthropist's grandsons occupying honourable positions in the National Church, and each exerting a whole-hearted influence for total abstinence.

But, to revert once more to Gough's earlier days—he pathetically writes:—

"During my father's absence seeking employment my

mother's circumstances were very much straitened, although, in addition to school-keeping, she worked industriously at making a kind of lace then very fashionable, and in the manufacture of which she excelled. On one occasion, when our necessities absolutely required extra exertion, she took her basket of work and travelled eight and a half weary miles to the town of Dover. Arrived there, foot-sore and heart-weary, she threaded the streets and lanes with her lace, seeking for customers, and not finding one; and after reluctantly abandoning the pursuit, she once more turned her face towards home—a home desolate indeed! Painful, bitterly painful, were my mother's reflections as she drew near her door, and when she rested her fatigued frame she had nothing in the house with which to recruit her strength. During her absence a gentleman had sent for me to the library, and was so pleased with my reading that he made me a present of five shillings, and Mr. Purday, in addition, gave me sixpence. Oh! how rich I was! Never had I possessed so vast an amount before, and all imaginable modes of spending it flitted before my fancy. I went to play with some other boys until my mother's return from Dover; and soon afterwards, on entering our house, I found her sitting in her chair bathed in tears. I asked her what was the matter, when she drew me close to her, and, looking in my face with a mournful expression which I shall never forget, told me that all her weary journey had been fruitless—she had sold nothing. Oh! with what joy I drew the crownpiece and the sixpence from my pocket and placed them in her hand, and with what delightful feelings we knelt down while she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God for the relief so seasonably provided. My mother gave me a halfpenny for myself, it was all my own to do as I liked with—to keep or spend!

What an inestimable privilege! I can in all sincerity say that never have I received money since then which has afforded me more solid satisfaction, and some of my most pleasant reminiscences are circumstances connected with that boyish incident."

When Gough was twelve years of age, a family in Sandgate being about to emigrate to America, an arrangement was made between them and his parents that he should accompany them. They were to be paid the sum of ten guineas, in return for which they were to teach him a trade, and provide for him until he was twenty-one years of age. The separation from his mother and sister was a bitter trial, but the home sickness soon wore itself out, and had his expectations respecting the family to whom he had been entrusted been realized, all might have gone well.

On the 3rd August, 1829, he arrived off Sandy Hook, and was for two years engaged in farming occupations at Oneida, but being desirous of learning a trade, and having obtained the consent of his parents, he left his guardians and started for New York. Upon reaching the great city he had only half a dollar in his pocket, and all his worldly property was contained in a little trunk which he carried. After a few days he secured employment as an errand boy in a publishing house, where he had the prospect of learning bookbinding, and was to receive for his services about five shillings per week. Whilst in this situation his mother and sister joined him, but through depression of trade he was thrown out of work, and the winter of 1833 was to them one continued scene of deprivation.

With the return of spring the son and daughter obtained employment, and better times ensued. But the greatest trouble of all was at hand. One day, in July 1834, his sister accosted him on reaching home with the sorrowful

words, "John, mother's dead!" This was a crushing blow, and the brother and sister felt its severity most acutely.

Gough was now without the restraining influence of his loving mother, and began a career of dissipation. His fall was very gradual but none the less overwhelming. He frequented the reeking tavern, where his powers of mimicry and agreeable conversation made him a welcome guest. Speaking of this period, he says:—"And yet, at this time, I did not consider myself to be—what in reality I was—a drunkard. Well enough did I know from bitter experience, that character, situations, and health had been perilled in consequence of my love for ardent spirits. I felt, too, an aching void in my breast, and conscience frequently told me that I was on the broad road to ruin; but that I was what all men despised,—and I among them detested,—I could not bring myself to believe. I would frame many excuses for myself—plead my own cause before myself, as judge and jury, until I obtained, at my own hands, a willing acquittal. Oh! how little does the young man dream that he is deceiving himself, though not others, whilst pursuing so fatal a course as was mine. He abhors the name of 'drunkard,' whilst no other word so aptly and accurately defines his position."

The works of Longfellow, rich as they are in sketches of character, contain few conceptions more true to the life, than that of John Endicott. With marvellous dramatic skill, we are shown a daring heroic spirit, goaded almost into despair by the intensity of his feelings, and close upon the passionate storm, the poet pictures in lines of chastened sweetness and grace, the broken-hearted man solacing his riven soul with the teachings of nature.

> Alas! yon winding stream, that gropes its way
> Through mist and shadow, doubling on itself,

At length will find, by the unerring law
Of nature, what it seeks. O soul of man,
Groping through mist and shadow, and recoiling
Back on thyself, are, too, thy devious ways
Subject to law? and when thou seemest to wander
The farthest from thy goal, art thou still drawing
Nearer and nearer to it, till at length
Thou findest, like the river, what thou seekest?

Do not the stern facts of John B. Gough's early manhood form a touching commentary on the divine imaginings of the poet? He tells us that in the midst of rioting and revelling, the thought of his once happy condition would flash across his mind, conviction would fasten its quivering arrow in his breast—though he would fain hide the wound. In his pathetic words:—

"Through the *mists* of memory my mother's face would often appear, just as it was when I stood by her knee, and listened to lessons of wisdom and goodness from her loving lips. I would see her mild, reproving face, and seem to hear her warning voice; and, surrounded by my riotous companions, at certain seasons Reason would struggle for the throne whence she had been driven; and I would, whilst enjoying the loud plaudits of sots,

'See a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned me away.'"

Yes, the seared soul was at length groping its way through the mists and shadows of dissipation, to a better life. When he stood lonely amongst multitudes; when the melancholy wastes of ocean separated him thousands of miles from his native land; when hope appeared to have departed from his ken for aye; when grim death alone seemed to smile on the crushed wanderer, as he stood by a railway track toying with a bottle of laudanum, and half

resolving to terminate his miserable career by suicide; then it was that the All-Gracious One led forth the prodigal into His own sure path of safety; then it was that the weary, travel-stained pilgrim on life's way, once again took heart and sang, "Thou visitest the earth and blessest it, Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."

About seven-and-thirty years ago, Gough was on the last Sunday evening of October strolling in an aimless manner about the streets of Worcester, U.S. Some one tapped him on the shoulder: what could it mean? No one cared to come in contact with the wretched drunkard. Even those who had been his companions in dissipation, retained sufficient pride to "cut *his* company" in public, and had not some of the fathers of the place cautioned their sons against associating with the degraded Gough? No, he was forgotten, he was friendless, he was forsaken, and could scarcely believe his senses when he turned and met a kind look in place of the stern and sullen frown to which he was accustomed. The person who touched him was an entire stranger, and regarding Gough very earnestly, he said in tones of deep affection, "You have been drinking to-day." "Yes, sir, I have," he replied. "Why do you not sign the pledge?" was the rejoinder. "Why?" That question stirred the inmost soul of the victim, and he could only express his fears that he was hopelessly, helplessly irreclaimable. But the friendly stranger was not to be repulsed. The tender gentle words he spoke, flowed in waves of consolation over poor Gough's spirit, and ere the two parted company, agreement had been made that the pledge would be taken at the Temperance meeting on the following evening.

What a lesson for abstainers this incident affords. Meetings—Demonstrations—Petitions—anything at all which

calls forth an appearance in public—receives a fair measure of assistance in these fussy-organizing days. But, oh for the quiet workers, to go in quest of the straying sheep of the pasture! Oh for a measure of zeal in this matter of personal appeal to the individual! Oh for a few less resolutions and a few more reclamations!

The Temperance meeting was held in the Lower Town Hall, and, true to his promise, Gough put in an appearance there on the Monday evening. During the proceedings he gave his experience:—"in his palsied hand with difficulty grasped the pen, and in characters almost as crooked as those of old Stephen Hopkins on the Declaration of Independence," subscribed his name to the total abstinence pledge, or, as he himself expresses it, "*scotched* the snake."

The evil spirit by which Gough had been possessed for so many bitter years was, however, unwilling to depart without a struggle; and although the new abstainer chuckled to himself with great gratification, "I have done it! I have done it!" victory was still a thing of the future. The drink craving racked his every limb, and the next morning he found it almost impossible to battle with the physical and mental tortures that he was called upon to endure. He went to his employer and said, "I signed the pledge last night." "I know you did." "I mean to keep it." "So they all say, and I hope *you* will." "You do not believe I will; you have no confidence in me." "None whatever." The lack of sympathy on the part of the employer was soon to be more than compensated for. Presently a stranger entered the shop with a cheerful

"Good morning, Mr. Gough."

"Good morning, sir."

"I saw you sign the pledge last night."

"Yes, sir, I did it."

"I was very glad to see you do it, and many young men followed your example. It is just such men as *you* that we want, and I hope you will be the means of doing a great deal of good. My office is in the Exchange: come in and see me. I shall be happy to make your acquaintance. I have only a minute or two to spare, but I thought I would just call in and tell you to keep up a brave heart. Good-bye; God bless you. Come in and see me."

The speaker was Jesse Goodrich, a local attorney, who to the end of his days remained Gough's true and faithful friend. Great is the power of sympathy. When mental anxieties wrap the broken spirit in the chilly gloom of winter, a kind word streams as a ray of gladness over the soul, chasing the sadness away and nerving the earnest heart for better and braver deeds. It was so with Gough. He comforted himself with the cordial invitation, "Come in and see me." When sorely tried by temptation he encouraged himself with the grateful message, "He said keep up a brave heart." With a determination to conquer, he held firmly on his way, and at the next meeting of the Temperance Society assured the friends that he was getting on very well, and felt a good deal better than he did a week ago. We cannot but add a word in commendation of the excellent plan of this good old Worcester Society, of holding weekly meetings upon a stated evening. The strengthening influence of companionship is of much value to men of a sensitive temperament, and we attribute Gough's successful issue from the bonds of intemperance, in no small degree to the assistance of associational encouragement. At every weekly meeting Gough was asked to take part, and soon received invitations to deliver addresses in the neighbouring towns. On the last day of December

1842, a paragraph appeared in the Worcester paper, from which the following is an extract :—

"JOHN B. GOUGH.—We understand that this talented and worthy young mechanic is about to commence the business of lecturer on Temperance. We wish him success : and we have no doubt that he will be eminently successful in his labours. He possesses, we believe, most of the elements of a popular speaker. He expresses his views in plain and intelligent language, without effort; and what he says comes warm from the heart. With good powers of mind and a lively fancy, added to wit and humour, he cannot fail to please and amuse with his bright and glowing pictures of things as they exist, while he instructs the mind with sound views and principles, and warms up the heart with kind and generous feelings and sentiments."

Thus was commenced that career of public advocacy which has made the name of the "talented and worthy young mechanic" a household word in both hemispheres.

For five months Gough prosecuted his new profession with remarkable energy and perseverance. Over-exertion told upon his nervous temperament, and in a moment of weakness he yielded to temptation in Boston, and violated his pledge. Full of self-reproaches and in thorough humiliation, he retraced his steps homewards. He promptly made a clean breast of his relapse, and supported by the good friends who had rescued him in the first instance, again signed the total abstinence pledge. Mr. Gough's reflections upon this distressing episode in his life are eminently suggestive. With commendable frankness he writes :—

"Hitherto I had relied too implicitly on my own strength for support, and my utter weakness had been painfully exemplified in my violation of a sacred promise. It was

a humiliating blow, but it taught me that I derived my strength from One on High, and that when He withdrew it, I was utterly powerless to think of myself any good thing. Whatever my future situation in life may be, I hope ever to possess a strong sense of my utter weakness, and cherish a humble dependence on Him who is able to keep me from falling, and render my labours honourable and useful.

"I desire to offer no apology, neither to excuse or palliate the fault of violating my pledge at that time; but would say a word or two on behalf of those who unfortunately fail in their promise to abstain. Drunkenness is a mysterious disease, and the power of appetite on a nervous, susceptible organization is almost absolute, and there is no remedy but *total abstinence—total* and *entire*. You cannot make a moderate drinker of a drunkard. If he takes one glass, it is like fire to powder; the appetite may lie dormant for years, but it is there, in nine cases out of ten, like the smouldering fires of a volcano, to be roused by one dram into fury, to drench body and soul in the burning lava of drunkenness.

"Many say—'I have no patience with a man who cannot drink in moderation; why cannot a man drink one glass and then *stop?* surely he can if he will, and if he will not, then I condemn him without sympathy.' Before you judge, you should know all the circumstances, or it is unjust judgment. *You* can drink moderately; he cannot—and you despise him. Men are differently constituted. Many men, many temperaments."

Reinstated in the good graces of these early friends, Gough, with an enthusiasm of purpose never surpassed in the annals of the Temperance movement, again took his place as a worker; in three hundred and sixty-five days he

delivered three hundred and eighty-three addresses, travelled six thousand eight hundred miles, and obtained fifteen thousand two hundred and eighteen adherents to the total abstinence pledge—a blending of "Saying" with "Doing," as commendable as it was unparalleled.

In 1843 he married a second time, and in Mary Whitcomb found a worthy partner. It is no breach of domestic privacy to say that the union has been sanctified by all those hallowed influences which are the glory and crown of a household, and the source and essence of home-born happiness.

In the following year Gough visited Western New York, and amongst his lectures there, was one to some eight hundred convicts (male and female) in the penitentiary. Boston, Philadelphia, Massachusetts, Maine, and other important localities were also visited; large audiences assembled, and there were not wanting many gratifying indications of the consolidation and advance of temperance thought, by the instrumentality of the powerful advocacy of this wandering missionary.

Just about this time, Mr. Gough received a reminder that he was a public man. It did not take the shape of a presentation or an address, nor yet was it the appropriation of his name as an ornament to some philanthropic enterprise.

> No, 'tis slander,
> Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
> Outvenoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
> Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
> All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states——

Reports were constantly on the wing, accusing the "Temperance Orator" of intoxication; hypocrite, liar, swindler, and other similar epithets were unscrupulously applied to his

personal character. In 1845 matters came to a crisis; Mr. Gough, who had borne the brunt of all this calumny with becoming calmness and dignity, clearly traced one of the vile aspersions to its source and compelled an ample apology from the offender. The publicity which this example received through the medium of the press, was not without a good effect; but his detractors were still at their nefarious work, although for the time they had exchanged the pet cry of "drunkard" for "debtor." It was alleged that he repudiated certain obligations in Newburyport. An old writer has said, that we come to know best what men are in their worst jeopardies. Gough, recognising that his usefulness was placed in jeopardy, with characteristic courage betook himself to Newburyport. He inserted an advertisement in the local *Herald* requesting that all claims might be presented to him on a certain day, and such debts as were considered genuine he paid in full. But still the persecution was not silenced. It rose again in the form of cruel thrusts at the motives by which he was influenced, and "mercenary scoundrel"—"consummate villain"—"unchaste drunkard"—were the cries which stirred his indignation and anon almost crushed his aspirations. With that open-minded frankness which is the charm of his autobiography, the object of all this wicked malevolence thus endeavours to account for its existence.

"Those especially who do not like me, have up to the present time constantly accused me of drinking. I have often pondered on this, and ask why it is. It cannot be because I am a public man, for other public men escape such attacks; other men strike heavy blows at old-established, cherished usages, and are not vilified as I have been. (The documents are before me, and they are positively frightful; and were I the consummate scoundrel I have been repre-

sented, I should contaminate the inmates of any State prison in the country.) The reason why an enemy will at once, either directly or indirectly, accuse me of drinking, is that my early history is well known and will never be forgotten; early dissipation will be connected with the name of John B. Gough as long as his name is remembered. This is the price I must pay for the sins and errors of years ago—'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'

"A long time ago I stained and blotted and marred many fair pages in the book of my life; the stains are there *now*, though many pages have been turned since then; yet the book is open for inspection, and any man can turn to the blotted pages, and, pointing to them, say—'Behold his record!' And what is more bitter, more stinging, when a man has carefully striven, and is striving, to live down the past, than to know that the record is read, and can be used as a weapon for wounding his tenderest sensibilities? Remember, I do not complain of this; I only state that it is so. And I would say to any young man at the outset of his life—Keep the page clean, for you can neither seal the book nor remove the stains; your sins will be remembered while you live, and your enemies will gain a great advantage at your bitter cost. Thank God! He has promised that our sins will be remembered no more against us for ever. 'I, even I, am He that *blotteth out* thine iniquities.'"

We have given so much space to this frequent source of irritation to Mr. Gough in the earlier years of his public career, that we cannot refrain from quoting an instance which represents the subject in a somewhat less grave aspect. At one of his lectures at Kingston, New York, a portion of the platform gave way, and one lady had a leg fractured. A New York journalist, in the exercise of

his wit, paragraphed the accident under the heading "*John B. Gough again Fallen!*" So ready is the world to believe the worst side of character, that not a few were content to retail the headline, without so much as taking the trouble to read the paragraph which it introduced.

Mr. Gough is said to have "addressed more human beings than any man now living on our globe;" and, thanks to the art of photography, his personal appearance is known to tens of thousands beyond the large circle who have formed his vast auditory. Of medium height, sunny countenance, bright penetrating eyes which twinkle right merrily when some telling "aside" is introduced as an illustration, head well thrown back, silvery hair falling in wavy locks upon his broad shoulders, greyish moustache and massive beard, a soft mellow voice somewhat worn perhaps, but nevertheless agreeably clear and pleasant, of kindly modest mien, a bearing singularly devoid of the stagey strut and affected mannerisms which so often constitute the stock-in-trade of the public lecturer—such is the man who unaffectedly tells us that he never had the advantage of a pleasing personal appearance, and that as he was considered a very pretty baby, if he lives to second childhood good looks may come to him again.

In speaking in the Exeter Hall the other day, Mr. Gough tried to apologetically pose as an "old" man, but the audience would have none of it, his lithe frame and quick step as he paced to and fro on the platform being intuitively accepted as sufficient guarantees to the contrary.

In his varied travels it has been his lot to hear many remarks complimentary and uncomplimentary to his personal appearance. Of the former, perhaps the most dubious was that of a "dear hearer," who grasped him by the hand after one of his addresses, and warmly said—"You're very

much like a singed cat!" a phrase which a friend subsequently interpreted as not at all uncomplimentary; "he meant you were better than you looked to be." Upon another occasion, a Caledonian stern and wild, who was officiating as Chairman, commenced the proceedings thus genially:—"I wish to introduce Mr. Gough, who is to lecture to us on Temperance; and *I hope he'll prove far better than he looks to be!*"

Within the compass of this sketch it is not possible to do justice to Mr. Gough's style of oratory. He has been charged with "sameness." Be it so: it is a "sameness" which suits all sorts and conditions of men. Such objectors must feel the perpetual recurrence of day and night a sore trial, to say nothing of the thousand and one other "samenesses" which are man's peculiar portion.

We suppose that few audiences are more "mixed" than a Gough audience. On a recent Saturday afternoon Exeter Hall was well-nigh filled to its utmost capacity. Her Majesty's highest officer of State, the Lord Chancellor of England, occupied the chair; upon either hand were statesmen, divines, philanthropists, journalists, merchants,—men of experience in their varied professions, the names of several of them honoured and respected the wide world over. In the body of the hall the same mixed characterisation was to a greater or lesser degree observable. "Gough" was the rallying cry which had brought them all together, and the writer will not easily forget some of the incidents of that afternoon meeting. Here are two young clergymen; as Mr. Gough rises to address the assemblage they lean back in their seats seemingly determined not to be pleased. Hard by sits an eminent tragedian, gazing intently on the lecturer, and evidently keenly criticising his every attitude. In convenient proximity are two personified young ladies,

who find ample occupation during the Lord Chancellor's speech in settling their dresses, folding, unfolding, and refolding their wraps, making quite sure that their brooches are rightly adjusted, and so on. A burly, ponderous man, with black beetling eyebrows and a general surliness of expression, which has won for him a position as one of our deacons, sits next to a very proper little gentleman, who wears a double eyeglass, and is dreadfully excited because he has been honoured with a patronising nod from a city magnate on the platform. Then there is a family party from the country: father looks rather bored, mother supremely happy; the two daughters are blushing confusedly as they fancy every one on the platform is gazing at them, and the three boys cannot keep their seats, although father every now and then gives one or other of them a vigorous pull back or an admonitory prog on the ribs. We make friends with a Blue Coat boy, a bright, fair-haired young lad, not more than nine years of age. As the speaker's procession mounts the platform, our boy anxiously inquires which is Gough, and seems just a shade disappointed as he half reproachfully exclaims—"You don't mean the gentleman with the long grey beard." However, his disappointment is but transitory. Mr. Gough has not been speaking long, before our young friend lets out such a merry laugh, that not a few who have failed to see the lecturer's point, catch the hilarious contagion and laugh right heartily too. By-and-by the Blue Coat boy gives a deep sigh, the tears are coursing down his cheeks, the pathetic appeal has touched a chord in his young heart: even he must have had his day of sorrow. And so, throughout that hour's oration, we have the grave and the gay. Wherever we turn we see ample evidence of the speaker's irresistible influence. Those two clergymen have completely

surrendered to the bewitching spell, and are as liberal of applause as the most ardent abstainer present. The eminent tragedian has abandoned duty for pleasure, and no longer criticises, but enjoys. The personified young ladies are clapping their hands most exuberantly. The unbending deacon has melted, and smiles as dismally as possible. The slim young gentleman is temporarily lost behind a cambric handkerchief. The country party is thoroughly at home—the girls' hats are off, the father is leading the applause of all that row, and with a combined movement of voice, hands and feet, paying magnificent homage to the sentiments of the orator.

Yet Mr. Gough lays no claim to oratory. We have heard him say that he is simply a story-teller. "If I can tell you a few tales which point a moral, our meeting will not have been in vain," is the sort of half depreciatory introduction with which he sometimes begins. He *is* a story-teller, and that of the best sort, for his stories cannot be severed from their moral application. There are those who can tell stories, and tell them well too, who signally fail when they seek to drive home the application. Gough's application wants no driving, it goes home of itself. Then, again, many good story-tellers are bad illustrators, that is to say, good stories are put to bad purposes, by speakers who lack altogether the discriminating taste which enables a man to appraise the fittedness of the story to the particular subject he has in hand. No such blemish is perceptible in Gough's orations, and, moreover, his stories are very often *bonâ-fide* arguments, a recommendation as obviously useful as it is unhappily rare.

Is Mr. Gough eloquent? Well, if the speeches summarised in our newspapers day after day in connection with Parliament, and other public assemblies, be eloquent,

then no, Mr. Gough is not eloquent. If the rhapsodical rhetoric, culminating in a poetical climax, which is "happy to second the report at this our glorious annual meeting," is eloquence, then assuredly Mr. Gough has none of it. "Did you go and hear the Reverend——," said an authority to us the other day. "No." "Well, you have missed a great treat: he is thoroughly eloquent; *he does not care a bit what he says!*" Happily, Gough is not eloquent in this sense, for if there is one feature which prevails more strongly than another in his orations it is supreme carefulness. Quaint facts, little bits of history, the teachings of nature, literary comparisons—quite a mass of general information, the evident result of years of careful reading and deep thought, is presented by Gough with conspicuous accuracy. But if eloquence be another name for persuasion, then Gough is indeed one of its brightest ornaments. Whenever he addresses an audience, they are soon brought to feel that a persuader is at work. He may excite their laughter by the recital of some mirth-provoking incident, but he cannot lay aside his pleading; as one inveterate moderate man said to us, "I like him well enough, you know, but confound this pleading, it quite spoils the effect!"

Gough's pleadings, too, find a strong support in his manifest sincerity. The audience becomes deeply interested in the man, sympathising with his sorrows, rejoicing in his victories, captivated by his intense earnestness. No "words of learned length and thund'ring sound" distract the ear, the stately flow of a pure diction, simplicity itself, speedily makes its way to even the less cultivated understanding, and the learned and unlettered are alike edified and instructed.

The saintliest divines, the sweetest poets, the noblest painters, the wisest philosophers of all ages, have con-

centrated their best efforts upon one theme—the Victory of Virtue. In these latter days, a soldier's son has realized their grand ideal, in so far as mortal can. One has risen from the ranks, and exhibited in his life the conquest of self; the dignity of manliness has been magnificently asserted in the eyes of the people; a broken and contrite heart has out of weakness been made strong. Strong in the strength which is better than weapons of war; strong in the beauty of a renewed life consecrated to the alleviation of bitter suffering; strong in the task thou hast taken in hand, faithful and true to the principles which brought blest security to thine own fireside—

> Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
> Hast built thyself a live-long monument.

XVIII.

Rev. CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE, M.A.,

The Eloquent Preacher.

XVIII.

"A true good man there was of religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work;
And thereto a right learnèd man."

—CHAUCER.

THE late Sir George Cornewall Lewis submitted to the public, upon more than one occasion, an elaborate argument to prove that "genius is hereditary." Without accepting the proposition to its fullest extent, we may instance the case of the Wilberforces, as certainly furnishing a powerful illustration in support of the theory. The rare gift of oratory has, perhaps, never been more conspicuously exhibited in three successive generations.

The grandfather of the subject of this notice was the distinguished Wilberforce, whose name will ever live in history for the noble part which he played in the abolition of slavery. Of his oratorical powers a striking story is told in connection with his election as the representative of Yorkshire. At an immense county meeting at York, which lasted six hours and a-half, after both parties had been heard, Wilberforce, who had waited his opportunity, mounted the table. Excitement had almost spent itself by its own continuity, the hail pelted against the faces of the listeners, and his slight form seemed as if it had neither vigour to contend against the elements, nor voice to be heard amidst their war; but his first tones reached and stilled the most

restless, and they listened enchained for an hour. Boswell wrote to Dundas: "I saw a shrimp mount upon the table, but it grew and grew until the shrimp had grown into a whale." Rarely, perhaps, has a public assembly been more thoroughly subdued by the voice of one man. The opposition was silenced, and the loyal address was carried with enthusiasm. The result of this display of ability was one which Wilberforce had foreseen, for he is candid enough to confess that his address was delivered with a purpose beyond the immediate occasion. Almost before his speech was finished, there arose an indefinable murmur, which soon gathered shape and volume:—"This is the man for us. We will fight the battle of independence with him as our champion."

The late Bishop of Oxford, the son of Wilberforce, it is well-known, was regarded as one of the first orators of the age. Many of his speeches in the House of Lords are remembered as notable examples of eloquence and effective argument. And now in the third generation, two of the Bishop's sons, both comparatively young men, are well known throughout the length and breadth of the land, especially for their eloquent advocacy in the pulpit and on the platform of the claims of Temperance.

The younger of the brothers, the Rev. Canon Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce, rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, was born on February 14th, 1841, in the Close at Winchester, where his father (then himself a Canon of Winchester) resided. The death of his mother left his early training to the unremitting attention of his father; and this devoted care became a source of the deepest sympathy between them, until the eventful day in 1873, when the Bishop was thrown from his horse and killed.

Mr. Wilberforce was educated at Eton, and Exeter

College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A., in the twenty-fourth year of his age, proceeding to the M.A. degree in 1867. Meanwhile he had been ordained by his father, and became curate of Cuddesdon, where he remained about two years. His next appointment was to Seaton, Devonshire, and in 1869 he became curate of St. Jude's, Southsea.

In 1871 he was nominated to the important rectory of St. Mary's, Southampton, and preached his first sermon there on Trinity Sunday. His pulpit and parish ministrations have been characterised by energy, perseverance, and intense earnestness; and he has succeeded in raising a large amount for the restoration or almost the rebuilding of the church. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by their two sons, recently paid a visit to Southampton to attend a service connected with this work; and the two Archbishops have preached in the church on behalf of the restoration fund.

It is, however, as a prominent leader of the Temperance movement that Canon Wilberforce is best known throughout the country. Like many other clergymen, he found that intemperance was the great hindrance to his pastoral work, He saw that drunkenness carried sorrow and death into many a family in his parish. The suffering wives, the ragged children, the indifference of many of the working men to the claims of religion, convinced him of the necessity of action; and on the 23rd November, 1873, he founded in Southampton a branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, and publicly took the pledge of total abstinence.

Since that period, Temperance meetings have been held regularly every fortnight, and with his own hand the Canon has administered the pledge to some two thousand men and women. Like Mrs. Wightman at Shrewsbury, the

religious influence of the movement has always been kept prominently in view. Many, who a few years ago, were living in the wretchedness and misery inseparable from intemperance, are thoroughly reclaimed, a blessing to themselves and their families, and the pride and joy of the clergyman, who now welcomes them as regular worshippers in their parish church.

In October 1875, Mr. Wilberforce read a paper at the Church Congress at Stoke-upon-Trent, on "The best means to counteract drunkenness." The paper created a great impression at the time, and resulted in bringing a considerable number of clergymen into the ranks of the Temperance workers. Canon Farrar and Canon Duckworth were two of the most prominent.

In 1876 Mr. Wilberforce was appointed to a Canonry at Winchester; and if hard work and distinguished ability are worthy of the distinction, all will admit it was due in this case. Shortly afterwards he preached his famous Temperance sermon "Sound an Alarm," under the dome of St. Paul's. The discourse was published, and speedily obtained a circulation of about 50,000 copies.

Canon Wilberforce's services in the pulpit and on the platform are in great request. There is scarcely a town in England in which he has not spoken on the Temperance question, besides visiting Scotland and Wales. Possessing a good presence and powerful voice, he at once secures attention. A fervid imagination, combined with ready wit and intense earnestness, impart a charm to his utterances, which is considerably enhanced by accuracy of thought and clearness of expression. But, perhaps the most effective features of his style, are aptness of illustration and pointed practical appeals.

As an instance, speaking at the Church Congress at

Sheffield, he made the following telling appeal to his clerical brethren to unite in striking a blow at intemperance :—

"This much we *can* do. We can divest our minds of prejudice; we can stop our ears to those who would soothe us into inaction by bidding us leave the battle to the 'gradual influence of increasing knowledge and refinement.' We can reflect upon the trifling influence knowledge and refinement have had in the past in purifying the heart of sinning humanity. Knowledge and refinement! Were they wanting to Charles Lamb, the poet and the essayist, and did they render less bitter the pathetic wail, 'From what have I fallen, if the child that I remember was indeed myself!' We can set our faces as a flint against these commonplaces which do but mock the agony of perishing thousands. Again, we can shake ourselves free from what one has well termed, 'the devil's cobwebs of guilty custom and guilty acquiescence.' If hitherto we have been tolerating evils rather than make ourselves unpopular by waging war against them, we can now become aggressive. We can constantly keep the question before the notice of magistrates, landowners, and the public. At times of election we can show by our exertions and our votes that we are in earnest, and that we will vote only for that candidate for Parliamentary honours who will pledge himself to some bold, effective, remedial measure. We can shake ourselves free from all complicity by declining to sign any publican's testimonial, or even to lease an acre of our glebe for building purposes without a stringent covenant to exclude public-houses. We shall possibly become unpopular; the drunkards will make songs upon us; the public-house world will hate us. So much the better for us. We are all striking a blow for Him whom the world hated before it hated us. We shall be freely told that by

crusading against a powerful, State-protected trade, we are jeopardising the stability of the Church, and alienating them from our ministry. If it were so, then perish the Establishment that cannot stand without such crutches."

The humour of the Canon is well illustrated by a personal anecdote which he introduced in one of his Exeter Hall speeches:—"Should they become ill, instead of resorting to Dr. Brandy, let them try Drs. Rest, Quiet, and Do-nothing. Before he became an abstainer, he was very much subject to fainting fits. He even fainted in the pulpit, and his life was a burden, and when he made up his mind to abstain his medical man came from London and said, 'If you do, you will probably die. You want the "whip" for your constitution.' He didn't believe him, and he said, 'Very well, doctor, then I'll die; and there's an end of it.' But he had not died. And when he met that medical man in London three days since, he said, 'Now, doctor, what do you think of it?' He said, 'You beat me altogether. I never was more mistaken in any case in my life. And now let me tell you, that if there was no such thing as alcohol, I should have to put up my shutters. Nearly all the illnesses that come before me have, in one sense or another, come from that; not always from the personal indulgence of the patients, but because this is hereditary.'"

Upon another occasion the Canon severely criticised the eccentric aphorism of the Bishop of Peterborough (invoking a needless alternative never likely to occur) that he "would rather see England free than sober," and caustically reminded the Bishop of the slavery of intemperance:—

"Wantonness and luxury, these produce ten thousand chains!"

In the memorable sermon in St. Paul's, already referred to, he again took up this point:—

"Let me ask you in this house of God, my brothers, is it not a miserable paradox to go on repeating that cuckoo-cry about England being better free than sober? Free and yet not sober? Why, there is no slave-driver so brutal, there is no servitude so uncompromising, as the galling yoke of intemperance, and amongst the impossibilities of this law-governed universe may fairly be ranked the 'freedom' of an intemperate nation."

The importance of woman's influence in promoting the Temperance reformation is fully recognized by Canon Wilberforce. It is a startling fact that during one twelve months, no less than 5,131 women were convicted of drunkenness by the justices of Westminster House of Correction. What these women must have been in their homes may well serve to suggest the happy contrast of womanly sobriety and virtue. The appreciation of this contrast, and the momentous aid women may render in the Temperance crusade, was admirably expressed at a recent Temperance meeting, when the Canon closed his address with the following pregnant sentences:—

"I shall never forget the beautiful lines of the poet Longfellow, in speaking of the influence of women over men. In the poem of Hiawatha, he says:—

> "'As unto the bow the cord is,
> So unto the man is woman,
> Though she bends him she obeys him,
> Though she draws him yet she follows,
> Useless each without the other.'

'Useless each without the other.' That is the grand social movement for the regeneration of England. My last appeal to-night is to the women. I want you all to remember

that you are educators of the rising generation. Influence the men, lead them to vote right; lead them, if possible, to see the total abstinence question aright, and bring up for us a future generation of Temperance men and women, who have been trained in the infant schools of their own Christian homes."

Canon Wilberforce has thrown himself heart and soul into the "Alliance" movement. He holds the office of Vice-President, and is, perhaps, the most effective speaker the "Alliance" can rely upon for the advocacy of its thorough-going restrictive principles.

XIX.

SIR WALTER C. TREVELYAN, BART.,

The First President of The Alliance.

XIX.

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility :
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

—SHAKESPEARE.

"TYME TRYETH TROTH" is the motto of the Trevelyan family : and it must be acknowledged that the sixth baronet of that name, by his life-long support of the Temperance movement, right nobly evidenced his belief that he was indeed fighting on the side of truth. The Jubilee of the Temperance movement is a laudable undertaking ;—but by it we do not celebrate the birth of a principle : we simply commemorate the foundation of organized effort in the behalf of a valuable principle, enshrined in priceless memories of a long, long succession of glorious associations.

That the organized effort referred to was pioneered by the painstaking labours of a few lofty-minded men of the working class, is a matter of history. Of humble origin, endowed with little of what the world considers wealth, but rich beyond compare in God-like sympathy with suffering, these early workers

"Through contumely, contempt and wrong,
Still kept their courage high."

Did they lack education—well, they had earnestness. Were they without social position—thank God for their perseverance.

> "When first they poised their banner high,
> When first they raised the patriot cry,
> 'From Alcohol abstain':—
> Scarce one was found to say, 'God speed,'
> Scarce one would see the urgent need
> To take up the refrain."

Sir Walter Trevelyan, ever to his honour be it spoken, was however one of the few men of social influence who, undeterred by public ridicule, cast in their lot with the lowly band of abstaining "fools and fanatics," whose object was an organized warfare against an organized wickedness.

In the beginnings of great reforms there is no room for patronage—it is only when victory is well on the way that the great army of patrons jostle each other for precedence. The patronage of Sir Walter, however much of prestige it might have conveyed, was never given to the Temperance reformation. From the first, thought and action, words and work, were unostentatiously blended together. With a loyalty which knew no change, other than that it was quickened and intensified by his ever-increasing love for his fellow-men, the valiant champion bore himself as a "verray true knight" until the end of his days. Just indeed was the tribute of Sir Wilfrid Lawson spoken a few hours after Sir Walter's decease—"No honours had been bestowed upon Sir Walter by Governments, and he did not believe that in the future any public statue would be put up to him, but they who had known him so well had the consolation of believing that when the great work in which he had spent so much of his life was consummated,

he would have a living and undying monument in the hearts of millions of his fellow countrymen."

The intellectual ability which has won for the Trevelyans a distinguished place amongst the leading men of the century, shone conspicuously in the person of the late baronet, who was born at Wallington, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on March 31st, 1797. His mother was a daughter of Sir Thomas Spencer Wilson, Bart., and a lady of undoubted scientific gifts and many accomplishments. He was educated at Harrow, subsequently proceeding to University College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1820. In the following year he visited the Faroe Islands, and made an extensive collection of the flora and fauna of that interesting locality. Upon his return he presented an unique herbarium to the Royal Botanical Museum at Kew, and contributed many valuable papers to the proceedings of the learned societies and the pages of leading reviews. In 1835 he married Paulina, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Jermyn. That lady died in 1866, and Sir Walter married a daughter of the well-known Capel Lofft, in the following year.

The fifth baronet died in 1846, and Sir Walter succeeded to the title and estates. The estate at Wallington comprises 21,342 acres, and is said to yield a rent roll of £14,204 per annum. The family also hold considerable property in Somersetshire and Devonshire. When Sir Walter became the master of Wallington, he at once set about the entire renovation of the property. By the exercise of a cultivated taste, and a liberal expenditure, he speedily produced an agreeable change in the ancestral hall. Mr. W. B. Scott, who was then the master of the Art School in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was commissioned by Sir Walter to paint in fresco a number of scenes illustrative of the early history

of Northumberland, from the days when the Romans were building their great wall to those when Stephenson was raising the High Level Bridge. The spandrils of the arches of the Great Central Hall, contain scenes from Chevy Chase, medallion portraits of "North Countrie" worthies, from the brush of the Lady Trevelyan, and exquisite groups of flowers, by Ruskin and other friends, complete the ornamentation of the walls.

The Central Hall is in itself a remarkable work. Originally it formed part of an open court, but by Sir Walter's direction it was covered in, and surrounded with corridors, thus making a very handsome art gallery and museum. The latter has long been famed for the extent and variety of its natural history collection, while the display of shells is said to be one of the finest in Great Britain. One who knows the place well, writes :—

"It is freely shown on certain days to all comers, and I know few things more restful, more educating (at least it was intended by Sir Walter to be so) to the mind of a thoughtful working man toiling by 'Tyne and Wear' than a holiday spent at Wallington. Descending into the grove of tall ancestral trees that shelters the hall, he can delight his eyes with all its beauty, and then in the sweet summer air, seeming doubly pure and sweet by the peaceful Wansbeck, he can sit by the edge of the stream and meditate on the treasures he has seen until it is time to wend his way home by the train again. The last note I had from Sir Walter (I am not at home to refer to it, or I would quote his own words) expresses his great satisfaction in having given pleasure to a great many people by throwing open his house and grounds to an immense Temperance party of town excursionists. They had come by special invitation, and showed intelligent appreciation of all they saw, by their

care not to damage or soil anything. I doubt not they were influenced by the courtesy with which they would be received by Sir Walter, and saw reflected in his household. Years ago, before I knew him, I was struck by the affectionate respect in which he was held by the old butler. Anyone visiting the Hall was shown through a room filled to the roof with china. A virtuoso could revel in it for a month. The library contains one of the largest and finest collections of books to be met with in a private house in the North of England. Its owner was completely master of it! As you sat and talked, it might be at breakfast, and topic after topic came to the surface, Sir Walter would remark, 'I think I can show you something that will interest you on that,' and quietly he would bring you book after book, pamphlet, magazine, or newspaper, as the case might be, with a mark at the place bearing on the subject of discussion, to which he had probably contributed the most valuable share. Whether it was tea or teapots, food, chemistry, agriculture, geology, history, or antiquities, an old ballad, or a modern theory, mattered not, he never was at a loss: and when the book was done with, he replaced it himself on its shelt in due order."

So too throughout the management of his whole estate did Sir Walter manifest an enlightened desire to improve and amend. Houses were rebuilt, the land was drained, schools were erected, and a personal interest shown in the well-being of the tenantry, who at once recognised in the new landlord a friend indeed.

Hospitable and sociable to a degree, Sir Walter however made no secret of his allegiance to total abstinence principles, and when the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic was founded in 1853, he

became the President, an office to which he devoted much time during the remaining twenty-five years of his life. Public-houses were entirely prohibited on his estates, and both by precept and practice he unceasingly promulgated the principles of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. His voice, purse, and pen were always at the command of the Alliance. Whether it was a Council Meeting in Manchester, a demonstration in busy Newcastle, or a quiet schoolroom meeting, Sir Walter always had something pithy, pointed, and practical to communicate. Without any pretensions to oratory, the earnest sincerity of his utterances rapidly secured attention and respect, and even opponents were constrained to admit the strength of the dignified pleas which Sir Walter made for prohibition. His munificent support of the various Temperance organizations is proverbial, and a few years before his death he increased his contribution to the United Kingdom Alliance from one thousand pounds to twelve hundred pounds per annum. For several years Sir Walter had personally petitioned Parliament in favour of the Permissive Bill, and he followed with a keen interest the fortunes of the Local Option Resolution, introduced by Sir Wilfrid Lawson this year. His last words to the United Kingdom Alliance possess a melancholy value. On the 22nd March, 1879, Sir Walter addressed the following letter to Mr. T. H. Barker, the Secretary, with whom he lived on terms of great friendship from the first day of their meeting until the last :—

"WALLINGTON, *22nd March*, 1879.

"DEAR BARKER—I return the slip slightly shortened—Yes, the *Debate* was indeed very interesting, and shows too, I think, an improved *tone*, if not improved *logic*, in the adverse speeches.

"I was certainly disappointed in the wisdom of the Lords' recommending for trial that which has already been well tried in Sweden and found wanting.—

"Yours truly,

"W. C. TREVELYAN."

When writing the letter Sir Walter was somewhat indisposed, but no immediate serious results were anticipated. However, on the next day his illness assumed a more alarming form, and the much loved baronet expired at the advanced age of eighty-two years.

The news of Sir Walter's death called forth many tributes of respect. The metropolitan and provincial press paid well-merited eulogies to his worth, and not a few of the learned societies passed resolutions expressive of their sense of the loss which science had sustained by the removal of one whose original researches had so much contributed to the sum of knowledge.

In Temperance circles it was felt that a leader had fallen. So far as possible the leading organizations were represented at the funeral, and in other ways showed their respect for the memory of the deceased.

The example of Sir Walter Trevelyan is a legacy of which Temperance workers may well be proud. His life presents a fine embodiment of whole-hearted devotion to Temperance truth. Obloquy and scorn were powerless in the presence of his unflinching faithfulness: ignorance and vituperation were silenced by his cultured remonstrances and unstudied calmness: and it cannot be questioned that the important position attained by the United Kingdom Alliance is largely due to Sir Walter's great influence. The Rev. Dawson Burns in a pathetic *In Memoriam* aptly says:—

"The fair record of his life
Can ne'er be blotted out; and gazing on
His memory, shining through the coming years,
We shall draw fresher force to serve the cause
He served, and show our love as he showed his:—
Who would not followers be, in such a field,
Of such a chief, so worthily beloved,
So much revered, so deeply mourned, as he?"

XX.

JOHN HOWARD,

The Prison Philanthropist.

XX.

"I fear the shame
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name.
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine;
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe;
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring home,
Not the proud monuments of Greece and Rome,
But knowledge such as dungeons only teach,
And only sympathy like thine could reach."

—COWPER.

THE Rev. Dr. Maguire, in a valuable series of papers on the Temperance Question, contributed to *Home Words* last year, claimed as a first principle of our movement, "that it presents an *infallible remedy* for an admitted and terrible evil."

Happily there are not wanting abundant examples of brave and true-hearted men, who, in every age of the world's history, have loyally assented to the good principle so aptly enforced by the writer just quoted. The testimony of this cloud of witnesses gains added strength, when we remember that the evidence is by no means drawn from any solitary department of life. Amongst those who have with whole-hearted enthusiasm accepted "the infallible remedy for an admitted and terrible evil," a place may well be found for the heroic and single-minded philanthropist, John Howard, of whom Edmund Burke nobly

declared in Parliament:—"He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces, or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art; not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distress of all men in all countries. His plan is original; it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity."

John Howard was born at Enfield, on September 2nd, 1726. His father was a wealthy citizen of London, and is said to have descended from the historic family of Howard. He inherited an estate at Cardington in Bedfordshire, where the subject of our memoir, having lost his mother during infancy, was nurtured by one of the tenants on the estate. When sixteen years of age, John was apprenticed to Newnham and Shipley, wholesale grocers, Watling Street, City. Before the term of apprenticeship expired, Howard's father died, bequeathing him such property as induced him to free himself from all mercantile engagements. The family residence was in a dilapidated condition, and the superintendence of its repair became Howard's first care. With a desire to become acquainted with foreign lands, he made a tour through France and Italy, bringing back many pictures and works of art. He was induced from ill-health to take lodgings at Stoke Newington, in the house of Mrs. Lardeau, a widow of small independent property. By her he was treated with much care, and was soon convalescent. Full

of gratitude on his recovery, he made this lady an offer of marriage. He was then in his twenty-fifth year, whilst she was fifty-two. Mrs. Lardeau vainly refused Howard's offer, and in the following year they were married. For three years they lived in much happiness, and upon the death of his wife Howard's generosity was displayed in a characteristic manner. He settled the whole of the deceased's property upon her sister, and distributed his household effects amongst the poor and afflicted in the neighbourhood, as memorials of one through whom they had been accustomed to receive relief.

At Stoke Newington Howard built a residence for the minister of his congregation. The erection is still standing, but has been converted into a public-house!

The suffering and distress produced by the appalling earthquake at Lisbon, deeply touched the benevolent heart of Howard, and he accordingly embarked for the scene of the catastrophe. The vessel was captured by a French privateer, and he became a prisoner of war. His captors treated him with great cruelty; for after having been kept forty hours without food or water, Howard was carried into Brest, and confined with the other prisoners in the castle there. Eventually a leg of mutton was thrown into the midst of the hundred prisoners, which, for want of even a single knife, they were obliged to tear in pieces and gnaw like dogs. Some years later in a note found in his "First Book on Prisons," Howard writes, "Perhaps what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people (prisoners), whose case is the subject of this book."

Upon his return to England, he gave some attention to literary pursuits, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1756. Two years later, Howard married Henrietta, daughter of Edward Leeds, a serjeant-at-law. For

seven years the good wife shared in his plans, and participated in his kindly labours for the amelioration of the poor of the neighbourhood in which they resided. Her death was a great bereavement, and after vainly endeavouring to rouse himself from the blow, Howard once more sought refuge in a continental tour. He returned to England again in 1770, and after a short stay at Southampton travelled through parts of Ireland and Wales, and thence to Bristol. It was at this time he determined to abstain from wine and other alcoholic beverages, a resolution to which he steadfastly adhered from thenceforth.

In 1773, Howard became Sheriff of Bedford. Soon after entering upon the duties of the office he had to attend the Judges of Assize. He paid a visit to the three prisons of Bedford, beginning with the cell of John Bunyan. Here he found "some who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *Not Guilty:* some on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial; and some whose prosecutors did not appear against them, after having been confined for months, dragged back to gaol and locked up again till they should pay *sundry fees* to the gaoler, the clerk of assize, etc."

Howard next visited most of the county gaols of England, and everywhere witnessed deplorable scenes of calamity, which he daily grew more and more anxious to alleviate. Extortion prevailed; duty was neglected. In several prisons no bedding, not even straw, was allowed, clothing and food were miserably deficient, and gaolers were the licensed vendors of intoxicating liquors, thus encouraging dissipation amongst those who could afford to pay for the indulgence. The faulty construction of the gaols, too, was exceedingly destructive to health, and by the "gaol distemper," thousands of lives were ruthlessly sacrificed.

Such was the assiduity of Howard, that in one year after the commencement of his investigations, he submitted to Parliament so formidable an array of facts, that the House was compelled to take action, promptly passing two Acts, one for the relief of prisoners who should be acquitted (respecting the fee grievance), the other dealing with sanitation and the general health of the poor persons sentenced to imprisonment. Howard, full of zeal in his self-imposed mission, made a tour of inspection of the prisons of France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. He next determined to publish the result of his investigations, and for this purpose resorted to Warrington, where his friend Dr. Aikin resided.

The latter has recorded some interesting particulars of the philanthropist's habits at that period.

"Every morning, though in the depth of winter, he rose at two, worked at his papers till seven, breakfasted and dressed. At eight he went to the printing office, to inspect the progress of his sheets through the press, remained till one, when the compositors went to dinner. While they were absent, he would walk to his lodgings, and putting some bread and dried fruit into his pocket, sally out for a stroll in the outskirts of the town, eating his hermit fare as he trudged along—and drinking a glass of water he begged at some cottage door."

We next read of his visiting Dresden and Prague. Calling at the monastery of the Capuchin Friars in Prague, he was invited to partake of their hospitality. The table was loaded with dainties, somewhat out of keeping with the reputed abstemiousness of the Order, and Howard administered a sharp rebuke, telling the Fathers, "he heard they lived secluded for abstinence and prayer, but he found their house was rather for revelry and drunkenness."

At Vienna he discovered a poor prisoner, "loaded with heavy irons, and chained to the wall; anguish and misery appeared with clotted tears on his face. Here, as usual, I inquired whether they had any putrid fever, and was answered in the negative." Howard was frequently asked what precautions he used to protect himself from infection in the prisons and hospitals visited. In his Journal we find the answer. "Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, I fear no evil."

In 1785, he again went to Warrington, to prepare another edition of his work, in which he embodied the results of his investigations, both on the Continent and in the United Kingdom. The mother of Mrs. Barbauld, the well known authoress of "Evenings at Home," writes from Warrington:—

"Mr. Howard left us yesterday, to the great regret of all who had the happiness of his acquaintance; he is indeed an astonishing person. Where could another be found who would incur the expense, fatigue, and danger which he has done in visiting three times over every prison in England, besides many in foreign parts? where one who has brought his appetite under such subjection as to be able to live almost without eating? He takes nothing but a dish of tea or coffee, and a mouthful of bread and butter till night, and then eats only a few potatoes, and drinks nothing but water; and yet he never seems to want either spirit or strength, and is a most lively, entertaining companion."

So it was until the end. In almost the last letter he ever penned Howard wrote, "I am pretty well, the gout at times gives me mementoes, but my abstemious course, and water, probably keep me on my legs—for what time?"

He was then at Cherson, in Little Tartary, visiting the army and navy hospital in that part of Russia. The presentiment of death, which he had expressed to many friends before leaving England, had not been dispelled by change of scene. In his Diary he made the significant record—"I am a stranger and pilgrim here, but I trust through grace, going to a land peopled with my fathers and my kindred, and the friends of my youth. And I trust my spirit will mingle with those pious dead, and be for ever with the Lord." The last words which he ever wrote breathe a spirit of humble dependence upon the finished work of the Redeemer:—"Oh that the Son of God may not have died for me in vain! I think I never look into myself but I find some corruption and sin in my heart. O God! do Thou sanctify me, and cleanse the thoughts of my depraved heart."

His last request was that, when his body was committed to the tomb it might be in accordance with the rites of the Church of his native land. At eight o'clock in the morning of January 20th, 1790, Howard entered into his rest, and his death was mourned in many lands. In England there was general lamentation, and the movement for the erection of a public monument, which had been relinquished some years previously at Howard's express request, was speedily revived. A statue by Bacon was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral at a cost of thirteen hundred guineas, and was uncovered in 1796. Howard's was the first monument erected in St. Paul's, and was soon afterwards followed by the statue of another Illustrious Abstainer (Dr. Johnson). They occupy the corresponding corners of the two great piers on each hand of the avenue from the transept to the choir.

The lesson of Howard's devoted life must at all times

have an especial interest for Temperance workers. The earnest self-denying spirit which he ever displayed; the intrepidity and courage which triumphed over every obstacle that opponents placed in his way; the unwavering allegiance which he unceasingly rendered to Temperance principles—are worthy of the heartiest imitation. Wherever the great philanthropist went he found that intemperance was the prolific parent of many of the ills which he sought to remedy. Upon one occasion he drafted a Bill to exclude all intoxicating liquors from gaols, a reform which has now happily been accomplished. At another time he records, "I have often wished that in all Bills for small debts there was a clause to prohibit arrests for debts contracted in public-houses. For I have observed that the great number of ale-houses is one chief and obvious reason why our prisons are so crowded." Our readers are probably aware that a Bill was recently submitted to Parliament dealing with this very question of debts contracted for intoxicating liquors.

A word may be added about the important special work now carried on by the three excellent missionaries of the Church of England Temperance Society, who, with the full consent of the magistrates, daily visit the Metropolitan Police Courts. Surely if ever workers needed encouragement, it is the true-hearted men who day by day endeavour to win back to sobriety the helpless victims of intemperance. The reclamation of drunkards is too frequently spoken of as hopeless. The results tabulated by the C. E. T. Society's three missionaries are very bright and cheering. One of them informs me, that "last year he took over 300 pledges among the prisoners, and handed over to a branch society upwards of seventy good cases." But some critic may urge, "Oh, yes, but police-court pledges don't endure long."

Facts may well answer theories. A few examples will suffice. "Mr. —— has kept his pledge two and a half years, has now a comfortable and happy home." "Mrs. ——, once a poor outcast, is now thoroughly reclaimed, and a Church member." "Mrs. ——, a cabman's wife. A very sad case of beginning a drunkard's life. Her husband about to separate from her, but now that she signed the pledge continues to live with her. When I last saw him she still kept her pledge, and attended a place of worship." "A drunken woman crossing Drury Lane dropped her baby. It was run over and killed: she has kept her pledge, and made quite a change in her life." The missionaries have free access to the prisoners, and can see and talk with them in their cells. The prisoners seem very grateful for the visitations, and willingly receive the counsel so lovingly tendered.

The small band of workers now employed in this most practical department of Temperance effort is far from commensurate with the pressing needs of the case. The Society has no lack of friends throughout the country; surely some large-hearted Churchman will make this prison mission agency his especial charge. While the admirable Howard Association is keeping a watchful surveillance over the best methods of penal treatment and other cognate subjects, let the Church of England Temperance Society be provided with the wherewithal to extend its operations in that vast field of Temperance philanthropy which is opened up by the appalling number of committals for intemperance daily taking place in all the large towns of the kingdom.

There is, too, an economic phase of the question which cannot be too strongly urged upon the attention of social reformers. Captain Codd, Governor of Clerkenwell Prison, says:—"Five Metropolitan prisons,—Coldbathfields, West-

minster, Newgate, Holloway, and Clerkenwell,—cost about £80,000 a year; and it is my firm opinion, that if drunkenness were abolished three of those prisons might be closed, at an immense saving to the ratepayers. I hold that every governor of a prison should be a total abstainer, so that he may be an example to the prisoners under his charge."

Hazell, Watson, and Viney, Printers, London and Aylesbury.