

Reminiscences and letters of Joseph and Arnold Toynbee / edited by Gertrude Toynbee.

Contributors

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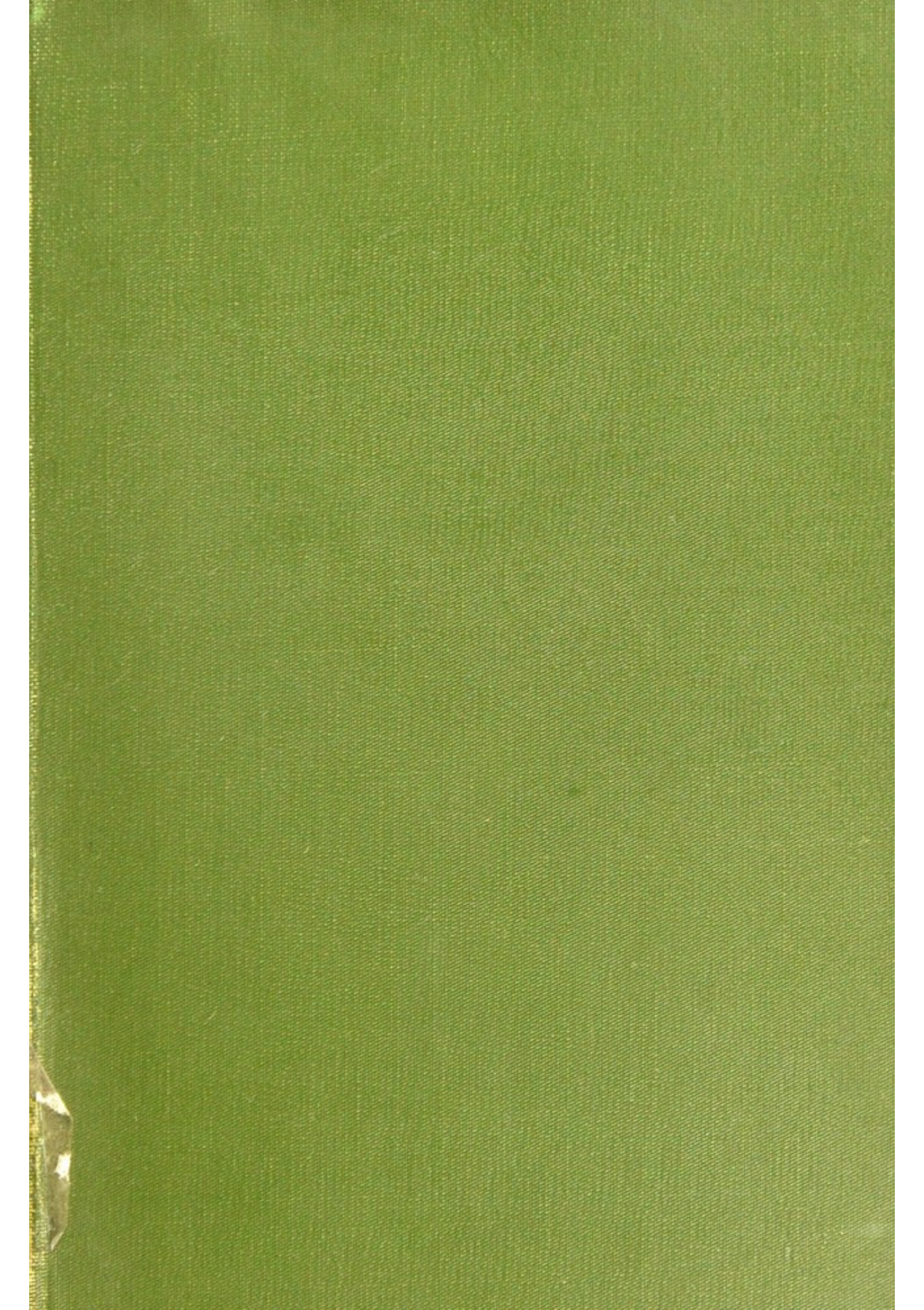
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REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS
OF JOSEPH AND ARNOLD
TOYNBEE


Lectures on the Industrial Revolution of the
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Addresses, Notes and other Fragments.
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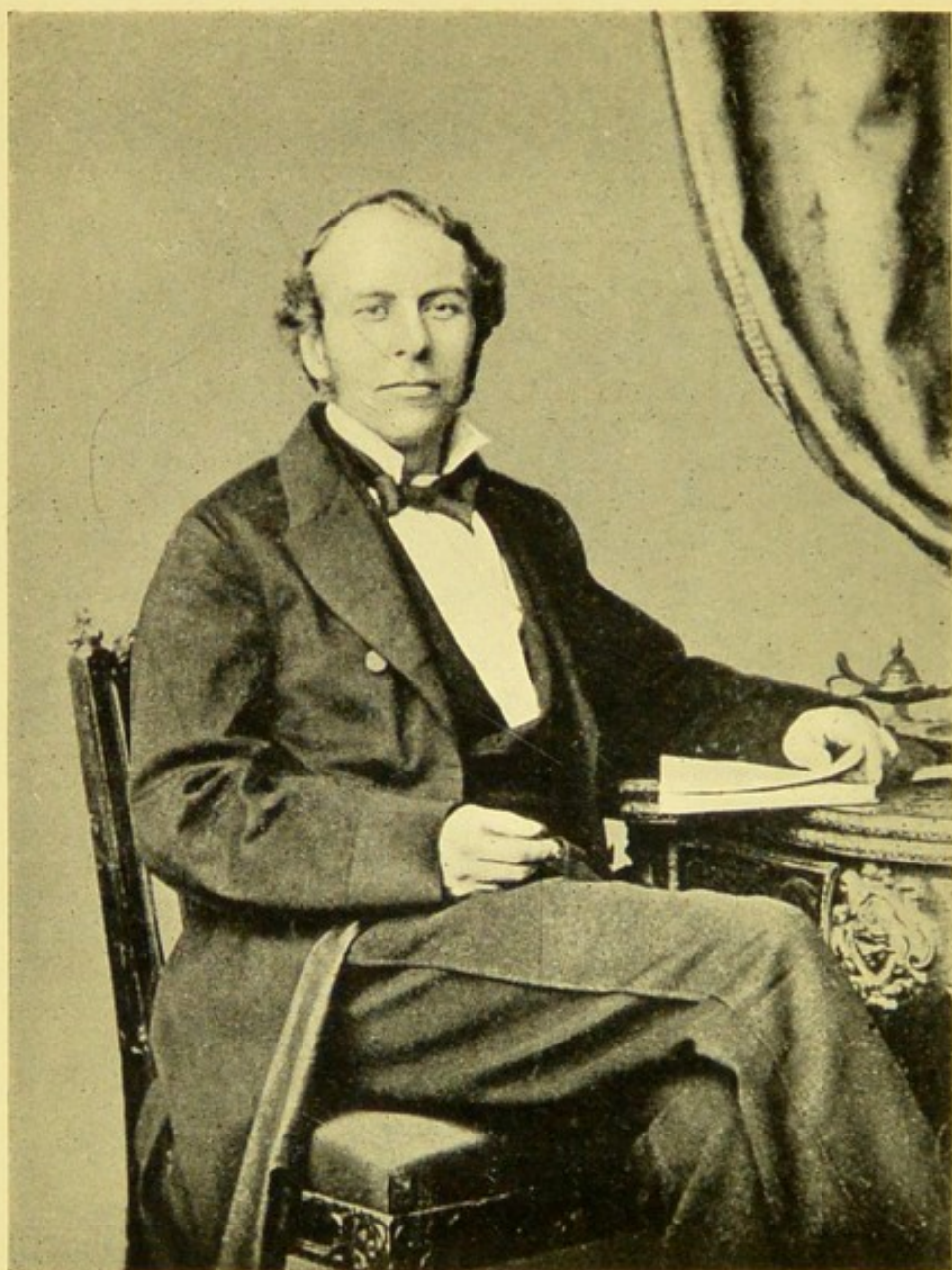
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Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S.

REMINISCENCES AND
LETTERS OF
JOSEPH AND ARNOLD
TOYNBEE

Edited by
GERTRUDE TOYNBEE

SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
HENRY J. GLAISHER
55 AND 57, WIGMORE STREET

Dedication

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO MY DEAR BROTHERS AND
SISTERS IN MEMORY OF OUR BELOVED
FATHER AND BROTHER

57A

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PREFACE

My only apology for publishing these few reminiscences of my father and brother is that the *personal* touches they give will, I think, be valued by those who already know enough of them to revere them.

Their *intellectual* side has been dealt with by others, as well as being recorded in their writings. As daughter and sister I have tried to show something of what they were in our home, but their own letters will best reveal this, and my few words can only be of value in so far as they throw light on these. Last year I published a very short sketch of my father's life which is referred to in some of the letters in this volume.

My father was one of fifteen. His own mother died when he was only just over four years old. He spoke with reverence and affection of her, and I got the impression from him that she was a beautiful character. His father was a manly, noble and affectionate nature, greatly respected for his uprightness. He was a gentleman farmer at Heckington, in Lincolnshire. He lived to be over eighty.

My father's eldest brother George was the first Englishman Mazzini knew over here. He had literary gatherings at his rooms in Berners Street every Saturday and Mazzini frequented them. He

knew fourteen languages and is said to have aspired to be Librarian at the British Museum. He was a fascinating and lovable personality and was greatly missed by a large circle of friends when he died at the age of twenty-nine.

CONTENTS

PAGE

CHAPTER I.

REMINISCENCES OF JOSEPH TOYNBEE. By GERTRUDE TOYNBEE	I
--	---

CHAPTER II.

LETTERS OF JOSEPH TOYNBEE, 1844-1866	15
--	----

To Charles Toynbee ; William Toynbee (brother) ; William and Fanny Toynbee ; William Toynbee ; Mrs. William Toynbee ; ditto ; ditto ; Gertrude Toynbee ; James Hinton ; Annie Brown ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; Gertrude Toynbee ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; William Toynbee (son) ; ditto ; Mrs. Pearson ; ditto ; Annie Brown ; Gertrude Toynbee ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; Dr. Steel ; Gertrude Toynbee ; Mrs. Pearson ; ditto ; George and Sarah Toynbee ; Gertrude Toynbee ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; Dr. Samuel Steel ; Gertrude Toynbee ; ditto ; Arnold Toynbee ; William Toynbee (son) ; ditto ; ditto ; Arnold Toynbee ; William Toynbee (son) ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; Arnold Toynbee ; William Toynbee.

CHAPTER III.

LETTERS TO JOSEPH TOYNBEE	79
-------------------------------------	----

From Lord Morpeth ; ditto ; Lord Carlisle ; Michael Faraday ; ditto ; Arthur Helps ; Thomas Landseer ; John Ruskin ; ditto ; George Cruikshank ; Benjamin Jowett.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH TOYNBEE . . . 85

From Dr. Montagu Butler ; Rev. Cowley Powles ;
Rev. F. W. Farrar ; James Hinton ; Dr. Applebe ;
Miss Frances Arnold.

CHAPTER V.

REMINISCENCES OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE. By GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE 93

CHAPTER VI.

LETTERS OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE, 1871-1883 . . . 104

To our old nurse, Elizabeth Sheppard ; Grace
Toynbee ; Mary Toynbee ; Elizabeth Sheppard ;
Mary and Grace Toynbee ; Mrs. Toynbee ; Mary
Toynbee ; Grace Toynbee ; Rachel Toynbee ; Mary
Toynbee ; Mary and Grace Toynbee ; Elizabeth Shep-
pard ; Mary Toynbee ; ditto ; Grace Toynbee ;
Mary Toynbee ; Mrs. Toynbee ; Elizabeth Shep-
pard ; John Falk ; Rachel Toynbee ; Maitland Hob-
day ; Mary Toynbee ; ditto ; Mrs. Penny (Annie
Brown) ; Elizabeth Sheppard ; Mary Toynbee ;
Mrs. Joseph Toynbee ; ditto ; ditto ; ditto ; Rachel
Toynbee ; Harry Valpy Toynbee ; Grace Toynbee ;
Mrs. Penny ; Mrs. Joseph Toynbee ; Grace Toyn-
bee ; Mrs. Joseph Toynbee ; Grace Toynbee ; ditto ;
ditto ; Elizabeth Sheppard ; Mrs. Penny ; ditto ;
ditto ; Grace Toynbee ; Harry Valpy Toynbee ;
Grace Toynbee ; Gertrude Toynbee ; ditto ; Grace
Frankland ; Gertrude Toynbee ; Captain Henry
Toynbee ; Gertrude Toynbee.

CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE 166

From John Ruskin, James Hinton.

CONTENTS

ix

PAGE

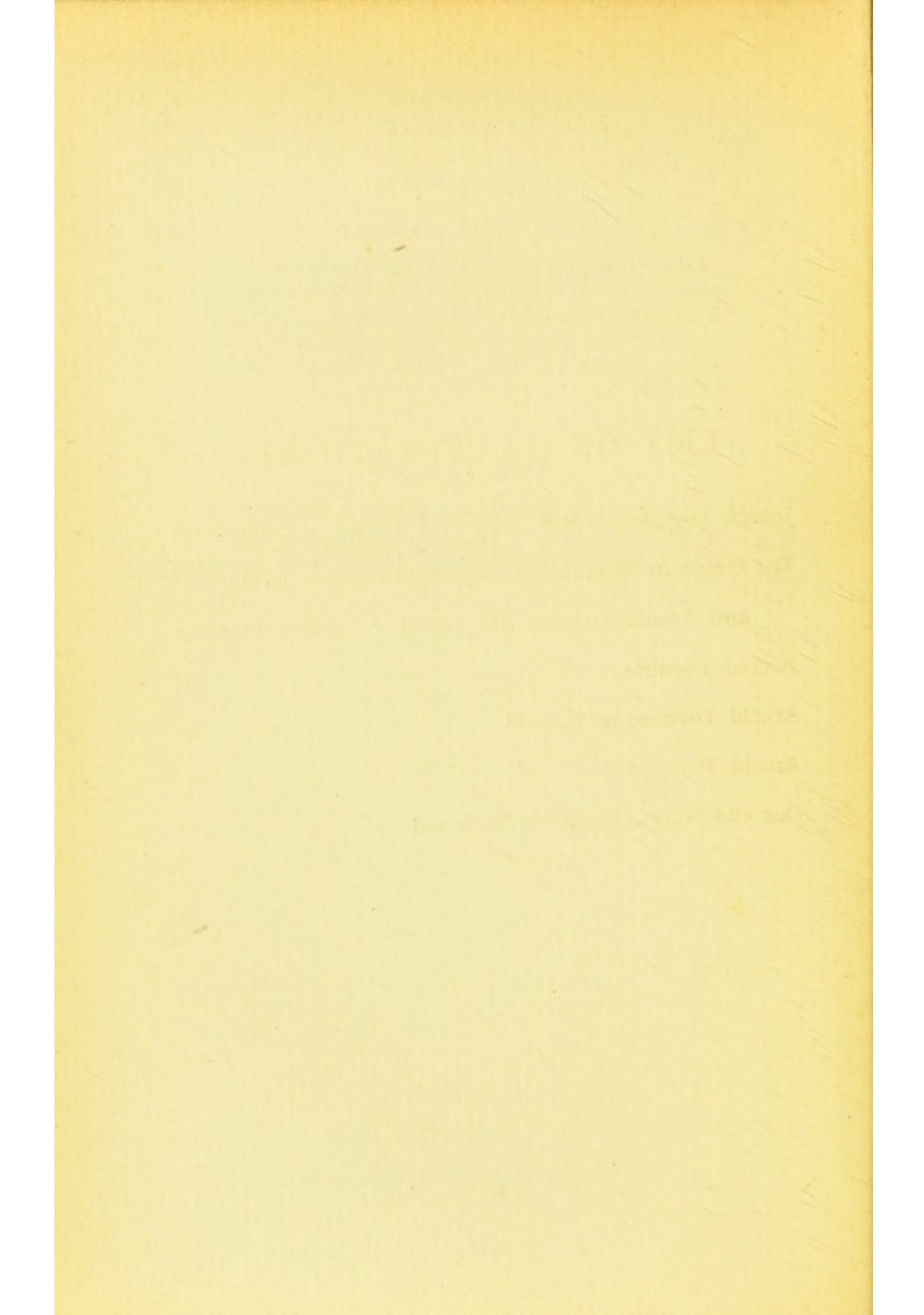
CHAPTER VIII.

LETTERS ON ARNOLD TOYNBEE'S DEATH . . .	176
---	-----

From Charles Vaughan ; Alfred Milner ; Howard Hinton ; F. C. Montague ; R. Lewis Nettleship ; Henry Wauton ; Miss Burnside ; ditto ; Benjamin Jowett ; ditto ; Launcelot Phelps ; Robert Buckell ; James Jenkins ; Hon. William Bruce ; Arthur Sidgwick.

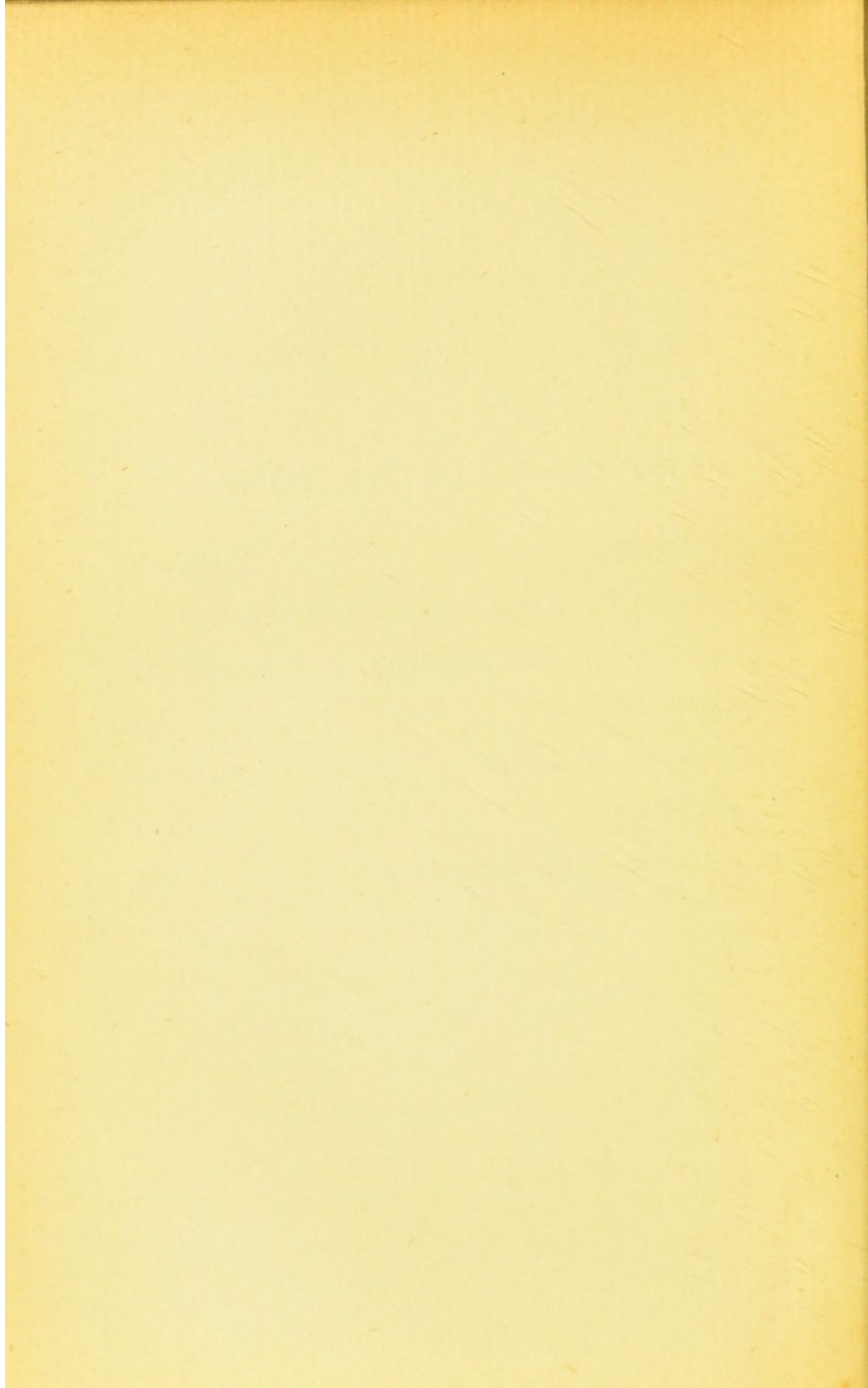
CHAPTER IX.

DRAFT OF SOME REMARKS ON ROPER'S NARRATIVE OF THE PARLIAMENT OF 1523, by ARNOLD TOYN- BEE. SENT TO DR. BREWER, MAY 2, 1868 or 9 ?	191
---	-----



LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S.	.	.	.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
The Grave in Wimbledon Churchyard where Joseph				
and Arnold Toynbee are buried	.	<i>facing page</i>	14	
Arnold Toynbee	.	.	.	93
Arnold Toynbee as a Child	.	.	.	94
Arnold Toynbee	.	.	.	100
Our Old Nurse, Elizabeth Sheppard	.	.	.	104



CHAPTER I

JOSEPH TOYNBEE, F.R.S.,

*Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, Aural
Surgeon to St. Mary's Hospital and Lecturer on Aural
Surgery at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School,
etc., etc.*

BORN DECEMBER 30, 1815. DIED JULY 7, 1866

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart,
And yet thy heart the lowliest duties on herself did lay."
Wordsworth.

"The soul of Adonais like a Star
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."
Shelley.

THE first of these quotations expresses our father's earthly life, while the second is a beautiful symbol of what his influence has been on his loving children since he left them. Love such as he kindled never dies. Time and experience cannot dim it, but it burns on, a shining light, to gladden and inspire while life lasts.

Our father's professional career has been recorded elsewhere, so these few reminiscences deal only with his personal side. His life was outwardly a quiet, uneventful one, a life of hard work and strenuous effort; it was the inner life that made it remarkable, intensity of love and sympathy, lofty idealism undying trust and aspiration.

Our father had a very attractive presence ; his face was singularly beautiful, and he had a fine bearing and very gracious manners. He was tall and slight and erect ; his head was well set on his shoulders, the neck being long and the head being generally slightly thrown back, which gave an impression of the nobility and unconventionality that characterized him. He had large soft brown eyes, full of tenderness, a finely shaped nose and a mobile mouth, strong and at the same time sweet in expression ; he had a good deal of fine dark curly hair and a spacious forehead. His voice was musical and expressive, so that his reading and repetition of poetry were exceptionally beautiful. Goldsmith said of Pergolesi's music that it had "passionate simplicity," and this might be said of our father's character. He was absolutely simple and guileless and at the same time full of passionate devotion to his ideals and to those dear to him. His short span of fifty years was crowded with noble activities and interests from beginning to end, but God's peace was with him, and in his presence you were calmed and soothed and cheered. He used often to gather his children round him in an upper room in our home at Wimbledon to watch the sunset sky ; there we all sat silent enjoying the beauty with him and intensely happy in his beloved presence. I have known many happy homes with most affectionate fathers, but I have never met any father who had the same relation to his children as our father had. He was father and mother and brother and friend and teacher all in one. He never patronized children or talked down to them, but instinc-

tively treated them as friends and companions, and so the difference of years was no barrier.

I will now describe the portion of our father's daily life which his children shared when we lived at Wimbledon. In the very early morning he would write some of his popular lectures and addresses in bed, then, at a certain stage of his dressing, a series of taps would be heard at his dressing-room door and one after one his children would come in and under his direction carry out simple experiments. Pith balls would be made to dance by electricity produced by rubbing sealing wax on a coat sleeve, exquisite spirals would be made on sheets of zinc by the spinning of a top (these sheets of zinc were made for us by the gipsies on the Common), a bird's tiny feathers would be fastened down on cardboard to show their varying sizes and forms. This little dressing-room was hung with geological charts, favourite quotations, framed specimens of different leaves to show their forms, etc. It looked on to beautiful Scotch firs with the sunrise sky above them.

Next would come a walk round the garden to visit favourite plants and trees and the dogs and ponies and other pets, or perhaps we had a ride on the Common, then prayers and breakfast, and we would walk part of the way to the station with our father on his way to his professional work in London. Sometimes we went through the park and sometimes beside the Common. Our father would take flowers we gave him from our little gardens for the crossing sweepers and shoeblacks and for his vases in his consulting-room in London,

In the afternoon we would often ride to meet him at the station on his return from London and then canter about Wimbledon Common and Richmond Park. Sometimes we visited the gipsy encampments on the Common and made friends with the gipsies. Now and then we had a day in London; we used to walk over the old Hungerford Bridge to and fro Waterloo Station, and my father would always stop there to hear Big Ben strike the quarter; he loved the sound so much. In the evenings we all sat together with our books, and some of us played our little tunes on the piano.

Sundays were festival days. The time before morning church was spent with our father partly in the garden and partly indoors, when he read poetry aloud to us or showed us specimens with his microscope. After lunch those who wished to be quiet were allowed to read with him in the drawing-room, and then we went for a long outing on Wimbledon Common and in Richmond Park. In the evening we had more poetry read aloud and hymns and music. One hymn we sang was "Come to this happy land, come, come away," and our father told us not to think of the happy land as a future state but to come to it then; he strongly disapproved of the teaching which fixed people's thoughts on an imaginary, distant heaven and neglected the life here with all its opportunities for happiness and knowledge. He objected to people calling themselves "miserable sinners"; he said they did not really mean it, and he said, I think, quoting Ruskin here, we might be quite sure we were not pleasing God if we were not happy

ourselves. I used to sing two songs he never tired of—"Ruth," by Miss Davis, and "None remember thee," by Mrs. Norton. The words of both touched him greatly. "None remember thee" was about an idiot boy. We used to visit a poor idiot lad in the village, and my father was so kind and tender with him. After we were in bed our father always came to give us a kiss, and if we were not well he would sit by our bedside to comfort and cheer us.

We had a great many pets, a tortoise, a jay, doves, rabbits, dogs and ponies. My father loved animals and they loved him. He often quoted Coleridge's lines—

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All creatures great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

One Christmas Day nearly all these pets were brought into the dining-room to share in our festivities.

One source of happiness to us were the visits of Miss Annie Brown, afterwards Mrs. Penny, sister of Ruskin's tutor at Christchurch. We children loved her, she was so sympathetic and affectionate with us and so bright and interesting. She came, I think, every year and was a dear friend of my father's. She was a deep thinker and a clever authoress and she had wide literary knowledge. After my father's death she remained our friend till she died. She was a great invalid, but her mind and spirit were always bright and fresh so that she never seemed to get old. She was one of the noblest and most fascinating women I have known.

Another visitor we liked was Mr. John Wilson Lowry, the engraver, whose sister married John Varley, the famous artist. He once showed us William Blake's drawing of the ghost of a flea. He was a very ugly old bachelor, but so amusing and so kind and affectionate. Tom Landseer, the engraver-brother of Sir Edwin, often came. He was stone deaf but genial and merry and devoted to my father and to me; he always brought me sweets and hugged me in his arms. My father talked of starting "A Jolly Club" and making him a member. He used to protest strongly against moroseness and discontent, and he felt Tom Landseer was an example of splendid courage and cheerfulness under his heavy affliction.

James Hinton was a frequent visitor, and my father and he would sit up a great part of the night talking on the subjects treated of in *Man and his Dwelling Place* and *Life in Nature*, etc. One of the last books my father read was his *Mystery of Pain*, which greatly impressed him.

We had a telescope, and sometimes we saw the moon and planets through it, and we also looked through Sir Norman Lockyer's large telescope, as he lived at Wimbledon and knew my father. "The Wonders of Nature" dawned on us very young, for we were introduced in a measure to botany, geology, astronomy, electricity, and magnetism, and all this was done almost imperceptibly in the little odds and ends of leisure in a very busy life. When we were old enough we were taken to hear a course of Tyndall's Lectures on Sound. We were encouraged to observe in many ways; sometimes a

thread would be tied round a twig of a tree that we might watch its growth from day to day. In the gravel-pits on Wimbledon Common we searched for elephants' tusks and flint implements and small fossils in the flints. The beautiful serpentine markings on bramble leaves made by insects called *Nepticulæ* were collected and dried, the number of bells on a tall foxglove would be counted and the date of the first lark's song in spring was recorded; many a time we all stood together on the Common to watch it ascend into the heavens till it became a mere speck and then waited for its sudden and rapid descent to its nest on the ground.

The world of books was also opened to us by our father; he carefully watched over our reading and discouraged all trashy literature. He was always longing for more leisure for his favourite books, but although death cut him off before it came he managed to read widely in history and science and poetry, and he imparted his tastes to his children. Ruskin was one of his favourite authors. He objected to Carlyle's worship of mere strength, and in reading the life of Frederick W. Robertson, whom he admired, he was very disappointed with his combative and military spirit.

Benevolence may be said to have been the main-spring of my father's life. He would often tell us of his visits to the homes of the very poor in London as a young man; he helped them in many ways, provided ventilators for their rooms, nourishment in sickness by means of a Samaritan fund he started, while his efforts to get better public sanitation and the preservation of open spaces were con-

stant. He used to tell of one poor tailor who was a prey to drink and how he tried to cure him by visiting him constantly and getting him to try coffee and other substitutes for alcohol.

At Wimbledon he helped to get a village club and lecture hall built, and started penny readings, lectures and chat meetings. On religion he was very reticent, he felt it was too sacred a matter to talk about, that it was a concern of a man's own soul and not of his fellows'. You could not be with him without feeling that he was religious in the deepest sense, very reverent and pure and holy. He was conscious of the insoluble mysteries which face all who think and muse, but he had great faith and trust in a loving God, and he believed in what he called "that wondrous life beyond the grave." He was very fond of the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," and he made us learn it as children; and also the verse "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." He copied out these words of Mrs. Browning's for me—

"For us whatever's undergone
Thou knowest, willest what is done;
Grief may be joy misunderstood,
Only the good discerns the good!
I trust Thee while my days go on."

He often said how wonderful it was that our daily life should be based simply on trust. As an instance, he would say he went up to London daily in the faith that patients would come, he could not be sure they would. To be grateful and to trust these were two qualities he prized very highly. He

said we ought to be grateful to be able to feel grateful, for some people had no capacity for gratitude in them.

Thus the outlook on life that he imparted to his children was a rich one and calculated to awaken in them an insatiable thirst for knowledge and for righteousness and for a full development of every faculty.

As a young man my father had one great friend, a certain Tom Naimby, with whom he was in close sympathy; they used to go long country walks together, and our father once took us a special excursion to Riddlesdown to see the paths over the Downs where they used to wander; he always spoke of him with great affection and reverence. I think he died young.

George Toynbee, my father's eldest brother, was a remarkable man; he had great ability and shared my father's ideals and enthusiasm. He knew a great number of languages and did literary work, writing, I believe, in the *Westminster Review* and editing a journal of his own, to which Mazzini contributed. My father said if he had lived he would have been a very famous man. He became my father's pupil in medicine. He died at the age of twenty-nine, after a short illness. My father was with him when he died and his last words were, "I am going where I shall know all now, Joe," referring to the insoluble mysteries of life and death. He was like a father to his brother Joe, and they were greatly attached to each other. He was at Bonn University the year after Goethe's death, 1833. Count Schack, the eminent diplomatist and poet,

was a fellow-student of his there and mentions him in his autobiography with great admiration and affection. George and his brother Joe were both friends of Mazzini's and helped him in his school for Italian organ boys in Hatton Garden.

My father and his brother George went to a school at King's Lynn and at sixteen the former came up to London to begin his career as a medical student. A medical friend who knew him as a young man said that two things were specially noteworthy about him, his great purity and his love of poetry. He very soon made up his mind to be a specialist, and he chose the ear as his subject. He was made a fellow of the Royal Society at the age of twenty-six for his paper on the non-vascularity of certain animal tissues, etc., etc. It was presented by his old friend and teacher, Sir Benjamin Brodie.

Before he married, my father lodged a good deal at Hampstead, and he became a friend of Mr. Edwin Field's and helped him to organize the Hampstead conversaziones which were carried on for so many years. Almost the last paper my father read was at one of these gatherings. A great feature in the lives of us children was the autumn holiday at the sea and among the hills when my father would be like a boy with us in his keen power of enjoyment. The best holiday we had was to the Lakes, for not only was the scenery more glorious than anything we had seen, but the whole place was hallowed by associations with revered names, so that our visit had something of the character of a pilgrimage.

My eldest brother was called after Wordsworth, my brother Arnold after Dr. Arnold and a sister

after Coleridge, and we were steeped in Wordsworth's poetry ; so we were prepared to appreciate the privilege of visiting their haunts. We went to Fox How and saw Mrs. Arnold and Miss Fanny Arnold and Mr. Matthew Arnold. They showed us the flower-beds which Wordsworth had laid out for them when they were at Rugby. We played croquet with Mr. Matthew Arnold. He said it was such a pleasure to have the stretches of flat meadow land near the Rotha in such a hilly country. As we approached Fox How my father quoted the verse : " Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

The Misses Quillinan, daughters of Edward Quillinan, who married Wordsworth's daughter Dora, took us to Rydal Mount. We walked about the lovely garden with its view over Rydal Water and went into the dining-room. Miss Rotha Quillinan was Wordsworth's goddaughter, and he addressed his sonnet to her beginning " Rotha, my spiritual child." She lent us her album, in which Wordsworth had written it with his own hand and in which numbers of famous literary people had written. My father took me to see Harriet Martineau ; she was doing a piece of needlework for Florence Nightingale ; they were great friends, but as they were both invalids they had never met. She asked me if I was a good girl, and I had to answer through the trumpet as she was stone deaf. We saw the stone pine in her garden which Wordsworth had planted.

Another interesting visit was to Miss Napier, daughter of Sir William Napier, and there we met

Rev. Percival Graves, Perpetual Curate of Windermere, who had known Wordsworth intimately and Harriet Martineau and the Arnolds and other members of the literary circle at the Lakes. He was a charming person, refined and gentle and gracious, with poetic and intellectual tastes. He came to see us at Wimbledon after my father's death and corresponded with me, as did Miss Napier. Miss Napier was a distinguished-looking lady with a quantity of waving snow-white hair and a noble presence. She was very literary in her tastes and broad and generous in her sympathies. We also met another friend of Miss Napier's there, Mrs. Pearson; she and her husband had both known Wordsworth and his family, and she afterwards gave me some of Wordsworth's hair and letters from Dorothy, Dora and Mary Wordsworth. She was a thoughtful and interesting lady, and she became a great friend of mine and we corresponded for years. She was a patient of my father's and revered him. After his death she came to see me at Wimbledon, and I took her to see his grave and she was very much touched. Miss Arnold said the social intercourse in their valley had been unique in its character, on such a high plane and absolutely free from gossip and littleness. Mr. Graves told us that one day when Harriet Martineau was writing her daily article for the *Daily News* she found her brain did not work quite as quickly as usual, and so she at once sent in her resignation to the editor.

Not long before his sudden death my father made a collection of beautiful water-colours which were a great joy to him, and he had pleasant inter-

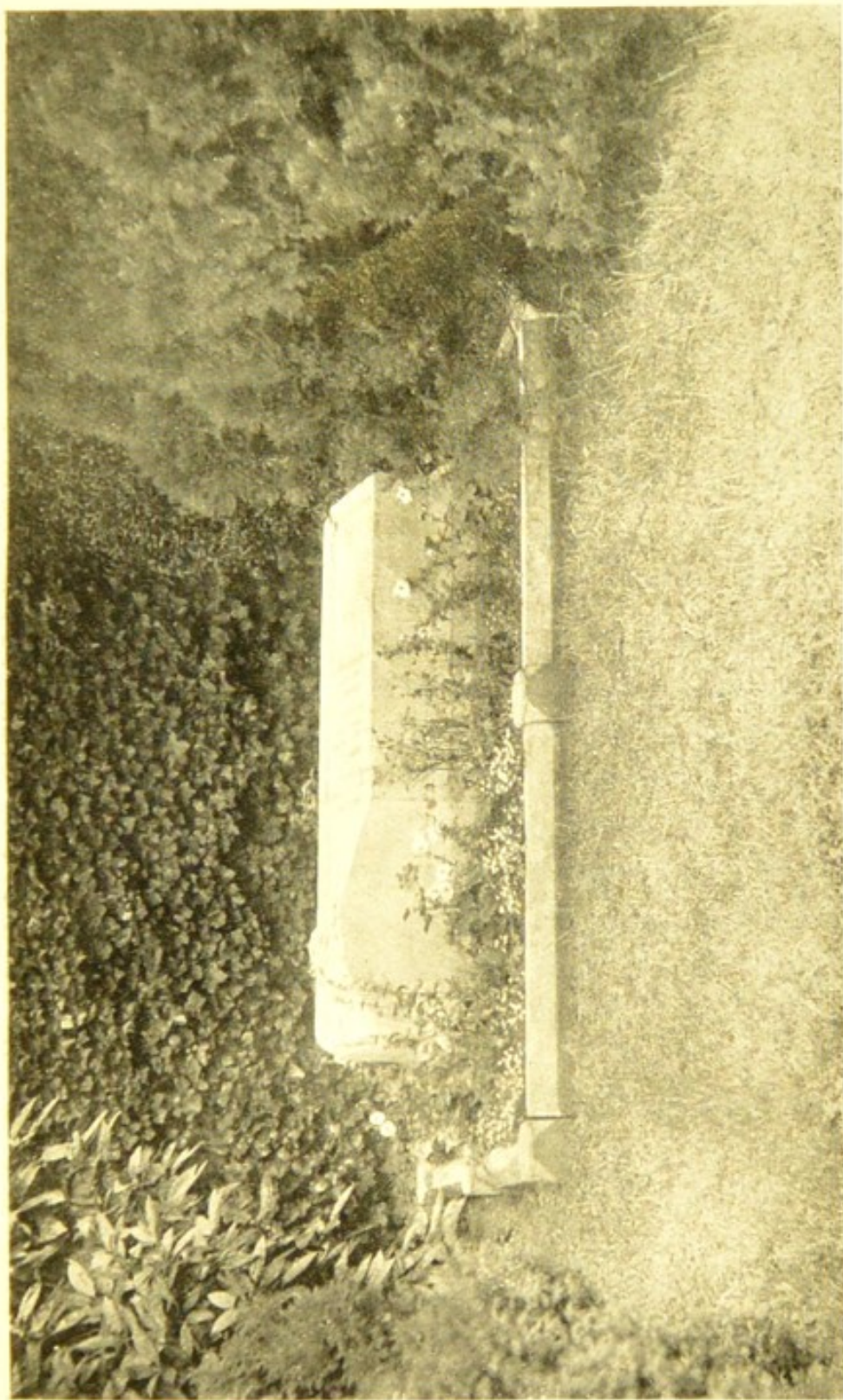
course with some of the artists, George Fripp, Boyce, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Alfred Hunt, E. W. Cooke, Samuel Palmer, Carl Haag, Whittaker, Margaret Gillies, James Holland. James Holland and Samuel Palmer stayed with us at Wimbledon; they were both charming personalities. James Holland was very picturesque, with a quantity of snow-white hair; he was gentle and kindly. He remembered Turner well. Samuel Palmer had a religious, reverent mind. He was an ardent admirer of Milton's poems and a great lover of nature; he went out from dinner with my father to watch the sunset on Wimbledon Common. He and my father talked over James Hinton's *Mystery of Pain* together; he said that sometimes pain could be positive pleasure. My father, mother and I went to see him and his wife at Red Hill. His house stood on a high ridge and commanded a glorious view of a great stretch of country for miles and miles. His wife was a Linnell and we saw her paintings, which were rich in colour and had been compared with Titian's. Dante Gabriel Rossetti said to my mother that Samuel Palmer was the most poetic landscape painter then living. We went to Rossetti's studio. He showed us the "Beata Beatrix" and explained it to us, and the "Sybilla Palmyfera." He repeated his sonnet on the latter in a deep, melodious voice. He showed us a large portfolio full of photographs of his studies for pictures, showing great imagination, but his health prevented his carrying most of them out. We went upstairs into a large drawing-room, where the walls were hung with his wife's water-colour sketches; he said she had a

great gift of colour but very little knowledge of drawing.

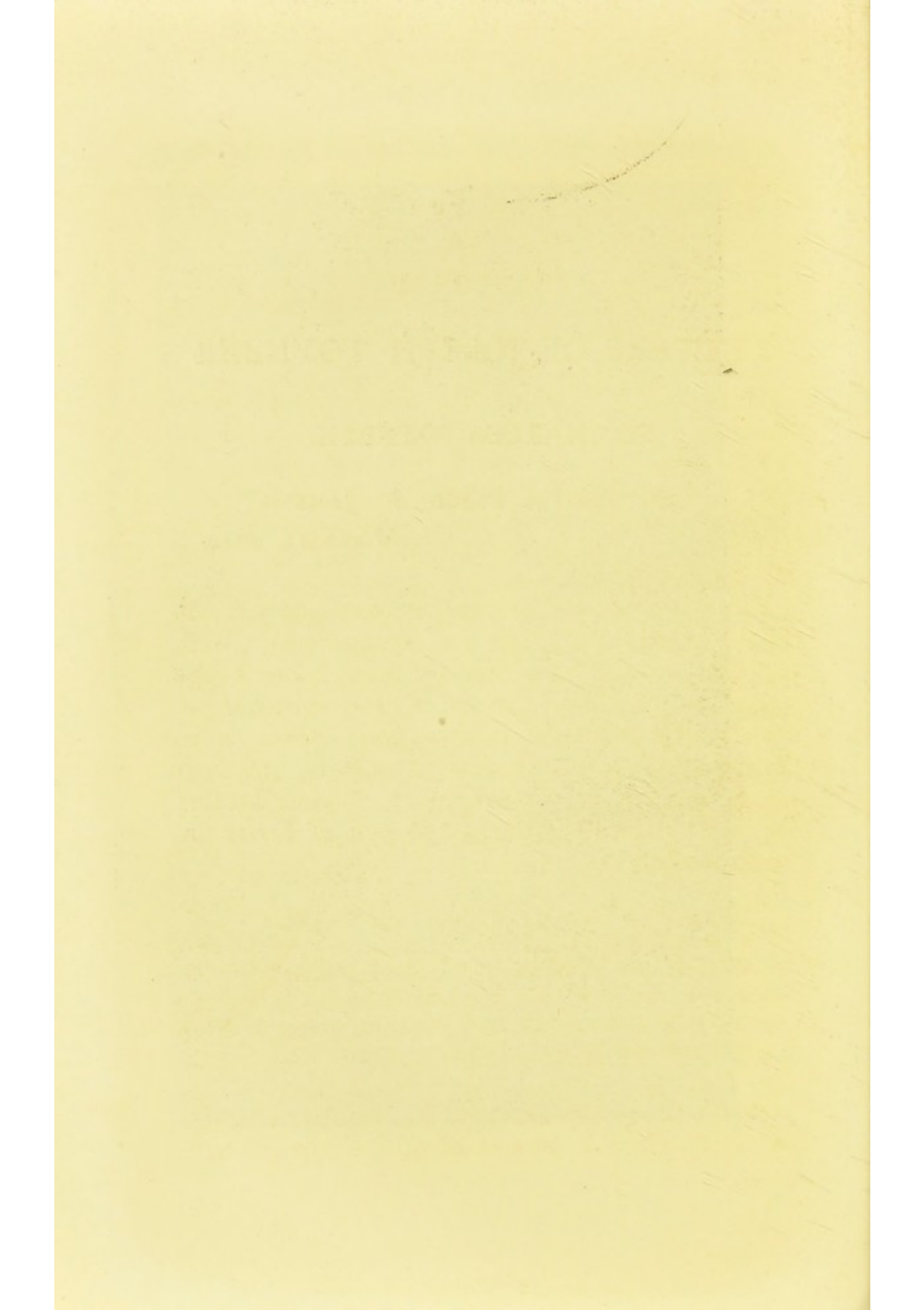
My father had a great admiration for Gothic and Norman architecture. He never could make up his mind which was the grandest, the interior of Milan or of Cologne, the great breadth of the one and the great height and length of the other appealed to him strongly. When the screen was removed from the nave of Cologne he stood at the west door to watch the effect of the newly-opened great vista on the people who entered, and he wrote a letter on the subject to the *Athenæum*. The interior of St. Ouen at Rouen was also a great favourite of his.

One of the secrets of our father's power of enjoyment was that he kept his spirit free from petty thoughts and worries and so was awake to the beauty and wonder of the universe, and he was always learning new truth. Instead of ageing with the years he grew younger and younger, so much so that a patient took him for the son of the man he had seen twenty years before.

I had never seen Death until I saw my dear father's face after he had passed away; he looked very beautiful and as if sleeping peacefully, but I felt that *he* was not there and this comforted me, for it made me realize that he was *living*. When we laid him to rest in beautiful Wimbledon Churchyard we had these words written on his gravestone, "Blessed are the pure in Heart, for they shall see God," for this was true of him all through his life, and this it was that made it "One grand, sweet song."



The grave in Wimbledon Churchyard where Joseph and Arnold Toynebee are buried.



CHAPTER II
LETTERS OF JOSEPH TOYNBEE

TO CHARLES TOYNBEE.

12, ARGYLL PLACE, ST. JAMES'S.

March 11, 1844.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—

This day week will be your birthday, and you will have arrived at the age of twenty-seven. Well, my dear brother, may you see many more happy years, and may each successive year, as it mingles with its thousands of fellows, gone, never to be recalled, leave you, my dear sister Kate, and your family, as peaceful as the heart of your brother Joe desires. Kate must say to you as Keats did to his brother—

“ This is your birthday, Charles, and I rejoice,
That thus it passes smoothly, quietly ;
Many such eves of gently whispering noise
May we together pass and calmly try
What are this world's true joys,—ere the great Voice
From its fair face shall bid our spirits fly.”

March 16. I had intended to complete long ago the letter which I commenced on the opposite side.

My only excuse is that I have been taken up with duties, and when I tell you, my dears, that they have not been quite selfish, but, on the contrary, tending to confer a good deal of happiness, present and future, on the labouring classes, you will not be less ready than usual to excuse me. One works a good deal without much result, but one day you shall have proof at least that I have had my "shoulder to the wheel" in a good cause or two. I have just turned to Kate's kind letter; fortunately for my poor conscience it bears no date but Friday, but I know that it ought to have been answered long ago. I wish I could give you a peep this spring. I fear I shall not be able; duty upon duty devolves upon me, and I must face them all. I have not yet decided where my autumnal trip is to be, but I must wander somewhere among mountains and rivers to refreshen me for the toils and excitement of the winter. I should like to wander through your pine forest, Kate. The fact is, my dear Kate (and to you I talk on matrimonial affairs as to one's old aunt, being my only married sister), that I am now and then disposed to fall in love, but I soon find that my profession declares I have married her and that I must be faithful to her for some time to come, so she takes me by the arm, leads me away from any "ladie faire," and shuts me up alone with her in my study. For your birthday, my dear brother, I have prepared a little present or two for your acceptance; imagine that I give them you with a hearty shake of the hand, one of the olden time, and give a kiss to Kate and little Kitty for me, my dear; I shall send them you the

first opportunity. The Samaritan Fund prospers capitally, and is doing immense good.

Ever yours, most affectionately,

My dear Brother and Sister,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE, IN JAMAICA.

12, ARGYLL PLACE,

March 29, 1847.

MY DEAR OLD WILL,—

I can no longer say why do you not write to me, for I have received your last capital and to me most gratifying letter. I am quite happy to think of your working away again and laying down plans for success and happiness. It will be a glorious thing in a future age for men to find out from by-gone experience the best way, the only way of enjoying life. As it is at present, every man rushes headlong into his pursuits, following the bent of his disposition, hoping to be happy but not succeeding. Is it not worse than a dream that the masses of people are pursuing, endeavouring to get happiness by obtaining wealth and worldly fame and pomp. I was at the Marquis of Northampton's soirée on Saturday evening and even among intelligent and scientific men one saw so much display; ribbons round throats, hanging over shirt fronts, stars appended to coat breasts, garters round legs, etc., etc.; tell of such paltry nonsense that one is quite ashamed of one's species when one sees all

the world gaping at them. Enjoy your own thoughts, your daily duties, and do not ever be hankering after display and the world's vanities; so say I to myself, so feel I . . .

March 31. I was present in the House of Commons last night to hear Lord Morpeth bring in his Bill for improving the health of towns. The measure is a very comprehensive one, and will do great good, no doubt, if it passes; it will no doubt create great opposition in interested parties, but we must break it down. Lord Morpeth spoke very highly of me in his speech, and after it was over came and sat by me in the House, asking about future operations. All this looks well and likely, I trust, to lead to some appointment for myself. I should above all things like an appointment by which I could sleep out of town, indeed live out of town, and come here to work. I shall send with this letter several papers, one of them gives Lord Morpeth's speech and an article on the subject.

April 14. . . . Thank you, my dear Fanny, for your very capital letter. It is indeed delightful to have such a sister as you; there is no pleasure equal to those of the affections. Rely upon it, my dears, that my heart is always with you, and of you, my dear old friend and fellow-wanderer through the lakes, I often, very often, think. I know your good heart, I look back for years and see your kindness and liberality. Never care if some of those who should be our best aids fall away, we must rest content and high in self-reliance that one has done one's duty. . . . I am certain that ungrateful people, selfish people and wrongdoers,

everywhere, are to be pitied. What do they not lose which is charming? What do they not bring on themselves which is detestably poor? My practice is much the same, but I look forward to an appointment under Lord Morpeth's new Bill. In a recent letter to me he said: "Do not think because I have not time to write I am insensible to your kindness and to the value of your great exertions. I feel that I have drawn a great deal of inspiration from you, and if we ever do succeed I shall owe you a large measure of success."

How I long, now that the spring is coming on, to be in the country. I hope to release myself from London and have a house at Hampstead, where there are capital folk. Harriet is well, and we are as happy as we can be. I am better. You are, I see, at work in the right way, aiding on your men. We, when any reverse of fortune comes, pray to God and neglect seeing that the effects are man's ignorance and selfishness, and labour only can remove the cause. I yesterday removed a cancer from a lady's breast under the influence of ether, and she thought all the time she was having a ride on horseback and the only thing unpleasant was that some boys pelted her with stones. . . . I am again feeling my old life and energy and vigorous in warring for the cause which is just and high. Our Working Classes' Association is doing admirably. You will see my name in Lord Morpeth's speech.

God bless you.

Ever yours,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE, IN JAMAICA.

12, ARGYLL PLACE,

May 26, 1847.

. . . With the exception of O'Connell's death, which took place a few days ago, there is nothing of great importance here. The money market is in a bad state and the price of provisions enormous. Fancy wheat at 120s. and likely to rise. They say there is not sufficient wheat in the world to last till next harvest, so we must take to maize and dates and oats.

Thank God I am better. I have ensconced myself at Taplow, near Maidenhead, in beautiful country, where I go down every afternoon and come up in the morning; it is about twenty-two miles from London. Lord Morpeth has left out the metropolis this year in his Bill, so that I hope it will easily get through for the towns in England. I am determined to be in it and hope to be able to give up living in London, which pulls me down and makes me ill. Harriet is very well and happy, sketching away at Taplow and helping me with my Public Health Tracts, etc. How preferable is the country to town.

TAPLOW, *May 30.* . . . Wheat has fallen again; the crops are looking glorious and the weather splendid, showery nights and sunny days. How we do enjoy the beautiful country. We are high, overlooking a magnificent country and the noble Thames, then Windsor Castle is in the distance, looking a lovely royal place. Three days in the week I get back at three o'clock, three others at

five; I am an hour coming down. After dinner I have a game in one of Lord Orkney's fields at Bat and Trap with the girls and boys here, a glorious set of true country lads and lasses. Then we have a walk listening to the cuckoo and nightingale through lanes and footpaths, then home to tea and books, etc. . . . Weather glorious.

God bless you.

Ever yours very affectionately,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM AND FANNY TOYNBEE,
JAMAICA.

June 14, 1847.

MY DEARS, WILLIAM AND FANNY,—

Your last letter reached us a few days since and afforded us, as usual, much pleasure to hear of your happiness, good spirits and prospects. I am happy to say that I am very much better. During the last several months I have been feeling the ill effects of want of care during many years and have suffered great depression, and in spite of all my energy of character I have been unable to do much, having merely gone along through life and making the best of things. No evil is so sad as bad health, it is wholly unnatural to man and incapacitates him for the performance of his duties. We are now at Taplow, near Maidenhead, and I am recovering fast. . . . I suppose the success of Lord Morpeth's Bill this session is somewhat doubtful now on account of the delay from various pressing matters; it is, however, to come on on Friday.

I do not know what salary the Commissioners will have, but the Medical Officers of Health may have £800 a year, but not more. If I do not have anything better I propose to take the appointment of Officer of Health and live out of London. London kills me. Better to have £800 out of London than £1,200 in, and I shall not make £1,000 a year in town. For your sake I sometimes feel that I should like to join you in Jamaica, but it is not my world; I should be out of my element. I must work out to the best of my ability the plans which I have commenced. We are paying a good deal of attention to botany, which is a source of great interest to us, and any particulars you can send will always interest. . . . I am now beginning to long again for a wander in the north, but I fear I shall not be able to get there.

Ever yours, very affectionately,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE, JAMAICA.

12, ARGYLL PLACE, ST. JAMES'S,

June 28, 1847.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,—

. . . The Health of Towns Bill is still before Parliament, but comes on again in three or four days, and I think there is not much doubt that Parliament will pass it. I have ceased to think about any other appointment than an Officer of Health with £800 a year, which if I lived in the country a little way would answer my purpose

very well. But in all Government matters there is much disappointment; in saying this I do not at all despair that Lord Morpeth will do all in his power for me. I received from him last evening a letter, of which the following is a copy: "My dear Toynbee, I am extremely pleased with the pamphlets you enclosed. Your letter did me great good as they always do. I feel more anxious about getting our measure through this Session than is at all philosophical. Very sincerely, Morpeth." . . . Ever yours, my dear fellow, very affectionately,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM TOYNBEE, JAMAICA.

12, ARGYLL PLACE,

July 15, 1847.

To you, my dear Fanny, who have felt the grief of the loss of a dear husband, I need not describe what was my suffering upon hearing of the death of my dear brother William. You know well how deeply we loved each other, but what is my loss compared to yours. We can now only hope for the after life, the happy day to come when we shall all meet again.

But, my dear sister, it may be some trivial consolation to you to feel that you will find in us warm and affectionate friends and relations who will endeavour through life to make you feel how much we love you for your own sake as well as for that of poor dear William. Remember that you have always a home here, and that it will be our pleasure

and delight so long as we live to minister to your comforts.

God bless you and believe me,
Your affectionate Brother,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM TOYNBEE, JAMAICA.

SANDGATE,
September 19, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY,—

I am very sorry that the state of my health prevents me from being in town to meet you. I am far from being in good health, and am obliged to make the most earnest and persevering attempts to get strong. I have written to your brothers in Lincolnshire, and I hear that you will have one of your brothers to meet you. You must make yourself quite at home in our house. . . .

Believe me, my dear Fanny,
Ever yours most sincerely and affectionately,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

12, ARGYLL PLACE,
December 12, 1847.

MY DEAR FANNY,—

. . . Although my numerous and increasing duties prevent my writing to you at any length, be assured that the thought of you and poor dear William are often with me, and I cannot even now reconcile myself to the thought that I shall never see him

again. It is difficult, too, to resign oneself to our loss, and even to draw any consolation around us, so great and bad is the endurance. I am very anxious that Charles should take particular care of his little ones, for it is quite certain that by attention he may prevent in them the tendency to the disease of which poor Kate has died. He should read the address on ventilation in the "Manual of Public Health" which I gave him. He must also read another tract which I have just published; I will send it to him. . . . I and Harry will help you, my dear, and it will be one of the great pleasures of our lives to join with him in doing this brotherly office for our dear William. Believe how much and deeply I wish I could have been at his side to have said "good-bye" and have received from him a last affectionate look. It is a blessing, however, to think that you still remain to us, my dear sister, and that in you we can cherish the affection we bore to him and that we find in you so much to love and admire. Consolation will come, my dear, and let us trust that we shall *always* find it in each other.

Believe me, dear Fanny,

Ever yours most affectionately,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

CORMAYEUR,

September 15, 1856.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE AND OTHER DEAR CHICKS,—

Here we are among the mountains at the south

side of Mont Blanc with the glorious glaciers around us, and both of us extremely well and happy to think of our dear little ones. But I must tell you what has occurred to us since I last wrote to you all from Albertville. At that place we determined to take to mules and the mountains. We wanted to go to Beaufort on our way here and we found a man at Albertville who had come over from Beaufort with some cheeses and who was going back again in the afternoon. So we engaged him to take us up the valley to Beaufort. But what do you think? there were no ladies' saddles at Albertville; so our good man from Beaufort made one for mama, and how, do you think? Why, he took a large sheet and filled it with nice clean straw and made it into a large bundle and tied it on the mule's back when it was half as large as the mule itself; he then made a hole in the middle of the straw in which mama was to sit. Into this large hole mama was dropped, and her feet were on the mule's neck, and then the two portmanteaus (which you helped to carry downstairs) were put on the other mule, one on each side.

Now we were ready, and off we started, mama in her nest and looking as if she were on a camel's back, and I following with the other mule. The people in the streets rather looked at us, but we went on gently out of the town and up the valley among the fir-trees until between five and six we reached the village of Beaufort. We went to the inn, but, alas! it had vanished, the landlord had failed. We then went to another small inn and then to another, but, sad to relate, they were so

very dirty that we could not sleep in either. There we were, standing in the dirty street (for Beaufort is a small and *very* dirty village), the night was coming on, the porter with our luggage stood by, the people of the place flocking to see us as if they had never seen English people before, and wondering, I suppose, why we did not like their nice hotels, for they seem to be used to dirt.

But something is always to be done, you will find, in your troubles. So papa did his best and he asked the porter to go to the curé's, the clergyman, a Roman Catholic priest in fact. We walked along and all of us were soon in his kitchen, for his was a very little place; he came down his little stone stairs and mama walked up to ask if he had a room, while I stopped below to look after the luggage. The room above was full of young priests, who ran away as mama entered, and came down to me in the kitchen. No, the curé had no rooms, but he thought he knew of one clean room in Beaufort where we could sleep, and off we all started again, this time the curé with us. We arrive at the house with a clean room, we go upstairs to see it; shocking to say, it was a large room where people came to smoke and drink; full of smoke and bad smells, with half a dozen large tables and benches in it and a bed in one corner. The floor was black, quite black all over with dirt; in fact, it seemed as if it had never been washed since the house was built, perhaps fifty years ago. What would nurse have said, I wonder? There were no curtains, no chairs, no washing stand, no sofa, no drawers, nothing but tables and bed, and yet our

porter said it was the most beautiful room in all Beaufort.

The curé looked as if we really must be satisfied now, so down we sat, ate our dinner there and slept there. But before we went to bed we had to decide how we were to get away in the morning; but we were told that there were no mules, all were away high up in the mountains to bring down butter, so we did not see how we were to get out of Beaufort, and very heartily did we wish we had never gone to it. But *never despair* is a good motto, so after a talk with the curé he found us a guide who could take us over the mountains (Simon François), but S. F. had no mules. We could not walk, so through the town and through the dirty town of Beaufort its good people were running to find mules.

At last, just as our dinner-supper was over, the great, fat, red-faced, talkative, good-natured master of our house came to tell us that two *bons mulets* had been found, so the master of the mules came to talk about the price of taking us here. As we knew that we should be clean and comfortable here at Cormayeur, we resolved to go from Beaufort to this, in one day, although it would take sixteen hours, a thing never done before, but we did not like to sleep at any little inn on our way for fear of dirty rooms. So we got up the next morning between 3 and 4 a.m., and there being no lady's saddle our two portmanteaus were placed one on each side of a mule and mama sat on the old plaid and some straw between them, papa on his mule with Simon leading it, Croix (the other man) following.

Off we started (very glad to leave Beaufort) in

the early dawn, the stars still brightly shining, the air keen and deliciously pure. All went well, especially the mules which were very good ones; up, up, for two hours among beautiful fir-trees (with a great river tumbling along over large rocks, but often so low beneath us that we could scarcely hear its roarings), until we came upon nearly flat ground, where were about 2,000 cows feeding on the green grass. The sun was rising, the distant mountains covered with snow were being brilliantly lit up and we were all in good spirits hoping to reach Cormayeur in good time. Over another mountain and then down, down into a valley for dinner, where I met a charming little girl, Mademoiselle Victoire, about Lucy's age, who lives in the summer among the mountains. After dinner, off again, up, up, up, up, on for about four hours to the summit of the mountain, Col de la Seigne, on one side of which the waters run to form the river Rhone, on the other, this side, the river Po. Here we saw a grand view into Italy, but we could not stop long, for we were late, and we had to go down, down, down, down by the side of old Mont Blanc for four or five hours before reaching this place. It became dark, rain fell, we had to go through streams, pine forests, over miles of rough stones, on the borders of precipices, but our good guide Simon, of whom I shall often talk to you, brought us safely here about nine o'clock at night. (*End missing.*)

TO JAMES HINTON.

ROUEN,

Sunday evening (1857).

I am longing greatly for my dear children ; God bless them, I hope soon to see the dear ones again. I have had some delightful, thoughtful wanders, and to-day have enjoyed deeply the Epistle of St. James. Read the first two chapters. I wonder whether your heart and soul will be moved by them as mine have been.

With kindest regards, believe me, my dear Hinton,

Yours very sincerely,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO MISS ANNIE BROWN.

18, SAVILE ROW, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.

August 19, 1858.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

“ Ernest, a poem privately printed but not published,” will, I think, be the best reference. I will add the date, 1839. A short time after it was printed, an article on it was written in the *Quarterly*, in which were many extracts, if you can have a look at the *Quarterly* for 1839–1840 I think you will find some of the most beautiful passages. I found some noble, very noble thoughts in *Paracelsus*, but I must confess to looking upon the dark side of all created things very lately, only I doubt not to make me see eventually “ good in all things.”

We start on Thursday for Holland and the Moselle, when we return do come and see us.

With very kind regards, believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

J. TOYNBEE.

PS.—Do you know the beautiful lines from Cicero quoted by Sir J. Herschell in the beginning of his *Introduction to the Study of Natural Philosophy*?

TO MISS ANNIE BROWN.

18, SAVILE ROW, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.,

December 13, 1858.

MY DEAR ANNIE BROWN,—

You have indeed misunderstood me. When I tell you that in almost every moment of my life the thoughts of gratitude to, and deep, deep faith in, our great Maker and love unspeakable towards Him are making my heart beat joyfully, you will see how very, very far you are from knowing me. My strength, my only strength, is from Him, in Him and for His work. If I do not turn to the Bible, the Book of books, so often as you do, it is not because I do not love it as much as you do, for no one can love it more than I, but because in truth I *have* the faith at last, which it so grandly teaches. To *think* of it is for me often sufficient to make “my heart leap up.” A man full of sorrows is not an unhappy man, my dear lady; all the sorrows in the world, even to the loss of my dear, dear family, could not make me *unhappy*, so long as I have faith in God and can love Him, but without a sorrow in the world, there have been times when I have been

most *unhappy*, for He was *not* with me. I thank God we are all well. My paper (of which I am not at liberty to speak) if worth your reading *must* come before you without your looking for it. It borders on a sublimity which often melts me almost to tears. I have told all to an old, calm friend; he sees as I do, the grandeur of its scope. It is simply the application of my discovery of one little fact, which has enabled the scales to fall away from my eyes. To you with certain views on magnetism, etc., it will be a great delight.

Ever yours sincerely,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO MISS ANNIE BROWN.

18, SAVILE ROW, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.,
January 21, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I like your last frank friendly letter very much. You are doubtless right in reference to your view of my crotchets, and the question is this, how can one hold to the new and to the old with due justice to both? This is really the problem of human progress. The difference between you and me is this, that with our dear God with me, my heart is so triumphantly (yet humbly) firm, that peace cannot be shaken out of it by any worldly thing. If it could, mine must have gone. You in your great and kind solicitude express what has at times just flashed across my mind. But so calm and happy am I, so full of repose in body and mind, so firm, so courageous in little things (I will tell you a railway incident some day) as large, so full of blessed peace

and love to all created things, that I own the idea would never have come to me but for the suspicions which have been put on me by others. If health of body and mind and all this life of ours are not boons, I am a stranger to the great ends of existence. You may form some idea of the scope of my paper by reading one of my friend Gowing's daily notes. Please to return it. I send for your perusal Mr. Hinton's volume which contains some interesting things, but I cannot say it satisfies me, although there is a modicum of truth in it. . . .

Ever yours most sincerely,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO MISS ANNIE BROWN.

18, SAVILE ROW,

April 27, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I find in my drawer the beginning of a letter to you dated *February 21*. Delay! delay!! how ashamed I am that you beset me. I wish I could have a good sound chat with you, but I must endeavour to talk on paper.

I am very sorry to hear such a poor account of your health. No! I quite agree with you that the mind is servile to the body, it therefore behoves us to keep the body in health. In my lecture "Well and Ill" I endeavoured to show that, at any rate, so far as air was concerned, we knew what our duty is, and if we deviate therefrom, ill-health must come. I endeavoured to show that ill-health is really nothing but Nature attempting to repair some

injury effected by man in his ignorance or his folly. For instance, so far as we know of life it consists in every organ of the body taking *in* nitrogen, carbon, and oxygen, and in giving *out* carbonic acid gas and introgenous products. The brain does this in thinking, the muscle in moving, etc., etc. In the act of respiration oxygen is taken in for the organs, and carbonic acid given out from them. But if oxygen in sufficient abundance is not present in the air, the carbonic gas *cannot* be given out, it goes back to the organs and accumulating would destroy life rapidly if Nature did not make extraordinary efforts to get rid of it, and *consumption is nothing more than one of these efforts*. An enormous quantity of this poison is got rid of, but often from the ignorance of the patient still adding injury to injury all efforts are fruitless. Taking this view of disease, I was able to explain away the common idea of disease being a visitation of Providence. It is a visitation, but a most beneficent one, and I think the clergy did not dissent from the novel view I took. Nature says you must endure anything rather than give up *living*. The grasp which my philosophical paper aims at is this, all things we know of are but manifestations of force; light, heat, electricity, sound, odour, matter, all kinds of action, are mere manifestations and modifications of one force, called *Solar Motive Force*. This one force, emanating from the sun in its passage through and its encounter with firmamental ether, produces all the agencies we know down to solid matter which is really naught but a condensed form of force, and all the strata we see are nothing but condensations

of solar force. Undulations just as much as light itself is an undulation.

I have read my paper to Faraday, who says "that is the conclusion to which we all are coming, but every step must be proved experimentally." So to experiment I am going, and am getting out some beautiful results. The subject is one of boundless interest, and I should like to read the paper to you. The theory of atoms disappears and also that of gravitation, but I must pause or you will think me wild. You need not speak about the subject. . . . Have you read *Thorndale, or the Conflict of Opinion*? There are some glorious things in it; here is one—"So much Light, so much Freedom."

Ever yours most sincerely,

J. TOYNBEE.

I hope *Adam Bede* will prove a step above Thackeray and for ever.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
March 17, 1860.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

. . . God bless you, my dear one, and may it please Him that you shall be long spared to us; and many happy days may we spend together and calmly learn what are this world's true joys, before the Great Spirit calls us hence. But joy does not come without struggling, nor without suffering. So my dear daughter must learn through sunshine and in darkness to pursue her daily course of duty, in the full faith that everything here below is ordered

for the best, and that calmness and resignation to God's will in this world, is our most fitting preparation for that wondrous life beyond the grave.

Believe me, dearest Geddy,
Your affectionate, loving Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
May Day, 1860.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

In the year 1846, before we married, I gave your dear mother a small edition of Keats' poems on May Day. I wish to give each of our dear chicks a copy of the same work . . . and I begin by giving you your copy to-day. May you often read the many beautiful thoughts with which these poems abound, and whenever you look at the little book, may your heart feel grateful to the great Giver of all good things, that you have a father and mother who dearly love you and whom you dearly love.

Believe me, my dear daughter,
Your affectionate Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
August 8, 1860.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

It delights me much to think that you enjoy the beauties of the clouds and the sky. I am glad that you saw a sunrise. To me it is always inexpressibly

solemn and grand. Last evening about 6.45 as I rode home across the Common the clouds were as beauteous as ever I saw them, and I could not help hoping that you might be enjoying some equally beautiful. Amid the many disquietudes of this mortal life, how grateful it is to turn towards Nature's works. Emerson says—

“Hither we bring
Our insect miseries,
And the whole flight with pestering wing,
Vanish, and end their murmuring.”

The murmurings, however, come again, and it is our lot to grapple with them and to turn them to high account, for without our “insect miseries” we should be good for very little. . . .

God bless you, dearest.

Your loving Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
August 10, 1860.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

. . . London is getting empty, I am less busy and begin to look forward with pleasant anticipations to our wander in Wales. . . . I have bought an ordnance map of the country near Abergavenny. The strata consist chiefly of the old red sandstone in which I hear fossil fish may be found. So we must find out some quarries and have some geological researches. Before going we must look at

the Museum in Jermyn Street again. I think we one day saw the Early Silurian fossils in the museum, the first appearances of animal life in rocks. Mr. Lockyer has been to Wales lately and has brought some of them back, and promises me some specimens. Geology is so deeply interesting a study that I trust we shall be able to work at it a little and feel some of its wonders and mysteries. Who can say how all the wonderful fossils came to be in the earth! 4.30. The postman has just brought yours of yesterday, I, too, want to see you, dearest, very much, and I am looking forward to Tuesday with much pleasure. I shall be at the station to meet you. . . .

Good-bye, dear one. God guard and guide you.

Your loving Father,

J. T.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

August 11, 1860.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

All goes on well at Wimbledon excepting that Arnold was troublesome yesterday at his reading and Miss Wanostrocht was obliged to complain of him. I think A. requires a little gentle talk privately now and then, and I hope you will try the effect upon him.

After all, there are few views more charming than the sweep of a good large open common and our dear old Common is ever beautiful. Even did they enclose it, I do not think I should be driven

away; for the landscape would still be ours. As I drove along it this morning the entire western horizon was one grand chain of magnificent clouds towering one above another, while the heather and herbage and gorse in the foreground were all quietness and calmness. The air, too, was full of sweet country odours, for a heavy shower had fallen half an hour before I left. I took one turn round the old garden to peep at our friends; all seemed well and happy. At a meeting of the Village Cottage Society last evening I was chosen one of the managers; there appears to be a hope of your share bringing you in three or four shillings a year. It seems strange that the working people cannot afford to educate their children, provide themselves with proper homes or pay for medical attendance without assistance from the rich. But, doubtless, the kindly feeling this induces is a boon to both rich and poor. I long to see you again, my dear one, and am looking forward to meeting you at the station at 3.30 on Tuesday.

Good-bye, dearest. God bless you.

Your loving Father,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

November 9, 1860.

MY DEAR WILLY,—

Your dear mother and I both liked the tone of your last letter, for while it owned that you had not been successful, it gave promise of future trials to

succeed. You did not allude to my intention to send you to Harrow (should it please God that all things go well), but I think, from what you have said to me, you have a desire to go to Harrow, and are thankful to your old father for his intention to send you there. Altogether, so far as I can see, and it is never permitted to mortals to see very far, I do not think I can do better for you. By sending you to Harrow I am placing great confidence in you, and am full of hope that you will turn its advantages to good account and prepare your way in life. I need not say to you that one of the foremost pleasures of my life consists in trying to do the best for my dear chicks. . . . I am happy to say we are all well. Arnold has taken to the pea work with the sticks again and amuses himself much. He succeeds better than heretofore. We have now finished nearly all the experiments with the magnets, even to converting a poker into a magnet by striking it with a hammer. I am preparing a penny reading, entitled "Nature's Marvels," and have been looking at some facts respecting the velocity of light. (*The end lost.*)

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

1860 [?]

(*Part lost.*)

A patient, Mr. Samuelson, a merchant of Liverpool, yesterday gave me a little book by himself entitled *The Honey Bee*. It is very nicely written and contains some wonderful facts. The instinct of bees is astonishing. It appears in France and

Egypt bee farmers, when flowers near to them are scarce, send their hives in a boat down a river; the boatman stops during the day and the bees fly away miles and miles to seek food, always returning to the boat in an evening, during the night the boatman goes down the river again and the bees let out in the morning, return again to the boat in the evening, although it is often miles away from the spot it occupied the previous day!

You will be glad to hear that the Prince of Wales has arrived safely at last, but not without having the taste (?) of a storm. Garibaldi has retired to his farm on the island of Caprera to cultivate his corn and potatoes and labour on his farm. It is said that as soon as he arrived he unsaddled and unbridled his three war-horses with his own hands and turned them free to roam where they pleased. (*End lost.*)

Ever, my dear Willie,

Your loving Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. PEARSON.

18, SAVILE ROW,
December 27, 1860.

MY DEAR MRS. PEARSON,—

. . . And now allow me to thank you very very much for sending me Wordsworth's autograph and the letters from his family, together with the sermon and other papers. . . . To your sister, too, I am indebted more than I can express for the four volumes of Byron's works, each containing Wordsworth's autograph. Feeling most deeply the value of the

gift and your sister's most disinterested kindness, I have some hope that did she know the amount of my love for Wordsworth and what a blessing I feel it to be able to let fall on my dear children's hearts some of the tenderness and glory which shine in his works, she will never regret the kind deed she has done. One word in explanation, my eldest son William, called after Wordsworth, does not bear his surname.

With kindest regards and wishing you all happiness, believe me, dear Mrs. Pearson,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. PEARSON.

18, SAVILE ROW,

January 1, 1861.

MY DEAR MRS. PEARSON,—

I thank you for the opportunity you gave me of reading the accompanying sermon. It is refreshing to look at the bright side of poor human nature sometimes in order to move away "the pall from our dark spirits." How deeply grateful Mrs. Wordsworth must have felt for the possession of that peaceful mind, which made all things "full of blessings." What a contrast to a lady I am attending now who utters nothing but discontent at all God's dealings. How apt one is to praise the one and blame the other, and with how little reason.

With the kindest regards, believe me, dear Mrs. Pearson,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO MISS ANNIE BROWN.

18, SAVILE ROW,

January 7, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

You may like to see Emerson's *Conduct of Life* and *Hinton on the Relation of Science to Philosophy*, so I send you both ; do not take the trouble to send them back ; bring them when you come to see us. You will soon find out that Emerson is repeating himself, and I hope you may not dislike Hinton's freedom. Adopt my motto, " Good in everything," and doubtless some day our vision may be so fine as to see the bright shine through the darkest and dreariest deeds. I only regret that I cannot get my philosophy to rule my heart as well as my brain, but when it does so life's trials will be over. It is of no use growling, but this human life is a dread struggle, and he who pretends that it can be made otherwise is either deceived or deceives. It is well to talk of faith and unshaken purpose, but a man who always possesses one or the other does not know what life's trials are and has risen a degree or two above humanity. My life seems to be oozing away in one continued attempt to reconcile the unreconcilable and I accomplish nothing ; yet doubtless it is well, and I bow in trust and hope. I sometimes wonder how life is looking through your eyes ; at least I trust that the bitter weather does not trouble you much.

With kindest regards, believe me, my dear Friend,

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
March 18, 1861.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

“ Many happy returns of the day ” to you. Some, I trust, your dear father may be spared to see, and many others when he has passed where he will be no more heard or seen. Whether I am alive or gone away, remember, dear one, that this life's happiness depends upon ourselves more than upon others ; we must learn to regard all our struggles here as so many means for preparing us to enjoy a nobler and a better life. So, while I am wishing you much happiness, I know full well that it must be mingled with much that is bitter, no one can be exempt from hardships and trials here below, no one is good for much without them. So remember, dearest, the happy days you are now passing, loving and being loved, and when darker days come, meet them with a patient spirit and trusting in God, know that all is for the best.

Your affectionate Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

MANCHESTER,
September 5, 1861.

MY DEAR GEDDY,—

You asked me to write to you, so I send you a few lines. This is a charmingly quiet place, a drive

leads to it from the road, through a kind of park with plenty of cows, so that one hears nothing but the birds singing and the rooks cawing and sees but fine trees and shrubs. But great, noisy, dirty, bustling, struggling, hardworking Manchester is close by, for we are only three miles from the very heart of the city. Ah! one of our manufacturing towns is a wonderful sight, whether seen from without or within. We passed Rochdale when coming and saw it well from the railway. Fancy a valley full of great red-brick buildings with enormous chimneys pouring out for ever the blackest smoke till they buried themselves in it. It rained at R. yesterday, and the place looked as gloomy and dark as Tartarus, and still it was to me a pleasant sight, for I could but think of the thousands upon thousands working manfully there and while living by honest labour, they were preparing comforts for thousands upon thousands elsewhere. We saw the heather-clad hills again, but for some reason they did not appear so beautiful as before.

5.20. Home for dinner at six and then another *soirée*. . . . I spent some time at the geological section to-day and heard some very interesting papers read. One on a large reptile which was embedded in stone like the ammonites.

There sounds the gong for dinner, so good-bye.
God bless you all.

Your loving Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
November 21, 1861.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I think you may perhaps like to have a few lines from me, as you will most probably be asleep when I return to-night. "The Wonders of Nature" went off very successfully, and all the experiments succeeded, although, tell Arnold, I had hard work at the air-pump before the india-rubber would give way; indeed, I became rather tired and stopped to show the visitors how far it was bulging down the tube, when, lo! while we were looking at it, crack it went. . . . When I went into the room to prepare tables, etc., I saw a boy about twelve actively sweeping the floor; so after the lecture I said that I had seen him and that his elbow was working so fast and so well that he really must have some milk in it instead of oil. So up he was called and out came the milk amid the loudest applause. I have bought to-day a small pump to work and a pretty little globe. I hope you are all well this morning, trying to be good and happy. . . . I shall post this on my way to the Hospital, so if you get it in time give a kiss all round, from "dear old Daddy."

God bless you and all the dear chicks.

Ever your loving Father,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
March 17, 1862.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

As to-morrow is your birthday I write you a line or two to convey you my best love, and to wish you many, many happy returns of the day. Remember, that although God has ordained this life to be one of trial, still, out of trials, peace and happiness grow. Remember too, I hope you ever will, that in happiness and in sorrow you have your dear father's love to gladden you and comfort you.

God bless you and believe me, dearest Geddy,
Your affectionate Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO DR. STEEL, ABERGAVENNY.

18, SAVILE ROW,
December 13, 1862.

MY DEAR STEEL,—

Despite our silence I hope we have not forgotten and are not forgetting each other. The great problem of life is being worked out in each human creature, and yet how little one says, how little one can say, about it, however deeply we all feel its workings. I feel often disposed to have "a say" of some kind or other and I suppose, if I live, I shall make an attempt in some strange fashion or another, but at present I feel that I must do the work that daily comes to hand, and be grateful, very grateful. that daily duty has to be met and done. I take it there is no more arduous vocation than to lead

life profitably, unless one is driven to work by necessity. Let me soon hear how you and your good wife and children are and all friends with you. Tell me also how the world goes with you materially and intellectually. Have you been reading any bracing books of late? What say you to Colenso? I sometimes think that people's faith requires to be more firmly fixed on the goodness and greatness of God as seen in material nature, so that they may not be driven before each storm that ever and anon sweeps over us. How go on the Penny Readings? I beg pardon, the Popular Readings? You see that we cling to the word Penny as well as to the fact, and we like to make it prominently seen how much healthful recreation a Penny can produce. Our Penny Lecturets promise to be a success, too. I hope soon to send you *Hints on Local Museums*, by the Treasurer of the Wimbledon Museum Committee. I am convinced that local museums will become a noble feature of the country. Whooping cough still hangs about us, otherwise all are well. Willie and Arnold do well. W. goes to Harrow at Easter.

Good-bye.

Ever yours,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

ANTWERP,
September 19, 1863.

MY DEAR GEDDY AND OTHER DEAR CHICKS,—

Having dined with Arnold in Savile Row on

Thursday and left him very happy, we drove to the Victoria Station, whence we took the new route to Dover by Chatham and Canterbury. The country was very pretty, and as we passed through Kent it was pleasant to see the hop-pickers at work and some returning home threading their way to the little hamlets along the winding footpaths. As each man, woman and child carried the chair on which the picking had been done, the cavalcades at first sight looked like a general flitting.

Arrived at Dover through a long tunnel in the chalk cliff, we took a walk on the Admiralty Pier, which is still unfinished, but nevertheless a very fine structure. Towards the unfinished end lie about enormous masses of stone, reminding one of pictures of Egyptian temples. At the *Lord Warden Hotel* we had a pleasant room and awoke in the morning finding the sea as calm as a lake, indeed more calm than was our old friend Winandermere on more than one occasion lately. We, however, decided to cross to Calais and a most delightful passage we had.

At Calais, though warmly beset by two *commissionaires* who quarrelled (and called each other *chien*) for possession of us, I for once was independent and managed my own *bagage*, the two *chiens* looking on and now and then growling because they found I *could* manage without either of them. *Billets* to Antwerp, *bagage* labelled and off we start from old Calais. Comfortably settled down to a book, the *conducteur* suddenly appears before the window of the carriage and demands *les billets*; *les billets* are drawn out of pockets, some apparently fathom-

less, the window or door closes and again all are comfortable. But not for long ; a few, very few miles further, just as the sense of composure has taken possession of us, and we, peeping out of the window from our books from time to time, observe the differences between French and English manners and customs agricultural, and the form of Mr. *Conducteur* again darkens the window and again *billet s'il vous plait* is heard ; the *billets* are again hauled up from deep pockets, again inspected, again put away, to be again and again called for, inspected, sometimes nicked and again put away ; indeed, the phantom of the *conducteur* crying for *les billets* is soon so deeply impressed upon the minds of the *voyageurs anglais*, who are unaccustomed to such unceasing investigations, that the boy at the first station with apples and pears, who thrusts half of himself into the window of the carriage and chatters something incomprehensible to the *voyageurs anglais*, is apt to be met with a confused look at each other by the said *voyageurs* and then by the exclamation, " *I suppose its only for the ' billets' "* ; not uncommonly pronounced " billy " by *les voyageurs anglais*, who have not had the advantage of a Wanostrocht in their young days.

Lille is reached after such a laborious series of shuntings in and out of the fortifications that one is glad at last to hail even its dirtiest of dirty French stations, where one is compelled to stand, in the midst of dust and dirt in a kind of shed or to pay four francs in the restaurant, as a fellow traveller did, for a little part of a thin little poulet and some equally thin wine, extraordinarily thin *vin*

ordinaire. Off again and soon out of France, "the great empire," to quiet, plodding little Belgium.

And now before it gets dark let us look as we roll along at these numberless little farm cottages, farmyards and farms; they follow one after the other between the frontier and Gand with scarcely a break. This little cottage is of brick sometimes whitewashed; it is tiled or thatched, and looks clean and comfortable. The little garden surrounds it, and has its patches of potatoes, beans, herbs, tobacco almost always, and often flowers. See the three little stacks of corn thatched not only at the top, but on the *sides* (know that, Uncle Charles), the entire produce of the little farm's harvest this year, and see how the stacks are made to stand just a little way on the road (no police here), so that there shall be more room for the turnips in the field in which the stacks ought to be standing. Look at that charming little farm; it has no hedges, no, they would take up the room and the nourishment required for the crops; but the cows—how are they fed? Oh! do not you see that little Rachel there with a cord round Nancy's horns, and do not you see how carefully Rachel keeps Nancy's head straight in the little green slip of grass intended for her, and how the dear child does not allow Nancy even to smell the clover three feet from poor Nancy's nose and which is to supply the said Nancy with food in the coming winter, when Nancy is expected, in return for that daily bundle of clover, to supply all in the little farmhouse with new milk daily? Oh, no! this is a Belgium little Rachel, and of course she is very obedient, and I daresay

after the day's work is over, when she gets into that little snug farmhouse, she is as loving to her "dear daddy" as an English little Rachel is that somebody knows. But you must look at the farmer's small flock of sheep and see how nicely "Peter" keeps them all in their proper little field, and how "Peter" watches them, and if they even turn their eyes towards the carrots growing close by and for which their mouths are all watering, see with what dignity "Peter" slowly rises and with one gentle twirl of his fine tail, of which he is so proud, see how all eyes leave the carrot-tops, and this without a murmur or a sulky face; they open their mouths, I allow, but not to find fault or to protest or complain, but simply and dutifully to nibble their grass and get themselves fat for the sake of their kind master and his family; for these Belgian lambs evidently *think* and *feel*, though they cannot say—"duty well done is joy well earned." But we must not stay to moralize; suffice it to know that these lambs as well as other lambs find it a trial, a great trial, an ordained trial to be dutiful, a trial ever to be nobly and gratefully met.

But while I talk, see the father and mother there, with three of the elder children, how busy all are digging up and collecting in sacks those potatoes, and as the day is fine a neighbour is giving a helping hand; yes, it is the shoemaker of the hamlet who is tired of his bench and his tools and the smell of his leather and has come out to enjoy the air and the blue sky, and he thinks he shall enjoy both all the more and his tea, too, if he joins in the work.

which the neighbour on whom he has made a call is busy upon. But the blue sky, still cloudless, is getting more and more dark, and in vain I look out for quiet homes and inhabitants. So I fall back into the corner of my carriage and I shut my eyes and then I behold another home, now parted from me by the sea ; and I look without and within that home to me so dear and my heart first is deeply grateful that all its dear ones have been spared to me, and then comes a world of hope and trust that they will meet their trials and struggles and troubles as it becometh man to meet them.

"Anvers," "*Oui*," said I, and out I jumped, glad for the fourth time to be again at old Antwerp. As I stepped into the *fiacre* I cast my eyes to the blue sky and was happy to see my old Wimbledon friend, Charles' Wain. "*Hotel St. Antoine.*" I descend and in five minutes find myself in this comfortable room, where, if I mistake not, I have lived once or twice before. Out of the wide open window as I now sit I see the fine old Cathedral and into the window comes now the grand booming of its noble bell. A truly noble bell ! I wish you could hear it and feel what it seems to say to me ; something so high and pure, "that drives all littleness away." Does not Keats say something of the kind ? But it is Sunday afternoon while I write. Yesterday we went to the Gallery of Pictures and to Ruben's church (St. Jacques) to-day (most rainy), to the Cathedral and the Gallery again. The people at Mass in the Cathedral to-day were a singular sight. The great nave was crowded with all classes taking part in the service at the high

altar and still every time a little bell rang at an altar in a small side chapel the people all crossed themselves repeatedly. It was singular, too, to see how the people at prayers accommodated themselves to circumstances. I observed that in the midst of prayer all hands dived suddenly into the pockets; the woman taking *sous* for the chairs was approaching. To-morrow we start for Cologne. . . .

God bless you all. Your mother joins me in best love.

Ever your loving Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

PS.—Please to let Willie and Arnold see this having read it aloud. . . . You are to go to the Abbey if Miss W. thinks you deserve to do so. I think I told you that it is better not to gallop Mouse. Beware of holes on the Common.

TO MRS. PEARSON.

18, SAVILE ROW,
October 19, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. PEARSON,—

On my return from the Continent about a week since, I found your very kind letter enclosing Mr. Gough's. I have been desirous to reply to yours before this, but daily duties have beset me and taken up all my time. And first let me say, dear Mrs. Pearson, with how much gratification and gratitude I look back to the dear lakes and our short sojourn among them. Associations, bringing with them elevated thoughts, have arisen among them in the minds of our dear children. I feel it

an inestimable blessing to have been able to take them a wander, that whatsoe'er may be their lot when I am gone, must be productive of brightness and hope and faith. When at Berlin lately we paid a visit to Mrs. Ranke, Mr. Graves' sister, and found her, although crippled in hands and feet, a most charming and intelligent person. The Professor was away. I like Mr. Gough's letter very much, but my aim is very much humbler than his, to dive a little way into the minds and hearts of the people, and to get them to open their eyes, albeit a very little way, to the beautiful and wonderful things at their feet. I shall take care and make you informed of each step in the progress of the movement. Perchance it is a little before its time, but I am content to advance very, very slowly. I have had some very pleasant letters on the subject, one from the son of the late Professor Henslow.

I am thankful to say we are all well, and with very kind regards, believe me, dear Mrs. Pearson,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. PEARSON.

18, SAVILE ROW,

December 2, 1863.

MY DEAR MRS. PEARSON,—

. . . I assure you that the thoughts and the chat about "the dear old Lakes," afford us frequent delight and the associations with them are some of the most agreeable of our lives. At the first Reading in our Wimbledon Village Club this

year, I read "Peter Bell," which was listened to with great attention and told well. Some day I propose giving a lecture on Wordsworth, but we have first to see what can be done in the shape of Musical lectures for the working people, short lectures and readings on musical subjects with good music between. I wish you could, unseen and undisturbed, have sat quietly in a corner of our Lecture Hall on Monday evening last and witnessed our Chat Meeting. We had nearly 250 working people (each paid 2d. admission), who quietly and pleasantly walked from table to table looking through the microscopes and stereoscopes and watching a variety of interesting instruments at work. I stood at my table showing with my microscope *one object* the whole evening and letting every one see and enjoy it. I assure you it was a great pleasure to be able to chat with and amuse the working people and witness their real enjoyment. Mrs. Toynbee and all "the Lakers" send their kind regards to you. Gertrude works away and Willy is doing finely at Harrow.

Be assured that a few lines from you will always be a source of pleasure to us, and believe me, dear Mrs. Pearson,

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GEORGE AND SARAH TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
January 18, 1864.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—

I am sure you will be gratified to hear that I

was yesterday called in to see the Queen at Osborne on account of deafness and noises in the head which had in spite of all treatment so much increased as to cause great discomfort. In half an hour I left her Majesty perfectly cured. As you may imagine the Queen was greatly pleased and sent Dr. Jenner to tell me that there was no occasion for my keeping her deafness and the consultation a secret now that she was cured. . . . I am glad to hear so favourable a report of my dear father.

With best love, believe me,

Your affectionate Son,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

January 29, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I am looking forward to the pleasure of having a good long letter from you, giving an account of your duties at school. Do not hurry about writing it as I feel quite confident that you will at first feel it difficult to manage your work satisfactorily. But the more I think of the plan of sending you to Miss Watson's, in spite of its taking you away from your dear old father, the more I feel that for many, many reasons it will be a source of comfort and future advantage to you. Before we go out into the great trial of life it is well step by step to feel its force. But I must tell you some home news. Grace takes to her lessons admirably and this morning *repeated all her letters to me.* She evi-

dently looks upon herself as very learned. Last night came off Mr. B.'s dance. . . . The charades were well *mise en scène*, but the acting wanted point and vigour ; for instance, no one in the least degree equalled Arnold as the livery servant ; as Lucy says, they " did the acting " rather than " acted." . . . I hope you will soon relish your work and feel the delight, *one* of the greatest in life, of gaining an insight into worthy subjects.

Your loving Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
February 25, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I am sorry to say that Arnold has an influenza cold, and is not able to take his exeat on Saturday. Mr. Powles gives a capital report of Arnold, and says there is every prospect of his working his way into Woolwich. So he must try for it. Willie's report is excellent, ninth of thirty-eight in his class. . . .

With best love,

Your affectionate Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
March 6, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I hope you have settled to work and are making the best use of your opportunities for study. Arnold

has just come in, he is in capital spirits but looks pale. He sends his best love and is just now very absorbed in the contemplation of some beef and plum cake to follow. We are all well. I have lately been rising early and devoting myself to getting up daisies out of the lawn. There are millions! and as I can uproot only about 500 in my hour's work I fear it will be long before we have a daisyless lawn. . . .

4 p.m. Arnold and I have just returned from Franconi's, where the horsemanship was good. Arnold says he would prefer Haileybury College *with* the mountain trip *avec nous* to Rugby *without* the said trip. Talking of English the *Saturday Review*, speaking of a discussion between Kingsley and Dr. Newman, says the latter held the former tight in his *logical vice*. In spite of the cold the birds sing charmingly, but the old Common is very wet. Paggy is to try his prowess in the field on Mouse to-day. The sweetbriar looks very pleasant. I hope you find French useful; the English language is a truly charming study.

"Signification of Disease." Can you find me a better title for my Lecture? . . .

With our best love,

Ever thine affectionately,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

March 18, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

"Many happy returns of the day," and may

you have many birthdays as bright as to-day and may you long be as bright and happy as when I saw you last, my dear one. Your "birthday" makes me think again of Keats' charming lines to his brother on his birthday and with Keats I also trust we—

"Shall calmly try
What are this world's true joys,
Ere the great Voice from its fair face
Shall bid our spirits fly."

I think the enclosed lines by Tennyson very charming. I have been reading lately Jean Ingelow's poems; some, with Annie Brown, I think truly fine. The accompanying primroses I gathered from the little plant to the left of your fernery. I am doing a little gardening daily and shall get your "stumps" into good order before you return. . . . Arnold home on Monday, Willie on Tuesday and Geddie on Thursday.

God bless you.

Your loving Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
March 22, 1864.

Just a line, dearest G., to say that I hope to be with you by 9.30 or a little before on Thursday. . . . Arnold is capital, as is his report. Willy was to be met at 10.3 this morning. I have turned gardener.

Ever thine,

J. T.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

RED HALL, LINCOLN,
March 26, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

We are happy to hear so favourable an account of the invalid soldier (Arnold). We hope the excitement and mental anxiety inseparable from the duties of getting his new regiments in order, will not bring back an attack of his malady. . . . As we sit here at the Red Hall we see the old Minster towering solemnly on the opposite tableland and seemingly pondering among other things upon the wonderful rush of waters that in times of yore carried away the mile of land and made the great chasm which is now a valley with Lincoln and its river in its bottom. I am looking forward to coming home, and I think of the pleasant, chatty, reading evenings we shall have. You must dine with me. . . .

In haste to finish,

Thy dear old DADDY.

TO SARAH TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
May 26, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

I am very glad to hear of your and my dear father's safe arrival at Burlington, and I sincerely hope the change will be attended with advantage to you both. Poor dear father, what a terrible shock his system must have had. I long to see him and yet I should be very pained to find his

memory failing him. I feel how great a trial you must have had, dear mother, and how requisite it is for you to have repose. Alas! the troubles of this life are manifold and great, the one consolation is that the great Power above us, sees that it is good. I am thankful to say that we are all well and things go on as comfortably as one can expect in this life. There is ever something to compensate for life's troubles; mine is my dear children's unbounded affection.

I got through the *levée* very well. The Duke of Argyle, of whom I knew something in my sanitary days and whose family I attend, was so good as to present me, which was satisfactory. My dress consisted of cocked hat, coat without collar, bagwig, waistcoat and lace front and ruffles, knee breeches and silk stockings, shoes and buckles and a sword. I felt so exceedingly ridiculous that I had not the face to laugh at anybody else, there being a good many most comical pictures. But everybody seemed to think that everybody else at any rate was doing the right thing. At the entrance were great scarlet footmen, then pages and beef-eaters with axes and soldiers innumerable, and up we went to the waiting-room, where we saw assembling the great ministers of state and ambassadors, Palmerston, D'Israeli Granville, Dublin, York, and I cannot say how many notables were there, and at 2 the Prince arrived, when we had to form into a long tail and go through room after room until we reached the throne room; there we took to single file, and as we reached the throne, on the foot of which stood the Prince, each name was

announced by the Lord Chamberlain to the Prince ; before the Prince a pause for a second ; a bow to the Prince, a bow from the Prince and onwards and outwards towards the staircase again. I was glad to get home and get on my daily clothes. I was not photographed, but I have the clothes, which cost about £30, a large slice out of the fee.

Good-bye, dear mother, with my best love to you and my dear father,

I am, ever yours affectionately,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
December 5, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

. . . Would it not be pleasant for you during the holidays to take some lessons in Latin from Mr. Dunbar ? I have to-day taken seats at Drury Lane for *Macbeth* on Wednesday, the 14th, so you must get up *Macbeth* in preparation. I think you will enjoy reading Merivale's *Boyle Lectures*, just published, on the introduction of Christianity among the Romans, and to what extent they were prepared to accept its tenets by their own independent studies and writings. You will also like to see the Bishop of London's Lecture at Edinburgh, full of liberal thoughts. Mouse, Aber and Darwin are capital. Lucy and I had a charming ride this morning.

With best love, ever, dearest Geddy,

Your loving Father,

J. T.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
December 25, 1864.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I sincerely hope that the accompanying volume will add to those pleasant associations with our Lakes which have already dawned upon you. I trust at least, my dearest, that the beautiful illustrations will sometimes recall the happy wanders we have there enjoyed together and thus be a source of comfort and consolation in those sad hours of trial and sorrow which must visit all here below.

God bless you, dearest Geddy,

Your ever-loving Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
February 6, 1865.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I fear you were in a melancholy mood on Saturday, certainly the day was not brilliant, but Lucy and I in Richmond Park managed to enjoy ourselves very much. We had a good gallop and several jumps. . . . I find that Arnold does not go to Rugby till February, 1866, of this I am glad as it will give him time to grow. I have finished vol. i. of Lord Derby's *Homer* and think it very fine. You shall have the second to read when you come home.

In haste, best love,

Ever thy loving Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
February 26, 1865.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

. . . We have had some fine sunsets and the sunrise this morning which I stood to enjoy for half an hour at the window was as grand as it was tender and exquisite. Truly "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." . . . The drawings are a source of great pleasure to us all. I look upon them as an investment for our education; a very delightful branch of education too. . . . There, good-night.

God bless you, dearest Geddy,

Your ever loving Father,
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO DR. SAMUEL STEEL.

18, SAVILE ROW,
February 27, 1865.

MY DEAR STEEL,—

It is long since I heard of you. I hope you are keeping well and that things prosper with you. I sometimes wonder how you view life as years creep over you. The more I see and feel and think the greater does the mystery of creation appear. Insoluble, wholly insoluble is it. "A thing of beauty is" as ever "a joy for ever," and I think I have a keener sense of the exquisite beauties of Nature and Art, but a sense of the sad amount of pain and misery gone through and too without any apparent good often makes me melancholy. Truly it is not wonderful that man should rebel

against so much that appears to him simply cruel and useless. Did you get my lecture? What do you say to it? I have lately been buying a few water-colour drawings for the education of our children, and I think no money can be better spent. Already I perceive a refinement of taste and enlarging interests spreading among us. A Roman peasant woman by Carl Haag is truly beautiful, and so, too, is a small landscape by Birket Foster and a sketch or two by George Fripp. Willie is still at Harrow, doing well, I hope. Arnold and Paget at Blackheath and Geddy in London for a month or so longer. Last year we were in North Wales and enjoyed ourselves greatly, the place, Penmaenmawr, being quiet and very beautiful.

Let me hear from you before long, and with kindest regards to your wife, believe me, dear Steel,

Sincerely yours ever,

JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

March 18, 1865.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

Many happy returns of your birthday. Truly do I trust, my dearest, that in spite of all the trials and sorrows of this mortal life you may still enjoy much and long, many of the true delights of this world. "Books, we know, are a substantial world, both pure and good," so as a little help to enjoyment mother and I send you a volume of Lectures by Stanley on the Eastern Church. I think you will find it

very instructive and interesting. The Introduction on the Study of Ecclesiastical History seems especially valuable. . . . The birds are already beginning to build. I have had a good number of large gorse plants placed in the field for the sake of the birds. The buds begin to swell, and spring will soon make herself seen. . . .

With best love, ever, dearest Geddy,
Your affectionate father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
July 7, 1865.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

I am glad you are interested in Shakespeare ; your pleasure in his works will doubtless increase year by year as you learn to see how wondrously he has portrayed the human character in all its bearings. Have you read *Lear* ? The rain is truly delicious, especially after the heat of last evening when I dined in London with between one and two hundred medical men. . . .

With best love,
Ever thy affectionate father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

LUCERNE, HÔTEL SCHWEITZERHOP,
October 2, 1865.

MY DEAR ARNOLD AND OTHER DEAR ONES,—

I posted my last letter to you as we were leaving Grindelwald to cross the Wengern Alp to Lauter-

brunnen on Tuesday last. The previous day Geddy and I walked up the Faulhorn and down again (nine hours) and had a glorious view. Ascent of Wengern Alp hot and dusty, "Daddy" ever and anon taking to the horse's tail quite naturally and getting many a good "haul" upwards. View from the summit glorious, the "Jungfrau" standing out in perfect beauty. Over our soup and wine at the hotel, down crashed opposite to us a grand avalanche, so stately as even to make the landlord get up and deign to look at it. The descent to Lauterbrunnen very beautiful, but very steep and very dusty, all on foot. Wanted the Staubach to shower down on us, for we were very hot and dusty and tired by the time we neared it, and not at all disposed to be bored by the everlasting parade of wood carvings, which, concealed in little cabinets by the roadside, jumped into exposition when we got within ten yards, and when our backs turned the *exposition universelle* closed. Carriage from Lauterbrunnen to Interlaken. Bed, breakfast and then—well, listen and learn from Daddy's experiences.

To arrive at abstract truth is in this life not an easy matter. So whether the combined odours (unlike any other combined odours heretofore taking possession of a man) of the three smoking cooks at our hotel, the *Golden Eagle* at Grindelwald; of tobacco (very bad), of cooking (not good), and the scullery (too bad to specify); or whether it was the contemplation of the old singing woman stuck at the end of a grotto scooped out of the magnificent upper Grindelwald glacier and for

which scooped grotto the government of the Swiss Republic obliges every lover of Nature there, however much he may dislike old women singing in grottos, to pay half a franc ; or whether the veritable chamois at dinner on the summit of the Faulhorn was really very old goat that had been killed the year before and left to get tender and could not, *or* whether Daddy did too much or too little, who can say ; but after breakfast at Interlaken he felt a sudden antipathy in his system to smoking cooks, to antediluvian chamois, to old women singing in glacier grottos, to the whole race of big trumpet blowers, even indeed to the little trots at the path side learning to beg by singing and offering flowers, etc., at the same time. Yes, and feeling thus he betook himself to bed at Interlaken to sleep off the effects of dust and tobacco smoke and chamois and old women singing in ice grottos and begging children and *expositions*. But do people ever go to sleep at Interlaken ? Not in the daytime assuredly, and the reason thereof is thus. It is supposed that Interlaken is so-called because it is situated between the two lakes, Brienz and Thun ; the real reason probably is that the Interlaken population is all day long rushing to and fro between the lakes. This I found out as I lay in bed three days at Interlaken. Things go thus.

Very early in the morning as I lay in my comfortable bed at the comfortable pension Richard, digesting the old women singing in the grottos, the three cooks, the goat chamois, the ten feet echo horns, myriads of wooden bears, paper knives, needle cases,

whistles and boxes and the little singing children, I hear a faint rumble as of distant thunder. I compose myself, and think, in the stillness of the dim light, it may be the Jungfrau giving me a last parting avalanche sigh ; but what do I hear ? In a few seconds the rumble becomes riotous, uproarious, then a jingling, a stamping as of elephants shod with steel, then unceasing cracking, as if all the Interlakeners had suddenly jumped out of bed and were snapping crackers at each other. What can it all mean ? I crawl to the window and peep out, and what do I see ? Why, the *Hotel des Alpes* and the *Victoria*, the *Belvedere*, the *Belle Vue*, the *Jungfrau*, and all the rest of the hotels at Interlaken—and Interlaken is nearly made up of hotels—are all rushing towards the lake of Thun. Yes, there they go, each drawn by two stamping elephants and driven by creatures who growl and howl like bear wolves, and cracking their enormous whips as if no one had a drum left to be cracked, as they thunder, stamp and crack, up goes the dust till they can no longer see each other, and to the lake they rush and into the lake of Thun, of course, one expects and inwardly prays that all this furious jumble of sounds and dust is going to bury itself for ever. Not a bit of it !

Arrived at the lake there, what at first sight appeared to be the hotels themselves on four wheels, but which really are the hotel omnibuses, quietly await the arrival of the steamer from Thun, then off they bolt again back to Interlaken making, when they can, more dust and more cracking and more riot than when they came. And when they

get home, off they start to the other lake and give the other half of the town the same treat, and then they are off to Thun Lake again and so on all day, dinner hour excepted. So at dinner time, hoped I, I shall be able to sleep off a few more old grotto women and woodcarvings and odours. So I throw apart my arms and enter the outside of a delicious slumber. "Am I dreaming?" cried I bodily, "or am I at the bottom of the lake with those Interlaken hotels?" And good reason had I for asking the question. The horrible sounds I had endured were no more, for men and horses were feeding, ready for renewed hubbub, but a sound arose as if all the bells in Christendom had got loose and were marching down upon me—church bells and chapel bells, and railway bells and steamer bells, and dinner bells and gongs, and visitors' bells and kitchen bells, and *table d'hôte* bells and *sonnettes*, all were coming to me. Yes, perhaps to assist in my difficult digestion; for at that moment a brown wooden bear and a white Berne stone bear were undergoing digestive solution together. Yes, louder and still more loud do the sounds become; they reach my window, and I rush to see the sight, when, lo, and behold! nothing visible but cows and goats, and the reason of it all is that the folk at Interlaken who could not take share in the omnibus hotel hubbub thought it hard that they should not be allowed to do anything by way of making a noise in their beloved town; so the Federal Government allows each cow and each goat to have a bell at its neck as large as its head, permits the cows and goats to be driven up

and down the streets at any hour for the well-being of visitors, especially invalids. . . .

We leave to-day for Heidelberg, thence we go down the Rhine, Wimbledon Commonwards. . . . The weather is lovely, not a cloud to be seen and the lake before my window as I write, 5.30 a.m., most delightful. . . . Good-bye, from dear mother and ever loving,

[[

DADDY.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
February 14, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

. . . I was at the House of Commons yesterday and was glad to hear Mr. Cowper in reply to Mr. Doulton promise a government bill for the preservation of commons around London. I went to the House with Stuart Mill, and some day I hope you and I may go there together. Westminster boys are admitted on ancient custom without an order. I heard Gladstone say a few words and saw a good many leading men. Fawcett, the blind member, put a question. The Bishop of London assents to the issue of the *Echo*, and I have one or two others ready or nearly so. Carl Haag dined with us on Saturday. I drove him down, calling on Owen in Richmond Park. Carl Haag is one of the brightest and merriest and *boysome* of fellows, and we laughed and joked, in spite of the rain, most jollily. . . . Owen has written a charming letter to append to the notes. One of the *Echoes* is,

I believe, to be "A Walk with a Dead Man." I am working hard and was never so well since December 30, 1815, at least so far as my memory allows me to speak. . . .

Ever yours, dear Willie, very affectionately,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
February 27, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

. . . I am very glad to hear of your good progress in Latin verse. . . . Geddy, Arnold and I rode to see Tooting Common yesterday; the enclosure by Mr. T. is outrageous. If the landowners persist in enclosing commons the *people* will be without a country. Arnold has made a sketch of the British people viewing their native land by means of ladders planted against the walls of the great landowners' parks! . . . I dined with Lawrence at the Law Club on Saturday, meeting Fawcett, the blind M.P., Leslie Stephen and two young barristers. The evening was very agreeable.

With best love, dear Willie,

Your affectionate Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
March 13, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

I send you No. 1 of the Local Museum Notes. . . .

My lecturet on the subject last evening went off very well. I think of printing it in *The Echoes*, two numbers of which have gone to press. I suppose there will be six or eight *Echoes*, which will form a little book. I have been sufficiently extravagant to buy a drawing by Turner. Boyce drew my attention to it at Christie's, and I saw it sold and afterwards bought it of the dealer White; if I had not seen it sold doubtless I should have been asked double or even treble the sum I gave—£23. It is very slight but very exquisite, a view of Baccherach and the Rhine. . . . Arnold likes the idea of Mr. Brackenbury's school. To-morrow evening we have a meeting at Wimbledon on the Common Question; we hope to get people there from all the adjacent parishes to make a common cause.

I am, dear Willie,
Your affectionate father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,
April 18, 1866.

MY DEAR ARNOLD,—

When I left Wimbledon yesterday I forgot that I should not see you on my return and did not say "good-bye," so I write to say God bless you, my dear boy, and to give you the love of

Your affectionate Father,
J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

April 24, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

I am very glad to hear of your remove to the sixth form, and I hope you will not find the work there too hard for you. You seem to be carving out your own career and all I can do is to help you somewhat. . . . I am going to send Mr. Farrar a little book entitled *The Mystery of Pain*, it is by a friend ; it is a very remarkable book, you shall have a copy, as I have taken several copies. . . . God bless you.

Your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

June 5, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

. . . Arnold improves, but slowly. . . . Mother and I called on Burne-Jones yesterday and found him a most charming and refined man—a gentleman in every respect. He has some glorious works in hand. It appears that Ruskin fell in love with the other full-sized head and carried it off one day. Gladstone appears to have made a very able speech last night, but Reform seems to be far away. Not so war, which threatens more and more. . . . The garden and especially the ferns are splendid.

Ever your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

June 12, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

I am glad to hear that you are better. Arnold improves, I think, but very slowly. . . . I am reading Lecky's *Progress of Rationalism in Europe*, which is very interesting, but I must confess that the belief in witchcraft of our forefathers, even the very ablest and noblest of them, and the universal consent to the tortures inflicted on the poor victims, fills one's mind with melancholy. . . .

With best love, I am, dear Willie,

Your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

June 19, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

I am glad to say that Arnold is better and I hope to get him to school in a few days. . . . Dark news! I suppose Austria and Prussia will soon fight a great battle, and Garibaldi is planning a campaign too. I rode Mouse to London on Saturday, then to Brixton, where I saw some of Ruskin's Turners—quite glorious. . . . Mother, Geddy and I are to have a peep at Boyce to-day. Boyce, Burne-Jones and Rossetti are the three men whose works I most covet. . . .

Ever your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

June 27, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

. . . Arnold is better and in better spirits. I hope now he will make way. So the Liberals are *out* at last ! It will be interesting to see what the Tories do. Reform will not be attained without great pressure from without as heretofore. (Fine rolling peals of thunder.) Mother, Geddy and I saw at Boyce's studio a little drawing by Goodwin ; he is a new light, quite young, and promises to rival Boyce. Goodwin is at Whitby now and sent up his portfolio for me to see. A view of Whitby from the sea is very fine. We go to Rossetti's studio to-morrow. He is *the* man of the day, I believe. . . .

With best love,

Your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

July 2, 1866.

MY DEAR ARNOLD,—

I really think it more prudent for you not to bathe. You have been very weak and much below your due strength and you must now take every possible care of yourself. I think you will like Cruikshank's omnibus. The shooting begins on the 9th, and terminates with the review on the 21st, so you will have an opportunity of seeing some of it.

I do not know when the match at Lord's takes place between Eton and Harrow, nor when Willie returns.

I am, dear Arnold,

Your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE Row,

July 7, 1866.

MY DEAR WILLIE,—

I fear that I shall not be able to come on Wednesday ; nevertheless, please to thank Mr. Farrar for his kind offer of a bed. Mr. Burne-Jones and Mr. Howell dined with us yesterday. Both are very fine fellows. The former gave me the sketch of a head, slight, but very charming. I have given Gertrude and Lucy a little sketch ; you may have the view near Dungeness.

Ever your affectionate Father,

J. TOYNBEE.

CHAPTER III

LETTERS TO JOSEPH TOYNBEE

FROM LORD MORPETH.

June 23, 1848.

MY DEAR MR. TOYNBEE,—

Mr. Emerson is coming to dine with me on Wednesday, the 28th ; I know what your feelings are about him, and it would give me great pleasure if you would come and meet him at half-past seven.

Very sincerely yours,

MORPETH.

October 25, 1848.

MY DEAR TOYNBEE,—

I never read a letter from you without being seethed and roused by it—thank you for all, and especially for the last. I should like you to lay out the enclosed (I know you had no such purpose) either on St. James's dwellings, or the St. Pancras Library, or between them. I wish I could send more. "There never was a sound mind in an unsound body," you say. And what do you say to asthmatic Virgil, blear-eyed Horace, deformed Pope, and I daresay, many scores of others? Ought not we even in the best of causes to be afraid of vast generalizations?

Most sincerely yours,

MORPETH.

CASTLE HOWARD,
March 21, 1855.

MY DEAR MR. TOYNBEE,—

I do not believe I have yet told you what very great pleasure your letter gave me. In all the turns and tides of life, your kindness has never failed me. I shall feel great satisfaction in making Mr. Wilde's acquaintance, on his own account and yours.

Very sincerely ever,
CARLISLE.

FROM MICHAEL FARADAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION,
January 14, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I hasten to thank you for the copy of your catalogue of the preparations in your Museum. You must have worked hard to acquire such a set of remarkable results.

Ever truly yours,
M. FARADAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION,
October 24, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR,—

You have given me very great pleasure in showing me any way however imperfect, in which I can express my sense of your great kindness towards me and mine. Herewith comes the Lecture. I only wish it were more worthy of being employed as a thankoffering from me to you.

Ever, my dear Sir, yours,
M. FARADAY.

FROM MR. ARTHUR HELPS, AUTHOR OF
"FRIENDS IN COUNCIL," etc.

VERNON HILL, BISHOP'S WALTHAM,

December 30, 1853.

Mr. Arthur Helps presents his compliments to Mr. Toynbee, and begs to forward for his acceptance the accompanying copy of a conversation of certain "Friends in Council." There will be little in it new to Mr. Toynbee, who has long been well acquainted with all matters bearing upon sanitary reform ; but from their common friendship with Lord Carlisle, Mr. Helps feels sure that Mr. Toynbee will take an interest in anything which their friend would care so much about if he were in London. And if there were any signs of a practical result coming from the suggestions in pp. 41, 55, Mr. Helps is confident that he would have an ally and a coadjutor in Mr. Toynbee.

FROM MR. THOMAS LANDSEER, ENGRAVER,
AND BROTHER OF SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

August 7, 1860.

Bravo ! Charming ! We were quite startled and profoundly pleased to find our very dear old friend, Joseph Toynbee, etc., etc., on our return home waiting to receive us. I am as pleased as a peacock to think that U and *i* come better in photograph than any other man, woman or child *ever did come*. A thousand thanks. We are delighted, and I am,

Ever affectionately yours,

TOM LANDSEER.

FROM JOHN RUSKIN ON "THE ETHICS
OF THE DUST"

DENMARK HILL, S.,

January 8, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am sincerely obliged to you for your letter ; the book is partly experimental ; not what I would like to say, but all that it seems to me I may venture, in the present state of public prejudice, to say with any hope of being heard—or of being useful after obtaining audience. It is a great pleasure to me that any father of a family should consider the book serviceable and *find his children* pleased with it ; and the pamphlets you have done me the favour to send show me that yours is no thoughtless approval. I like the one on disease exceedingly, and that on museums seems highly sensible and practical.

Believe me, sincerely yours,

J. RUSKIN.

FROM JOHN RUSKIN.

DENMARK HILL, S.,

February 8, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—

I am heartily obliged by your letter, and particularly glad that you like that piece about human nature. I shall speak more and more strongly as I can get a hearing—every word of truth spoken to the English public at present is answered by a stone flung at you—and I can't take a cartload all at once. So Mrs. Penny is a friend of yours. She is a fine creature ; but when women reach a certain

age, their heads get as hard as cocoanuts ; and it's lucky if the milk inside isn't sour, which it is not yet with her.

Where did you find that saying of the lawyers about honesty ? It would be useful to me.

Truly yours,

J. RUSKIN.

It is curious your speaking of the happy warrior, I had always read it just as you do, as a type of what all men may become. Sir Herbert Edwardes read it to me, showing that it is quite specially written for soldiers, and literal in every expression. I am going to use part of it in a lecture to the cadets at Woolwich on the 16th ; it is entirely glorious. Is your little tradesman at Bethnal Green still living ?

FROM GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

263, HAMPSTEAD ROAD, N.W.,

January 6, 1866.

MY DEAR SIR,—

My small water-colour drawing of the " Birth of Shakespeare " will be " on view " on Wednesday and Thursday next, between the hours of 11 and 3 o'clock, on either of which days, if you will favour me with a visit, it will be considered an honour by

Yours very truly,

GEO. CRUIKSHANK.

PS.—I take this opportunity of thanking you for your little present. I have not read any book now for the last five or six years, but the title of your address—" Beneficence in Disease "—caught

my eye, and I could not resist reading it through and that with great interest. It certainly opens a new and important field for scientific investigation, and must lead to beneficial results.

FROM BENJAMIN JOWETT, MASTER OF BALLIOL
COLLEGE, OXFORD.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD,
May 15, 1866.

DEAR SIR,—

I write to thank you for a little book which you have sent me and which I have read with much pleasure. It seems to me that pain has a seen as well as an unseen use, as a preservative against the corruption of the world. If there were no pain but only physical and moral degradation, mankind would soon become animals. Two things are curious about pain : first, the limitation of it ; and secondly, the preventibleness of it by the improvement of the moral and physical state of man, I mean to a very great extent. I write in haste, having many things to do. I shall send the little book to one who has had as much suffering as any one living.

Again thanking you,

I remain, yours truly,

B. JOWETT.

CHAPTER IV
LETTERS ON THE DEATH OF
JOSEPH TOYNBEE

FROM DR. BUTLER, HEADMASTER OF HARROW,
TO WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

HARROW,
July 12, 1866.

MY DEAR TOYNBEE,—

I cannot help writing these few lines to assure you of the deep sympathy with which I have heard of your great sorrow. It is indeed a most grievous blow—one which would be felt even by an entire stranger. I have the liveliest recollection of the only occasion on which, so far as I am aware, I ever saw your father. It was when he brought you here for the first time and introduced you to me. I remember being greatly struck by the remarkable charm and courtesy of his manner. It made a great impression upon me, and I spoke of it to Mrs. Butler at the time. I hardly dare to ask after Mrs. Toynbee. It must require all her faith and fortitude to stand up against so crushing a blow. There is but one source from which any true comfort can come to you all, and I do indeed trust it may be granted to you in large measure.

Believe me to be always,

Very truly yours,

H. MONTAGU BUTLER.

FROM THE REV. COWLEY POWLES TO
WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

ELIOT PLACE, BLACKHEATH, S.E.,

July 9, 1866.

Five minutes ago, my dear Willie, I was talking to your brother in the playground, and asking after Arnold, and how he was getting on. I came in and found your note. How it has grieved me—how it grieves me, I should say, to hear of the great sorrow that has befallen you, I cannot at all express. Your father was one of those men for whom I felt a genuine affection. He was so true, so full of wise and tender sympathy, so brave, and so unselfish. Then, his great powers of mind made these noble qualities of such value. Truly, he was a man to look up to, to admire, and to love; a man to miss from the world, and whom the world cannot afford to miss. But God, Who has taken him, knows better than we. Our times and seasons are in His hand, and if it may be said of any one that he was ready to go how sudden soever the call, it may be said of your father. That comfort must be yours, however poignant and terrible your present sorrow. I write in great haste, and it must be but in few words, but I could not bear to leave you an instant without an answer to your sorrowful tidings. May He Who has taken your father in His great mercy comfort and sustain you all! I shall not cease—we shall not cease—to think and pray for you.

Ever, my dear Willie,

Your very affectionate,

R. COWLEY POWLES.

FROM REV. F. W. FARRAR TO WILLIAM
TOYNBEE.HARROW,
July 13.

MY DEAR TOYNBEE,—

I had intended to write to you, and was only waiting a little that I might not seem to intrude upon the sacredness of your sorrow. Believe me, my dear boy, our hearts bleed for you very sincerely, and you and your family have had our warmest sympathy. I was indeed shocked and grieved beyond measure to receive the dreadful intelligence of your beloved father's death at the very time when we were looking forward to the pleasure of his society, and to the enjoyment of that fine and noble enthusiasm which he threw into all subjects that excited his interest. I shall not soon forget the vigour and beauty of his conversation when I met him (alas! not one fortnight ago), at Professor Plumptre's house; and I shall always esteem it a privilege to have met and known him before it pleased God to take him from this troublesome world with its many cares. I can indeed sympathize with you in your trial, for I have undergone a similar one—the visitation of sudden death on those whom I loved most—more than once in my own life. One morning at Harrow I entered my schoolroom as usual, and a letter deeply edged with black was laid on my desk; there, with all the boys round me, and when we were beginning work, I received the intelligence that my own darling mother, almost the only near relative I ever had, had been called

away to God in one single night at a time when she seemed to all to be in the brightest spirits and the strongest health. It was agony to me then ; but I can look back to it with calmness now, and even see that *all* which God does is full of mercy. I trust that *you* will soon be able to do the same.

And now, my dear boy, do not sorrow too much. When God's servants have done their day's work, He sends them to sleep ; your father had nobly done his, and if God called him by a swift but painless departure and not the long declivities of a lingering disease, the gain is all his. He has left you his high example, and his spirit may still be with you. He died an honoured martyr to the noble cause of unselfish science, and his name will not be forgotten. I do not know whether he was the author of the beautiful little book on *The Mystery of Pain*, which he kindly sent me a few weeks ago, but I know he was deeply interested in it, and you will find consolation in it now. But you will find better consolation still in the love of that God Who must be your sole father now, and Who even in the midst of sorrow is ever drawing you nearer and nearer to Himself. May He, my dear Toynbee, keep and bless you, and His fatherly hand ever be over you, and strengthen you to that task of life which has now become for you at once sadder, more difficult, and more responsible. I shall be very sorry if you have left Harrow finally. Short as is the time that I had found an opportunity to know you, I had always felt a sincere interest in your welfare. If it ever should be in my power to render you the least service, pray rely on me to do so ; and regard

our house as always open to you should you revisit us again.

Please ask your mother to accept the expression of our sincere and respectful sympathy with her under this unspeakable trial, and believe me to be, my dear Toynbee,

Very affectionately yours,

FREDERIC W. FARRAR.

FROM JAMES HINTON TO MRS. JOSEPH
TOYNBEE.

18, SAVILE ROW,

September 17, 1866.

MY DEAR MRS. TOYNBEE,—

. . . I am much obliged to you for your good wishes and for your cordiality towards me as the successor in Mr. Toynbee's house. I find the rooms delightful to occupy, and they are made very sacred to me by previous reminiscences. I have also the very frequent pleasure of hearing devoted expressions of gratitude to Mr. Toynbee from former patients; one lady could not speak of him without tears. If anything could prompt me to a most sincere and earnest prosecution of my work it would be the position in which I find myself. The museum has been taken to the College of Surgeons. I confess that I cast upon it regretful, but I hope not envious, eyes. It is certainly in its right place, and will, with increasing knowledge and study of

the subject, bring Mr. Toynbee's name into higher honour. . . .

I am, dear Mrs. Toynbee,

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES HINTON.

FROM DR. APPLEBE.

WINCHESTER,

March 31, 1909.

DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

I am much obliged not only for your kind letter but also for the little *brochures* you were good enough to send me, and which I have read with very great pleasure. It is hardly correct to say I was an old pupil of your father's, but I was introduced to him by the late Dr. Wadam, who was the Dean of St. George's. I shall never forget his great kindness to me. I had been House Surgeon at "The Cork Ophthalmic and Aural Hospital," and I was anxious to attend his clinical lectures, and when I asked him if I might attend, he said, "certainly; come whenever you can." I ought to say I was then *very, very* poor and could not afford to pay, but that made no difference to him. I was very struck with his real interest in those who came under his care, his gentleness and firmness and his intense humanity. . . .

I am, yours very truly,

E. J. APPLEBE.

FROM MISS FRANCES ARNOLD TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

FOX HOW, AMBLESIDE,

March 29, 1909.

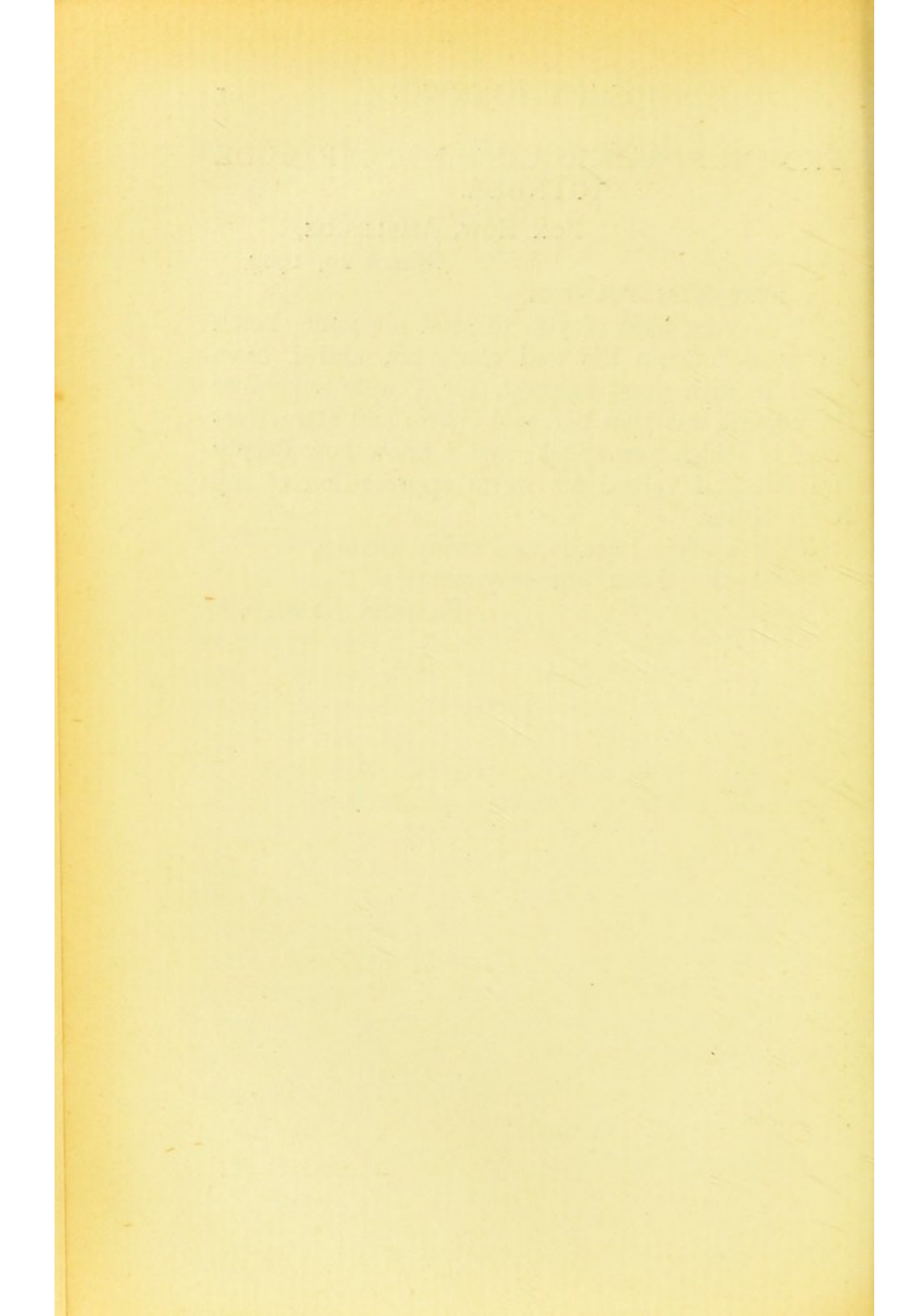
MY DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

It is very kind of you to send me your sketch of your father's life and character, and I have read it with great interest, for I well remember how great was that personal charm and attractiveness of which you speak, and I know how deeply we felt and valued his warm appreciation of my dear father.

With kindest regards and many thanks,

I am, sincerely yours,

FRANCES ARNOLD.







Arnold Toynbee.

CHAPTER V

ARNOLD TOYNBEE, M.A.,

Tutor and Bursar of Balliol College, Oxford

BORN AUGUST 23, 1852. DIED MARCH 9, 1883.

MY brother's life divides itself into the following periods: his *childhood* at home; his *school life* at Rev. Cowley Powles', Blackheath, and at Wimbledon School, Mr. Brackenbury's, from the age of nine to fourteen, when my father died; his life of *solitary study* at home and in country places, till in 1873, at the age of nineteen, he went to Oxford; his *married life at Oxford*, from 1879 till 1883, when he died. In 1875 he made up his mind to take up *Political Economy* as his special subject for research instead of History, which he had previously chosen. In that year he gave his first public address to some working men at the Tower Hamlets Radical Club, and in 1880, 1881, and 1882 he gave lectures at Newcastle, Bradford, Sheffield, Leicester, Bolton, and London.

During the last four years of his life he took an active part in the work of the Charity Organization Society at Oxford and of the Board of Guardians, of which he was a member. He also showed his practical sympathy with the Co-operative Movement by taking classes for the Oxford Society and by personal intercourse with its members. The

other public question which occupied his time and thoughts in these last years was Church Reform. For a complete sketch of my brother's life I refer the reader to that by his dear friend, Alfred Milner, now Viscount Milner, also to Jowett's and to F. C. Montague's.

The following reminiscences of his childhood and boyhood at home may interest those who have read these vivid accounts of his manhood.

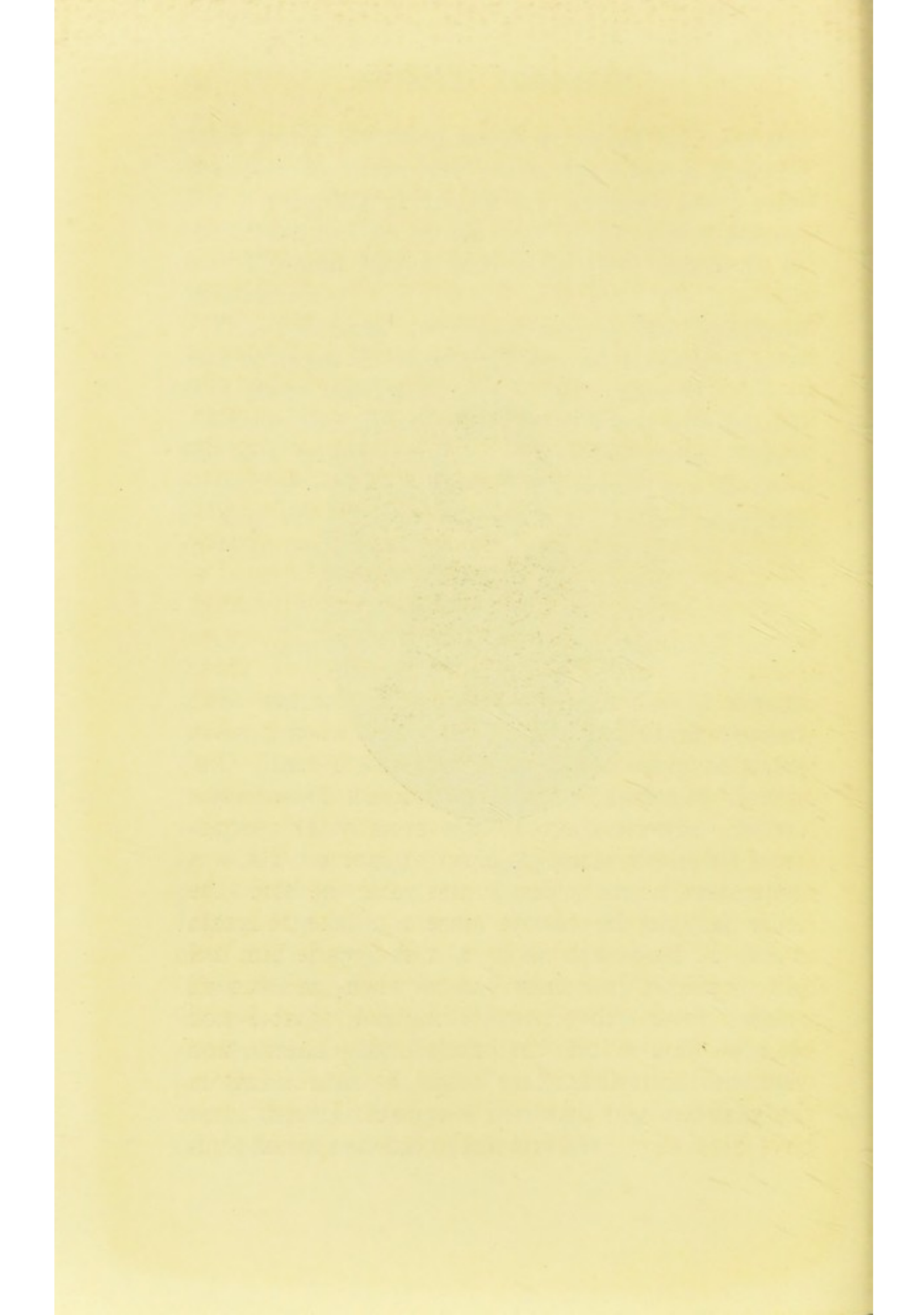
I remember him as a lovely little boy with beautiful light brown curls and a winning smile. When he was between six and seven, I should say, he used to sing very charmingly, and my father delighted to hear his favourite little song—

“ I am coming, little maiden,
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the flower and with the bee, etc.”

He was very fond of games, and could always amuse himself on a wet day; he never seemed dull. He did not get on very peaceably at times in the schoolroom at home, for he had fits of violent temper, which were almost ungovernable. When he was going away to school, I was afraid his temper would get him into trouble, and I remember taking him into a room alone and praying with him and giving him a little textbook. I don't think the teachers we had were very suited to his independent, original nature; they were rather conventional and humdrum, and Arnold was a precocious child in moral and intellectual development, although always a thorough boy and delightfully playful and full of fun and life.



Arnold Toynee as a child.



When he went to school at the age of nine he wrote very concise little notes home. One to his father ran thus: "My dear Father,—I hope you are quite well—Yours truly, A. T." It was not till after our father's death that he began to write anything like letters; he could always express himself freely in conversation, but writing was never easy to him; it was an effort and took a good deal of time. In our schoolroom days when our father and mother were abroad for their autumn holiday, we children used to try and make up for their absence by cosy evenings with our favourite books. I generally read aloud, and those we enjoyed intensely were *The Boy Hunters* and *The African Wanderers*; they were great favourites of Arnold's.

Arnold had several illnesses at different times after he went to school, and he had to stay at home to recruit; he and I were much together on these occasions. We rode on Wimbledon Common and walked and talked a good deal, and when he was very poorly in bed I used to read to him. One book I read to him was Hawthorne's *Transformation*; he enjoyed it intensely, especially the description of the Fountain of Trevi at Rome. He was rather feverish with his illness, and he said the delightful picture of the waters of the fountain made him long to drink from it and made him feel quite cool. I remember once when he was ill before he went to school, telling him what I had been reading about the stars and planets, and when he heard that there might be inhabitants in the planets he said: "Then Jesus Christ must have been there." My father made a special com-

panion of Arnold when he was at home ill, and looked after his health very tenderly. His sudden death was a great blow to him, as it was to all of us; it was a blow which stunned us and left us desolate and from which we never recovered.

Arnold came home from school to us directly he heard the news, and he threw himself on the sofa in passionate grief, crying, "It can't be true; it can't be true." This great sorrow drew us brothers and sisters closer to each other, and the companionship between myself and Arnold became very intimate and beautiful. He made me his friend and confidant, and we spent a great deal of time together in my little room talking, and sometimes just sitting quiet and holding each other's hands. He would talk about the books he was reading, and about the ideals he had for his work in life. He hoped to write a great book on the Philosophy of History, and he wished to write it in a very perfect style. He was very intolerant of the misuse of words, and he had an idea that he would perhaps have to make a sort of dictionary to explain the exact sense in which he used them.

He had a little room adjoining mine at Newlands, Wimbledon, where we lived after our father's death. We looked on to a lovely apple orchard and the sunrise sky, and we grew great, many coloured convuluses, "Morning Glories," round our windows; our daily delight was to compare each other's newly opened blossoms in the early morning. Arnold lived with us for a while after our father's death, and went up to London daily to work, first at King's College and then at the London Library. He saved

his pocket money and his lunch money to buy books, and he used to carry great heavy volumes from London, walking all the way from Putney station to Wimbledon. He was very generous to his brothers and sisters, and he would take pleasure in giving us many little presents. Sometimes he would bring plants from Covent Garden for our gardens. I remember he sent me a photograph of Mary Magdalene at the foot of the Cross when he was quite a little fellow at school, having bought it with his tiny allowance of pocket money.

In these days at Newlands he read a great deal, spending the evenings in the study alone with his books. At first he hoped to go to the Bar, but my mother decided that she could not afford this for him, and he was bitterly disappointed. It was then decided that he should go to Oxford, and so he began to read steadily with this object, and went at intervals to various country places by himself to read quietly and think. It was then that he wrote me long and very delightful letters, telling about his thoughts and what he was reading. I remember one full of appreciation of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, another on Macaulay's *History of England*. In some he would chafe against the littlenesses and limitations that marred such a great part of daily life and speak of his loneliness, and he would yearn for the life beyond the grave when he looked forward to meeting the great spirits of all ages. Our father had created for us an atmosphere of spiritual calm and greatness, which we sadly missed. I had a large packet of these letters which were very dear to me ; but once when ill, and thinking I might not

live long, I destroyed them, together with a number of other precious letters, and I have never ceased to regret it.

Arnold's home-comings were always a great happiness to us all, and to me in particular, as he had always so much to talk over with me. At one time he was trying to find out the causes for the absence of landscape painting among the Greeks, at another he was studying Plato's *Republic* carefully. Bolingbroke and Sir Thomas Browne were great favourites of his, and Shakespeare and Milton were his constant companions. James Hinton's *Mystery of Pain* interested him deeply, and that and St. Paul's epistles helped him to realize the joy of self-sacrifice. Once, after reading the latter, he said, "We ought all to be apostles," and another time, on his return from the country, he quietly took my hand under the table as we all sat at supper and whispered, "I have learnt the secret of self-sacrifice now, Geddy"; and then he added, "I feel there is so little self left to conquer." In his quiet days of lonely thought and meditation in the country, this idea of self-sacrifice had taken possession of his whole being as a revelation and filled him with a calm joy.

In 1871 he went to read quietly in the little village of East Lulworth, and I stayed there with him several times; he was there a good deal in 1871, 1872 and 1873. In 1873 we made up a large party there. It was a most romantic spot. We approached it from the sea, landing at a little lonely bay called Arishmel. We stepped straight from the grey pebble beach into a lovely wood, and shortly after-

wards reached the little village of white thatched cottages. Towering above them were the fine old castle and church tower; the whole place was like the scene of a fairy tale. We stayed partly in the little cottages and partly in the inn. There were beautiful walks along the coastguards' path at the edge of the cliffs and inland through the beech woods, and we got pleasant little boating trips with the old boatman Arnold had made great friends with.

In 1873 Arnold went to Oxford. He used to spend part of the Vacations at home, and then we would make up a small party with friends and ourselves and stay for some weeks in the country. We had delightful times thus at Lyndhurst, Aldborough, Grasmere, Amberley and Miller's Dale. At Lyndhurst we spent most of our days in the midst of the great forest, taking food and books and ourselves in a series of donkey carts. The donkeys required the most superhuman exertions to make them move at all as a rule, but now and then they became suddenly animated and either ran away or threw us into a ditch.

Our stay at Grasmere in 1875 was the most delightful of all our outings. We stayed at Thorney How, high up above Grasmere, with glorious views into Greenhead Ghyll, the scene of Wordsworth's "Michael," the head of Easedale and the lake itself with Loughrigg beyond. We lived out in the garden with its rock seat, where Wordsworth was brought when depressed to be cheered by the glorious views all round, and we had endless wanders over the hills. The weather was superb all the time, and we were

a very congenial set of companions, so that the time was quite unique. Arnold was very happy, and he and I felt the whole country hallowed by the associations with our father, who had first taken us there.

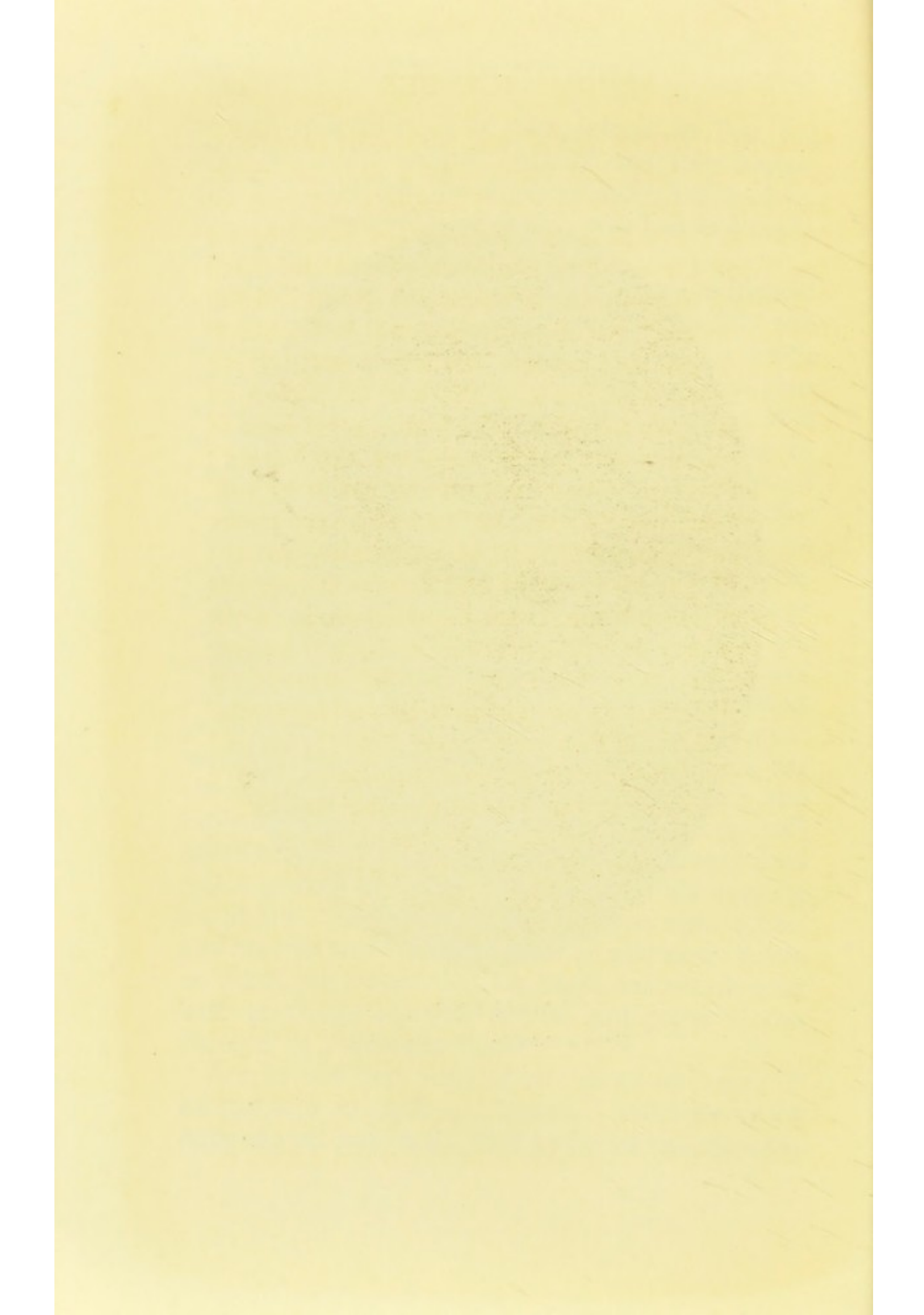
Arnold paid various visits to the homes of friends, for at Oxford he had made many; his life was greatly enriched by them, and the loneliness which he had endured for so long was ended. He felt glad to have had the experience and to have been able to think out things for himself before going to Oxford; he felt that he gained more from Oxford in consequence of this. It was in 1873, too, that he made the acquaintance of the lady whom he married in 1879. In the six years before their marriage they were able to see a great deal of each other. This new and great happiness was an immense strength and comfort to Arnold, and gave him just what he needed in the last ten strenuous years of his life. His delicate health and his great sensitiveness to the sufferings of others made life always a struggle, and it was only his faith and aspiration and love which kept him strong and brave in spite of this. His peaceful home at Oxford was a great joy to him. I remember his meeting me at the station when I paid my first visit to him and his wife there; a few words he said as we drove up made me realize that his heart was overflowing with gratitude and full of rest and peace at the thought of that little home.

Arnold was very fond of art, as we all were; if he had had strength and leisure, I think he would have drawn very well. But he found the attempts



Arnold Toynbee.

(From a sketch by JESSIE LANDSEER.)



he made tried him a good deal, and so he only did a little thing here and there. As a boy he made beautiful copies for me of Flaxman's "Death of Patroclus" and Blake's "Sons of God Shouting for Joy," and I have a tiny beginning of what he called "A Sunny Morning on the Undercliff, Niton," done, I think, in 1877. It is very fine pencil work, exquisite in detail, and almost needing a magnifying glass; it is an example of the love of perfection which characterized him. He had a great love of beauty, and was very quick to observe it in Nature; beautiful scenery was a constant enjoyment to him.

He did not write poetry, but he had a very poetic nature and the poet's gift of imaginative insight and of clothing his thoughts and feelings in eloquent and graphic language. One beautiful thing about his personality was his great gentleness and tenderness; he had quiet ways and a gentle, sweet-toned voice. For years I was constantly ill, and his tender watchful care and sympathy never failed; our old nurse said, "People say you two are lovers." We were all devoted to our old nurse, who was like a mother to us. Arnold was very good to her; once a year he would take her to the Grand Military Tournament, which was the greatest treat she could have, and he always gave her a new cap on her birthday. He took the greatest interest in all our sorrows and joys at home. On one occasion, when he gathered from our letters that we were worried about something, he came up unexpectedly all the way from Oxford for the day and succeeded in putting things right; and when we insisted on paying his fare, as we knew he could not afford it,

he gave the money to our old nurse. This is typical of his great generosity of nature. Once I took him to the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney, where we visited regularly for years. He was very much impressed with his visit ; he felt he was among the realities of life, and it was a pleasure to be able to do a little for the sufferers. He valued the experience because it was just the contrast he wanted to his Oxford life, which he felt had a tendency to be theoretic and unreal. When he visited his dear friend, Maitland Hobday, who was in the Royal Engineers at Chatham, he had the same feeling of satisfaction at facing the facts and realities of life.

Arnold was akin to the saints and the prophets in his power of spiritual appeal and in the revelation his presence made of his beautiful inner life. He seemed at times to be an ethereal visitor from another world, and yet he was at one with the simplest human being and with the rough and the ignorant and the faulty. He had great vitality and intensity in spite of physical weakness, and he threw himself heart and soul into any game he played. In his reading he would take one author at a time and get absorbed in him. He got great enjoyment from Sir Walter Scott's novels, and when he began one he would give himself up to it till he finished it. He would spend a good deal of time in quiet thought and meditation, lying on the sofa with his eyes closed. As he lay ill, weak and prostrate after he had worked for the Brakenbury Scholarship, he wished his friends to know that his spirit was serene and peaceful in spite of bodily feebleness, and he sent them a message something to this effect,

“ My body is weak, but my mind is among the stars.”

The last talk I had with Arnold was a few hours before he gave his first lecture on “ Progress and Poverty ” at St. Andrew’s Hall, Newman Street, on January 11, 1883. He was very tired and poorly, and lay down in my room to rest. He said : “ You have never seen me as ill as this.” Then he spoke of a young Oxford friend who had come to him after his last lecture at Balliol, which he had ended by a spiritual appeal to the young men. This friend asked him about his religious faith that he might gain help, and Arnold said it made him feel so humble, he felt he ought to be holy himself if he was to teach others. He then alluded to the difficulties in our home, and that we must all try and meet them in the right spirit ; he said he had been thinking so much about this.

We went to see his face in death ; it was exceedingly beautiful, without any trace of suffering. We took our last farewell when we laid him to rest in our dear father’s grave. He and I had often paid a loving pilgrimage to that sacred spot together, and I still have a little rose that he gathered for me there. It is so peaceful ; the perfect stillness is only broken by the songs of the birds or the wind whispering in the great trees close by. You cannot think of death there, and the words come borne in upon you : “ He is not here ; he is risen.”

CHAPTER VI

LETTERS OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE TO OUR OLD NURSE, ELIZABETH SHEPPARD

WINKFIELD, BRACKNELL,

February 19, 1871.

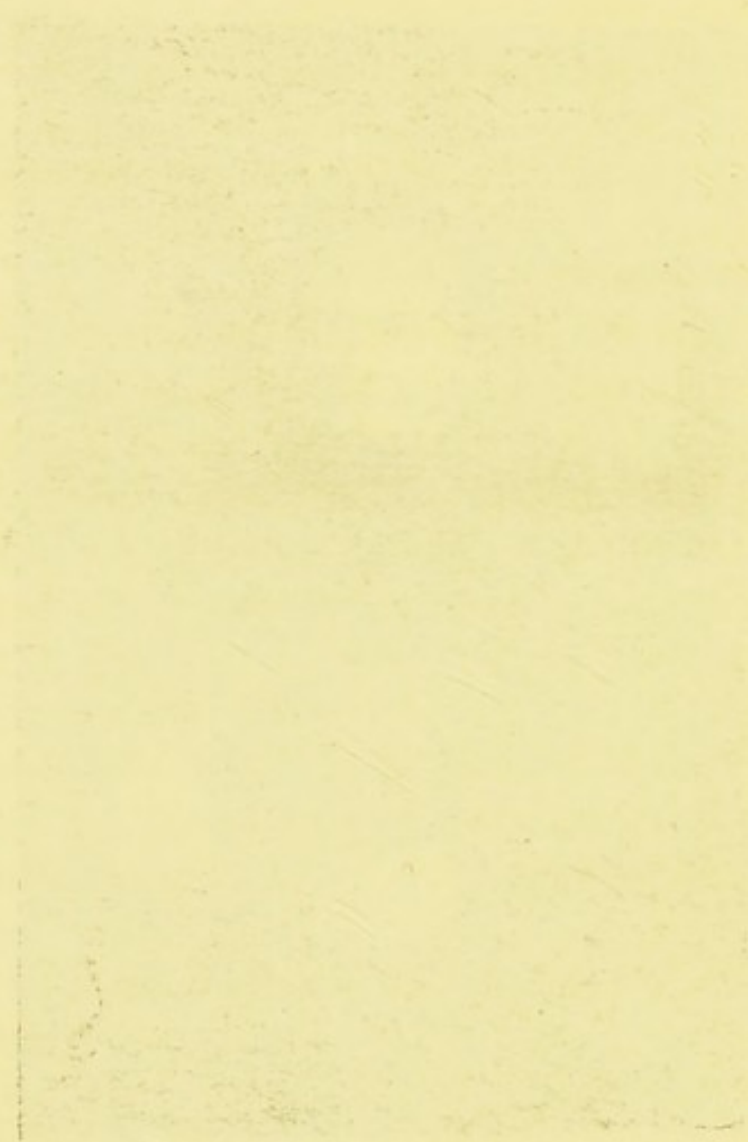
MY DEAR OLD NURSE,—

Your very charming and, written as it was by your own dear weary old hand, not a little astonishing letter, greatly delighted me: and I must own that I felt very far from pleased with myself when I reflected that it was *you* with all your difficulties and not *I* who had written the first letter of what I hope will extend to a sort of little correspondence between us. I shall offer as my excuse that which you so prettily, yet I will add so unnecessarily, offered to me: "if thinking could have written, I should have done so long since." I miss very much your constant love; and I often look at your dear old face in the not very bright photograph which stands on my chimney-piece. Forgive all the harsh words I used to you when I was last at home, nursie. I hope some day I shall be no longer forced to ask your pardon.

With much love to you, dear nurse, and the hope that you may at no distant time find a more



Our old nurse, Elizabeth Sheppard.



peaceful home with some one of us than you now possess,

I am, yours ever lovingly,
A. T.

Ask Lucy to read this letter to you alone.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

EAST LULWORTH,
September 27, 1871.

MY DEAR GRACIE,—

Many thanks for your little letter. We will try, when I come home, to think of the best way of laying out the money you have obtained by the sale of the chickens. On October 4 I am coming home "for good." Would you like to have some little readings in history with me? I hope your music is getting on very well, Geddy will, I suppose, teach you in that subject when she returns from Dover. I shall be very glad if you will help me to arrange my room when I come home. It will take, I think, some time. My best love to nurse and Lizzie.

Your very affectionate Brother,
ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

EAST LULWORTH, WAREHAM, DORSET,
May 18, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY,—

You will not, I know, think the less of my birthday greetings because they are so late. Many,

many joyful returns of your birthday, dear Mary, and may your powers and love grow with the growing years. That is what I ever wish for all those that are dear to me. Is there anything in any way in which I can help you? Have you plenty to do at Lyndhurst? Lucy and Reggie have spent a joyful day or two down here. Give my best love to dear old nurse. How is she?

Ever your loving Brother,
ARNOLD T.

TO OUR OLD NURSE.

8, COLLEGE PRECINCTS, WORCESTER,
November, 1872.

DARLING OLD NURSE AND DARLING LITTLE (I mean big now)—only little by comparison with very big people—GRACIE,—

How are you? And how is my darling Mary? Don't think me a bad boy because of my silence. I think of you often and long for Christmas time. I didn't forget your birthday, nurse, but I forgot to write. That was too bad, wasn't it? but you will forgive me, won't you? and this *execrable* (I would use a stronger word) writing, and *allow* me to remain,

Yours ever affectionately and lovingly,
A. T.

I like your letters, Gracie, "awfully," so do write, and Mary. Why do you make my silence an excuse?

TO MARY AND GRACE TOYNBEE.

8, COLLEGE PRECINCTS, WORCESTER,

November 27, 1872.

MY DEAR MARY AND GRACE,—

I only this morning heard from Gertrude the plan which has been formed for sending you to school in Germany for a while. It comes so suddenly upon me that I hardly know how to look upon it; whether to be glad because of the benefit you may get from it, or altogether sorry because of the long severance from home which must necessarily ensue. For I *do* think *that* a very serious matter for us all: it is bad enough to be so much away from one another as it is, and, dear old girls, I don't like the thought at all of our being cut off so entirely from you for so long a time. But of course there are great advantages in the plan: though I should like to know a little more about it: you are not going before Christmas? that really mustn't be. Write and tell me, because I shall come home sooner than I intended if you are off so soon.

Good-bye, my darlings.

Ever your very loving Brother,

ARNOLD.

My love to nurse and many kisses; take double as many as you can imagine me giving you for yourselves and all my love. Many thanks for your loving little letter, Gracie.

TO MRS. TOYNBEE.

8, COLLEGE PRECINCTS, WORCESTER,
November, 1872.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Your gentle remonstrance at my silence is indeed just, and though I shall try and make up for remissness, I fear I shall meet with but indifferent success in attempting that for which, if I had a liking, I have little aptitude. You will not, I know, require to be told that it is very far from being want of affection that has made my correspondence so uninteresting and meagre. Since I have been here I have been striving as far as in me lies, and health will permit, to make up by hard steady work for lost opportunities and time. The struggle has been an uphill one: only those who have begun classics virtually under the same circumstances can understand the difficulties with which I have had to contend in attempting so late to obtain a knowledge of a subject which is emphatically a question of time, continuous labour and experience. With most boys you see classics are with their earliest entrance at school the main subject, and even if they are lazy the work which is forced from them and the influence to which they are subjected leaves them, perhaps in spite of themselves when they leave school, with a tolerable knowledge at any rate of classics, or with an acquaintance which a little labour could improve into knowledge. With me it has been different: I left off classics at fourteen, just the age when a boy begins to know a little, and since that time, owing to various circum-

stances, my studies have been desultory in the extreme.

I would not have had this otherwise ; indeed, I suppose that at the time my neglect of classics was greatly owing to my own desire. I see my mistake now, and feel the consequences for which I am only willing to blame myself. I have got on since I have been here capitally altogether (for my health is my one great obstacle), and Mr. Beaven is anxious that I should go in for classical honours, to adopt which course my health alone makes me hesitate. (Forgive this stupidly put sentence ; I write in haste.) The Brakenbury, however, will be my one object : not that I am at all sanguine, knowing well that whatever my powers may be they are not "competitive." So please don't expect me to do anything wonderful. The chief benefit of my going to Oxford will be the intercourse I hope to have there. I am especially anxious that you should not rely on my doing *publicly* well, because that is very unlikely, and I should grieve to feel that I had raised expectations which I was unable to justify. You need not doubt, I hope, that I shall do well in verity : that I shall gain immensely in knowledge and experience which I value so much because of my future work : and above all, that I shall try at least to become a better boy, more loving and more humble, and more than that, less selfish in my life. I have chosen Pembroke College because it is a small one with good "Dons," especially in classics, and inexpensive, and also because it was Mr. Beaven's college. I knew he would like me to go to his own

college, and as I owe absolutely everything I know in classics to him, I did not hesitate to go there. I got up about the middle of January. I shall have to have rooms out of College for a term or two, which is rather an advantage than otherwise. If I get the Brakenbury, I shall go to Balliol, of course, as the scholarship is attached to that College. I like your lines very much: I think they are true. I have written to Willie about the withdrawal of money for my going to Oxford: he thinks that only comparatively small sums should be withdrawn at a time because of the loss of interest that would otherwise ensue.

I hope you will be able to read this badly written letter, and will consider that I, at any rate, have not forborne to talk about myself this time. I have left myself hardly any minutes for asking you about yourself and home. What can I do for you? I am afraid I have been unfortunate in being unable to do either of the two things you asked me.

Love to all.

Ever your affectionate Son,

A. TOYNBEE.

I am sorry to hear you have been ill, but glad to hear you are well again now. Where did those lines come from?

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

LYNDHURST,

December 22, 1872.

MY DEAREST MARY,—

Have you got the fourpenny-bit quite safe?

Paggie has got mine to make a hole in that I may wear it as a talisman on my chain. Beware of losing yours ; on its safety depends all your luck ; from its loss there will come terrible misfortune. In addition to all the luck and glory—not least, immunity from seasickness and love you will have secured. If, when you return, you can show it me, I will give you two Waverley novels in exchange.

A merry, merry Christmas.

Ever yours,

ARNOLD.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

LYNDHURST,

December 22, 1872.

MY DEAREST GRACIE,—

Keep that fourpenny-bit ; if you lose it, you shan't have anything in exchange. We play whist and wish you and Mary were here. Paggie has grown most monstrously ; I feel like a grasshopper in his sight. Mrs. Martin seems very sorry you are gone. We shall all drink your healths on Christmas Day. Mind you drink ours. Reggie, Lucy and Baby will be here. Not in German beer, though. I hope you won't learn to smoke ; if you do, however, you must bring me a large long pipe and teach me to smoke it as well as to speak German, to play and to dance.

Merry, merry Christmas.

Ever yours,

ARNOLD.

TO RACHEL TOYNBEE.

OXFORD [?]

January 19, 1873.

MY DEAR RACHIE,—

Though I have been thinking about it all this time, I really have not found any book which I could really advise you to read with any hope of your liking it—that is to say, no book of the kind of which you spoke. But I should advise you to take up any book or any subject at all interesting to you and to read it carefully through, making notes in a commonplace book of anything that struck you or of any thoughts that came. I know well enough you will only read what is really worth reading; and any book really thoroughly read through does one a great deal of good in more ways than one. You may turn over the books in my box if you like, and take out any that you think you would care for and make it your own for as long as you want it. Only stick to one book and get through it, making notes of what you know and don't know—what you don't agree with and what you like. Keep a MSS. commonplace book, and don't mind putting anything down in it—all sorts of odd questions that may come to you or odd bits of knowledge. Don't read it too fast, but think over it as you go on: by the way, though, I think I would go through it pretty fast at first and get a general notion, and then go through it again more slowly: after a while you will be able to do that perhaps at once.

Best love to nurse, and tell her, please, to get her

cap and send me the bill ; a kiss to Harry and yourself in all love and apologizing for the scrawl,
I am, A. T.

I will answer any questions I can you like to send me.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD,

February 28, 1873.

MY DEAR MARY,—

What I have said to Gracie I can only repeat to you : that I have kept *my* promise and more than kept it : and that if you haven't received my letters it's your fault not mine. I won't say anything more about this, because I don't want to make you feel uncomfortable. I am delighted to hear how happy you both are. You seem to have been very lucky about skating : we have had none here. And how is your work getting on ? Let me know exactly what you are doing, and when, and how long you work, and what you think of the Germans, and what strikes you as most different in German from English life. These are questions you see—things that are sometimes rather troublesome—but I don't think you will mind telling me what you can in answer to them, especially to the last, in which I am very interested, though, perhaps not more so than in your work and life. Do you see many English books about ? and if so, of what kind. Do you find German books cheap ? Do you ever read the newspapers ? or magazines ? Do you ever talk with the Germans you know about English

books? Do the English seem popular about you? Are there many in Schwerin besides yourselves? Do you ever see any German boy schools? Are the people about you "religious" in the English sense of the word? Do the Germans seem fond of outdoor games? Are the soldiers much respected? Do you ever hear the Germans talk about what is going on in England? *There!* I *have* asked you some questions with a vengeance, and don't they look foolish? Well, only answer those, if there be any, which you think wise. Good-bye, old girl (for my time is up), and think of me as thinking of you pretty well always in one way or the other, and as always ready to do anything I can for either or both of you if you will only let me. Do tell me if there is anything I can get for you or do for you now in England: anything you want to know or to have.

God bless you both.

Ever your very loving Brother,

ARNOLD.

TO MARY AND GRACE TOYNBEE.

OXFORD [?], 1873.

MY DEAR MARY AND GRACE,—

It is with heavy sorrow that I take up my pen to announce to you that after long consideration and "thoughts too deep for tears," I must decline all further communication with you both until I receive a full, ample and sufficient apology for your disbelief in my statement concerning the letters, the many letters, I have written to you, brimming

over with the warmest love and saturated with the fullest information on all subjects of interest to you and the world at large—a statement, too, supported by the most complete evidence. For did I not assure you that I possessed a record of all the letters I sent you, with an analysis of their contents and a note of the day on which they were sent? And this I will send you if you dare still remain incredulous, which I cannot bring myself to believe.

I can only tell you that I have passed “Smalls”—a miserable, easy, disagreeable exam, and shall now be able, when I shall have received your apology, to send you letters still longer and more interesting than before. Now, farewell; deeply as I regret that I cannot here pour out the treasures which your apology will unlock,

Ever your (in spite of all) affectionate Brother,
A.

TO ELIZABETH SHEPPARD.

2, HOWARD STREET, STRAND, LONDON,

July 2, 1873.

To show my dear old nurse I have not quite forgotten her I send a photograph of the Shah, taken from life at St. Petersburg, which I hope she will keep for my sake, and look at when she begins to think herself quite out of my mind, utterly forgotten by me.

With great love, I am,

Her Boy,

ARNOLD.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

2, HOWARD STREET, STRAND, LONDON,

July 13, 1873.

MY DEAREST MARY,—

Though I think you have behaved quite as badly as I have, yet such is my love that I am the first to break this unnecessary silence. I have nothing much to tell you: I am pretty well and doing a little work here in London, thinking sometimes of you and Gracie. How jolly it will be meeting again. What a great deal of German you will know, and what lots you will be able to do when you come home. It will be fun to do some history together, won't it? And you will be able to help me in reading German books and learning the language.

With much love,

Ever your most affectionate Brother,

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,

May 12, 1875.

MY DARLING MARY,—

I didn't forget you altogether, but you must forgive me altogether for forgetting you at all. Many, many happy returns of your birthday, dearest Mary,

From your loving Brother,

ARNOLD.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,
May 12, 1875.

MY DARLING GRACIE,—

Your little letter was delightful and came to me when I was weary enough to be very, very glad of such a bright message. I will write soon.

Your loving ARNOLD.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

THE LAKES, 1875 (THORNEY HOWE, GRASMERE),
Friday.

DEAREST MARY,—

Many thanks for your charming letter. I'm so glad you are getting to like music: it must be delightful to play quietly to oneself, and I've often thought I should like to learn for that reason alone. You are feeling better? Whenever I think of home I can't help wishing I were there, however happy I may be in other places, because I do long so much that we should all know each other, not in the loving, *external* way merely in which we now know each other, but in the most intimate sense in which it is possible for one soul to understand another, that we may all unite in perfect trust to purify each others' lives with beautiful deeds, and work in the world outside with the sublime feeling of perfect oneness in our home. I always feel strange misgivings when I think how little I know of you, my quiet, silent sister; how absent, hard, and unsympathizing I often am; but if you knew how I yearned in my purest self for the simple feeling of

human fellowship with those I so neglectfully love—for love you I do indeed—you could indeed turn towards me and forgivingly help me with unquestioning love. I shall always feel my work outside our home, however apparently successful it may grow to be, unreal and phantom-like, till we all unite in completest union, and find no work in which any one of us need work alone, but shall be able to say of every beautiful act, “Through *us*”—not you or me—“was this thing done.” This is ill put, but you will understand me.

Your loving brother,

ARNOLD.

PS.—Will you send the bag? But no, I’ll do without it. I can get what I want here. Thank dearest Rachie for her letter, and for forwarding the other; give her my sweetest love. Will you get the *National Reformer* for to-morrow, Saturday? It was published yesterday (Thursday). Make the man order it. You need not send it on, but I want the notice of the Club meeting, which you will find towards the end, put aside. Insist on the man’s getting it; if he won’t, make another; they may refuse.

TO MRS. TOYNBEE.

KILDRUMMY LODGE, MOSSAT, ABERDEENSHIRE,

August 16, 1875.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

I dare say you have heard how happy we were at the Lakes, and have already made the long-accustomed effort to forgive my incorrigible silence. I

think I will not begin with excusing myself : partly because my short letters are apt to become one long excuse. I stay here till the middle of September ; I shall then be at home till the end of the vacation. This is a shooting Lodge on the moors which are covered with heather and fir woods, with patches of cultivated land along the River Don and its little tributaries. The air is very fine. The grouse Mr. Whitehead kindly sends you in my name were not shot by me ; when I came to think about it I found plenty of good reasons to help out my unwillingness to show my awkwardness in shooting ; but I saw the dogs work one day which seems to me the most interesting part of the sport. Dr. Butler, with Mr. Whitehead's son, went too ; he was almost more interested than I was. I saw a good deal of him and liked him very much ; his manner puzzles one a little at first, but one cannot doubt the sincerity of his character, and his cultivated humility in talking quite charms one. He came the same day as I did and left to-day. One of the first things he said was how well he remembered the impression father made upon him when he took Willie to Harrow. His conversation was very interesting ; one seems to learn so much from a man whose simple object in talking seems desire of truth and knowledge. I hope you are keeping well. I'm sure if you will try and not let things worry you so much your physical health alone will be much better. My work goes on pretty well.

Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,
ARNOLD.

TO ELIZABETH SHEPPARD.

SCOTLAND,

August 24, 1875.

MY DEAR OLD NURSE,—

How kind and thoughtful of you to write me a birthday letter ! I don't know how you will ever find out how much we all thank you for your love, and how much you are loved by us ; indeed, your love is beyond thanks, beyond return, beyond price ! There, I mean that. Now if you had not said that wicked thing about " a long letter " I should have written you a *very* long and entertaining one. As it is, I shan't. *This* I don't mean ; but unluckily, I can't anyhow write you a letter to-day, for I put it off too late. And now it's dinner-time. But I will some day.

Your ever-loving,

ARNOLD.

TO JOHN FALK.

KILDRUMMY LODGE, MOSSAT, ABERDEENSHIRE,

August 31, 1875.

MY DEAR JOHN,—

I hardly know what to say to such generous affection as you give me ; it makes me shrink a little from myself ; I feel as if I had so little to give worthy of yours, as if I were no match for you in love. And I feel sad too, when I think of how much pain I must have given you ; and still more sorrowful when I remember how much I am doomed to hurt you in the future, for my nature broadens very slowly ; it is strangely narrow and poor, where yours is full-

est, and my only hope is that your love will win its sweetest fruit in widening mine. I can but give you my warmest thanks for your noble love ; may I some day be worthy of it and of all the other affection that is mine ! I'm sure you're happy.

Good-bye and God be with you.

Ever yours,

ARNOLD.

TO RACHEL TOYNBEE.

KILDRUMMY LODGE, MOSSAT, ABERDEENSHIRE,

September 5, 1875.

MY DEAREST RACHIE,—

I suppose this is the most solemn year of your life ; and it is very beautiful when a new sense of the depth and significance of life comes, not through pain or sorrow, but the intensity of happiness. May life be to you ever as vivid and fresh as it now is ! And when the fearful mystery that is in it presses on you, as it presses on all who have drunk deeply of joy and sorrow, may the same supreme love that is with you now be with you then, blessing you with glorious hope and patience !

God be with you !

Your loving brother,

ARNOLD.

TO MAITLAND HOBDAV.

42, CLANRICARDE GARDENS, BAYSWATER,

October 2, 1875.

MY DEAR MAITLAND,—

Almost a year has slipped away since you left

England, and I have not written you a word. I search every nook and corner of my memory to find an excuse and light only on one very vague and doubtful plea—a sort of understanding we had that you should write first, which if I were very daring and reckless, I might actually make the foundation of a rebuke to *you* for not having written *to me*! But, indeed, my dear fellow, so far from being bold enough even to think of so amazing a defence, I am timidly anxious for your loving forgiveness and eager to make you feel that though I have not written I have not at all forgotten you, but I have thought of you often as a friend come back out of my early days whom I shall never lose again; who will be always a sweet link between the past and the future. And why have I not written? Well, I might frame a thousand barren and frivolous excuses, but I will rather fling myself upon you for generous pardon, admitting that my silence argues defect somewhere in my character as a friend, but protesting that there is no flaw in my love itself. And with God's help my love shall conquer all defects, and I shall never any more have to ask forgiveness for an unkind, unthoughtful, injurious silence.

We have not heard of you lately, for your father is away; indeed, I have not seen any letters of yours since those you wrote from the *Jumna*. Do tell me all about your life and work; I want to have a picture of you in my mind in the midst of your new surroundings, so that I may not feel when I think of you that we are quite cut off from each other, quite divided by mere distance. Shall I try and tell you about my life and our life at home? We are all

very happy, feeling wonderfully bound together by work and love. I wish I were more at home, but six months in the year I am at Oxford and of the remaining six I find I spend for some reason or other, at least three away from home. But when I am at home I'm so happy ; Willie and Paggie and I all have a good deal of sympathy, and now I teach Mary and Grace, and that is a wonderful help to them and to me. Then you know what a strong bond of love there is between dear Gertrude and me ; I talk over nearly all my work to her ; indeed, I hardly do or say anything that I don't tell her of—our lives are almost one. I find now, too, that by being very gentle and patient I can help my mother a little, and this is a great thing ; but it is still a very hard thing to do, for I have long behaved very roughly, finding it hard to love where there is little sympathy and being very impatient of anything that I thought was due to want of love. But in striving to love God I find it less difficult to love with an unquestioning, faithful love. "To love God"—do you know those words gather amazing force about them as life gets more difficult, mysterious and unfathomable ; one's soul in its loneliness at last finds religion the only clue. And yet how weary is the search for God among the superstitious antiquities, contradictions and grossness of popular religion ; but gleams of divinity are everywhere and slowly in the end comes the divine peace.

A month or two ago I gave two addresses on Religion and Science and Politics at a workmen's club in the East End of London ; and I was led naturally to try and make out what religion was in its simplest

form, stripped of all accidents—temporary developments—to try and see what really had been the faith of the great spirits whose names last in the golden roll of the memory of man because they loved God and not pleasure. It seemed to me that the primary end of all Religion is the faith that the *end* for which the whole universe of sense and thought, from the Milky Way to the lowest form of animal life—the end for which everything came into existence, is that the dim idea of perfect holiness which is found in the mind of man might be realized ; that this idea is God Eternal and the only reality ; that the relation between this idea which is God and each individual man is Religion—the consciousness of the relation creating the *Duty* of perfect purity of inner life or *being*, and the duty of living for others, that they too may be perfectly pure in thought and action ; and, lastly, that the world is so *ordered* that the triumph of righteousness is not impossible through the efforts of the individual will, in relation to Eternal existence.

Out of these simple ideas spring naturally the common elements of religion—prayer, which is the communion between the individual will and this perfect idea, and *worship*, the reverence and adoration for the Eternal idea, the end and cause of all things, the fountain of individual existence. I speak of God as an idea not as personal ; I think you will understand what I mean if you ask yourself whether the pure love or thoughts of a man are not all that makes his *personality* dear to you. Whether you would care that anything else of him should be immortal ; whether you do not think of all else of

him as the mere *expression* or symbol of his eternal, invisible existence? My dear fellow, do not think it strange that I send you these bare abstract thoughts all these dizzy leagues to India. I only want to tell you what I am thinking of because you are my friend; do not take any heed of them except in so far as they chime harmoniously with your own belief. I think they are the truth, but truth comes to every mind so differently that very few can find the longed-for unity except in love. I hope to take my degree at Christmas year. Just now I am thinking of taking Political Economy as my subject to teach when I leave Oxford; but social and religious reform is my ideal purpose. Am I not ambitious? But after all, I should be content if I could do but one or two things I dream of—very little things some of them—before I die.

God be with you and bless you!

Your affectionate Friend,

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

BALLIOL,

January 20, 1876.

MY DEAR MARY,—

I was delighted to get your long letter. I didn't deserve it a bit. You did get some skating after all, then. I'm so glad. Geddy told me a secret. She said you got one leg *in the* water on the lake. There was only a wretched little farmyard pond at Malvern. It was certainly the worst ice I ever saw; two of us, however, did skate on it for about half an hour; I wouldn't. We used to spend our

time rather oddly at Malvern. Breakfast was never before ten ; it lasted about an hour and we afterwards worked or tried to work till three, when we had some bread and butter : then we walked till a little past five. At six we had dinner which we used to sit over a long time, and at ten a kind of supper, cocoa and toast, and other " tea-things." I used generally to steal off to bed at eleven, but the others used to sit up and work till twelve. Altogether I feel a little better, but I am not very strong.

The air at Malvern was wonderfully fresh, our house was about 800 feet above sea-level ; we looked far away towards the Black Mountains and on a clear day could see the Sugar-Loaf near Abergavenny. The sun made the distant hills look very high and wild. From the east side of the hills we could see the two Cathedrals of Worcester and Gloucester and the Severn where it curved sharply for many miles. The master was very kind ; we had some very pleasant talks. He was amused at my taking in the *National Reformer*. This " Erith Strike " has given you plenty to do. You will find your work much easier when it is over.

I got your postcard this morning. I want all the books in the box and all the books on Political Economy you find about. Somewhere at home is my boating coat with the Balliol arms on it. If it can be found I should like that sent. A certain little chair ornament which a dear little sister worked for me, I should like that sent. Perhaps Paget would bring my Umbrella. All my Christmas presents—the pictures, if they will go into the box,

I should like to have. Some of Dr. Arnold's long letters on politics must seem rather dull : but all the little details about his life and family are delightful, are they not ? The master heard him give his opening lecture on Modern History in the Theatre at Oxford ; he said that his appearance was striking and that he had a great voice. My best love to Lucy and the children ; I am in a great puzzle about their presents. Can you give me a little secret advice. Tell nurse that the portmanteau is very useful ; and mother that I never opened my hat box and I don't know when I shall. Perhaps if a certain dear little sister spends a Sunday at Oxford in the summer—perhaps then it will be opened. Give my best love to Harry when you write. I wish I could write such pretty letters. Rachel wrote me a delightful letter which I got the same day as yours. I felt so spoilt by you both.

Your loving Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

PS.—I thought of coming home ; for I didn't want to stay on at Malvern alone, though the master asked me if I would ; but I supposed the house would be full and I saved something by coming back here. My love to Paget. I hope he has seen Rendel.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

WIMBLEDON,

May 8, 1876.

MY DEAREST MARY,—

This is the first letter I've written since I fell ill, and you see it is so very short and not at all an

entertaining one. Many happy returns of the day and my best love to you. God bless you.
Your loving brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

Will you thank Geddy and Willie for their loving letters and tell them that if I still get better I will answer them in a day or two. I came here on Friday, and if I can shall go to Niton on Saturday. Would Willie go down with me from Saturday till Monday to Niton supposing we could get a bedroom in the house? It would be so nice if he could.

TO MRS. PENNY.

(MISS ANNIE BROWN.)

42, CLANRICARDE GARDENS, W.

October 3, 1876.

MY DEAR MRS. PENNY,—

I hope our little intellectual holiday did not altogether knock you up. You looked so very weary and ill when I went that I've hardly dared to think of you as otherwise than ill since. As for me the headaches are gone, but have left me very weak—too weak to write more than this scrap now. I shan't try to tell you what that week was to me. It was like hearing about myself before I was born.

It was like a new revelation of spirit. It was like a pleasant resting place.

But good-bye, God be with you.

Yours affectionately,

A. TOYNBEE.

I endorse a P.O.O. for £2. I will send my plans when I have them. Again, good-bye!

TO ELIZABETH SHEPPARD.

21, ETHELBERT CRESCENT, MARGATE,
October 31, 1876.

MY DEAR NURSE,—

I'm told it is your birthday to-morrow, but my hands are so cold I don't know how to get the words down, for we have just come in from a drive in a pony chaise to Kingsgate and Broadstairs in a sharp gale of wind. Though it was so cold yet we enjoyed it very much. A friend of mine is staying here for a few days, and he went with us. He came from Oxford and is better for the air. I too am really better, and I daresay before I come home I shall be quite strong. You would like Margate I am sure. Even now there is a good deal to see, though that splendid looking palace of amusement which you see to the left of the pier under the cliff is not yet built—only its foundations are laid—and the sea-wall is nearly finished. To-day we saw the waves dash right over the wall at high tide and inside it there was a great lake of water, and a mill which is there was half under water too. When the building is finished it is to have an aquarium and all kinds of wonderful things. Perhaps you will come down to Margate with me then and see it. I have been out fishing two or three times and caught plenty of fish. I remember several things in Margate very well, though it is seventeen years since I was here. Particularly I remember the kind of tunnel through the cliffs at Kingsgate which they send the boats down through. I am sure Lizzie will remember that. I hope you are

quite well and not too much worked now. Many,
many happy returns of your birthday!

Yours affectionately,

ARNOLD.

TO MARY TOYNBEE.

c/o S. C. HAMLYN, ESQ., LEAWOOD,

BRIDESTOWE, N. DEVON.

December 8, 1876.

MY DEAR MARY,—

I don't seem to have much time for writing letters, though I don't quite see the reason. I suppose I'd better tell you a little about this country, and as you are not an economist and I don't know anything about agricultural economy, perhaps a description of the pictorial features of it will satisfy you.

Did I say a description? That was too bold. No! I will just tell you a few things that strike me about this wild land after our long stay on those bleak chalk cliffs. First this house is the model of a pretty little cosy country house. It stands on a ridge and faces west, north, south, and east; the ground falls quickly into pretty valleys, and in the northern valley lies the village of Bridestowe. To the east rise the great folding sides of Dartmoor like a great wall. From the rising ground behind the house we can see some of the great tors sharp and fantastic against the sky. But I must tell you more about the house itself and the grounds. As I said it faces west, looking across green meadows

through broken lines of trees, and catching to the north-west the pleasant sides of the low hills that make the northern skyline. It is sheltered on all sides by delicious belts and avenues of limes and firs and beeches. This delightful shelter of the trees adds to the natural cosiness of the house. The hall by which you enter is fitted up as a room and made very bright with ferns and flowers. This gives a sense of warmth and quietness which strikes me very much. My room looks into the courtyard which the house and its offices is built round. This again delights you with the idea of snugness and compactness.

At the back of the house are stables and farm buildings with a tempting looking pond, the home of white ducks and ferns. Beyond is an orchard and beyond that an old walled garden. And last of all, a lovely beechwood where the rooks build. I forgot the pigeons which fly about the house all day. The other morning we went through this beechwood, at the feet of which brawls along a rushing stream from the high moors, and through the tall stems of the ivy and moss-clad trees we saw wonderful green meadows and far off the deep clefts of the great moor defined by broad long shadows. Before breakfast that morning too, I saw the sun spring up suddenly from behind Dartmoor and pour an unexpected stream of yellow light through the fir woods. And what I have never seen before I saw that morning also; I mean the crescent of the moon filled with glowing light, though the sun had long risen above all the land but Dartmoor. It looked so strange and still in

the pale blue and amongst the faint flushed clouds and with the songs of birds in the woods all round.

But if I go on in this way I shall accuse myself of writing a description with all kinds of emotional points and turns. I will stop now before I get into a scrape. Tell Geddy I will write her a letter soon with a little news in it. Nothing like descriptions for stealing news. Love to Willie and mother. Tell Rachel if she wants any companion in Christmas gifts I am ready. . . . Tell Grace that the Miss Hamlyns are teaching me dancing; that is, they tried to the other night. And what is better, they sing very pretty part songs.

Good-bye, in haste,

Your very affectionate Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

As I like topography better than description, know that we are west of Dartmoor, eleven miles from Oakhampton, which is N.E., and about eleven from Tavistock, which is S.W.

TO MRS. JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

HÔTEL DE LOUVRE, PARIS,

January 4, 1877.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

Here I am high up in the Louvre writing to you at 8.30 Paris time in my bedroom on Thursday morning. . . . When I landed at Boulogne it all seemed a scene on a stage. I suppose it was the greater prominence of clothes and manners, and the brightness of all colours. We got a little

walk by moonlight yesterday, looked at the Seine and admired the breadth and attractiveness of the streets and the large open spaces that met us at every turn. It is pouring with rain now, but I hope we shall see some pictures and get an idea of the city to-day. . . .

Best love to all,

Your affectionate Son,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

HÔTEL DE LA VILLE, FLORENCE,

Monday, 5 p.m., January 8, 1877.

WE stay here till Thursday morning, then to Rome for one night, then to Capri. The sudden vision of the Campanile and Duomo in turning the corner of a street was like a glimpse of the celestial city of the Revelation, and the view of Florence from S. Miniato was worth all this weary journey alone. I send this to catch the post. I will write to-night in full.

A. T.

TO MRS. JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

HÔTEL ANGLO-AMERICAN, ROME,

Friday, January 10, 1877.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

We came to Rome last night and leave to-morrow morning for Naples. We have been under the Dome of St. Peter's, have seen the most famous of the statues and paintings of the Vatican, and gazed

at the city itself from a high place. I am out of breath. . . . If I could I would not see more now. I am too tired. But altogether I am well. . . .

Love to all.

Yours,
A. T.

TO RACHEL TOYNBEE.

HÔTEL TIBERIO, CAPRI,
Friday, January 26, 1877.

MY DEAR MARY,—

No! I mean Rachel; for it was your letter, Rachel, that came first. I can't tell you how glad I was to get your letters. The post here is very irregular, and I can never tell at what hour of the day I shall find letters, so that they always come as a very pleasant surprise. An open boat takes the post to Sorrento, and if the wind is contrary it won't start. And the only means of communication with the mainland when the sea is rough is a telegraph signal on one of our hills. When there is fog as well as wind we are cut off altogether, but they don't often come at the same time. Let me see, the last letter I had from Geddy was that which enclosed the newspaper cuttings. It came yesterday, I think. Please give her my love and thank her much. Then I have to thank mother and Mary. . . . Had I more time for writing, I should have written to Willie before now. But really, now I am reading quietly, I have little time for other things. Perhaps in a few days a happier insight into my opportunities may come and then you will have more letters. . . . On the whole

the only language necessary for travelling seems to be bad English ; every one speaks and understands that, not but that the foreign language and accent is very prominent to an innocent fellow like me. For some time I expected the very dogs to talk Italian, and a little child seemed possessed of marvellous wisdom in lisping a language I did not understand. As to dogs, I must tell you that here they run after the trains and bark as they do after carriages in England, so you understand we don't travel fast. In a beautiful country and in fine weather this is well enough, but in the dark it is wearying.

It was delightful on our journey from Rome to Naples. We skirted the grey Campagna, which had a wild likeness to our dear old Common, and then round the storied Alban hills, to the south between the Sabine and the Volscian Mountains to Capua, where I first saw the stone pines, the most beautiful trees in Italy, and orange gardens and rich fields filled with vegetation. But the sky was cloudy and dull, and the first glimpses of the sapphire bay of Naples might have been a view of our own dark seas on the east coast. Next day it cleared. Still the bay is not seen in its beauty all at once. It is so vast that you have to choose your point carefully to catch the full depth of its lovely curve. One feature that strikes the eye at once is the innumerable villages and scattered houses dotted all along its shores. I have never seen a more populous country. They are all white, and when the sea is flecked with foam spots the houses on the distant mainland continue the effect quite charmingly on

a richer and more stable ground of colour. For the sea is not yet purple, nor have the skies their famous Italian blues. I suppose we must wait for that.

Pompeii was very interesting. One had a great many curious feelings. It was like looking at bees working in a glass hive, only the imagination had to supply the bees. The sudden arrest of life makes it not difficult to fancy the process. Still continuing, one feeling that you have often forces itself on you strongly. That is that in human beings themselves at any moment there is a wider consciousness grouping the events of the world than any individual consciousness. Men only know a hundredth part of the feeling that prompts them to build and work. This is a very comfortable place. We are happy and work steadily. . . .

Good-bye.

Your affectionate Brother,
A. TOYNBEE.

TO HARRY VALPY TOYNBEE.

HÔTEL TIBERIO, CAPRI,
Sunday, February 25, 1877.

MY DEAR HARRY,—

I was very pleased indeed to get your letter. First let me have a talk about yourself. Though I think it is a good thing to give plenty of time to French, I am a little sorry that you have left off Latin verse. Perhaps I feel more strongly the good of verses than you do. My ear is naturally a bad one, and I feel I often miss the beauty of the

sounds in English poetry because my ear is not delicate enough to discriminate them. And I think writing Latin verses is a good way of training the ear. But you have a good ear, and so won't miss the education as much as I did. When you read English poetry try and find out the law or rules of the metres, and see if you can imitate them. You know what the laws of Latin verses are, and you will find that English have laws too, only the metres go by *accent* not by *quantity*, and then in English we have *rhymes* which the Latins hadn't. I don't mean when I suggest that you should imitate some of the verses you read, that you should try to be a poet; I mean that you should try and write English verses on any subject just to understand English poetry, as you wrote Latin verses to understand Latin poetry. You will find that you care very much more for poetry when you can follow all the rhythms and metres without faltering.

How is your German getting on? Remember that German and French will be the most *useful* things you can know, and work at them as hard and patiently as if you were learning the use of books to get your bread with. Perhaps when you are older you will be able to go to Germany and France to learn the languages completely, and then you will find the great use of a solid groundwork of grammar. Above all try to be definite and accurate, and don't let yourself be deceived into imagining you know a thing when you don't. You write very nicely and clearly, only you forget to put in stops. As a rule only very slovenly and inaccurate people leave out their stops: it means that they don't think of

what they are writing, or of the connection between the things they say. Some one told me that Thomas Carlyle always writes even the tiniest little note with the greatest pains, putting in every stop.

Before I leave off talking with you about yourself I want to remind you of our conversation under the trees in Kensington Gardens. Aim always at the very highest, and above all do all you can to strengthen your *will*. Whenever you feel lazy or selfish in little things, or timid in doing right, or as if your bodily appetites were stronger than your desire to do good—whenever you feel any of these things, try all you can to make your *will* the strongest, and pray to God with all your might to help you. If you learn to make your will conquer now, it will be much easier to do the bigger and more difficult things that will come afterwards. And do trust all your brothers, and don't shrink from telling us and asking us anything. You may be quite sure we shall be able to help you.

Now about myself. We lead a very quiet life indeed. I manage to work three hours a day. For exercise we have delightful walks and scrambles. Then there is "Badminton" to play at when it rains or we want a little variety. The other day Captain Boyton, the man who invented the wonderful dress for floating in the water with, came to Capri and sat opposite me at dinner. Afterwards he showed us his dress. He started at *three o'clock* the next morning to paddle to Naples, which is about seventeen miles from here, straight across. But the currents carried him a long way out of his track, and he didn't reach Naples till *seven o'clock in the*

evening. He seemed a very determined, quiet kind of fellow.

You know we live in sight of Vesuvius, which is always sending out smoke. When we were at Naples, Glazebrook, whom Dale knows, went up it, but I didn't. Though the top is quite covered with hot ashes, there is snow on it, and to-day it is quite beautiful, after a heavy fall of snow last night. We haven't had any snow here; it is only quite high up that it falls. Yet our highest mountain is a great deal higher than Penmaen-maur, and falls more steeply into the sea. It is very large for our island, which isn't more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and $1\frac{1}{3}$ miles broad in the broadest part. But the whole island is hilly, and there are very few level places or walks indeed. The people have to make terraces to plant trees on and vines. There are plenty of oranges and lemons. You can buy sometimes eight oranges for a penny, but the people always try and make you pay more if they can. In Italy every one asks you more than they expect to get for a thing, and English people are so accustomed to fixed prices that they pay often ten times the value of a thing. And then it is not pleasant work at first to bargain for everything you buy. In Italy, too, they use hardly anything but paper money and coppers. It is certainly more convenient for carrying about, but there are reasons against it which you will understand some day. For one thing, you can readily see, if there was a war or a panic, what people want is something like *gold*, which is valuable in itself and which all people will take in exchange for other things. But

the paper money, which is a promise to pay a certain sum, depends on the credit of the bank or government that issues it, and if, like this money, it can't be turned into gold when people like, directly the credit of the bank or government is shaken by war or mismanagement the value of the paper money falls enormously, and a man who thought he had 1,000 francs, may find that people won't give him more than 100 francs worth of things in exchange for it, because they don't believe the government can really pay the 1,000 francs. Perhaps this is not clear, after all. Never mind, you will understand it presently.

God bless you, my dear boy!

Your affectionate Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

Glazebrook and I both send our remembrances to Dale and Crowe.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

HÔTEL TIBERIO, CAPRI,

February 13, 1877.

IF you think for a moment you will see that as a rule we find our friends and counsellors anywhere but in our own family, and the reason is obvious. We are so near, and so alike in many things, we brothers and sisters, that in certain details we have a more intimate knowledge of each other's characters than our dearest friends. We know the secret of every little harsh accent or selfish gesture; words that seem harmless to others are to us full of painful

meaning because we know too well in ourselves the innermost folds of the faults they express. There is nothing we hate more than our own faults in others; that is the reason why so many brothers are in perpetual feud, why so many sisters are nothing to each other, why whole families live estranged. And yet it is equally obvious that a chance acquaintance often judges us more fairly than our own nearest relations, because these details, worked into prominences by the trying friction of everyday life, are after all only a very small part of us, which our relations rarely see in *perspective*. That is the reason. Though near in some ways, in others we are never far off enough. We never see each other's characters in proportion, as wholes. But when we have once understood our difficulty, every one knows that it is possible to subdue it. And I don't think brothers and sisters can have a nobler aim than that—to be, as far as in them lies, all in all to each other. And I do think there are few families where there is so much love as in ours, so much tender appreciation and so much effort to ignore petty causes of quarrel. Still our main fight is still before us, and one of the reasons why I was so sad in going away this time, was that I had been feeling more than ever the necessity and possibility of our union.

Though I should not have been much at home in England, yet it is not time but distance and strangeness that makes separation felt in a case like this. But I do look forward to coming home stronger and brighter, and being in every way wiser for this separation. Perhaps this change

has given me a little of the perspective we all want. . . . And what I began my letter with applies to this statement. I know this fault in myself, and therefore am quick in detecting it and harsh in judging it. You confound, as I do and did, a desire to please others for the sake of self-approbation and the praise of others, with a real love of others. . . . The test I propose to myself is—am I quite calm and happy when others despise or neglect my attempts to please or help them, or am I vexed? If I am vexed, then I wanted to please myself. . . .

I should not be able to point out your faults so clearly had I not suffered bitterly from the same faults myself, and did I not now suffer from them. When I was a year younger than you are now, I remember being filled with enthusiasm for moral and intellectual ideals which now *seem* much farther off than they did then. I did not know my own weakness and vanity then; now I know them, and the struggle is hard indeed, but the *ideals* are no doubt nearer than of old. You have the same struggle—let us help each other.

TO MRS. PENNY.

HÔTEL TIBERIO, CAPRI,

March 19, 1877.

My dear MRS. PENNY,—

(Do you observe my writing instinctively enlarged itself when it came to your name?) At last I write to you. Perhaps it is because you are one of those with whom I should most enjoy talking about all I have seen, mountains, pictures, and

cities, that I have put off a letter to you for so long, lazily preferring the hope of delicious, easy talks to an embarrassed attempt to chat on paper. You have certainly been often in my thoughts, and those few days of spiritual revelation spent with you in the pretty cottage and garden listening to the chimes, slip in like other pleasant memories between some actual scenes of mighty limestone cliffs, or strong peaks and sunny waves, or terraced slopes of olive gardens. Do you know half the emotional charm of these southern scenes is the interposition of little visions of what I love most in man and nature in my own land, and I never felt such full assurance of my own affection as I do now it is, as it were, measured for me by physical distance. It is not the mere fact of absence, for I have often been away longer from home, nor is it the mere fact of changed climate and peoples; it seems to me that I have at length got far enough off to get my personal relations in perspective, that the mental effort of separation and recognition is curiously helped by the sense of vast physical distance. And this last sense is amusingly intensified by the irregularity of our post which sometimes fails to reach us for three or four days. It comes from Sorrento in an open sailing boat, and when the wind is high the timid Italian sailors daren't venture across.

Have you ever heard anything about Capri? I grudge a description, because to write a good one takes such time and labour, and when it is done one feels it ought not to have been done.

The scenery and cities one has seen should creep

into one's talk like appropriate decorations, and the widespread love of pictorial description is a false step in literature. Men can't do it. The best pieces of description are little pieces of incidental observation. The worst are those interminable pages of mere word-daubing which even Kingsley and Ruskin are not guiltless of. When you look for topographical accuracy you are utterly disappointed. Since my interest in surface geology and physical geography has been sharpened by the study of political economy, I have looked out for plain facts in the writings of these fine rhapsodists and have found their descriptions of as little use as the purple mountains and luxuriant foregrounds of a conventional landscape. The fact is a man must do one of two things. He must either try to give a strict topographical account of a place, noting down the relative heights and distances, character of the vegetation, conformation of the rocks, in such a way that you piece together the details into an accurate outline; or he must generalize his description, carefully eliminating all local details, and retaining only the general effect of the scene, of its character and colours, on his mind at the time. The greatest poets do the last, and if you turn to the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* of Milton you will be struck by the vividness of every touch and the absence of any deliberate attempt to picture an actual scene. In most modern descriptions there is a mixture of both kinds. You will find plenty of vague, often exaggerated, expressions, confused by little pieces of irrelevant local detail which tease the imagination and weary the sense.

They tell you that a rose tree grew on the right side of a door, and yet never give you the slightest chance of *placing* yourself in the scene. But why I have run off on this dull point I don't know.

I think I wanted an excuse for not telling you on paper what I can tell you so much better by word of mouth ; for you know I look forward immensely to seeing you again, even if you can only manage to let me come for a day. In the summer I am very likely going to stay at Leawood again, and I should try to persuade you if you are well enough to take me in for a night on my way there. Gertrude tells me you are a little better. I was so glad to hear it. I too am better. Since we have been here I have worked steadily three or four hours a day. And there is quite a new freshness come over me now I find that I can think and read quietly without excitement looking to my purpose. I suspected long ago that much of my restlessness and mental friction came of vain excitement *about* my work and not *in* it. The simple truth is so much more to me now, thank God ! that my vanity about my own success is of much less weight with me.

There are many things to talk over with you. Political Economy is full of the most intense interest, and there are those dearer, more personal subjects of ethics and religion which sometimes seem full of great promise to me. We leave here about the 28th of this month, and come home by sea through the Straits of Gibraltar. So I shall get, after all, what you thought so good, a sea voyage. Term begins on April 13. When you write will you address to 42, Clanricarde Gardens ?

And now my letter is at an end, and I have said nothing of the first sight of the Alps, of Paris, Florence and Rome, of the Bay of Naples and this lovely island in its purple waters. Well! what I have seen has made more difference to me than I thought possible. In that hasty journey from London to Naples there were a hundred ineffaceable impressions which will ripen into ideas of wonderful revelation in the fullness of time. I was old enough, and had thought enough, to find myself caught at by everything, to find my old ideas on all sides taking new vestures and larger forms, to feel that sudden shock of expansion which only travel or the recognition of a new influence like yours can give. What a talk we will have!

Good-bye! God bless you!

Your affectionate Friend,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

MALTA STEAMSHIP *Pera*,

April 4, 10 a.m., 1877.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

This last week of magic weather and glorious sights makes up for everything. I can but just give you an outline of facts. No words could express the wonders of what we have seen. We left Capri on Tuesday week. Three lovely days were spent at Naples, in the Museum and at Baia. On Friday night we parted reluctantly from Davidson, and started for Messina. We saw Stromboli and the other islands, and Etna far off early on Saturday

morning. Messina was reached at about ten. Then by railway to Taormina, the most beautiful city in the world. The sunset on Etna from the Greek Theatre, and the sunrise the next morning from a hill 2,000 ft. high crowned with a little town, which we climbed on donkeys, were mental tapestry which I shall always live amongst. All details I must leave for talk. Then by train to Syracuse along a coast of which we studied every bend, for it is the home of the earliest Greek colonies. We mastered the topography of Syracuse on Monday with Thucydides, and left by the steamer again at night. We leave Malta to-day about twelve. When we get to Liverpool is uncertain. The steamer is a splendid one, belonging to Moss. We hope to do plenty of reading on board. Don't be anxious if I don't come as soon as you expect. I will telegraph from Liverpool.

Good-bye. Love to all.

Your affectionate Son,

A. T.

FROM A LETTER TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

c/o MRS. MILWARD, MILLER'S DALE,

BUXTON, DERBYSHIRE,

July 6, 1877.

LIVING, as I now do, so much from home, it seems as if I might get to know less of and care less about those who, like you, are constantly at home. But that is very far from what I wish to be the case. And I don't think it will happen. I speak quite the truth when I tell you that in spite of all my pre-

occupation and immersion in my own thoughts and pursuits, in spite of my apparent indifference to what goes on at home as long as I myself am doing well—and this I know necessarily to be the impression my way of life leaves on you—in spite of all this, you and others in my home are very often in my thoughts, and I certainly can trace a growth in my real love for you during this last year, and an increasing desire that whatever projects one may have for helping people outside in the world, I might at least succeed in being of some service through simple love in my own home. What I do long for above all things is that we should have perfect mutual sympathy and confidence. It is an immense pleasure to feel that amongst us brothers that is already very much the case, and I can't help hoping that between brothers and sisters as well the family feeling may be strong and binding.

It is quite plain to me that I have never given you any encouragement to place confidence in me, and have never been sufficiently with you to make you feel thoroughly at home with me. But time will change this: and I do assure you that you can show me no greater mark of affection than to treat me as nearly as you can like a girl friend of your own age and experience. If you would chat with me about what you care for, it would be easy for me to do the same; and any appearance of hard dogmatism would soon vanish under the real charm of loving intercourse. Of course this won't come at once. What I want you to feel is that I myself have felt at times sadly the need of a friend to love and trust in; and if now I have many friends to whom I owe

undischargeable debts of gratitude, that only the more makes me eager that no one whom I love should suffer from loneliness and want of sympathy. To want sympathy in the midst of loving sisters and brothers is as pathetic as dying of thirst in sight of water. Yet this is what constantly happens. Let us at least show that it can be otherwise.

Your loving Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

MISS MURRELL'S,

CHAPEL STREET, CROMER,

July 26, 1877.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—

I think this place would suit you admirably. Its beauty and completeness quite astonished me. When you first look at this country you can hardly believe that it borders the sea. There are no traces of the action of bitter sea winds in the piteous, shorn aspect of the woods so common on other coasts; no, here the woods group themselves securely in dells or on the tops of slopes just as if they were in some sheltered, inland valley. Their foliage is as soft and rounded as that of the copses in the valley of the Thames. Indeed, it seems as if the sea had really surprised some sweet, green basin in the richest part of England, and, after breaking away and swallowing up half of it, had left the tiny town clustering anxiously on the broken edge round the high massive old church tower, which looks pathetic in its disproportion to the little group of picturesque

red roofs and grey flint walls, the remnant of a once larger town buried beneath the waves—had left, I say, the tiny town hanging on the perilous edge of the cliffs, but surrounded still by cornland and quiet meadows, with here and there a patch of scarlet poppies, and shut in on the south by a curve of low green hills darkened with pretty woods, a curve which completes the circle begun by the horizon to the north and east and west, a horizon in which the sun both rises and sets.

Stop, I am out of breath ; I am in such a hurry to tell you everything at once. Besides you want to know about the lodgings. Well, the landlady is excellent, a delightfully clean and honest person, whose sole wish is to make me happy. The rooms, it is true, are small—smaller than any, I expect, you have yet put up with, but they are cheap and comfortable. Living, too, is not dear. A return second-class ticket available for two months is only 30s. 10*d.* Donkey chaises and pony chaises are plentiful and cheap. A more tempting country for sketching could not be imagined. I mustn't forget the one or two little things you may consider drawbacks. A village pump is opposite this house, and the people are pumping all day long ; but I don't mind it. Then the actual view from the windows, though commanding a glimpse of the sea, is not very pretty, and the house is at the corner of a little street. None of these things matter to me, but they may to you. On the whole, however, I'm sure you would like the place, and it is marvellously healthy. Mr. Fitch is very kind, but is busy with his parish and large family.

I am very happy. Best love to Willie and Geddy.

Your affectionate Son,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

MISS MURRELL'S, CHAPEL STREET,

CROMER, NORFOLK,

July 29, 1877.

MY DEAR GRACIE,—

I send the little book by this post. It is rather more of an index than I intended, but I found it hard to hit the mean between a very full description and a bare outline. Anyhow I hope you will find it useful, at least as a basis to begin on, and don't hesitate to add to it or alter it, as much as you please. Everything I have said was carefully weighed; my only fear is that you may sometimes misunderstand me from my not having said enough. But it was written in my evenings when I was not very vigorous, and I didn't want to keep it on hand, as I knew that if I did it might remain unfinished for an indefinite time. Cromer is very charming, but at the present moment I am suffering from some unexplained cause—perhaps the wonderful sea air—from a bad bilious attack, and therefore am not in a happy mood for writing.

Lately I have been checking my work by attempting to put some views into a finished shape, and my difficulty in doing this clearly shows me that I am much in want of practice in composition. I dare say you wouldn't find it a bad thing, whenever you

have worked out an idea, to try and put it into literary shape. Successful composition, except in very rare cases, depends, not so much on prettiness of imagery and taste in word-selection, as upon a complete mastery of idiomatic language, and that can't come at once. My landlady is a very nice old lady, as clean and pleasant to look at almost as nurse. She takes great care of me, and we do a great deal of gossip between us.

God bless you, dear Gracie! We have both the same hard task before us, and both much the same faults and defects. May we help each other by deep, unquestioning, mutual love! Good-bye.

Your very affectionate Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

CROMER,

August 14, 1877.

MY DEAR GRACIE,—

Your letter was delightful. I am not going to write you a long one now, because Rendel, who brings you this letter, will tell you all about me. The edition of Adam Smith to get is the *fourth edition*; that or any later edition without *any editor's notes*. You ought to be able to get a nice clean copy in two volumes cheap. I have often seen clean copies. As I said before, you will gain so much more by trying to make it out for yourself without help. When you come to a stop I will help you, but editor's notes help you *before* you come to a stop—just the wrong time. I hope you enjoy

yourself in Surrey. It has been very nice having Rendel with me. Term begins on October 13, and I leave here probably about the middle of September. So I shall have a month at Wimbledon and at home.

Good-bye !

Your loving Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

September 4, 1877.

MY DEAR GRACIE,—

That reprint of "Adam Smith" will do. Read it slowly. Ask me any questions you like, only try to answer them yourself first. Parts you'll find dull, parts confused ; but if you read a very little at a time you'll not tire of it. Remember I shall always be happy to send you any written explanations you want. I shall know the book well, and answering your questions won't waste time. Give me always the exact reference when you want a passage explained. When we meet we will talk again. Willie is happy, and so am I. It will be pleasant to be at home.

Your affectionate Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO ELIZABETH SHEPPARD.

OXFORD,

November 16, 1877.

MY DEAR NURSE,—

Paget and I were both taken in by your proposed visit to Oxford—dull fellows that we were ; and I'm

not sure that the photograph was good enough to make up for the disappointment. Still I thank you very much for it, and am glad to have the opportunity of giving you the birthday greetings which not from forgetfulness but from mistake did not come at the right time. Paget and I are very happy up here. This is our last term together.

God bless you, dear nurse.

Yours very affectionately,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. PENNY.

10, MUSEUM VILLAS, OXFORD,

November 25, 1877.

DEAR MRS. PENNY,—

Do you think I have forgotten you? No! I haven't done that, though business and accidents and indisposition have stopped me from writing. I want very much to see you again, but I am very much afraid of my visit being too much for you. Will you tell me the plain truth? I cannot tell you how pleased I should be to talk with you once more. There is so much that I should like to go over with you. Next year, as it were, I begin my work. Owing to an accident I shan't take my degree till the summer, but there is no work left to occupy much of my time; and I am to have the second son of the Duke of Bedford as a pupil up here in Oxford. He is to be taught History and Political Economy, and I am to get £300 a year. The engagement will last probably about two years. It is the master who has done this for me. . . . This

work, of course, relieves me of any anxiety about money. And my work can go on. Gertrude tells me that you are very weak, and, as I said, I shrink from visiting you if my visit will tire you. But if you could take me in some time after Christmas—either soon or in some few weeks—nothing could please me more. I am better, and, thank God, my spirits and hopes are strong, and I feel that it would be a great thing for me to see you. I wish I thought there was anything in which I could be of service to you.

God be with you!

Your affectionate Friend,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. PENNY.

MRS. ATWOOD, THORNTON HILL,

WIMBLEDON, S.W.,

January 15, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. PENNY,—

Here I am safe and without a cold. Looking back quietly at my visit, I seem to have more than I dreamt of to thank you for. Be assured that your teaching shall not be forgotten. You have helped me, as it were, to forge a new link in that chain of pure ambitions which binds me to the ideal I inherited from my dear father, and I hope that what in thought and religion is so dear to you will never be strange to me; that even if it should happen that my path should diverge (and I hope it may not) from that which you have followed, I may

yet treat with tenderness and justice those who walk in it. . . .

God be with you, dear Mrs. Penny!

Yours affectionately,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO MRS. PENNY.

BALLIOL,

March 24, 1878.

MY DEAR MRS. PENNY,—

This is not an answer to your letter—not even an acknowledgment of it, but a hurried attempt at pleading with you in excuse for my silence. I really *have* been busy this term, and so much better that time, which I formerly allowed to be idle and profitable for nothing but dreaming and correspondence, has increased very much in value for me and been turned to many uses. Hence I can pretty honestly plead the old excuse of business—not *quite* honestly, for energy could have found time. But you will forgive me. Yes, it does seem a long way off, that intercourse with you and Böhme, so different is the life and thought up here. But it is an intercourse which I look back to with immense pleasure. I have no space in my mind for that sphere of thought now, but the time will come when it will come back to me with refreshment and healing, and then I shall have felt the need. Don't think if I don't pursue it now that it is alien to me. What is so precious to you I feel must have a message to me. I feel too much in sympathy with you to doubt that. Many thanks for the

flowers and facts. I won't say a word about politics—they are unbearable just now.

Your very affectionate Friend,

A. TOYNBEE.

I leave Oxford on Wednesday. Clanricarde Gardens will find me after that.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,

June 2, 1878.

MY DEAREST GRACIE,—

Your letter was a very charming surprise. I do not know that I can fulfil your expectation by writing a long letter, but I think that your hope of seeing something more of me this vacation will not be disappointed. Why I cannot just now answer your first wish is that I am in the middle of my examination, and this has upset my liver and given me neuralgic headache. But to-morrow morning I shall have the last of my papers—I have only three altogether—and then I shall have done. I am glad you are reading the *Laocoon*. You will have a good store of material for conversation at least when I come back, and then some afternoons at the British Museum and the National Gallery will instruct us both very much I hope. It is pleasant to feel that we have such strong bonds of interest, and we must try to draw them closer as we grow older, instead of letting them break and vanish. These early years of life are of priceless value to brothers and sisters: for it is in them that ties are formed which may outlast separation and

those other ties which time will surely make. So it does give me intense pleasure when you say that you think of me as in some sort your tutor. But think of me rather as your brother striving to be unto you what an elder brother should be. *Philochristus* is by Abbott. I have read it with great interest, but have not come to a conclusion about it yet.

My best love to mother, and many thanks for her kind letter. Give nurse a kiss, and believe me to be,

Your loving Brother,
ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

TO HARRY VALPY TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,
April 18, 1880.

MY DEAR HARRY,—

You have a right to reproach me. This time I clean forgot my promise, and only remembered it when I read your letter to "Charlie." I am sorry you are so disappointed with your work. What you say about the habits and the tastes of business men is no doubt true, but don't imagine other classes are very different. If you came here and went to a small college, you would find that the tastes and habits of the majority of undergraduates were much the same as the tastes and habits of clerks in the city. I say a small college, because in one or two of the large colleges you would find a certain number of men who, like yourself, care for refinement and dislike coarseness. But you have

to pick them out. Remember refinement is not common ; in no occupation which you wished to adopt would you find the ways and opinions of your fellows—of most of them—those which you have been brought up to seek and approve. Don't misunderstand me. All I mean to say is, that human nature in the city is not very unlike human nature in the university—the passions of men who cast up accounts and buy and sell tea are not very unlike the passions of men who study Plato and struggle for university distinctions.

Whatever work you undertake you must expect to have to do with coarse men who pursue low aims. You will perhaps answer : “ True ; but in this case there is literally not a single person I care for or can make my friend : in some other occupation there would at least be one or two men I could like.” Granting this, let me advise you on one point : don't think of throwing up your present work, until you see quite clearly what other work there is you can do which will suit you better, and enable you to make a livelihood. Look about, make inquiries, turn over in your mind every possible occupation, but don't allow yourself to think of change, until you have fixed on some new line, and fixed on it after the fullest consideration of all you will have to do and to face. The tea business is surely not hopeless. You might set up on a small scale without risking much capital. You would have a good connection. But you will say, “ I have no aptitude for this business.” Well ! I dare say you have as much aptitude for this as for any other means of obtaining a livelihood. People

who have no decided bent for any one thing, naturally think that whatever they undertake is not the work they are best fitted for. This is true of a great many people.

If you can point to anything you would like to do better than any other thing, I should say, do it at once if you can get a livelihood by it. As it is, I say—wait, be patient, make the best of your work, and be glad you have the refinement you miss in other people. There! I hope you don't think I'm harsh. This is what I think. I know your position is difficult, is unpleasant, but I don't see how it can be altered yet, and therefore I advise you to do what I'm sure you can do—make the best of it.

With best love, believe me ever,

Your loving Brother,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO GRACE TOYNBEE.

KEBROYDE, HALIFAX,

August 29, 1881.

MY DEAR GRACE,—

I am much obliged for your letter and contribution to the Syrian curtains. Charlie will soon have nothing to wish for in the adornment of her house. As to American books on Political Economy, I don't know at all what your friend really wants, as you do not say why she wishes to read American Economists, or how much she knows of the science. There are very good books written by Americans which have nothing distinctly American about them,

For example, Francis Walker's book on the *Wages Question* and his book on *Money*. But there are other treatises written from the American point of view, professing to give a new idea of the science. The most famous of the writers of this type is H. C. Carey, whose *Principles of Social Science* is a very remarkable book, well worthy of careful study. A smaller and less original book is Bowen's *American Political Economy*, which states forcibly some of the American arguments for Protection. Perhaps the most interesting of all the American writers is Henry George (a workman by origin), whose recently published work on *Poverty and Progress*, though extravagant and crude, is full of ingenuity and power.

For a general account of Political Economy in the United States your friend should consult an article by T. E. Cliffe Leslie, under that title in the *Fortnightly Review* for October or September last year. . . .

Ever your affectionate Brother,
A. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,
March 26, 1882.

DEAREST GEDDY,—

. . . I came back last night from Yorkshire. I enjoyed my trip much and liked my audiences, but I am sick and miserable to-day, for Green, the Professor of Moral Philosophy, whose Lay Sermons you have read and whom I loved deeply (more

than I knew), died suddenly this morning. How broken one feels after a blow like this!

Ever yours lovingly,

A. T.

I've got to speak at Leicester on Tuesday. I wish I were a thousand miles away.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

KILLARNEY,

August 26, 1882.

MY DEAREST GERTRUDE,—

How good you have been to me! Thank you—and Harry—so much for remembering my birthday. We are extremely happy here with pleasant friends in a very prettily placed cottage. Beautiful as the scenery is, I have been more interested in the people. The Land Act is a great deal more intelligible to me after looking at peasants, holdings, and talking to peasants themselves. When I was at Oxford I worked hard at the history of the English Land Question, and I hope much to be able to print something soon on both Ireland and England. Just now I am meditating on the preface to Green's Sermons which I am going to edit. I am glad to have to do this work; it clears my mind on difficult points which I had never faced before. I am glad you have had such a happy time. Will you come and stay with us at Oxford when we go back? We must compare our Irish experiences. Charlie sends her best love. She is wonderfully happy and very well. . . .

Ever yours,

A. T.

TO GRACE FRANKLAND.

KILLARNEY,

August 26, 1882.

MY DEAR GRACE,—

It was very kind of you to remember my birthday, and it was pleasant to get such a bright account of yourself and your doings. We, you see, are living even cheaper than you in your Bedale Farm, for we are staying with friends in a most pretty cottage overlooking the famous Lakes, and I really believe we are not less happy than you are! . . . Perhaps married life will bring you and me more together as we grow wiser and kinder under the influence of those we love. We have been gathering as much information as we can during our short stay. I am glad to be able to make the Land Act real to myself by cross-examining peasants and labourers. The disorder of the country is vivid enough to us. The other day a farmer was shot two miles from here and we attended his funeral; and a couple of hundred yards away lives an agent, protected by two policemen, who is to be shot next. The peasants tell you that murders will never cease till evictions cease. I have known Mr. George's book for two years and have lectured on it at Oxford. Recently I made the acquaintance of Mr. George himself. The work is remarkable as the first—or almost the first—American treatise on an economical subject that reflects American experiences. It is the product of a study of Ricardo's Theory of Rent and observation of "land-grabbing" in California. Brilliant as it is, it is full of fallacies

and based on a wrong method. The last time I saw Mr. Fawcett he had not read it, and asked me to describe it to him. The work is getting generally known now because of Michael Davitt's Land Nationalization Scheme. Let us hear from you now and then. It will always be a pleasure to know how you and Percy are getting on. . . .

Believe me,

Ever your affectionate,

A. TOYNBEE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,

October 11, 1882.

DEAREST GEDDY,—

Many thanks for your letter. You mustn't laugh at my pretty tie—I am going to make myself very proper and nice. The dignity of office is driving me to careful dressing! . . . We are on the eve of becoming desperately busy; just now I haven't time to write more than this.

With best love,

Ever yours,

A. T.

TO CAPTAIN HENRY TOYNBEE.

5, BEVINGTON ROAD, OXFORD,

January 14, 1883.

MY DEAR UNCLE,—

Thank you so much for your very kind note. What I did mean by that sentence I shall some day

explain. I purposely left the drift of it vague. I may, however, say that you could, I think, consider me a Christian, though I do not hold a great many of the doctrines of Christian Theology.

Your affectionate Nephew,

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

PS.—May I say that whatever my religion is, both you and dear Aunt Ellen have helped me to try and live a pure and devout life by your examples?

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

5, BEVINGTON ROAD, OXFORD,

January 16, 1883.

MY DEAREST GEDDY,—

Thank you so much for your loving letter. I am all right—only longing for next Thursday to be over that I may get back to my work and quiet life here. I've written to Uncle Harry telling him that I purposely left my meaning vague. I hope he will understand and not ask any questions.

Ever yours,

A. TOYNBEE.

CHAPTER VII

LETTERS TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE

TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE FROM JAMES HINTON.

18, SAVILE ROW, W.,

September 9, 1871.

MY DEAR ARNOLD,—

Don't think anything of my not answering your letter for so long. If I had not valued it so much, I should have answered it sooner. It gives me real joy, especially when you say that you yearn after my thoughts. You give me all I want if you give me that. It matters little if I have made mistakes, if I have struck the chord which the heart of those who long for goodness vibrates to. *That* is the truth in such cases as this; and no errors or *thought* could make it otherwise than perfectly true. But besides the pleasure of your sympathy, there are things in your letter which also are of real service to me. In some things I think you are right; in others I think you will see with me. As, for instance, in respect to your first question: I do consider the main thought of the little book—that in all pain we are serving and serving man's redemption *proved*; that is proved by the proof that is appropriate to the case. If we had not any souls to feel moral good and evil, any heart to say pain thus borne *is* good, better than pleasure, and we do rejoice and

wish to have it for that end, even though we cannot bear it, or scarcely can ; then I do not say it would be proved. But it is not less proved because it wants this kind of evidence, than if it wanted any other kind. If it has the kind of evidence it demands, is not that enough ?

Can you prove by logic, or by science, that love is better than prudence ? but is it therefore not proved ? You cannot prove that one kind of music is right and good and another bad to a man who has no ear for music ; but is it therefore doubtful ? A need for moral sensibility, as essential to feeling the evidence of a fact, does not render the evidence less conclusive. Why is our intellectual constitution to be held to give proof and our moral constitution not ? For all logical and scientific proof is merely a tracing out the demands of *our* intellectual constitution ; there is nothing more valid in it than that can make. Why is one part of our constitution more valid than another ? There is an established error here which needs to be recognized. Science has no other " proof " than man's reason ; and I venture to say his conscience and his heart are just as good for proof as that. But *it is necessary to know how to use them* : that is true, but so it is also necessary to know how to use the reason. We have to learn how, in each case alike. But I say besides that this is proved to the reason, and that it is irrational to hold the contrary opinion. For *all* that is in our experience is the very fact of this redemption of man ; that is the thing that is done in it—is visibly demonstrably done (though this needs seeing more than is generally seen as yet) ;

and if this be so, then my proposition is proved : our pain is part of that ; that is in and by our pain. If so, then I say the heart pronounced it good. It must be the heart does this ; reason cannot do it any more than it can pronounce sugar is sweet. Do not you agree to that—if we make a postulate that God is good (and I rather assume that I may, doubtless with you) ? then it is incumbent upon *reason*, if there be one way in which a thing He orders is good, and another way in which it is not good, to hold that it is in the way that is good. I mean supposing it might be either way, we contradict ourselves if we do not believe the account which shows it good is the true account.

Here comes the question : but may it not be good in another way that we cannot see, and not good in *that* way. I do not think this question *in this form* is a rational one. It may be good in other ways : I doubt not it is, and that what I have suggested will be found but a small part of the true good that is in it ; but it is not rational to put these two things as excluding one another. If there is a provable good (which I say there is) other invisible goods do not invalidate that. I think it is only novelty and the effect of custom tempt us to think that way. But I go farther, I say we know enough, we do feel enough of our own nature to be justified in saying that our pain must be *for others* not only for ourselves, or it cannot be perfectly, satisfyingly good. We are as much justified in saying this as we are in saying that light is better for bodily health than continued darkness. It is a fact of our experience. We do not transcend our knowledge in

saying so ; God must change our very nature before He can make it otherwise. It is better to suffer for another's good than for our own, and if that is not in our pain, then it is not perfectly good, and we know and see how it might be better. No heart that is human, when once it has received the thought that its pain might serve others' good, will be satisfied if it be not so. I appeal to your own heart. If man's pain may be his gift he will not be content, truly and secretly content, unless it is made his gift ? For you see how this relation of it turns pain into an absolute good, and how should even any other good in it or from it prevent man from desiring this good too ? If there be not this, whatever else there may be, there might still be something more ; that is, God's goodness is not boundless and complete.

Then in respect to Faith ; your idea does not truly follow mine. By faith (*here*, I don't say there is nothing more in faith) I mean a thing not *furnished*, but absolutely demanded, by reason. I mean the taking into account that which we cannot see ; but then reason demands this, for it proves there is and must be more than we can see ; reason proves that if we did not do this we should wantonly choose to think falsely. To insist on a taking into account of invisible things in forming our thought and ruling our action is only to do what science always does, nay, consists in doing ; if I call it here a matter of faith, that is not because reason does not demand it, but because the kind of thing regarded is one that calls for *moral* and not merely intellectual sensibility to appreciate it.

By faith here I mean perhaps the practical conviction and assurance that that is, which though it is not within our direct perception, the intellectual and moral evidence give us reason to be sure must be.

2. In respect to the "fallibility of consciousness" I demur wholly to your argument. There has been a little metaphysical *muddle* there, which it has not been your business exactly to clear up, but which seems to me very simple when it is understood. The fallibility of our consciousness is not a hindrance to our knowledge, but a means of it. Our consciousness is only "fallible" just in the way it should be to be of the most use to us. It gives us the very things we want in order best to learn. What else would we have it give us? Test it in astronomy. I know no case more striking of the fallibility of consciousness than in respect to the motion of the earth: has it prevented our learning? or why should it prevent? It made us take time of course to go through a certain process, but what harm of that? Nay, suppose our consciousness had not deceived us, but we had been *conscious* of the earth's motions (instead of seeming to see the heavens move), would that have been an improvement? I fancy we should have been able to do very little of any kind, and that our astronomy above all would have been in a very rudimentary condition. The fallibility of consciousness is exactly what it should be for our *learning*; if it is used as an argument against our ever knowing, it is simply a bugbear. It means simply that instead of saying "this is so because I feel it so," we have to put things patiently together and find out by

that how they are and *why* we feel them as we do.

3. I think there are abundant signs both of the fact that pain is serving man's life, and of ways in which it does so: every moral benefit conferred on others by pain (and these uses are innumerable and many have been often quoted) is an outward and visible instance. And then there is the large relation of things, becoming I think more and more visible, and how by pain and distress man's whole moral condition is raised. See now, for instance, how by the sufferings of the poor and degraded those of us who are more happy and would be quite content to go on seeking our own happiness if it were not for those sufferings of others, are compelled to think whether our goodness can truly be the goodness we have taken it to be? How should man ever even discover the hidden selfishness of his heart if it were not for the woes and degradations of his fellows which make him see; "why it was myself I was thinking about all this time." To me it seems that every step man has gained in moral life has been wrought for him by sufferings—not his own chiefly—but of others: sufferings which have compelled at last—at last indeed we may say—his slow sympathies to move, the self-centred life to expand. *Others' pain*, I should say, has wrought all the true life man has. In this Christ was the example and revealer of humanity. But indeed in this respect the difficulty is to choose, as it seems to me life is *full* of pain serving others, making man's life to be. But I do not lay the stress on this, because what we want most is to look not at the visible, which, much as

it is, is not enough, because so much is and must be hidden to our eyes, and which therefore must mislead us if we base our thoughts upon it; what we most need is to look at, and think of, the invisible, which we know must be though we cannot see it.

4. I meant to say in respect to uses beyond the individual, that if we look at the individual alone the relation of pain is often visibly such that its effect is evil and not good; evil in such sense—producing even moral degradation and crushing into sin, that no use in respect to him could truly satisfy our heart or conscience, and that we must, therefore, if we look for true and sufficient use, look beyond him; that it must be use for which it is good for the individual to be *sacrificed*.

But now we come to a point on which I have felt my little book not to be complete. I have seen more since I wrote it—as indeed may I never write a book—than which I shall not instantly begin to see more. *The Mystery of Pain* does not do justice to pleasure. Here my little study of pictures has taught me a great deal. It has made me see pleasure quite anew; its true nature, its significance, above all its use, its function in respect to man.

I mean, as before, that pain is service, is good absolutely, is a thing that love demands for its joy; that man's pain means service, and should be and will be joy; that life must find its joy, and that sacrifice will never, could never, cease until love, and therewith all true possibility of joy, had ceased. But I no more mean to say that pleasure is not true good. I had not seen then what pleasure truly means; I had not seen art, which is its revelation.

Pleasure taken not for self, or pleasure's sake, but for service also, is the perfect good, is the means and instrument of love, the condition of its perfectness. But this is only as taken not for self, and there is a whole mystery of pleasure too as beautiful as is the mystery of pain, as beautiful every whit or even more. It is pleasure and not pain God uses to cast self wholly out which cannot endure its presence because it pollutes its sacredness.

5. *For service* pain and pleasure alike are good, are truly good. All that is for service is so, for service is *the good*, and all it touches it makes good by its touch. To take pain for service and to take pleasure for service are good alike, but last comes the taking pleasure for service and not for self. This it is God will bring us to; nor will He stay till He has done it wholly. Desiring for self—that is the evil thing: we see it is, for it turns into evil by *its* touch that which is good. No, pleasure is more than I said it was: it is God's grandest, chiefest instrument for compelling man to live; but taking for self turns it with evil; so it is self is cast out. Every way *it* also serves man's life: abased or used, necessity is on it; the same necessity which is on all things—that through them that one end should be the banishing of death from man.

6. I incline more and more to think of all good as coming to man on this earth; and when I wrote I thought of heaven as the scene of his perfect joy in sacrifice.

7. I give no account respecting animals; more than one might be given, but there is not knowledge enough yet to make any of importance. I

have long held that animals have not a *self-consciousness* like ours, and that they do not feel *as we do*; that their signs of consciousness and feeling are truly exhibitions of an universal not an individual consciousness. But no opinion is of real importance.

8. I should give the sufferer through sin the same thoughts as to an innocent one, with the additions that belong. His sin does not invalidate the universal fact; nay, all sin itself is because man's making alive demands it. How else were God glorified in it?

Yours most sincerely,

JAMES HINTON.

Write to me again and tell me where you are living. You must come and see us. We have a talk sometimes, and I should like you to be with us if you would like.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN RUSKIN
TO ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

NAPLES,

May 2, 1874.

DEAR MR. TOYNBEE,—

I have kept your kind note by me, desiring to thank you for it very seriously; and not having been able, in a hurried run to Sicily (and the work it required to make it useful), to answer any letters of importance lately. I much blame myself for not having before endeavoured to reach the men who, I might have known, were in probably the ratio of their true sympathy with me, and need of mine,

unlikely to ask for it themselves. But my error was partly the result of my desire to keep as far as possible for some time to the work which I was appointed to do. It was not my duty to act in any other direction for some time at least. But I am certain that it is now my duty: and a much more serious one than any that are directly official. I hope when I return to Oxford, that we may have little councils of friends both old and young in my rooms at Corpus, which will be pleasanter for us than formal lectures, and will reach many other, or rather pause at many *nearer*, needs of thought than any connected with the arts.

Please write me a line to *Hôtel de Ruorie*, Rome, to say if you get this tardy answer safe, and with renewed thanks for your note, believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

CHAPTER VIII

LETTERS ON ARNOLD TOYNBEE'S DEATH

FROM CHARLES VAUGHAN TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

COLLEGE GATE, CLIFTON,

March 10.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE,—

May I write a word to express my sorrow for you all, and you especially in your great trouble. I know how terrible it must be for you, though no one, but those who were as much to Arnold as you were, can realize the loss in its fullness. I'm afraid comfort must seem very far from you. I was altogether unprepared for the news as, till to-day, I had not heard from Charlie for some weeks. Through my life I have had no better friend than Arnold, and none whom I loved better. I hope and pray comfort will come to you. Forgive my writing.

I am always, yours most truly,

C. VAUGHAN.

FROM ALFRED MILNER TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB, ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.,

March 10.

MY DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

Simultaneously with your letter I got the last

sad, but not unexpected, news. Feeling, as I do, the full weight of the blow that has fallen on me, which nothing can ever repair—no lapse of time, no new friendship, no good fortune, however great—I can with all my heart sympathize with you. A time will come, when I shall feel chiefly gratitude for the high privilege of having known him, but now I have no thought but of the immensity of the loss, so sudden and so irreparable.

In most deep sympathy,

Yours very truly,

A. MILNER.

FROM HOWARD HINTON TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

UPPINGHAM,

March 12, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE,—

I cannot tell you how bitter this overwhelming loss is to me. How can you all bear it? He was martyred to his own noble spirit if ever any was. But it is inexpressibly sad to every one who knew him.

Yours lovingly,

HOWARD HINTON.

FROM F. C. MONTAGUE TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

ST. MARGARET'S, TWICKENHAM,

March 17.

DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

It is kind beyond expression in you to write to me at a time when your own sorrow is so overpowering. I can only too well imagine what Arnold

was to you. I never knew any man, I will not say so worthy to be loved, but so certain to be loved by all who knew him. The sweetest temper, the most untiring patience, the most generous heart, the purest spirit, the noblest intelligence I have ever known. I shall never find such a friend again.

Indeed, one can never say what one owes to a friend like Arnold. In this terrible world it is so hard to have any good thoughts, to have any high purpose. It is so hard really to believe in anything really to resolve on anything. Many were the days of failure and weariness which your brother's overflowing kindness made bright for me. In the course of those pleasant walks, which now come back on the memory with a terrible clearness, I learnt as much from Arnold as in all the rest of my time at Oxford. Like you I could write volumes, but we do not need that to make us understand each other's loss. I feel as though everything good in one's own nature was frozen up, as though one had grown hard and hopeless all at once. How much one would give now for the chance of repairing all the little contradictions and unkindnesses of the past. Since that can never be, it only remains to be of service to those who were dear to him, and, believe me, if I can ever be of any use to you, you will always find me eager for his sake. Pray do not speak of thanks ; it only makes more bitter one's own sense of helpless weakness. . . .

Believe me, dear Miss Toynbee,

Always very sincerely yours,

F. C. MONTAGUE,

FROM MR. R. LEWIS NETTLESHIP TO MRS.
JOSEPH TOYNBEE.

3, BANBURY ROAD, OXFORD,

April 10, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. TOYNBEE,—

I must send a line to thank you for your kind letter to me. I am very glad indeed if what I wrote about Arnold gave you and your family any pleasure. It is a sad duty to write about one's friends when they are gone, and it only makes one feel more bitterly how little one has used one's opportunities in knowing and seeing them when they were alive. Certainly to know Arnold was one of the greatest experiences of my life, and I shall never forget the freshness and delight of those early times when he first came to Oxford. . . .

I am, yours very sincerely,

R. L. NETTLESHIP.

FROM HENRY WAUTON TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA,

June 8, 1883.

MY DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

How very good of you it is to write me so long a letter as you have done at a time when your small supply of strength must be taxed to its utmost in every way. I need not tell you how I *valued* it, nor how sadly interesting it was to hear the account of the end of so loved a life. Like you, though deeply conscious of the loss, I feel that all that was

real in the union of friendship or relationship (and what was there in Arnold that was not so, and that did not come fresh and clear from the very fountain source of his being?) cannot be affected much by so petty a thing as death. Each loss—and I have had many of late—seems to me now only the transference of another piece of reality from this world to that unseen, leaving but little for death to throw into the balance when my own time shall come. I am interested to hear that the lectures of which I saw some notice in the papers, his last will and testament, have been published for all to hear, and shall accept them in the place of his answer to my own last letter which I so much longed for, though I did not misunderstand its absence. . . .

Please remember me with kindest sympathy to all the family and accept the same more especially for yourself as being first in association with him. I am glad to see that they contemplate some memorial to his memory, and I hope I may be allowed to furnish my small contribution to it. . . .

Faithfully yours,

HENRY J. WAUTON.

FROM MISS BURNSIDE, ARNOLD'S GODMOTHER,
TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

LEE,

March 19.

DEAR GERTRUDE,—

. . . Arnold was always dear to me—as a child, a boy, a youth, and a young man. I always felt there was something different and better in him

than in others of his age, and so I was always pleased and proud to feel that there was a *link* between us. Of late years we had but little intercourse. My extreme deafness has deterred me very often from *trying* to *see* my friends, and I felt I was really not equal (I had not the powers of mind) for correspondence with one who thought so deeply, even if he had had the time for it; but I know he cared for me, and I more than cared for him—I both loved and admired him. I feel now as if I never could cease to deplore that his life was cut short. . . . Old nurse must remember when I used to pay her and her baby visits in Savile Row, when your father and mother were abroad. Arnold was the baby and ill part of the time, and we were so anxious about him. . . .

Ever, dear Gertrude,

Yours affectionately,

A. BURNSIDE.

TO GERTRUDE TOYNBEE FROM MISS BURNSIDE,
ARNOLD'S GODMOTHER.

8, PAGODA VILLAS, LEE,

March 17, 1883.

MY DEAR GERTRUDE,—

I am afraid I cannot help you in the object you have in view. My recollections of dear Arnold are all pleasant and delightful, but I feel a difficulty in giving expression to them. I may say they are *almost* confined to the time he was at school at Blackheath: he frequently spent his half-holidays with us, and a true pleasure it was to me to have

him beside me. I often think of the afternoons now—he was so different to boys in general ! There was such an earnestness about him, and he had such a love of work ; even then he seemed to take a very serious view of life's duties, of the work that was before him, and to have a strong desire to *excel* arising from a conscientious sense that it was only *right* to try and do so. But withal there was such a pleasing simplicity about him, no *old man's ways* nor priggishness (excuse these words ; I cannot find better). His reverence for his father always pleased me, and his sense of any little kindness shown him touched me. I saw him but seldom after he left Blackheath, which I always lamented. If I may sum up in a few words the impressions I received of his character from that *little close* intercourse with him, I should say I believed him to be manly and gentle and noble in heart and soul even then. . . .

With love, believe me, dear Gertrude,

Yours affectionately,

ANNIE BURNSIDE.

TO MRS. JOSEPH TOYNBEE, FROM THE
MASTER OF BALLIOL.

WEST MALVERN,

March 25, 1883.

DEAR MRS. TOYNBEE,—

I am grieved to think of the loss which has fallen upon you and upon all of us. It is sad that he is taken, but it is a blessing also to have had his example and influence even for a short time. He

was most attached and faithful to me, and I used to look forward to his carrying on a work for the College, and also for India during many years. The Indian students were beginning to have a great affection for him, and his character would have moulded them in the right way.

May God give you strength and help.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Toynbee,

B. JOWETT.

FROM THE MASTER OF BALLIOL TO
MISS TOYNBEE.

WEST MALVERN,

March 25, 1883.

DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

It was very kind of you to write to me about your brother. His loss is to me and many others one which cannot be replaced. There was no young man in Oxford who was exerting so valuable an influence. He was full of ideals and perfectly disinterested, and had gracious and charming ways which gained the hearts of others. He showed the type of character which they might imitate. Two things used to strike me about his intellectual gifts: First he had a quality which young men rarely have—moderation; secondly, he was impatient of abstract thought and always sought to clothe his ideas in some practical form.

I am sure that he was one of the best persons whom I have ever known.

We were talking this morning at breakfast (some

undergraduate friends of mine who are staying with me at Malvern, as he did about six years ago) about distinguished men—and they were saying “how few would be known to be distinguished by their conversation.” Some one said that your brother would, another added Professor Smith. Coming out of church this morning a veteran man of the world said to me of Arnold, “He was one of the most promising young men in the country.” And now all this is past and he is at rest, and we who survive shall always bear him in our minds while we live, and I suppose that we ought in some degree to show that his example and affection have not been lost upon us. Hoping that you will come and see me sometimes,

I remain, dear Miss Toynbee,

Yours most truly,

B. JOWETT.

FROM LORD MILNER TO GERTRUDE
TOYNBEE.

May 22, 1885.

“I hope I shall always remain faithful, as far as my inferior gifts permit, to his spirit. I don’t think even his personal presence, much as it would add to the happiness and brightness of life, could influence me more deeply than the constant memory of his grand idealism. . . .”

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

A. MILNER.

TO MRS. PENNY, FROM REV. LAUNCELOT
R. PHELPS, FELLOW OF ORIEL.

RIDLEY PARSONAGE, SEVENOAKS,
April 1, 1883.

MY DEAR MRS. PENNY,—

Although it is many years now since we met, yet I feel a selfish pleasure in writing to you because you knew my dear friend, Arnold Toynbee, whom death has so lately taken, and no one here did. "One touch of nature," etc. I should like so much to hear from you what struck you most in him. I knew that you were friends because he often spoke of pleasant times spent with you. To me I must say he was everything in life; he was really the source of all the life and light in Oxford to me, and without him life will be hardly tolerable. I hardly remember now when we first met; it must have been when we were undergraduates; but when I came back from Germany later on, I found him advancing every day in popular esteem. We met constantly on boards and other public bodies. Latterly I saw him almost daily in some connection or another, and was constantly in and out of his house. And he was always the same. He took the first place in every gathering by sheer force of his simplicity and earnestness; he always talked on any subject so clearly and so forcibly as to fix a stranger's attention at once; to us who saw him often he was "a vision and a glory." He inspired us with a full loyal confidence in his power and in his judgment; he made us feel that he was too good

and too noble for the world—which has now been his death.

I should like very much to send you an account of some aspects of his character which I wrote for an Oxford newspaper; then, of course, I was writing for the vulgar curious world, and could not therefore touch on the points which most interested one. To me it was a favourite thought that he would be a great religious reformer. If the time is ever to come when the Church will throw off its dogmatic shackles and enter upon its great work as the Saviour of the world, we shall miss him then. He was never so great as when he showed the smallness of the differences among Christians compared with their points of union—or as when he sketched the future of a church as it might be in a time of Christian toleration and yet of Christian zeal. Here we shall never know what we have lost. But I am afraid I may weary you by these incoherent sentences.

With kindest regards,

I remain, yours sincerely,

LAUNCELOT R. PHELPS.

TO MRS. ARNOLD TOYNBEE, FROM MR.
ROBERT BUCKELL.

46, LECKFORD ROAD, OXFORD,

April 20, 1883.

DEAR MRS. TOYNBEE,—

It is with the utmost difficulty and the keenest pain that I write to thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of Mr. Toynbee's Lectures. I

do not think I ever felt so much pain, and I must add so much bitterness, in my whole life as I have over our great loss. In the short time I had known him he had endeared himself to me to a degree I could not express. His deep sympathy with human suffering, his passionate devotion, his noble efforts to alleviate suffering and raise the masses of the people, his unselfishness, his patience, all these things had made me admire and reverence and look up to him and lean upon him as I had never done to any one before. The pain was so much the greater from the loss of Professor Green. Mr. Toynbee had endeavoured to fill his place and carry on his work in Oxford. This comforted us in our sorrow, and we clung to him and looked to him, and now to lose him is a sad, sad blow. I am dispirited beyond measure. But I feel it is so selfish to talk of the loss the citizens of Oxford have sustained in writing to you whose loss is so much greater than ours, but it is only right to let you know how deep is the sympathy among all classes with you, and that your sorrow not alone. I have tried many times this week to write to you, but I could weep easier than I could write.

Again I thank you very much for sending me the Lectures. I have read and re-read them, and shall prize them beyond measure, not simply for their literary value, but for their awful cost to us and to the world, as I fear to them must be attributed in some measure Mr. Toynbee's illness and death.

I am, yours very sincerely,

ROBERT BUCKELL.

TO MRS. ARNOLD TOYNBEE, FROM MR.
JAMES JENKINS, CHAIRMAN OF THE OXFORD
BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

OXFORD,

MADAM,—

March 28, 1883.

I am desired by my colleagues at the Oxford Board of Guardians to write and give expression to their sympathy with you in the great loss you have lately suffered. That loss they feel is theirs too. During the three years that he was a member of this Board your husband gained the respect and confidence of all who met him here. He was assiduous in attending the Board's weekly meetings, and he brought to the consideration of the practical questions with which the Board has to do, a very wide knowledge. In the individual cases he always took the greatest interest. Thus it was a striking thing to hear him question an applicant for relief; on the one hand his inquiries, as to the means of livelihood, etc., were always searching and thorough, but on the other his voice and manner reassured the applicant by their sympathetic kindness. So, too, when he addressed the Board his earnestness and his knowledge gave his words great weight, whilst to his opponents he was courteous and conciliatory. All alike, whether members of the Board or officials connected with it, join in bearing witness to his uniform kindness in his relations with them. In short, we feel he had given here as elsewhere proof of the great promise which has been cut off by his early and lamented death. It is in the hope, madam, that our appreciation of his high character may help to soften the affliction which has fallen

upon you, that we have ventured to give this expression to our sympathy.

I have the honour to remain, madam,

Your obedient Servant,

JAMES JENKINS.

FROM THE HON. WILLIAM BRUCE.

April 6, 1909.

DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

I am greatly touched by your remembering me and sending me your sketch of your father. I remember Arnold's rare but very impressive references to him and his influence, and I have heard my dear old Aunt Emily speak of him with enthusiasm. Your letter comes as a voice from the past, and from that part of it which still is very living to me. After my father and mother, your brother's noble example and teaching and his beautiful and impressive character have been the greatest and most enduring influence I have known through youth and manhood.

Believe me, Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM N. BRUCE.

FROM MR. ARTHUR SIDGWICK TO
GERTRUDE TOYNBEE.

OXFORD,

April 11, 1909.

DEAR MISS TOYNBEE,—

You kindly sent me the brief but vivid portrait

of your father more than a fortnight ago. . . . The sketch itself interested me and *interests* me much. It is another striking instance of the earnestness, the activity, the enthusiasm, and above all the wide-mindedness of the best progressive and liberal workers of that time. He was a rare combination of a man who was an *absolute master* in his own special work, and yet found time not only for a great variety of interests, intellectual and artistic, but for practical sympathy and help in all manner of good causes. Above all, I value it as throwing a vivid light on the source and inspiration of the thoughts, the sympathies, and the promise and energies of your brother Arnold, whose early death was one of the most deplorable of losses which men of all ages who knew him at Oxford have ever experienced. To say that he is not forgotten is *far short of the truth*. The influence of a man of great natural powers, of perfect disinterestedness, and of strong benevolent purpose, never dies with his death; and I will be bold to say that his is felt to-day by men of all ages, who (many of them) may not know from whom it came; though many *do*. Forgive this hasty scrap: it will at least show you that your gift did not fall on a wholly barren or unresponsive soil.

Yours very truly,

A. SIDGWICK.

CHAPTER IX

DRAFT OF SOME REMARKS ON ROPER'S NARRATIVE OF THE PARLIAMENT OF 1523.

*(Sent to Brewer, May 2, 1868 or 1869) by Arnold
Toynbee.*

I HOPE that you will excuse me a few remarks on your estimate of Roper's narrative of the conduct of More and Wolsey in relation to the Parliament of 1523. From the nature of the contents of certain letters and papers printed—some, I believe, for the first time—in your third volume, you deduce “grave reasons for suspecting its accuracy”; citing, in particular, a short passage, from a letter of Wolsey's to the King, which you affirm to be “wholly irreconcilable with Roper's account of the Cardinal's displeasure.” With great deference to your authority, I yet venture to believe that Roper's narrative is not wholly irreconcilable with the letters which passed between More, Wolsey and the King after the dissolution of Parliament. It seems to me, that although More strenuously advocated the passing of the subsidy, Wolsey is not unlikely to have desired him to do more in the House of Commons than in his capacity of Speaker he either wished or dared. His proposal to the House of Commons after their “long debating” as to the reception of Wolsey; his answer, “rever-

ently, on his knees," to the angry cardinal were characterized by admirable tact, and as favourable to Wolsey and the interests of the court as any one in the then temper of the Commons could have ventured to make: but Wolsey, already hot and vexed at the unexpected opposition and silence of the House, and "not accustomed to respect too scrupulously the rights of others" himself, must have been doubly irritated at the firm assertion of the liberties of Parliament by one who had already spoken strongly in favour of the subsidy, who was intimately connected with the King, and who had probably received advice as to his conduct in the furthering of the court measures from Wolsey himself: after this it is not remarkable that the Cardinal "displeased with Sir Thomas More, that had not in this Parliament in *all* things satisfied his desire, suddenly arose and departed."

Roper's chronology is not always correct; and it appears to me to be far from improbable that the striking meeting in the gallery at Whitehall, at which there is every likelihood of Roper having been present, should have taken place soon after the foregoing scene in the Commons, when Wolsey was still sore from his recent failure and rebuff, and when the appearance of one who had added bitterness, to what must in any way have been a deep humiliation, would naturally call forth an expression of anger and impatience, which, as seems to have been frequently the case with Wolsey, would soon be followed at a more favourable opportunity by an explanation and reconciliation. The assertion that Wolsey attempted to banish More,

under the name of an ambassador to Spain, may have had its foundation in myth; but the sinister motives attributed to Wolsey probably originated amongst some of those members of the Commons who had seen, and rejoiced at the firmness of More, and the anger of Wolsey in that remarkable scene which they had no doubt "blown abroad in every alehouse." This would not be the only time that Roper was deceived in his authority for events of which he was not an eyewitness or which he did not learn from the lips of More himself.

The opinion of Erasmus that Wolsey rather feared than liked More will, I think, help to qualify slightly the importance of Wolsey's letter to Henry in behalf of More.

INDEX

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>Antwerp, 53
 Arnold, Mrs., Miss Fanny,
 Mr. Matthew, 11

 Beneficence in Disease, 83, 59
 Brodie, Benjamin, Sir, 10
 Brown, Annie, afterwards
 Mrs. Penny, 5
 Burne-Jones, 75, 78

 Chat Meeting, 56

 Ethics of the Dust, The, 82

 Faraday and Solar Motive
 Force, 35, 80
 Field, Edwin, and the Hamp-
 stead Conversaziones, 10

 Garibaldi, 41
 Geology, 37
 Graves, Rev. Percival, 12
 Green, T. H., His Death, 161

 Haag, Carl, 72
 Happy Warrior, The, 83
 Hinton, James, 6, 30, 89
 Holland, James, 13

 Ill-health, the Beneficent
 Purpose of, 33</p> | <p>Interlaken, 68

 Landseer, Tom, 6, 81
 Lincoln Cathedral, 61
 Local Museums, 48
 Lockyer, Norman, 6
 Lowry, John Wilson, 6

 Manchester, 45
 Martineau, Harriet, 11, 12
 Mazzini's School in Hatton
 Garden, 10
 Morpeth, Lord : Health of
 Towns Bill, 18, 19, 21, 22
 Mystery of Pain, The, 75,
 84, 88
 Napier, Miss, 11
 Northampton, Marquis of,
 His Soirée, 17

 Pearson, Mrs., 12
 Penny Readings, 48
 Preservation of Commons
 Bill, The, 72, 73
 Public Health Tracts, 20, 25

 Queen Victoria, 56

 Rossetti : Visit to his Studio,
 13, 76, 77</p> |
|---|--|

Ruskin, 76, 174.

Schack, Count, 9

Taplow, 20, 21

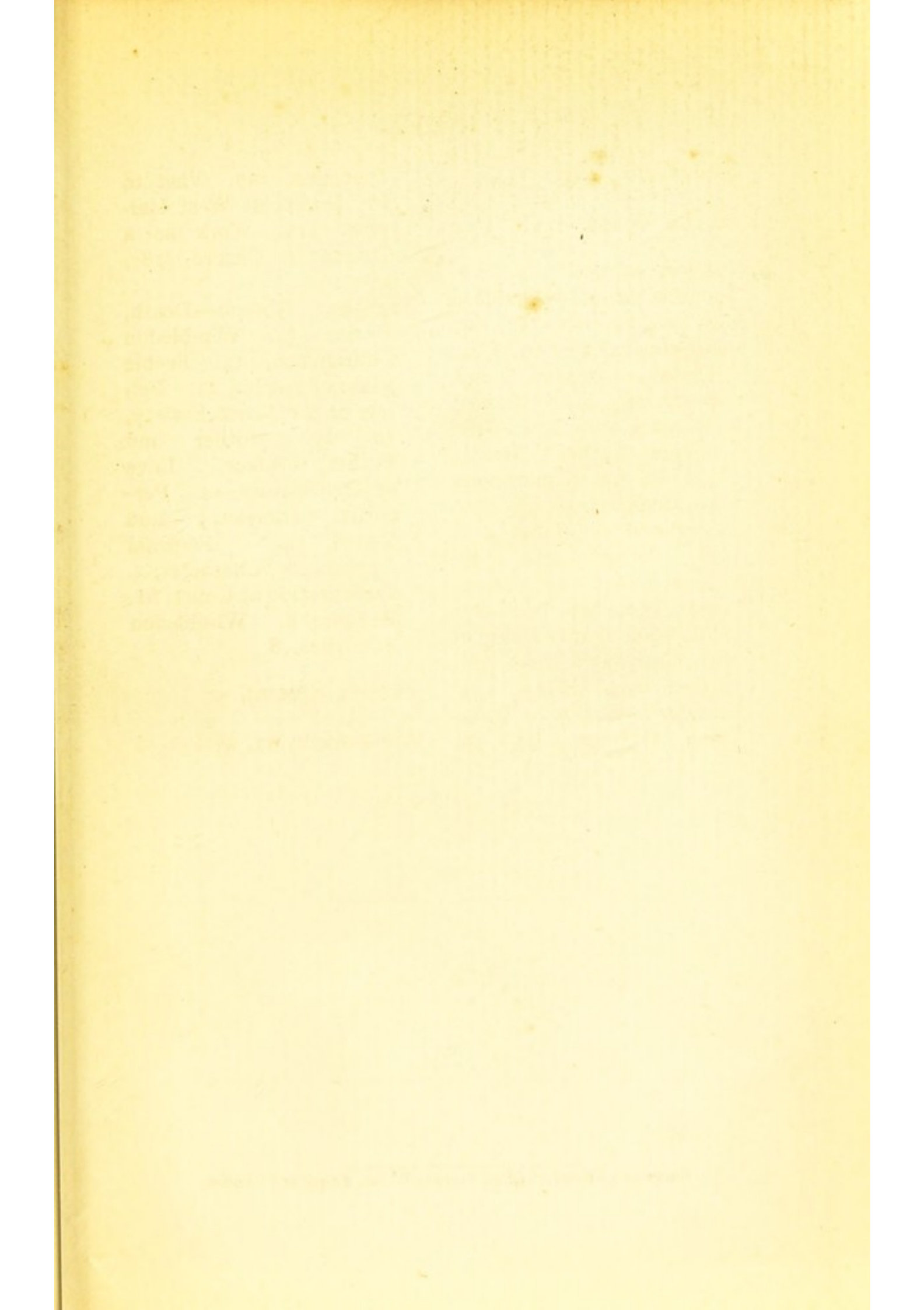
Toynbee, Arnold—Advice as to reading, 112, 152, 153. Appearance as a child, 94. Captain Boyton, 138. Death, 103. Florence, 133. George Henry, 163. Grief at his Father's Death, 96. In the Schoolroom, Amusements, 40, 94. Ireland and the Land Act, 162. Latin Verse, 137. Love of Art and Nature, 100. Marriage, 100. Our old Nurse, 101. Political Economy, 125, 160. Religion, 124. Rome, 133. Solitary Study: Vacation Outings, 97, 99.

Taormina, 147. Visit to Dr. Jowett at West Malvern, 125. Work as a Citizen in Oxford, 187, 188.

Toynbee, Joseph—Death, Burial in Wimbledon Churchyard, 14. Feeble State of Health, 21. Fellow of the Royal Society, 10. His Mother and Father, Preface. Love of Architecture, 14. Perpetual Buoyancy and Youth, 14. Personal Appearance, Character, 2. Presentation at Court, 61. Religion, 8. Wimbledon Activities, 8

Victoria (Queen), 56

Wordsworth, 41, 42



14

31

33 / 5

43

72 / 4

76 / 4

79

119

140

159

165

COL 7ms
4/2/18



