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Yours truly  
John Ridley

# A BACKWARD GLANCE

*THE STORY OF JOHN RIDLEY*  
*A PIONEER*

BY  
ANNIE E. RIDLEY

AUTHOR OF  
"FRANCES MARY BUSE AND HER WORK FOR EDUCATION," ETC.

*"What if he seemed to fail where others won?  
He missed the world's mark with a clearer sight  
Aiming beyond it to diviner ends"*

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# A BACKWARD GLANCE.

## INTRODUCTORY.

THE English reader may very naturally ask, "Why write the life of a man whose name is unknown, and whose story, whatever may be its merits, is now only 'ancient history'?"

The answer is very simple. The name is known throughout Australasia, and the time will come when every fragment of the early history of the great Federated States of Australia will be of interest just because it is "ancient history." Seeing the names on his country's map, the young Australian will then ask: "Who were the men thus honoured?"

The object of this book is to show that but for one of these names—that of John Ridley—the story of South Australia would have been, at the least, different, since the early prosperity of the country is largely ascribed to the invention of the "Ridley reaping machine," made at the right moment and given freely without patent-right.

In December, 1887, there appeared in the *Register*, the leading journal of South Australia, the following notice of what was recognised as a public loss:—

"News has been received by cablegram from England of the death of Mr. John Ridley, whose name is a household word in Australia in connection with the invention of the reaping machine, or, as it is more familiarly known, the 'Stripper.'

“No one will deny that Mr. John Ridley rendered immense services to this Colony by his application of the original conception to the condition of agriculture in the early days of Australia. Moreover, what he did was absolutely without fee or reward. He generously gave to South Australia the full benefit of his invention, and it is only right to add that the Colony would have done itself more credit had it shown a more lively and practical sense of gratitude to so distinguished a benefactor. . . . The useful inventor is the man who sees clearly what is required to suit the immediate purposes of those around him, and who, having something to tell his neighbours, will not be disconcerted by the difficulties which always attend the recommendation of a new idea. Such a man was John Ridley, and his memory will occupy an honoured place in the annals of Australian inventors.”

The inventor's claims were further recognised by the presence at his funeral of Sir Arthur Blyth, K.C.M.G., Agent-General of South Australia, as the official representative of the Colony.

The following letter to the editor of the *Register* some months later shows both sides of the public feeling on this subject:—

“SIR,

“Weary of waiting for some one to move in this matter, I should like to draw the attention of South Australians to the debt of gratitude we owe to the late Mr. Ridley for the invention of the South Australian ‘Stripper.’ Men have had monuments raised to their memory whose services to our Colony are not to be compared to the benefits we as a community have received from this gentleman's invention. I assert that no man has ever done more, or as much, to give direct benefit to our Colony at large. I hope we shall soon see a handsome monument raised to his memory. I think the idea will recommend itself to the public without further encroachment on your space, but I would just suggest that it be confined to no particular place, but that it should assume a national aspect, and that the Government should head the list.

“I am, Sir, etc.,

“‘HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE.’”



As yet nothing has been done to give any permanent record of this feeling. But the work was done without money or reward, and, therefore, it won the highest reward: the increase, through a long life, of the love to God and man of which it was an expression.

It is from this fact that the later years of his life became not less deserving of remembrance than those earlier days of invention in South Australia, so that when the end came it could be truly said by a friend who knew him well:—

“If ever a man since the days of the patriarch Job ‘caused the widow’s heart to sing with joy,’ that man was my friend John Ridley—a name that will remain fresh and green in the memory of friends and of the larger circle which was gladdened by his silent and unostentatious benevolence.”

Many appreciative notices, in addition to that of the *Times* “Obituary,” appeared in the local (Hampstead) papers, and in leading journals in the north of England, especially of Sunderland, his native town, in which the same characteristics are noted.

But the main points are well brought together in a summary of these notices given by Dr. F. R. Lees in a biographical sketch in the *Alliance News*, the special organ of temperance work, beginning with an extract from a Hampstead paper:—

“It is with unfeigned sorrow and regret that we have this week to announce the death of an old and much-respected resident, one whose loss will be deplored far beyond the limits of his own family and circle of friends—Mr. John Ridley, of 19, Belsize Park, a noble gentleman, a true Christian, and a warm-hearted philanthropist. St. John’s Wood owes him a debt of gratitude, as here he found scope and opportunities for his generous instincts.”

Dr. Lees continues:—

“We have known Mr. Ridley for more than thirty years, and

quite concur in this estimate of his character. His life was one which, as it carries with it both an inspiring example and a useful moral, should not be allowed to pass without a grateful record."

Dr. Lees brings out distinctly the three main points—the inventive ability, charitable work, and fearless search for truth—that give interest to the life of one who in each direction may truly be called a pioneer.

His charity, of which his "charities" were only one expression, went through his whole life. And the same may be said of his inventive ability, of which Dr. Lees speaks in quoting an interesting story of his youth:—

"Mr. Ridley had an instinct towards mechanical inventions, and before his twentieth year, from book-description alone, had made an electrical machine. It is a curious fact that this was the first ever seen by the now famous electrician Joseph Wilson Swan, who, as a child of seven, received his baptism of electric fire on the insulated stool from this very instrument—an experience fruitful of results to the whole world. Fifty years or so afterwards, when Mr. Swan lectured at the Royal Institution on his beautiful electric lamps, he took care that Mr. Ridley was present—a patriarchal man with white hair, silvery flowing beard, and earnest eyes, intensest of listeners; and at the close the lecturer, leaving the scientists, led the old man down the steps to explain the construction and working of the lamps and instruments. Age, with its feebleness, had crept upon him, and this was his last appearance in public."

In response to my request for his memory of this occurrence, Mr. Swan has kindly given me the following particulars:—

"Your father was my first scientific acquaintance. Recollections of him are among the earliest and most vivid of my life. As a boy of four and a half I remember his being at our house at Pallion during a terrific thunderstorm, and that he went out under strong protest from assembled friends, except my aunt Jane, who accompanied him to watch the lightning

and gather up some of the immense hailstones that fell. My next recollection also connects him with electricity. I was then a year or two older. I see myself in the parlour of his house in Olive Street, where there was a cylinder electrical machine and a glass jar, with a brass knob and plenty of bright brass chain. I am standing on a stool with glass legs and holding one end of a brass chain, and your father is turning the handle of the machine with one hand and with the other drawing sparks, now from the end of my nose and now from the tips of my outstretched fingers. I remember, too, holding my knuckles to the conductor and drawing sparks from it. It was then I received my baptism of fire—my first shock from a Leyden jar.

“Yes, your father was always to me a man of science. At a time when the systematic pursuit of natural knowledge was rare, he was one of the elect who found interest in its pursuit and did something to help its advance. Of course there was a long interval between these tableaux of my boyhood, in which he figures so prominently, and the time after his return from Adelaide, where he left so strong a mark of his impressive and vigorous personality and inventive genius. The interval had transformed the impetuous young man of thirty-five into the still energetic and strong, but mature and highly developed, man of forty-seven. But the great change wrought by years and life under the strongly character-forming circumstances of travel had increased rather than diminished the avidity with which he sought knowledge, and more especially knowledge of a scientific kind; he seemed to take an interest in everything having relation to scientific progress.

“I came into contact with him, as you know, very intimately on his return from Australia. We very often met, and our meeting was always the occasion for the discussion of some scientific problem—the latest discovery in chemistry or electricity, or the most recent advance in mechanical invention, and he never tired of expressing his views upon such subjects or of listening to any one who could give him information on them.

“You have made a reference to the pleased interest he took in the work I was from time to time engaged in. It is a great gratification to me now, as it was a great stimulus at the time, to find that he felt so deep an interest in what I was doing; but I know that this was his general attitude towards all

who were in any sense pioneers in scientific discovery and invention."

Dr. Lees gives a yet greater prominence to the theological aspect of this varied life as he sums up its chief characteristics:—

"The character of Mr. Ridley was marked by great individuality. He had quick perceptions, an eager temper, earnest purposes, and a loving, just, and gentle nature. . . . His faithfulness to truth, as well as his features, constantly reminded me of his martyred namesake—Ridley. He stoutly stood up at all times for what he deemed the truth, and in other days might have gone to the stake. As it was, he espoused many unpopular ideas, and would advocate and spread them at any cost. But always he stood firm by practical goodness and righteousness, constantly echoing the Master's words, 'For this cause was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might be a witness to the truth.' . . .

"During the last ten years of his life, being debarred by ill-health from his usual charitable work, he found his great interest in collecting, printing, and circulating gratuitously any sermon or other literature which seemed to him to throw light on the questions nearest his heart: the Fatherhood of God, the love of Christ, the necessity of temperance, etc. Clergymen and ministers of all denominations, in all parts of the world, were from time to time the recipients of these post packets, and this good seed was scattered by hundreds of thousands of copies. In fact, he was a Tract Society in his own person."

What this seed-sowing seemed at the time to one of the most thoughtful workers in the same direction is shown in the following letter from the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A. (then Vicar of Caterham), author of "Old and New Theology," etc. :—

" 15, Paragon Road, Bath,

" *February 16, 1903.*

"MY DEAR MISS RIDLEY,

"Your note to hand this morning greatly interested me. It teaches me that no thought worth preserving really dies. It only disappears, like Arethusa's stream, to take an under-

ground course, and to spring again into fresh life far down the mountain side.

"I had lost sight of your father, and his memory had disappeared amongst many forgotten interests of life ; but now he has sprung up afresh. . . .

"It is more than twenty years since I heard of the late Mr. Ridley and his amazing invention, which almost created the corn industry in South Australia. I was particularly interested that a man of such mental activity should have turned his thoughts to the despised work of tract distribution. Mr. Ridley seized the thought that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' and threw into the leaflet all the pith and pungency of the more diffuse eight-paged tract. This he did on a gigantic scale, and threw off his leaflets by the hundred thousand, thus reaching multitudes who would not have been influenced by the ordinary tract of awakening. There was this additional element to the success of his leaflets: that they did not move on the same lines as, for example, the late Bishop Ryle's 'Are you saved?' and so forth. . . .

"I had felt deep distrust of the working of this form of popular religion, and wished to see a Society founded on more spiritual thoughts of God and of our eternal communion with Him. . . .

"It was this that drew me to your father, and I began to indulge the dream that I had found in him the agent to carry out my plans for a Tract Society on larger and more liberal lines than any which are included in the old Evangelical basis. I had one or two personal friends who were willing to move in that direction, but as yet they kept beneath the surface, and were afraid of the roar of that lion of Exeter Hall which still held the field as the petty tyrant of the timid crowd.

"That the public desired some better and purer presentation of the Divine character I never entertained a doubt. . . .

"But I have written enough to indicate how deeply I agreed with your late father, and deplored his death as removing a worker from the field who had opened his purse to the movement. . . .

"Wishing you all success, and hoping you may make some use of these hasty lines,

"Believe me to remain,

"Ever sincerely yours,

"J. B. HEARD."

From another friend in close sympathy with him I have a sketch of my father which gives many of his peculiar characteristics.

The Rev. Daniel Jackson knew him intimately, and saw him often during some of the most thoughtful years of his life, and thus describes him :—

“ In the latter part of the year 1869 I became acquainted with Mr. John Ridley in his home in London. From that date up to 1885, when I left England for Australia, our friendship was never interrupted.

“ During the intervening sixteen years I was on several occasions a guest in his house for weeks at a stretch. My opportunities, therefore, of knowing him were exceptionally favourable.

“ It was impossible to know him, even in a casual way, without being impressed with the idea that he was no ordinary man ; but my admiration of his abilities and reverence for his character deepened as our acquaintance became more intimate.

“ He was endowed with mental powers of a high order, which had been assiduously cultivated through a long course of years. He was quick in thought. His mental movements were rapid, especially when animated by any lively conversation where opposite views were advocated.

“ Mr. Ridley's wide reading and extensive knowledge made him at all times an interesting conversationalist. Nothing came amiss to him with an intelligent companion. His mental vision was clear and penetrating. With obtuseness that declined to be enlightened or prejudice that refused to be instructed he was apt to be impatient.

“ He was more or less familiar with the ‘ circle of the sciences.’ His interest in scientific investigation and discovery never flagged. With mechanical arts and inventions he was particularly conversant, and he was full of native resource, being himself the inventor of the first reaping machine in South Australia.

“ Any man with a mechanical novelty in a London street would arrest his attention, so that he would pause and try to find out the exact mode of construction.

“ Sometimes he would fail to do so. After getting home, the subject would still haunt his mind until, on a sudden, he would say, ‘ I think I see now how that man works his

mechanical wonders.' His mind could not rest till he had got at the principle of any mechanical movement he had not seen before.

"He could spend days, with the keenest delight, amongst the machinery in the South Kensington Museum. It was a rare treat to explore the Museum in his company. Nothing escaped his observation, and on so many subjects he could talk from experimental as well as technical knowledge. He was an admirable cicerone in the matter of illuminating exposition.

"It was chiefly, however, in the field of philosophy, literature, and theological thought that our mutual interests more especially lay, and around which our conversations and questionings invariably centred.

"He had a fairly competent knowledge of Scottish and English philosophy of this and the past century. He had resolutely grappled with the fundamental problems peculiar to modern philosophy, both metaphysical and moral. He had passed through the great issues discussed by Sir William Hamilton and his disciple Mansel and the philosophical protest of John Stuart Mill, together with the controversy between F. D. Maurice and Mansel on the limitations of human knowledge and the impossibility of knowing the infinite.

"It need hardly be added that Mr. Ridley was a most ardent and clear-sighted disciple of Mr. Maurice, both in philosophy and theology, as contradistinguished from the school of Hamilton and Mansel, and its latest developments in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer.

"With the Agnostic school of thinkers he had no sympathy and little patience. But he read the works of Tyndal, Darwin, Huxley, Harrison, and Spencer, and was not ignorant of the anti-theistic school of writers and lecturers, being familiar with them from Tom Paine to Bradlaugh and Ingersoll. He could approve their good qualities, but could not dwell in their mental fog-bound coasts and moral twilight gloom.

"At an earlier period in his mental development he had passed through some phases of materialistic thought. He knew its heights and depths, and emerged from its confined limits with a larger atmosphere that brought him clearer conceptions of the Divinity of the material *kosmos*.

"For a season he wandered in the nebulous wilderness of negation; but his nature was too high-toned and tender to

remain in that sterile region. He did not cease to struggle. He did not lie down on the couch of pessimistic indifference nor relapse into hopeless despair. 'Perplexed in faith' he might be, but 'pure in deeds' he always remained. And thus—

' He fought his doubts and gathered strength ;  
 He would not make his judgment blind ;  
 He faced the spectres of the mind  
 And laid them. Thus he came at length  
 To find a stronger faith his own ;  
 And power was with him in the night,  
 Which makes the darkness and the light,  
 And dwells not in the light alone.'

"When I first knew Mr. Ridley he was fixed, settled, and confirmed in his faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Divine Sonship of Jesus Christ. To him Christ was the veritable Son of God and Son of Man, and the supreme Revealer of the Father.

"From this deep central fountain all the streams of his theological thought took form and colour. Occasionally he would epitomise his creed thus : 'God is love, and Christ is light.' To this he held ; in this he lived. It was daily bread to his soul's life. His love and loyalty to Christ as the Revealer of the Father and the Light of men lent a personal charm to his life, and made his conversation inspiring and ennobling. Those to whom he could open up his mind and heart sympathetically will never forget the sweet radiance on his countenance and the bright gleam and pathetic glisten in his quick penetrating eye. It was impossible not to see and feel how intensely real the Christ of God had grown to him. . . .

"In a general way his position as a theologian may best be described by saying that he was an eclectic, in the sense of extracting and utilising the good parts of different or even conflicting systems of theology. Whatever passed into the chamber of his mind he seemed to have the faculty of absorbing the best elements from, rejecting what he considered antiquated or merely traditional.

"He possessed a wonderful faculty of penetrating to the essence of any subject in theology, philosophy, or morals. But while eclectic he was also a distinct and resolute reformer in the theology of his time. Like many other thoughtful men, he had revolted from the traditionary orthodoxy in which he had been



brought up. He was too sincere a man with himself and too earnest-spirited to live by tradition, or to sustain his spiritual life on what he did not sift and test in the fire of his own experience. . . .

“Mr. Ridley lived to see a great change come over the religious mind of England and Scotland in respect to the orthodox view of eternal torments, and he himself was not an unimportant factor in the new movement. He was extensively munificent in scattering broadcast lectures, pamphlets, articles, which he had reprinted by the thousand.”

The extent to which this solitary thinker carried his work of spreading new light forms in itself a reason for offering some lasting record of the life of which it was the ruling impulse. There must be in all parts of the world preachers of every denomination who may care to know something more of one to whose unselfish exertions their young life owed much of intellectual stimulus.

In the early part of this work the good seed was thrown broadcast with no hint of its source beyond the printer's address; but at last, in response to the communications which came to him in this way, my father enclosed in his packets a short statement of his purpose, signed with his name, when hundreds of letters poured in upon him, of every shade of assent or dissent, many calling for a response which only failing health withheld, till, very regretfully, he again had to withdraw his name.

To those who knew him personally it seems that there should be a vital interest in the story of such a life, in the record of an experience covering the whole period of the great change that separates the theology of 1900 from that of 1840.

It is not a little remarkable that a man largely self-educated, whose youth was spent in a northern country

town, and his middle life in a far distant colony, scarcely beyond the wilderness stage, should, on his arrival at the centre of things, have found himself so advanced in his views that the leading theologians supplied him less with new thoughts than with a more adequate expression of those which he had worked out for himself.

Even now, as he was always twenty years in advance of his time, his mind is still abreast with the age in the new embodiments of Christian thought; and if his phraseology may belong to an older period, it is only of the order which can never become obsolete so long as the Bible and hymn-books are still in use by the Church.

## CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS. 1806—20.

“Whoever may  
Discern true ends here shall grow pure enough  
To love them, brave enough to strive for them,  
And strong enough to reach them though the road be rough.”

E. B. BROWNING.

A HUNDRED years ago, before the smoke and fumes of chemical works had desolated the fair valleys of the Tyne and Wear, the village of West Boldon must have been one of the fairest spots in the county of Durham. It lies midway between Bishopwearmouth (now better known as the busy port of Sunderland) and Gateshead, not then united to Newcastle by the proud triumph of north-country skill, the High Level Bridge across the Tyne.

West Boldon stands high, with a view of the sea eastward. From Whitburn and Cleadon, then only picturesque hamlets, the road winds up through marshy meadows to the heights where, since the first mention in the Domesday Book, the village has stood for many a century, crowned with the quaint church spire so well known and loved by antiquarians.

Opposite to the church the road divides, dipping down to the Rectory, a big house hidden among great trees, and then rising at a sharp angle, past the high wall at the back of the Old Hall, to join the main

road, which goes on through wide cornfields to Gateshead.

In old days this road branched off to the right in front of the Old Hall; but since the advent of steam and rail the grass has grown thick over the untrodden way, and the traveller no longer pauses at the village inn, the same "Black Horse" of which it is recorded in the history of Durham that from father to son for many generations the hospitable custom prevailed of "keeping at a side table in the kitchen a loaf of bread and a cheese, of which all wayfarers visiting the house were at liberty to partake."

At the east entrance of the village, behind the church, and opposite the New Hall, built by the much-respected Squire Wawn, there stood, on the same side as the more modern erection recently destroyed by fire, the ancient windmill which was the scene of John Ridley's childhood. He was born on May 26th, 1806, near Hylton Castle, two miles away, but very soon afterwards his parents removed to West Boldon, where the father died, leaving his wife with their one boy and three daughters, of whom the eldest only survived.

The mother was happily endowed with more than common energy of character, and proved herself equal to the burden laid upon her. With the help of a trusted manservant, she carried on the business for ten years, till her son, at the age of fifteen, took on himself the responsibilities of grown manhood.

My father always felt great interest in the martyr Bishop of his name, and might have wished to claim kindred with one to whom in spirit he was so truly akin. But, apart from this, he never troubled himself on the subject, and we remained in ignorance of the history of the old stock until the publication, in 1860,

of some papers in a local journal on the "Families of Northumberland," in which my father, then residing on Tyneside, at Hexham, was mentioned as "the worthy descendant of the ancient race."

These papers led afterwards to the book which came out in America, including all the actual and probable branches of the Ridley clan. The family is first mentioned at *Ridley* in Cheshire, about the year 1100. In 1300 John Ridley, of a younger branch of the family, came into possession of Willimoteswick, on the North Tyne, through his marriage with the heiress of Sir L. Burdett. In 1537 Sir Nicholas, "the Broad Knight," was the head of a powerful clan, owning many estates still held by his descendants in 1652, when all the lands of the Ridleys south of the Tyne were confiscated. Hardriding, on the north side of the river, belonging to Major John Ridley, of the Royal Army, founder of the present White-Ridleys, alone escaped. Eventually Park End, which had been given to the Earl of Essex, was restored to its owner, and is now held by his descendants. With these exceptions, the old song remained true,—

"Then fell the Ridleys' martial line,  
Lord William's ancient towers,  
Fair *Ridley* on the silver Tyne,  
And sweet *Thorngrafton's* bowers."

These homes, as we read, belonged to successive chieftains—"Chief Musgrave" the last—a race of gallant and formidable knights, whose broad lands lying on the borderland became the scene of many a bloody fray as the Scots came down for plunder. When such an attack happened every member of the clan came to the defence, summoned by beacon fires.

In Sir Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy" is the famous ballad commemorating one of these frays:—

"Hoot awa, lads, hoot awa!  
 Hae ye heard how the Riddleys and Thirlwalls and a'  
 Hae set upo' Albany Featherstonehaugh,  
 And taken his life at the Deadman's Shaw?  
 There was Willimoteswick,  
 And Hardriding Dick,  
 And Hughy of Hawdon, and Will o' the Wa'."

Walltown was the home of the Bishop's family, and, in addition to the Bishop himself, we find three Doctors of Divinity: Lancelot, Robert, and Cuthbert, the two latter Rectors of Simonburn, on the North Tyne, both writers of repute in their day, showing mastery of pen as well as of sword.

But these glories have long passed away. Of the family of the last "chief" no trace remains; and yet his nephew, Sir Thomas Ridley, was the husband of Mary Boleyn, aunt to Queen Elizabeth. Tyneside is, however, still the home of many families of the name, but for the most part all unaware of the possibilities involved in its possession.

From my father, and still more from our old friend Mrs. Dryden, his cousin and godmother, I have gathered some details of our personal history, confirmed by the register of Ovingham Church. The first date to be found there is the baptism, in 1702, of Cuthbert, son of Cuthbert Ridley, of Mickley and Hallstead Farms, near Ovingham-on-Tyne. The whence and whither of Cuthbert, the father, we cannot trace. The fact that he was not buried at Ovingham, where he lived to a great age, points to some family burial place unknown to us, but, if known, possibly, if not probably, pointing to a connection with the old family. Five distinct

branches of the old stock end with a Cuthbert; and, as only a single generation comes between them and our first Cuthbert, it is easy to imagine a missing link. It is the more likely since our family tradition is quite definite that this Cuthbert was no mere farmer, but lived on equal terms with the neighbouring gentry, with whom his sons and daughters intermarried. Our family names also form a curiously exact repetition of those of the Walltown branch, even to a double marriage with the same family of Charltons, of Charlton Hall. Farming had always been the work of the younger branches of the clan, and in their change of fortune they would naturally fall back on it, as tenants instead of owners of the land.

My grandparents, John and Mary Ridley, were first cousins, John being the son of John, third son of Cuthbert Ridley, of Mickley, and Mary the daughter of the second son Thomas, who married Ann Charlton. The eldest son, Cuthbert, has descendants at Mount Vernon, New York, U.S.A. The fourth son, Henry, was a successful brewer, who has descendants in Newcastle and London. The family of Thomas, who occupied Nesbit Farm, were notable for longevity. Thomas himself, like his father, attained the age of ninety, as did his sister Isabella, the mother of Mrs. Dryden, who also nearly reached the same age. My grandmother, at seventy-two, died early as compared with the brothers and sisters who died unmarried, and my father, living till eighty-two, kept up the standard. My grandfather's death at forty-seven was held as proof of the lack of stamina which made his father the least successful of the brothers. He seems to have been a gentle and lovable man, perhaps a little too much inclined to society, but still, according to the tombstone erected by his widow,

“ much respected while living, and at his death sincerely lamented by all who knew him.”

The question of the old stock is of interest from the point of view of heredity, but need not otherwise concern us here. The main fact before us is that, from whatever source derived, my father from his earliest years gave signs of more than common powers. His education was little more than that of the village school, and yet from infancy he had an insatiable love of books, reading all that came in his way and retaining what he read. To the end of his long life his memory was remarkable for its scope and accuracy.

It may be taken as some test of the enormous change in social opinion during the past century if we think how almost impossible it would be now for such a boy to remain unhelped, even apart from the new educational possibilities of the rise from the board school to the university. In 1806, to the Honourable and Reverend Rector of Boldon the mental development of one of his village flock could be of no moment. Probably if such a question had come up he would only have pointed out the dangers of too much knowledge as exemplified in the village tailor, whose reading had made him a so-called Radical and Atheist.

Thus it came about that the said John Atkinson, known as “ John the Tailor,” was the person to give the needed help to the boy whose cry was for more knowledge. Mr. Atkinson was a man unusually shrewd and thoughtful, whose desire for information had led to his acquisition of an encyclopædia, and to this encyclopædia my father always said he owed his first attraction to science. He read it all, from beginning to end, returning again and again to the scientific articles.

As theory and practice were never apart in his life,



experiment soon followed reading. His chemical ventures must have added no small amount of excitement to the otherwise peaceful existence of his mother and sister, who could never have felt secure from the unintentional but none the less startling effects of the researches.

But his crowning success was the construction, whilst yet a mere boy, of an electrical machine, a thing unknown to him except in the diagrams and descriptions in the encyclopædia. The machine, however, was quite effective enough to give, some years later, his first introduction to electricity to the now eminent electrician Mr. Joseph Wilson Swan.

As this seven-year-old child stood there on the insulated stool, his eyes dilating with the wonder of his new experience while he gazed up into the face of his tall friend, how startled would both have been could a sudden flash of foresight have shown them another scene in which they were to take part fifty years thence. They would have seen how they then changed places as the child, grown to stately manhood, had become the teacher, while the young man, white-bearded and bowed with age, was the eager listener.<sup>1</sup>

To attend Mr. Swan's inaugural lecture at the Royal Institution was my father's last appearance in public. It was to him a keen delight when, at the close of his brilliant discourse on the new incandescent

<sup>1</sup> In a letter from Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1867, there is mention of Mr. Swan's first great discovery, of so much importance in the art of photography:—

"I have been seeing Joseph Swan's carbon process, and I never was more interested in my life. It is enough for a lifetime, or even for a generation of men, to produce such results, with so many difficulties overcome. It takes away my breath, as one of the wonderful things of the world."

lamp, the lecturer, turning from the distinguished *savants* who crowded round to welcome him as one of their body, sought his old friend, guiding the feeble steps across the arena for a closer look at the "magic lamp" by which the mighty force became our household slave.

To the last one of his most vivid interests was the sight of the successive new inventions of which this kind friend never failed to give him an early view. Science never lost its charm for him, and to the end he kept the zest with which he welcomed new discoveries. He secured first specimens of most of the practical inventions, such as the daguerreotype and later photographic apparatus, the sewing machine, the typewriter, etc.; and in the catalogue of his effects when leaving Adelaide philosophical instruments occupy no insignificant space. On his last evening downstairs, just before the beginning of his last illness, he read through the whole of the long *Times* article on the "Life of Darwin," and looking up at the close, with all his old mental vigour unimpaired, exclaimed, "We must get that book at once!"

But, strong as was through life my father's love of science, his deepest interest, even in boyhood, was theology, a bent encouraged by all his surroundings. Wesleyanism, or, as it was then termed, Methodism, had taken firm hold in the north of England from John Wesley's first appearance in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1742, gaining strength with each successive visit. There, as everywhere, he acted on his own rule: "Go not only to those who need you, but to those who need you most." That he was needed among the pit-villages of the north as much as among the semi-savage miners of Cornwall is evident from the entry in his "Journal"

respecting this first visit to Newcastle:—"I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing, even from the mouths of little children, do I never remember to have seen and heard in so short a time." On Sunday, May 30th, 1742, he began his work in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Sandgate, the lowest and poorest part of the town, standing with John Taylor at the end of the street and singing the 100th Psalm. "Three or four people," he says, "came out to see what was the matter, who soon increased to four or five hundred. I suppose there might be twelve or fifteen hundred before I had done preaching."

A society was formed in Newcastle in the following year, and in his "Journal" Mr. Wesley records that since he had preached the gospel he never had had such success. The movement spread throughout the north, and took deep root in Sunderland. In 1806 the Rev. William Bramwell was appointed to this circuit, whence he writes: "There is a great work in several parts of the country, but not in general as at Sunderland." It is also stated that during Wesley's two years in Sunderland one thousand members were added to the society, and the work of grace deepened in many of the members, and further, "Wherever he went God was with him; the people were greatly edified by his ministry, and regarded his visits as times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." In 1816 we find that "twelve of the young men brought to God during the Sunderland revival were preaching the gospel of Christ."

Of Mr. Bramwell himself one of his friends gives a wonderful description:—

"His deportment was such as if at that moment he saw God, and had God's law and the day of final account just then

before him, as that, whenever the Lord should call him, he might be found ready. To his intimate friends there appeared written in his face and demeanour a sense of Divine majesty and holiness, a most pleasing consecration and full dedication of himself to God, a watchfulness upon his own heart and lips lest he should offend, a spirit of great mortification to the world, a wonderful purity from all sinful pollution, and an admirable transformation of spirit into the Divine similitude. Indeed, constant holiness seemed perfectly natural to him, when it seemed but endeavoured after by others."

It is possible that as children my grandparents may have seen John Wesley in the later visits of the venerable evangelist. They certainly came under the influence of Mr. Bramwell, whose name was a household word in their family. There does not seem in the beginning of last century, at least in West Boldon, any distinct separation between the followers of John Wesley and that Church of which he wrote late in life: "If the Methodists leave the Church of England, God will leave them." His refusal to give his ministers in England the power of administering the Sacrament which they exercised in Scotland and in America, in the absence of a State Church, also points in this direction. My father was baptised and confirmed in the English church of which he was a regular attendant up to manhood. When the little New Connexion chapel was opened after the great revival, it seemed very usual for the villagers to attend the morning and afternoon services in church, which was closed in the evening, so that those desiring further services were free to go to chapel.

That my grandfather to the end of his life was a good communicant is shown by some meditations found in his writing in the blank pages of an old account book, which an example may be given as showing his gentle and sensitive spirit:—

“When I remember some who came in to Thy Sacrament, O Lord, with the greatest devotion and affection, I am confounded and blush within myself that I come so heavily and coldly to Thy table. Be merciful to me, sweet and gracious Lord, and grant unto me, Thy poor needy creature, to feel sometimes in this Holy Communion something of this tender cordial affection, that my faith may be strengthened, my hope in Thy goodness increased, and my love, once perfectly inflamed after the tasting of the heavenly manna, may never decay. Thy mercy, O Lord, is able to give me the grace I desire.”

There is also a letter from my aunt Esther to a friend which is of interest as showing that she had come strongly under the revival teaching, and would of necessity bring a powerful influence to bear on the young brother ten years her junior. At the date of this letter she was twenty-seven years of age, and great strength of purpose shines through the words, old-fashioned and perhaps hackneyed to us in these days, but to her fresh and full of power:—

“Boldon, *June*, 1823.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“I am greatly disappointed at not seeing you, as I had much in my mind to say to you. I suppose you blame me for leaving the old Methodists, but I bless God that His providence opened the way for me to join this people. From my first hearing them I perceived that God was with them. Indeed, my soul was much blessed, and I found the word always attended with much power. I prayed earnestly to God to show me His will concerning it. At last I came to the conclusion to go where it profited me most. Glory be to God, I can say it is well with me at present. My soul is alive to God; I feel my love increase to Him, and my duty is my delight. . . . I think it a great mercy that the Lord has raised up such faithful men that count not their lives dear to them so that souls may be converted. I hope, dear Mary, that you will not be prejudiced against any that are doing good.

“I feel greatly humbled before God when I reflect on the many years I have made no profession of religion, and how little improvement I have made. Unfaithful and unprofitable

have I been, how half-hearted in the cause of religion. But may the time that is past suffice me, and may I be thankful that His mercy endureth for ever, and that at present I can say, God is mine, and I am His. . . .

“The Lord bless you. Live near to Him. So prays

“Your affectionate

“ESTHER RIDLEY.”

My grandmother, if after a different fashion, was not less in earnest than were her husband and daughter, throwing into things spiritual the same vigour and energy which distinguished her conduct in things temporal. Shrewd and careful in every-day matters, she could be generously lavish in giving, and her great delight was the entertainment of the Methodist ministers who came to preach at the little chapel. My father often recalled one special year in which she had appeared to expend more than her usual income, but at the end of which she found her savings doubled, always believing that a special blessing had shown acceptance of her offerings.

It is very certain that her efforts in this direction were fully repaid in the gain to her son in his association with these ministers, all intensely earnest men, while many were educated and thoughtful as well as earnest. They were very ready to talk to the boy who listened so eagerly to their conversation; and to some of them he owed his introduction to the poets who were his companions in the long quiet waiting hours spent in watching for the wind to move the heavy sails of the mill. He always kept some book open in a convenient place, and thus committed to memory page after page of the best authors. In this way he knew the whole of Young's "Night Thoughts," and other standard works of his time.

The first book he ever ordered from London, in consequence of quotations in a review lent by a ministerial friend, was "Essays in Rhyme," by Jane Taylor, whose "Contributions of Q. Q." for long held a good position in the literature of the day. So close was his sympathy with this writer that he gave her name to his youngest daughter.

Under conditions so strenuous there was small room in the boy's life for trifling, and the battle began in real earnest at a very early age. With the need for consecration and sanctification so constantly held up before him, it is not surprising that even before he had reached his twelfth year he had experienced that change of heart so ardently desired. Often, in later life, he has spoken of his childish sufferings from the sense of sin, when he retired to solitary places, overpowered by the weight of his shortcomings, weeping and praying for the assurance of forgiveness and salvation. At last, on one ever-memorable day, having retreated for perfect solitude to the stable-loft, he lay stretched on the straw, praying for grace and pardon. Suddenly a stream of bright light shone round him, and, at the same moment, a great peace filled his heart. In the after-time he could admit that some natural explanation might account for the light; but though the light faded, the peace remained, and this hour, he ever felt, was the date of real illumination.

How real it was is shown in a paragraph in a journal dated April 23rd, 1868:—

"This day forty-nine years ago (next year, if I live to see it, will be the year of Jubilee) I had such a strong sense of His Divine goodness that I professed to believe in the forgiveness of sins as a consequence of it. I was thirteen years of age all but five weeks. I was praying in the stable in the forenoon, and repeating the words 'Let me be anything or nothing so

that I may serve Thee.' I thought the words were in the Scriptures, but I cannot find them there. They were in common use; some one, if not more than one, was in the habit of using them. Some meaning in them had affected me intensely from the effect produced. I have often thought they had continued to be of use in my experience. I have been fluctuating between 'something' and 'nothing' all my life, sometimes hoping for great things and then overpowered by a sense of my nothingness. From one point of view I may be said to have been something; but, in the light of Divine truth, I have always shrunk from the idea, and have accepted the words of Job, 'I abhor myself.' . . . I have no sympathy with the prayer of the Pharisee, and have great sympathy with the prayer of the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.' . . . This is the salvation I looked for: to be filled with the love of God and man—to feel the love of God constraining me to be willing to become nothing, to renounce *myself*, to be crucified with Christ, to be 'a man *in* Christ.' My natural self I wish to cease to live, that I may be in Christ a new creature, and present my body a living sacrifice. . . . One form of life I pray to have revealed in me: the love that never faileth. My love does fail as yet. It is the will Divine that I should be only loving. All things are possible to God, to Christ, that power of God in man. . . ."

From that day his life was changed. The first practical step was to "meet in class," and, with Mr. Wawn as class-leader, he found great advantage from his attendance.

As time went on, deepening his experience, it was inevitable in one of such a temperament that he should desire to bring others into the light which meant so much to himself. Thus gradually his boyish talks with his young companions grew into more extended addresses, and before he was eighteen years of age he was recognized as a preacher of originality and power. At the same time his name appears in the "Plan," or "List" of lay or "local" preachers in the Sunderland Circuit. From this time forward for many years



he preached every Sunday in his turn in one of the neighbouring towns or villages, putting his whole soul into his work. He is said "to have preached over the heads" of some of his audience, but he seems to have been none the less appreciated either in or out of the pulpit.

The list on this Plan, at that date, contains the names of many young men who from their after-careers must have formed a rather remarkable company, many of them proving themselves intellectually as well as spiritually strong. They were of all social grades; some were in professions, others in trades, and several were converted pitmen, who became known as celebrated revivalists: but all were united by the force and fervour of an enthusiasm recalling the early days of the Christian Church.

The "Methodism" of that period meant life as well as work, deeds not less than words, and "giving up the world" was a fact, not a *façon de parler*. But the sacrifice had its reward in itself, and the happiness enjoyed by the little band must have been of an intensely satisfying character. Many of the friendships then begun were of lifelong blessing to all concerned. In meetings long afterwards, all the changes brought about by time and widened experience of the world, all differences of form as to creed or dogma, would be swept away as, joining once more in the old hymns, with the quaint old tunes, even the most world-worn hearts experienced a renewal of that first early glow, and grew young again in recalling the old days, with their sympathy of aim and devotedness of zeal.

The defects of Methodism are patent enough. Few who had been brought up in the narrowness of those early times could escape lifelong injury from habits

of morbid self-consciousness fostered by the tendency to dwell on the sin and failure of the old nature rather than on the joy and peace of the "new life." The soul that has worn such fetters will bear the marks to the end, even after having come into the "glorious liberty" which is the promise of faith. This was true of my father until quite near the close of his long life, so often heavily overshadowed by the self-tormenting over-scrupulousness of a conscience too early stimulated and too persistently overstrained. From the joy of the last years—a "light at eventide" that came with the perception of the difference between a gospel of consecration instead of a gospel of renunciation, of life found rather than of life lost—it is possible to picture what power had been kept latent through all this apparently needless struggle and wasted anguish. And yet it might be that his witness to the power of the true was the stronger for his knowledge of the misery of the false views, since this witness assuredly gained force from the memory of his early sufferings.

At the same time, he was fully aware that if there were great hindrances there were also great helps in this early training. It would be impossible to over-rate the gain in the hymns which were the continual outpouring of praise and thanksgiving among the primitive Methodists. In these hymns, which were the voice of triumph over most real trials and dangers endured in their own persons by John and Charles Wesley, not only their own immediate followers, but the whole Church at large, has received a gift that can never lose its value as a power to quicken and to deepen the truest spiritual emotions.

The burden of the restraint imposed on the natural impulses and tastes of youth must have needed all the

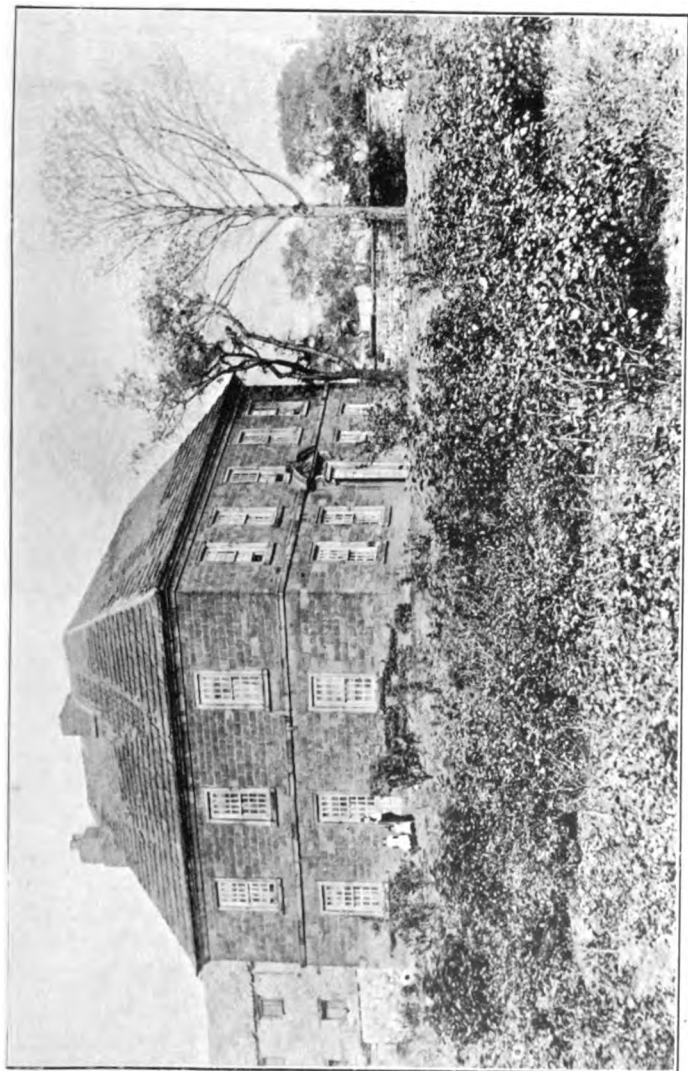
enthusiasm and spiritual joy which were in such full measure given to this little community of friends. But the sacrifice of worldly pleasure was made up in the intense interest of the work in which all took part, and in the relaxation which included the enjoyment of good literature and music. Their social life also became more vivid from the reality of the aims and feelings uniting the members of the circle.

My father was happy in finding congenial society in one of the most pleasant of the home-houses always open to young preachers after the chapel services. Mrs. Cameron had been one of the early followers of John Wesley, having at fourteen years of age been converted by hearing him preach in Sunderland. Another of these home-houses was that of Mrs. Cameron's eldest daughter, Mrs. Swan, at Pallion, then a quiet riverside village, though in these days noisy with the din of ship-building yards and grimy with the smoke of factory chimneys. Mrs. Cameron and her daughters had not only the gift of good house-keeping, not rare in the hospitable north country, but they had also pre-eminently the rarer gift of *home-making*, Mrs. Swan's house, with her large family of clever boys and girls, being a true home-house to all who were privileged to know it. I knew her best afterwards as a lovely and dainty old lady, but her voice had lost little of its sweetness, and her singing could still give a vivid impression of what those early services of song must have meant to the ardent young souls which found in them the expression of their deepest faith and highest aspirations.

This home at Pallion was the scene of Mr. Wilson Swan's first reminiscence in recalling my father's fearlessness in a thunderstorm. This incident seems

deeply to have impressed the children, as an elder sister, Mrs. Mawson, gives another memory of the same occasion. Mr. Swan mentions that Miss Cameron had also gone out to see the storm. When the two enthusiasts returned my father sat down to write in his friend's album, the children marvelling at his strength and stillness amid the tumult raging without. The extract then written is so characteristic, and was so often on my father's lips, that it may be given here:—

“It is the prerogative of genius to confer a measure of itself upon inferior intelligences. In reading the works of genius thoughts greater than the growth of our own minds are transplanted into them, and feelings more profound, sublime, and comprehensive are insinuated amidst our ordinary train, while in the eloquence with which they are clothed we find a new language worthy of the new ideas created in us. . . . Men of wealthier imagination and happier utterance may furnish to others of susceptible hearts the means of bodying their own conceptions, which would otherwise be a burden to their minds or die in their birth without the joy of deliverance.”



THE "OLD HALL" AT WEST BOLDON.



## CHAPTER II.

### MARRIAGE.

"He is the half-part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such as she,  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Home is the place of peace. . . . And, wherever a true wife comes,  
this home is always round her ; home is wherever she is."

RUSKIN.

ALLUSION has been made in passing to the Old Hall, at the Hylton entrance to West Boldon. How old it may be no one knows exactly, but it must be at least as old as the days of Queen Anne. At the beginning of last century it had fallen from its first estate, but up to or beyond the half-century it remained picturesque. The panelled walls, painted in faint old-world tints, with the carved oak staircase, still suggested the times of hoop and powder, of ruffle and peruke, when stately dame and gallant squire paced up and down the low wide steps.

But for many a year this staircase had echoed to the noisy tread of wild schoolboys, taking half a dozen steps at a bound, since the low rent of the Old Hall had attracted my grandfather, Mr. Pybus, the head of a widely known "boarding-school for young gentlemen" at Barnard Castle. Low rents became a consideration

after a great bank failure, in which with many others he was unfortunately involved in a widespread ruin, not yet quite forgotten.

His school had been singularly successful, but, as at that time banks were unlimited, their failure meant utter ruin in not merely the loss of past savings, but in the confiscation of all future earnings to meet the calls for which every shareholder was liable. Some arrangement must have been made by which a bare livelihood was retained, but all beyond this had to go; and for the rest of his life, and for a great part of that of the son who succeeded him in the school, there remained for this unfortunate investor only privation and struggle, with that hardest of fights the effort to keep up appearances on inadequate means.

There were elements of romance in his early life. When quite a child he had been adopted by his godfather, the Rev. John Wood, some time curate of St. John's, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and by him educated for his own profession. But the boy's taste was for mathematics, in which he became distinguished, and apparently not for theology, since he never took Holy Orders, but opened his school in partnership with a clerical friend.

No intercourse seems to have been kept up with his own family in London, a circumstance not surprising before the days of railway or penny post. There is a suggestion of something more than mere coincidence of name in one of his childish memories when taken in connection with an ancient copy of the *Times*, then a single page journal, carefully preserved in the family. Among the items of "Fashionable News" is recorded the presence of the Prince of Wales at an entertainment given by Mr. Pybus, of Great George Street, Westminster, and



the boy kept a distinct memory of being with a lady in a carriage going to Great George Street. He put the two facts together, and it still remains as a tradition in the family. This Mr. Pybus, of Great George Street, as may be seen in the "Life of Sydney Smith," was the brother who was so indignant at his sister's marriage with that most delightful of humourists.

My grandmother also came of a family with a story. Her father, William White, belonged to Seaton Delaval, but had quarrelled with his own people, so resenting their treatment, that instead of replying to an offer of reconciliation, he threw the letter into the fire, unread by his family. After his death his son spent his life in the claim to some property, only to find, after proving his case, that the legal transfer to the purchaser could not be set aside.

His daughter, my grandmother Pybus, was beautiful in person as in character, and my father always spoke of her as "one of the saints indeed." She became blind for the last nine years of her life, as the result of a chill caught in attendance at an early prayer meeting one bitter winter morning.

When the removal to West Boldon took place, Mary Pybus, my mother, was about fifteen years old, still too young and hopeful to have entered into the shadows that were gathering over her home. From friends who knew her in her youth I have formed a distinct image of what she must have been as a girl. She was of medium height, very slight and slim, with arms and hands and feet which to the last were finely modelled. Her features, as my friend remembers, were "delicately chiselled," and her hair a glossy brown, abundant in extreme age, and, in her young days, hanging in the clustering ringlets of the time: "Such pretty curls, and she put

them away to please me!" said my father, with keen regret, as after she had gone he was recalling the far past.

She had to the end a keen sense of humour, and no small quickness of wit, and, when a girl, must have been gay and sparkling, till the heavy cares that came so early gave her what in later life was a sweet gravity, with that peculiar stillness characteristic of all intense natures which have learned self-control through silent suffering, a stillness in which all tired and sorrowful souls find rest. I never knew my mother talk much; but she was a never-failing listener, and her true sympathy opened all hearts to her.

From her own descriptions and by putting many odd fragments together, I have before me the picture she may have made on the eventful day which was the turning point in two lives. I see the fair face set in the wide-brimmed bonnet of the period, with its ribbons of pale apple-green, to match the pelisse of some soft cloth, which opening in front, showed the white muslin frock, many-tucked, just short enough to give glimpses of the sandalled shoes so becoming to dainty feet. Everything in the pretty village was new and exciting, as all change is to the young, and, with a light heart, unwitting of the future consequences of her apparently trivial errand, she passed on her way with a message to the mill.

But she never forgot her first impression on that day of her future husband's mother. Very noticeable must have been the air of decision and of authority that sat so well on the comely widow, of whom her niece, Mrs. Dryden, has often said: "My aunt Mary was a very fine woman, my dear!" adding, with a conscious smile on her own face, clear and fresh in colour after eighty years of wear, "but, you know, the Ridleys were always considered a good-looking family!"

Those who knew my father in early days agree that this adjective might fairly have been applied to the tall youth, of man's stature, with his sixteen years, who was there to see, though not seen, on that fateful summer day. My mother could not recall any memory of the son, though she so well remembered the mother; but to him she came as the embodiment of all the poetic fancies that had haunted his dreams:—

"When first she gleamed upon my sight  
She was a phantom of delight,"

he has often said of that first meeting. And the impression was strong enough to last through the fifteen years which were to pass before he could complete the poem in finding the fair vision also

"A creature not too bright nor good  
For human nature's daily food."

Never did any image efface this early impression: for never did he admit that there "could be any other woman who compared with my Mary!" He could quite grant that other women were in all sorts of ways charming, and he had a wide circle whom he loved as well as admired. But many a time, in the days when, missing her in the desolated present, he turned to the vanished past, he would say, "Never for one moment in all those years, did I seriously think it possible that I could marry any other woman!"

And my mother, on her side, had never entertained a thought of any but the one man, to whom, for forty-nine years, she was all that a true wife can be.

Their affection was tried as well as true. It was nine years after they became acquainted, and fifteen years after this first meeting, before any definite word was spoken. The silent boy of sixteen had become the popular preacher when they met at the house of one of

the leading supporters of the little chapel, "whose fine, handsome family," as the gossip of the time states, "made a grand show in the front pews." The opportunity was not thrown away when the long silence was at length broken. A talk about books, revealing sympathy of taste, made the way easy for the future. The "Waverley Novels" were the general topic of conversation, and of all the admirers of the "great unknown" my father must have been the most devoted. Not only had he the pleasure of his own reading—for which he thought nothing of the walk to the Sunderland Library, four miles and back—but he had the joy of sharing the pleasure with a not less interested reader. As each new story came out—and how satisfactory must have been the length of the series—it had to be taken to the Old Hall, and again fetched away, with doubtless most interesting snatches of criticism and comparison as the volumes were exchanged! And how naturally this would lead to talks on other books, on the new poets who were bringing in a new era of literature. I find a "Commonplace book"—most inaptly so called—of this date, in which, in girlish writing of the pointed Italian style then in vogue, are various poems copied out, and among these Coleridge's "Geneviève," a not inexpressive utterance.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There is a reference to this poem in a letter of after years:—

"Boldon, April 29, 1855.

"MY DEAR MARY,

"I am sitting in the old place, the delightful resort of former days, when I was exercised so often with

'Those hopes and fears that kindle hope,  
An indistinguishable throng;  
And gentle wishes long suppress'd—  
Suppress'd and cherished long.'

"I was about to begin writing to you (John has gone to church, and I am left alone) when your letter arrived. It was a welcome surprise.

It chanced that my mother's eldest brother John was a remarkably good chess-player—in after times sought by many well-known champions of the game—and in

I was going to ask you to write, and was hoping to get a letter on Tuesday. It is the first gleam of sunshine I have had since I came here. It is very cold. The literal sun did shine a little yesterday, but only a little, and not at all to-day, as yet; . . .

"I have not been able to write to A. this week, but will send her a letter on her birthday; and if you and J. could do the same it will be all the better. Her letter this week is exceedingly interesting. There has evidently been a rapid development of mental power and experience. She has great sensibility, great power of enjoyment or of suffering, as it may be:

'Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.'

Let us hope for the best. So far as mental suffering goes, I suspect both father and mother have had enough to serve for one generation. I should be quite willing to suffer all the rest of life if I could secure an exemption for the children, and, at the same time, secure the advantages to them to be drawn from suffering.

"I am afraid there is little chance of any one feeling in accordance with the scenes of this life without having 'the lights put out that we may see the better,' as when exhibiting the limelight and dissolving views. The dissolving views of life can only be seen when the ordinary lights are obscure:

'Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud  
To damp our brainless ardour and abate  
That glare of light that often blinds the wise.'

And so of other troubles:

'As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.'

We need not regret past troubles nor dread those to come. It is so easy to look back twenty years to the days when we used to sit together here 'in the days gone by never to return'—so it is said; but I almost think that if we can escape shipwreck the past will be there to recall and live over again. I am surprised at the recurrence of scenes to my memory that occurred long ago and have been dormant all the time. . . . So changed, and yet so much the same are we as we pass through life. We may hope that all that is worth preserving in life may remain and not be lost: that nothing is lost which may not be recoverable in a state when all will be valuable, permanent, and pure."

my father he found a willing pupil. We cannot say how far sisters in those days had to do with their brothers' guests, but my mother was virtually mistress of the house, and there may have been times when she sat silent with her sewing while a game went on. Chess is a quiet occupation, and needlework leaves the mind free while the fingers fly, conditions quite favourable to thought transference, by no means a new fact in the history of the world, though we have only now found a new name for it.

Thus, with comparatively few opportunities of meeting, it came about that the two understood each other long before my father became a more constant visitor in his administrations to the blind mother and to the two young sisters who faded away in consumption. Of Eleanor, the elder of these girls, dying before her twentieth year, my father spoke as an exceptionally lovely creature. He recalled, too, that at the last her face had been transfigured in a sudden rapture, as with a cry of joy she passed away.

During the life of his mother the good son felt his lips sealed. Her whole life was centred in him, and there was no room there for the "fine lady wife." Even a mother's love may be selfish, and the son's not so. He could not leave his mother alone, and still less could he bring a wife home. And he could not bind the girl he loved to an indefinite waiting, so, while feeling himself bound he left her free. On her part, she had also very distinct home duties, with her blind mother, her delicate young sisters, her father and three brothers, and the weight of the house and of the many boys who came as boarders.

They were an old-fashioned pair of lovers, who held the faith that the nearest duty is the clearest voice of

God to man. The anguish of a "balked individuality" had not raised the echoes that wail among the voices of the modern world. Thus, possessing their souls in their patience, trusting for the present and hoping for the future, they walked apart, contented with the day's duty and growing strong in consecrated sacrifice.

But though youth waned in the long years, romance kept fresh as ever till the summer evening for which they had waited so long. No word needed to be spoken: only eager hands outstretched for happy response in a clasp that was loosened only with life itself.

For some years before this June day in 1835 my father had been living in Sunderland, where he had removed with his mother, after the death of his sister, to a house near his friends the Camerons, in Olive Street, then on the very outskirts of the town, looking out over the cornfields and wooded uplands of Ryhope and Tunstall.

Early in 1835 his mother's energetic life came to its close, made happy to the last by her son's untiring devotion. In September of the same year he reaped the full reward of his patience in gaining the best of wives.

The home claims of my mother had one by one relaxed in the death of her mother and young sisters, and in the marriage of her younger brothers. The eldest, who never married, had settled down as his father's right hand, taking up the school work. That father, self-possessed and yet selfless, was content in his daughter's happiness, his comfort being secured under the care of a good widowed housekeeper, who remained with him all his life, as with his son after him, following the same unvarying routine in what

seemed the same unvarying fashion of dress—the large cap and square collar never changing in form in the next thirty years or more. Old fashions that go with such loyal devotedness in the wearer have no need of change.

After their marriage my parents settled at Segletch, near Houghton-le-Spring, now a pit-village, and a scene of utmost dreariness,<sup>1</sup> but at that time a sweet country place, very pleasant to visit.

What the home had been in its first beauty is shown by its hold on the memory of a young visitor, the son of the late W. Branfort, and himself a minister, who writes to my father in 1885 :—

“ On my way I looked earnestly in the direction of Segletch in the hope of making it out, as I have not been there since you kindly invited me to spend a week with you—fifty years ago or thereabouts. I have often thought about it when in the locality, but could never exactly determine the spot.

“ I need hardly say that to a town boy a visit to the country

<sup>1</sup> A very melancholy picture is given of this once lovely village in a letter from my father to his wife after the return from Australia in July, 1868, when he had chanced to visit the old spot. He was alone, and loneliness very speedily told on his spirits, as his letter plainly shows :—

“ At first I could not find time to write, and when I did, burned the letter. . . . The fact is, I have entirely broken down. I can write only mourning, lamentation, and woe, and I am out of patience with myself. So many of my friends are suffering in body, and I feel diseased in mind. . . .

“ I passed the old place where we first settled down. All was desolation; some parts turned into pitmen's houses. The rooms where the children were born had vanished, only bare walls remaining. . . . I had very tender recollections of the lovingkindness of those days. . . .

“ As I was returning I called at the house of the schoolmaster, but no one was at home. I sat for a few minutes, when Walter Blakey, our old servant, called. It was very curious. We surveyed the desolation together.

“ Our friend here, coming into the room at this point, contradicted me, and I am reduced to the low level again, and I feel as desolate as the old home.”



must be one of the greatest pleasures. It was to me. I remember the house, the mill-dam, the garden, the field in which I found a lark's nest, the pony on which I rode and whose bridle I broke through my ignorance in not taking off the reins. Ah, me! what pleasure there was in those things, and what joy in recollection; and probably my capacity for enjoyment has been greater for its exercise. Life has been glorious to me, . . . and I am now enjoying it all with as keen a relish as ever. . . ."

There is also a very enthusiastic description given in a letter, dated June 22nd, 1837, from Jane Cameron to her friend Mary Spraggon, afterwards Mrs. Rounthwaite, another of that early circle whose lifelong friendship dated from religious sympathies:—

"After a most delightful ride we arrived here—I hope in a short time to be quite recruited. As far as the absence of elasticity of mind and body will allow I am quite enchanted with my new situation, as it regards the country especially. There is no danger of interruption here from the calling of visitors, the rattling of coaches, etc.; for from my little room nothing meets the eye but green, excepting the meadow flowers. This morning we had a most lovely walk. We heard the whistle of the plough-boy, the rattling of the horses' chains, the melodious notes of the feathered songsters; we saw the transparent stream and its inhabitants disporting therein, and the village on the hill. But adieu to description, for I might fill pages telling you how we talked and sang. . . .

"If I am an apt pupil I shall really obtain scientific knowledge here, for we have a succession of astronomical and philosophical lectures. . . .

"Mr. Ridley is particularly domestic. He does not act as though he thought it degrading to his intellectual acquirements to enter into the little domestic things of life, to aid his wife in plans of improvements, as connected with enjoyment or economy. I do so admire this. He is so attached to her. Matrimony has not weakened his affections."

## CHAPTER III.

### ANSWERED PRAYER. 1837—40.

“‘A dreamer of dreams.’ So I was called, and the answer is to hand. Many of the dreams I dreamed have been realised. . . . Dreaming dreams! I trust that Englishmen will never cease to do that, for otherwise we should be falling away from ourselves. To dream is to have faith, and faith is strength, whether in the individual or in the nation. Sentiment! Yes, only sentiment must remain—probably the greatest of human forces.”

“The store (of this force), reflected in Sir George Grey’s eyes, was what gave him his control over men. . . . He could fire imagination in the most ordinary mortal, carrying him off into enchanted realms. . . . He lifted men out of themselves, and put a label on their yearnings. They had imagination, the instinct upward, and were grateful to have discovered.”

“*The Romance of a Pro-Consul*”—JAMES MILNE.

IN 1824, within a radius of seven miles, with Gateshead as the centre, might have been found a man of thirty-five years, a youth of eighteen, and a boy of eight, at that date unknown to each other, but all destined to meet, closely linked together, on the other side of the globe in a land which was to owe much to each of the three.

The man was George Fife Angas, justly called the “Father and Founder of South Australia.” The youth was John Ridley, the inventor of the reaping machine, to which so much of the early prosperity of the Colony was due; and the boy, Anthony Forster, became one of the first historians of the new country, and also, as

editor of the leading journal, and as member of the House of Legislature, played an active part in the passing of the "Torrens' Land Act," which still remains the most important piece of colonial legislation.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Forster arrived in South Australia at about the same date as my father, a friendship begun then lasting to the end of their long lives—a friendship based on many points of similarity. They were both from the land of the Tyne and the Wear, both members of the

<sup>1</sup> In a letter dated May 15th, 1892, Mr. Forster gives me the history of the Real Property Act:—

"... There are two things which stand out prominently as the greatest boons ever conferred on the Colony—the invention of the reaping machine and the passing of the Real Property Act.

"The former was the work of your father, and the latter was chiefly the work of Mr. Torrens. I may, however, say, at the close of a long life, that the Real Property Act originated in a series of leading articles that I wrote in the *South Australian Register*, calling attention to the great and unnecessary expense of the transfer of land under the system of conveyancing then prevailing. I pointed out especially the absurd and apparently unfair practice of charging heavy fees for the retrospective investigation of title in every separate transaction, although the same title had been investigated a dozen times before.

"Mr. Torrens was attracted by those articles, and he conceived the happy idea of getting rid of deeds altogether, and substituting for them an indefeasible certificate of title, which was to be registered in the Real Property Office, a counterpart being issued to the transferor. But as all the lawyers in the Colony were hostile to the proposed new measure, it never could have been brought to a final consummation but for the efficient help of a German lawyer, Dr. Hubbe, who has, unfortunately, had very little recognition connected with it.

"The provisions of the Bill were settled by Mr. Torrens and a few friends, and put into proper form by Dr. Hubbe, and passed triumphantly through the local Legislature notwithstanding the fierce and uncompromising opposition of the lawyers. Mr. Torrens took charge of it in the House of Assembly and I in the Legislative Council. We had the whole Colony at our back. This is, in a few words, the history of the Real Property Act.

"Yours sincerely,

"ANTHONY FORSTER."

same Methodist connexion, in which both had been local preachers, and both had the same literary tastes.

And of both might truly have been written the words used of George Fife Angas in his "Life":—

"He was a man, the Alpha and Omega of whose career was religion. From his very earliest years religion was with him an instinct or an intuition—it was not, at first, the result of any theory or logical process. As a child he pondered upon thoughts of God and heaven, death and eternity; as a boy he set before himself high ideals of Christian character and Christian work; in the days of his youth, when he had been convinced of their 'sweet reasonableness,' he gave himself up body, soul, and spirit, to the service of the Master of his life."

Before the youngest of the trio had reached manhood Mr. Angas had left the North of England, and, in London, had become engaged in many philanthropic movements, at first for the benefit of sailors. Afterwards he took up the cause of the slaves in Honduras; but all through his early life he had watched the efforts of Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Robert Gouger to start the new Colony of South Australia, though it was not till 1835 that he came forward, and, throwing all the influence of his character and his wealth into the work, carried to successful issue the formation of the South Australian Land Company.

Thus he realised the dream of his boyhood, as, we are told in his "Life":—

"From a very early age there had been borne into the mind of George Fife Angas the idea that he was, in one way or other, to leave his mark on the world's history. When quite a youth he wrote in his diary: 'I know not what work God may have for me to do; but I have an impression on my mind which induces me to think He will honour me in some way by employing me as an instrument to promote His cause in more parts of the world than one. If He calls me to a great work I am persuaded He will capacitate me for it.'"

From early education, and in later life from choice, Mr. Angas was a strong Nonconformist, his mind being impressed with the injustice of the exclusion of his co-religionists from the Universities and from the rewards of public life. When it became evident to him that his work lay in the direction of colonization his hero and leader was not far to seek, as we find in another extract from his diary, written during a time when his plans met with special opposition.

“*June 4, 1835.*—For the success of this Colony I look to God, and to Him will I look. America was founded on that basis by God’s people in a tempest; this Colony will, I hope, be raised upon a similar foundation, in a calm. If I can get pious people sent out to that land, the ground will be blessed for their sake; and if justice be done to the aborigines as was done by William Penn, then we shall have peace in all our borders, for I reason that the principles of God’s government will apply to South Australia as to elsewhere.”

The story of the struggle with the many difficulties attending the colonization of South Australia is full of interest. In the end its basis was on the lines supported by Mr. Angas. “1. The exclusion of convicts. 2. The concentration of the settlers. 3. The taking out of persons of capital and intelligence, and especially of piety. 4. The emigration of persons of good character. 5. Free trade, free government, and freedom in matters of religion.”

A new Colony was to be founded on new principles, and everything depended upon the first Commissioners giving their best and most conscientious services to carry the Act of Parliament into effect. It was a great work, and the thought perpetually borne into the mind of Mr. Angas was that everything doing or to be done would affect in the future thousands of his fellow-creatures, among whom chiefly were those struggling with poverty.

Mr. Angas acted as Chairman of this Board of Directors, and their first vessel landed on the shores of Kangaroo Island, in July, 1836. On December 28th of that same year Governor Hindmarsh, landing at Holdfast Bay, took possession in the King's name, naming the new capital Adelaide, after the Queen.

South Australia may be called the New England of the Federated States of Australia, since its foundations were, in like manner, laid in prayer, and one of its first uses was to serve as a refuge for fugitives from religious persecution.

In 1836 the imposition of a new liturgy caused a large number of German Lutherans to choose exile rather than go against their conscience. Hearing of Mr. Angas and of his views concerning the new Colony, they made appeal to him, and, in the end, some hundreds were sent out at his sole expense in a vessel chartered for their use.

In his "Life" we find a touching account of the meeting between these modern Pilgrim Fathers and their benefactor when he visited the ship in Plymouth Sound. The parallel of old and new is given in a poem by Mrs. Rundle Charles (author of the "Schönberg Cotta Family"), whose father was a member of the first Commission, giving his name to a chief street in Adelaide :—

" From depths of far Silesia,  
 Across the ocean bound,  
 A little band of exile men,  
 Lay in the Plymouth Sound :

\* \* \* \*

In the same spot where long ago  
 The ' Pilgrim Fathers ' lay,  
 These stood for God and conscience' sake  
 As resolute as they.

They stood with hearts o'erflowing,  
That little rescued band :  
Strong men and grey-haired sires, and babes,  
Thronging to kiss his hand.

And tears from young and aged  
Fell thick as summer rain,  
And eyes were wet with thankfulness  
That had not wept for pain."

On their arrival in the Land of Promise these emigrants formed German settlements—fifteen in all. The first was near Angaston, a town laid out by Mr. Forster, who had gone out as Mr. Angas' agent, and had therefore much to do with the German settlers. These villages were as unmistakably German as any to be found in the Vaterland. Whole communities, each under its pastor, had transplanted themselves bodily with their long ox-waggons and other domestic gear ; and, once established in the changed surroundings, still kept their German tongue, with all their ancient customs, in the new homes built up after the exact pattern of the villages left behind in far Silesia.

That this particular Colony of South Australia was of all others the place for one particular colonist comes out very clearly in the story of John Ridley's emigration.

It had been the dream of his boyhood that he should work only long enough to get beyond the equally dreaded dangers of debt or dependence, being then free to devote himself to missionary labours. This boyish wish necessarily faded with the growing responsibilities of married life, but there was no abatement of his desire for a career which should not merely satisfy personal or family claims, but should primarily tend to the welfare of the world at large. When in the removal from Sunderland to Segletch he exchanged a town for

a village, the limitations of his lot only intensified this desire, in showing still more plainly that his powers could never find full scope within so narrow a range.

These vague aspirations were finally brought into focus by an incident to which he often referred as one of the great turning-points in his life. With his mind occupied in musings of this kind he was one evening riding back from town, when he overtook one of the most spiritually-minded of his Wesleyan friends, Mrs. Mary Porteous, well known for her great power in prayer meetings.

He dismounted, leading his horse as he walked beside her, and in the course of their talk the subject of "providential leading" came up. In those days of fervent and simple faith experiences of this kind were of constant occurrence, and were taken as natural to the religious life.

At the parting of their ways the matter was finally summed up in a question from my father: "Then you really think we are entitled to ask for Divine guidance in even the most trivial matters of ordinary life?"

"Surely it must be so," was the answer. "If God has anything to do with our lives He must have everything to do with them, in the least as in the greatest. Our great and small are alike to Him."

"Will you pray for me that I may be directed to some place where I am really needed, and where I may be of some use to the world?" he said, as they parted, her warm response sending him on his way cheered and comforted.

From this day the way opened to the then quite new Colony of South Australia. Miss Martineau's "Homes Abroad" first started the thought of emigration, growing into a fixed purpose through the practical information



supplied in *Chambers' Journal* and other publications issued by William and Robert Chambers.

It was a resolve needing no small amount of courage, for in 1837—the date of the talk with Mary Porteous—Mr. Angas' ideal Colony was still a dream, and a dream in which few had the smallest belief. Even in 1839, when the start was finally made, the accounts from any portion of the Australian Continent were of a nature calculated to depress even the most enterprising of would-be colonists.

The facts were as a rule of the order of those given in a letter of that period from Van Diemen's Land, where we find that

“Free men find so many ways of making money that they will not take service; and so the convicts, or, as they are delicately called, ‘the prisoners,’ supply all demands of this nature; and if the histories of every house were made public you would shudder. Even in our small *ménage* the cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and our housemaid bigamy.”

It was of course true that only Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land were peopled after this terrible fashion. But in the point of view of that date all the very distinctly diversified Colonies were merged by distance and ignorance into one and the same geographical point on the map. In the long vista of 16,000 miles of ocean details slipped out of sight, and no one realised that South Australia was a thousand miles from either of these Colonies, or that there had never been a suggestion of turning it into a penal settlement.

Quite regardless of a coast line of 1,000 miles, at that time a three weeks' voyage, a friend in England would send a message to Sydney by an intending colonist at King George's Sound, and, indeed, even recently, one

may find surprising ignorance of Australian geography, as, in a leading journal, Adelaide is made the capital of Victoria, in New South Wales, a complication only to be equalled by the Chinese puzzle of the three ivory balls carved one within another.

Either "bad" or "mad" was the adjective applied to the man who, in 1837, could dream of taking a delicate wife and two infants to South Australia. An extract from the journal of one of the settlers there of this date gives exactly the feeling generally entertained at home; a feeling shared by most of my father's friends:—

"In those days, when so little was known of this vast Australian Continent, it was thought by some of Mr. A.'s friends that he was taking a most hazardous step—in fact, a veritable 'leap in the dark,' in leaving a comfortable home in England, where he was much esteemed by many around him, for this *terra incognita*, and indeed, as some thought it, this waste howling wilderness at the Antipodes. One warm-hearted individual in particular was so persuaded that the little ones would perish, either from starvation, exposure to the elements, the attacks of savages, or the fangs of wild beasts, that he invariably spoke of the ship that was to convey them to their destination as 'that floating lunatic asylum.'"

Happily for the project, my mother was a woman to whom the sensation of personal fear was unknown. I never remember her afraid of anything that it was necessary to face. She had her little anxieties about her family, and, in later years, after various carriage accidents, she grew very cautious in driving in the crowded streets of London. But she had no fears or misgivings about the colonisation scheme, and where her husband led she was prepared to follow. No better equipment for the venture could be desired. A voyage, six months in length, in the sailing-ship of that period, was a prospect that would have daunted most women,

even apart from the thought of her children, of whom she now had two, the elder of three years old and her baby of three months. In after years, when recalling this time, she would sometimes say: "It certainly was a great venture, and, perhaps, if we had known more about the risks, we might have hesitated. But it had to be, and it has proved to be right."

All the worldly possessions of the enterprising pair were sent to London by sea, and whilst waiting for the ship there was an interval of rest and enjoyment of the sights of the great city. They stayed with my mother's married brother in the then entirely rural suburb of Kentish Town. "Mother Redcap" was a country hostelry and Chalk Farm only a secluded farm-house, still retired enough for the duellists (not quite extinct) who selected it for its remoteness. From the recently-constructed Regent's Park, a tract of fields and country lanes extended to the far-away heights of Hampstead and Highgate.

It was my father's second visit to London, but all was new to my mother, who enjoyed it as far as was compatible with the recent pain of parting with all that had made her past, and with the uncertainties of the future.

Finally, in November, 1839, the good ship *Warrior* dropped down the Thames, its passengers looking their last on *terra firma* for the long six months in which they had to make their home on the tossing waves, sailing under alien stars to the new life across the sea. From a fellow-passenger—nearly fifty years later a neighbour in Hampstead—we have a few notes of this voyage:

"Until I saw the obituary notice in the *Times*, I did not know that I was living so near one of the pioneer colonists of South Australia, and one who rendered such important services to his fellow colonists, by whom he was so universally esteemed. . . .

"Mr. Ridley was evidently one of those grand and self-sustained natures which are so rare that it is a misfortune to have missed a more intimate acquaintance with him. . . .

"I have a fairly good remembrance of your father's appearance when on board the *Warrior*; but, as you know, that was forty-nine years ago. I seem to recollect his as a tall and rather spare figure, and, although genial in manner when addressed, of rather sombre countenance, and often—I may almost say usually—very absorbed, as if working out difficulties mentally. . . .

"Whilst on board, during a severe storm, your father had a narrow escape from a bad accident. The vessel having given a sudden lurch, he was thrown off his balance, and nearly fell backwards down an open hatchway. By an active effort he saved himself from the fall, and, having his watch in his hand at the moment, in his effort to clutch at a rope he threw the watch overboard.

"We were often in such danger during these storms that we thought little of our worldly goods."

Judging from the reports of the earliest settlers, the first sight of the new land was hopeful enough. From Cape Jervis, the entrance to St. Vincent's Gulf, the scenery is described in terms of warmest eulogy. Some speak of "the beautiful variety of verdant and secluded valleys and plains, well-watered and wooded, which rise by gentle undulations to a range of hills in the background"; whilst others are struck by the grandeur of the coast, reminding them of "the bold and craggy cliffs of North Wales."

About sixty miles up this gulf is situated Holdfast Bay, in which is Glenelg, the spot where the first tent was pitched, and where the province was first proclaimed, on December 28th, 1836, thus described:—

"The hills here form an arm from the Mount Lofty Range, coming down to the sea, lightly timbered . . . the mountains receding from the rich plains and the coast becoming low and sandy, extending to Port Adelaide, and then on to the top of the gulf."

Glenelg is now an important watering-place, and has become the point of arrival and departure; but, in early days, the ships went on up an estuary fourteen miles long to Port Adelaide. Of the impressions of the traveller on first entering the gulf Mr. Morphett thus writes in 1836:—

“The heart of the emigrant is filled with joy in gazing on this long-sought object of his wishes, and he feels that the beneficence of the Great Creator of all things has here furnished him with the means of realising his most cherished schemes.”

There can be no doubt that my father echoed these sentiments on the first sight of the welcome land which was the goal of the terrible voyage. But after passing Holdfast Bay and entering the dreary stretches of lagoon bordered by the dull foliage of the monotonous mangrove “Scrub,” he might be pardoned if even sombre thoughts filled his mind, spite of a faith that rarely wavered or waned. Perhaps the sight of the flocks of pelicans thronging the sandy shoals, in recalling the touching legend of their parental love, may have been full of sad questioning for the husband and father who had brought his best beloved so far from kith and kin, with only his life between them and the bitter friendlessness of a strange and savage land.

Certain it is that his heart sank in that slow sailing through the desolate lagoons. Nor did prospects seem much brighter when Port Adelaide came in view—“Port Misery, as it was then called,” says the writer of a “Journey from Port Philip to South Australia in 1839,” as he continues:—

“And well it deserves the latter name, for a more miserable port could not be conceived. . . . No person seeing ‘Port Misery’ at that date—without wharves, without buildings,

without streets, with nothing, in short, but a long, shallow creek, running through a miserably gloomy mangrove swamp, with two ships lying far away on the stream, could have dreamt of beholding the busy place Port Adelaide has grown into, with its fine buildings, its broad streets and extensive wharves, and its ship-building yards."

But if heart and hope sank low in such a scene it was only to make more vivid the revulsion of feeling in store for him, often mentioned by my father in penitence as well as in gratitude, as he spoke of the passing eclipse of faith so soon followed by clear sight. As soon as the ship dropped anchor she was boarded by eager colonists asking for news of "Home," and ready, on their part, with news of the Colony, of which the more important item was that of the hope of a most abundant harvest, but unfortunately of little use, since there was no means of grinding the corn. Bread was still at a ruinous price, and so serious was the crisis that a public meeting had been called to consider the best means of overcoming the difficulty.

"You will not need to hold your meeting," said the Captain. "Mr. Ridley has his steam-engine on board, and will soon meet all your requirements."

Two years had passed since he had asked for his friend's prayer that he "might be guided to a place where he was needed." How could he fail now to see that the prayer had been heard and answered? Even without the knowledge of how much fuller that answer was to be, it may be easily imagined with what thankfulness of heart he first set foot on the shore where his place had so plainly been prepared.

A further coincidence occurred here that made him ever after stoop to pick up any scrap of printed paper. As his foot touched the land a bit of newspaper attracted

his attention, and, on looking at it, he found the announcement of the proposed meeting to consider the all-important problem of turning the harvest to use—the meeting that his coming had now rendered unnecessary.

No time was lost in the purchase of a suitable “section” close to the River Torrens at Hindmarsh, a mile or so from Adelaide. Here, within a very short time, the mill was ready for work, but whilst waiting for the harvest, the steam-power was used for sawing wood. In this Hindmarsh steam flour-mill—the first in South Australia—was ground the first flour from the firstfruits of the harvests which for many a year were to make glad and golden the wide plains of the new land.<sup>1</sup>

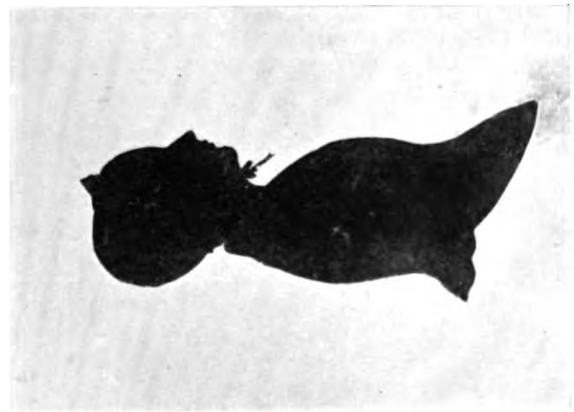
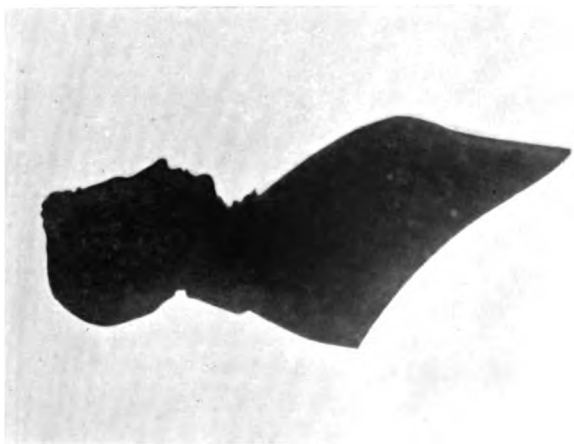
But on that first day he could not foresee how from the very abundance of these harvests was to come another crisis in which he was also to give the needed help. From the scarcity of labour and the consequent high wages, it was scarcely worth the cost to reap the grain, and things seemed again at a standstill. But for the harvest of 1843-4 the remedy was at hand.

<sup>1</sup> In 1903, in a report of the proceedings of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society, we find the following mention of this work:—

“The Secretary reported that Mr. A. T. Magarey had interviewed him with reference to a very old and historical engine, now lying in a mill at Hindmarsh, which he was authorised to offer to the Chamber. Mr. Grayson explained that he had seen the engine, a very old beam engine, one of those known as the ‘Grasshopper’ pattern, and one of the first half-dozen of Watt’s engines. It was quite unique in many respects, being the first imported, the first under steam, and the first to cut wood and grind meal. It was first set in work by the late Mr. John Ridley. Mr. F. J. Fisher, who represented the Ridley family, had stated that the latter were desirous the engine should be preserved. It was resolved that Mr. Magarey be thanked for the offer, and informed that the committee would be very glad to receive the engine, and to have it placed amongst the working machinery, and, if possible, put to practical use during the forthcoming Century Exhibition.”

It was admitted on all sides that to the reaping machine invented and given in that season to the people of South Australia is due much of the success of what then became pre-eminently an agricultural country.





JOHN AND MARY RIDLEY. 1830.



## CHAPTER IV.

### SETTLING DOWN. 1840.

"There can hardly be a more interesting study for a thoughtful mind than to trace the progress of a young Colony from its early settlement until it obtains a position of something like settled stability which justifies the hope of future advancement. . . .

"To successfully plant a young Colony and to carry it on through its earliest struggles and difficulties seems to require special qualities, physical, moral, and intellectual, which are possessed in their highest form by the Anglo-Saxon people. . . .

"The future of a new Colony depends greatly on the character of those who were the first to make their homes in the wilderness, to break up the virgin soil, and to subdue the earth. The character of the Pilgrim Fathers . . . impressed itself on the States of New England. That character has been modified by time and surrounding circumstances, but in its root form it is still there. The same thing is impressed on these Southern Colonies of the British Empire."

*South Australia (1876)*—W. HARCUS.

LONG before its year of Jubilee the capital of South Australia had grown to be no mean city, fulfilling all the expectations of its founders who had planned for the future with wide streets and great squares, leaving broad park lands on either side of the River Torrens to divide North from South Adelaide, and surrounding the city proper with a drive of seven miles in length and four hundred feet in width.

But in 1840, when John Ridley and his wife landed in the new country, their own little daughter counted more years than the infant city. The park lands were

still primitive "bush," and the first houses are described in a pamphlet of that date:—

"The appearance of the dwellings of the first settlers was very singular. Both the walls and roofs of some were composed of mud and grass, others of rushes or brushwood, and the walls of others, again, were formed of a mixture of limestone, marl, and red earth, in cementing of which but little water being used, they were 'run up' with the rapidity of modern English building, and were thatched with a layer of hay about three inches thick, thus constituting them warm and comfortable abodes. Another class, however, were more slightly, being constructed of wooden frames, neatly covered with canvas, or of panels screwed together; whilst not a few of the emigrants literally 'pitched their tents' on the hitherto untrodden wilds of South Australia. Their fireplaces, too, were of a most primitive description, being no more than 'a square spot enclosed on three sides with stone to about eighteen inches high, and open in front.'

"We read further that 'in addition to unsuitable accommodation the want of servants was felt more heavily still by many ladies in those early days, who, in feeble health and delicately nurtured, were compelled to perform the most laborious of domestic duties, such as cooking in the sun at a camp fire and doing the washing for their families. From the extreme scarcity and exorbitant price of provisions of all kinds, they were also deprived of the table comforts they needed. With flour at £12 the bag, mutton 2s. 6d. the lb., butter 5s. the lb., and vegetables not procurable at any price, many had to subsist almost entirely on salt beef, pork, and ship's biscuit, it being no easy matter for heads of families, with their limited incomes, to procure a sufficiency of the necessaries of life—the bakers charging 2s. or 2s. 3d. for a 2-lb. loaf. Even in 1839 flour was £10 the bag."

My father, more fortunate than some of the pioneers, did not need to "pitch his tent" in this literal fashion when he took possession of his Hindmarsh "section." He was glad enough to find on this property a small cottage of mud (*pésé*) in which to take shelter during the erection of a wooden house which he had brought from

England in portions easily fitted together. At first, with a canvas cover for roof, the floor of hard clay seemed satisfactory enough, and my mother was glad to move from the hut to the larger rooms. Unfortunately they had not counted on rain. But the rain came, and it came down as it is still wont to do when it once begins. The canvas ceiling soon filled with water, and in due time the water made its way through with a steady drip that barely left room for thankfulness that it was not an unbroken shower. My mother liked to recall, with her quiet smile and twinkle of the eyes, how during that night she sat up in bed, gathering her two wee babies under the shelter of an umbrella. But the worst came when morning light disclosed the clay floor as a mud swamp.

It was, however, only a very short time before the house was comfortably finished and these and other mirth-provoking episodes left behind for ever.

One of the early authorities thus writes of these beginnings :—

“No Colony of which I have ever heard or read has been formed so rapidly, or with so complete an absence of suffering. Indeed, so far as I know, not one instance of pain worthy of a stronger name than *discomfort for the time* has been the lot of any emigrant to South Australia.”

Of all things essential this must have been true, and it may have been entirely true of single men, not weighted with anxiety for wife or children. In other cases the trial of patience must have included things passing beyond the line of mere “discomfort.” I have heard my father and mother, when recalling those early days, wonder how they survived those first few months of care, of endurance, and of real hard work.

Very few records remain of those days, and they did not last long, as we see in a letter from my father to his

friend Mr. Benjamin Bell, dated December 30th, 1842, two years after his arrival in the Colony :—

“ ‘ How is it that you have not written before ? ’ you will say. The letters I have sent will in part explain the matter ; for the rest, I beg your most merciful consideration.

“ I have been very busy, and I am so yet. There has been a great deal to do, and a great motive for doing, in the results. It is now two years since we began grinding, and it has been geometrical progression. Taking the sum with which I left home for the first term, so far as fact can be depended on, my strange assumption at the missionary meeting will be justified. The engine I brought with me has in the last twenty-four hours ground 200 bushels of wheat.

“ We have been urging it at full speed to get ready the first shipment of flour from this country to New Zealand. It is believed that there will be 50,000 bushels (a bushel is 60 lbs.) for exportation from the harvest just reaped. So you may depend on it that this country is ‘ all right.’ Fifteen thousand acres of wheat have been grown this year, averaging twenty bushels per acre ; and a large portion of land is fenced and ploughed for next season.

“ The engine made by your people for the South Australian Company has been put up to drive four pairs of millstones, and I have taken a lease of it at £500 a year. We have just got it ready for work, and a heavy job it has been. It was, *as they said*, ‘ finished ’ when I took it, but a great deal had to be undone. The fly-wheel was hung in the wrong square, so that beam, piston, etc., had to rise half the distance with the comber balance, and it could not be got over the top centre without great difficulty. It is a vibrating beam engine. I could not convince anybody that it was wrong. They placed the engine at the wrong end of the building ; the stones went the wrong way round, as they said, and they altered the work in them ; though why an engine should not go either way round I have not been able to discover. My experience of engines is very slight, but it has served me better than any assistance I could obtain.

“ There is a great scarcity of engineering ability here, and though there is little scope for its exercise there is no doubt that there will be much ere long. . . .

“ Six months ago we had an escape. Our gig was thrown

over as we were driving in the dark, and Mary's wrist was dislocated. For three months she could make no use of her right hand, but it is well now. I escaped without material injury. The horse was never well after, and is since dead. We have experienced a variety of untried being, 'new scenes and changes,' since we left home; and we have known what it was to suffer want, as on board ship, and even since landing, for at first it was all outlay; wages £4 per week for mechanics. I got the engine to work to drive a saw-mill, but it did not pay expenses, and then we had to begin with the flour-mill. It was often suggested that I should never get it to work. I placed my hope upon God and was not disappointed. We have since known what it is to abound, and this is probably the more severe trial of the two. I endeavour to regard myself as a steward who must give account, and I hope I have so far avoided setting my heart on the things that God has put into my hand.

"We have a beautiful farm of near 300 acres, the expense of clearing, fencing, building, stocking, etc., being about £1,000. But the management of two mills being enough for me, I have let it. I find bullocks, material, seed, etc., and share the produce. The land is easily cultivated here, and yields good crops with twenty to forty bushels per acre; some say more. We had forty acres in wheat this year, but most of it was sown too late—not till May. The first that was sown yielded twenty bushels per acre. This on the plain near the sea. Twelve miles inland, over the first range of hills, the land is good as can be, and will produce anything.

"It is grievous to think of the number of industrious persons toiling in England upon comparatively poor soil paying in one way or another £3 or £4 per acre when here they might have it for almost nothing, more productive, and the climate much better.

"The only drawback is that it is not *Home*. Many find out 'homes abroad,' and thankful they are that they ever sought them. I believe that I owe something to Miss Martineau, for her 'Homes Abroad' started the first tendency to emigration in my mind, to which *Chambers' Journal* gave the direction. You will wonder that I have not been doing more to promote emigration than I have done, since, before leaving home, I professed so much devotion to this subject. I have not changed my views; but seeing so many useless folk wishing themselves back, or leaving the Colony, made one feel reluctant to meddle

with such a business. But now the minds of people are getting sobered, so that every person not becoming rich does not think himself deceived and ill-used in being brought here. People are willing to wait and work for the harvest. The sense of contrast between the condition of every industrious and frugal family here and at home forces one to try to induce others to come out. I am willing to be blamed by all such as I could persuade to come for having deceived them if they do not get on well. Only the condition must be stipulated. They must be able 'to hold on the slack.' I often advised the sailors, in coming out, to hold on the slack. They all pulled at once, and gave way at once, so that if the ascent was three inches it came back three inches, and all was done twice over. I don't know if all sailors do this, but ours did so generally, and none the less for my telling them of it.

"'Any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to spend and to keep it,' some one said to me the other day. For any man who can labour and 'hold on the slack' I can warrant the result here. There is room enough and all they need besides, for all the starving thousands in England could they but be conveyed here. I send you an extract in a Liverpool paper with this. Have you influence enough to get it printed, stating the circumstances under which you have received it? I have sent several to different persons, having had it printed in its present form on purpose to send it to stir up in others what I felt before coming here. I think now more than ever that the true solution of the question of the condition of England is colonisation. I left my name in the Institution in a book on the subject. Was it found; or, if not, will you propose it again with this statement? The book is, I think, by Colonel Napier, 'Ships, Colonies, and Commerce.' . . .

"As to coming here, now. Can people believe that the unfavourable accounts have no foundation? But exaggeration and hyperbole are nothing new. As a matter of fact we have hot days, and it does not rain for a month in summer, or perhaps for two, but not often. In the town there is a good deal of dust; in the country only near the roads. When this is said all is said worth saying against our country. Though the heat was from  $104^{\circ}$  to  $106^{\circ}$  in the shade for two or three days all our people were at work, even during the hottest part of the hottest day. A black swan appeared in the river, and twenty men were after it with their guns, without a thought of the



weather, running as hard as they could go. In fact, I do think I have suffered more at home from the heat than I do here, the dryness of the atmosphere making all the difference. With the exception of a month or two in the middle of summer—when we have or may have melons, grapes, and fruits of all kinds in greatest abundance—we have summer all the year; no frost, ice, or snow; no dirty roads, except in town. In the country it is dry in a few hours. In short, I pledge my truth in the assertion that everything is better than I expected, and you know I expected a great deal. But everything about this country has been so well described in print that it seems only like copying out of a book to write of it.

“To-day is extremely hot—one of our worst days—a strong wind blowing, raising clouds of dust that darken the skies. I know I should prefer a snow-storm. The thermometer in this room—and it is a cool room, twelve feet high, with thick stone walls—is at 98°. I generally take holiday on such days, though it only needs resolution to exert myself. The usual work gets done, and our men do the same work on such days as on the cool ones. But we have fine days and many of them. ‘Unmixed felicity’ is not the portion of earth, and the weather in all parts of the world, in its clouds and its sunshine, its storm and its calm, harmonises with the human conditions. The world without and the world within us agree, and without this contrast the good we enjoy might lose part of its charm.

“I have been so delighted with the account of the railways. You can go to London one day and back the next; or even, if necessary, on the same day. Happy England! Happy George Stephenson! I was delighted with his speech at the opening dinner. ‘Some men achieve greatness, others have greatness thrust upon them.’ I hope the multitude will not in this respect merit the very generally (and correctly) applied epithet ‘swinish’ by refusing to tender honour to whom honour is due. He has earned his laurels, and I hope will live to wear them. Justice is not generally done to such men while they live, and the next generation have to atone for the apathy of their predecessors. He ought to have a statue erected now to his honour, and I wish I could have the honour of subscribing £10 to it. Would there be any chance of such a measure being forwarded by the statement that such a proposal had come from the Antipodes? . . .

“Here we have had afflictions in our family, in the loss of our eldest and our youngest. Our own health, and that of our remaining little girl, has been tolerably good. The little girl justifies the flattering opinion you expressed on first seeing her, though you may not remember it, when you said: ‘How is it possible, seeing a child like that, to believe in original sin?’”

There had indeed been tragic experience, then too recent for description in the letter, in that first setting up house in the new world. The fireplace was for the first few days of the kind already described, out of doors and built up of bricks. How it chanced no one knew, but the little four-year-old Mary, in going too near, set her pinafore alight. The flames were speedily extinguished, but the shock proved fatal after a few hours of suffering to the child and agony to the parents.

To both father and mother this was no common grief, and it remained a lasting sorrow. Only the baby, a year old, was left to them. This child could have had no actual memory of her, but her “sister in Heaven” became a living reality in the father’s teaching that she was only gone out of sight. His sense of the unseen was then, as at the close of his life, scarcely less vivid than of things seen.

But even his strong faith was strained to the utmost when another little daughter and the one son came only to go again after a few months or days. The loss of the boy broke him down completely. It came at a period of great nervous strain, and for a time seemed almost too much. He could not bring himself to give up the little son, of whom to the last he spoke with tender regret. Instead of having him buried with the other two he had a vault built in the garden, with space enough for him to sit and meditate beside the tiny

coffin. Happily, this mood was of short duration, and he came to see that it was a lack of trust. The vault was then filled in and planted with choice flowers.

As late as 1868 we find, in a letter to his wife, a reference to the past sorrow, showing how great the strain had been. Speaking of his effort to console a friend under a like blow, he says:—

“I wrote to R. C. and his wife in as dreary a style as I ever mourned over, and have been trying to find out why, for I always, as they say, ‘got a blessing’ in writing to R. But I think I guess the cause. The loss of the children was my great trial, never fully conquered: one of my many failures. I rather think my feeling about it is, like that of a whipped child, or, perhaps, a flogged man, worse still. What strength of mind it requires to get over that! I seem to feel it all over again, and though I have, as I hoped, risen above it, the memory is there: ‘Remembering the way the Lord hath led me through the wilderness.’ The periods of trial are to be remembered though it may be painful. We must conquer the pain, since ‘He giveth us the victory,’ and so learn the ‘joy of sacrifice.’”

To another friend the same subject comes up:—

“I think I did accept as from God the loss of my eldest child. But I cannot say as much for the other two, a fine boy of seventeen days, and a girl of eight months. I think I broke down after all my endeavour to be resigned. But how much more right had you and many others to think so, who probably never do it? I do believe in God’s goodness now; I am not sure that I did not then think more of His vengeance than of His goodness. The creed of Christendom is very terrible. But I thank God I believe in Jesus and not in any Church. The Church soon became apostate from the faith, and has never recovered the truth that God is love.”

Of her share of this common grief my mother, as was her practice, said only little, then, or at any future time—till the very end when her tongue was loosened, and, in the prospect of finding them again, she could

she speak of her lost children. The effect of these bereavements showed chiefly in her anxious solicitude for the one left to her and the other who came afterwards. She did not like us long out of her sight, and it was very easy to rouse the fears for us that for herself were non-existent.

Twenty years afterwards we met an old Scotch lady who professed belief in phrenology, but who must have had something of the gift of second-sight, for the moment her fingers touched my mother's head she said: "There has been here some great shock to the maternal feeling."

It was impossible that she could speak from actual knowledge, and the coincidence was no less curious than was her verdict on my father: "This brain is like a workshop, full of inventions. There has been too great activity here. And there has been religious conflict: a fight between the old faith and the new."

Nothing could have been more accurate. What was true of the religious faculty was true of his practical ways. It was all but impossible for him to keep in any beaten track. I remember that in talking of this to Dr. Garth Wilkinson, I used the word "eccentricity," often freely bestowed on him. "Would you have him concentric?" said Dr. Wilkinson. "Remember the eccentric path of the comet is just as much under law as the concentric circle of the Carisbrooke donkey."

That Carisbrooke donkey, in his blindfolded perpetual round in drawing up water, had been an object of special sympathy to my father, who regarded him as a very embodiment of all that had been most impossible to himself.

Even in the most ordinary details of domestic life his inventiveness found scope. We had the benefit

of every conceivable improvement, either original or the last American "notion"—improvements not always accepted with due gratitude by that feminine conservatism which clings to time-honoured ways. Probably, the men in his employ may have been at times tempted to wish that their lot had been cast with a master not quite so much of a genius.

One of these says of him: "Mr. Ridley was full of original ideas in mechanism, and was fond of labour-saving machinery." And his successor at Hindmarsh, Mr. Thomas Magarey, gives a most graphic description of those early days, which is here extracted from the letter given in a later chapter:—

"A word or two about Mr. Ridley himself. He is, I believe, a native of Northumberland, the country of big heads and big inventions. The Stephensons, father and son, were of the same country. I had it from Mr. Ridley himself, that his start in life was greatly assisted by his inventive and adaptive genius. Like his hard-headed, economical countrymen, he hated waste; and his earliest efforts were in the direction of economy in the preparation of food for the people. This was a leading point in his reaping machine, it made less waste than the often reckless Van Diemenians, who in those days did so much of the hand-reaping.

"He was a very determined man and expected to have his orders carried out. He expected his gardener to plant cabbages head downwards if ordered to do so. It was only if his own plan failed that he would candidly admit the failure, and permit a deviation. And he had many failures as all inventors have. I think one cause of frequent failure was a too rigid economy—born of early struggles, in which all his generation partook—a generation who inherited the impoverishment of long-continued European war, and before the full development of machinery had added to the power and material wealth of the nation. Mr. Ridley lived in a very atmosphere of machinery and invention. The first thing which caused me to wonder on my first arrival here on a beautiful September evening as I came up from the Port, was the purpose of an unfinished wooden

structure upon a section near the Port Road. It remained for many years afterwards. It was an attempt by Mr. Ridley to raise water for the irrigation of the Adelaide Plains by means of a kind of horizontal windmill, the plan of which he had found in a book. Old colonists will remember it. It was never completed, owing, no doubt, to the subsequent absorbed attention necessary to perfect the reaping machine, and to purchase and reap the crops necessary to try the machines and keep them fully employed during the harvest season.

“At the time I speak of Mr. Ridley’s workshop was full of mechanics, and his yard full of patterns and cast-off machinery. . . . If Mr. Ridley was kept awake by the child in the night he set men to work in making an apparatus for rocking the cradle. Was baby well and vigorous during the day, he set them to work to make a baby-jumper. Did he see bones lying about he set boys to collect the bones, and set mechanics to work to construct a bone-crusher, and, in addition, would have the bones calcined to try the effect upon his farm or garden, for he always had a farm or two. He would construct improved winnowing machines for cleaning wheat. Mr. Kelly has told you about his pearl-barley machine, but he is misinformed about its going out of use. . . . The stone which pearls the barley has to be driven at an immense speed, and whilst being thus in action one day it broke and was instantly hurled between Mr. Ridley and a workman who were upon each side of the machine, then passing through a window studded with iron bars, which it went through as though there was nothing to hinder. Mr. Ridley seems never to have thought of his narrow escape. As the stone could not be replaced in the Colony, he walked into the workshop and set the men to make a wooden substitute, which he covered over with punched and perforated sheet iron. An inferior substitute, but one which he continued to use so long as he continued to work the mill.

“I do not know in what year Mr. Ridley arrived in the Colony, but when he came he brought with him one of Watt’s steam-engines, known as the ‘Grasshopper engine.’ There was at first no wheat to grind, and he at once adapted it to a saw, set up a saw-mill and cut pine from what was then called the Pine Forest but now Enfield, Nailsworth, etc. There are those now living who carted to him, and sold him the first pines for the use of his mill. Afterwards he obtained wheat from Valparaiso and Van Diemen’s Land, now called Tasmania. The engine which

he then set up was the first erected in the Colony, and still remains upon the identical gum blocks upon which he set it up forty-eight years ago, and is still occasionally worked. It was probably built by the original Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, and is preserved by the present owner and writer chiefly as a memento of Mr. Ridley and the early history of the Colony."

In the *Register* of a later time we also read :—

"Mr. A. Dunjey has sent us some interesting reminiscences concerning John Ridley, 'altogether a remarkable man,' whose portrait was presented to the Hindmarsh Institute last week. He says that his father was Mr. Ridley's confidential clerk and book-keeper, and that his two brothers learnt the milling business in the Ridley Mill, 'which was then one of the industrial institutions of the Colony. Mr. Ridley was a man of the most acute loyalty to all whom he esteemed. He was always kindly alive to their interests, and equally pronounced in his attitude towards people whom he detested.' In the early days of the Burra Mine he one day offered Mr. Dunjey's father to buy half the mine for £50, which he could have done, and give him a big share if he would add the speculative branch to the milling portion of his accountantship. Mr. Dunjey, however, declined the chance. 'Mr. Ridley was very proud of the prowess, mentally and physically, of his working forces, and took pleasure in witnessing any feats of strength, abstruse calculation, logical arguments and deductions, and inferences regarding weights and quantities, especially when some of his *employés* were pitted against himself; and he was always magnanimous to his rivals, whether he was victor or vanquished. His inventive genius conceived among other things the idea of more perfectly curing meat in the carcase than by smoking it; and he imported cylinders and the necessary mechanism on his own designs to preserve pigs and sheep whole. A vacuum was caused by extracting the air from the carcase, and the preserving liquid was injected under pressure in its place at the same time. The plan was a great success, and the shipping took in wholesale supplies. It was, however, an invention before its time, because the supply of raw material was unequal to the demand. The machinery was put aside to await further expansion, and it may be still knocking about Hindmarsh somewhere."

In the midst of the difficulties and labours here indicated, and whilst suffering acutely from the tragic death of his eldest child, my father met with an accident to his right hand, which, at a most critical time, laid him completely aside. Afterwards, he spoke of it as "the best thing that could have happened, since it gave quiet time for thought, as well as for a long necessary rest, otherwise an impossibility." At the moment, doubtless, it was accepted with entire submission; for, whilst impatient enough at trifling vexations, he could always take great troubles calmly, his religion being of the most intensely practical kind.

With all his claims of work and other responsibilities he had time for interest in his surroundings, very soon helping to build a chapel and help on a "Mechanics' Institute" and any other object for the benefit of his neighbours. From his own boyish desire for a missionary life, he naturally felt great interest in the natives of Australia, of whom he thus writes to Mr. Benjamin Bell:—

"As to the natives: Once having felt that men are perishing, I do not know that any circumstance is needed for inducing exertion to save them from perdition. Yet, viewing the wreck of beings, made in the image of God, and redeemed by the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, as exhibited here, does seem to demand a 'deeper sigh.' We have seen the degradation of white men, and of white women too, but these were exceptions from the rest, or at least we seemed to feel them so; but here it is from the least to the greatest, not one exempt from the deepest stains. And they appear to have no means of knowing better. I do hope we may be able to do something for them. But there is want of means at present. Many persons who have large property have no available money, finding it difficult to make their way. There is some hope of a missionary of our own coming to labour amongst them. The cause of the failure of the Germans is want of funds for suitable premises in which to retain them for a sufficient length of time.



“Money will be required, and you have money amongst you to spare, sufficient for all the need. There are persons here who will do their utmost; but without other help I am afraid the end will not be attained. I have given hundreds myself to benevolent objects since I came here, and I should be happy to make it thousands, but that may not be just yet. I do firmly believe ‘that which a man giveth the Lord will repay him again,’ and I have experienced the truth of it since I began to give from principle. Could you try to get something up for the blacks here? You know what you did for the Fijians. I can tell you there is much matter for deep feeling in the condition of these poor creatures. Oh! if I could send the portraits of a number of little boys and girls who come almost daily to our door (their not unpleasant faces ‘black but comely’), who, whenever I pass them anywhere call out ‘Mr. Ridley,’ in cheerful recognition; if you could show them at a missionary meeting, and there give an intimation of what awaits them in the practices forced upon them by universal example, inducing a repulsive premature old age, probably at the period when the whites arrive at maturity; if I could but communicate my feeling and you reproduce it to an audience, asking in conclusion, ‘Can anything be done for these poor creatures?’ I think every heart would respond ‘What can we do?’”

## CHAPTER V.

### LIFE AT HINDMARSH. 1840—47.

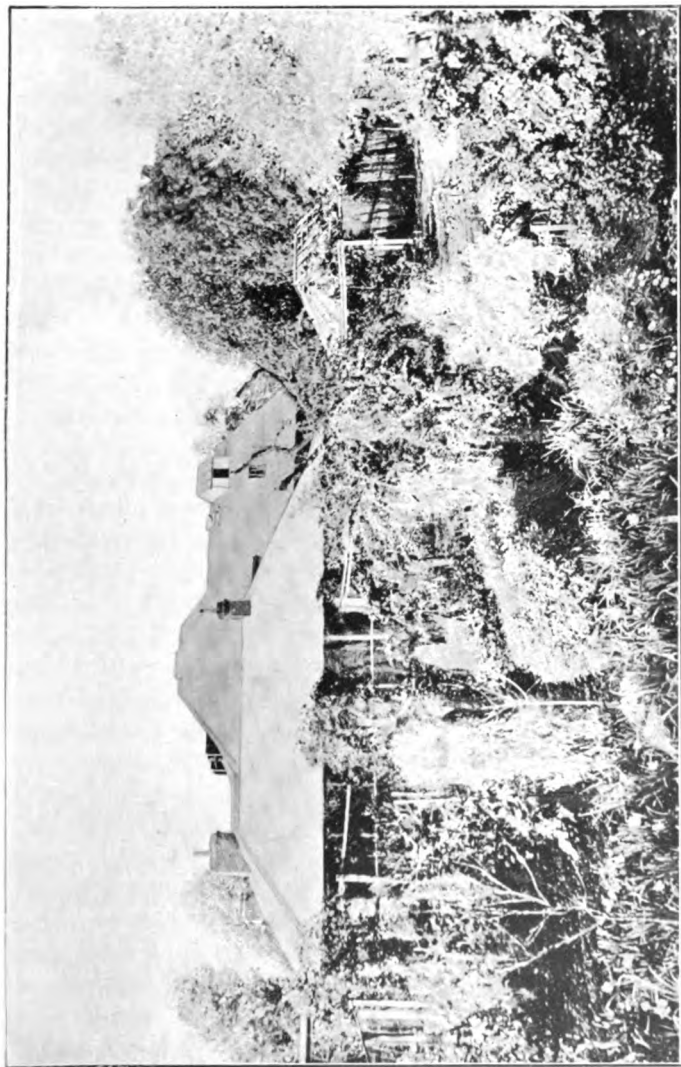
"How to make a nation? Keep the conditions of life natural even simple; make it self-creative and self-reliant, train it as if it were an individual. Let it build its national homestead, as a man might lay out his own little stance of ground. Then the community would have all the parents' love and pride towards all that had been created."

*"The Romance of a Pro-Consul"*—JAMES MILNE.

IN the early days it did not take long to make a sufficient competence, and those first hardships must have been of short duration; since my memory, beginning at about five years of age, four years after our landing in the Colony, records only comfort verging on luxury. These memories for the next eight years are of a childish kind, but they may have interest in throwing side-lights on my father's character, since he was always the centre round which, as a small satellite, my young life revolved.

In addition, some value may be attached to any accurate memories of those early times, since it is given to only a small number to begin life in a country scarcely older than themselves. The conditions of such a life must be very unlike those which obtain in an old and long-established land, and some lasting interest must therefore remain in the records of these first experiences what can never again recur.

How the external features of the new Colony impressed



HOUSE AT HINDMARSH.



the first explorers is fully told in the first deeds which will be more and more honoured in the records of British daring. Second to no story in our annals is Sturt's discovery of the River Murray, or Grey's first encounters with the natives in the interior, or the brave endurance of Eyre, Stuart, and of a host of their successors, whose adventures are a rich heritage for the future of Australia.

Things seen too near are apt to lose something of their grandeur, but the fame of these deeds loomed large enough for me, as a small child, to prize the honour of a touch of the hand from Sturt and Grey, and, later, to feel the glamour of the *viva voce* narrative of McDouall Stuart.

What is true of the lessening effect of nearness in the hero is still more true of the beginnings of a new country. If all early settlers realised the future importance of their doings, instead of being, as most of them are, sublimely unconscious of anything out of the common, there would be more material for the history of the new lands. Every detail of the Present which is to become so important a Past, would be carefully treasured.

Records of this sort seem to be so scanty that even childish memories may be of use in showing up the contrast between that new world and the old. Looking back from the standpoint of this ancient metropolis, venerable with the impress of great events and with a history receding into dim ages, it is very curious to recall a childhood spent in a land which had no past beyond the passing of savage races who had come and gone leaving no trace of their course; where there was nothing even to suggest antiquity, since no building was older than the child who looked around her with a child's contempt for the new and commonplace.

There were not even any old people. A white head was the rarest sight since pioneers are, of necessity, persons in full vigour.

But scarcely less curious is it to think that of this vivid new Present, so fresh to those who lived in it, nothing now remains. Already in the swift rush of the new life all is so changed that the children of that day, returning in middle age after long absence, find themselves strangers in a strange land.

To me now, long resident in the old countries, it seems less like a memory of the actual past than some dream of an impossible Utopia, to remember what was verily my own childhood. From the press of work among the poor of a London district I look back and recall that I had never even seen a beggar, knowing nothing of poverty as a fact till I saw it, with never-to-be-forgotten heartbreak, in this England, whose sweet colonial name, "Home," had seemed a synonym of Heaven. My one memory of destitution was of the excitement of giving my first half-crown to a poor man who had asked for food. I was allowed to follow the impulse, though my elders knew that the money would go straight to the public-house, the only cause at that time of any such need.

How can we, here and now, even imagine what it must have been, there and then, to live free from the burden of the sins and sorrows of the Past pressing on us here in the sights and sounds of the London slums?

There, at that early date, was room for all, work for all, food for all; and, for each and all, health and happiness. Things have changed since those days and the colonist of the present day has his full share of all the ills that flesh is heir to: a share so full that we are brought face to face with the old problem of original sin, as we ask: "Why need such things be?" "Why,

having started afresh, and having dropped all the old weights, need these old ills have grown to such force in so short a time ? ”

In those first days crime was so rare that it made no part of ordinary life. The gaol was, it is true, the first substantial building erected in a new Colony—even before the church. But its use, in Adelaide, was prospective rather than practical, the existing criminals being mostly natives, who had not yet learned the meaning of law and order, or else escaped convicts from Botany Bay or Van Diemen’s Land, already outside the pale. South Australia was happy not only in escaping the convict element, but scarcely less so in having nothing of the mixed population that crowded to the gold-fields of California and Victoria. There was consequently a marked absence, in the early days, of any criminal class—that dark substratum of old-world civilisation. None were forced into crime by unavoidable circumstances, so that evil-doing was the exception, not the rule.

It was a land where all were free to be and to do what came most naturally, with ample space for growth as for action. All were equal in the sight of the law and all had equal opportunity. The aristocracy—expressed by the representatives of the Home Government—meant only persons with definite duties for the benefit of the community. There was no idle, pleasure-seeking class, apart from the workers, to excite envy or contempt.

And here was another very important feature of the times in the freedom and equality of women. The wives and mothers who had braved the dangers and shared the toils of making the new country could take no subservient place, but stood side by side with the men.

It is to such mothers, in Australia as in America, that we owe the splendid vigour of the young Colonial, strong in body and brilliant in mind, as we have seen him in these most recent stirring times of the Empire.

We may rejoice that the debt due to these first pioneer-women has been acknowledged in a fitting manner, in the gift of the franchise, in which South Australia takes the lead after New Zealand.

In both Colonies this innovation has dropped into place amongst everyday things in the most natural manner possible as the simple outcome of those early conditions of life in a free land.

Freedom from poverty, freedom from disease, freedom from dulness! Surely a bright picture!

How could life be dull when every hour brought some fresh interest in successful labour or in well-earned recreation? The commonplace may always be defined as the effort to fit oneself into some place not intended by Nature. Very individual characters who have succeeded in finding their own places may be aggressive; or, in their intensity, may be oppressive to others; but they cannot be depressing, since they are neither dull nor commonplace. Early colonists are inevitably individual, with marked character, since they have had the energy to seek and to find the right place for themselves.

At the same time, in a small community, there is the needed restraint of social claims, and though each is free he is bound to respect the freedom of others. There is liberty, but at the same time there is the rightful limit to each idiosyncrasy. Out of the common need and the common self-denial rises a true brotherhood, breaking down the artificial barriers of caste and creed.

This freedom tells also on the intellectual side in



leading to an intensity—finding expression on new lines, strikingly shown in American, and especially in New England literature. There may be great disadvantages in the absence of academic restrictions, but there is a corrective effect in the ardour of fresh discovery, as the unfettered mind explores for itself, and takes individual possession of the treasures thus discovered.

As time goes on, increasing numbers and growing wealth may bring back the old-world formalisms. But, in those fresh free years, these happy settlers did realise the dream of the Socialist. Do we ask why, having had this good thing, they could ever have let it go? For reply we must go into the "Why?" of Humanity itself. But for a brief space such things were: and for all who shared those early days the memory is a bond not easily broken.

In this Utopia, blissfully unconscious that the experience was in any way unusual, I spent my happy childhood.

As I first recall the home at Hindmarsh there was no trace of the original "Wooden House." It had been removed to a "section" at "the Bay," as Glenelg was generally called; and there, with necessary additions, served for the summer holiday.

That first stone kitchen at Hindmarsh, originally added to the wooden structure, had expanded into a roomy stone house, all on one floor, except for servants' rooms over the new kitchens. We had dining-room, drawing-room, and, best room of all, the library, all opening into a wide deep-roofed verandah, clothed with climbing plants and on three sides of the house looking into the large walled garden. Here we spent much of our time.

Making a garden was there a joy of joys. The growths of the virgin soil were marvellous. Within a very few years there were quite high trees. I remember that in one acacia, of the yellow "bottle-brush" species, I made a quiet nest out of reach of intrusion; and, up a castor-oil tree, I nearly came to grief in cutting my wrist instead of the cord by which my runaway monkey had entangled himself in the branches. Also, on the day made memorable by the arrival of the little sister who came to remain with us, my father helped me to plant a ripe almond which grew and bore fruit whilst "Baby" still wore that title by right.

In this favoured climate we enjoyed the full range of flower and fruit from semi-tropical to temperate zone. Fuchsias grew into trees, and hedges were made of cactus and geranium. Roses bloomed the whole year round, though the great dewy cabbage rose—the "English rose," *par excellence*—came only in our spring-time, bringing the fragrance of past English summers to the exiles from "Home."

My father did greatly enjoy the making of the two gardens of our two Australian homes, and he took great pains to teach me the love of flowers. His success may be gauged by a story of my solitary infancy. I was about four years old when, one day, I was missing, not to be found anywhere. But the door in the garden wall was open, and just across the road ran the River Torrens.

Like most Australian rivers, the Torrens consisted in summer of a series of water-holes, the main stream running invisibly beneath the gravel. High and steep mud banks, bare during the great heat, became in winter almost too low for the flood of turbid water, seething and surging as it swept before it tree trunks,

bridges, or any other obstacle. As it was at the end of the rainy season, there was doubtless water in the river-bed, and hence increased anxiety concerning the open garden door.

All the men from the mill joined in pursuit, and, finally, they found my small self half a mile away, proceeding tranquilly in quest of a blue flower which my father had pointed out in driving past the day before.

But, usually, I was more than content with the sheltered garden, under the care of "Tom," who was gardener during our whole stay in Australia, one of my greatest allies, serving as outlet for all the overflow of the information I was so busily storing up. Fairy tales, or tales from Roman History, were to me equally veracious and equally thrilling, and they failed equally to elicit credence from Tom, who took them just as they came, and whose unfailing lack of enthusiasm was the one drawback to those outpourings. But, lacking adequate response, I could always move on, either to set up my solitary housekeeping in a corner of the verandah, or else, after a tempestuous voyage (in a clothes basket) across a perilous expanse (of gravel walk) be shipwrecked like my admired hero, Robinson Crusoe, on a desert island.

"Give children time to think their own thoughts," says one of our most eminent educationalists. Certainly one little Australian must have enjoyed this privilege to a degree that few children, under the domination of the ordinary nurse, can ever know. And to this freedom was added all the variety of interest that can make a child happy. Indoors, I sat with my mother, early initiated into the "long seam" which gave our grandmothers so much time "to think their own

thoughts," instead of cramming their brains with other peoples' fancies. At other times, when fair weather prevailed, I was welcome in the kitchen to make fascinating experiments among the pots and pans.

Then came other lessons. That first stone kitchen was soon turned into a schoolroom, a refuge from the great heat. I can recall my first essays in French under a "Mademoiselle," introduced by one of my father's friends, a Roman Catholic priest, suspected by our neighbours of deep-laid schemes. But to my parents it was only a pleasant visit from an intelligent foreigner who chanced to be homeless in a strange land. The guest rooms were often occupied by such visitors. My first fancy-work brings a vision of lovely white hands belonging to a tall handsome girl, who came with an introduction from England, and was married from our house.

My father, of course, had his own theories of education, based mainly on "Home Education," Isaac Taylor being one of his favourite authors. As two other children were born and died between me and the one other child who lived, I was practically an only child for the first seven years of my life. My father had planned that I was to be kept from books till the age of seven, and have no more instruction than came from free use of the five senses. The scheme was perfect in every detail. But it came to nothing, since at five years of age I settled the question of book-learning, without even consulting my mother, who, supposing me safely at play in the garden, was more than a little amazed by a message from a lady who had lately opened a school near us to say that I had just made my appearance with the statement that I "had come to school!"

Guessing that the wish for young companions had

prompted this bold venture, I was allowed to stay and enjoy myself as the pet of the older girls. After that I was one of the few very happy pupils of one of our favourite neighbours, who having no children of her own filled her empty days, during her husband's absence in town, by teaching the daughters of a few friends.

It chanced that this lady removed to Glenelg when we went there to reside, and thus the lessons went on without a break. She was young, vivacious, and full of energy, teaching us dancing and swimming, getting up picnics on the sands, and telling us fascinating stories of her life "at Home." To this day I can picture her as a dainty girl going through a minuet with a courtly old grandfather, an old-world dream that most took my fancy.

Judged by the modern standard her education, though the best of its day, would be considered much below the mark. But what we did learn we had to know thoroughly in a training of memory sometimes missed in more recent methods. And there was time for growth in many directions not always possible in the hurry of the new age.

Considering the newness of the young Colony—not then counting one decade—it seems strange that life was so little out of the common, that things were so civilised and uneventful. It is even disappointing that only in the Bush was there the risk or excitement attending the adventurous colonisation of the American States.

The sole story in our experience at all approaching the adventurous happened before my own memory could retain it.

One of our most intimate friends was "Protector of the Aborigines," Dr. Matthew Moorhouse, whose duties

were carried out in the kindest and most humane manner, while he lost no opportunity of trying to civilise the natives, often taking girls into his own house for training in domestic work, in which they were quite clever enough when willing to exert themselves.

One of these young girls had been for some time under Mrs. Moorhouse's care, till the time approached for her to be claimed by her destined husband, to whom she had been betrothed in infancy.

The girl liked her civilised life, and pleaded so earnestly to stay, that Mrs. Moorhouse asked my mother to take her in, trusting that the tribe might fail to find her out in the new quarters.

All went well for a time, and Black Mary worked happily under our Margaret, thinking herself safe.

But late one evening Margaret announced that the mill-yard was full of "blacks" demanding Mary, whose whereabouts they had discovered. The girl herself, she added, was hidden away in the darkest cellar.

My father was absent in town. It was past working hours, and not a man was left about the place. My mother and Margaret and myself, a small child, were alone and defenceless before a whole tribe of armed and angry natives.

My mother, with me clinging to her skirt, opened the door, and asked the reason for this invasion.

The leader, a powerful native, known as "King John," said they had come for the girl, and must have her, asking sternly: "What for white fellow want black girl?" My mother, evading his question, offered some broken bread as a peace-offering. Evidently unaware of the proverbial value of half a loaf, his black Majesty's only reply was to dash it to the ground and trample it under foot.

On this my mother proceeded to close the door, saying firmly: "*Winné, winné*" (Go away).

"What for *winné*?" retorted King John, unabashed. "What for white fellow come black fellow country? White fellow *winné, winné!*"

There is no doubt that as a question of abstract morality his Majesty had the best of the argument. But possession goes a long way, and my mother held her ground with an undaunted air.

From my knowledge of her I can imagine that she felt as fearless as she looked, though the sight of such a crowd in the dim light might have made any woman's heart quail. The darkness was coming quickly on, and still no help appeared. The blacks were thoroughly aroused, and threatened to search till they found the girl, throwing out dark hints of "plenty fire burn 'um all up!"

It was not a pleasant situation for two lone women, however courageous. My mother felt that she had no legal right to keep the girl from her own tribe, and finally, with the utmost reluctance, was compelled to send Margaret, who had bravely backed her efforts, to find poor Mary. Then, in spite of the poor girl's clinging and crying, she had to hand her over to the men, who carried her off in triumph.

This was always the point which most affected my mother; not her fears, not the danger, but her burning indignation at being obliged to give up the girl. They heard of Mary afterwards as quite contented in the life which at first she accepted so unwillingly. This indeed was generally the final upshot of any attempt to civilise the natives, since eventually, either as claimed by the tribe, or as returning from choice, civilised ways were laid aside in a relapse into the wild state.

This was the great difficulty in every attempt of the kind. Up to a certain point the children might be quiet and docile. But beyond this point it was impossible to count on their actions.

In 1884 Mr. Forster took with him to England a black boy, Jackey, who was a remarkably good and attractive little fellow, made much of wherever he went, even by Queen Victoria, when he was privileged with an audience.

He quite appreciated the privilege, and went with great expectations from Royalty. But abstract notions are very vague amongst a race whose mathematics and algebra are formulated by ten fingers and ten toes; and Jackey's conception of dignity was measured by inches or feet, as expressed in his comment on the interview: "The Queen is only a woman, and no bigger than Mrs. Forster!"

All went well with Jackey's behaviour till one unlucky day, when his temper got the better of his acquired habits. Being in some way offended, he flew at the throat of the daughter of the house where he was visiting. Had it not been for timely rescue, the results might have been serious indeed. In the end Jackey returned to Australia with his good friend, and what might have become the vexed question of his future was settled by his early death from consumption, a frequent result from the effort to cramp within four walls these free children of the wilderness.

Our own experience of the natives, with the one exception recorded, was of the most friendly and peaceable description. As a child I probably took much the same kind of interest in them as in the native animals—very real of its kind, and of a kindly nature. One could scarcely accept the notion of true



equality when the blacks themselves so clearly recognised the difference as to distinguish between "white money" and "black money" (silver and copper), emphatically preferring the former.

At Hindmarsh there was no lack of animal life of the more domestic order. The fowls were a source of much and varied interest, including the percentage on eggs collected.

We had also cows and pigs as well as horses. Not common pigs, but pigs worthy of styes of the most special construction, well-drained and well-aired. It was my father's belief that pigs had always been maligned and misrepresented, and that, if allowed the chance, they would like to be clean. If growth was the test, these pigs certainly did enjoy their chance.

The horses, too, were notable: great cart-horses, in comfortable stables, each known by name, as well as our own special three: "Peter," a steady steed for driving; "Chester," a fine chestnut, for my father; and for me, a little mare, "Geliebte," truly "beloved." I learned to ride at a very early age, taught partly by my father, partly by "William," a jolly red-haired Irishman, groom or general factotum, and the husband of our good Margaret, who also worked and laughed as good Irish servants do.

The rides before breakfast were a great joy—quite complete when the little daughter of our neighbour and great friend at the "Hindmarsh Brewery" made up the party. She arrived from England when we were both about eight years old, having been left on her mother's death to the care of her grandmother, till her father's second marriage. I had long looked for her and at last she came—a very ideal of a sweet English child, with her pretty ways, her fair face, and her shining

curls—a picture in my memory now as I used to admire it then—the bright hair tossing from under a little black velvet riding-cap, as we two cantered after the two fathers.

This friendship was one that showed how my father could attract very diverse characters, being himself attracted by what was most unlike himself. He had always been a total abstainer; but the fact that his friend was a brewer did not trouble him.

His own tastes and principles were those of a Quaker, while his friend loved to see his pretty young wife in pretty things, and thoroughly enjoyed having the first and best barouche-and-pair in the Colony. My father was entirely domestic, while Mr. Crawford enjoyed Government House and all the festivities going.

They remained close friends to the end. Our last night was spent at Montefiore, and we were driven next day to the port, these kind friends going as far as possible with us on our way.

There were thus many interests in this early life. Of the practical and solid business that went on I am not able to speak. It did not appeal to the child-mind, though there was much of interest in the mill-yard, so great a contrast, in its stir and bustle, to our dreamy garden.

The back of the house opened on this busy scene, and very often I must have trotted after my father taking in the new and delightful experiences there.

The first building, so far as I recall it, figured most often as an enchanted castle through which an enchanted princess was making her way, in a half terror of the growling monsters, subdued to service indeed, but only at the cost of the golden treasure poured without ceasing into their insatiable maw. These tamed

dragons were so much easier to understand than any mechanical use of millstones.

Enchanted princesses were my familiar companions, from the "Sleeping Beauty" up to Tennyson's "Princess." I was about twelve years old when I first discovered this last in a forage in the library, and remained on the step-ladder till I had finished the tale. The old King, who allowed his daughter to follow her own course, seemed to me a most natural character, but I could not understand how the princess could go away and leave him.

The "Princess with the golden locks" was often enacted in long fair ringlets reaching to my feet, turned off by the plane in the carpenter's shop.

A carpenter's shop and smith's forge formed a necessary part of the establishment for the repairs of the machinery, and for making as well as mending, since at any moment there might come an order for something new, working out some bright idea that had flashed into the master's ever-active brain. In this shop and forge the reaping machine first took shape. My delight was in the constant display of fireworks in the forge, as showers of bright sparks rose and fell with the strokes on the anvil. From this came my interest in a book by the American "learned blacksmith," Elihu Burritt, whose "Sparks from the Anvil," early known to me, led to a very interesting and profitable friendship in later years, when Mr. Burritt succeeded Nathaniel Hawthorne as American Consul at Birmingham.

All our homes, however different in other respects, have had one feature in common—the book-room, which as my father's special sanctum, is most associated in my mind with him. The best room in the

Hindmarsh house was devoted to books, and, at the Bay, two rooms of the old Wooden House, thrown into one, were filled from floor to ceiling.

It seems a wonder that in so short a time, under such primitive conditions, so many books could have been collected. But if a book is to be found, the real book-lover will find it. Looking now over the catalogue of 1,000 works, sold when we left the Colony in 1853, I find few books wanting that could make up a typical library. All the poets, novelists and essayists, many philosophers and theologians, including out of the way authors like Swedenborg, George Fox and others less known, are here represented. Books of reference, history, ancient and modern, with works of foreign writers, make up the list. Carlyle and Emerson, then recent writers, were well-marked and well-read; with all that had then appeared of Tennyson's works.

There is a very characteristic story, throwing light on those times, dating from 1850 or 1851, as soon as it was possible for "In Memoriam" to have reached the Colony. The tale is of interest in showing the kind of colonist to be found there; men to whom money-making is not the final end of their endeavours.

The scene is laid in the Adelaide Exchange and during business hours, where my father encountered Mr. A. L. Elder, one of the leading merchants, and, without waiting for formal greeting, exclaimed: "Have you seen the new book?"—proceeding to quote the opening verse:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,"

till he stopped out of breath; while Mr. Elder, no less fluently, went on to the end of the introduction.

And so they talked: not of gold and shares, but of thoughts and feelings. And this was at the Antipodes, whilst still in England the author of "In Memoriam" was little known beyond a very small circle of readers.

The great amusement of my father's leisure hours, after his books, was in scientific experiment, which opened wide vistas to the eager eyes ever ready to follow these doings. Perhaps the greatest excitement, after the fun of electric shocks, was in an electric kite, at the Bay, when a real "bolt from the blue" was at last obtained, on a clear day, down the wire of its string. In this I could claim a direct share, in virtue of having helped to make the tail of the kite.

All new machinery had irresistible attraction for the inventive mind that could always see yet a little beyond the latest advance. We had the first daguerreotype apparatus, as afterwards the first collodion process in photography. The first sewing machine and typewriter came in due order after our return to England. But in Australia we had to be content with telescope and microscope for serious work, varied by any American "notion" that reached our shores.

It was assuredly a bright and changeful life, and running through all its memories I find the picture of my father at the centre. All the way, as I look back, I see myself hand in hand with that best of friends, whose heart was always open to me and from whom I had no reserve. We scarcely needed the spoken word as

"Thought leapt out to wed with thought,  
Ere thought could wed itself to speech,"

in the rare sympathy which, when possessed, doubles all life's good, and, when lost, leaves it poor indeed.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE GIFT. 1843-4.

On December 28th, 1836, Governor Hindmarsh, under an old gum-tree, since known as "Proclamation Tree," proclaimed the Colony of South Australia.

" Long years ago in that gum-tree's shade  
I stood when the famous speech was made :

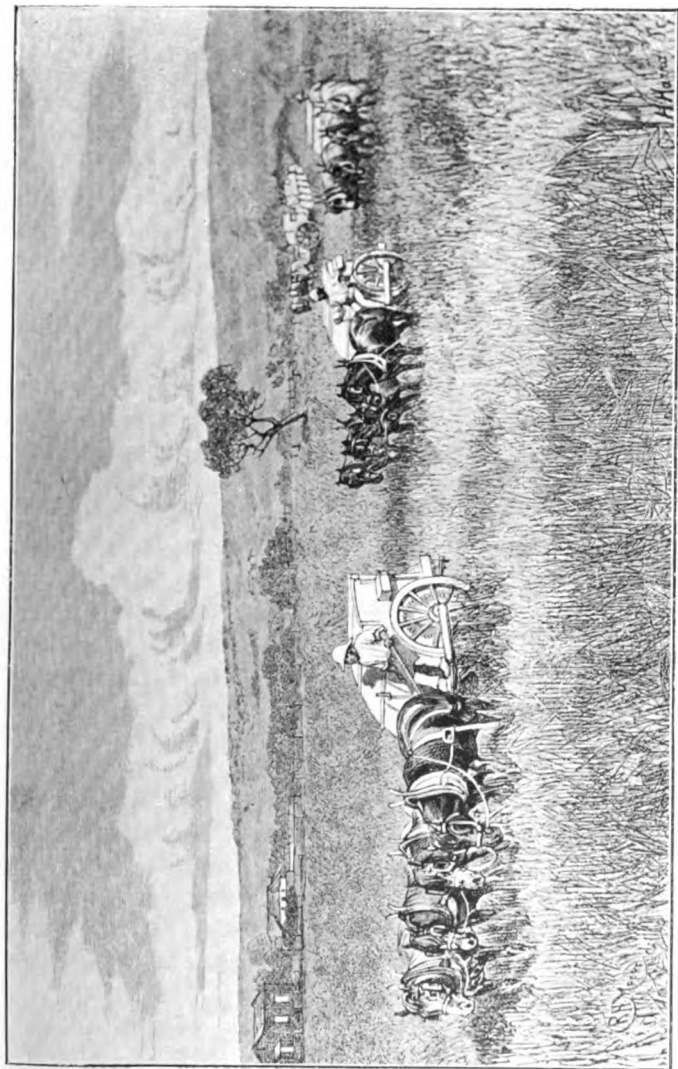
\* \* \* \* \*  
Death's cold finger has beckoned away  
Nearly all who stood on the spot that day.  
They've left their hardships and weary toil,  
Gone to select on a richer soil :  
Their tenure will there have a fixity,  
Those Knights of the Proclamation Tree !  
No Ridley reaper nor double plough  
They need to work on their holdings now.

\* \* \* \* \*  
There's a harvest that lasts through eternity  
For the boys who stood under that old gum-tree."

J. SADLER—From "*Australian Ballads and Rhymes.*"

IN Professor A. R. Wallace's "Wonderful Century" (2nd edition), under the heading of "Labour-saving Machinery," a prominent place is given to the harvesting machine, seen by the writer in California in 1887, as he says:—

"Most important to mankind generally are the harvesting machines which render it possible to utilise one or two fine days to secure a harvest. . . . In America a harvesting machine has been brought to perfection which not only reaps the grain but threshes it and winnows it, and delivers it into sacks ready for the granary or market in one operation. This machine, with two men, will in one fine day secure the crop from ten or fifteen acres with a minimum of labour. In the great wheat-fields of California or Australia, with an almost uniformly dry climate at harvest time, it is this saving of labour which is the chief consideration. . . ."



REAPING ON THE FARM OF MR. JOHN RIGGS, 1876.

(From "South Australia." By W. H. H.)





Professor Wallace mentions the use by the Gauls of a machine for reaping, and then nothing till 1826, when Patrick Bell introduced a reaper, followed in 1834 by one invented by M'Cormick, and in 1843-4 by the "Stripper," given by John Ridley to South Australia.

In *The Mechanics' Magazine* for March 8th, 1861, there is an appreciative article, headed "Reaping Machines in Australia," commencing:—

"Hitherto the credit of the invention and introduction of the reaping machine into our own country has been mainly awarded to Mr. M'Cormick, a citizen of the United States. It is now, however, our pleasing duty to notice that South Australia is indebted to a countryman of our own, Mr. John Ridley, of Stagshaw, Northumberland."

After describing the presentation of a testimonial from the Colony, in recognition of the gift of this machine, the writer continues:—

"Mr. Ridley at first met with the fate of most inventors and his discovery was disregarded, but it was now in general use in the Colony and its benefit was acknowledged by all. . . .

"With regard to South Australia itself it would be enough to mention that in the four years 1856-9 the cereals exported amounted on the average to £600,000, or £5 4s. per annum for each inhabitant of the Colony. Including their other exports the average was £13 per head, whilst the £136,300,000 of exports of this country gave only £4 14s. for each individual, calculating the population at only 28,000,000. So to a Colony which so much depended on its agricultural productions the invention of Mr. Ridley—given freely to the colonists—was a boon of the highest importance."

There is an interesting correspondence in 1870-1 between my father and "Father Taylor," the well-known missionary, which makes it clear that this Californian reaper was first used in South Australia. "Father Taylor" relates how he first saw the machine there, and that he sent to his son in California two of these

“Strippers,” with the later improvements patented by Adamson. He adds that he would prefer the inventor’s own improvements, having heard that these had been made within the last few years.

Referring to the fact that no patent had been taken for the original machine, “Father Taylor” asks that the improvements should be patented for the benefit of his own missionary work. No objection seems to have been made by my father to this step, but it never came to any practical result.

In 1861-3, whilst resident near Hexham, my father devoted much time, trouble, and money to these improvements, producing a machine that not only took off the ears of the wheat and threshed them as before, but also cut the straw, of value in England, though not worth saving in the first use of the machine in the Colonies.

It was found that only in very dry harvests could this machine be used in England. But a dozen or more were finished and sent out to South America before 1868. Messrs. Hope, Passmore, and Fowler are among those who were specially interested in the new machine.

The original “Stripper” owed its existence to the needs of the moment in the very early days of South Australia. The harvests were very good but the labourers were few, and those few so costly that the farmers let the wheat rot on the ground. So serious was the situation that in 1842-3 a premium was offered by Government for a machine to meet the need.

From Mr. Milne’s “Romance of a Pro-Consul,” the life of Sir George Grey, who was Governor of South Australia at this critical time, an extract is given in Sir George’s own words:—

“I ascertained that the soil was very suitable for wheat and we sowed widely. The crop vital to the Colony depended on

the weather. Would there be enough rain? I often crawled out of bed, when it was half-dawn, to ascertain if there was any promise of rain for that day. The wheat was at the critical stage, and if I had made the weather it could not have proved more favourable.

“It was the first extensive wheat crop of South Australia; the first harvest home of the bunch of people who had been shaken on to the sea-shore. When the wheat had ripened, everybody—including, I am glad to say, the Governor—turned to the harvesting of it. . . . I had had one hundred and fifty soldiers sent out from New South Wales. That was a step on which I was entitled to congratulate myself. At the pruning hook, in getting in that harvest, they were of vast assistance, and not often have soldiers been more nobly occupied.”

To this quotation the writer adds this comment:—

“Yet the pruning hook, which Sir George associated with the historic harvest, and with Ridley, an Australian colonist, was hardly of the scriptural pattern. It was a subtle machine invented for a harvest where the wheat-ears were needed, not the straw.”

The story of this first reaping machine is told by Mr. F. S. Dutton in one of the earliest histories of the Colony: “South Australia and its Mines,” published in 1846.

Mr. Dutton states that:—

“At a meeting of the Agricultural Committee, in September, 1843, no less than thirteen persons exhibited models and drawings of various machines, creditable to them certainly but each of which was pronounced, of course, by the inventor as super-excellent. The committee, however, stated that no machine had been exhibited which they could recommend for adoption.

“All this while there was another person in Adelaide devoting his talent to the accomplishment of the object in view, but he did not exhibit either models or plans; with great liberality, and no less credit to himself, he gave his time and money to the subject, and whilst others were discussing, he made the machine! This gentleman’s name is Ridley, a

native, I believe, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne ; he possesses considerable self-acquired mechanical talent, having erected one of the first steam flour-mills in the Colony.

“ One afternoon during the summer of 1843-4, some friends met me in Adelaide and asked me to join them in their ride to a neighbouring farm, where Mr. Ridley's reaping machine, which they said both reaped and threshed the corn at the same time, was successfully at work. It was not generally known at that time what the machine was, and although we were all incredulous, we started to see with our own eyes how far the reports we had heard were correct ; presently we saw from several quarters, other horsemen, all steering to the same point. By the time we reached the farm, a large ' field ' had mustered to witness the proceedings, and there, sure enough, was the machine at work, by the agency of two horses, and two men, one to guide the horses, the other the machine ! There was no mistake about it—the heads of the corn were threshed off perfectly clean ; and a winnowing machine being at hand, the corn was transferred out of the reaping into the latter machine, and carts were ready to convey the cleaned wheat to the mill two miles off, where the wheat, which an hour before was waving in the fields in all the lustre of golden tints, was by Mr. Ridley's steam mill ground into flour. Never before was perhaps such a revolution in the appliances of agriculture caused, as was done by this machine ; success attended the very first trial of it, and during seven days it reaped and threshed the seventy acres of wheat of which the paddock we went to see was composed.

“ The harvesting season of that year being already far advanced, the generality of farmers derived little benefit from it ; but Mr. Ridley, during the succeeding year, made a number of them, which he sold to the settlers. By this time, I fancy, the greatest part of all the wheat grown in the Colony is harvested by this machine, causing an enormous saving of labour and expense.

“ Nothing more important could have been invented for the prosperous development of our fertile agricultural districts ; the farmers all knew long since that the land would grow corn in abundance ; but they put in their grain with fear and trembling, not knowing but when the crops were ripe the half of it might shed before they could get sufficient hands to reap it. Our climate, again, is perhaps one of the very few that afford the



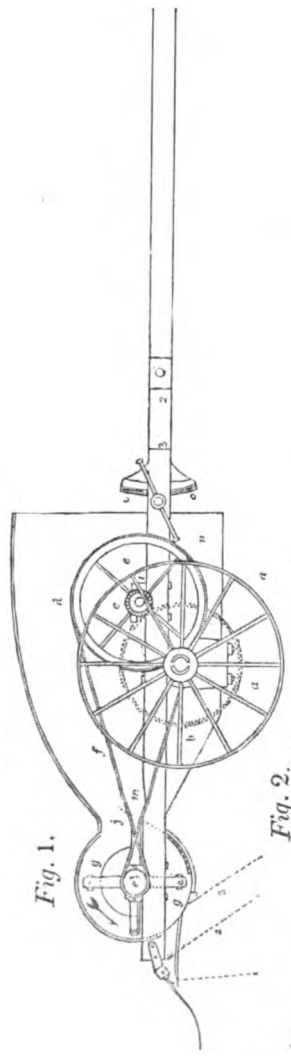


Fig. 1.

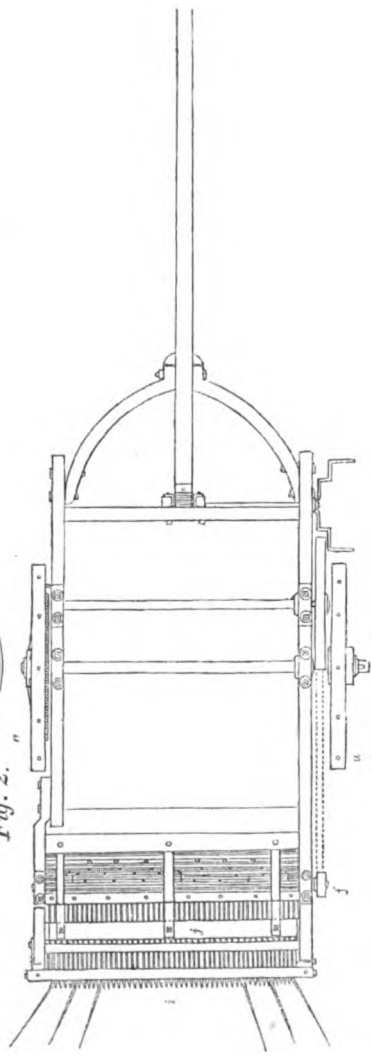
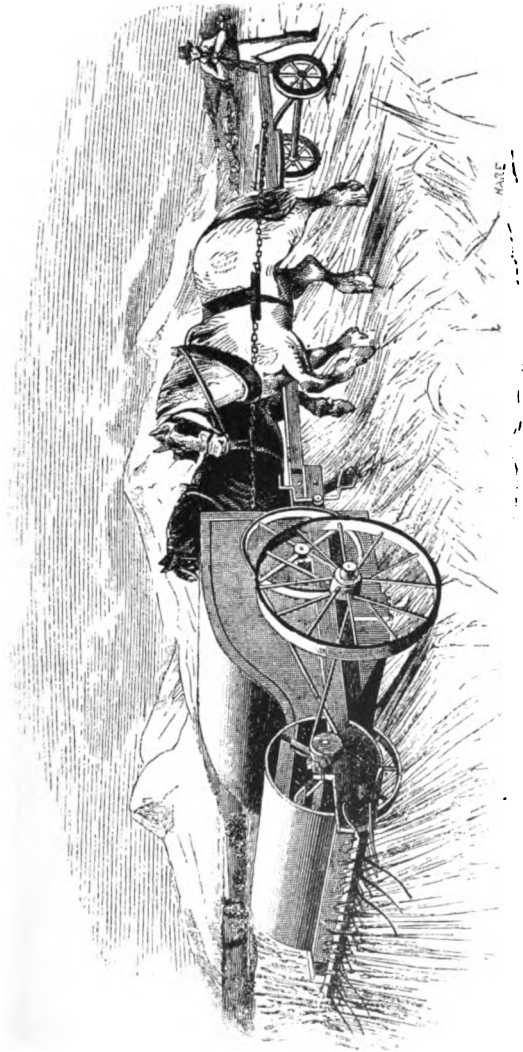


Fig. 2.

DIAGRAM OF ORIGINAL MACHINE.

(From "South Australia and its Mines." By F. Dutton.)



THE ORIGINAL MACHINE.

(From "South Australia and its Mines." By F. Dutton.)





necessary facilities for the operations of this machine. Owing to the great dryness prevalent about the time the corn ripens, the corn separates from the chaff at the first blow of the beater, when the head of the straw is caught by the projecting teeth, which guide it into the lower cylinder; for the same reason, the cylinder is not liable to get choked, and, by having a sort of chimney at the upper and back end of the large receiving box, the greatest quantity of the chaff makes its escape by the draught caused by the revolving of the beaters. Mr. Ridley is, besides, sanguine in being enabled to add the perfect winnowing action to the same machine."

Mr. Dutton describes the machine itself as follows:—

Fig. 1.—SIDE ELEVATION.

FIG. 2.—PLAN.

The letters correspond in both.

"This machine is driven by two horses. The carrying wheels *a a a* are four feet in diameter, that on the off-side is fixed to the axle, whilst the near wheel works in a box the same as an ordinary carriage wheel. To the inside of the off, or driving wheel, is attached a toothed rigger, *b*, thirty inches diameter; this gears into the pinion *c*, on the shaft *d*, and gives motion to the fly wheel *e*, round which a cross belt, *f*, passes, communicating with the pulley *g g*; this gives motion to the beaters *h h*, which make thirty revolutions to one of the driving wheel. Now the driving wheel, at a moderate horse walk, revolves twenty times per minute, giving to the beaters a velocity  $30 \times 20 = 600$  revolutions per minute, in the direction of the arrows.

"At the fore end of the machine are six prongs, three on each side, embracing the entire width of the wheel track, and serving to collect the ears into the narrower range of teeth *i*. These extend into the cylinder, in the form of a comb, and between them the neck of the straw passes to *j* (as shown by the dotted lines 1, 2, 3), when, coming in contact with the beaters, the corn is struck out and thrown up the curve *m*, over which it falls into the body of the cart *k*.

"The machine is propelled by a pole from behind, supported by two small wheels. The fore end of the machine is raised or depressed by turning the handle *n*, on the shaft of which is a pinion working in the segment rack *l*. This arrangement enables the workman to adapt the machine to long or short

straw. In the vignette the end of the cylinder is left open purposely to show the beaters inside."

Of the first use of this machine Mr. Dutton writes:—

"It has already been said that this machine will with ease reap an acre in an hour; few farmers, however, require to hurry themselves at this rate; Major O'Halloran constructed one himself after the model of Mr. Ridley's, with which he performed the following work, on some fields of his estate, the Grange, near Adelaide:

Acres.		Average Time.			
		H.	M.	H.	M.
28½	in	46	0	...	1 36
12¾	"	19	50	...	1 32
56½	"	80	30	...	1 24
11½	"	12	30	...	1 8

108½ acres in 158 h. 50 m. or an average of 1 h. 26 m. per acre.

"Captain Bagot, M.C., was one of the first who used this machine. The following letter, which he addressed to a local paper, gives some further interesting particulars respecting this admirable invention:

"*To the Editors of the 'Register.'* GENTLEMEN,—The following is a statement of the work performed by one of Mr. Ridley's locomotive threshing machines on my farm at Koonunga:—

"On the 26th December we entered into a field of 39½ acres of wheat, a good full crop, tolerably thick, and about four feet high. In nine days all was threshed, the machine having been at work sixty hours. The threshed corn was laid down in heaps in the field and winnowed there. The result has been 843 bushels of well-cleaned corn, ready for the market. The machine was drawn by six bullocks.

"The expenses incurred were as follows:

	£	s.	d.
Two men with the machine, one of them to steer, and the other to drive; these for nine days at 2s. 6d. each per day ... ..	2	5	0
Use of the machine at 2s. 6d. each per acre ...	5	0	0
Cost of threshing 843 bushels... ..	7	5	0
Or little more than 2d. per bushel.			

"Three men were employed for twelve days winnowing and carting in the corn to the store.

	£	s.	d.
Three men twelve days at 2s. 6d. each ...	4	10	0
Use of winnowing machine ... ..	1	0	0
Cost of winnowing ... ..	5	10	0

"Less than  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  per bushel; making the entire cost of harvesting and preparing for the market,  $3\frac{1}{2}d.$  per bushel.

"I am aware that much greater quantities of work have been done by some of these machines. I was not obliged to hurry, and preferred allowing ample time. We seldom put it to work before eleven o'clock, A.M., as we found at an earlier hour straw was tough, and the threshing was not so perfect as at a later period of the day. The result, however, is most satisfactory, and proves the extraordinary value of Mr. Ridley's admirable invention. I consider the machine most perfect, as calculated by Mr. Ridley to be worked by a pair of horses. The application of ox power to it will, perhaps, require some trifling modifications to render it equally perfect for them.

"Trusting that this plain statement of facts may be interesting to some of your readers, I shall be happy to see it admitted to a place in your paper. I am, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"C. H. BAGOT.

"Koonunga, *January*, 1845."

On February 25th, 1903, under the heading "Early South Australia Fifty Years Ago" (Friday, February 25th, 1853), there is a reprint of a passage in the *Register* of that date containing the more lengthened experience of Major O'Halloran:—

"*Mr. Ridley's Reaping Machine.*—We have been furnished by Major O'Halloran with an interesting return (subjoined) of wheat reaped and threshed upon his estate for the last nine years, together with the cost of reaping, value of produce, etc. The Major informs us that since the invention of the machine in 1843 the price of reaping, threshing, and cleaning for market has been reduced fully two-thirds, and that thousands of acres have been saved that must have perished, especially during the last two years, owing to the want of labour."

In 1854, ten years after the first use of the machine, there is further information, in a letter from Mr. Thomas Magarey, in Adelaide, to the inventor, then in London:—

“The extent of new lands being brought under cultivation is very great, and the demand for agricultural implements of improved quality is good. The farmers are beginning to do your invention more justice, and very readily will they give £150 each for the machines. The Governor at the last Agricultural Dinner paid you a high compliment and hoped you would turn your attention to the introduction of a digging machine.”

Mr. Forster, in 1866, in his “South Australia: its Progress and Prospects,” thus refers to this invention:—

“The old proverb which unites necessity and invention, was not falsified at this time. The extremity to which the farmers were reduced had excited the sympathy and aroused the genius of a colonial, who, but for this impulse, might never have awoke to a consciousness of his ability to confer such extensive benefits upon his fellow-creatures; and the invention now so extensively known as “Ridley’s reaping machine,” was the result. Mr. Ridley, in inventing this machine, not only produced one of the most useful implements ever met with in the Colonies, but produced it at a most opportune time, when farmers were turning in despair from fields whitened with the fruits of harvest, which they had no means of gathering in—and what enhanced the value of this exercise of Mr. Ridley’s mechanical skill was, that disdaining to profit by the necessities of his fellow-colonists, he reserved no patent right in his invention, but gave it as a free gift to the Colony and to the world.”

This opinion is confirmed ten years later by Mr. Marcus, in his “South Australia”:—

“The greatest invention ever produced for the agriculturists of South Australia, is Ridley’s reaping machine, which reaps and threshes the wheat by one simple process. A machine of this kind could be used only where the climate is dry, and where the grain is allowed to ripen and harden in the ear. In some of the Australian Colonies the machine cannot be used, in consequence of the moisture in the air. In South Australia,

however, as soon as the crop is fully ripe, the machine is put into the field, and the wheat is reaped and threshed with amazing rapidity, and at a very small expenditure. It may safely be said that the cost of farming has been reduced to a minimum in South Australia."

This chapter may fitly end with an extract from another letter, written more than forty years later, by Captain Bagot, whose enthusiasm concerning the machine grew stronger as the years went by:—

"Adelaide, *July* 10, 1877.

"My truly valued and highly respected friend John Ridley, what can I say in extenuation of my most unpardonable neglect in not having long since written to you expressing my warm thanks for the kind and oft-repeated proofs you gave me, by the various interesting papers you forwarded to me, that your old friend is still held in remembrance ?

"Truly, neither of us is very young, though I fancy I must be a good deal older than you are, for I am now in my ninetieth year. . . . Health, sight, hearing fail not, diminution of muscular power alone giving evidence of decay. Thus it is with me, and, from what I hear from Joe Fisher about you, I am glad that you also are permitted to enjoy your latter years with still unimpaired faculties. . . .

". . . You must be aware of the vast impetus our present land system has given to the extension of wheat growing, even to what was considered the far north in your time ; and, just now, the very favourable season we are having has given increasing energy to the cultivators. Report says there will be more than a million and a quarter acres under that crop.

"But, while all due credit is given to the land laws, it must not be forgotten that to cultivate that breadth with that crop, with the not exceeding twenty thousand pair of hands, or less, that are engaged about it, would have been utter foolishness, if the harvesting of it was to be done as in other countries. However, with our farmers it is not so. They, with the aid of a certain machine with which their friend and benefactor John Ridley presented them, find the work of the harvest so lightened that it is easily done. Truly, my dear friend, your invention has done wonders for the land ; and, although there have been several improvements made from time to time in the details of

construction, there has not been any departure whatever from your original invention in principle, and at this day there cannot be less than thirty thousand of them dispersed among the farmers.

“To this machine then, quite as much if not more than to any other cause, is due the advancing prosperity of the Colony, and, thank God, you have lived to see the fulfilment of the results I well recollect you anticipated from your invention. . . .”

Here follows an interesting summary of the progress of the Colony, occupying five closely-written pages, ending with a prophecy, now recently fulfilled :—

“In fact, I have lived to have followed up from its early commencement the laying the foundation of a great nation, till it has assumed a breadth and a stability not to be shaken or overthrown. But that advance is not confined to South Australia ; and, as the United States of America have arisen from the small beginnings they had made when I first lived, to stand now in the foremost rank of nations, so may persons still living live to see the united nation of Australia equally great and prosperous.

“May God bless you, my dear old friend, is the prayer of yours,

“C. H. BAGOT.”

In returning this letter, sent to him for perusal, on August 28th, 1877, Mr. Forster adds :—

“Thanks for sending Captain Bagot’s letter, which I now return. It is the most wonderful production I ever saw from an old gentleman of ninety. It confirms all I hear of the unexampled prosperity of the Colony. Indeed, my letters read more like the pages of a novel than anything in real life. And there can be no doubt whatever that this wonderful state of things is to a great extent owing to your invention of the reaping machine. You have that solace at any rate, in spite of the monstrous thoughtlessness (and ingratitude arising from that thoughtlessness) of the colonists in reference to the invention.

“If they were to send a special deputation from Adelaide to lay their thanks and a million sterling at your feet, it would be less than you have a right to expect from them.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT. 1845.

"I say we have despised science. 'What!' you exclaim, 'are we not foremost in all discovery, and is not the whole world giddy by reason, or unreason, of our inventions!' Yes; but do you suppose that is national work? That work is all done in spite of the nation, by private people's zeal and money. We are glad enough, indeed, to make our profit of science, we snap up anything in the way of a scientific bone that has meat on it, eagerly enough; but if the scientific man comes for a bone or a crust to us, that is another story. What have we publicly done for science?"

*"Sesame and Lilies."*—J. RUSKIN.

THE invention of the reaping machine not only brought no pecuniary advantage to the inventor, but, on the contrary, was an added expense at a time when money was far from plentiful. Great fortunes have since been made by the manufacture of the machine, but in this the original inventor has had no part.

In 1845 a purse was presented by Governor Grey, which formed part of a donation from the inventor to the South Australian Institute; and in 1861, at a public dinner given by colonial residents in London, there was a presentation of a silver candelabrum sent from Adelaide. There had also been addresses on his leaving for England from the Mayor and Corporation and from the Agricultural Society. This public recognition of his services gave my father unalloyed satisfaction, as he had no desire for any merely pecuniary reward.

So much misunderstanding has arisen on this point that it is necessary to make it clear beyond any future dispute.

The earliest public recognition of the value of the machine occurs in a letter from Mr. William Giles, manager of the South Australian Company, dated January 24th, 1845:—

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I have commissioned Mr. Berry to make me a model of your machine, to send home to our directors. As the Company’s machine is at work in the country, and, as, in all probability, you have one on your premises which he could inspect, I have sent Mr. Berry to look at it.

“A token of the gratitude of the colonists is in course of signature. The Governor and Mrs. Grey have promised £10, the Company £10 10s., and Captain Bagot £10, expecting at least £100, not as a reward for your exertions, but only as a token of our thankfulness.

“I remain yours, in the surest bonds,  
“W. GILES.”

On May 24th, it is recorded:—“This day his Excellency the Governor, at his Levée, held in honour of her Majesty the Queen’s birthday, in presence and at the request of some of the subscribers, presented Mr. Ridley with a purse containing £57, being the proceeds, after paying incidental expenses, of the subscription, ‘In token of his merit in the invention of a most useful, ingenious, and successful implement for reaping and threshing standing corn.’”

The following list contains the names of most of the leading colonists of that date: His Excellency the Governor, Mrs. Grey, William Giles, Esq., J.P. (Manager of the South Australian Company), Captain C. H. Bagot, M.L.C., Major T. S. O’Halloran, M.L.C., his Honour C. Cooper (Judge of the Supreme Court),



the Hon. A. M. Mundy (Colonial Secretary), Hon. W. Smillie (Advocate-General), the Hon. Captain E. C. Frome (Surveyor-General), the Rev. James Farrell (Colonial Chaplain), W. L. O'Halloran, Esq., J.P. (Private Secretary), Matthew Moorhouse, Esq., J.P. (Protector of Aborigines), Messrs. J. Winzor (Lagoon Farm), Muller and Luhrs, William Grey, George Hall, William Bartley, Golden Prentice, Charles Mann, A. L. Elder, Winnerah, William Blyth, W. B. Randall, Richard Roberts, Hamilton and Henderson, William Cook, J. Masters, W. Younghusband & Co., and Thomas Taylor.

Concerning this sum of money there is a letter from Mr. Charles Mann, of historic interest in showing the feeling at that early date in regard to the intellectual progress of the new country :—

“Morphett Street, *April 6, 1846.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I return Miss J. Taylor's poems with many thanks for the perusal, and with them I forward Mme. de Staël's ‘*Allemagne,*’ which I understood you to say you wished to peruse.

“Since we met my mind has again reverted to the proposition for aiding the Library. The more I think of it the more I see in it the means of effecting by you, and within the year, many important objects.

“I have always deemed the threshing machine a boon of incalculable benefit to the province, and I feel sure that your genius has not yet been appreciated as it deserves by the money-gathering crowd of the present hour. I am convinced that by the representatives of the present and of succeeding generations you will be held in higher estimation (deservedly high as that is), and I look for this effect as a necessary consequence of the diffusion of a more intellectual spirit.

“The comparative pittance subscribed to express the public feeling is by no means commensurate with the service rendered by you to the Colony, but inadequate as it is for this purpose, I see in its application to objects in which we feel justly

interested a means of diffusing your own justly earned fame, and of reaping, what I am convinced you appreciate still more deeply, a real harvest of usefulness—in the control of the mere money-getting appetencies of minds not interested in better things—in the overthrow of that meanest of all idols, Mammon—and in the consequent triumph of science and the direction of the public mind towards higher and more ennobling pursuits.

“My plan is that the members of the Library should make up with what you can spare, £100 . . . that this money should be laid out in books, to be proposed and approved by you, and to be presented to the Library under the name of the Ridley Testimonial. . . . This plan, amongst many others I have long had in view, and I know that it works well in England, as in the instance of the “Russell” and “London Institutions.” . . . In the hands of philanthropists like yourself, I can foresee your gifts easily becoming yearly additions which will place our Library (instead of the neglected and puny thing it has been) in a position of some importance, in some measure commensurate with our worldly advantages. The tide of population is now setting strongly towards our shores, and the right direction of the mass and the better tendencies of an intellectual spirit which can thus be fostered are surely objects of such high and permanent importance as may well justify a heavier sacrifice than that of a little time and money. . . .

“Mr. Quick has stated to me that your views in some degree tended towards the purchase of books and then throwing them open to the poorer class of readers. . . .

“Believe me, to be yours very truly,

“CHAS. MANN.”

The final result of these deliberations is given in a report of the opening of the South Australian Institute, in Adelaide:—

“The formal opening of the new and elegant building erected for the purposes of the South Australian Institute, took place on the evening of Tuesday, January 29th, 1858. Never, perhaps, in the history of our many and happy public reunions did the people of Adelaide assemble under more auspicious circumstances than upon this memorable occasion.

“The reading-room was the scene of the more serious business of the evening. There his Honour Sir Charles Cooper delivered the inaugural address: ‘In the absence of his Excellency Sir Richard MacDonnell, the honour has been assigned to me of declaring the South Australian Institute to be open to the public.

“The South Australian Institute arises out of an older Society, of which I was for a considerable number of years the President. As the Institute, growing with the growth of the Colony, may be expected in progress of time to become a great institution, it may not be uninteresting to state, in a few words, the history of its origin. Many years ago, in the early days of the Colony, a Society was formed called the South Australian Library. To this Library the Government presented some books, on the condition that, if the Society should be dissolved, all the books should go to the Government for the public benefit. Subsequently a Mechanics’ Institute was formed, and in a short time neither of the two Societies being in a very flourishing state, they coalesced, with the hope of becoming stronger by union. The Library, being in its books and subscriptions richer than the Mechanics’ Institute, it was agreed that the Institute should collect a sum equal to the difference, which sum should be brought into the common stock. I must not omit to mention that, in order to make up the difference, Mr. F. Dutton and Mr. Ridley—who, as you all know, has in a more important matter been a great benefactor to our Colony—each liberally contributed the sum of £100. So the South Australian Library and Mechanics’ Institute became established. It existed for a considerable time, till on an auspicious day, the 18th of June, 1856, an Act was passed to establish and incorporate an institution to be called “The South Australian Institute.””

In the *Register*, in a letter from Mr. James Bevan, at the time of the opening of the Institute, attention is called to two names which should not be forgotten—Messrs. Graham and Ridley. The writer continues:—

“The success that attended the establishment of the Mechanics’ Institute in 1847 was materially due to these gentlemen, for they each gave £100 to this object. Mr. Ridley

coupled his gift with the condition that we amalgamated with the Public Library that then existed. This gave us both books and ample means to start with."

In connection with the same matter, it may be of interest to record an expression in a letter (found in MS.) from my father to the Editor of one of the leading newspapers:—

"Hindmarsh, July 10, 1845.

"SIR,

"Having felt strongly for a length of time that his Excellency the Governor (Captain, afterwards Sir George Grey) has had but partial justice done him by the colonist, I beg, through your paper, to give some expression to my thought on this subject, as I feel unequal to the attempt to do so at the public meeting about to be held to present an address.

"My attention was first called to the subject of Emigration under the idea of its being the best solution of the *Condition of England Question*. But the great expense of transit and government was an objection fatal to any extensive plan of colonisation. When the 'Self-supporting System' was brought into operation in the formation of this Colony, a new dawn of hope seemed to visit the starving thousands of the Home population. Whether the principle was good or not, seemed likely to be determined by the success of the Colony. But the direction things took here had nearly settled the question in the negative. The system was pronounced a 'Self-supporting Humbug,' and had no new direction been given to our affairs it would have probably lain in abeyance for another generation. But, happily, there was one found to give this new direction. An onerous task was his. He had to come into collision with a whole people; and, from the least to the greatest, a shout of execration was raised against him. With a resolution to which it is difficult to find a parallel, he 'for the joy set before him endured the cross, despising the shame,' and now, in consequence of the happy result, is entitled to a higher degree of honour than most of the potentates of the age.

"Greatly is the world indebted to the man who planned the self-supporting colonisation system; but more greatly still is the present generation indebted to him who proved it practicable after it had been all but given up as hopeless. I think it becomes

us to acknowledge the Providence of God, in thus rescuing a great principle from discredit, by honouring the agent He has employed.

“How often it has been said: The Governor cares nothing for the Colony; all he looks for is the approbation of the Home Government. But he has, I think, done what he could to please us, consistently with his duty. Let us show him that we are capable of being pleased; that it is not in vain for him to conciliate us, so that, by the powerful stimulus of the unequivocally expressed gratitude of a people, effects greater still may be produced, for what can be more calculated to develop the powers of a public man of laudable ambition than the certainty that his efforts are appreciated. I think an address or dinner ought not to be the limit of our acknowledgment. A subscription to purchase 1,000 acres of land, to be presented to his Excellency, might testify our zeal for his Honour, and at the same time rescue a number of families from English pauperism. If any such object be decided on I shall be happy in applying to it the sum subscribed for the Reaping Machine Testimonial.

“J. RIDLEY.”

From 1845 to 1852 no notice seems to have been taken of the machine which was making its way into general use.

A letter from Major O'Halloran gives the next attempt to recognise the invention:—

“Lizard Lodge, *February 4, 1852.*

“DEAR SIR,

“A meeting of your agricultural friends and admirers was yesterday held at the ‘Horse Shoe’ Inn, Noarlunga, for the purpose of devising some appropriate means of conveying to you the unanimous acknowledgments of the men of the South, in requital for the benefits all have so largely derived from your genius and exertions as the talented inventor of the reaping machine.

“After full discussion it was the opinion of all that owing to the present distressing crisis, the consequent scarcity of money, and the rapid departure of a very large majority of the community to the gold diggings, it would be impossible just now

to carry out fully and satisfactorily the objects your friends contemplate and have in view. It was therefore resolved that we should postpone all further proceedings in the matter till better days smiled upon us, it being asserted (upon the authority of Mr. Magarey) that you had abandoned all present intention of returning to England.

"The proposed delay for the above reasons seemed to all to be wise and judicious, and, on behalf of the meeting, I was requested to communicate the same to you, and to add that, in the event of our information being incorrect as to your departure to England, you would oblige us by notifying the same through me, that your friends of the South may, under such circumstances, take prompt measures to present you with an address before you leave, if they can do nothing else, as a testimony of admiration for your genius, respect for your character, and gratitude towards the best friend and benefactor that the farmer of South Australia has ever had.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Very truly yours,

"T. O'HALLORAN."

TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN RIDLEY, ESQ., FROM THE EAST TORRENS  
AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

"That in the opinion of this meeting the thanks of the community, and of the farmers of East Torrens district in particular, are due to John Ridley, Esq., for his indefatigable efforts to advance the agricultural interests of the province, as manifested by the ingenuity displayed by him in the conception of the design for a machine by which the labour and expense of preparing the wheaten crops for market have been materially reduced, and the settlers enabled to secure their crops, when the absence of labour threatened their destruction; but more especially for that display of liberality on his part, which prompted him, setting aside his private interests, to throw open his invention to the colonists generally.

"THOMAS VIVIAN CORNISH,

"ABRAM LINCOLNE,

"Chairman.

"Secretary."

In February, 1853, just before his departure for England, the two following addresses were presented from the

Mayor and Corporation of Adelaide and from the South Australian Agricultural and Horticultural Societies:—

“ City Council Chamber,  
“ Adelaide.

“ To JOHN RIDLEY, Esq.,

“ We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Councillors of the City of Adelaide, in Council assembled, deem it our duty, on the occasion of your proposed departure from South Australia, to testify our sense of the obligation under which you have placed the province.

“ We consider that by inventing the reaping machine and by generously throwing open to the public all the benefit of it, without securing to yourself by patent any pecuniary advantage, you have been a great benefactor to all classes of people in the province.

“ Your invention, which combines the reaping and threshing of wheat and other grain, saving the labour and expense of reaping, carrying, stacking and threshing, and also the loss of grain in carrying and stacking, is of peculiar value in a country like South Australia; and it proved itself of inestimable worth during the recent season of dearth of labourers in the province occasioned by their departure for the gold-fields of a neighbouring Colony. The growers and consumers of wheat have been alike benefited, and it well becomes us, as the Representatives of the city whose inhabitants form a considerable portion of those interested, to avow our gratitude to you.

“ It is a gratification to us to believe that the good wishes of all the colonists of South Australia will follow you, and that your name will long be held here in honour and esteem. We beg you to accept our best thanks for, and the assurance of our warm admiration of, the generosity and talent which you have displayed during your residence in the Colony, and we trust that wherever your future lot may be cast, you may, through the blessing of Divine Providence, enjoy health, wealth, and happiness; and that you may be long spared to be a benefactor to your fellow-men.

“ Given under the Common Seal of the Council and the hand of the Worshipful the Mayor of the City of Adelaide, this tenth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-three.

“ J. H. FISHER,  
“ Mayor.”

This event is noted in the *Register* of March 5th, 1853, where it is stated that

“The Town Clerk read Mr. Ridley’s reply to the address of the Mayor and City Council, which was as follows:—

“TO THE WORSHIPFUL THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I beg to apologise for the delay that has occurred in answering the address you have done me the honour of voting. For some time past I have been unable to meet the demands of the hour, and I thought your address too important for a mere acknowledgment; but I wish especially to apologise for any seeming hesitation to appropriate the compliment paid me, or for allowing any small circumstance to check the gratification it was so well calculated to afford. But on this subject I have had much and long suppressed feeling. It is nine years since the machine became a fact, and it has scarcely been noticed out of this province, whilst here it has only now come into general use; and my own idea of its importance from the first conception of the machine would probably still be thought an exaggeration.

“Some there were who at once did justice to it, and many of them were men the approbation of one of whom might make me regardless of the indifference of a thousand others. I cannot but believe that the address has proceeded from men of this class. Gentlemen, I believe it does equal honour to you and to myself, and is calculated to have a happy effect on both parties. For myself, I feel that to have received such a token of approbation will lighten my steps in the journey of life. The path of the inventor or of the introducer of new measures is seldom strewed with flowers: his crown not seldom one of thorns. Every new measure is resisted by the multitude, and yet it is the introduction of new measures that constitutes the glory of the age. This is emphatically an age of improvement, of progress, of new measures. To this we owe our high position as a people, and even our superiority over the race we have here superseded. And, though the manifestations of the spirit of progress have been chiefly in lower departments, we may hope that by these the minds of men will be prepared for higher ranges of thought.

“In reciprocating the kind wishes you have expressed for



my welfare, I can desire nothing greater for you than that the homage you have paid to the spirit of the age through me may lead you to a still higher appreciation of its dignity, and to feel that labours undertaken for the amelioration of the human condition will yield a far greater satisfaction than any that have relation only to private interests. And now, Gentlemen, allow me to suggest to you in your capacity of city Councillors duties which, in my estimation, whether regarded in reference to their own importance, or the resistance to be overcome in carrying them into effect, are second to none—I mean those duties connected with extensive sanitary regulations.

“JOHN RIDLEY.

“Adelaide, *March 2, 1853.*”

The second address is as follows:—

“At the annual general meeting of the South Australian Agricultural and Horticultural Society held at Adelaide the 18th February, 1853, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the members; and it was resolved that a copy thereof be signed by the chairman, in the name and on behalf of the Society, and be forwarded to John Ridley, Esquire.

“Resolved: ‘That, in the opinion of this Society, the introduction of the reaping machine invented by John Ridley, Esquire, of Hindmarsh, has been of the highest importance to the practical development of the agricultural capabilities of South Australia, and this Society believes that it expresses the unanimous sense of the colonists of the great and lasting benefits which Mr. Ridley has thereby conferred upon the community.

“‘The generous manner in which Mr. Ridley contributed to the public his admirable machine by refusing to secure for himself either a monopoly of or a money-profit by its manufacture, deserves especially to be recorded by this Society at the moment they so willingly discharge their feelings towards him by presenting for his acceptance their hearty and grateful thanks, and every good wish for his future prosperous career.’

“For the South Australian Agricultural and Horticultural Society,

“JOHN BAKER,  
“*Chairman.*”

The reaping machine was exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1862, as well as in the Paris Exhibition of

1867. On the latter occasions the testimonial presented in 1861 was also shown. Captain Bagot and other early sympathisers manifested on all these occasions the same hearty eagerness to help, and there were difficulties imposed on the inventor which made their help valuable as well as valued.

In Adelaide, in preparation for the Paris Exhibition of 1855, a sub-committee was appointed to consider the question :—

“That prizes of £50 and £25 should be offered by the Society during the forthcoming season (the place and time of trial to be named hereafter) for the best and second best reaping machines of Ridley’s construction ; the test of superiority being the machine that takes the grain cleanest from the straw (leaving least waste on the ground), and in the best marketable condition, with the least amount of manual and animal labour. The quantity reaped by each machine to be two acres, and the time given three hours.”

Further prizes of £20 and £10 were to be awarded to Bell’s machine and others.

In a leader in the *Adelaide Observer* of September 25th, 1858, entitled “National Honours to National Benefactors,” a vigorous effort was made to rouse public feeling on this question, in which the following passage occurs :—

“Readers who watch the course of Parliamentary proceedings will not be slow to perceive the cause of these remarks and to understand their application. A proposal was submitted to the House of Assembly during the past week to authorise the expenditure of a sum of money in the purchase of some present to Mr. John Ridley, suitable and befitting as an expression of national appreciation of his disinterested services to the State. The proposal has no other demerit than that it has been delayed too long ; so long that a considerable portion of the community are wholly unacquainted with the service rendered, and even

the older colonists, who have not forgotten the extent of their benefit, seem to have become oblivious of the personal circumstances under which it is conferred. The debate which took place on the motion submitted by Mr. Hay must have revived a good many long slumbering recollections, and will also serve to explain to recent colonists the nature of Mr. Ridley's claim upon the national gratitude. We will, however, briefly state what that claim is. Mr. Ridley conceived an idea, and worked that idea into such practical shape as made it the source of incalculable advantages to the entire community. Its first benefit was to save the wheat crops of a particular year; but its more permanent results are seen in the leading position which South Australia has assumed as an agricultural Colony. That idea, which was both morally and legally Mr. Ridley's own property, *he gave to the country*, freely, without stipulation, and without hope of reward. Had he chosen to patent his invention, Mr. Ridley might have made it a source of great wealth to himself; but in that case its advantages could not have been so speedily or so effectually enjoyed by the community. He therefore sacrificed himself that the benefits of his thought might become at once available to all. Rather we, who know the man, would say that he had no thought of himself when the public good was under consideration, his characteristic unselfishness leading him to contribute gladly to the common wealth. Nothing can more strikingly prove the value of his benefaction than the fact that several mechanists who have subsequently devised improvements upon Mr. Ridley's machine have protected their slight modifications by separate patents, while the essential original idea is common property.

"But it is not the value of the gift so much as the true nobility of the giver which demands an acknowledgment of our gratitude. . . . We hope the matter will yet be taken up by the public, and that a subscription will be raised to perform that act of tardy justice to ourselves and homage to our benefactor which was contemplated in Mr. Hay's motion."

The motion to which reference is here made was brought before the House of Assembly on September 18th, 1858, to provide a suitable testimonial to be presented to Mr. John Ridley, "as a recognition of the great benefit this Colony has derived from the use of the

reaping and threshing machine invented by him, and which is now so generally in use here."

In his speech Mr. Hay gives the history of the invention, in the course of which he says:—

"Mr. Ridley 'persevered and employed a number of workmen, and went to the expense of paying wages and providing materials. Mr. Ridley has stated himself that he did not want to reap a profit from the machine. He said his object was, though he might have been put to some expense, to make what he had discovered a present to the colonists. . . .'"

The House was fully agreed on the right of the inventor to the gratitude of the Colony, but eventually, after having divided on the question, decided not to spend public money on the expression of this gratitude.

On December 21st, 1858, another motion was brought before the Legislative Council, by Major O'Halloran—

"'That the thanks of the House be given to Mr. Ridley for his invention.' Major O'Halloran stated that, having kept statistics from an early period in the history of the Colony, he had drawn up a document, not by rule of thumb, but from the statistics in question, which would show what the agricultural interest had derived from Mr. Ridley's invention. In 1840-1-2-3 he (Major O'Halloran) had 327 acres in wheat, the cost of which, for reaping, threshing, and cleaning, had amounted to £1 1s. 8d. per acre. In 1858, fifteen years after, he had 2,063 acres under crop with wheat, with 14s. 6d. per acre, or, in the whole of the acres, a difference of £2,432 12s. 6d. The Council would observe that he was only one of 4,000 farmers. When this was considered, it was almost incalculable the benefit conferred on the Colony by one single man."

This motion was supported by Captain Bagot, who felt that not so much had been said of the benefits of the machine as might be said—

"Major O'Halloran had stated that 175,000 acres were under cultivation in wheat, but he had not shown that not

more than one-eighth of that extent would have been sown but for the reaping machine; for without it it would have been impossible to harvest such a breadth. The benefit derived from the machine during the last eleven years was incalculable."

After more to the same effect, the motion was put and carried unanimously.

In due time the following addresses were forwarded to England:—

"SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

*"Extract from the Minutes of the Proceedings of the Legislative Council.*

*"Tuesday, December 21, 1858.*

"Resolved: 'That the thanks of the House be conveyed to John Ridley, Esq., as a recognition of his claim to the gratitude of the South Australian community for his invention of the reaping machine.'

"A true extract.

"F. C. SINGLETON,

*"Clerk of the Legislative Council."*

"Legislative Council Office, Adelaide.

*"January 26, 1859.*

"SIR,

"I have the honour to transmit to you herewith copy of a resolution of the Legislative Council of South Australia expressive of the thanks of the Council in reference to your invention of the reaping machine.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. H. FISHER,

*"President.*

"John Ridley, Esq."

In 1879, when a bonus of £4,000 was offered for improvements on the machine, the name of the original inventor again came up for notice. It was then stated that "all the machines in use were only improved Ridleys, and also that nearly every farm in the country

possessed one of these most valuable machines." In the same article in the *Register* (on modern agricultural machinery), it was also stated that "the advantages conferred upon the then struggling community by this invention were instantaneous, and may be said to have been incalculable."

The writer then adds a summary of the ways, given in previous pages, in which this invention has been recognised, concluding, after mention of the presentation in London in 1861:—

"Since that time Mr. Ridley's name has rarely been mentioned in public life, but there is not a man who deserves better of this Colony than he does; and it may safely be affirmed that his name will long be green in the memory of the agricultural community."

The article then goes on to the suggestion of the offer of £4,000 bonus for an improvement on this machine.

In due time twenty-seven competitors made trial of their machines, but none were considered sufficiently successful to merit the whole sum and smaller prizes were therefore awarded.

In a leader in the *Register* of December 22nd, 1879, headed "Agricultural Education and Mr. Ridley," there is the following tribute to the inventor, ending with a suggestion, which, however, led to no practical result:—

"In any movement to further the cause of agriculture in South Australia it should not be forgotten that the Colony owes a debt of gratitude, which it has never repaid, to the inventor of the harvester which has brought about so great a revolution in farming, and has contributed so materially to the prosperity of the Colony. When giving a few days ago an account of the Ridley reaper we pointed out the magnitude of the benefit which the machine had been to the country, and the patriotic manner in which the inventor made a present of the fruits of

his genius to his adopted land. He might have turned it to great profit, but he was too liberal-minded to place any impost on the farmers. Mr. Ridley has received many expressions of thanks from the public and the Legislature, but Parliament has not been disposed to make him any tangible recognition of his services. It is fair to add that Mr. Ridley has not only never asked for any reward, but has, on the contrary, testified that any pecuniary recompense would not be agreeable to him. The only money ever presented to him he handed over to a public institution. His chief reward has consisted in the success of his invention, and the inestimable benefit it has conferred on the country. The progress of agriculture in South Australia must be more gratifying to Mr. Ridley than any pecuniary recompense.

“Nevertheless, the Colony should not neglect to do him honour and testify its gratitude. So long as wheat farming is carried on in South Australia Mr. Ridley’s name will never be forgotten, for he has established for himself a monument more enduring than any that can be raised to his memory by the Government. But it would be a fitting tribute of gratitude, and one which we imagine would be most acceptable to so public-spirited a man, if his name were associated with an agricultural institution destined to further the cause to which his invention has given such impetus. The establishment of a ‘John Ridley Chair of Agriculture,’ or even of a ‘John Ridley Scholarship’ in connection with the University, or a ‘John Ridley College of Agriculture,’ would be a graceful recognition on the part of the State of valuable services rendered in a spirit of pure patriotism. It is no unreasonable thing to ask that such a useful and at the same time such an appropriate method of perpetuating his name should be resorted to, and it would add tenfold to the significance of the compliment if steps were taken in Mr. Ridley’s lifetime to give effect to the suggestions we have thrown out. The object is one that must appeal forcibly to the members of a farming community, and it is well worthy of being strenuously supported by the Royal Agricultural Society and Chamber of Manufactures, and it cannot, we imagine, fail to secure the hearty sympathy and support of Parliament.”

This suggestion was, however, allowed to drop unheeded.

In the report of the trial of the harvesters, there is an allusion to the original inventor, as, at the dinner given on this occasion, a speaker refers to the "interesting fact that the trial had taken place on a farm which originally belonged to John Ridley, who introduced the reaping machine into South Australia, and where that gentleman conducted the experiments which had proved of such immense value to the Colony."

The speaker "trusted that the experiments witnessed that day would further Mr. Ridley's wishes could he have been present on that occasion."

Other suggestions of a similar nature were made again in 1887. But no practical steps were taken at any time, with one exception in 1861, when a testimonial was presented in London.

From 1853 to 1861, and from that date onwards, the man himself went on his way undisturbed, thinking so little of what he had done, that in this aftertime many a newer acquaintance remained ignorant that anything out of the ordinary course had ever happened to him.

That he is not yet quite forgotten, however, is shown as late as August 17th, 1903, when, in the *South Australian Register* of that date, there is an interesting account of the unveiling of a statue to the late Hon. James Martin, M.L.C., as a recognition of what Sir Samuel Way characterised expressively as "good citizenship," with the explanation:—

"James Martin was a practical farmer and a mechanical genius as well. He was able to provide what the farmers wanted and to teach them their wants. He made various inventions and improvements and soon outstripped competitors, so that soon the little wayside shop became the great factory. It was impossible to praise too highly John Ridley's patriotism in making a free gift to his fellow-colonists of the invention of the reaping machine; but they ought also to give



due credit to James Martin and others, who improved and perfected the crude invention of Mr. Ridley, and popularised it in their business enterprise."

It is quite certain that by no one could such credit have been given more gladly than by the original inventor, who would have rejoiced to see his work made perfect in the advance of mechanical skill.

But to his friends it may be permitted to feel that something more might have testified to his work in the past.

It is an honour to the South Australia of to-day thus to recognise merit; and statues of the early benefactors should adorn the towns of all the States. But "this might they have done, and yet not left the other undone."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE COST OF THE GIFT.

“ To the end of his life Blake had a nervous horror of being corrected or interfered with in any way. It was a violation of the ‘inviolable will.’ ‘Even where good intention excuses the act, it is useless. The will must not be bended save in the day of Divine power.’

“ There was something of the tenacity with which we cling to that on which we feel our safety depends in the obstinacy with which Blake refused to undergo correction. Self-doubt, the terrible destroyer that would put the sun and the moon out if they yielded to it, was the one thing of which he was afraid.”

“*Life of William Blake*”—ELLIS and YEATS.

THE gift of the reaping machine to South Australia was given by John Ridley without grudging and without thought of reward. But it was not given without cost to the giver.

In material things the price was heavy enough. The machine was no gain financially, while it took the time and energy, which, if devoted to his own business, would have made him, like his successors at Hindmarsh, really wealthy. As it was, his means were always quite moderate, and if his charities were liberal it was only as the result of strict self-denial.

But this was a small matter compared with the physical effects which lasted through all future years.

Up to this point all the pictures given have been noticeable for their strength and vigour—strength of physique, of character, and of will. Through all the

difficulties of his early life and of his emigration he had passed with no diminution of energy, either of body or mind. All his own efforts had been eminently successful.

But here is another picture of him at the time while his invention was in progress. It is drawn by an eyewitness, drawn without much sympathy, but therefore the more exact in detail, by one of the mechanics who helped in the actual manufacture of the machine.

It must be remembered that at this date there were no factories in the Colony, or even shops where the most necessary articles could be obtained. My father suffered naturally from his own lack of mechanical training, a lack not made up by the utmost ingenuity of a quick inventiveness. That this very quickness was indeed an additional drawback in making him impatient of the slowness of others, is evident in the sketch here given:—

“It was some time in the early part of 1843, I think, that Mr. Ridley conceived the idea of striking the heads instead of cutting them off, and explained his notions to me and others in the workshops. I worked a good part of the year altering the machine in various ways, but it proved a most obstinate baby. Ridley was then a very smart, active, high-spirited man, who did not stick at trifles, quickly excited, and would work himself up till completely exhausted. Then we would not see him for two or three weeks. It might be that one of these attacks came on the last time we tried the unruly brat. It seemed a real failure. He drove up in his Stanhope gig, Mrs. Ridley with him, exclaiming, ‘I am quite beaten.’ I replied, ‘So am I. I have tried my utmost. It will not feed, whether the crop be thick or thin.’ He remarked, ‘I have bought this crop of wheat as it stands, being confident I should harvest it with this machine. One thing is in my favour. I only pay for what I take off, but take some of it off in some way. Do the best you can.’ With this he drove off, and I did not see him again for some time.”

As success finally crowned these efforts, it is certain that this interval would be spent in thinking out some improved way of achieving the desired end, for he never willingly gave up a thing once begun, disregarding the physical exhaustion that so often went with such persistence.

Of the experiences connected with this first machine there is no record. But a reflection of what he must have suffered may be found in his journal of 1861, when he undertook to adapt the "Stripper" to the English climate by adding apparatus to cut the straw, valued in England, though valueless in the early Colonial days. There is the same sense of effort, of frequent discouragement, with final success; and, afterwards, there was the same physical reaction though not to the same extent.

In Australia this illness had involved retirement from business, just at the point when the largest returns might be expected from his previous exertions. In a very short time after the transfer his successors made a large fortune.

This nervous irritability, the cause of so much suffering to himself and to his friends, was very noticeable in 1862-3, when it was fortunate that his removal from Hexham to London interfered with further experimenting, and gave him new and less exciting interests. His comment on a letter received at the end of 1862, just when this move was going on, gives some notion of the extent of his sufferings. The letter was well meant, and the irritation caused by it of short duration, as was proved by the fact that to him the writer owed much of the comfort of her life for many years afterwards:—

"I have Miss A.'s letter—please tell her so, and you may add, without saying I requested it, that she has given me the best flogging I ever experienced or got from all other sources

whatever. She tells me, under cover of my 'nerves,' which she seems to say is not the same thing as myself, that I am the most disagreeable person she has ever met. Not in so many words mind, but I think it is not a very unfair summary of what she does say. It puts me under a great obligation to those of my friends who bear with me without telling me of my failings; for I don't believe in flogging, physical or mental. I don't think it ever does real good, though it may seem to do so; but in my case I am so disposed, in my present mood, to kiss the rod, that I don't think I misrepresent the thing much when I say 'Let the righteous smite me, and it will be a kindness.'

"But I think here there is also something about 'excellent oil'—which does *not* mean *oil of vitriol*!"

What the full cost of these efforts was to the inventor could be known only to himself and those nearest to him. Perhaps it could never be estimated by men trained in the "give-and-take" of public life, who can exchange the hardest blows in business or politics, and make a jest of them in private life. In connection with the machine of 1861 I find a reference to those earlier experiences:

"Those who had no practical connection with the subject, but had a little imagination, listened patiently to my explanations and spoke strongly of the value of the machine. But one knew, however pleasant this might be, that it was another class of persons who had to become interested; and, of these, I don't believe that one who ought to have understood something about the matter believed in it at all, or even listened without pronouncing it an absurdity. I believe that all the time it was preparing it was regarded as about as suitable as a project to cultivate the moon. One, who ought to have understood, listened and turned away without a word. Long afterwards, when it was a success, he said: 'I suppose I offended you; but at that time I did think it all humbug.' Another, when I spoke of winnowing, asked 'Why not grind it as well?'

"Had I not had the means of making it myself I do not think it would ever have been made. As to its introduction here the same opposition has been made, and I have ceased to speak of it to any one connected with agriculture."

It was this need for sympathy that made him appreciate so intensely the help given by Governor Grey and Captain Bagot in their confidence in his powers.

To most men such things are indifferent. It is a matter of temperament, and to this over-sensitive mind the jest which to another would have been a mere pin-prick, was as the stab of a knife or the wound of a poisoned arrow. What the discipline of a public school would have done for him cannot now be told; but, assuredly, it would have saved much of the suffering that marked his life. The sensitiveness born with him had been fostered by all his circumstances. His emotions had been over-stimulated by his early religious training, while his precocity had made him too soon of mark in his circle, thus preventing the roughening process by which boys are usually fitted for contact with the world.

He certainly had the temperament of genius, that hyper-sensitiveness to which a tone or a look counts for more than a word or a blow to the more robust. There may be compensation in a corresponding keenness of pleasurable sensation, but for the intensity of joy the price must be paid in pain.

To these finely strung natures the expression of sympathy is necessary to any complete manifestation of their powers, and without such help the best may remain dormant. Unless strengthened to the healthy self-confidence which can claim success as its due, a public career, even to the most gifted, is likely to be only a series of failures, greater or less. Without support from outside to sustain their innate belief in themselves, they are too apt to oscillate between the extremes of apparent failure and of unjustifiable self-assertion.

To a great extent this was true of my father. He was warranted in the consciousness of powers above the average, but he was liable to the extreme of self-distrust, taking himself too readily at the estimate of those about him. Possibly, with a more hearty appreciation of his first great work, he might have gone on to still better things.

This dependence on sympathy made him attach undue weight to opposition. If those near him believed in him there seemed no limit to what he might do; if they doubted or denied he took himself at their valuation and did nothing.

At the same time he was singularly free from the vanity of morbid self-love which cannot see itself in the wrong. His wish to be right, for righteousness' sake, was stronger than any other feeling. How he could accept advice in the right spirit comes out clearly in a letter to his wife, in whose judgment he had unbounded trust:—

“I am fully aware that half the opinions I hold are worth nothing to anybody but myself—or rather worth nothing whatever, so it won't cost me much to retract an opinion as soon as anyone whom I regard as superior says I am wrong. I fear I have been wrong—nay, I am quite sure I am wrong in the form in which I have asserted my opinion on this subject, in that reckless way I unfortunately have of stating things. I am afraid it has caused one of those unhappy collisions that one would give almost anything to avoid. . . .

“If I could change my opinion—and perhaps I might, if you think I am too positive—I can do it easily enough, for it is too true that I have very little judgment; and, little as anybody values my judgment, I think I can go beyond them in valuing it still less. I am trying to think that I have been wrong, and I don't think I shall have any difficulty in doing so if you say so.

“So now, whatever you say, I am prepared to stand to, as I am sure that your unbiassed judgment is worth a hundred times more than mine. . . .”

This underlying gentleness made it easy to pass over its occasional opposite, so that even strangers would bear much, while by his own nearest he was loved in a rare degree. "How is it that Mr. Ridley may say things which no one else would dare to say?" asked a new friend, who very soon counted among those who could pass over the strong or impatient word because they knew the loyal and tender heart below and were sure that the hasty utterance meant only overstrain of nerve.

He suffered much, because he could take nothing easily: he could do nothing with half his mind, and into everything which occupied him he threw all the energy and passion of his soul. It was difficult for strangers to understand him, for he could never be made to believe that there was anything unusual in himself. He never could be induced to credit, for example, that his own special and often abstruse subjects were not equally interesting and familiar to his listeners. It was not conceivable to his mind that any person could really fail to care for science or theology, or that the problems that so incessantly occupied his own thoughts were not of equal importance to others. The conversation which often startled strangers, as something quite out of ordinary experience, was simply his own everyday talk, as natural to him as the usual chit-chat or gossip to the dwellers in the world outside him. His impetuosity of mind and force of expression were often amazing to the verge of alarm to persons who were unaccustomed or averse to theological argument or scientific theorising. From my earliest years I can recall my mother's quietly protective attitude on such occasions. In all external matters my father was absolute head of the household, filling



his place to the full, his will being law; but none the less was his wife his constant shield against any hurt or pain which, in thus anticipating, she was able to ward off. Her immovable self-control and sweetness gave her the power of changing the subject by some gentle little joke, which brought to an amicable ending a discussion which might otherwise have waxed to dangerous proportions. As her daughters grew old enough they instinctively shared with her this protective watchfulness. Never, I think I may say for one moment, after my early childhood, was I in my father's presence without being fully aware of every thought and feeling as it crossed his mind, instinctively holding myself ready to interpose in any risk of undue jar or fret.

Doubtless to this fact was due his almost touching dependence on his family and the more than ordinary closeness of home ties. His letters, when absent from us, are full of this necessity to keep touch with us, and to be constantly assured of our thought and care for him.

To his wife:—

“London, *Saturday, July 31, 1861.*

“I have just been to the telegraph office to send a message to request immediate information if anything is the matter with you, as I have had no letter since Tuesday. . . . Why have you not written? why has A. not written? It is very cruel, when you were so unwell when I left you, to have only one letter the following day, and none for three days after. I fear it must be in consequence of your illness that there is no news, and you are waiting for something better; but anything is better than such suspense. . . .”

To A. E. R.:—

“NEWCASTLE, *September, 1861.*

“I came from Sunderland on purpose to get your letter. In a more healthy state of feeling I should, I have little doubt, have responded with joyful acknowledgment, but at present I require to have sight and not mere faith. A smiling face is necessary

to make me respond to anything cheerfully. . . . I have had much adventure, very pleasant, and otherwise, but am not able to give details at present. I seem to feel that the less I say the better in the absence of a personal or ideal smiling countenance. Yours looks rather stern in your letter: Mamma's is not visible exactly in a smiling form, and dear J.'s, yes, she is looking as delightful as ever! I am very sorry I cannot write to you all separately. You must, I think, have been a little annoyed at my silence. . . ."

To the same, a few days later:—

"Hexham, *September 13, 1861.*

"I think I feel something like a traveller through a desert meeting unexpectedly with a spring of pure water on receiving your letter. I feel very thankful for the power that has been given you to say things calculated to comfort and strengthen. . . ."

Here is one of many expressions of this feeling:—

"We are back to our present centre of being—home. What a charm that word has! To one who has a happy home it does not matter what disagreeables may be met with away from home."

And then he goes on with a suggestion entirely natural to him—living always on that plane of thought—though sometimes surprising to others unaccustomed to such expression:—

"'Lord Thou hast been our dwelling-place—our *home*—in all generations.' That is a very wonderful saying: wonderful that a *man* should have such an idea! I almost think that such sayings are spoken by spirits who have realised the idea, and who are in the bosom of Paternity—the bosom of the Father. That was spoken of the only begotten Son, but He says: 'Where I am there may ye be also.'"

It was in 1845, when suffering the most from the nervous overstrain consequent on his first invention, that a great blow fell on him in this severance from

his early religious associations. Just when his need of spiritual help was greatest he was sent out into the wilderness to be alone for the greatest struggle of all.

Up to this date he had remained faithful to his early beliefs, helping to build a chapel on his arrival in the Colony and taking part in its services. He also himself supported a home missionary.

It must be remembered that from the first all religious denominations in South Australia were on an equality. There was no State Church, though there was a colonial chaplain, as part of the Government staff. The Colony had been founded ten years before the bishopric was endowed by Miss Burdett-Coutts. It must have been quite as long as this before Episcopal churches were to be found in country places, and in such the building of a chapel was an important contribution to the spiritual needs of the people.

Long before the church was built at Glenelg, for instance, Mr. William Giles, the first manager of the South Australian Company, preached in a small chapel there; at Kapunda also, still later, I remember that Mr. Anthony Forster was a favourite preacher.

But in 1845 my father's opinions were so far modified on the one doctrine that was to have so much influence on his future that he was called to account for his views, with the result that he finally left the Wesleyan connexion. The actual offence which ended in practical excommunication was that in one of his sermons he said that "God could not take vengeance as man did."

The "Eternity of Evil" had from his boyhood been his great problem, and with the widening of his mental outlook came the inevitable decision, separating him from those who insisted on the old orthodoxy.

Very few in those days could have the least understanding of an attitude of questioning. It was not till the "sixties"—*nearly twenty years afterwards*—that such understanding became generally possible. Between 1860 and 1866 the appearance of the "Essays and Reviews," Colenso's writings, Renan's "Vie de Jésus," Strauss' shorter "Leben Jesu," with "Ecce Homo," opened a new world to thoughtful minds; so that in the present day it is difficult to go back, even in imagination, to the former state of things, when to express the faintest question on any religious subject was to incur social isolation.

At this date my father had not passed into this outer darkness, but he had gone far enough in the one direction to form some idea of what it might mean, since we find one of his friendships of this period based on a poem in the newspaper signed "A Man without a Class." He made the acquaintance of the writer, a Roman Catholic priest who had outgrown his prescribed boundaries without becoming a convert to any other sect. This friendship, leading to reports that a conversion might take place on the other side—reports without any foundation—may yet have tended to open the gulf across which the anxious questioner looked so regretfully at his early comrades.

The first effect of the general lack of sympathy is indicated in a letter to a friend in England, dated January 7th, 1845:—

"I am at this moment in indecision about my religious concerns. For the present I have lost all respect for the Wesleyan body as far as regards the intellectual character of the theology I hear from the pulpits, or even of the books. I think the whole may be traced to the old leaven of Popery, which is the essential spirit of it: 1st, an implicit belief in what we have

been taught; 2nd, the incapacity to doubt any point without doubting the whole, the idea that to doubt any speculative point is wrong, and that our safety depends on holding fast everything we have been led to associate with our religious nature, that however improbable or impossible a thing may be, it makes no difference to our faith. A young man, son of a preacher, and a local preacher himself here, seemed to think there was no difficulty in holding that the sun and moon stood still, and that if he could not believe this on the authority of the Scriptures he could believe nothing. I am afraid this is a fair specimen of the state of feeling, and the preachers have no objection to its continuance—if they know better themselves. The more ignorant the people the greater the power of the priests, especially when they dwell upon *the terrors*, which is the leading idea of the ‘great guns’—the staple commodity of the Wesleyan body. The most powerful motive in this theology is evidently fear. The idea of the Deity most prevalent is as the Destroyer, the great bulk of mankind being regarded as objects of Divine wrath. Redemption—which I consider the leading idea of the Revelation—is found not as a rule but as the exception. In thus censuring the Wesleyans I certainly include nearly all others. And why shrink from such a conclusion? Is it to be believed that the pure truth would be as inefficient as the condition of the world shows the present theology to have been? There’s ‘something rotten in the state’ of things. I feel my vocation to be the voice of one crying in the wilderness: ‘Prepare ye the way of the Lord: make His paths straight!’”

At this crisis help came in the person of the Rev. Thomas Playford, a man of large heart and mind, earnest and powerful in his preaching and warm in his friendship. In him my father found a friend of more stability than the erratic but brilliant priest who had, however, been of real service in opening up the treasures of the saintly writers of his own communion.

Mr. Playford is generally recognised as one of the potent influences in the early spiritual life of the new country. To extreme age he filled his large chapel, his latest picture of himself in 1873 showing him as

“preaching once a week, sitting in the pulpit, with feet supported on cushions.”

At the same time he sends a volume of sermons and a hymn-book, to which he contributed 200 hymns of his own. It is proof of an unusual mental grasp that at an advanced age he could still recognise new modes of thought. In 1867, writing to my father, after a long silence, he says :—

“ . . . I was much pleased at receiving a few lines from you, for they indicate new habits of thought of an expansive and interesting character which may lead to happy results.

“The stimulation and vitality of sympathy of ideas, the efficacy of mental prayer, even when distance intervenes, and the success which will sometimes attend efforts to do good to the absent, I have long been convinced of ; but the isolation of colonial life is not good for development. You were right in supposing I had been thinking of you. . . . The chapel you caused to be built at Hindmarsh is still neatly fitted up as a place of worship. . . . I remember with pleasure the evenings when we sat in your parlour at Hindmarsh, and conversed on Scripture subjects, more than twenty years ago.”

Mr. Playford's influence no doubt tended to keep his friend within the bounds of orthodoxy, but still there were many wanderings outside the pale, dangerous possibly to less stable minds, but in this case tending only to widened sympathies.

Some enthusiastic Swedenborgians took him in hand for a time, and he rapidly assimilated all that suited him in their views, but without being tempted to join them in other than merely friendly relations.

The works of William Ellery Channing and of Orville Dewey and Theodore Parker also formed part of his reading, showing him that at least he did not stand alone in his sincerity and outspokenness. It was impossible for him to even comprehend that a man might inwardly question whilst remaining silent

concerning his views. And still less could he understand indifference on points which were to him of importance so vital.

But the final outcome of these varied divergencies was inevitably an intellectual isolation full of pain to one so dependent on sympathy. In a letter to his wife, written during a trip to Sydney a few years later, there is an expression of this suffering as he says:—

“ July, 1850.

“ . . . I am alone—so thoroughly. I can bear it for myself but fear to annoy others by being dull. I evidently expect too much in expecting people to refrain from contradiction in decided terms. But when people respect each other they do not contradict in decided terms, but agree as far as they can and differ reluctantly. This I find the only test of goodwill—never to place myself in opposition but to find some point of agreement. But without this *nothing*. Oh that disagreeable ‘I differ with you there!’ It only makes me determined that at least they shall not convince me *yet*. When will good people have confidence in the only power for good: ‘Draw us, and we will come after thee’?

‘ Would some power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us.’

I don't know about this. To see oneself in too bad a light is to discourage, exasperate, and make one reckless. I fear that much of my difficulty arises from that source. I cannot fly, and so I dive. Oh for a friend who, while he could see one's faults, would deal gently with them, and without flattery would give some encouragement! The sense of loneliness seems to settle over me like a dark cloud. . . .”

Happily, this desire seems to have been met, as on July 24 we find the record of a visit paid to the Rev. J. Boyce, the leading minister of the Wesleyans in Sydney:—

“ . . . I had a conversation with Mr. Boyce last night. He is one of the best men I have ever met, cheerful, free, and kind. I think he allowed the possibility of having doubts about doctrine on other grounds than mere perversity. He professed

to be able to sympathise with those who could not adopt the language in common use. I think, however much he may try, Mr. E. cannot do this, for doubt on any point of Methodism is an impossibility with him.

"In another interview with Mr. Boyce my first impression is strengthened, as also with Mr. E. I think Mr. Boyce feels the difficulty of holding many points, and but for the question of position might go further. He either sympathises with me, or he has an extraordinary power of goodness and wisdom. Without compromise on any point he never says a harsh word. He gives no impression of bigotry. I think he could not maintain so free a spirit on much further acquaintance with me. But I think so only from my experience of men in general. Mr. E. also, though he shows no sign of ever having for a moment questioned any point of faith, shows a spirit of great forbearance and kindness that is very beneficial. I shall feel much better for this intercourse, though no modification of opinion has taken place on disputed points. With Mr. E. they are settled questions, with Mr. B. open; but both have true Christian charity."

In the same letter he goes into the great question that so filled his mind, as he continues:—

"The point arose, was I a little insane, the mind a little off the balance in feeling so strongly the impossibility of either God or man calmly contemplating unrelieved misery?"

"*Either God cannot or will not.* Mr. E. says the question is settled by the actual existence of misery, since the argument applies to its existence as well as to its continuance, to the allowing it to exist at all as much as allowing it to go on for ever. I think this the strongest argument I have met. But I see the answer, 'our light affliction, but for a moment, working out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' That settles the point, surely. 'Light afflictions—for a moment,' is the true characterisation of all human woes.

"But the question of my madness I at once pronounced an open question, avowing that I feel as most madmen do: 'Either I am mad—or—you are—*wrong!* There *is* such a thing as hopeless incompatibility. And it is *here*—in a good Being not desiring the destruction of evil, or in a happy Being acquiescing in unhappiness.



“ Mr. Boyce has given me two books : ‘ Letter and Spirit,’ and ‘ The Age and Christianity,’ by Vaughan, a rare instance of liberality of mind. Most preachers would decline to praise a book by an opposing sect.”

In a letter to me twenty years later I find an allusion to Mr. E., proving that no difference of opinion had affected these personal relations :—

“ . . . I hope you remember who Mr. E. is. He was the Wesleyan minister in Adelaide when we first went there, and one of the best men I have been acquainted with. He lent me £26 at a time when he might never have seen it again. So I, remembering his kindness, offered to give him £100. He regarded this as a Divine providence, as he is likely to lose his sight, and must return to England for an operation for cataract. He also requires more rest than present means will allow.”

This meeting led to a renewed correspondence. In one of his letters Mr. E. shows that he had always held to a real sympathy, even if not of understanding, in these spiritual strivings, as he says :—

“ *May 13, 1868.*

“ . . . Your peculiar constitution of mind has given you much to struggle through, but the God of love has watched over you and will do so until He lands you safely in heaven. I have always been attached to you because I have felt assured of your thorough sincerity, and have been confident that the mental and spiritual conflict through which you were passing in your endeavours to know the truth would be guided to a right conclusion. I trust God will make you a blessing to the bodies and souls of others.”

In 1855, writing to one of his early Methodist friends—then become a Congregationalist—he gives a good summary of his religious attitude after passing through these trying times :—

“ . . . I had a letter from R. N. asking for a subscription for a chapel. I wanted to state my position as simply as

possible, but I found my attempt so unsatisfactory that I have waited a fortnight in making up my mind to let off my missile at him. I did it as gently as I could, but I was obliged to enter my protest against the spirit of the body, not believing in the Christianity of any Christian church *as a church*, though I do believe in the Christianity of individual members—yours, for instance. I don't think you quite apprehend my idea of Christianity: 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.' You know 'Catholic' means 'universal,' and what can be the meaning of 'Roman Catholic'? How much meaning there is in a designation which seems accidental! 'Roman Catholic' is a contradiction in terms, like 'local universal.' What sort of church is the Church Universal? What are its peculiarities? It can't have any; it can have only those points on which all churches are agreed. These universal doctrines are the truth, and all the rest is questionable. Every church founded on some peculiarity is schismatic. There are some truths that all good men are agreed on. The term 'holy' restricts the reference to good men only; we have nothing to do here with men who do not support the cause of goodness: it is not the 'universal Society,' but the 'Holy Catholic Society' or 'Congregation.' To the truths held in common by good men we are bound by the words of the creed to adhere as of first importance. The differences between them may be treated with respect in proportion to their prevalence.

"In proportion as we desire to fraternise with the good of all ages will we refrain from attaching importance to points on which good men may differ. What is it they have never differed about? *In words* I think it has never been questioned, but always asserted, that 'love is of God.' 'Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God' (1 John iv.). But has not contradiction *in deeds*, contradiction in setting up antagonistic propositions—has not this been the every-day life and doings of the Christian Church? Is this a merely accidental occurrence, contrary to its principles and constitution, or has it not been part of its nature, acknowledged, avowed, gloried in, made part and parcel, a *sine quâ non*?"

"Yes, as truly and surely as 'God takes vengeance'—taking that phrase as used in the sense in which it is used of men—so long will the Christian churches pull down with one hand what they build up with the other, and the natural enmity and hatred of humanity will be fed from heaven. The really

loving will love and the hateful will hate, and they have full warrant for doing so under the name of zeal. 'Does not God hate, and shall I not hate His enemies? Yes, I hate them with a perfect hatred.' Hatred according to Scripture—is that then not right? Was not Jael right in treacherously slaying Sisera? The Scripture says so. It is a serious question. If every word of Scripture be the word of God there is no avoiding the conclusion that right and wrong are arbitrary terms, 'Foul is fair and fair is foul.' The Romans are not so far wrong as you suppose in putting the church above Scripture. If this church were truly the Holy Catholic Church, the Christian church existed before Scripture, and Scripture must be explained by the Holy Catholic Church, which I have no hesitation in saying is a higher authority.

"What does the oldest creed—called the Apostles' Creed—say about the plenary inspiration of St. Paul? If a dogma is questioned the cry of 'Infidelity' is raised, but the infidelity was in the bringing in of these dogmas. We have no need of dogmas that are not self-evident. There is no mystery about the life of love. But if you compare what is said about love with all that has been said about faith, could it come to one per cent.? But is this not as the chaff to the wheat, the shell to the kernel? I think faith is as the shell without which there is no kernel, but the shell is not the principal thing.

"Truth is important: of what importance is anything else? Life is passing very rapidly, and what can we carry with us into the next state but our impressions, truthful or false? What a waste we generally make of life! But it must be of importance; we cannot persuade ourselves that 'Life is an empty dream.' Faith, true faith—faith in the truth—is indeed a great thing. In the gloom and despondency that settle down on all who begin to weigh things, who are 'so full of misery that it were better not to be,' there comes the 'little whisper, silver clear,' of a 'hidden hope.' 'Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul.' 'There abideth these three.' They are all great. Faith: how great is hope: but 'the greatest of these is charity.' What do we need to cure all ills, what does earth want to make it heaven, but love?

"We look to the Church as our hope to give us this good. And, alas, it is not want of love of truth that prevents me from giving it my support. . . ."

## CHAPTER IX.

AT "THE BAY." 1847-53.

"It is difficult, without dreaming, to predict what the future of this society will be; but we venture to think that it will approximate much more closely to the Italian than to the American type—that is it will be democratic, but not hard. The early Americans, whose influence is only just dying out, were men of austere temper, who lit on an ungrateful soil—New England is worse to farm than Scotland—with evils of permanent hardships. They had to fight the sea, the snow, the forests, the Indians, and their own hearts; and did fight them all, if not with complete success, at the least with persistent hardness. The Australians, we conceive, with a more genial and altogether warmer climate, without Puritan traditions, with wealth among them from the first, and with a habit of communion with Europe, will be softer although not weaker people, fonder of luxury and better fitted to enjoy art. . . . They will be a people growing and drinking wine, caring much for easy society, addicted to conversation, and, though energetic, with a keen desire for a well-ordered and restful life. . . . They will, in short, desire larger and easier lives than the Americans, so will be less persistently laborious, and will feel—we note this already in Australians almost as strongly as in Californians—a sort of worship for their climate. The note of discontent which penetrates the whole American character will be absent, and, if not exactly happier, they will be more at ease. All Australian development will be affected by that difference, and as they cease to be British, German, and Irish, the men of the new type which will gradually be born, the distinctive and separate 'Australians,' will be as distinguishable in England as the Americans, and distinguishable also from them. The typical Australian will be a sunnier man."

*"The Next Century of Australia"*—SPECTATOR, Jan. 28, 1838.

THE period of active work did not extend beyond ten years, and a very satisfactory state of things is shown in a letter from my father to his brother-in-law, dated

February, 1850, in which he says, after a rapid summary of his success, as "fair earnings, without any speculation"—

"I am not aware of having made any sacrifice to attain this result. My health is very good now, and I have not sustained any injury from being overwrought. I feel as juvenile as I ever did, and the varied existence I have experienced has, I think, been favourable to the development of powers of mind. Mary, to all appearance, is in the full enjoyment of life, 'fat, fair, and forty,' and the children are doing well. We are building a house by the seaside, to which we remove in the hot weather. In twelve months I shall probably be at liberty, and we think of sailing for England with the intention of returning. But, as to the future, I leave it entirely to dispose itself, and seldom plan anything about it."

This cheery description of his health must have depended on a bright mood, because it was in this same year that a voyage to Sydney was advised medically, and his letters thence do not give a glowing picture.

As to the return to England it was well to be philosophic, since this voyage was delayed for two years beyond the time mentioned. The discovery of the Victorian gold-fields produced so great a revolution in all colonial affairs that it proved to be more prudent to stay and watch the course of events.

There had already been more than one crisis in the history of the Colony, as we find indicated in an earlier letter, in 1848, reviewing the general state of trade:—

" . . . Smelting works are being erected in various places, and a large English company has one already in successful operation. There is no danger of any permanent falling off in the copper trade. There are several other mines of both copper and lead, so that we certainly have two strings to our bow. If one fails, as is the case periodically, we shall not suffer as the other

Colonies do. Everything is liable to great fluctuations in small communities, and the consequences are often disastrous. We have escaped the late crisis, and scarcely felt a ripple of the mighty wave which swept over Britain and many of its dependencies. But for the Burra Mine I do not know how it might have gone with the commercial portion of our community. The sheep farmers have felt the depression in wool. Some wool that I had to do with (as executor) had 6*d.* advanced on it and was sold for 5½*d.*, expenses being 2½*d.*, so that there is 3*d.* loss. Several are obliged to sell off. Three of us have purchased 12,000 sheep with the wool on, runs included. The price will rally again. Three years ago wool was sold here for 1*s.* 3*d.*, and it may be so again. . . . This is a sad sacrifice, and is the penalty paid by the improvident, and is very much in favour of the opposite class, to which I have hitherto had the good fortune to belong.

“Shipping has been a profitable investment here when properly managed. You could not do better than form a company and purchase a ship and come out in it.”

Removal to the seaside meant a period of complete leisure, with time for books and social intercourse, as well as for pleasure trips to the neighbouring Colonies.

It has already been mentioned that the original “Wooden House” had been removed to a section at “The Bay,” where, with necessary additions, it had served as a refuge from the great heat of summer. A substantial stone house had since been built a little further along the sand-hill; and when this became the permanent residence, the “Wooden House” was used as book-room and guest-rooms, while its kitchens became the dwelling of “Tom” and his wife.

In the “book-room,” a long low room, lined with books, my father spent all his spare time, most frequently engaged in some scientific experiment. The house was built on his own plans, and he had great satisfaction in the pleasant task of transforming a waste of barren marsh-land into a blooming garden.

Glenelg, in those days, bore no sort of resemblance to the modern fashionable watering-place, with railway, pier, promenade, sea-wall, and trim villas. Nor was it even as described by Mr. Forster in 1866<sup>1</sup>:—

"The entire road between Adelaide and Glenelg—or, as it is usually designated, 'The Bay'—on a warm evening, presents an almost unbroken stream of people, travelling to and fro in every species of vehicle, from the humble bullock-dray, with its bevy of rustic damsels, to the more pretentious landau, with my lady and her blooming daughters, driven by a liveried coachman. Equestrians, and pedestrians too, help to make up the miscellaneous throng, all seeking or returning from the enjoyment afforded by a scamper along the sea-shore, or a dip in the briny waters."<sup>1</sup>

In 1846, when my father bought his section at "The Bay," it was still in primæval wildness. Our section consisted for the most part of sand-hill and bog, until carting the sand into the bog made a foundation of *terra firma*. Soil had to be imported for the garden, which, however, speedily produced flowers and vegetables of rare excellence. One specimen of broccoli became traditional, since all the kitchen weights failed to weigh half of it.

Only a low sand-hill, carefully fenced in, separated us from the sea, with its beach of finest silver sand stretching for miles on either side, hard and firm for riding, where my father took me for many a delightful gallop. This beach, after a storm, offered a wealth of shells and sea treasures that gave joy unspeakable to the children of that day. In most other places along the shore, trodden down by cattle and free to the winds, the sand-hills were either blown away or heaped into drifts of dazzling whiteness. But our portion, protected by its fence, remained green, like another garden,

<sup>1</sup> "South Australia : its Progress and Prospects" (A. Forster, 1866).

with its berry-bearing shrubs, and yellow, pink, and white *Helichrysum*, or "everlastings," as they were called. There were also masses of purple *Mesembryanthemum* (for some inscrutable reason known as "pig-faces") with edible fruit; and the long trails of *Kennedya prostrata*, with clusters of crimson pea-flowers set in glossy trefoil leaves, supplied us with ready-made garlands.

As children we were quite indifferent to the smaller snakes whose marks in the sand were a familiar sight, and we often found their eggs, of which we made playthings. Lizards of large size and quite ferocious aspect were considered quite harmless. But the larger snakes inspired due caution, and I never forgot my first sight of a large specimen coiled up in the sun, like carved ebony against the white sand. One look was enough as I fled, pursued by peals of mocking laughter from a startled daceo.

Both reptile and bird have long since vanished, and it would be as surprising now to find a snake or "laughing jackass" in Glenelg as in the streets of Adelaide itself.

The memory of life at "The Bay" seems all of holiday-time, with something of the flavour of a prolonged picnic in the freedom of the unstinted hospitality which marked the simple friendliness of early colonial life. All intercourse was natural and easy. Among the members of a small community experiences are so much in common that conversation flows freely, the effort to "make talk," so large a part of ceremonious visiting, being little known.

In the very primitive days, even near town, it was not often possible to indulge in much variety, so that no entertainment could be very elaborate, and visitors willingly made the best of whatever chanced to be going.



If dainties were to be had they were offered with a satisfaction not to be felt by the London hostess who has but to give her orders to see her table spread to her liking. But if the every-day mutton and rice pudding formed the limit of the repast, the heartiness of welcome made up for deficiencies.

This typical colonial hospitality was certainly characteristic of my parents from the moment they had a house in which to receive their friends. Even in the busy life at Hindmarsh the guest-room was rarely empty, and at "The Bay" there was perpetual coming and going.

Neither then nor at any future time would any compulsion have induced my father to give set entertainments. He disliked all formalities, and would never go to Government House, though most of his friends did so as a matter of course. Nor was my mother less hospitable, though she had the natural feminine preference for knowing when she might expect her visitors.

Nothing, however, was more common than quite unexpected visitations. Friends from town would drive down before breakfast to escape the heat of the day. Or without previous intimation they would arrive in the cool of the evening to stay the night. If the number chanced to overflow the regular accommodation it was of little consequence : there were the sofas, or possibly a mattress on the floor, cool in the hot summer night.

Often enough, meeting a friend in town, my father would say on the impulse of the moment, "Come down and spend a day with us, and bring the children for a bathe." The invitation accepted and the day fixed, it was quite possible for him to forget to mention it until reminded by the arrival of the invited guests,

always received by the hostess in a way that gave no hint of surprise. There might be a momentary inward ruffle, but it never showed outwardly. Any very intimate friend would be taken into confidence and enjoy the joke, while the whole experience might be recalled forty years afterwards, in a London drawing-room, with the remark, "After all, those were very happy days; we have not found much that is better!"

The greatest drawback to colonial life—the servant question—seems to have been less of a trouble to my mother than to many housewives. During her whole life she had the power of attaching her servants to her, so that willing hands went with loving hearts. Even in the Colony—apart from the inevitable matrimonial complications—the changes in her household were few. Margaret, the first servant I can remember, was with us for many years, thanks partly to her being already safely married to William, house-factotum, groom, and coachman in one, a merry, red-haired Irishman, who took great pains to teach me to ride as far back as my memory takes me. Tom, the gardener, was with us from that same period till the last day of our stay in the Colony. His neat and pretty wife, Jane, was always at hand to help in any emergency. I have an impression that at Hindmarsh they lived in the original *pésé* hut. When we removed from Hindmarsh Tom and Jane went with us, and Tom became "man-of-all-work" as well as gardener.

My father all his life had great faith in sea-bathing, and never liked to miss a few weeks by the sea in summer. At "The Bay" he had full measure of this enjoyment, as he put up a bathing-box which was a permanent fixture, in use at all hours of the day and even at night; for bathes in the clear moonlight, or in

waves of phosphorescent fire were occasional treats, enjoyed without a thought of the sharks, which came within swimming distance, or of the sting-rays often seen scuttling away between the bather and the shore. The sting-ray is a large sand-coloured flat fish, with a tail of some length with sharp spikes on each side. As the creature lies half hidden in the sand it is not impossible to step on it unwittingly, to find the tail lashing up and the spikes inflicting serious wounds.

Our bathing parties by day often included in addition to Nep, at home in the water, our big emu, squatting at the edge with his long legs neatly doubled under him, so that the ripples played among his feathers. And sometimes Jacko the monkey had the salutary discipline of a dip, reducing him to a gratifying because very unwonted obedience. He hated water with all the force of his determined character.

Jacko was a very animated companion. Except on the occasion of these dips in the sea, there was a startling absence of monotony about his character and doings. If he seemed quiet one might be sure that his preoccupation meant some deep-laid scheme for liberty. And when once free quiet was no longer a factor in any scheme of existence. The tame and peaceable pet was changed into an imp of mischief or a fiend of fury, but in his wildest fits he could recognise his real master, and the mere sight of my father was enough to change the rebel into an abject suppliant, chattering his hardest in the quite obvious attempt to throw on his poor little mistress the whole blame of the escapade.

My father encouraged the keeping of pets, and shared our interest in the many animals that played a large part in our childish life. We had cats, of course, and

a beautiful Newfoundland, Nep, who came to us in the same week as "baby," changing from the patient play-fellow into the dignified guardian of her more prolonged babyhood.

But we had much more than these everyday possessions in a menagerie that deserves mention, as at one time or another we had most of the native Australian creatures.

There was one notable exception, besides the platypus which I never desired, and that was the wombat, for which I longed in vain. We were not accustomed to see "clouds of wombats darkening the evening sky," as reported by a recent traveller, and might have been fully satisfied with a less liberal supply. In point of fact wombats are not at all common objects. But in one of our voyages I had made acquaintance with the captivating ugliness of "Toby," a tame wombat, the pet of the sailors, and I longed to make it my own. The mixture of vacillation and firmness characteristic of this creature gives it a very special charm. It seems to have started in life uncertain whether to be a hedgehog or a pig proper; and then, having hesitated too long, to have failed equally in becoming a real rough bear. Morally, however, it is decision embodied. Once having chosen its path, no obstacle can deter it. The march of a wombat is the most direct line known to natural history. Should a hillock intervene the wombat burrows its way through; or should the barrier be a river, it does not even trouble to swim, but placidly continues its undeviating tramp under water.

But, failing this, we had all the pets that could be wished, chiefly the gifts of our kind friend Mr. William Owen, whose voyages in his own ships to Singapore and the South Sea Islands were sources of constant and

varied interest, especially in the tales he brought us at first hand, and all true though so blood-curdling, of the Cannibals of those fairy islets, not then brought under civilisation.

In this work Mr. Owen himself helped not a little, and my father's old missionary longings were satisfied vicariously in his friend's reports of the splendid courage and enterprise of the Wesleyan Mission in Fiji.

For us, as children, these voyages meant wondrous surprises in many and varied treasures—rainbow-tinted shells, strange weapons, *curios* from Indian seas, luscious sweetmeats from China, as well as live stock of many sorts, and strange visitors, too, for once we had a whole crew of coolies belonging to one of Mr. Owen's ships, who stayed at "The Bay" during the reloading. There were women amongst them, and the party made themselves comfortable in their own way in some outhouses near our stable. The men went fishing, and they all lived on the fish, with a bag of sugar and a bag of rice, and any extras that we might give. They were a quiet, gentle people who might easily settle the vexed question of "coloured labour," being already British subjects. As sailors there is a strong testimony to their superiority over Britons in the matter of sobriety.

At another time Mr. Owen brought two huge emus, two kangaroos, and a smooth-tailed opossum, with three small monkeys, these last for change of air, on a visit to Jacko, to his intense delight.

One of the emus and a kangaroo soon died, but their mates lived for some time—the emu for years. He was a very gentle pet, only troublesome when he stretched his long neck, reaching up six feet at least, through an open window to snatch at some shining object, a silver thimble, brass nails, or such like, which

attracted his fancy and, so far as we knew, produced no effect on his digestion. He lived by choice in the section with the cow and horses, taking them under his protection in the matter of warning off as interlopers the horses of our visitors.

It was his habit to go off on long solitary rambles, from which he always returned in safety till one last unhappy venture. He did not return, and about the same time we saw in the newspaper the account of the chase and capture of a fine emu. After this long interval I cannot yet think of the fate of my pet without a sharp pang.

The kangaroo was perfectly tame and went about as he chose. At one moment he might be seen bounding across the section to the amazement of the peaceful cow, in the next he might be found coiled up on a sofa indoors, snuggling his soft head against his mistress.

But the opossum was a tiresome beast, with ways that did not lend themselves to a real friendship. One could not grow sincerely attached to a creature that slept all day on the top of the highest window curtain, and at night would drop unexpectedly on one's shoulder and twine a long cold tail round one's neck. When a friend from town fell in love with his thick soft fur, the gift was not more gladly accepted than offered, and the parting left no pain.

Jacko survived all these changes, being destined for a remarkable career, as he ended his days in royal state, the favourite of a mighty monarch. We could not bring him with us to England, and, as Mr. Owen happened to be starting for Fiji at the same time, he took him as an offering to King Thakombau, then in the height of his power.

No one in Fiji had ever before seen a monkey, and they made Jacko's life into a dream of romance. Tied to the foot of a cocoanut tree, he held a constant levee of admiring crowds, whose offerings of fruit without limit proved, alas! in the end, too much for him. He had for so long been used to a regulated diet that his freedom was a dangerous privilege.

The power of vivid interest in all that came before him which always marked my father through his life was seen especially in relation to his children as children. In these childish memories of our pets I am all the time aware of that interest always behind each scene, and hence the value to me of such trivial details. For instance, with the picture of Jacko come up in my mind the arrangements for him made by my father, who, turning from his own plans for heating his new house (from a furnace in the cellar), gave his whole mind to planning a warm dwelling for the monkey in a double box, lined with cloth, so arranged that the entrance to the inner apartment was out of the draught of the main entrance. A removable roof allowed for house-cleanings, and a blanket, aired and washed by day, supplied warmth by night. The same kind thoughtfulness arranged that, at a little distance, there was a very high pole with a seat on the top, commanding wide views. To this pole Jacko was attached by a light iron ring, loose enough to go up with his string; while his nearness to the sand-hill fence allowed opportunities of visits from outsiders. The "Blacks" often made encampments on the beach or the sand-hills, and they were always interested in Jacko, sometimes more than enough for us.

I remember the glee of one old native woman who broke into fits of laughter as she declared that, " He

make very good *lubra* " (wife) " for Murray black fellow " —of course a rival tribe.

The "Blacks" at Glenelg were quite harmless. Sometimes they would chop wood or carry water, though they preferred not to exert themselves in this or any other fashion. They had two standing terrors: the policeman and the "Debbil, Debbil." All unknown phenomena were assigned to the latter, as I remember when I posed as a ghost in a white sheet, or exhibited a doll that could open and shut its eyes.

Of actual bush-life we had no experience, except when in our visits to Mr. Forster, then resident at Greenock Creek, we found ourselves on the verge of what was still the primitive "Bush."

The drive of fifty miles from Adelaide was accomplished in a long day. Sometimes it was shortened by spending the night at Montefiore, Mr. Crawford's new two-storied house in North Adelaide.

Two-storied houses were still uncommon. I can recall only two staircases, this and another near Brighton, where Mr. Kearne had built a thoroughly substantial English house. Everything outside this house, however, was supremely Australian. From the wide verandah, steps led down to a long vine-trellis, covered at vintage with huge clusters of white and purple grapes. Beyond the flower-garden, on either side stretched peach orchard and orange grove, and over the garden gate bananas waved. "Oaklands" also had the rather rare distinction of a running stream, as the Sturt made its way through a wattle grove behind the house. Many and varied were the delights of this special place, but they had nothing in common with life in the Bush.

For that we turned northward. After leaving the



Pine Forest, beyond North Adelaide, our way went over wide plains of deadly monotony, varied only by the always fascinating mirage, with its magical visions of placid lake and fairy islet.

There was always a long halt in the middle of the day for the refreshment of man and beast, of which I retain one specially vivid picture. I see my mother trying hard to rest on a black horsehair sofa of the most unaccommodating type; while my father, bolt upright on an arm-chair to match, is sternly contemplating the flies (swarming everywhere and evading all attack), and fully occupied in devising a new machine, afterwards carried out successfully, for sweeping them up by the pint, if not by the bushel.

Occasionally we spent the night at Gawler Town in a comfortable inn, driving on in the cool of the early morning. But in this case we missed the great charm of the evening hours, when we might come on a glade of wattle in full bloom, golden in the light of moonshine that was only a softer day, and filling the still air with heavy intoxicating fragrance.

Once we came on a grand Bush fire, and were near enough to see the tongues of flame lapping up the dry grass, or darting from tree to tree amid the crash of the falling branches.

All through the long day there was the joy of the Bush flowers, not then encumbered by the clumsy botanic names since attached to them, but called after the home flowers most like them, as "native honeysuckle" or "native lilac," names serving quite as well for familiar use as the modern "Grevillia" or "Kennedy." A very welcome "find" was the "Loranthus," growing like English mistletoe, but bearing a brilliant coral bloom instead of a white berry.

There were still to be seen frequent flocks of white cockatoos, flashing past with wild whirr of wings and discordant shriek, or swift flights of the small green parrakeet, then as common there as sparrows in England; while the "Scrub" still echoed to the mocking cry of the laughing jackass, or to the musical piping of the native magpie.

But, best of all, at the end of the day came the warm welcome which was all that told of "the Bush" in that happy home. Our host and hostess, both cultured and thoughtful, had imparted to their log-house all the grace of an English home. Nor was this an isolated case, for scattered throughout the district under many hospitable roofs, not too distant for an afternoon's drive, was to be found no lack, not merely of the "good things" of life, but of its refinements. Only once did we ever see the far-famed *dampfer*, as we came on a shepherd in the act of taking it from the ashes. It was only in the "Bush" proper that the three meals of the day rang the changes on "damper, mutton, and tea."

As agent to Mr. Angas, Mr. Forster had duly surveyed and marked out the now flourishing township of Angaston, but at that date there was little more than the primitive log-house which has since expanded into Lindsay Park. Beyond this centre stretched the "Bush," or "Scrub," as yet unsubdued by culture. Where now garden and vineyard grace the scene there then rolled long waves of grass across a tract of "Bay of Biscay land," giving pasture to droves of horses, practically wild, though bearing their owners' brands, and turned out to forage for themselves.

One of my rides through this district with my father

and our host left on my childish mind a memory of wild adventure forming a delicious compound of terror and elation. Coming on one of these droves, Mr. Forster saw a young mare of his own, and determined to secure it there and then. Off he rode in one direction, and my father in another, leaving me to follow and make my way, as best I might, over the grass, in and out among the gum trees, avoiding "stumps" and fallen trunks, as we tore across the undulating plain, with an accompaniment of that capering whinnying herd loth to part from their hunted comrade.

A more peaceful episode was the opening at Kapunda of a new lode of copper, christened "Wheel Margaret" by Mrs. Forster, and serving as an excuse for a picnic gathering of all the widely scattered residents of the district. Only eight years before, in 1842, the first copper in South Australia had been discovered, while gathering wild flowers, by young Bagot, a discovery confirmed soon afterwards by Mr. Francis Dutton. The famous Burra Burra Mine was of later date.

Another favourite ride or drive was to one of the many German settlements, Tanunda, beautifully situated near a running creek of clear water. This little township might have been lifted bodily out of the Rhineland, where afterwards its counterparts seemed strangely familiar to us.

Another of our country visits was to Kenton Park, Gumeracha, the home of our old friend Mr. W. B. Randell. This ought to have included a sight of the Murray River, since Mr. William Randell was the first, in 1853, to attempt the navigation of its waters, left untried since the famous voyage of Captain Sturt. But it was too difficult an excursion for us, and for the

children at least there was equal satisfaction in a neighbouring creek, where in one afternoon we found enough gold and garnets to fill a tiny bottle still among my treasures.

This was before the discovery of gold in South Australia. When the Echunda diggings were opened my father tried a week of it with our man Tom. A very little was enough for the master, but the man succumbed to the temptation. As soon as we left the Colony Tom abandoned his flowers and vegetables, and we heard of him as making £4 a week at the diggings.

But the most marked events of this quiet time were our trips by sea to the neighbouring Colonies. The first venture was a week's picnic cruise with Mr. Owen in one of his ships to Port Lincoln, including a day on Kangaroo Island, the "Pelican Island" of James Montgomery's poem so named. In this poem there is a pretty though fanciful description of the nautilus, found in abundance on these shores. To my childish eyes this beach seemed made up of these and other shells, and it was a sore disappointment to have to leave them and go inland. Mr. Hales, one of our party, wrote an amusing description of this expedition for one of the Adelaide papers.

Then came a three months' trip to Melbourne and Tasmania. In 1850 Melbourne was only the beginning of a city, just rising to meet the demands of the gold-fields. My most vivid memory of Melbourne is of our detention by stormy weather for several days inside the "Heads," when my father was terribly exercised in mind by the sufferings of some cattle on board whose supply of food fell short in consequence of this delay. He found some comfort in organising boating parties for

the shore, where he worked like a slave in cutting grass and branches for forage.

Cruelty to animals was one of his horrors, and in later times he heartily helped on the Society for its prevention. To the end his memory of the sufferings seen in this and other voyages inclined him to vegetarianism, which he practised for some time, giving it up only in obedience to medical orders.

We much enjoyed the great Tasmanian rivers, going to Launceston up the Tamar, and from Hobart by the Derwent. The journey across the island between the two towns by coach was a novel experience, the more delightful from the beauty of the scenery. Hobart, standing on a wide estuary, under the shelter of Mount Wellington, struck us as the most picturesque town we had ever seen. The mountain exercised on my father the attraction he always felt for heights, as, going for a walk, he mounted higher and higher, narrowly escaping being lost, and giving us a day of anxiety.

We found friends in both cities, and during the month spent at Hobart made many pleasant acquaintances. There was only one drawback to unmixed satisfaction, our first (and only) experience of the old convict system, as we saw everywhere gangs of men employed on all Government works, wearing the black and yellow prison-garb. Hobart was still under the old *régime*, and the servants were usually "prisoners." In the house of one of our friends we were waited on by a pretty and smart maid who showed no signs of her past—a story of cruelty and wrong leading to revenge, wrong so cruel that a sympathetic jury had awarded penal servitude instead of the legal penalty of capital punishment.

In 1852, my father took a longer journey with Mr.

Owen to Sydney, then by no means the easy excursion it has become since the advent of steam and rail, if we may judge by the first letter to my mother, dated Sydney, July 3rd, 1852 :—

“Here we are at headquarters. We were not wrecked in coming, though during the time we were at sea more than twelve vessels were lost. We had five days’ strong wind after we got off Port Philip Heads, during which I was laid by, unable to eat anything I could get. Between Adelaide and Melbourne we had two days of rain and two of storm, when it ‘blew great guns’ and thoroughly frightened the lady passengers. I feel as completely sick of the sea as I was sea-sick, and it would immeasurably increase the pleasure of being safe on shore to know that we need not encounter it again.

“I had heard much about Sydney before coming here: the place and its delights, and the pleasure I should have in seeing it. There was no fear of expecting too much. The port, the situation of the city, the buildings, are worthy of the metropolis of a hemisphere, or of the ‘fifth quarter of the globe.’

“We found Melbourne looking much the same as before, only with more shipping. Board was not difficult to obtain at 35s. weekly. We landed by a boat on Sunday and walked to the town two miles. We met Henry Giles, who recommended us to his place of sojourn, Miss Allen’s. Before we had been there two minutes in came Mr. Sutherland, and we felt at once at home. Here we are most pleasantly situated and everything perfect, except that there is no lady at the head of the table. All men, and none seeming to care for anyone but himself: no ‘small sweet courtesies’ current; you fish for yourself. The mistress of the house seems a respectable person, but we have only seen her three times in the three days. But we have been making visits to pleasant Scotch ladies, friends of Mr. Owen’s. I have seen Dr. Nicholson (since Sir Charles), who was very cordial, and invited me to breakfast on Monday morning at his splendid residence a little out of town. There are beautiful walks in the immediate vicinity—in the Botanic Gardens and the Government Domain—which would make me resigned to spend my future here. I have spent the morning pleasantly in the garden of this house. The oranges are getting ripe, and are very abundant.”

The letter ends with a message to his younger daughter, describing the performance of a little girl at a circus as:—

“Showing what training will do in developing the bodily powers. How many never get the full use of hands and feet, any more than of mental faculties. I think”—he adds, with anticipation of modern methods—“I think a complete system of education would include the complete development of both. It is a pity to forego the exercise of physical powers—as is so commonly done—and still more to forego the exercise of the mental powers, those rudiments in our nature of the highest existence.”

The immediate object of Mr. Owen's visit to Sydney was sufficiently out of the common to merit a word of comment. My father used to relate how, at the hotel, after listening to the then most popular comic song, he remarked casually, “My friend here has come to buy a ship for ‘the King of the Cannibal Islands.’”

And so it was. But Thakombau, King of Fiji, was anything but a comic potentate, being to the full as gruesome a monster as the wildest imagination can picture. And in 1852 he was still in all the horrors of his unregenerate days. Nevertheless, he had commissioned Mr. Owen to purchase a vessel for him.

Though not a sailor, Mr. Owen made voyages in his own ships as he traded on the Indian Ocean, thus knowing personally the wonderful story of the Fijian Missions. As related by his friend the Rev. J. Waterhouse in his “Fiji and the Fijians,” it forms a story no less interesting in its details than that of the conversion of the French Clovis or our own Edwin.

In this record there is honourable mention of Mr. Owen on one of his visits to Bau. He chanced to come just as the King had prepared a great entertainment for his neighbour Tui Cakau, chief of Somo Somo.

Eighteen bodies had been already prepared for the feast, and all was ready for the sounding of the terrible gong that was the herald of these worst barbarities, when an unlooked-for interruption came as the intrepid Scotchman faced the two chiefs with his indignant defiance. "You may take your choice. Either you will give me these bodies for Christian burial, or you nevermore see ship of mine in your ports!"

Tui Cakau was wise enough to see the value of British trade, and he finally prevailed on Thakombau to yield, so that the burial was accomplished at Viwa, with the help of the young Christian chief Varani.<sup>1</sup>

This concession of the chiefs to Mr. Owen did not bear immediate fruit, for Thakombau was in no haste for a decision which involved so much. The history of his hesitation is full of interest, for he was a man of considerable mental grasp, with a sense of humour rare in a savage. It was one of his favourite amusements to call in the missionaries for a long debate, when after mastering their arguments he enjoyed turning them against his own priests. It is told of him also that when asked why he did not speak English (which he understood) he answered drily, "I have heard Englishmen speak Fijian."

There was something of this quality also in the way in which he hedged for years before giving in to the new faith. He kept an eye on the career of Tui Cakau, who took an uncompromising stand against the admission of missionaries to his domains. Thakombau con-

<sup>1</sup> Lying before me now is a letter from Mr. Owen to my father dated Ovalau, Fiji, 1851, "A few lines from these islands of man-eaters," relating how a few days before his arrival 300 victims had been killed and eaten. Mrs. Owen had accompanied her husband on this voyage, and she afterwards told us that she had been offered a dish quite too suspiciously like "long pig," the Fiji expression for human flesh.



cluded that so long as this chief continued to prosper he himself might safely delay, especially as he had, as it were, given a hostage in allowing the baptism of his subject chief, Varani of Viwa. When urged by the missionaries he could always say, "You have Varani, he stands for me."

When at last the prosperous career of the chief of Somo Somo ended in his assassination, Thakombau was startled into action. He listened to the admonitions of King George of Tonga as well as to the entreaties of a favourite wife, and on April 30th, 1854, gave in his adhesion to Christianity.

If he took time for consideration there was no sort of hesitation when this decision became final. Once made, it was complete. The King's baptism meant civilisation for all his subjects. On one day they were still in all the unspeakable horror of cannibalism, under a despot of unequalled ferocity; on the day following the old order had changed, and Fiji became a Christian land, with a new future.

For the remaining twenty-six years of his life the King was a humble and devoted Christian, literally "clothed and in his right mind" from the hour in which he put on the white baptismal robe which had so often supplied him with a term of scorn, the early converts having been known as "dresses" or "dressed."

A few years afterwards, when the great change had taken place, Mr. Owen entertained serious thoughts of settling in Fiji. In 1857 he visited Europe, and there is a reference to him in a letter written by my father when he and his friend were making a tour together in Switzerland :—

"Mr. Owen is tired of doing nothing, and thinks of settling in Fiji, where he has purchased an island, seven and a half

miles by eight and a half in extent, with 5,000 cocoanuts and all sorts of things, quite a paradise, of which he will be sole ruler. He wants us to go there too, saying it is quite a field for doing good as well as for making money. He will be in reality what Sancho Panza was in fancy. There are no subjects at present, but he can buy them by hundreds. He tells a tale of a chief making a bargain for ten pigs, but as he could only supply nine, he sent a girl instead of the tenth. The chief gave Mr. Owen ten women with the island. They bring lots of young women for sale to the ships. So as to the female part of the population there will be no difficulty, and he says there will be none with the males. This sounds more like romance than fact, and yet it seems actual fact. He can make oil, and arrowroot, and many other things, and may have a flourishing community—if he can only govern them. I have no doubt that he will try, but I think I shall resist the temptation to go and help him."

This project, however, was never carried out, though Mr. Owen retained his island, and let his agents carry on his trade. He named his township Port Ridley, after his friend.

## CHAPTER X.

### RETURN TO ENGLAND.

"This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
Against the envy of less happier lands,  
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

\* \* \* \* \*  
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land."

IN the *Adelaide Register* of January 31st, 1903, under the heading of "Early South Australia," is an extract from the corresponding issue of fifty years before:—

"Mr. Ridley, the inventor of the South Australian reaping machine, is about to visit England. We hope that those who are directly or indirectly benefited by the product of Mr. Ridley's genius will not let the opportunity pass of offering to one of the greatest benefactors of the province some token of gratitude for his disinterested services. Mr. Ridley has not sought to secure to himself any of the advantages of his invention, but has freely offered it, not seeking any personal benefit whatever, to the farmers and the public. We are sure no pecuniary reward would be half so gratifying to him as the mere testimony of his friends, embodied in an address, to the value and importance of his discovery to Australia. During the present and last year's harvests, when almost all our labourers had left for the Victorian goldfields, his machine was the principal means of preserving to us our grain crops, and enabling us to export during the year £190,000 worth of wheat and flour."

On March 18th, 1853, the intention to visit England was carried out. Things had settled down again after the gold fever had passed, and it was safe to leave the management of affairs in other hands, more particularly in the case of one who, like my father, could count on friends watching over his interests as their own. It would not be easy to match the record of these agencies during the next half-century in business ability, commercial integrity, and faithful friendship. Things were left at first in the hands of Mr. Forster and Dr. Moorhouse. Mr. William Kay came in later, during Mr. Forster's absence in England. Afterwards, for two generations, came Mr. Joseph Fisher and his son, Mr. Francis J. Fisher. Among the many causes for thankfulness in his life my father always gave a very prominent place to his good fortune in possessing friends like these.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> As giving some impression of the relations between these friends as well as of the feeling entertained in the colonies regarding absentees, we may give a letter from Mr. Joseph Fisher, which speaks for itself:—

*"To the Electors of the Province.*

"GENTLEMEN,

"So much having been written and spoken lately on the subject of my connection with absenteeism, doubtless with the view of prejudicing my election to the Legislative Council, I think that it is desirable to lay a plain statement of the facts before you.

"I am agent for two of our non-resident colonists, viz., my friends Messrs. John Ridley and Anthony Forster, and have never been agent for any other. The first of these is *the* Mr. Ridley who invented the reaping machine which has always borne his name, and without which the Colony in general, and the agricultural interests in particular, would never have assumed a tithe of their present position. Mr. Ridley gave this invention to the Colony without fee or reward. Had he chosen to take out a patent right for it he would now be the possessor of very great wealth, instead of living, as he does now, on a moderate income. Mr. Anthony Forster, as many of you are aware, was for many years the managing partner of the *Register* and *Observer* newspapers, during which time he took an active part in framing the constitution under

He had no thought when he left the Colony of becoming an "absentee," intending at first only to revisit his native land. Once there, however, he gradually settled down among his old friends.

Nothing is more surprising to the onlooker than the indifference with which Englishmen, after taking an active part in the foundation of a new Colony, can turn their backs on their work, and, after having occupied a foremost position among their fellow-colonists, consent to be lost in the crowd in England. Looking back now, when the colonists have assumed their present importance in the Empire, it is amazing to think that this work was so largely done by men who not only took no credit to themselves, but were entirely unconscious that their career had been in any way out of the common run. At one period a large proportion of the South Australian pioneers were content to live a do-nothing life in Bayswater when they might still have been making their mark on the story of the land they had left. In looking back, it seems matter for regret that those who had been at the making of the

which we now live, and, second only to Sir R. R. Torrens himself, we are indebted to him for the Real Property Act, of which we are all so proud. Mr. Forster advocated the principles of the Act by a series of articles from his own pen before Mr. Torrens came to the front on the subject, and he carried the Bill through the Legislative Council in the face of a fierce and uncompromising opposition.

"If, gentlemen, you think it is a political sin for me to represent these two worthy old colonists, you will of course vote against me; but I hope and believe you will think far otherwise.

"I will only add that, although I have always spoken against a special tax on absentees, I have always expressed my readiness to vote for any tax that would reach them in common with the rest of the community.

"I am, Gentlemen,

"Your obedient servant,

"J. FISHER."

new Colony and might best have understood its needs, should have thrown up the work and left it to newcomers.

Of course there were many bright exceptions who, following the example of George Fife Angas, Thomas Elder, and Robert Barr Smith, remained in the land of their adoption, using their wealth for its advancement. Others again, like George M. Waterhouse in New Zealand, used for other Colonies the experience gained in their own.

A letter from my father, dated November, 1854, after leaving me at school, shows that there was a struggle in his mind on this point:—

“ . . . I almost think our destiny is bound up in the new country, that it is contrary to the tendency of things that anyone so long as we were in the new could settle down in the old. But you have been so fully employed and interested here as to be in quite a different position from me, and there is no doubt of your doing well enough; therefore, if it be reconcilable with one's duty to the property, I would wish to remain here. . . . Of course the management of our affairs in Australia must be a matter of uncertainty, and the idea of having to start off at a moment's notice must occur as a possibility. That is, in fact, the 'skeleton in the house.' ”

Another letter to Mr. Forster later is of interest in giving a hint of the loss to the Colony in the absence of such men from public life:—

“Frankfort, 1857.

“ . . . I owe you some apology for not having sooner congratulated you on the legislative honours you have achieved. I feel very much gratified in seeing 'the right man in the right place,' as in this case. Often have I regretted your 'wasting your sweetness on the desert air'—sheep farming in the country—I refer as much to literary engagements as to senatorial.

“I am much perplexed in forming an opinion of the value of the representative system of government as developed in the colonies. I fear there will be a retrocession: there is so

much contention in a small way that I fear, if I had to give a vote on the subject, I would vote for a single mind at the head, with considerable power. In Van Dieman's Land in particular, in Melbourne, and pretty much in Adelaide (I refer to the Lower House) they are digging their graves. I always feared the prevalence of narrow views would render self-government impracticable. If my return to Australia involved my taking part in it, I think that would deter me, though everything else might be favourable. I think X. was in the Ministry when I saw the account last; I hope heaven will pity and deliver you! The experiment was worth making, and when men become reasonable beings of course that will be the true form of government; but if a school was committed to the government of boys, even a very poor master at the head would be better. I would rather take the chance of a colonial governor, with full powers, than have any matter of consequence depending on the wisdom of the Lower House. When there was only one House, there was some chance, but the best of the material taken to the Upper House, and so much power—I think nearly all—left to the Lower, cannot come to good!

“The land discoveries have been involved in a haze. There must have been some rash assumption on one side or the other. But that is the usual order: see a little, imagine a great deal, jump to a conclusion, and hold to it in spite of all opposition. In this case there is a chance of the truth being eventually known; in many others that result must be in the far distance. I have found such difference of opinion, and so much random assertion on matters quite demonstrable, that what have we to expect of those which cannot be demonstrated?”

We have, however, to remember that South Australia was still too new to have quite taken the place of that old home to which the exile looked back with happiest memories, enduring present struggles in the hope of a future return to his own country.

Ten years was too short a time in which to change the associations of a life, and the expiration of this period was the limit set by my parents to their stay in the Colony, though the unsettled conditions of things there delayed them for three more years.

The voyage out, in 1839-40, in the old-fashioned sailing ship had lasted for six long months: but it was expected that the return journey on the fine new steamer *Melbourne* would take only half this period. As it happened, owing to various accidents, it was actually fifteen weeks, a time that passed pleasantly enough, varied by several trips ashore. The first stage was to King George's Sound. The township of Albany was still in an elementary state, and my only remembrance is of a walk through the Scrub, composed of aromatic shrubs and many new flowers, particularly the pitcher-plant, quite unknown to us before. My father went to pay his respects to Lady Spencer, the mother of the wife of our late Governor, and he took me with him. Here I can recall only a tall, dignified old lady, who received us very kindly, and whose drawing-room walls were decorated either in paper or stencil with wonderful landscapes, with the blue skies and seas, and palm trees and mountains afterwards to grow very familiar to me in Italy.

The next event was a great storm, in which we lost half the screw, and had to put in for repairs to Simon's Bay, where we stayed for a week, spending the days on shore gathering *Epacris* and other brilliantly bright flowers—at least that is the record given by my childish memory.

A few days spent entirely on shore in Cape Town leave an impression of quaint old houses and of great avenues of oaks, with Table Mountain, either covered with his veiling clouds or standing out sharp against a blue sky, but always dominating the scene. Here we laid in a stock of oranges, which lasted till they were replaced by bananas at St. Vincent, one of the Cape Verde Islands, chosen as a coaling station instead of



St. Helena, to our great disappointment. Nevertheless we enjoyed a run on shore, admiring the handsome olive-complexioned inhabitants, and returning laden with huge bunches of ripe bananas.

All went well for a time, but another storm in the Bay of Biscay tossed us up and down till we did not know, and could scarcely care, whether we were to go to the bottom of the sea or not. Then suddenly one day the great ship gave a violent shiver, and all noise ceased. Something else had gone wrong with the machinery, and there was nothing for us but to depend on the sails. Hence more delay, with very general relief when at last we floundered into Plymouth Harbour, well pleased to find ourselves safe on the English shore.

On July 1st, 1853, we had our first railway journey through beautiful Devon in all its summer glory, an experience full of rapture to the children, to whom all was new and wonderful.

The great city itself, however, first seen in the grey dawn after the night journey, scarcely maintained this high level. The drive up the Oxford Street of that date, ending in a dingy hotel in Holborn (though one of the best of the time), was to the young Australians not a small disappointment. They might not exactly have expected "a city paved with gold," but this everyday mud was commonplace indeed.

The next impression, however, was of a different kind, thanks to one of those "happy chances," as we call them, which have so much power to change life's current. In his first walk up Holborn my father chanced on an old fellow-colonist, Mr. J. B. Graham, a meeting that changed a business acquaintanceship into a lasting friendship. Mr. Graham had been amongst the successful, and had early left the Colony ;

but the fame of his first act on reaching England had crossed the ocean and had very specially appealed to my father's stern probity. Through misfortune, the father of Mr. Graham had been unsuccessful in his business, but his son's first use of the prosperity that came to him was to seek out any creditor and pay him in full with interest.

"Chance" had indeed notably befriended Mr. Graham in his colonial experience. He had gone out to face the hardship of colonisation on insufficient capital, but by industry and effort found himself in possession of £2,000 at the time when the Burra Burra Mine was first started. He had the courage to invest the whole sum, while the more cautious, like my father, were content with as many hundreds. But for many years to come even this £200 brought in £800 a year, while Mr. Graham's thousands made him a very marked object for congratulation or for envy, as the case might be.

As an indirect result of his filial action Mr. Graham had won a charming young wife, whose acquaintance we made at their pleasant home in Clapham on our first Sunday in England, the first of many happy future meetings. On that same day our friends drove us through Richmond Park, an experience that more than counteracted the disappointment in the "long unlovely" London street.

My mother's eldest brother, who met us at the hotel, had taken pleasant lodgings in Bolt Court, famous as the house of Dr. Johnson. Here the large old-fashioned rooms were old enough for the charm of mystery, so delightful to travellers from a land where all was new.

And we found the same charm in the old Hall at West Boldon, now our uncle's home, to which he took

us after a week of London sights. The railway journey, at present made in five hours, then occupied twelve, in carriages very unlike modern luxury. But to us, in the novelty of all we saw, it was only a long summer day of delight. The country was still untouched by smoke, and at the close of the day came the peaceful village in its setting of cornfields and wild-rose hedges, glowing in the soft summer light—home again for the long absent!

West Boldon had been the youthful home of my parents, and my uncle had lived in the Old Hall all his life and was well known and loved; and though my father had been absent for twenty years he was well remembered, so that there was not a household in which our coming was not felt as an event.

The village had already in the same summer been roused by the return of Captain Collinson, the son of the new rector, from an expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. At that date Australia seemed scarcely less remote than the Arctic regions, and the returned exiles were greeted with not much less of warmth and wonder. We came in for surmisings and questionings which would have sufficed for any Lapp or Esquimaux who might have arrived in the Arctic hero's train.

It must have been this association that makes me recall with special distinctness the first evening spent at the Rectory on this my first visit to Boldon. There was great interest in seeing the house, of which I had heard as the home of my mother's friend, a daughter of the former rector. Or it might be an incident of later years which called back and fixed the picture of the stately old rector and his wife and their graceful daughters. Coincidences are always noticeable, and it seemed curious when, years after, a London friend,

remembering us as north country folk, asked if we knew West Boldon. She had amused herself on rainy days in making out some *Times* cipher advertisements, finding that they were letters from friends at home to a sailor son, absent on an Arctic expedition. Trusting that he would find the *Times* on his first return to civilisation, they had made it a chronicle of home news. And my friend had by mere chance hit on an informant who could supply the missing links of the romance of the cipher.

Other memories of what was a very exciting experience melt into a general impression of kindness and warm welcome after the cordial north country fashion.

The summer passed quietly enough at Boldon and its neighbourhood as my parents looked up relatives and old friends, hearing and telling the events of the years that had flown, and finding the aged gone, the middle-aged grown old, and the children middle-aged. Among the villagers grown old was "John the Tailor"; but no one was more keen in rejoicing than he, allowed to trace this good fortune back to that wonderful encyclopædia of his, remembered gratefully by the boy-reader who had now come to revel in books without stint. It is certain that any book or any other object craved by the old man found its way to him now. There is an amusing letter from him showing some conflict of mind in reconciling the Radical progressiveness, on which he still prided himself, with a natural conservatism which made him reject the offer of a sewing-machine, then the last new invention. He evidently regarded it as a needless intrusion into his own domain, deciding that it could not be of use to him.

There were changes of course in the friendly circle

at Sunderland, but most of the old friends were still there and faithful to the early friendship. My father, as an only son of parents who were cousins, had no relatives nearer than cousins. These were numerous and various, some well-to-do and some not. In general it was the latter who were the most carefully sought for. But there were others who could give as well as take, and foremost among these the dear old cousin who was also godmother, for whose sake we went to Tynemouth to be near her pleasant circle of married sons and daughters at North Shields. Mrs. Dryden had to the full the north country gift of graphic narrative, making the people and scenes live again in stories of our forbears, very interesting to my sister and me. Her own life had been full of incident, with a romantic tale of a young lover whose ship was seized by the French, and he held prisoner till he contrived to escape, after many adventures making his way home to find his love still constant, though no actual word had been spoken between them. And after the long waiting only a very few years were given to the pair, for the husband died away from home among strangers, too far for his wife to reach him. And her eldest son, like his father, set sail and never came back. From the day of the second loss she never again would look on the sea across which husband and son had gone to their death. When she visited us at Tynemouth, in our lodgings facing the sea, she turned the corner with closed eyes, and our blinds were kept closely drawn during her stay.

Another favourite cousin—Mrs. George Swan, once Ann Ridley—must be mentioned, since in her children, Robert and Annie Swan, henceforth to stand next to his own, my father found a new interest that ended

only with his life. The eager schoolboy, a pupil of the well-known antiquarian Dr. Bruce, and, like his master, athirst for knowledge, gained in his new friend a sympathy that never failed, enriching both giver and recipient. The boy's successful career at school, at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he won the Chancellor's Gold Medal, as well as at the Bar, was a source of constant interest to my father, and not less after his own heart was the charitable work under the Rev. J. Ll. Davies in Lisson Grove, where the good brother and sister, too early taken away, are still remembered and mourned.

Miss Swan was like her brother in a quite remarkable constancy and thoroughness of nature, embodying the motto of their mother's family "*Constans fidei*" in their loyalty to every claim or duty. To her charitable work Miss Swan added educational interest as the first honorary secretary of the Hampstead and St. John's Wood Cambridge Local Examination for Girls.

This constancy went into their affections, and for twenty-five years they seldom failed to give one evening in the week to my father for the game at whist which was his chief relaxation. In addition to this, they rarely omitted the Sunday evenings' reading of some favourite sermon. It was in every way a most notable friendship.

Mr. Swan wrote of him after his death very appreciatively and truly :—

"I always found his conversation entertaining and instructive, and when it turned on religion or theology, as it had a strong tendency to do, it usually became quite impressive. His Sunday evening readings and talks were far more edifying than most sermons, and I shall often think of them. What has impressed me most in his conversation in recent years has been the strength, apparently the increasing strength, of his belief in

the Supreme Being as a righteous and loving Father. I have never known intimately any one who realised this idea to anything like the extent that he did, or trusted himself so unreservedly to it. . . .”

This power of friendship was one of my father's most marked characteristics. His circle of friends included persons of utmost variety, unlike each other in every respect except in their appreciation of him and in his fixed regard for them. Once made, he never forgot or neglected a friend. It was therefore to him a time of much rejoicing in his meeting with the many friends, old and new, who gave him welcome home. How he had anticipated such meetings comes out in a letter written in his early colonial days to Mr. Benjamin Bell, one of the band of young preachers mentioned in a former chapter. It may have been one of the many letters written and not sent, but somehow preserved.

Of this I cannot be sure, but the letter is here, on a large sheet of foolscap, brown with age, but very legible and clear :—

“ Adelaide, South Australia,

“ *December 30, 1842.*

“ DEAR FRIEND,

“ Whether you will be more surprised to receive a letter from me now, or at not receiving one two years ago, I can scarcely conjecture. After all my promises to write to you, and so long a time without doing it, you will, I doubt not, have classed me with the multitude who live only in the present or in the ideal future, and retain little grateful remembrance of favours received. Whether you give me credit or not for the assertion after such apparent neglect, I can assure you that I have not forgotten one of our many pleasant meetings; and many a time do I dwell upon this memory and indulge in the hope of enjoying many more, if you still retain ‘your youthful face.’ Can you recollect that? A pleasant evening walk by dusk at Segletch, when you referred to a request made by a

mother to a son on parting for a length of time : ' Bring back your youthful face.'

' Then guard them well, those memories ; too soon the heart around  
The crust of luxury's selfishness, the harsh and hard are found :  
Then guard the thoughts of early years, the guileless and the kind,  
When the heart, with its sweet impulses held, empire o'er the mind.'

" If ever we meet again in this world—and whenever I think of returning I think of meeting with you—oh, I wonder if the identity will be retained, if we will be at all the same persons, and ' feel as we have felt and be what we have been,' or

' Weep as once we could have wept o'er many a vanished scene.'

" I think we agreed that there was one way to retain our youthful feeling, all that is worth retaining—and oh, there is much in the feeling of youth worth retaining—one way, only one way of ' escaping the corruption there is in the world.'

" My dear friend, I feel the idea of meeting you again to be a powerful motive ' to add to my faith virtue.' What a disappointment it would be to either of us to find the other ' of this world !'

Of this same friend my father gives a little sketch fifteen years later, in a letter speaking of an accident which proved fatal :—

" . . . It is forty years since I first saw him as a very clever schoolboy in the library at Sunderland, where we went for our books. I next saw him in the pulpit at Bolton, thirty-six years ago. I saw him last before I left England in the pulpit, or rather on a table, preaching at an outdoor service at Herrington, very numerously attended. He told the story of ' Paradise and the Peri,' from ' Lalla Rookh.' The peri, for some fault, has been excluded from Paradise, and she can gain readmittance only by taking with her the most precious thing that earth possesses.

" She takes first a drop of blood, the last shed by a patriot dying for his country. She next takes the last sigh of a self-sacrificing woman, dying of the plague with her betrothed. Still in vain. There is then a picture of a young child kneeling



beside a man old in sin. The child's purity and prayer prevail.

' Then fell a light more lovely far  
Than ever came from sun or star  
Upon the tear that warm and meek  
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.'

And the peri knows that the door has opened for her.

"The text was, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.' I never heard anything better than this sermon. . . ."

It is pleasant to think that after the long parting, and the many changes that made the mature men so unlike the enthusiastic youths, the two friends met again, remaining friends to the end. The young preacher—only a lay-preacher, though so successful—had become a successful engineer out in the great world of their young dreams. But, man of the world as he seemed, he had not lost the "youthful face," and his heart could warm to the old friend whose simple unworldliness was all unchanged, keeping subtle power always to touch the inmost reality of all who came within its sphere.

This friend met us in London, when we returned there in the autumn, and found for us a furnished house not far from his own home at Kensington, where we settled down for the winter. St. George's Terrace was then on the outskirts of "Old Kensington" and looked out over wide stretches of nursery gardens, where now we see the long monotonies of Cromwell Road and Earl's Court.

The winter of 1853-4 was very severe, with every variety new to the Australians in heavy snowstorm or dense fog, but our stored-up heat carried us through without any great suffering. The interests were too vivid to allow thought of any drawback.

There was so much of new and varied occupation for the eager mind that found interest in so many directions. So much had happened in the world of science that had to be looked up, and the lectures at the Royal Institution never failed in one absorbed listener, who lost no chance open to him of seeking out new discoveries and inventions. He was also busily occupied in selecting and despatching machines to his successors at Hindmarsh and to other colonial friends.

Then there were all the changes in the world of books, and so much to seek out of old and new. He found congenial occupation in collecting good books to send out to Adelaide—not as a business venture, as that it was a most signal failure—but as the beginning of the work of his later life, the circulation of good thoughts.

Added to this was the opportunity of learning all that was changing the thoughts of men in reference to the old theology. He could hear at last all the great preachers, and come into personal touch with advanced thinkers. An introduction to the Rev. T. T. Lynch by their common friend Mr. A. L. Elder specially opened out fields of widened interests.

The time passed quickly enough, and the following summer, spent at Tynemouth, renewed all the pleasures of old associations in the north. But it was found necessary to seek a warmer climate, even south of London, and finally Dawlish was chosen for the winter of 1854-5, the main attraction here being its nearness to Totnes, where our Australian friend Mr. W. B. Randall, of Gumeracha, was revisiting the scenes of his youth.

The chief interest and first business at Dawlish was the search for a school for the elder daughter, a search

carried on in the usual characteristic fashion. Every lady in or near Exeter who had to do with the education of girls underwent a personal examination, in terms which must have excited no small wonderment among the more conventional. But, finally, the very thing most desired was found in Dawlish itself, from a prospectus headed "Home Education," with a reference to Isaac Taylor's work. Miss Darke, the lady at the head of this school, received only about a dozen boarders, to whom she gave home comfort and mental training on lines far in advance of her time. To educe or "bring out" was her aim rather than any mere instruction or "putting in," though she gave no stint of intellectual stimulus, from "Locke on the Understanding" to the then quite recent "Modern Painters."

The only drawback to this ideal programme was the fact that, as belonging to the Plymouth Brethren, the religious teaching was likely to be on narrow lines. But the "Brethren" were then in the first flush of their beautiful enthusiasm, still united and full of brotherly love, and for the sake of this vivid life it was possible to risk the effect of too much dogma, especially with the home influences so near and the parish church for Sundays.

It is to this absence at school that I owe the material for a distinct presentation of my father at this period, from the weekly letters which never failed, and which show him exactly as he was in his everyday life.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LETTERS TO A SCHOOLGIRL. 1854-55.

"In those fallen leaves that keep their green,  
The noble letters of the dead."

*In Memoriam.*

NOTHING could give a clearer picture of the writer than full extracts from his letters. Then, as always, these letters were exact transcripts of his talk, lacking only the life and spirit of his rapid change of look and tone. The drudgery of the mechanical part of letter-writing, in its slowness to convey his quick thought, was always a trouble to him. When he bought the first typewriter on sale he thought he had solved this difficulty; but he was then too old to attain a satisfactory speed, and he generally contented himself with his pen, beginning his words clearly enough, but often leaving the terminations to be guessed. And the same thing might even happen to the ends of his sentences.

It was only when he was carried away by some vivid feeling, or when following some suggestive thought, as he "tracked suggestion to her inmost cell," that he rose above this mechanical hindrance. For mere description he had small patience, and details of the outward facts of his life are given only incidentally and for the most part by accident.

A key-note to this correspondence may perhaps be given by an extract from a later letter :—

“I went last night to see Phelps in *Virgilius*. I was not well, and had to be waked to go. It would apparently have been best not to have gone, as I had only three hours' sleep the night before. My reason for going was the relationship, well sustained, between father and daughter in the play. It was equally good in the representation, both characters perfect. But it is too painful in its termination, and so all through. I was thoroughly done up with it.”

During the whole of my school life he never failed in his weekly budget ; and, as he could let himself go in the full sense of sympathy, these letters are fairly representative of his mind at this period.

Here is one of the first, dated November 4th, 1854, from London :—

“I am delighted with your letter, both the tone and the matter. I was so glad to believe that you were not unhappy, as the assertion that you were not left me in doubt. I am so subject to fits of gloom that I readily conceive another may have them ; and then the least tone of discomfort from you brings back to me the suffering of the morning when I went with you to your present abode. There seemed to be realised to me that morning all the misery of all the partings I ever felt or anticipated. I think I did not recover my usual amount of cheerfulness—which is not great—before I was plunged into the solitude of this great city, and the solitude of the most solitary place I have ever experienced is as nothing to this. But for Mr. T. I should have been without a kind look or word, for I only see the M.'s on Sundays. Having to go to my dreary rooms all by myself, with all the burden of something to do that I could not get done, I felt very sad, and supposing that you might feel sad was a good pretence for indulging in being sadder still.

“I was quite prepared for the account you have given me of the state of feeling existing in the school and family. I was persuaded it was the character of the head, and that there was strength enough of character to stamp itself on those under her

influence. A powerful mind brings all around it into accordance, whether it is for good or evil, and subordinates or produces corresponding action, as the sun the planets. I think my perception of character will not be at fault, and trust the great anxiety of some past years to find for you a fitting sphere has had a favourable issue.

"This is your third week and the fourth part of the session, and the ten weeks will soon pass. If you are at all subject to depression, as I thought you would be, think of this, and 'learn to labour and to wait.' The waiting I have always found to be the difficulty. When you have work to do it soothes and solaces, if you can get on with it. Your success in your new subjects must necessarily be small and not very encouraging; but as soon as you can master the smallest position there is the first fruit, and nothing is needed but patience. Uncle John thinks that Hebrew and algebra, etc., are quite unnecessary. If you were so situated that something of more obvious value had to be neglected, that might be a reason against it, but I don't think it will in your case, and the main thing wanted in education is to bring out capacity, to train the mind to attention, and to make it aware of its power to acquire knowledge. These things you are trying at will serve this purpose well.

"I am delighted to find that you perceive the advantages of your position, for I think 'the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places, and that you have a goodly heritage.' I don't apprehend much danger from being spoiled by too much love. You may have to come in contact with the opposite, and it will be the more painful by contrast; but 'tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all': better to have our sensibilities excited, even though we expose ourselves to wounding, than to become oysters, shut up in a shell. . . . I hope you will become both 'learned and wise,' very different things, by the way, for many learned persons are absolute fools in the real business of life. I have just been reading that Dickens is over head and ears in debt, though he has had £6,000 a year for the last twenty years. It would seem that as men get extraordinary power in one direction they lose ordinary power in another. I suppose phrenology would explain it, especially those powers which are deficient. A teacher should understand phrenology and direct effort accordingly, so that a great deal might be learned beforehand, and 'hard lessons' anticipated. . . ."

After an account of some acoustic marvels at the Polytechnic, "natural magic" leading to "the vexed question of miracles," and the relation of miracle to belief, worked out to some length, the letter concludes:—

"I am afraid I shall bother you by introducing subjects I can only make difficult and not illustrate; but take it easily. You will get right if you desire to be right, and if you do not adopt the first solution that offers itself, right or wrong. Keep the faculty of inquiry awake, however desirable rest may seem. 'Fear not: it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the *victory*.' Everything is made easy by habit, and to suspend the judgment, even on points that seem vital, until we can get full satisfaction, is possible. Evidence will come: 'He that believeth hath the witness in himself'; 'The word is very nigh thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart'; and see Acts xvii. 27, 'for He is not far from any one of us.' . . . The belief in a future life has a wide basis, and the usual course of the best writers is to put it on that, and not treat it simply as a matter of credence resting on any one point of proof."

Enclosing a letter for me, there is a very characteristic little touch. He was generosity itself in large things, but in small things he was careful to a fault. Whilst giving £100 without a moment's hesitation, he would consider pence, and if cheated of sixpence would make his indignation quite manifest.

"As there were two stamps on this letter, I opened it to try to diminish the weight. I find on the first page forty words, and so shall not look further. It stirs my indignation to see such folly, lots of cross-writing after, and two stamps for what might have been put in one page. I am completely at a loss to conceive what reason there can be for writing round-hand. Really, people ought to have some reason for what they do in wasting so much paper and postage stamps in the course of a lifetime. Some valid reason ought to exist for an expenditure that might make the difference between poverty, want, starvation, or the comfort such as the bulk of mankind must be content with. One penny a day for forty-two years at 5 per cent., with

compound interest, would in that time amount to £213 10s. There is scarcely a person living except myself who does not, or did not, waste that sum. Little right will they have to complain if, at the age of sixty, they have to feel by experience—what everybody knows—that ‘wilful waste makes woeful want.’ It ought to be a matter of principle not to waste one penny, not one centime, the tenth of a penny.

“Of course there is a reasonable limit to withholding expenses, but it ought to be a matter of consequence. So ought walking in the street, or standing in the people’s way, and especially in pushing them aside and taking their places. What degradation of character arises from small things! ‘He that is unfaithful in that which is least is unfaithful in much.’ That the ruin of the world should be attributed to eating an apple is the most decisive proof to me of a Divine intelligence in the narrative. Everything depends on our consciousness of little things; and there is a general, an almost total, unconsciousness on the subject.”

Apropos of this last subject I have heard him say at a railway ticket office to a man who had pushed in and taken a woman’s turn. “The man who will deliberately take another’s place needs only sufficient temptation to take his life too.”

There are many references to his feeling about the Crimean war. From the first he said that instead of *Crimea* we should say *a crime*, and he was among the first who upheld “peace principles.” The first news that greeted our landing in England was the possibility of war. I can recall the shock to my childish mind in hearing the exclamation “Hurrah! There’s a chance of promotion for my brother,” from one of our young fellow-passengers, the son of a well-known Evangelical Church dignitary. I had been brought up to regard the battle of Waterloo as the close of the Dark Ages, and to believe in the inauguration of universal peace at the gathering of nations in the Great Exhibition of 1851.



My father felt the whole matter deeply, as he writes early in 1855 :—

“I feel much oppressed with the daily accounts of the war now raging. For a fortnight or more the two armies have been trying to destroy each other. It seems very wrong to smile while such scenes are being presented by earth to heaven. Nearly half our army has perished, and many more are doomed. One officer with £20,000 a year, married only three weeks, was shot dead in the first encounter; and yet hundreds are anxious to engage in the conflict. There are 1,200 applications for commissions. Everybody I meet seems to think it a matter of course, ‘glory,’ if only we conquer. A number of people moving together will step by step arrive at conclusions most fearful and think them right. It has always been so, and will be till a new spirit possesses men. I envy those who have made their protest against the war spirit. One man said to me—a very sensible and professedly religious man, too—‘Oh, they will have to die some time; a little sooner does not signify.’ I would rather have my present mood than be able to talk in this cold-blooded way about the slaughter of thousands of fellow-creatures. Nature, or the Author of nature, does not appear to care much for the lives of men, and men generally are of the same mind: ‘I care for nothing; all shall go.’ You know the rest. I think you copied it from ‘In Memoriam.’ It has great significance and embraces both sides, while numbers of mankind are a standing argument against any farther life than this (and the sooner they are done with the better). There are the many who are the standing proofs of ‘glory, immortality, and eternal life,’ ‘who loved, who suffered countless ills, who battled for the true, the just.’ Such qualities cannot pass away. There is another poem (No. LI) which makes great allowance for human imperfection, beginning ‘I cannot love thee as I ought.’

“This question of the war, like many others, should make us feel the necessity of not taking opinions from those around us: ‘Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil.’ The multitude do evil, and think evil, and, in every age of the world, those who think or act truly are a ‘little flock.’ There is a necessity for the examination of every current notion, and for not subscribing to it simply because high authority supports

it. 'Keeping aloof and looking from above, detached from interest, prejudice, self-love,' is very difficult, but must be attempted if we would enter the 'kingdom,' the reign of truth and love."

He was always an ardent member of the Peace Society, and some years later the "Women's Auxiliary" of that society had its beginning in our house in Belsize Park.

" Bloomsbury Square, *April 21, 1855.*

" . . . We were not aware that the French emperor was coming through the town, the newspapers having intimated to the contrary, but there were the people waiting in crowds to see him, and they had been waiting for hours. He very soon made his appearance; but Mamma was induced to mount on a chair and was overturned at the critical moment, so we saw nothing. I have since had three visions of them. The Empress is as good-looking as her portraits, or rather more so. She looks human, with some social susceptibility. He does not look so; and, though not so bad as his portraits, he seems made of stern material. I was obliged for the sake of good-nature to yield to the current of feeling that ran strong in his favour. It is unpleasant to keep up repugnance or even disapproval against anything. There are some things against which there can be no relaxation, and I am strongly inclined to include him in that category. But so much was pleaded of State policy and the necessity of putting down rebellion and revolution, while Cromwell's course was not altogether dissimilar, so that, though I cannot approve, I cease to denounce. The city has been all in a buzz about him. Dr. Carr and I went to see him off this morning. He left Buckingham Palace at ten, and now is probably on French ground again. It is thought he will go to the Crimea, and if he really be anything very uncommon he will no doubt make it manifest. The whole war is his doing; that is, the attack on the Russians. There is no prospect of peace, and there will be no peace till those who have approved of and have become guilty of the war are brought to repentance. I expect the English nation will be brought down on its marrow-bones, and made to cry—so far as it has approved—'Peccavi.' If the world is governed at all one cannot expect a people who profess so much regard for right, and who yet act so wrongly

can be let off easily. Nearly all the pulpits have proclaimed it 'a just and necessary war.' I dare bet £1,000 that in two years from this time it will be difficult to meet with a sane person who will maintain that it was so. Oh, it was dreadful to observe with what glee and exultation the nation welcomed the 'invocation of the destroyer.' If such a proceeding could pass without some dreadful consequence I should be inclined to think Apollyon the god we worship (Napoleon comes very near Apollyon, as has been noted). I hope, however, that, notwithstanding all, there is still enough love of goodness to keep us from being given up to such worship. It will be a new thing for England to have to yield to a power it cannot conquer, but it may be a useful lesson and make war unpopular.

" . . . I enclose a letter from Mr. Cobden on the war. It is a great solace to me to find truth and righteousness never left wholly without advocates. I rather fear you may be borne down by the force of popular opinion around you and be led to think that 'glory's glory.' I suppose some of your companions have relations or acquaintances connected with the war, and they will think it all right. Don't believe it. Courage and bravery are found with want of everything good. The bull and bulldog have more than any human being. Men are easily brought to risk their lives in the most foolhardy way for any cause. I hope you will not be 'so wanting in moral continence' as to give place for one moment to the 'popular frenzy of the day.'"

On questions of art he was always true to himself, and if he did not appreciate a thing could not seem to do so, whatever might be the fashion of the day.

" . . . Last night I went to hear Miss Glynn read *Macbeth*. She read very well, but I came away before the close. She has a great reputation, and occasionally great power was manifested; but altogether I would rather not be troubled with it. I would rather a reader should fall below the subject than overdo it, the display of power so often exposes weakness. Not to overstep the modesty of nature, and yet not to be too tame, is difficult, but must be done.

"In writing a book the same thing must be realised, not for money, not for honour, but to place it on the altar of the

sanctuary—the altar that sanctifieth the gift and the giver too. We want to understand that grand word ‘sanctification,’ *separation, setting apart, devoted*. I haven’t a lexicon, and can’t be quite sure of the exact import, but it would be a good exercise to get a full definition of the word and the idea expressed by it, ‘through wordy snares to track suggestion to her inmost cell.’

“What different forms of expression exist for the same idea! It strikes me that we want to distinguish more carefully between the idea and the expression. . . . Could a book be written on ‘The Idea and its Expression’ fully bringing out the distinction, readers hitherto shut up in formulas would hear a Divine voice: ‘Lazarus, come forth!’ And though they did come forth bound in grave-clothes, they would find willing hands to loose them and let them go.

“On Monday I heard Jenny Lind sing; and yesterday morning I was in such a state of effervescence about it that I was afraid to commit myself to paper.

“It was ‘The Creation.’ The *tout ensemble* of the singer was all that could be desired in look and voice—looks simple, natural, good, not what may be called beautiful. She was rather thin and thirty-three years old; not much dignity, but sweet simplicity, modesty, and all good feminine qualities. Her tones were the sweetest, the strongest, the softest, and the loudest and clearest I ever heard. I suppose the music is at any rate not bad, and yet I could make nothing of it.

“I was quite convinced that I had never heard such singing, and yet there was no other effect than this conviction. It was a matter of judgment, and nothing more. Now, everything I meet with affects me considerably one way or another, or not at all. I am seldom a little pleased or annoyed. I either pass it by or get enraptured or vexed. What was to be done here? I suppressed my annoyance with all my might, but charm was out of the question. The first idea was, and I rather think the best one, that I have no musical taste, and that to appreciate good music demands a musical education. It was not a pleasant idea, but it might have brought resigned acquiescence and have prevented disturbance of mind, or, I may say, real distress, since, if everybody or even a considerable portion of the audience had been enjoying it, I had no right to make the slightest objection to existing arrangements. But I did not believe that one in ten felt other than I did; there was no

enthusiasm ; there was a little applause to the woman and the singer, but not to the work, for the applause was louder before than after the singing.

“ I suppose there must be some peculiar artistic quality ; but artists, though men, are not very universal, on the contrary narrow. And music is not for professionals, for party. It belongs to the universe.

“ Music and mathematics correspond to feeling and definition. We may feel music without understanding it ; we may feel after God without comprehending His nature, and the feeling may be as real as if we could comprehend Him. The comprehension of music as a science might exist without any feeling of its charm. The aural faculty might be wanting though there might be apprehension of its power. So in religion, the reality of its power may be felt without any ability logically to explain its arcana, just as great power of explanation and definition may exist without any actual love of God or man, without any human feeling, any kindness, that is to say anything worth noting that constitutes realised religion apart from any definition of doctrine.

“ I saw Martin's pictures of ‘ The Last Judgment ’ and ‘ The Plains of Heaven ’ the other day, and never was more taken with a painting. It is a literal rendering of the Scripture, but avoiding the perversities of most poems and sermons on the subject. There are thousands of figures, most of them a study, as the ideal portraits are so fine. Many are real portraits, and these have the faults that always belong to reality. I was strongly impressed with it, notwithstanding that a person was giving a description including most of the flippancy of the pulpit. The reality of the truths shone through their investiture. One felt that, though as a pageant there was no truth in it, there still were ideas giving rise to this representation which were true. To some the seated Judge, the angels, trumpets, books, natural convulsions, etc., may be the realities of the scene ; take away these, and you have taken away their gods. But the imagery does not constitute the truth. I wonder if the Second Commandment is correctly translated ‘ graven images.’ Worship is more commonly given to mental images. Perhaps it is better that a person should worship an image rather than worship nothing, unless, indeed, the worship of the false incapacitates him from worship of the true, which, I fear, is the case.

"We must try to be charitable and think and hope the best after having explored the gulf that opens before us. Charity *before* this is a very different thing from charity *after* it. Contentment amidst ills from which exertion might free us is a very different thing from resignation to inevitable evils, and yet one often passes for the other. Thus a complacent feeling of hope for the world may be an entire indifference about the matter, whilst a hope gathered amid the depths of despair will be a principle of vitality within the soul inspiring and exalting. There is reality, and there is hope for this world amid all its sin, and—what I think worse—its theology."

"London, *Good Friday*, 1855.

"This is Good Friday, and you are now—at 11 o'clock—going to church, where you will have your attention called to some stupendous facts—facts of the most thrilling, humbling, alarming character, but also most encouraging—God's greatest gift to man rejected, hurled back at Him by His favoured people. To be of the same blood as the crucifiers is humbling, is alarming; but we are also of the same nature with Him who, being perfect, became the Captain of our salvation. While there is cause for abasement—and in the spirit of abasement should the day be kept—we may join in the song of a jubilant spirit, 'Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for He hath visited and redeemed His people.' . . . I have had the impression that a large body of the Jews were concerned in the death of Christ; that it was 'the voice of the people' that said, 'Crucify Him!' but I feel now disposed to doubt this. It was the 'scribes and Pharisees' and their immediate 'creatures.' The word multitude is used in one place, but I don't think we can found a fact on such grounds. I think it was the leaders of the people, the religionists of the day, among whom the largest amount of hatred has always existed towards all who differ from them, or such as Pilate, who cared nothing about truth or right; politicians are easily stirred when the cry of treason or danger to the State is raised. I would hope, therefore, that none of those who had listened to the Saviour's discourses or come under His influence were parties to His death. The case of Judas is doubtful, as Adam Clarke represents it that he did not mean Him to be injured, trusting in His power to rescue Himself, and hence his regret when he saw it otherwise. So now those who reject Jesus Christ as an

object of veneration are those who have not come under His influence, who are not susceptible to the influence of a spirit of love, or who, having had their views of Him so clouded over by priestly inventions, have not penetrated the veil of exterior deformities. To us, from our standpoint, there is no other evidence needed to convince us of the facts. Every age adds to our peculiar interpretation of these facts, demanding an equal credence for these additions; but we are sufficiently warned on all hands of the danger of trusting to the 'traditions of men.' If we accept the Roman teaching we have no choice: we must take all they give us; but Protestants have protested against all human authority, and we must make sure, in believing against reason that we are not following men rather than God. Great importance has been attached by all good men to the teachings of the Spirit; and, whatever they may mean by it, or however mistaken they may be in defining the meaning, it remains a great fact that if we are 'the Sons of God' we are led by the 'Spirit of God.' Let us trust the Divine teaching and call no man master.

"The great doctrine of the Cross is of love stronger than all the power of evil, triumphing over it. This is our consolation, our crown of rejoicing, that, dreadful as was the manifestation of the power of evil—never shown more than in the crucifixion of our blessed Lord, the power of good in overcoming it has been still more triumphantly manifested. 'For us men and for our salvation He humbled Himself, and became obedient to death, even the death of the cross.' 'For us men and for our salvation.' Is it not a great salvation to be delivered from the doubt as to whether good or evil is the more powerful? This is the faith that saves the soul: faith in goodness, in the power of love—in God. Our favourite poet has treated the subject subjectively in those lines, 'I cannot hide that some have striven.' He has taken the case of Stephen as an instance of this triumph of faith over sense, of good over evil. I recommend it for your perusal. I think his poem of 'The Two Voices' is scarcely to be surpassed.

"At such a time to feel able to rest yourself on the bosom of the Deity is a great relief, but then what an amount of faith does that require! Abstract Deity is so abstract, so far removed from us; we may intellectually admit that all the tenderness of human hearts is but 'a drop of that unbounded sea,' and may be quite satisfied that the infinite comprehends all, and that all

sorrow is felt by God Himself : but to bring this to bear so as to cast all our care upon Him, to be careful for nothing, but to make our requests known to Him with thanksgiving, requires great training and disciplining of the mind. To have the idea of a human face looking with kindness on us is a great help. And this we find in the Incarnation—God in man. It is so comparatively easy to come to a fellow-creature suffering or having suffered, feeling or having felt as we feel. Some have gone further, to a still more sympathising and pitiful 'Queen Mother of Heaven,' addressing to her their prayers and obtaining solace from the belief in her great pitifulness. 'Mother Church' too has opened her arms and been to her devotees the representative of Deity, and, in her forms, brought Him into visibility.

"How far the reality has been weakened or lost in the symbol, and the props and crutches of faith mistaken for faith itself, is a very important question; also how far, when the symbol is discovered not to be what it was mistaken for, the substance may be lost—in the rebound, as Miss D. said. The substance is a reality, and all the forms with which we may clothe it are less than itself. 'Our little systems have their day'; they are but 'broken lights.' . . . The types of good have their use in the infancy of the race, and it is possible that numbers still exist who can never get beyond the type—the idol of the mind. It is very difficult to understand the worship of idols. At first the idol was the embodiment of an idea, and then the mind, failing to grasp the idea, held on to the outward form. We may expect to find every grade of idol-worship, from the lowest up to—it is hard to say where—until that which is perfect is come. The command stands, uttered by a person inspired in a true sense, 'Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, and thou shalt not bow down to them, nor worship them'—nor to images *not graven*, either!

"Well, this is a rather tough spell of theology. But the vein was opened, and the spring would flow; it is something to be followed out afterwards. When you feel disposed to descend into outward forms think of St. Paul's address to the Galatians, the third chapter. The whole Epistle is well worth studying and committing to memory. If there be any meaning of value we do not get the full meaning by merely reading. If we could read this Epistle without prepossession or bias how much of the accretion of idol-worship should we get rid of. The



only person I have met who has done this is George Fox, the founder of the Quakers. But such is the tendency to lose the spirit in the letter, the substance in the shadow, that now there is no sect more completely encased in forms than the Quakers, protesting all the while against them. Happy is the person who believes in God, the Father Almighty, and can come to Him, and receive from Him direct the Divine rays as 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.'

"I am rather sorry to find it is time for the post, but I would not like to miss my usual offering, and I have spent all my time in preaching, the ruling passion. I do love theology when it is free and not working in fetters, tied to a creed.

"My dear Annie, I know you believe me to be, with all my heart and soul, your affectionate

"FATHER."

"Newcastle, *May* 1, 1855.

". . . I got your letter on Sunday morning, which gave me as much pleasure as I ever expect to receive from any source. I hope this will reach you on the important day, the commemoration of that most important event—your making your first appearance on any stage. That is according to common belief. But of that I hope we may be allowed to doubt. I recollect the day very well. I was very glad on that day. But I have been still more glad on every return of it. . . . I congratulate you and myself equally on the safe arrival of your sixteenth birthday, and hope that nothing will prevent your seeing the past period five times over. I feel very thankful to the Providence that has given you to me and has so far preserved you. One cannot tell how one might have accommodated oneself to totally different circumstances; but I can scarcely reconcile myself to the idea of existence as other than mere endurance without having friends, and such friends as mine, to give it interest. This must be understood as contrasting my happy lot in this respect with what it might have been.

"I should like to speak of things only bright and cheerful on this happy day. It often requires an effort to suppress ideas of a contrasting kind; but, when the expression of such ideas answers no good end, it is desirable to suppress them. 'It is better to be born with a tendency to look on the bright side of things than to an estate of £1,000 a year,' as I have heard said. And yet it is also said, 'It is better to go to the house

of mourning than of feasting,' and 'By the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.'

"I spent last night with the Mawsons. They are all very happy, and it is very pleasant to come into communion with such a family. The baby is the finest child that ever was seen. . . .

"And now, my dear Annie, I must apologise for so imperfect a communication at such a time. I thought I should have been able to compose my mind under any circumstances for this; but external influences are very potent. You must take the will for the deed. I would have sent you the most cheerful letter that ever was written if I could. But I have done what I could, and if this is not a formal birthday address you must believe in the substantial part of it.

"My dear daughter, your affectionate  
"FATHER."

"39, Bernard Street, Russell Square,  
"May 12, 1855.

". . . I am afraid I am incapable of doing justice to a topic in two of your letters—romance and reality. There is no romance in me to-day. But I might suggest Jane Taylor's 'Poetry and Reality,' in 'Essays in Rhyme,' also 'Now and Then.'

"*Then* was a sprite of subtle frame,  
In rainbow tints invested;  
On clouds of dazzling light she came,  
And stars her forehead crested. . . .

"*Now* rested on the solid earth,  
And sober was her vesture;  
She seldom either grief or mirth  
Expressed by word or gesture. . . .

"'Now' is a very prosaic sort of person—what we all come to in the long run. At least, I seem to have come to it at present; and if we were at home in some settled place I should be quite content to let life pass so, and never regret the absence of rainbows, stars, and all that. But in London, where one comes to see the bright and beautiful in art, to have been so utterly stranded as we have been since we came, to have nothing to speak of except the Empress Eugenie, and so on, seems quite too bad. I wonder if our Paris expedition will put

a better face on things. I think our hibernation at Dawlish is the best thing that has happened to us in England, so you see what an unfit person I am to appeal to about romance and reality. . . . Perhaps it is safe to assume that our most correct opinions will not be formed under the influence of romantic feeling. In fact, we shall do well to get such distrust of surrounding influences as to avoid signing and sealing any opinion which may safely be left as an opinion merely, and not as absolute verity. Every one claims that his opinions should be taken as a settled truth. But opinions are not settled things so long as good men differ about them; and to decide that any opinion is a verity, that man's notion is God's truth, is a serious matter. To delay giving one's sign and seal to such a notion is not to delay a Divine truth if we delay for the sake of those who have some claim on us. On this ground I recommend you to keep your mind open, take in all you can, and do not shut yourself up to what you have already. On this I fix my hopes of your future. Do not be in any hurry to make up your mind; don't *make it up at all*. It is not a good thing to make up our mind until the whole of the material to make it up with is collected. Why, you could not make up a bonnet so; and yet most people do make up their minds in this way, and fine made-up things they are! 'Beloved, I hope better things of you, and things that accompany salvation.' What a pity to narrow one's mind and 'to partly give up what was meant for mankind.' The 'Holy Catholic Church' is made up of the good men of all times, and we should be in accord with all the best things in all men, instead of being partisans in any narrow exclusive sect, denouncing all who differ.

"You remember the ugly duckling 'in the family of the old woman and the cat and the hen': how they each required it to think as they did? To censure others because they differ from us is so natural that it needs the highest degree of cultivation to avoid it. To be both liberal and not latitudinarian (which means not caring much about anything) is very difficult; but it is possible, and this is what I am labouring after myself and what I wish for you. I have such confidence in truth, and in your perception of this as a truth, that I have no fear of the result of exposing you to what might be a narrowing influence. If you come out of it without subjugation to it you will be prepared to recognise good wherever you meet with it, independent of particular notions. . . .

"I have had another letter from —. I am inclined to believe in him, but I cannot get a full impression of a person from a letter, and rather distrust those who say they can. If a person will write freely and open his heart, as I generally do, a great deal can be known, but a large amount of concealment can be done in writing.

"Now, this distrust is no doubt a disagreeable thing, an unenviable thing, a thing to be condemned, and a distrustful person is a person to be disliked; but—what is the alternative? Just this: begin life with a perfect confidence in all you meet, and you will end in having none at all. But begin life with a reasonable amount of the spirit of examination of all you meet, and you will (never being duped) live in charity with all men. You will not be disappointed where there may be some shortcomings, while all sincerity will be fully appreciated. If I have seemed too cold and calculating in my cautions to you to examine before confiding, 'dear is thy welfare—think me not severe; I would not damp but to secure thy joy.' The conditions of successful existence may be pronounced hard, but we had better conform to them than quarrel with them.

"I feel most acutely your sorrows on this head, as indicated by occasional expressions. You would like to repose unshaken confidence in all those you love, and love them 'faults and all,' and so forth, and etcetera. I would like you very seriously and deliberately to ponder well this subject: whether it would be best for us to rest upon another—a fellow-creature—or to listen to the 'Come unto *Me*, and *I* will give you rest,' and to be sure that we do not stop at anything short of that real centre of rest. In physics the point of rest is the centre of attraction. Now, there *is* a centre where there *is* rest, and till we reach it we must fail in obtaining rest for our souls. We cannot expect, we would not wish to be 'entered there, to perfect Heaven restored,' without 'entering in at the strait gate, and walking the narrow way that leadeth unto life.' We must fight if we would reign. All are not fighting; numbers are resting, having come to terms and made peace with doubts and fears, if they ever had any. You may do so if you wish it; nothing is more easy, if such be your nature. You may accept some mode of 'laying the spectres of the mind,' and putting all questions to sleep as sinful doubts. And what will be the result? Will it be 'fighting the good fight' of faith, able to say at last, 'I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept

the faith'? No great result is obtained by anything short of reality.

"Now there are the two paths: one easy and pleasant enough, where—

' There is no thorn to gall thy tender foot ;  
 There's ready shelter for each storm and shower :  
 But duty points not that way. . . .  
 Oft when she calls thy head must bear the storm ;  
 Oft when she calls thy blood must mark thy steps :  
 But she will lead thee up to noble heights, where he who gains  
 Seems native of the skies, and earthly things  
 Lie stretched beneath his feet, diminished,  
 Shrunken, and valueless.'

"I have lately been much struck by some remarks of Carlyle on Dante in 'Hero-worship': 'We will not complain of Dante's miseries. Had all gone right with him as he wished it, he might have been prior, podesta, or whatever they call it, at Florence, and accepted among neighbours, and the world would have wanted one of the most notable songs ever spoken or sung. Florence would have had another prosperous Lord Mayor, and the ten centuries voiceless, while the other ten centuries had no 'Divina Commedia' to hear. We will complain of nothing. A nobler destiny was appointed for this Dante, and he—struggling like a man led to crucifixion and death—could not help fulfilling it. Give him the choice of his happiness! He knew not more than we do what was really happy, what was miserable.' . . .

"The alternative, the contrast, here is well put. Had Dante's worldly concerns prospered, he might have been Lord Mayor; as it was, he was the writer of the finest poem extant. We will not complain of his misery. Now the alternative before us, in point, is this: to accept some system of theology, with such rest of soul as it may give; or to deal truly with our perceptions, and obtain the power of distinguishing between truth and error. Of all the objects of attainment in this world, what is there to be placed for one moment in competition with this: truth, the truth, the love of truth, or wisdom, or philosophy? You know what *Sophia* means.

' How charming is Divine Philosophy,  
 Not harsh or crabbed, as is her substitute,  
 But musical as is Apollo's lute.'

'The true light that enlighteneth every man'—what is it? The written Word; the Word of God, that liveth and abideth for ever, of which all written or spoken words are the imperfect transcription.

'Our little systems have their day:  
They have their day, and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee.'

We cannot err in allowing all possible weight to the written Word, though I am convinced that no words can convey the ideas that we may obtain of the Divine truths,

'For words, like nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the truth within;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
And that large truth which these unfold  
Is given in outline, and no more.'

It is difficult to value the 'written Word' enough without weakening our dependence upon the inward light which is so indispensable to all real perception of truth. The truth is shut up in a prison, the formula which was originally its outward presentation becoming its prison-home, its grave. Suppose a spiritual essence (floating free of all encumbrances), feeling all, enjoying all, subject to no limitations. It takes to itself a body capable of enhancing all its emotions, but subject to its inferior conditions, till at last it comes to be of the earth, earthy; and what is it now? An imprisoned spirit.

"This idea has been running in my mind till I wept—of the weak as God's imprisoned angels. I dare not attempt to write down all that passed through my mind. . . . I see the echo of my thought in your letter, or perhaps there was a little mental reciprocation as I thought about you, and wondered whether I could express the idea of which I was dimly conscious. There is an inner life—an inner world—of which the outer is a shadow, the great idea of which so many are conscious who cannot express it, and which so few can express adequately, and then only as 'perceived through a glass darkly.'

"If we get such a view of the truth of things as the soul can give—not the intellect—we have sympathy with all the real thinkers who have given expression to it; and we need not take them in their limitations, but only when they have broken through their prison walls. We will take them in their

greatness, not their littleness. We must never forget the existence of limitation ; that ' the eye sees what it takes with it the power of seeing,' and, therefore, the least will be most perceptible, and the great man's limitations will generally be the thing most chiefly dwelt on.

" I begin to suspect that all my cautions are worthless. You have the spirit, and it is useless to dictate the use of the senses to those who are in possession of them. Talk to the blind you may about the use of the eyes ; but those who see know all about it. So I think I shall here end my attempt to lay down the law. It is certainly contrary to my system to give cautions and to express fears.

" I do not know fear. I am not at all apprehensive that you will imbibe narrow views, or sympathise too much with the littleness of great people. I believe you will only assimilate the goodness and greatness and beauty of character with which you come in contact. In this faith I parted with you for a time, and I have no fear of it failing me.

" But one cannot forget the rocks on which one has been all but lost ; one must remember ' the wormwood and the gall.' Oh the dark days of subjection to the limitations of great men ! Wesley believed in literal fire and, I think, brimstone ; at least, one of the leaders of the connexion in which I spent eight years did so believe. After this, you will forgive a passing apprehension."

" London, *May* 26, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  a.m.  
(His birthday.)

" . . . This is the finest morning I have seen this year. It seems now possible that pleasant weather may come. We have not before had one day fine throughout. In three weeks we shall see you. Well, the last three weeks have soon passed, and if nothing very unusual occurs, the next will pass too. And then the greatest event that has occurred for many a long month, the meeting after so long a separation. I wonder what the effect of such separation will be on your part. The natural result would be to induce a feeling of preference for your companions, and a feeling of duty to the old people.

" 9 o'clock.

" I have your letter, and feel disposed to begin another sheet. It produced such a new current of feeling that there seems something repulsive in what I have written. . . . I am so

delighted with your warmth. It is quite a new element in our families. I am often ashamed of my coldness, but seek consolation in the thought that others are equally so. You make me feel regret that I have not had the crust broken up in my character. There is warmth, but it has been so repressed that it retires to the centre, and is not 'demonstrable.' When a crisis comes I hope it may manifest itself; but crises are not the common order of things, and in little and common things affection is often needed most. I am very much affected by your ardent manifestation of a continued or apparent increase of kind feeling, and, coming at the moment when I was writing about the effect of separation, it seems to settle the question. So far as I can see, it seems a rare thing for sons and daughters to care much about parents; but I am quite sure the exceptions exist, and that our case is such an exception. If one thing more than another has made me feel the world 'a cheerless desert, bleak and bare,' it was the general deadness of family affection—'hateful, and hating one another.' What a delightful thing is a family loving one another!

"I am so much afraid of a general apathy prevailing over me, and have certainly not taken much interest in things in general since I have been here, and I get too low without something to rouse me. It is such a contrast to your existence, where everything is full of interest. So much depends on the aspect in which you view things. Everything may have a bright side, or there may be 'brightness behind the dark clouds' in which so many subjects are enfolded. I would rather not speak of clouds and darkness, but the return of this day always saddens me; and though your letter came like a gleam of sunshine in a dark place, I have not been able to express the pleasure I felt. Having begun in the minor, I could not change to the major key. And yet I am sure there is no exaggeration in saying that I cannot picture to myself any greater source of pleasure or subject for congratulation than receiving such a letter, or having such a daughter to send it.

"I feel very much interest in your friend, Annie, and wish to have conveyed to her my very cordial acknowledgment of the compliment sent me. I appreciate her kindness very much. She sees me through the light you cast on me. I was about to express my sympathy for her solitary state, but a father and mother in memory may perhaps sometimes prove equal to the possession of them, and she has friends who care for her, and



can make friends, as in your case. But perhaps, after all, 'a living dog is better than a dead lion,' as the proverb says. Having parents, though not quite angels, may be better than having them really angels, but not here, 'the child of parents passed into the skies.' Who has faith in this has, however, many advantages in such a belief, independent of many influences that might come directly from them. I hope the sympathy and friendly feeling you have for her will not be without value. To have suffered and to have received sympathy, and to have felt its value, is an experience worth having.

"You must not suppose—in fact, you know me well enough not to suppose—that I am miserable. But having no object in living, no immediate object to employ me, nothing progressing, I seem to be only susceptible to the prevailing influences, and they are so mournful. . . .

"I have been to a Maine Law meeting and to a peace meeting. Here I met with my views in the ascendant, and for the time was delighted, but only afterwards I feel the more the contrast with the world in general.

". . . I saw Charles Dickens the other night at a meeting of the Newsvendors' Society—a sort of benefit society of no interest—and I suppose most who were there, not more than 200, went on his account. I was disposed to regret the whole affair. It was the contrast between 'poetry and reality,' and in fact there was no romance in it. I sat watching the entrance, hoping that I should know him at once, but of the dozen persons who came in together, it is probable that I should have thought of him last. 'Has he not come?' was the general cry. 'Yes, that is he, with the moustache!' When he rose there was little or no demonstration. I was mentally prepared to pour forth my heart in applause, but it would not flow. There was a chill, a cold reality. I am afraid he must be subject to some of the deteriorating influences from which men of genius suffer so much. What he said was very clever; but the 'beau ideal'—oh dear!

"I don't suppose ten people there had any of the enthusiasm for him as an author that I had, or else there would have been some cheering. I tried my hand at it, but after two or three claps it died away.

"Man of the genial mind, to thee a debt  
No usurer records, I largely owe . . ."

"That remains a fact. We must not allow our fancies so to predominate as to make us wrong people of what is their due, merely because they are not all that our fancy has painted. . . ."

"London, *June 2, 1855.*

". . . We have had a week of weather which would have done no discredit to the 'gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves.' 'I dreamed there would be spring no more.' That No. LXVIII. ('In Memoriam') is a remarkable poem, and I commend it to your special attention. It has a very significant meaning if you can find it out. Tupling says he never saw the meaning till I suggested it. Then he saw it.

"On Sunday I heard the nephew and biographer of Dr. Channing preach. He is a man out of the common run. There is no disappointment in him, either in appearance or discourse, but I am afraid he has too little policy to succeed with the congregation he addresses. He tells them they are not all right and thus offends them. He said the Unitarians had separated too widely from their Trinitarian brethren; that there was meaning in the threefold division of Deity. His text was 'Above all, through all, and in all,' a threefold distinction. He thought the idea of a suffering God must have meaning, as he believed God felt the sorrows of His creation. His sympathy was infinite, and would issue in the well-being of all. He hoped to secure the 'unity of the spirit in the bond of peace' (also part of his text) by concessions such as these; just as if the orthodox would not scorn such ideas as utterly heretical, while the Unitarians are offended at his intimation that they are not the true church. It won't do. 'The whole world is wrapped in wickedness, while the few "noble" are few and far between, and by no means themselves better than they should be. . . .'

"I was at a Quakers' temperance meeting on Wednesday. Nearly all Quakers there. At a meeting of the 'Alliance' for the suppression of the liquor traffic there were many Quakers, and I was asked to attend their own special meeting. I was quite edified by their appearance. Though I had frequently seen them singly, I had never seen hundreds—men and women—all the heads of the body. It was really charming to see so respectable an assembly, so neat in dress, and looking like Jane Taylor's 'Now,' 'composed, sedate, calm, firm, and good.' I felt considerably more in charity with all men for their sakes.

The contrast between them and the people in the Park, etc., is like heaven and hell. I felt thankful that there were people in such numbers who looked so wise and good, though they too are human, and therefore imperfect, liable to mistakes and to be very positive in asserting the truth of their mistakes. I wish I could learn the lesson from all this, and bear and forbear, and not be very positive when I am not certain. And of what are we certain? And our certainty, while right for us, may not be for others. . . .

"It seems such a short time since I was writing to you last and thinking that Friday week would soon be here. And now it is next Friday! I have got into the habit of reversing the medal, or of trying to do so, and when a very delightful idea presents itself, try to think of the opposite. . . . Oh, well! there is no propriety in ignoring the sad side (even though the brightest may be uppermost) while we are in a world where Death reigns, 'the great proprietor of all'; and whatever I may have neglected in directing your thoughts, I have not neglected that view. Perhaps something too much of this. I have felt that to raise a lasting superstructure of happiness we must go down for a foundation to the facts of our being, and, by knowing on what we have to rest our hopes, we may escape the consequences and accidents of the common lot.

"Five minutes past five is the time specified for your arrival at Paddington, when and where, as I feel comparatively assured, you will find us all assembled in joyful anticipation of your coming. As to the question of returning—whether after the holidays, or after a term's rest—sufficient to the day is the decision thereof, and it must remain an open question. I think no inconvenience need arise from this, and at the utmost it need not be years before we revisit Dawlish. I like the idea of keeping up an acquaintance once formed, even with a locality, independent of living objects, so don't break your heart more than is sentimentally pleasant about any actual separations. We must learn to take our partings coolly. There have been too many of them to leave much room for heart-breaking farewells.

"Hearts are, perhaps, not so easily broken after all; and it is well to sentimentalise a little. But you see I have got over it all, so you must not mind me in the matter. . . .

"I think it very thoughtful, and by no means an unnecessary apprehension on the part of your friend, Annie, that you might

become vain. As a general rule, when people are praised and petted, they do become vain. So, unless those who may have been doing so to you are quite correct in their good opinion of you, this result may be feared. Still, as all rules have exceptions, we will hope they have given you credit for good qualities on general grounds, and therefore for such correct feelings as are incompatible with the littleness of vanity. As I have been placed in communication with this young lady, and felt particularly interested in her, I hope you will try to arrange not to become strangers, but that opportunities may occur of meeting again, as also such of the others as may care for your acquaintance. I have great regret in losing a pleasant acquaintance, and in parting without any definite hope of meeting again.

“And now for the indulgence of hope of meeting.

‘Some feelings are to mortals given  
 With less of earth in them than heaven ;  
 And if there be a human tear  
 From passion's dross refined and clear,  
 A tear so limpid and so meek,  
 It would not stain an angel's cheek,  
 'Tis that . . .’

You know the rest.

“Your affectionate  
 “FATHER.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### LETTERS AND LETTER-WRITING.

"Heart affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry."

THE work of sending off machinery and books to the Colony occupied the second autumn, involving long absence from the family at Dawlish, in a solitary London lodging, variously described according to the varying mood as everything that was dismal, or, again, as possessing all the externals of comfort. There was also the depressing influence of an English November on one so long accustomed to Australian sunshine.

He could take nothing easily, nor work with anything less than full steam on. Consequently he had times of exhaustion in which everything looked its worst.

In October he writes :—

"This is a labour of love, 'casting bread on the waters.' There is not much apparent encouragement, but it must do good to distribute good books. Good books, like good people, are the salt of the earth; and we should not know much about the good people without the books. I grudge the time, however, in which I am detained in these disagreeable circumstances, and fear that, when it is over, 'sorrow's memory will be sorrow still.' Great things carry a reward with them, but still the day of small things must not be despised."

To A. E. R. :—

" . . . I have immense labour with the books, the old thing over again, a day's work proving to be a month's. There is a

delay about duty on exported books. Tupling is all right and kind and obliging. I spend all my spare time with him.

“ . . . I have had further confirmation of what I have so often thought, that positive assertions, even coming from people well qualified to make them, are to be received with caution. I expressed my doubt to the engineers about making the engine in portions so large ; but, as they had had experience in shipping and I had not, I yielded, though reluctantly. The result is that no ship will take it, and much has to be made over again. It is not well to yield your own opinion too soon, any more than to be obstinate in never yielding. If opinion on matters of fact so often misleads we may expect a still greater source of error in matters of feeling—feeling is the origin of most opinions ; we believe or disbelieve, not from decision of the judgment founded on examination of both sides of a question, but *because we do* ; we believe because we do, as we love because we do. Some one said he only wanted one side of a question, as life was not long enough to hear both sides. He is not singular. I do not fear for you that you should change your opinion too hastily ; the fear is rather on the other side. You will hold fast what you have received. There is little to hope from a person who changes too easily ; but there is none to hope from a person who never changes at all, unless he has been so fortunate as to be born right, and then no thanks to him for being right. The ‘golden mean’ is what we want, that we may avoid the ‘falseness of extremes.’ Nature subsists through the equipoise of contrary tendencies, of attraction and repulsion, of centripetal and centrifugal, etc.”

It was a real sacrifice to him to be compelled to remain for long away from home, and this feeling comes out in every letter. To his wife he writes :—

“ London, *November 4, 1854.*

“ If you knew how much pleasure your letters give me you would send one every day, whether you have anything to say or not. I come down to Tupling’s every morning with such expectations of a letter from you, and with such disappointment if there is none. . . .

“ . . . I am much disappointed at not receiving a line from J. I did not say anything about her last time that she might

feel the disappointment too, and so learn that it may be on both sides, quite as much to me as to her. She does not surely know how pleased I was to have her letter, or I think she would have written again. It is a great thing to learn to turn to the other side, and, when we feel ourselves neglected try to find out if we have neglected our friend. So, Miss J., lay this to heart, and try to do your part of the business! . . ."

" *November 11, 1854.*

" . . . I don't expect to be home before this day week, and if I could be confident of reaching you then I would be comparatively a happy man. As it is, I am very much otherwise, and getting a note from you, however brief, is a great solace, and even expecting one proves a source of gratification. When it does not come I still hope for it to-morrow. I go to Tupling's every morning, the first thing, to see if the letter is here, when I have not had one the day before. The morning after getting none lacks the charm of the others, so give me reason to hope. . . .

" Things are now being made that may detain me, besides the books—very oppressive. Thursday was so cold that it pierced through me, and I have been coughing ever since. To be imprisoned here about such work is too bad, but I find myself enchained by such trifles, and so engrossed as to be able to look at nothing with any interest; to be in London, and feel no disposition to lift my eyes from the ground, seems a consummation of all past troubles, making me hopeless of any good to come. And there is nothing to look forward to, except at present seeing you again. I think I do indulge in that hope, but there seems such a desert to be between a whole week of this present. But a month has gone, and a week will go. . . .

" I am now at Tupling's, but there is no letter from you. . . . Do write as soon as you get this. . . . To see you again is my great futurity. . . ."

" *November 16, 1854.*

" . . . My difficulties here are mere trifles, and must come to an end by the week's end, as the ship has to sail next Monday. I therefore hope I shall spend next Sunday at home. If it only was a home in the complete sense! The idea of A.'s absence still haunts me painfully. There is something so mournful in taking her away from her home; for, after all, home is not so

much a locality as a condition. For instance, I am very comfortably situated here; they make me a fire night and morning, and I am writing in a comfortable room, so far as that goes, but my heart is in the room at Dawlish. I must comfort myself with A.'s remark about the tunnels, 'the pleasure of coming out making up for the pain of going in.' This has been a long dreary tunnel to pass through. It is so dark to-day.

'On the bald street breaks the blank day.'

Donovan made a hit when he said I should get on badly without family connections. If I only had you within reach I might even in my present mood feel life not altogether a load.

"Is J. as well as usual, or is the cold pinching her? I should not suppose her quite well from the style of writing. You must keep up good fires, and in the bedrooms too. I fear the cold will be too much for all of us. . . ."

To his little daughter he writes a few days later:—

"London, 1854.

" . . . I don't meet with anything to make up to me for your absence, and yet there is a great deal here, and Mr. Tupling as interesting a person as one could wish to meet. One feels the value of friends when absent, as they say one never knows the want of water till the well is dry. Now you must tell me how you spend your time; where you went yesterday, and where you go the day you receive this; whether you have learnt anything during the day. There is always something worth noting if you keep a diary. Mamma will tell you what a diary is, but I daresay you know that it is the same as a journal. Both words relate to *day*, one; Latin, *die*, the other French, *jour*.

"I do very frequently think about you, and feel it to be the great happiness of my life that I have you two and Mamma to think about. There are many unpleasant things of which I must think, and it is such a relief to turn from them to my dear friends at home. You must try to write me a letter and tell me how you are getting on, and what you think. There are many pleasant things to think about, though many people never think at all: 'amused at trifles, and at trifles sad.' I do not want you to live a 'life of nothings, nothing worth,' and though I do not wish you to fret about anything yet, I hope you will learn while young to distinguish between shadow and substance,



that which *seems* and that which *is*. This seems rather hard, but you will learn in time what it means, and you will by trying to learn grow into a good and thoughtful woman, as I have not the least doubt you will do. I sometimes think that you are too thoughtful, but if you run about a good deal and do not read too much you will be all right. . . .

“So many young people do not learn things because they are not compelled; but you have never been compelled to do anything, and have merely been told what it was desirable to do and to learn; yet you have both done and learnt of your own free will. If you once get into this way of learning you will go on all your life and not leave off when you leave school as being glad to be rid of hard task work. . . .”

The “Mr. Tupling,” to whom reference is made in these letters, was not only the consolation, but also the cause, of all this labour. But for his co-operation it would never have assumed its large proportions, not much less than £1,000 being thus expended, largely in works published by Charles Knight, excellent in their nature, but more improving than entertaining. There is a quaint little summary of the whole transaction in a scribbled comment on a bundle of letters: “From John Tupling, a friendship that cost me a good deal, but was well worth it.”

At this time John Tupling had just attained his majority, and was a youth of great promise, whose passion for books had induced him to start a small book-shop in the Strand. He dealt mainly in rare second-hand works, which he catalogued after a fashion startling to “the trade,” though fascinating to the reader, and attracting to the dingy little shop many book-makers as well as book-lovers, among others the then very young poet Gerald Massey. Unfortunately, the book-buyers were in the minority, and it did not need a long trial to prove that the venture would never pay its way. Mr. Tupling then decided to seek his

fortune in Canada, when the question of ways and means found only too rapid solution, for no tidings ever came back of the ship in which he took his passage.

Of this vivid young life some record is in itself of interest, even apart from its use in showing a new side of the mind that most concerns us here. In spite of the disparity of age, there was a real friendship between the two, one of many such friendships in that full life. Not a few men might be found now filling important places in the world who can look back to the inspiration and encouragement of their intercourse with one whose graver years never made his heart grow old.

My father's first introduction to him arose from his interest in an essay by Mr. Tupling on naming books, of which the title, "Folious Appearances," was based on a saying of Sir Thomas Browne's, "folious appearances, and not the central and real interiors of truth." For common books, the young writer continued, the common practice of scribbling the mere name was sufficient, but for great books this was surely too poor. "Our great books and our loved should look down on us from their places, not giving us their names, but bringing to our minds, by some happily applied word or words, some recollection of what they are, of what we are from them."

Numerous illustrations, covering the range of best books, show a knowledge of literature uncommon in one so young, as well as an originality full of promise for that future which was not to be. It is easy to imagine the pleasant and profitable talks between two such enthusiasts about books, serious and thoughtful on the part of the elder and light and sparkling in the younger of the friends.

It is to be regretted that none of my father's letters to Mr. Tupling are to be obtained, but he preserved

those in reply, and from these we get some valuable sidelights. It is clear that this young man, gifted as he was, and with no lack of youthful confidence in himself, felt that he had here found something out of the common.

That he should some day write the life of his new friend seems to have been a standing joke, though with serious purpose behind what looks like mere fooling, as for example when he writes :—

“ . . . Besides the great pleasure your letters give me there is further to be thought of the great use they are to me in the vast work I have in hand ; a work which, when it is done, will, I hope, and confidently expect, throw Lockhart, Moore, and all the biographers of the age, into the shade. I am sure I hope it will sell ! ”

After this nonsense, he speaks of the pleasure of the letter :—

“ . . . You write such jolly letters. I declare yours this morning was quite a bite for me, a rich pull. I read it three times over after my long walk. . . . I hope to see you here soon and well, and in good spirits. . . . I thank you for your letter again, because I *am* thankful for it. . . .

“ I am very glad you are coming up to London, and I shall be very much tempted to send straight strokes if they will bring you up. I very much want to see somebody as good as you.”

My father's letters were exactly like his talk—the spontaneous outpourings of a full mind, but there always was a real connection in the ideas, though it might not always be evident on the surface. At this last fact his young correspondent makes a sly hit in another letter :—

“ HONOURED AND HONOURABLE,

“ I received your grunt this morning, by first post. I had rather have a grunt from you than a song from most people. Your grunts are most melodious and highly philosophic. . . . If I can manage to make a start, perhaps I shall go on in some way, not so good as you certainly, with your cheerful and easy defiance of sequence and purpose ; ‘ like some wild poet when

he works without a conscience and an aim.' And yet, I sometimes think our friend the wild poet is in the right; sometimes rules, forms, and chalked-out results look all so pedantic and dry that the aimless appears, with its infinity, better than the aim well hit. And yet, 'it is not good for man to be alone,' which means, as I take it, that you must have an object; that a man must be matched and married to a great occasion, or else rove loose and dissolute. Most men find their occasions in the common things of life, in omnibus driving or in Parliament, but some there are who need a richer bosom to rest on, who do not find occasion for their motive in the commonplace, to whom, right or wrong, you will not deny that *that* seems stale and common. Such may seek their refuge in it, like one who

'Little more than boy,  
Declined on some unworthy heart with joy,  
But lives to wed an equal mind.'

But some don't live to wed an equal mind; some resolutely wed themselves to common things, and make their unequal spouse very unhappy, like Napoleon Bonaparte, for instance, who will have to do with common things, but brings it to such a pass that common things—frightened George the Thirds and Kings of Prussia—are obliged to put him alone on a rock; and there he is an example of the impossibility of men of genius wedding themselves to daily life except to revolutionise it. Light and darkness cannot dwell together. One must go. There's my sermon done, and I must take care not to read it over, or the postman won't knock at your door with a letter from me to-morrow."

My father was much given to quotation. He was seldom without some apt illustration in prose or verse supplied by his never-failing memory. This seems to have been in his young friend's mind in this next letter; which also is useful in showing how tolerant the elder man was of youthful fun:—

"... I wish you were upstairs. I would now run up as was my custom at about three leaps, dash into the middle of the room and commence one of those short and animated conversations so good for both minds till the harmonious 'wanted' brought one down to the everlasting receipt of custom. What a pity it is all one's energy should have to

waste itself on the desert air! what a pity there are no revolutions in this country; no Inkermans to win, no Sebastopols to attack! You may depend upon it that while there are such people as me in the world, there will never be peace. We go to war because we have nothing else to do, and your long-delayed operation of turning the swords into ploughshares will have to be delayed much longer till you get us put out—extinguished. We must do something; and, by Jove, we will! I begin, very stupidly, you will say, to wish we had another export order, that I might have your company again. I look to the places where you used to be, but they are emptied of delight. You see you are not out of mind, though out of sight. What a doosed hackneyed quotation that is! I will give you a better:

‘His back was turned but not his brightness hid.’

That is from ‘Paradise Lost.’

“I heard Kossuth, the other night, speak that long speech you read in the *Times*. I stayed in town on purpose. I was much disappointed, though. He is not such a great speaker as I thought. And I heard F. W. Newman. He is a nice man, but such an odd-looking one. The most striking thing about him is his politeness and charming manner. He is quite captivating, I assure you. The meeting was disposed to be noisy, but his tone of voice and his bow made them still at once—

‘Kissed the wild waves whist.’

That is from “The Tempest.” As I have given quotations from Milton and Shakspeare, I must, just to please you, give you one from Young:

‘Forego that black brotherhood, renounce,  
Renounce St. Evermond and read St. Paul.’

First-rate, ain’t it?

“But to return to Kossuth. The hall was densely crowded, half-an-hour before the meeting began. They had divided the base of the hall into two—half *reserved seats*, half *standing area*. A bar and some policemen kept those who stood in the gratis half from us who sat in the reserved seats; but the enormous crowd was too strong for policemen or barrier; broke one, upset the other, and rushed pell-mell on to us. There rose a clamour, the ladies shrieked, everyone rose, my friend rose and ran. I saw it was no good running, so I took my hat off, stood on my seat and cried out at the top of my voice: ‘Stand, push the beggars back!’ The aristocratic blood of the reserved

seats was roused. Several who were running now stood. Some came back, and with cloaks, legs, fists, and umbrellas, we pushed back tag-rag and bobtail into their places, with the assistance of the four defeated policemen who rallied. All the time I kept laughing and pushing, and scrambling and fighting. One poor man was frightened, and would have fled; but, as he would have spread panic through my host, I caught him by the arm and kept him there, and used him as a weapon against the surging crowd, swinging him backwards and forwards. He said nothing, but at the seventh shove I gave him, he looked round and said, 'Now, THEN!' 'Now, then,' I said, 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!' (I could see that he was a Scotchman.) The allusion to his national renown stirred his spirit, and leaving us he dashed to the onset and fought, or rather shoved, like a brick, and in ten minutes all was quiet again."

How much my father could bear in the way of flippant nonsense, so apparently unlike his own seriousness, is still more shown in this next and last extract from this correspondence:—

"... I have been very jolly lately; not much downhearted. I begin to see the difference between the false and the true ideal. Vain desires and fears and hopes, these are the false ideal. To use the present moment, use it as much like a man as you can, the true. The practical seems like the ground you walk on; the ideal as the light you walk in. When you read this and hear me confess that I am not in sackcloth and ashes like you, you will quote to yourself some line out of Young about 'thoughtless folly, renouncing St. Evermond, and taking note of time by its loss.' You will compare the laughter of fools to the crackling of thorns under a pot. So be it. I don't care. I *hate* Young. I *HATE* him! Don't be angry with me. Such is life. What will you give me if I learn ten pages of the 'Night Thoughts,' and write an essay, in the style of Gilfillan, on the genius of Young?"

It was probably after making some comment on the divergence of feeling about this favourite writer that my father, at about the same date, wrote to me:—

"... Poetry was more artificial in the days of Young than it is now. We shall learn to dress both our books and our

thoughts in a more natural—less artificial—manner than has been the custom. Language is only the dress of thought. Before it is dressed it is not presentable. The savage can present himself without dress, and savage thought can be presented without language. But the power to communicate deep thought in language, that can be written and translated is well worthy of admiration and inquiry. The origin of language may remain a mystery, but a great deal of very interesting material for inquiry is existent. Nature and analogy are the chief sources of our language. ‘The use of the outer creation is to give us language for the being and changes of the inner creation.’”

Here follows a quotation from Emerson’s “Essay on Language,” with this conclusion:—

“I don’t want to bother you *too* much, but as you may have opportunity, it may be well to try to retain this and to apply it. It is the key of knowledge. The world is emblematic. ‘Nature is a metaphor of the human mind.’ A life in harmony with nature—the love of truth and goodness will bring us to understand, and Nature will be an open book. ‘Every object rightly seen unlocks a new faculty of the soul.’ ‘If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light.’”

But, notwithstanding this natural youthful protest against the sententiousness of the “Night Thoughts,” there was in the younger a very remarkable appreciation of the hymn so often on the lips and always in the heart of the elder friend. One verse, in particular, caught and kept him by its triumphant ring, and he repeated it so often that the words “Indissolubly sure,” became a saying between them:—

“We know, by faith we know, if this vile house of clay,  
This tabernacle, sink below, in ruinous decay,  
We have a house above, not built with mortal hands,  
And firm as our Redeemer’s love that heavenly fabric stands;  
It stands securely high—indissolubly sure . . .”

For the one who remained this verse gained a deeper meaning still when news came of no further hope for

the ship. Recalling these words in the exultant young voice, how much comfort there was in the thought that so possibly they were the last on earth, before the waves of the Atlantic closed over so much of bright promise.

It is clear that the correspondence was of pleasure as well as profit to this vivid young soul, so quick to discern anything dull or dry. And to many another my father's letters, so much out of the line of usual chit-chat, were a real joy and help. Here is a word from an old friend who was not of what could be called a serious turn of mind:—

“I assure you once for all, my dear Sir, that your letters are most delightful. There is such a warmth and freshness in them, it is a positive pleasure to read them; and as to fluency of expression, why you excel everyone I get letters from; so pray do not make any more excuses, but rest assured that you really and truly do give a great deal of pleasure and instruction.

“Knowing you so very intimately as I do, I can appreciate every word, and your letters seem to bring you more bodily before me than any other person I know of. . . .”

But no assurance that he was mistaken ever availed to give him confidence in his own power of letter-writing. His feeling about it is very well expressed in the following extract from a letter to his wife:—

“Broadstairs, 21. 6. 68.

“. . . I am making large demands on your patience in epistles, which may be truly, as Tennyson's ‘Maud’ was untruly described (in the *Times*) as:

“‘Dreadfully dull and drearily dawdling,

Tennyson's Maud should be—Tennyson's maudlin.’”

I am afraid I have much to answer for on account of my letters. There is one view, however, you suggest in the principle of a good heart making everything good, as the ‘joy of sacrifice.’ (Since you are making the sacrifice, I hope the joy is yours too.)

“I am delighted with that phrase, for till we know that joy, we



are at the mercy of every breeze that blows. But when that is known,

‘Calm on tumult’s wheel we sit’—

allowing, however, for weak nerves, whence small things disturb more than large ones.”

The very special characteristic of his letters is thus given graphically by a young clergyman in whom he took a deep interest :—

“It is always pleasant and profitable to receive a letter from you, for it is invariably written *de profundis*.

“The perusal of your letter, this morning, filled my eyes with tears, for it filled my heart with deep and varied emotions. I may only mention one effect it has on me : it makes me yearn more intensely for a close fellowship with our Divine Jesus.

“‘Oh, for a closer walk with God!’ Nothing in earth is comparable with the possession of a true Christianity, that religion whose soul and substance is love. . . .”

He could not write short unmeaning letters, and would not have done so if he could. In answer to a suggestion that a few lines were better than long silence, he thus expresses his own ideas on the subject :—

To A. E. R. :—

“ . . . I am more than ashamed, I am grieved, at not writing to you. . . . What is usually called letter-writing is nothing at all. I could write twenty every day and think nothing of it. Then J. says, ‘Why don’t you write such? They would be better than nothing!’

“Well, that is a question for consideration, and, perhaps, for accomplishment ; but I have neither been able to consider, nor accomplish, as yet. Talking or writing from the surface is all very well. I don’t say anything against it. But I would rather perish from the universe—not merely from the earth—than sink into it altogether. And how many of those who are content to meet a friend, or write to one, and talk or write only from the surface, escape from becoming merely surface people ?

“If I begin to write short, trivial letters, will it not be a step downwards? one step then and there; and another! Where will it end? Where has it ended in general? In inability to

fill a single sheet—not always from want of time. To what depths may we sink if we deliberately take a step downwards? It is a salve to the conscience to write a letter—or what passes for a letter, although there is nothing in it more than ‘How do you do?’ ‘Very well, I thank you!’ ‘Give my love, etc.’ Of course if you can do nothing else I say, ‘All very well.’

“I want to consider the question: I am considering—I think, but it is not leading in that direction. . . . And now, if I wish merely to make excuse for not writing, the best thing I could do would be to do as I did on Saturday—put it in the fire!

“‘If you can’t put fire into your letters, put your letters in the fire.’ How would that answer in the end? It might not do at first as no letters would be sent, and some sort of intercourse would be suspended. But if there was any fire in the interior it would not be extinguished so much by this process as it is by consenting to send letters without fire in them.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

LIFE ABROAD. 1856—58.

"The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's ways removing,  
Its women and its men became, beside him, true and loving."

E. B. BROWNING.

My father was now fifty years old, carrying his years very lightly. He was tall, spare, and vigorous, his hair still dark and abundant, with the all-round whiskers of that date. In repose his face was grave even to sadness; but when roused his clear blue eyes grew soft, and a kindly smile lighted his whole face. He was naturally of a social disposition, always ready to speak to strangers, while children drew to him by instinct, sure of full response. To the end this was very characteristic, and, among the tributes after his death at the age of eighty-one, there was one that touched us in its witness to this lasting simplicity of soul. It came from a boy who, after speaking of the graver talks which he had valued, adds: "I lately learnt a new rule in 'Reversi,' which greatly improved the game, and which I wished to teach Mr. Ridley in the coming holidays. I don't know if he would have cared to learn it, but I should very much have enjoyed trying to teach him."

Even when an old man he was always ready for a party of young folk, and he liked joining in games,

being very quick at proverbs and all guesswork, excelling also in that most difficult entertainment, capping verses, in which his remarkable memory and wide reading stood him in good stead. He played chess and draughts well and enjoyed billiards. Cards were in later years a great relief after his long day of writing and reading.

Up to middle life he kept touch with the fashions of the day, though at a respectful distance. There never could have been close intimacy, but he had not then dropped the acquaintance, as in later years, when he became a law to himself in his attire. In 1856, he was still conventional enough to object to beard and soft hat, even though worn by Alfred Tennyson.

Needless to say, this unfavourable impression was entirely removed by a friendly talk, in which the poet not only unbent so far as to discuss the recent *Times'* critique of "Maud," but even went out of his way to give the joy of a few gracious words to the schoolgirl daughter.

Following this very pleasant winter in Ventnor came some busy weeks in London, leading to a summer spent in Edinburgh, where our friend Mr. Owen, from Adelaide, had settled down for the education of his daughters, the Northern Athens being then in the very forefront of education for girls.

The time in Edinburgh went quickly among friends new and old and in excursions in the vicinity. At its close our old friends went with us to Glasgow, whence we saw the Clyde and Loch Lomond, and as much of that part of Scotland as the weather would allow. In August the rain had begun, and it followed us for the rest of that most inclement summer.

We tried Ireland, from Glasgow to Belfast and Dublin. But Killarney and the West were impossible in that never-ceasing downpour, from which we fled to England, ending finally in the autumn at St. Leonards, then nothing more than an extension of the Hastings Esplanade, with the new gardens behind. The last houses were the old-fashioned row still interposed between the mansions on either side, and here we were almost next door, without knowing, to Thomas Carlyle and his wife. If we had known it my father would no doubt have found the chance of a talk with the great writer, who had been, and was then, so much to him in his books.

St. Leonards seemed so attractive that we looked at several houses, almost settling on one at Ore. But still the rain went on, till one morning, at breakfast, my father said in despair: "Suppose we try Germany. It can't be worse than this, and the Grahams seem to get on there, suffering less from the damp than in England."

The result of this suggestion was, that on that very day he started to London to change summer for winter garments and make other arrangements, so that within a week we found ourselves on the Rhine, not to see English shores again for nearly two years.

We travelled direct to Cologne, leaving the Belgian cities for the return journey. The great Cathedral, not then completed, impressed us duly; but the sight most noticeable to the practical Australian mind, accustomed to the width and expansion of the unfettered New World, was the Church of St. Ursula, where a serious young priest pointed out to us, with due gravity and apparent sincerity, the bones of the eleven thousand martyred virgins who now represent St. Ursula's single

attendant, by name *Undecimilla*. Certainly there are bones enough to justify the tradition. We saw also a thorn from the crown of thorns, a fragment of the veil of the Virgin Mother, one of the water-jars used at the marriage in Cana, with other relics of similar probability. My father listened in silence, gave the expected fee, and, once in the open air again, breathed a long sigh of relief.

At Cologne we left the railway for the river—never in these or in any future times to be seen as we saw it then, even though year by year the gorgeous autumn colouring may promise the same beauty. Then all was quiet and unchanged; no shriek of railway whistle disturbed these “haunts of ancient peace”; no spoiler’s touch had passed on the old-world villages with their “race of faces happy as the scene”; no greed of gain had shadowed the “deep blue eyes” of the peasant girls who offered us rich autumn fruits instead of “early flowers.”

The Rhine was not then hackneyed as in these days of Cook and Gaze. It could honestly be enjoyed by all lovers of beauty, and my father entered as heartily as his school-girl daughter into the magic of these fresh experiences. As we floated onwards he felt to the full the wonder of sunlit slope or shadowy crag, or watched the colour die down in the deepening twilight and the lights come twinkling out, each marking some spot renowned in song or story.

No association that could add interest to the scene was forgotten by that ready memory, drawing on the well-stored mind. “Childe Harold” had for long been his guide to this “enchanted ground,” and the familiar lines came with new force as we paced the deck, having it very much to ourselves, since the summer tourists

had almost melted away. There were, however, some young Scotch Divinity students *en route* for Heidelberg, who joined us, passing from poetry to knotty theological questions with so much of interest that they afterwards visited us in Frankfurt.

We saw much more of the Rhine in the following spring when staying at Wiesbaden, whence my father wrote to a friend :—

“ . . . This is a Paradise. Nature has done a very great deal and man has done his part well. There is a quite universal passion for gardens, for flowers, and for beautiful trees and pleasure grounds, with all that can add to the beauty of the country.

“ The river nobly foams and flows,  
The charm of this enchanted ground :  
And all its thousand turns disclose  
Some newer beauty circling round.”

“ The Rhine, even after expectation has been raised to the highest, could not disappoint the living mind. It is a ‘mighty and abounding river,’ flowing between vine-clad hills and ‘castled crags.’ ”

Alas ! that no one will ever write again in this strain, or, at least, no one who had ever spent a “quiet Sunday” at Bingen-on-the-Rhine, as was our fate some twenty or more years after those lovely long-ago days.

On that memorable first journey we spent two enchanting days on the river, divided by a night at Coblenz, where by force of stern contrast we felt the truth of the description of

“ Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall.”

To our cost we found the walls of Coblenz impregably strong around the city, when, tempted by a moonlit walk in the lovely gardens outside, we found on our

return the massive gate shut against us. No tongue that I could muster moved the grim sentry, even to break silence, as he continued his steady march to and fro before the closed portal. Finally, when we were almost in despair, a friendly German came by and, understanding our case, guided us under the frowning walls, by darkly wooded ways, to the only available gate at some little distance.

No future journey over the same ground could match this first experience of foreign travel in all its freshness. There was also a charm in our very uncertainties, with our destination itself so much at the mercy of "chance and change."

Chance seemed certainly to have much to do with our lives at that period. The accident of delay in receiving our hotel bill at Cologne had made us lose the early boat, and thus to take part of two days for the journey, instead of one whole day as originally intended. On this small point very much hinged for our future as we traced back the various events that sprang out of it. We had fixed on Frankfurt-am-Main for our first resting-place, and we arrived there in the middle of the afternoon. Instead of taking a cab to some hotel, as we should have done if our arrival had been at night, my father suggested that it would be more adventurous to free ourselves from our luggage and wander out to see what might happen, looking round before we fixed ourselves down.

At first sight Frankfurt seemed a compact little town, easy to explore. The ancient walls were down—turned into pleasant gardens—Anlagen, circling the city on three sides; the fourth bounded by the Main, a wide swift river, which could, however, be frozen over in severe winters. The Anlagen were fringed with villas



in gardens, which on one side of the town had spread into a few cross-roads connecting the three great *Chaussées* or *Landstrasse* leading into the country from the Mainzer, the Bockenheimer, and the Eschernheimer gates. All beyond this was still unspoiled country.

The site of the present Winter Garden and of the Conservatoire was then a large nursery ground. Nightingales sang freely in the Anlagen, and woe to the wicked wight who dared disturb them, fine or imprisonment being his certain doom. If he had dared to molest the storks which had built their nests in the Eschernheimer Strasse, just under the old tower within the town, he might have suffered even worse things. Round the stork gathers much of the sentiment of German legend, and the departure and return of the sacred birds were always duly chronicled in the *Frankfurter Anzeiger*.

Within the town all was picturesque and ancient, the modern improvement having barely begun. One side of the old Judengasse was indeed gone, but the other side was still standing, not to disturb old "Madam Rothschild," the venerable mother of the great bankers, who would not leave her early home. It was only in her youth, as we understood, that the old restrictions against the Jews had been relaxed, and, among other concessions, the use of surnames allowed to them. But even during her lifetime they had risen to full power and citizenship.

On this first afternoon, exulting in our freedom, we followed the Anlagen, declining to enter the city either by the Mainzer or the Bockenheimer gates, and wandering on and on till at last we began to wonder if we had lost our way. It was with a sense of relief that we then encountered a nice English boy who had

been with us on the Rhine boats. He was travelling alone, on his way for the first time to a German school, and he had soon attached himself to one who had "mother" written plain in every look and tone. Our young friend now introduced his companion, a young Englishman resident in Frankfurt, familiar with all its ways, and we speedily found ourselves taken in hand, guided through the quaint Eschernheimer Thor, and comfortably settled in the then picturesque old "Schwann" Hotel.

My father made friends with strangers in a fashion that might have had its perils for any one of less trustworthy instinct. But he never made a mistake where he followed this instinct. Always ready himself to help in any need that he might meet, he took it as equally natural that other people should help him. Thus he frankly accepted the services of this new friend, through whose kind offices we found ourselves by the end of the week happily settled in a good flat in the Kettenhof Weg. We were introduced also to the mother and sisters of our all-useful guide, and through them provided with a nice maid who spoke English, so that we were pleasantly initiated into the secrets of German housekeeping, coming in this way to know something about real German life and ways.

Our choice of Frankfurt had in the first instance been determined by the fact that our friends the Grahams had already settled there, driven, like ourselves, to seek a drier climate. We found them in the Bockenheimer Chaussée, occupying a large house which had previously served at the same time for the English and French Embassies. Here Mr. Graham had indulged his natural liking for art treasures, making his selection with a taste rare at that date even among

persons of definite artistic training, so that his collections were among the things worth seeing.

Though surrounding his beautiful wife with every luxury, he had lost none of his unspoiled simplicity of mind. If one day he might be entertaining princes, he would next day enjoy a long walk to the Taunus Mountains, recalling old colonial stories with my father, or giving very humorous sketches of more recent experiences. These last my mother and I, driving with Mrs. Graham, would hear in fuller detail, the results of her keen observation, given with an uncommon brightness of style. And there was much that was interesting at that time, for Frankfurt was then still a "free city," with representatives from all foreign powers. The society was mainly diplomatic and military, and the streets were gay with uniforms of every nation. Sir Alexander Malet was English Ambassador, and the present Sir Edward and Sir Louis were just not too old, as seniors, for the little Grahams' juvenile parties. My sister counted among the children proper and, though older than her little friends, was happily building up a lifelong friendship on a sweet foundation of "squince jam," as they called a specially good conserve of quinces kept for these tea-drinkings in Kettenhof Weg. At these childish gatherings my father played the part of a benevolent magician, doing scientific tricks, such as making a bit of paper stick to the looking-glass by merely stroking it, and other similar wonders. He could also answer the most difficult questions, and he enjoyed taking the children for walks, thus securing welcome holiday from the formidable array of lessons in many languages against which he sometimes made protest in higher quarters.

Our winter owed much of its charm to this pleasant

companionship. For merely formal visiting we never cared, but we always found enough society to prevent any dulness. In this and the next winter we had a sufficiently large circle, English and German, to keep us occupied and amused.

Men and women of the upper middle class had their separate *gesellschaften*, the men meeting at their clubs, while the ladies had their *thee*, or *kaffee-kränzchen*, meeting at different houses in turn, usually in the afternoon. These entertainments were much more elaborate than even our "smartest" modern "afternoon-teas." In addition to tea and coffee and a great variety of cakes, there was always an array of delicate meats and sweets, any of which it was considered rude to decline. As a result, the plates of those not to these manners born were wastefully overfilled. At intervals of half an hour after this quite sufficient preliminary feast came large round flat cakes adorned with devices of sugar and chocolate, and generally filled with cream, of which huge wedges were again *de rigueur*. The intervals between were occupied with talk, fancy-work, reading, recitations, or games.

So far as we could judge the household virtues for which German women are justly famed still held their ground, but I remember many well-educated, well-read girls, who knew the literature of three languages, and who were proficient in music beyond any ordinary English standard. But the general feeling as regarded any wider sphere for women was well summarised by Fraulein Louise von P——, a *hochwohlgeborene* who gave us lessons in German, when I asked her one day: "Would you not like to write a book?" and she answered: "*Ach, Gott bewahr!* no! I should never find a husband!"

There could not have been much literary life in Frankfurt, or we should at least have heard of it.

There was a grand new monument to Gutenberg and the other great printers, and the house in the Goethe-Platz was a shrine for many pilgrims, but living writers seemed unknown. Schopenhauer was there, and was working out his philosophy of "Will as Power," and we may often have passed him in his daily walk up the Zeil, but we never heard his name.

In his boyhood my father had taught himself enough French to read fluently, and he soon picked up German, so that he read the Bible and hymn-book and the newspapers. He also, only too soon, was able to ask the most abstruse questions, of which he could not follow the rapid reply, even though aided by explanatory gestures. The effect for me was like the pulling of the string of a shower-bath, bringing down on my devoted head a torrent under which I could only gasp in a frantic effort to turn some of it to use. But the end was always the same, my colourless rendering leaving the indignant questioner fully convinced that he had been defrauded of much precious information. My mother was not less fearless, but was even more independent. She would go shopping without my help, having armed herself with a supply of the required substantives, which she shot one by one with her sweetest smile at the equally smiling vendor. She would then return in triumph with her purchases and ask what use was there in studying the grammar, when you could do quite well without it?

For practice in the language we went occasionally to the theatre, a quiet little place, forming a quite natural part of everyday life for the well-to-do residents, who had their box just as they had their carriage. The

simple hours—six to nine—matched the simple fashions, ladies walking to and fro, and hanging their bonnets at the back of the box. We heard some of the early Wagner operas, and Shakespeare was as much (if not more) appreciated there as in London, Herr Hase's Hamlet matching that of Mr. Phelps.

In fine weather there were easy expeditions into the country by rail or carriage, with varied walks, the easiest to the Forst Haus, a short distance out of the town, and a very favourite resort for all classes. Singly, or in families, seated at little tables and drinking tea, coffee, or beer, to the music of a good band, might any day be seen a happy crowd, including the proudest baron and the simplest *bursch*.

The winters were severe, but the clear, dry, crisp air, so unlike the English fog and chilling mist, was full of enjoyment. For the young skating was as regular an amusement as dancing, while, wrapped in furs and propelled in an ice-chair, even the elders could share the fun.

We had not intended to remain a second winter; but we drifted back after a wandering summer, and were tempted by a pretty little flat in the Eschernheimer Chaussée, part of the house of a German officer, whose charming wife and daughter made pleasant neighbours.

Very little record remains of my father's impressions of this time, but a few sentences may be given from his letters to Mr. Forster, the first dated Kettenhof Weg, April 4th, 1857:—

“I ought to give you some of my impressions of Germany, but, except incidentally, I cannot set about descriptions. We saw a little of Germans in Australia. They are very civil and polite, and what intercourse I have had with them has been very pleasant. They don't seem such go-ahead people as

Englishmen become in a colony—not so impulsive. They are fond of precedent, follow the beaten track, and dislike new modes of proceeding. They want more energy, I think. This may produce greater results of evil as well as of good; but though ‘hoisting more sail to run against a rock’ be the occasional result of going ahead, it is the lesser evil of the two where the alternative is doing the same thing in the same way for the thousandth time, and that way an imperfect one.

“I would like to have said something of my views of German theology, if able. What you say of English theologians in the pulpit is to the purpose, in my experience. I hear few I wish to hear again.

‘Common is the commonplace,  
The vacant chaff, well meant for grain.’

My knowledge of Germany, however, is from English sources. I don’t know enough of German to speak or understand it, and can read but little. The views of ‘Germanism’ given by opponents are very erroneous. They see it attacks the infallibility of their own particular church or opinion, and that is enough to ensure condemnation. As it is not exactly a ‘run and read’ affair there is plenty of misrepresentation arising from misapprehension. . . .

‘We have but faith: we cannot know!’

That is a line from Tennyson’s ‘In Memoriam.’ Have you read that book? But ‘reading’ is not the word for it. I had read, marked (that is underlined as I thought I saw meaning), learnt (committed to memory), and inwardly digested it before I saw its full meaning. In my opinion (that must go for what it is worth—not much) it is a book *sui generis*, and entitled to the very highest place. I seldom puzzle over a subject in which I do not find something in it to help me. I think it is essentially the system most deserving the name of *German*. The leading principles are developed in few but expressive words, for instance that the source of the religious idea or sentiment is essentially inspiration, as in CXXIII:—

‘I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle’s wing or insect’s eye;  
Nor thro’ the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun.’

In XCIV. there is an account of an experience which shows the source of an inspiration in some manner explaining how our

highest wisdom comes : that he that believeth hath the witness in himself ; and showing how ineffectual mere outside teaching is to communicate that which, where it exists at all, is a Divine principle.

“ But I have, unawares, entered on a large subject to which I cannot at present do justice. . . . ”

“ In Memoriam ” is now incorporated into the English language, but at that date it was still quite possible to assume it unread even by the most well informed person. To know it by heart was not then an everyday experience.

This foreign life, with its varied and lighter interests, was good in many ways, not the least that it gave this earnest thinker rest from too much theology. If there were good preachers they were out of his reach. The English Continental chaplain of that day was more likely to shine in the *salon* than in the pulpit. In Frankfurt there was still no English church, and the English colony had to share the same extremely primitive building, at different hours, with the French Protestants.

In the spring of 1857 my father took a journey to England to see his friend Dr. Matthew Moorhouse, to whom he writes :—

“ April 4, 1857.

“ . . . I have just received Mr. Forster’s letter by the *Orient*, so I conclude that you are in England. Nothing has occurred since I last saw you that more interests me or that gives me greater pleasure than your arrival in England. I can scarcely refrain from setting off instanter to see you. . . . Through some unaccountable fancy we came to pass the winter here, and have passed it very comfortably ; or as much as one can expect to do without a home in the full sense of the word. You will let us know as to your movements, and if you should not feel disposed after a short time to take a glance at Germany, we will come to England immediately. We had thought of seeing a little more of this country if the still more interesting



circumstance of seeing you had not occurred ; but as our hearts are not very much set on seeing foreign countries, if you cannot come here we shall very gladly come to you wherever you are. . . . I like the idea of a tour in America, mentioned in your last letter, if I can get a place in which I can leave my family."

In June he writes to Mr. Forster from Wiesbaden :—

" We have been unable to find a house in England yet. It seems very unaccountable, but so it is, though we have been very anxious to do so. We came to Germany eight months ago and settled at Frankfurt, where we spent the winter. We have now come to Wiesbaden for the waters. We seem to like Germany better than England ; but I don't think we shall settle out of England, perhaps not out of Australia—but we have no fixed intentions. . . . I seem to have lost all hope of finding a resting place in Europe, having never seen anything procurable where I could care to settle. It seems a serious matter to be uprooted, with no local ties to aid a decision. Dr. Moorhouse was in high enjoyment when I saw him. He had every hour filled up in intercourse with his friends, and though I went to England on purpose to see him, I only spent a few hours with him, as I thought it a charity, to wait till afterwards for my share of him. He is going to America on the 17th. I had hoped to accompany him if he had not gone until August as he at first intended. But he writes to say his plans are altered and he must go now. . . .

" Switzerland is the next attraction. Mr. Owen and I had a trip to Lake Lucerne in March. The weather was clouded, and we did not see the tops of the mountains, but I was only the more excited to visit them again. I hope we shall have a sight of Mont Blanc. I long to see the Monarch of Mountains in his glory."

It was a disappointment to have missed this trip with his genial friend. But Mr. Owen's visit to Frankfurt and the little tour together in Switzerland were much enjoyed. Here is an amusing bit from a letter written from Lucerne, dated March, 1857 :—

". . . Not the least remarkable thing in Basle was the head-dress of the ladies, one a large black sort of silk or satin affair over

the top of the head (with a drawing of a bow). It is droll that go where we may ladies' heads and other dresses are still the most comical and ridiculous things we see. But that was not the worst. We saw streamers floating behind them, full many a foot, reaching to the heels and dabbling in the mud: a silk concern plaited in the hair forming two tails, terminating in black ribands floating down. All the old women have their tails, and many young ones. It was a holiday, with crowds everywhere.

"The houses in the country are gloomy structures, very like the pictures of savage towns in Cook's Voyages and, Mr. Owen says, very inferior to those of the Fijians. Much that we have seen in some form or other seems to bear some relation to Fiji, except the 'tails,' which are like the Chinese. It is to be hoped that the railway will cultivate the ideas of the people. A railway train appears to be a new thing, as crowds assemble to look at it. We took the railway at Basle, expecting in this way to arrive at Lucerne, though wondering at the same time how an express train could take six hours for sixty miles. But we found that we had two hours of climbing up and down a high hill through which a tunnel is in progress."

The stay at Wiesbaden was happy as well as healthful. Afterwards, for bracing after the hot springs, we went for a month to Schlangenbad. Heidelberg and Switzerland came in summer, followed by Cannstadt (near Stuttgart) and Baden Baden and Homburg in the autumn. The gaming tables in all these "baths" were still in full swing, but, with the exception of Baden Baden—exactly represented in Doré's great picture of that date—the serious pursuit of health was more to the front than the play. Certainly life at these places did not show the sordid and mean aspect of the gambling at Monte Carlo, with its concentrated essence of all that is undesirable. But the dramatic aspects of the life were very absorbing. Every time we looked into the Kursaal there seemed a hint of some telling story. One old Polish prince especially

was of interest. He was an old, old man, who sat day after day, sometimes telling his beads for luck on a rosary of precious stones, sometimes consulting a little pack of cards of his own, but in the end always losing. They said he came every year with 10,000 francs and played till he had lost it all. At Wiesbaden in spring he played with golden louis, at Homburg in the autumn we found him reduced to five-franc pieces.

My father, of course, worked out an infallible "system," but he never tried it in practice, that not being his way of either making or losing his money.

From Wiesbaden we went up the Rhine to Mannheim, and thence to Heidelberg, where we spent most of our time in the old castle itself, in one of two suites of rooms in the inhabited portion. The occupant of the other suite was the defender of Sebastopol, General Todleben, then in full fame. He, like ourselves, took his meals *al fresco* at the restaurant, never failing to acknowledge us as neighbours.

The castle enchanted us in all its aspects, in sunshine or on the terrace by moonlight. But the best picture of all I saw in watching the slow dawn from the first glimmer to the full daylight. One solitary stork, perched on the topmost ruin, stood motionless, the very type of the old vanished time when romance held sway within these walls. But as the earliest rosy flush reddened the grey ruin the stork slowly spread his great wings and sailed heavily away, soon lost in the full light of the new day.

At Heidelberg we found our friends the Grahams making arrangements for taking possession of an old schloss near, where we found them settled on our next visit to the fascinating old town in 1867.

The railway by this time had been finished from

Basle to Olten, where we spent a night in the queerest of old inns: like some old sacred picture where cows are mixed up with the wayfarers. These cows could not possibly have been in our *salle à manger*, but the impression of their nearness is mingled with the memory of a never-to-be-forgotten meal in which coffee and rolls and butter and honey each seemed to be more inexpressibly delicious than the others.

Next day we took boat up the lakes of Bienne and Neuchatel, and reached Geneva in the evening, where for several days we lived on "Childe Harold."

The advantage of not having "Cook's tickets" showed in a little extempore trip we threw in on the way to Chamouni. Directions had been duly given to the landlord of our hotel to provide a carriage for the journey—the railway being not yet dreamt of—and at the allotted hour the carriage came, driven by a sour-visaged *cocher*. With gracious adieux from the host and his waiters we made our start in great spirits.

Before long we noticed with some surprise that Murray—there was no Bädeker then and no Hare—for the first time failed us. A river appeared where he indicated a mountain, while our first halting-place was misspelt in several letters, and the next, Frangy, was written Nangy by most careless printing, as we decided.

But at this Frangy—or it might be Nangy—we stayed for some time, and took a stroll on the hills, where in a talk with a nice old peasant I happened to mention that we were on our way to Chamouni.

He looked surprised, and questioned: "How is it, then, that you go in quite the other direction?"

This led to inquiring at the inn, and we discovered that our *cocher* had understood he was to drive to

*Chambéry.* In the hope of adventure, we wondered if this was some deep-laid plot and no innocent mistake on the part of our grim driver, a suspicion rather confirmed, when we saw him kill with a stroke of his whip a playful kitten that crossed his path.

But there was nothing to be done but make the best of the position, and as that included a night in picturesque little Annecy, nestling by its lovely lake, we found it no hard matter.

Nothing happened that was not pleasant, and on the second evening we reached St. Martin, I to be awakened next morning from dreams of the mountains by my father, who called me to look where, set in the dark of the near hills,

“ God made Himself an awful rose of dawn.”

Afterwards at Berne and at Interlaken we saw the mountains at sunset and at dawn in all their radiance, but never again, then or afterwards, such a picture as that first view, surpassing every dream beforehand.

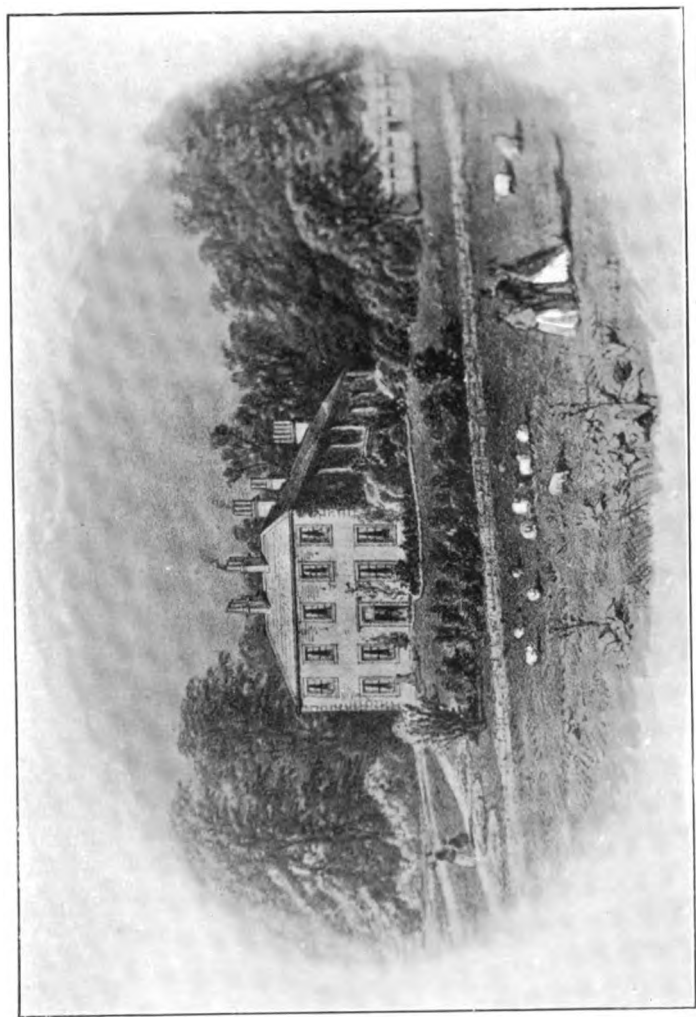
The vision faded with the full daylight, but the mountains flashed out of the clouds and vanished again all through the lovely slow drive up from Sallenches, till we saw Mont Blanc rise sharp and clear against the evening sky.

My father writes to a friend :—

“ I have seen the ‘ Monarch of Mountains ’ in different aspects: with his ‘ robe of clouds ’ and in naked majesty, but always with his ‘ diadem of snow. ’ He never loses that, although he does at first seem to lose something of his majesty and sublimity when stripped of his robes. We actually asked, when we saw him so, if that could be the veritable mountain? We had been catching glimpses of him for two days, and were left to form vague ideas of where the top might be, so that there was something taken away when we saw the truth. Not

an extraordinary case. I don't think there can be any disappointment to any reasonable person in the scenery of Switzerland. Many are disappointed and say so, but I question the propriety of including them in the class specific of 'reasonable persons.' . . .

"We saw Sir Humphrey Davy's tomb at Geneva, and a stone with J. C. on it to denote Calvin's grave; and we were near the place where Servetus was burnt, but could not be sure of the exact spot, to my regret. We did not get to Constance, where John Huss suffered. I have great sympathy with the victims to intolerance, and for myself could wish no higher destiny than to maintain my conviction against it at any cost. There is such a thing as truth, though we may know it only in part, but that part is worth everything else. 'Wisdom is the principal thing,' 'buy the truth and sell it not.' I am very anxious to catch a glimpse of it through the 'robe of clouds' which superstition has woven round it, or that perhaps necessarily envelops it in this imperfect state. I hope that if permitted to see a truth without the clouds I shall not doubt its being the real thing, as we were inclined to doubt Mont Blanc."



STAGSHAW CLOSE HOUSE. 1857.





## CHAPTER XIV.

AN ENGLISH HOME AT LAST. 1858—1862.

“ Home, in one form or another, is the great object of life.”

ON the return journey from Frankfurt we halted many times, seeing Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and other great Belgian towns, finishing with a fortnight at Ostend in lodgings where practically only Flemish was spoken, a sort of lingual Barmecide feast, where one was apparently offered the French or German tongue but found it impossible to make use of what was neither one nor the other. As a rule we had recourse to the universal and primitive speech of sign or gesture, which served for daily wants.

After a pleasurable stay in Huddersfield with our friends Dr. and Mrs. Moorhouse, at home for a visit, we ended at Tynemouth and began vigorously house-hunting. The first temptation was almost successful. The “ New Hall ” at West Boldon was in the market, an attractive house in a large garden, very much what we desired. As we went to see it my father remarked : “ How strange it would be if we were to find ourselves at home in this house. Often enough in the past have I looked across the road, comparing my prospects with those of the young squire, and thinking what I might do with his opportunities ! ”

There was a dramatic element in the situation that

made strong appeal, though my mother's sound, practical judgment saw drawbacks. Finally, the verdict went against the plan, for the house stood too high and too much exposed to the east wind from the sea. So the search was renewed further inland.

Success came at last. In the beautiful Tyne valley, near picturesque Hexham, the centre of so much northern story, a house was found so fulfilling every requirement that the bargain was concluded on the spot. My father returned to us quite content, announcing that "Stagshaw Close House" was ours for as long as we wished.

Our home-going was unusual enough to merit description. On that first day, with his wonted impulsiveness, my father had said, "I will take it just as it stands!" the outgoing tenants having expressed a wish to dispose of their furniture, recently made for the place or purchased at the Exhibition of 1851.

My mother consequently had no trouble, and she did not even see the place until the bright August day on which we entered into possession. This also was done in the easiest possible way, as we were invited as guests by our new friends, for such they became at first sight, long before the end of the week during which my mother and our hostess changed places, the latter in her turn remaining as guest.

To rightly estimate the joy of this home-coming it must be remembered that we had been wanderers for five years—"living in our boxes"—with nothing to call our own beyond the merest necessaries.

During all this time my father had been vainly seeking a home that he could consider worthy of his wife, till at last he had found all that he could desire. And besides this, he was simple-minded enough most heartily

to enjoy our appreciation of the surprise he had prepared for us.

The first pleasure was in a nice brougham which met us at Corbridge, a station distant two miles downhill from the house. We drove up the old Watling Street, one of the great Roman roads, which passes the end of the Stagshaw avenue, crossing the Roman wall, half a mile further up on Stagshaw Bank.

We admired the two picturesque lodges and went into ecstasies over the long lime avenue, feeling it quite worthy of comparison with any of historic fame. The ivy on the old portion of the house looked ancient enough for complete satisfaction; but the best came when, turning to the main entrance, we saw the full sweep of the beautiful Tyne valley. And then all the outward beauties were forgotten in the dear father's welcome—"Home at last!"

No sweeter home could have been found. Since that day "Stagshaw Close House" has been almost rebuilt, and is now a very fine mansion. But then it was only a large and very comfortable home. Our portion of the estate of 600 acres was comprised in a park of thirty acres, so well arranged that it gave the effect of a much larger space. The avenue extended on the north to a little wood, whence a walk under a row of fine trees led to the other side, where a rustic bridge crossed a small "dene," a running streamlet forming the western boundary. The house and grounds occupied the highest part of the park, separated from it by a sunk fence. From the house the view lay southwards over the park, across the distant windings of the Tyne to the hills beyond—a view very fair to see.

The house itself combined the comfortable with the picturesque, satisfying old and young alike. It had been

partly rebuilt, and recently redecorated in the best taste of the time. Nowadays we smile at the "Early Victorian," but it was undoubtedly a very comfortable style, and for wayfarers weary of "furnished apartments" it left nothing to desire.

From the hall door a wide space led to a circular staircase, the middle flight turning on both sides to the rooms in the new part, and ending half-way in a long passage. To the right on this passage was a large billiard room, and further on more bedrooms, with staircases leading up to bedrooms on a higher story and down to the kitchens at the back, where a model dairy stood out apart, under a spreading chestnut tree.

Opening from the front hall there were four good reception rooms, with a fifth, known as "the side-entrance," formerly the entrance hall. It was a large, low, square room, with deep windows, filled with window-seats, forming in winter the cosiest of resorts, and serving on winter nights as a theatre, where charades and little plays were acted by the young folk who generally filled the guest rooms. In summer the side-entrance was used chiefly for the arranging of flowers and of fruit, both of every variety, and supplied in bountiful profusion from orchard and gardens, vinery and hot-wall, the last going round an old-fashioned garden that ran parallel with the avenue and was filled with old-fashioned flowers. In the greenhouse the new-fashioned flowers flourished equally well under the mild-looking but absolutely unflinching despot who had there held rule for forty years or more. During this period he had seen and survived many changes of dynasty at "the House"; but the master there might come and go so that he himself went on for ever. Nothing mattered to him if only the seasons kept their unvarying

round, each summer bringing the Corbridge Flower Show, with an unbroken succession of "first prizes." We found him in his old place, and there in the end we left him, changeless amid change.

It was rather a comfort to find the stables empty, as there free scope might be found for horses of our very own. Riding and driving were among the country pleasures that my father could thoroughly appreciate, and the dogcart was in more frequent use than the brougham. It was only when he had passed the three score years and ten that he submitted willingly to be driven instead of holding the reins himself. Our riding horses were always kept in good exercise in the leafy lanes and along the Roman Wall.

For country life in general my father had no vocation. There was good shooting to which he had the right on the Stagshaw estate, but he never touched a gun, though giving his friends all the privileges. The hounds met on Stagshaw Bank, half a mile away, but to him it mattered not beyond an occasional glance at the meet, or when the red-coats flashed across our park. He gave no large entertainments, though in quiet ways he was hospitality itself, apart from the "total abstinence" from which he never deviated.

The parish church was distant four miles, so that parish affairs were too remote to furnish occupation. In English politics he took no part beyond recording his vote on the Liberal side. Altogether, so far as regarded country life on the usual lines, he was impracticable, and after the first advances came to nothing his neighbours left him to go his own ways.

One of these ways was to invite as his first guests those that were left of his old village friends. "John the Tailor" had a very happy visit, revelling among

the books that had soon overflowed the library shelves, as he recalled with proud satisfaction that never-to-be-forgotten encyclopædia, so far-reaching in its results.

Another of the boyish playmates had equal content in himself bringing the horses that he had supplied and in trying their paces in their new home. There was a very peculiar interest in the end of this acquaintance, which came not very long afterwards, when Mr. M. met his death in an accident of which my father was aware in a dream coinciding with the event itself. The particulars of this dream were circumstantial enough to bear the tests applied by the Society for Psychical Research before admitting it to a place in their records.

Many a bright gleam flashed into shadowed and narrow lives from visits such as these. Also, on the other side, there were many visitors who brought their own gladness with them, making bright days the brighter for their coming. We had the joy of making welcome many of our old Australian friends, the Forsters, Moorhouses, and Grahams especially. And newer acquaintances widened the wide circle of friends of the older times. But among the many sunny memories of this very sunshiny Stagshaw life none are brighter than those of the frequent presence of our dear friend, John Mawson, and his equally dear and good wife, with the other members of their family circle. Mr. Mawson had helped to find the new home, and to him and his it was always as open as if his own, and we found like welcome under his hospitable roof.

During the next ten years this valued friendship counted for so much in my father's life, both for pleasure and helpfulness, that a full sketch of this friend

is a natural part of this biography, in addition to its own interest to the many who remember him in the north of England.

Mention has several times been made already of the group of young men united in good work by their earnest Methodism. Among the friends of that time was John Mawson, who as a youth had come to Sunderland from his Westmorland home. Young as he was, he threw himself into the total abstinence movement, though at that time few had even heard the names of Father Matthew or of Joseph Livesey, its founders. To the end this ardour never cooled, though temperance became only one among many philanthropic works. There was about him an intensity of purpose so fixed that it needed no assertion, and thus never dimmed the sunny hopefulness that gave him his rare power of influence. All through his life he counted as one of those few spirits whose mere presence is enough "to raise the moral temperature of any company in which they find themselves." It was thus quite unconsciously, though inevitably, that he became at all times the central point of every circle he entered.

On settling in Sunderland he quickly gravitated to the Cameron household, of which he was destined to become a member. It was then that the friendship began which counted for so much in many lives—a friendship on which no touch of change ever passed in all the changes that came to both in its long duration. Mr. and Mrs. Mawson were among the first to give us warm welcome to England, and from that day their house was a real home-house to us.

This meeting, after a lapse of thirteen years, had

special interest in the discovery that, in ways for the most part unknown to each other, the two friends by these widely different paths had arrived at similar conclusions. Both had been devoted Methodists when they parted, and both, under totally diverse influences, had left the warm unquestioning beliefs of their youth to find themselves when they met again standing still side by side on what seemed to them a firmer, as well as a broader, platform. John Ridley had made his way alone, little helped from without; while John Mawson's outlook had been greatly enlarged by his association with Joseph Barker, a man well known in the north of England, and much beloved by all who came under the spell of his fascinating personality.

In the reaction from the pressure of the extreme of Calvinistic theology Mr. Barker had gone to the extreme of negation, enduring all the penalties of the social excommunication then the portion of any who dared to question orthodox dogma. But faithful friends remained who, though they did not go with him all the way, yet trusted him to the end, and in so doing doubtless helped him back to the true Christian standpoint.

Mr. Barker's influence counted for much in the intellectual growth of all who came within his range, and Mr. Mawson had doubtless been helped in this way, till his change to the larger sphere of public life in Newcastle-on-Tyne had given him full mental emancipation.

Since that gathering in Sandgate, in 1745, when John Wesley preached to "the most godless congregation" ever assembled to hear him, great changes had taken place in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Much of the moral improvement was due to Wesley and his followers, but



much also must be ascribed to the Society of Friends. Here, as at Bristol and other cities where they have established themselves, they had become a centre for good. Wherever the Friends have made themselves a power, three things are noticeable: simplicity of manners, the loosening of caste distinctions, and the influence of women. It was doubtless due to this influence that in such centres might be found a mental culture and refinement of taste not too common in the class above them. Equality becomes something more than a counsel of perfection when one brother is a member of a learned profession, while another may be a draper or grocer, looking for distinction only in the excellence of his goods. Liberty to follow his inner leading is the one thing claimed by every Quaker, and it may be generally noted that personal dignity is the correlative of spiritual liberty. Among Quaker women this is specially manifest. From the first they have not only been allowed freedom of speech in the Meeting, but also freedom of action in all the great philanthropic movements in which the Friends have been foremost since the days of George Fox and Elizabeth Fry.

In this stimulating atmosphere Mr. Mawson soon found himself at home. Success in his business—as a chemist and manufacturer of chemicals—gave him the power to follow out his impulses, and there were few charitable efforts that did not owe much to him and to his wife, in all things like-minded with himself. Their pleasant home was known far and wide as a centre of rest and refreshment of spirit to workers of all kinds.

To my father it opened many sources of interest on his arrival in what had practically become a new

country to him. Here is one picture of this home in a letter written from Ashfield :

“Yesterday Neal Dow was here to dinner, and we all went to hear him speak, Mr. Mawson being in the chair. You will see a report of the speech in the *Alliance*, but his manner gave the charm. Mrs. Mawson wishes you had been here to see him. He is one of her heroes. The table-cloth used when he was last here has been put away as a relic. He is the originator of the Maine Law, and may be classed with Lloyd Garrison as a liberator of men from a bondage equally galling—a liberation not yet accomplished, but coming. Many States in America do not allow the sale of intoxicants.

“Dr. Lees and Mr. Barker, secretary to the Alliance, and also Mr. Street, were here with General Dow—Dr. Lees most genial, so that we had a good talk. I was much pleased with the opportunity of meeting such men and of attending such a gathering.”

On another especially marked occasion Mr. Mawson took the chair at a great meeting called together to congratulate William Lloyd Garrison on the success of his effort to free the slaves in the Southern States. As an early friend of George Thompson—who in Parliament had aided the efforts of Clarkson and Wilberforce for the West Indian Emancipation Act—Mr. Mawson had warmly supported the struggle in America, counting as friends Garrison and the noble band of liberators, among whom General Neal Dow was literally, as well as metaphorically, a fighter.

It has always been a matter of pride to the lady abolitionists in Newcastle that they were able to secure freedom of speech to one of the most distinguished negro orators, Frederick Douglass, by sending his purchase money to his owner, and thus allowing his return to America.

Intense as was Mr. Mawson's sympathy in the peace question, shown in his presence at all the great

Conventions, his mind was always too well balanced for fanaticism. When it was clear that war was the least of the two great evils he saw that it must be accepted, though none the less an evil in itself.

The struggle for Italian freedom and unity was another case in point, and he could welcome to his house any Italian patriot—among others, Orsini, long before the ignoble closing of a noble life—when brought by their common friend Joseph Cowen, not then the disillusioned M.P. of later years, but the ardent young Radical, full of enthusiasms and high aims.

But no mere enumeration of these great and varied interests could give what was their source, the never-failing spring of love, which, having its rise in this perfect home, went out in constant streams of blessing. It was much more than a mere general benevolence, admirable as that may be, for in each separate instance there was the special and quite individual sympathy that is the dream of ideal brotherhood.

In ordinary life Mr. Mawson's many and very pronounced "fads"—he even at one time added vegetarianism to total abstinence—seemed of no account. Whatever he might have professed would, from the manner in which it was done, have been cordially tolerated, if not accepted, by his very large circle of friends, persons often differing among themselves in every conceivable point except their common affection for him.

When in 1867 he was elected Sheriff of Newcastle, his friends smiled as they asked, "What will he do in his public capacity with all his peculiar views?" There is no doubt that he would have done in any direction what he did at the first public entertainment when healths were proposed. He simply took his glass of

water as he made the felicitous speech that came to him so easily, and under this spell even the most determined opposition was charmed into applause.

What might have come to the town from a year of such influence is a question to which no answer may be found. Before weeks had grown into months this valuable life had been sacrificed in the endeavour to avert a threatened danger to the town.

All England knows of the terrible explosion of nitro-glycerine that darkened the Christmas of 1868 to the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne in the loss of two of the foremost and most valued officials.

Mr. Mawson lingered for twenty-four hours in the infirmary to which he had been taken, and during that long day the feeling of the town was shown in anxious inquiry. Two thousand persons—citizens of every grade from the highest to the lowest—came and went away mourning the loss of a friend. This feeling found expression in a public funeral the like of which had not been seen before.

Of this day my father wrote:—

“I have never before seen so much of the beautiful side of human nature. Mr. Mawson is unusually loved. The thousands who lined the streets were all looking reverent and subdued. Not a single irreverent face did I see. What a power for good has come out of his death and his life!”

What the loss was to those who had the most right to mourn, or how wonderful was the way in which it was borne, cannot be told here beyond a faint indication in a few words from my father's journal after his return home from the funeral:—

“I have written nothing for myself on the greatest event (out of my own family) of my life—the death of John Mawson. No

other experience of my life has had so much deep feeling—of distress and of triumph over it—of remaining sadness. It *is* sad; the Divine government is severe. But we need not be miserable, nor doubt that we are under a government of ‘loving-kindness and of tender mercy. . . .’

“Our acceptance of bereavement is equal to the voluntary sacrifice of what is most valued. If we accept any dispensation it is as much as if we had made an offering of equal greatness.”

Again, a year later, in reply to information respecting a proposed memorial to Mr. Mawson, he says:—

“I hope you will succeed in the attempt to connect the name of the man I most loved with some power for good. His memory is to me at once the deepest grief and the highest joy—the *De Profundis* and the *In Excelsis*.”

## CHAPTER XV.

### FINAL RECOGNITION. 1861.

“The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.”

BEN AZAI.

AFTER the failure in 1858 to gain official recognition of my father's services to the Colony, his friends stirred themselves privately to carry out their object.

A letter from Mr. Edward Stephens gives the result:—

“London, *February 8, 1861.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“A number of old colonists met together yesterday, and it was unanimously resolved to meet together at the ‘Albion,’ or some such place, on the 27th inst., and to avail themselves of that opportunity to present to you the testimonial from South Australia.

“Captain Bagot has consented to take the chair, the vice-chair to be occupied by me.

“Our plans are not yet matured, but I take the earliest opportunity of letting you know our intentions, hoping that they will be satisfactory to you.

“I am, my dear sir,

“Yours very truly,

“E. STEPHENS.”

The testimonial had taken the form of a large silver candelabrum, of interest as the first artistic work done in South Australia, using the native gold, silver, malachite, and rare woods.

The dinner took place on February 27th, 1861, and the programme is of interest to old colonists, as giving the names of so many of the leading pioneers.

“ SOUTH AUSTRALIAN DINNER.

“The old colonists now in England, and friends connected with the Province, intend dining together on Wednesday, February 27th, at ‘The Albion,’ Aldersgate Street. Upon that occasion the public testimonial from the colonists of South Australia, recently received in this country, will be presented to John Ridley, Esq.

“ *Chairmen.*

CAPT. C. H. BAGOT (Late Member of the Legislative Council).  
ALEXANDER LANG ELDER, Esq.

*Stewards.*

CHARLES BONNEY, Esq.	W. H. MATURIN, Esq.
THOMAS ELDER, Esq.	W. L. MARCHANT, Esq.
FREDERICK GRANT, Esq.	GEO. MORPHETT, Esq.
GEORGE GREEN, Esq.	WILLIAM PAXTON, Esq.
S. R. HALL, Esq.	W. PEARCE, Esq.
GEORGE HYDE, Esq.	H. S. PRICE, Esq.
C. LANYON, Esq.	R. B. SMITH, Esq.
FREDERICK LEVI, Esq.	E. I. TRIMMER, Esq.
EDMUND LEVI, Esq.	G. S. WALTERS, Esq.

(With power to add to their number.)

“Tickets, £1 11s. 6d. each, may be obtained at ‘The Albion,’ Aldersgate Street; at the Australian and New Zealand Rooms, Change Alley, Cornhill; and of the stewards; and early application is requested. Dinner on the table at half-past five for six punctually.”

This event was chronicled in most of the English papers, but the account most interesting to colonials is that of a “Quiet Observer” in the *New Zealand Gazette*

of March 18th, 1861. This writer not only gives his report of the scene, but expresses the wider aspects of such a gathering as tending to closer relations between the colonies and the mother-country:—

“It had been frequently remarked to me by those who attended the recent South Australian dinner, that the reports have been unnecessarily brief; but the speeches, perhaps in many cases, were not of a character to be exactly reproduced with advantage to the Colony or to the respective ‘spokesmen.’ This is not said with the intention of doubting either the ability of the orators or the appropriateness of the addresses; but the point, the purpose, the admissions and counter-admissions, the personal allusions and reminiscences, the ‘old times’ descanted on, and the interest in ephemeral subjects—these could not, even had it been desirable, be narrated by the reporter with any hope of conveying a close and readable account of a gathering which was far removed from the ordinary meeting, and had peculiarities that need at least a special description. The description may serve to show the abiding sources of fellowship which a colonial experience—which travel, hardship, fluctuations of fortune, and an identity of interests—give to men, however different their position and character, however long may have been their separation.

“There were many who had not met for years, some who had to inquire, ‘When were you in the Colony? or you? or you?’ Others there were who almost belonged to a past generation known only to a few, but whose names and histories deserve a record on the page the Colony is rapidly making for itself. Of this class there should be conspicuously mentioned Mr. Horden, who brought the first droves of sheep and cattle overland from Sydney to Adelaide; while Mr. Bonney, so well known, could claim companionship, and Mr. Fisher, one of the largest sheep farmers present, followed in the same enterprise. Although but few of the early officials are now living, it was no ordinary pleasure to notice among the company one of the most eminent Governors, Colonel Gawler, earnest and enthusiastic as ever in all his doings, who, though enjoying the veneration of all good South Australians, remains a living reproach to Downing Street for having been kept in the ‘cold shade’ for many long and weary years. Then there was Sir Rowland



Hill, who in such an audience was so little remembered by his knightly honours that one eloquent orator, versed though he is in etiquette, and of late almost basking in aristocratic circles, dubbed him plain 'Mr. Rowland Hill,' without even recalling his words or apologising for the mistake. Sir Rowland, as first Secretary to the South Australian Commission, never seems more in keeping with his own nature than when at a meeting of Adelaidians, and it can be no ordinary pleasure for him to look back on his early official life, when he assisted in founding a new Colony and inaugurating a new era in colonisation. Space would fail to mention all the points of interest attaching to such an assembly: that the earliest of settlers were there, who had endured no ordinary privations, those who were now in affluence after years of honourable labour, those who remember South Australia as a 'very little place' among the nations, merchants who wrote their first invoices on cask heads, bankers who transacted their exchanges under canvas and formed their desks on sand heaps, promoters of the Burra Mine, one of whom had travelled from Frankfurt to be present; in a word, few connected with the Colony were absent.

"Passing from the individuals to the general meeting, it was a pleasant matter to reflect upon in surveying the company that they had all, in some degree or other, witnessed within a quarter of a century the rise and progress of a Colony which, with little expense to the mother-country, had attracted labour and wealth to found a new empire. What was South Australia in 1835 but an unknown territory, a barren waste, a vast wilderness? And now, with its 120,000 of population, its million and a half of exports, its ports teeming with business, its lands cultivated, its sheep and cattle 'on a thousand hills,' it is showing by the march of civilisation and progress, conquering all difficulties, that the desert can be literally made to 'blossom like the rose.' Not only could the majority of the meeting say they had seen all this, but many had in various ways assisted in advancing the work. Little do men know the effect of individual exertions, pursued steadily and perseveringly, often while merely thinking of personal objects. What grand results, what noble achievements their labours produce in the aggregate when regarded from the national point of view! Probably those who are pushing forward the colonisation of England's distant empire are doing the noblest work this age has need of; and from

their personal ambitions and desire to promote their individual fortunes there may result the greatest extension of commerce, the most perfect subduing of the earth to man's purpose, and the largest blessings which civilisation and religion can confer on the remotest boundaries of the world.

"Some of these points were well shadowed in the speeches. The chairman, whose venerable appearance, combined with sterling character, made him so appropriately the master of the feast, was known to be well imbued with the true spirit of such a meeting. His voice, though feeble, rose to the occasion when he touched on the rapid strides the Colony is now making in its powers of production and export; and, like a true South Australian as he is, he knew no country, he said, which could show such results, whatever its position or its importance! Boastful this may seem, but figures were produced which corroborated the statement. Nor were there less interesting facts mentioned by Captain Bagot as to other features of progress, while those who knew his own experience in colonial mining had an excellent illustration before them of what may be done by well-directed industry and superior intelligence in developing riches which it is pleasant to know have produced substantial benefits to the pioneers of Kapunda. In Mr. Ridley, too, who was so largely the hero of the evening, the true inspiration of the meeting was thoroughly embodied, and in his case it is singularly true no mere transcript of his words could convey the impression he produced on those who with rapt attention listened to him. The common phrase 'unaccustomed to public speaking' was no mere excuse; but then there was a simplicity, a pathos, an enthusiasm, an earnest manliness of nature about him which went straight to all minds, and enlisted for him the sympathies of his audience. How modestly he accepted his honours, or how gracefully he acknowledged the testimonial, needs no repetition; but when those who, like myself, saw in him a 'representative man,' the type—it may be on a small scale—of the Stephensons and other mechanical geniuses of England, providing for Australia's wants the right article in the right manner and at the right time, there will never be any misgivings as to the inventive power of our countrymen, or want of belief in the almost universal truth that inventors are a disinterested race, that genius is always simple and retiring, and that talent and goodness are happily often allied."

The subject of this last eulogium expresses himself thus in his report to all at home:—

“When my turn came the audience looked genial, and I felt myself among friends. . . . As to my speech—on the whole I must be thankful, but it does not leave any self-condemnation for not having put myself more in the way of making speeches. It is strange that some of the things I had most thought of were omitted. I cannot account for it. People said it was a success, and, as they had expected little or nothing, that might be. . . .”

“Mr. Stephens made the most delightful speech in answering the toast, ‘The Ladies,’ in praise of the wives of the early settlers, and how much good they did there. I did so cordially agree with him. It was the best thing that was said. . . .”

He was very unqualified in his appreciation of the kindness of his friends, of whom about seventy were present, some from great distances. This proof of friendship gave him great pleasure, as he tells us that “Mr. Graham came from Germany, and Dr. Kent from Ryde.” To this he adds with satisfaction: “Captain Bagot was in the chair, I on his right hand, Colonel Gawler, the first Governor of South Australia, on my right, and then John Mawson. Sir Rowland Hill was on the other side of the chairman.”

A few rough notes remain which may perhaps contain some of the “things omitted,” and may be given as indicating his own feeling:—

“ . . . I regard myself as standing more in the light of a representative man, as a man of a class rather than as an individuality. In doing me honour you are doing it to the inventor—one of a very useful class.

“I cannot but congratulate you on the fact that you are rendering homage to the inventive spirit of the age, and in the fact that you have done it to one of the least there is a great enhancement to the value of that homage. If I had been one of the great, a man of mark, a man with a presence and a power, your credit would have been the less.

“The construction of the machine was an era in my life. It

brought me into a variety of being and of doing and suffering. Two things it taught me with which I should like now to close—first to respect the past, to try to acquaint myself with the thoughts and doings of men of past generations. We are so very clever now, and can do so many new things, that we are apt to disparage the records of the past. I think this is wrong. We may learn much from the wisdom of our ancestors. I got my machine from the records of the olden times, the period when our primitive ancestors ran wild in the woods as savages. I got it from Pliny, who says it was used by the Gauls.

“But I also learnt a second lesson: not to accept the past as final, as something to be copied without improvement, but rather to take it as a starting point for fresh improvements. The old machine—a man with a rake drawing off the ears—would have done little for us without the modern improvements. And so must it be in everything.

“Inventors, introducers of new or improved modes of thought or action, have had great honours paid to them, and their names have become ‘household words’; but they have not always been honoured or accepted as friends and benefactors, very often quite the reverse. It is an old story.

“The inventor is at first in a minority of one, with all the world against him. He has to face his enemies and fight till he converts his minority into a majority.”

In a letter written at this time there are some indications of his way of looking at his work, which are very characteristic:—

“MY DEAR A.,

“You are saying the very thing I have said to myself, if not to others, for these fifteen years. And the consequence is that I have done nothing. I could not do public work well, so I thought I had better do nothing at all. . . .

“The importance attaching to what is designated ‘a call’ is only what is due. Every one engaging in public religious avocations must be ‘called’ by God and the Church. I have tried to get to know the degree—for it is merely a matter of degree—of my acceptability. I know perfectly well it was in a very moderate degree, but I was willing to work if at all acceptable.

“This has come up so much more to me from my feeling a

degree of freedom in my attempts to speak. I think that if accustomed to it, I might still do something in speaking. But being useful in private conversation is another thing altogether, for the utility of sympathetic feeling for others is open to everyone. Your writing and my preaching are over and above that; not above as superior, for the power to interest yourself in those you meet, so as to gain their goodwill, is of the greatest. You can do people good only by loving them, unobtrusively opening your heart to them, and, if there is any good in it, the good is communicated by that process. But talking to people, as religious talk is usually done, is worse than nothing—it is repulsive, and hardens and darkens. The affections are the interpreters: engage the affections, speak in love, and the heart is touched. . . .

“As to disliking your past work, of course if we profess at all we rise above our former ideas; but it is quite possible that the former may suit those whom the improved form may fail to touch, so despise not the least of your works. The question is, For whom do we work? ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit—blessed are the meek.’ The first religious feeling that lifted me above myself occurred when I was thirteen; it was a perception that we were in the Divine keeping and guidance, so that we must be ‘willing to be anything or nothing’—‘Content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified.’ Now we must pass through a slough of despond before we can get this question settled: ‘willing to be anything or nothing.’ Many clever people are unamiable and critical, . . . it is a deplorable state of mind, but one into which the very clever and unappreciated may easily fall; or even without the last, if any one could be without it, but who is there who is appreciated according to his own measure?”

Of most of us it may be said that there is no light which has not its shadow, and this event was no exception to this rule. The record of the festival ended with the funeral notice of Mr. Edward Stephens, who had so much to do with all the arrangements. This was a real grief to my father, who had never forgotten the early days in the Colony when a friendly banker had so much in his power to help the first start in a new country,

and he would have confirmed all that is said, as the writer goes on from the paragraph previously given :—

“The words just written had scarcely passed from the pen when he who suggested them breathed his last, his eloquence nevermore to be exerted in the cause of South Australia ! ‘In the midst of life we are in death.’ Mr. Edward Stephens, one of the vice-chairmen, was conspicuous on the evening for the interest he took in the proceedings, but within a fortnight he is gathered to his rest ! May not a line be added to his memory ? Will the testimony of respect be even here out of place ? The dinner was his idea, a desire to bring old colonists together, the realisation of a long-cherished wish that there should be a gathering of those who looked upon South Australia as their home or the foundation of their fortunes. Nor was his an ordinary feeling of attachment to the Colony. As early as 1837 he proceeded there in the *Coromandel* to establish the Bank of South Australia, which he conducted with signal ability through all its early stages, and continued its colonial manager till 1855, when he honourably retired, leaving his favourite institution a large and profitable concern. . . . His promise, on leaving Adelaide in 1855, to continue serving South Australia has been more than fulfilled, his high qualifications for public life being pre-eminent when its interests were to be advocated or its claims asserted. In the Australian Association, at whose meetings he was a close attendant ; at the International Statistical Congress, where he was among the most notable of representatives ; and, if he had lived, at the Exhibition of 1862, to which he was appointed Commissioner for South Australia, the Colony had the best of its public men, and none more happy, more proud of promoting its interests, in watching or recording its career, and doing what was practical and wise for its future welfare. Peace to his memory. May there never be a want of his public spirit, his enlarged talent, his practical and sagacious wisdom.

“I must not enlarge on proceedings which will now have a mournful interest, while I refrain from alluding to many pleasant episodes in the evening’s entertainment. Let the gathering of old colonists be genial, unmindful of party and political differences ; let them draw together in bonds of fellowship, animated by a love of the Colony ; let them do

something to cement and develop the kindly sentiments cherished towards them and their interests; and may there be many future occasions of your finding others like me, who can only be regarded as

“A QUIET OBSERVER.

“London, *March 13, 1861.*”

In addition to this sad occurrence, my father had suffered the death of another friend within the same period. In reference to the two events he writes:—

“I have certainly gone through a variety of being lately. That dinner has altered my position to the world. I am no longer an unappreciated doer of something useful, but have received a fair measure of reward, very stimulating for the future.

“And then, to save me from any worldliness in the matter, I came face to face with ‘the sacred mysterious Presence.’ I am thankful to the Divine appointment that brought me into that presence.

“And two days after Mrs. R.’s funeral, I followed Mr. Stephens to the grave. I saw him on Friday, two days after the dinner, and he said he had taken no harm, though he had been unwell some little time before it. On the next Wednesday when I called to inquire, his doctor was with him, and by the next Tuesday he was dead. The day of the funeral was a sad day. . . . But it was a sacred sadness. . . .”

There is another reference to these experiences in speaking of a visit to his sick friend on the night after the dinner:—

“I spent some time with Mrs. R. and her old mother. . . .

“It was in wonderful contrast with the preceding night. But it was very profitable to me. I wish I could visit the sick and dying if they are often like these. . . . I was able to say to her that I was sure we should meet again where we could look back on all this gloom and dread only with satisfaction—in a few years, not so many for me as since I went to Australia—and how changed our views of the dreadfulness of life and of death!”

This contrast was sharp enough, but to those who walk by faith sadness need not mean depression, if the shadow is recognised only as showing up that higher light which gives point and purpose to the picture.

Life, not death, was the issue of all the experience of this man of faith; and the impressions given in his letters home are of full vitality.

The varied interests of the visit to London in 1861, and especially the public recognition of his work, had a happily stimulating effect on him, and there was great truth in a remark reported to us as made by Captain Bagot to a friend: "This is just as it ought to be. He is of so active a mind that to do nothing cannot be borne. He was moping before this. We have roused him, and there is nothing too much to expect."

He says of himself in an early letter: "I have enjoyed existence since I came, and I never was in such spirits before. The exercise promotes circulation, and makes me feel independent of outside circumstances."

The journal of 1861 is full of activities. There are reaping machines to be made at Messrs. Exall's, at Reading; there is another machine at Brentford; "combustion" trials go on at Blackwall; in the interval of leisure he is studying machinery at museums or exhibitions. A few extracts give the variety of experience:—

"*March 31 (Sunday).*—Heard Lynch. With Mr. W. B. Mawson to Zoological Gardens. At Mr. J. Barker's to tea, all went to hear Perfit (South Place). Mr. Barker afterwards called at Mr. Mawson's; introduced to my family; a case for conscience to decide—against the public religious opinions. Invited him for Friday.

"*April 1.*—Called on Mr. Loraine. Saw a little of London poverty. Applications at the Vestry at St. Giles', and visits to some of the houses or dens. Saw also some new schools with forty girls: satisfactory. The life of a London curate one of



great labour and suffering. A party to tea. Mr. M., Mr. L., and I went to a lecture by J. Barker on the 'Essays and Reviews,' a most wonderful condensation of matter and meaning. Fourteen friends to supper.

"April 10.—Kensington Museum. Some interesting objects, but little new, and many very contemptible, in the way of invention.

"April 11.—A letter from Cudworth. Go to Blackwall, see the ship *Warrior*. A very good realisation throughout of brute force. No modern improvement in the engine or boiler; no better—except tubes—than Watt made in economy of power; no provision to supply air for the gas from the fuel-smoke.

"The next two days spent in seeing machinery.

"April 14 (*Sunday*).—Mr. Barnett in the morning. A case strongly put with deep feeling, almost overpowering to me. Science and faith. Claims and conflicts: facts must be received; much is believed contrary to fact. The Church made Galileo retract his belief in fact; it remains the same now. Evening heard Nevison Loraine at St. Giles'—all that I expected realised and more than ideal.

"April 16.—Saw Brooman. He drew up provisional specification of steam-valve. It appears worth risking this much.

"April 19.—Took out three patents.

"April 21 (*Sunday*).—Went to Irvingite cathedral determined to try what weight I can attach to the use of forms, vestments, paraphernalia. Admitted there must be some use in them, to try to find it out. I tried to make the best of it, but do not find my sentiments altered. To me the spirit is much—the letter, little.

"We heard Barnett again on Sunday, also Harris, the comet from America. Both tolerably satisfactory.

"We could not get a single seat in Baptist Noel's chapel, and went to Dr. Hamilton's, where we heard a dry Scotch stick, not Hamilton, but one of the men who make me doubt everything."

In a letter to me at this period there is a characteristic description of the kind of evening he most enjoyed:—

"I spent a pleasant evening with our friend and his brother. The latter has bought a large place on the Clyde. He is half-

way between an amiable man and a Pharisee. On Sunday the better half was uppermost. I spoke of Robertson's sermons. 'Oh!' he said, 'sermons are so small; mere tinkling, like a Jew's harp.' You know what that is—a gew-gaw made of a vibrating piece of steel set in iron, put between the teeth to make a sort of music. I answered: 'Quite true generally; but here it is the "sad sweet music of humanity."' Then he read through Robertson's 'Revelation of Heaven' with great unction and unbounded admiration. I was disposed to agree with him, and he with me. He is an orthodox Presbyterian, and he knows my position. But we did not come into any sort of collision, and with no compromise it shows what kindly feeling will do in softening asperities.

"His brother showed me a letter from a friend, who asked what their favourite preacher would say to the money found in the mouth of the fish, whether he would say it meant selling the fish to get the money? 'Not a doubt of it,' I said. 'It was a poetical way of saying that he would find the money.' It is all a question of decanter. The wine is the important point; the form of the decanter is needlessly insisted on: or, to change the metaphor, it is a case of casket and gems. You must have a decanter, or its equivalent; but the gems are jewels apart from the case. Try what you can make of that suggestion."

It will be seen that his interests were divided between the mechanical and theological. The latter took the form of hearing all the preachers who had anything to say, regardless of their special form of creed, or lack of formal creed.

But London had a great attraction also as being the centre to which so many old colonial friends gravitated. When not actually resident they thought no more of the voyage to and fro than the Londoner thinks of a trip to the Riviera. Those early colonial days made a strong bond, and many were the pleasant meetings with friends whose names would stand as a summary of colonial history as well as for the record of long and tried friendship.

## CHAPTER XVI.

LATER INVENTIONS. 1858-68.

“ . . . I know  
How far high failure overleaps the bounds  
Of low successes . . . ”

THERE is no record of anything attempted between the completion of the reaping-machine in Australia and the settlement at “Stagshaw Close House,” where the quiet soon produced its full effect. The busy brain, always at work on new ideas, needed only the requisite conditions for their development.

Many of these ideas remained in the first crude germ, superseded by fresh suggestions. Among these may be mentioned two which are of interest in having come up again recently as among the possibilities of the future. The first is the draft of a letter to the *Times* which may or may not have been sent :—

“ *To the Editor of the ‘ Times.’* ”

“ SIR,

“ Seeing two plans noticed lately by you for crossing the Channel, I am induced to send you another, really practicable, and involving only calculable liabilities—a wrought iron tube, made on the land and, as finished, passed into the water. It may be as small as four feet in diameter, one inch thick, and so sufficiently buoyant as to be manageable ; carriages with one central wheel and two smaller side wheels, propelled on the atmospheric principle. It would weigh under 2,000 tons a mile, and it might be completed in twelve months. By way

of gaining experience, a preliminary trial might be made between Portsmouth and Ryde, or any one of a score of other places where it would be as profitable to those engaging in it as it would be beneficial to the public.

"There is nothing original in the idea, and it may have been previously proposed, but, as I have not been resident in England lately, I have not met with it.

"December 5th, 1857."

"J. R.

We find also an anticipation of a suggestion which came out more than forty years after in the *Spectator* of June 14th, 1902, as still a dream of what might be:—

"There is one great source of power which is free and accessible to every one—the wind. Mr. Watts, in his vision of the future, has pictured every exposed hill-side or housetop in the England of the twenty-second century thickly set with wind-wheels supplying power to the people.

"The real trouble is the absence of a satisfactory accumulator, *i.e.*, the discovery of an electric accumulator, which could be charged at leisure by the windmill and dynamo in conjunction, working automatically and turning out charged accumulators as long as the wind blew, and could be used for any kind of work that can be done by mechanism. . . .

"It may be a utopian expectation that the present generation will actually see our back gardens and hill-sides decked with these wind-wheels spinning gold for their masters like the magic distaff in the fairy tales. Engineers may tell us that there is some inherent obstacle in the nature of things to the fulfilment of such a dream. . . .

"But it is the dreams which come true that change the face of the world; and nothing forbids us to hope that this may be one of them."

Even in Australia this idea had captivated my father's fancy, and it was amongst his first thoughts in England. He speaks, in 1861, of "a new machine—a wind power," adding:—

"I am hopeful that it may really benefit the world, and be a world-wide blessing, giving water for the thirsty cattle, and people, and land. If we could only become channels for the Water of life, of 'living waters'! There is the water needed

for the supply of human and other wants — in very many places remaining a want, though only at a depth of twenty feet — vegetation withering, and cattle thirsting—and there is the wind willing to lift it. Only the appliance is lacking. What a privilege it would be to supply it! Providence does confer such favours on the unworthy as well as the worthy. I have been so favoured in past times, and may humbly hope to be so again if I could only repent of my indifference.”

His chief efforts with this machine were made in Belsize Park, under the most unfavourable conditions possible, and the practical result was little beyond the amazement of our neighbours at the unusual appearances above the walls of our stable yard.

In 1863 he writes from Belsize Park concerning this machine:—

“I have been put to the utmost test of patience with my machine. Day after day, when I got it ready for work, some trifle was deficient so that it would not go. But the chief and real cause is that the wind cannot get to the place where I made my platform—fourteen feet high—though I thought there might be a chance of a wind from some quarter. But there is only a whirl when the wind is strong, and nothing at all otherwise. I did not think I had so much to learn of the unsteadiness of the wind. I have had wind enough, at last, for three or four hours, and the success was all that I expected. Then came a whirl which stopped it. But I am working away at expedients for meeting this whirl, though they will not be needed where the space is clear. Two conditions are necessary: 1st, that there be a wind; we have had none lately. And 2nd, that it should blow in one direction at a time, a thing that very generally occurs. But wherever the smoke goes in all directions every four seconds, there is no propriety in erecting my mill. My time has been filled in this way day and night for the last two months.”

That he does not easily abandon this effort shows in another reference three years later:—

“I have been making a model of the machine—two vanes, 5 by 4 inches. It works perfectly. I had to travel half a mile

to get at a wind, but then it went perfectly. Of course, you can get a shake or so at any time, but continued regular action only when the wind is fair. I wish I had some help; but when one has to stand and look on it is as bad as doing it oneself, and it is difficult to give directions, especially when one can hardly see the way ahead oneself. I find the best ways by doing it myself. It is tiresome work, and I am rather oppressed and out of health."

Failure of health soon afterwards prevented any further experiments in this direction.

The first practical effort at Stagshaw had been a cinder-sifter, suggested by the daily waste of coal thrown out with the ashes. It was quite successful, and was long used by ourselves and our friends; but as no means were ever taken to push it with the public it did not come into general use. The absorbing interest at this time, however, was a new method of combustion for the prevention of smoke. To himself his experiments were satisfactory, and he had full faith as well as boundless hope in what—if his dream had been realised—would have ranked among the greatest triumphs of the age.

But after fifty years it is still a dream, though many have tried to make it come true. This early failure seemed so near to success that the story is pathetic enough. It could not but be a real disappointment to be within touch of a great achievement and yet just to miss it. Years of work were expended, and many an hour of anxious thought as well as of eager hope. But when the end came it was taken very quietly, with something much deeper than mere philosophy.

An extract from a letter to his wife shows the grounds for hope:—

"Sunderland, 1860.

" . . . I am here very unexpectedly, having come up with the engine and fifty waggons. A most successful run we

had. The coal keeps up the steam to perfection, although the instrument is eight inches above the fire, which it ought to touch. In consequence, there is smoke for a second or so when the coals are thrown in, but after that all is right; there will be none whatever when we get a little alteration. The case is beyond any question. I am rather unwell, and had a fit of shivering last night, and was very hot. . . . I was very quiet and free from excitement in the early part of yesterday, but when I found we could put the coal on a fire not very bright and make no smoke, and put any quantity, and not, as I thought, a little at a time, I did get rather up; and then when I found we had made a mistake by putting too much coal, and the engine did not keep up its steam, I was thrown down a little. But then it was obvious to every one why it was so. Had we done as well yesterday as to-day, it would have been in the papers as a great event. My iron instrument bore the heat well, and if kept covered with fine clay might last a long time."

"London, *November 29, 1860.*

" . . . I have been at Blackheath making a trial of my method on a small scale. It gave satisfaction to Mr. Gowland's friend, R. M. Armstrong, and I think he knows almost as much as any one about such matters. He is quite confident of its success, as the principle is so good. But we could not succeed for want of a draught. The furnace ordinarily will not burn the smoke when the door is open. Had we been lucky enough to get a good draught, the success would have been all that could be desired. There is always some obstruction in the way, a mere accident, which prevents the triumph. To teach us to be calm and patient—to wait—seems to be one of the leading features of Divine ordination. It is quite right that it should be so, for it is the highest quality we can possess, to take difficulties and obstruction, opposition, all that contradicts or thwarts us, quietly, at the same time feeling fully alive to the matter. There are some who take everything quietly from lack of interest in anything.

"I feel very thankful to Providence for the experience I am obtaining in the present phase of being, however it may terminate. Should it fail—a thing almost impossible, as it appears to me—I should still see cause for thankfulness for the variety of being it has given me.

To his wife :—

“London, *November 22, 1860.*

“ . . . It is a crisis at present, nearly everything or nothing. To be willing to be ‘anything or nothing’ seems to have been the leading idea of my life. The first strong emotion I can recall was from the words occurring to me when earnestly desiring some spiritual good, to be willing to lie passive in the hands of God, to be entirely subject to His will, ‘to learn to labour and to wait.’ I don’t know whether I shall take either result with equal thankfulness to the Divine Arbiter, only I feel that it is my privilege to do so. There are good and sufficient reasons, in which I fully believe, for rising above hope or fear on any point—some points I am not so confident about. But I think, if we take it rightly, this affair, whether it be anything or nothing, is an exercise of mind ; a stirring of the mind, in throwing us upon principle, may be of use to us all.

“I don’t expect to be happier for more wealth. If we could only think it, we have enough for everything desirable. When I think if I had more I would do certain things, I check myself by thinking that if these things are desirable I have the means to do them now. . . .

“I am surprised at myself for maintaining my faith in an untried project, and so far not having made one convert. ‘Do you think that if there had been anything in it that it would not have been seen before now?’ Mr. Anderson, at Sir W. Armstrong’s, said, and it seemed so reasonable a statement that I felt abashed at the idea that so insignificant a person should profess to have made a discovery of what was so obvious, and what everybody had overlooked. It was once said, ‘He hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent,’ etc.”

To his younger daughter :—

“London, *November 21, 1860.*

“ . . . I was extremely delighted with your letter this morning. The hope of the success of my ‘Eureka’ gives me great pleasure, but the receiving of the letters from Mamma and you two gives me infinitely more. . . . Yesterday I saw Sir W. Armstrong and another ‘great gun’ at the place where they make the literal great guns—the Arsenal at Woolwich. The second person, Mr. Anderson, I saw first. ‘Oh,’ he said, ‘that’s P.’s plan, two hundred years old. It was revived



last year in Liverpool.' Then Sir W. Armstrong came in, and he set it at nought—pooh-pooed it. But it did not affect me in the least. The same with a friend of Mr. Gowland's. How little is the worth of opinion about even plain matters of fact. They won't take time to understand it, just as people do when they hear an opinion differing from their own. In a 'foregone conclusion' they resist all approach to evidence. I won't attempt to do anything practically here. It would probably involve more exertion than I could safely make, for though I am better, I cannot get rid of my ailment—'a little horse in the throat and a little kittling in the chest.' I have been taking Mrs. M.'s homœopathic remedies. They have certainly done no harm, perhaps good, as I am no worse. . . . I rather think more than less of my project, and I have further light on it in a fine adaptation to ordinary boilers. Mr. Brooman was much pleased with the plans I gave him this morning. . . ."

To the same:—

" . . . I am trying to realise the idea of failure, and it gives me no uneasiness. There are instances of persons putting an end to themselves when the plans on which they had embarked their hopes failed. Now it is our duty to submit cheerfully to disappointment. Some can do so because they are constitutionally indifferent—insensible. But it is possible to combine the most acute sensibility with a perfect acquiescence in the negation of our schemes that may *seem* insensible. I don't know whether I could *seem* so, but I do feel a disposition to acquiesce in the results of things, however contrary to my wishes. You are rather too much excited. It is quite natural to be excited. Not to be so would be *un-natural*. It is right you should be so, if that does not contradict what I said just now that you were *too much* excited. We cannot settle the point exactly. I should not like to have seen you less so. But it will be well to try to face disappointment. It is the common lot, and we may not hope to escape it. Evils do exist: suffering is part and parcel of our existence. 'Born to trouble.' 'Man was made to mourn.' . . . I am not sure that I can say I *do* not fear, but I am very confident in saying I *need not* fear, and I am labouring to bring myself to the point of saying I *do not*.

“If we can believe the world is really governed by wisdom and love, as well as power, we can feel that—

‘ . . . We and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above.’ ”

Through the next winter hope was uppermost. Experiments went on, generally encouraging, though not with the absolute success that compels attention from the world.

There was always the same difficulty in getting plans carried out exactly to the mind of the too impatient inventor, to whom explanation of his ideas was next to impossible, his own rapid mind failing to comprehend that others might work more slowly, but yet to successful issues.

He went to London in February, 1861, before the Australian dinner, spending much time at the Patent Office. In one of his letters there is a characteristic outbreak.

To A. E. R. :—

“London, *March 26, 1861.*

“. . . This unsatisfactory Patent Office has quite upset me, and I am almost out of heart with everything. I cannot tease Brooman any more: he has done what he could, but it is all very unsatisfactory. I seem stultified. Why cannot it be made better? I don't know why. I have tried my hand; even the sifter I am in despair about. I keep saying to the puppy of a draughtsman: ‘Copy my drawing; it is quite right.’ ‘Well, won't this do?’ he says. ‘That is quite different,’ I say. ‘Well, won't it be better?’ I say ‘I have a reason for preferring my own. I could explain it to you, if you have patience to listen; but that is unnecessary if you will copy my plan.’ I am quite certain he won't do it. He has missed, as before, all the point, and made it utterly unintelligible, and I fear he will not alter it. The same with the other draughtsmen. I have told Brooman that I have no hope that he will do it. It is a

repetition of my former conflict with the same insufferable puppy. . . . I cannot take things easily, and think I shall come home on Saturday night.

“Later.

“Very cheerful, this proceeding, but justified by subsequent experience of the draughtsman. The boiler was drawn on parchment all right, except the part that related to smoke-consuming, where a confusion, similar to that on a former occasion, was introduced. There was no resemblance to our drawing, so, after a great fight, a new one has to be made. I am obliged to give in on some points which I think important. It is very depressing. It is the difficulty with C. over again, but worse, as they maintain this mistake as being an improvement.”

From an unsent letter to some inquirer :—

“Now, in conclusion, let me say, If I am a real inventor, and not a mere copyist of other people’s ideas, you must have a little faith in me, and be a pupil rather than an instructor. If not, it’s of no use. We shall make nothing out. The usual plan, when a new method is proposed, for every one at once to improve on it is not the way to help the inventor. To very few have I proposed my system without immediately having opinions offered to improve it. Facts are always valuable, opinions very seldom so, but they often bother the inventor very much. It is much easier to hinder than to help, and where I have once been helped in my previous inventions I have fifty times been hindered.”

Extracts from the journal give the same trouble, ending in the great disappointment :—

“1861 (*London*), *April 22nd*.—This morning unusually nervous and irritable. I was fully conscious all the time that if there had been any real cause for annoyance I ought to have borne it cheerfully. Over-excitement from my projects. It would be better to return to the country at once. A specimen of a cutter made by T. C. at Burgess’ absolutely another thing—all point and edge wanting. A gloomy prospect for me ; I must watch every process, or it will go wrong—a screen made satisfactorily.

"*April 23rd.*—A letter from Mr. Cudworth with the dimensions of engine. I must attend to it, though utterly unfit for exertion. My head feels numb. Spent forenoon in making a plan. Copied and sent it.

"*May 2nd.*—This day the decision had to be made whether to proceed or not with my combustion scheme. Deterred as much by the fear of litigation as the fear of not inducing any one to adopt it, so it is another 'abandoned patent, not proceeded with. Mortifying enough, but to be submitted to without any great distress. I feel it is 'better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.'"

These last words tell the whole story. It was in this spirit that he accepted what was a great disappointment. Success would have meant so much in every way that it could not have been easy to let the hope go. This hope had been very strong and apparently justified by the experiments, and he had occasionally—especially in letters to my sister—let himself go in his anticipations of what this success might mean for us in the future.

But there were no vain regrets. The decision that ended the whole matter was made on my birthday, and I can recall no shadow on what was always made a happy day; while at this present date my sister cannot even remember that there had been golden dreams of these possible "millions" which, after all, matter so little!

The only effect of this decision on my father was to turn his thoughts again to the reaping machine and his intended improvements. His journal, with no further reference to the combustion scheme, continues thus:—

"*May 5th.*—We are at home again.

"*May 6th.*—I go to Hexham to make a machine . . . or make a beginning. I wish to devote myself to the work as 'unto the Lord.'

"'Work is worship,' undertaken from right motives. I hope my motive is to benefit the world more than to get credit

or money. I do think that neither of these motives would induce me to undergo the labour before me."

This machine was to combine a new cutter with the original Australian reaper, taking off the ears at the top and cutting the straw below.

A new principle for this straw-cutting gave him great trouble, as his journal shows. He refers to it in London:—

"*April 2nd, 1861.*—Patents specified last September. The success of my cutter was perfect as soon as I set it above the teeth; cutting at the bottom required the removal of the straw at about every 6 feet.

"*April 10th.*—A new idea in a cutting-machine started. I cannot understand T. C.'s plan, but I conceive one of my own out of it. I had frequently thought of it on a large scale, 12 inches or more in diameter, but not 27, as he proposes. If it comes to anything it will belong to us both.

"*April 15th.*—I think the new plan of cutting all that could be desired. T. C. with me."

On May 5 he returned home and began to work at Hexham on the new machine. His journal goes on:—

"*May 7th.*—Wonderfully reconciled to my self-imposed task, and not at all disposed to give it up as soon as possible. There is such a charm in creating something new—doing something never done before, but what one expects will be done thenceforth—that the want of sympathy one feels at times seems of no consequence; and yet to have some one to say 'Well done!' is very cheering.

"*May 8th.*—The new machine very unsatisfactory; give it up for the present till the iron-work is done.

"*May 9th.*—What a privilege it does seem to be allowed to do that which may seem to be 'leaving footprints on the sands of time!' I feel that I could cheerfully sacrifice my future pleasure to be able to do something that will bear looking back upon.

"*May 10th.*—Mr. James tried to help me with the cutter, but all attempts to get an edge are in vain.

"*May 12th.*—Get the cutter from file-cutter. An entire failure. Must go to Sheffield for better work. This circumstance ought to make one feel that an experiment may be unsuccessful without involving failure as to principle. A cutting edge can be made, though we cannot make it here.

"*May 30th.*—Sixteen days since I wrote last chiefly spent in making the cutter. . . . It would have been tried yesterday, but a shower came on. I am now hanging between heaven and earth, but feeling wonderfully cool. It is very good to be kept in suspense about a great interest; one learns the real value of things, learning to submit to the Divine purpose. I am only an instrument, and it is my duty and my privilege to feel unanxious about it.

'Anxious, resigned, for Thee I wait;  
For Thee my vehement soul stands still.'

It is a charming thought that nothing happens by chance.

"*July 1st.*—First trial perfectly satisfactory. . . . Then the hay got into the axle, and it would not go round; the chain would not go because the axle was not free enough, and the oil proved to be linseed oil and stuck fast. . . . But now for a great discovery! I found I could rake the hay perfectly by placing a platform behind on which it will fall. . . . I expect this will be one of the discoveries of the day and will excite interest. . . . Those to whom I mention this last process, without explaining how, suspect me of being a little beside myself; but when explained it seems quite easy. I must take a patent, including a street sweeper on the same principle. It is after all only a modification of the reaping-machine principle.

"*July 8th.*—I have made two experiments with the cutter differently arranged, without any prospect of success, and am now trying a quite different method. I think I bore the disappointment pretty well, but I fear not quite so well as I ought to have done. There is a sort of sadness gathering over me that ought not to be. I cannot allow that I have any right to be depressed; I have a right to triumph over any such tendency. If Providence intends me to be the medium of serving the world it will be accomplished. If not, I have no right to complain. It is something to have the disposition to exert myself in such a manner as I have done for the last nine weeks. There is a satisfaction in having attempted something,

and I do not doubt that I shall succeed if I persevere in faith and in patience. I must regard myself as working for the great object of human progress, and not for the small one of personal gratification or emolument. An improved mode of reaping must be regarded as an ordination of Providence, and the thought of being an instrument for providing such an object ought to prevent any small feelings about it. I have enjoyed the occupation in some respects—the early rising, the pleasant morning journeys—and if all I have done finds no realisation whatever, I wish to be thankful that I have done what I could.”

In December, 1861, there is a time of special trial. He writes to his wife:—

“ ‘Anything or nothing,’ my first inspiration and intuitive perception of the duty and privilege of man, comes up very frequently now. Yesterday I looked on myself as the introducer of a new mode of reaping, of which in all its parts I was the undoubted inventor. To-day I am so only in part: my new mode of cutting is not new, and though in my hands it may be good, and in the hands of the patentee nothing, still it is not mine, *though I invented it*. I am all acquiescence, and am determined, though without either honour or profit, to labour on at the Divine command, and offer my work there. There is a hymn,

‘ To labour on at Thy command,  
And offer all my work to Thee.’

This is the highest work. I feel thankful that I shall not have this drawback to my satisfaction, that the element of profit was mingled with the motive. I believe it was only a small part of the motive, but it seemed to be a measure of one’s success.”

On December 31, the journal closes with the following passage:—

“I feel that my work so far as it was done with a good motive will not be lost: ‘Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.’ My regret is that I have not exerted myself more earnestly. I may feel even thankful that none of my labours are likely to bring earthly reward, as the spiritual result will, I hope, be the greater; the training and strengthening of mind is the ‘exceeding great reward’ I look for. ‘A cup of

cold water given in His name shall not lose its reward.' What this reward is, or how it is to be expressed, seems to puzzle every one. The commentators say, the 'happiness of heaven'; vage enough that, and unmeaning! I say, the increase of the principle that inspired the action: of love—the highest reward God can bestow—*Himself*, 'being made partakers of the Divine nature.' There is no objection to the term reward used in this sense. But to think of a man looking to God for an arbitrary reward, for something out of His own nature, for anything that he can do, simply shocks my sense of right. If we have the smallest spark of love to God, showing itself in trying to benefit the humblest creature of God, though it be only a worm or an insect, an increase of that love is a reward, an exceeding great reward!

"This is a curious close to the record of the labours of 1861. It was quite involuntary on my part. I generally allow my pen to run on as it will. . . . I feel perfectly resigned to the dispensations of Providence, as I believe my 'ways are ordered by the Lord.' My own imperfection cleaves to, and spoils to a certain extent, the work I do; but a sense of one's weakness is a promise of strength, and I hope in this case all is not lost that is delayed. I do gain strength slowly, but I do gain some, since I have not lost my aspiration for that which is Divine."

For four years there is silence in the journal on this subject, till on his birthday, May 26th, 1868, there is a reference to this second reaping-machine:—

"*May 26th, 1868.*—Sixty-two years have passed over me. . . . 'Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord hath led thee forty years in the wilderness to prove thee and humble thee.' I feel this morning that humility is the most suitable state of mind for me. It is not necessary that one should be humble in order to admire and desire it. 'He giveth grace to the humble.' I was comparing my life to my chief work—that by which my name will be seen by future generations. It is certainly a success and as certainly a failure, twenty-five years before the world, and yet by many who ought to know about it unnoticed. The present machine has been treated with the utmost indignity, left out in the wet, surrounded by rubbish. And yet, in twenty years' time, where there is one now there will be a hundred.



“One may submit to the failure if ‘all our failure led us lean on Thee.’ That is my birthday hymn, No. 26. in early editions; in the later it is ‘Thou hast put a new song in my mouth,’ ‘Thanksgiving and the voice of melody.’”

This second disappointment was harder to bear than the former, but he faced it with unbroken spirit. How much it was to him shows in the following extracts from letters to friends:—

“Did I tell you of a fine sentiment I had in a letter from Miss Ellice Hopkins? She says, ‘I have often thought of that passage, “Thou shalt remember all the way the Lord hath led thee.” Is it to make thee wise, prosperous, holy? (That is what we should all like and ultimately shall have, but at present) No, “to humble thee.” We have to be emptied of self-seeking. That is the first step of all: we must be made large through utter loss to hold Divinity.’”

To another friend:—

“It may not seem much, but I feel it a good deal. However, I accepted it as a lesson in patience, and found help in the consideration of one thing, well expressed in a book by our friend Mr. Hinton.”

He then quotes a long passage from “Man and His Dwelling-place,” of which the summary may be given in the words: “God reveals Himself in a Man, hanged on a gallows. The secret of the universe is learned on Calvary . . . all power in heaven and earth given to love.” And he adds:

“These words came to my help. How they would change the face of the world! We may then glory in tribulation, in these light afflictions—light really, however seeming heavy, the meaning in them thus made manifest.”

During this period, however, he had been working out a new system of cutting, and had made three machines, quite satisfactory in dry weather, but, considering the rarity of dry harvests, of no practical use

in England. These machines were shown at the great Colonial Exhibition in 1862, but after that nothing more was done about them in England.

That it had been no easy work is shown in the following letter to an applicant for one of the machines, when this trial of patience came to an end :—

“It is so very difficult to get a new thing made. I had to go to the factory, four miles distant, every day while it was being made, and often stayed the whole day. It is a long journey to Leeds, and to have to remain is not very pleasant. But I wish to do what I can, and hope to be able to say precisely on Saturday what can be done. . . . I am anxious to get the best, as I find there is a likelihood of its being of great use in South America. One person there had sent to Adelaide for one, understanding that none were made in England. Mr. Elder once had six made, but either for fear of troubling me, or from confidence in the maker, I was not asked to look at them. The consequence was that they cost £20 each for alteration before they would work, and they cost £50 each here.

“If any one could be found combining the two qualifications of skill and honesty, and a sufficient number of machines were made, it might be done for £40 each. I have paid £20 expenses on the one I have sent already. It cost me about £60 in making. The second, which I can let you have, has cost £40 at the manufactory. So it must be understood that I have no regard to profit in making them.”

There was the same difficulty as of old in getting the inventions carried out, involving long days in the workshops at Hexham. And when the new reaper proved a success there was the damp of the English climate as a fresh factor in the case, absent in the dry Australian air. Here is a bit from a letter to his wife indicating a mood which was not infrequent during these years of effort :—

“I was almost inclined to give the whole thing up. I have got the machine into the field with the last improvement, but

the weather is moist, and there is no hope of doing anything when damp. One fine day this week it did extremely well as far as threshing was concerned, and I think the alteration I have made will ensure the cutting. . . .”

To Mr. C., a friend much interested in his work :—

“ London, *June 24, 1863.*

“ I much regret that I cannot give you a better account of my progress with the machine. I sent two of them to Burgess at Brentwood, but continued rheumatism, added to absence in Italy, has prevented my attending to them. I am obliged in truth to admit the lack of encouragement to proceed with the matter, but rheumatism, which makes any continued activity painful, has still more to do with it. I have done nothing since I left Hexham, where conditions were easier than in London; and my family require something from me, having been neglected for the two summers given to the work. . . .”

But at last, in 1868, the seven years of waiting had their reward. This work had begun in 1861, with the words “ I wish to devote myself to this work as unto the Lord. ‘ Laborare est orare.’ ” Work is worship when undertaken from right motives.

On this same page of the journal, in the blank space left after this entry, there is another passage dated August 6th, 1868, which runs as follows :—

“ After seven years of waiting all the machines are wanted. I often felt regret that I made more than one, but they are all wanted. It must tend to introduce them into South America. The dozen now made in Leeds will all reach this destination in due time. And I may hope for a new and wider field for my reaper.

“ I think my temperament requires the sort of discipline to which I have been subjected, to learn to labour *and to wait*, that waiting of which I had often talked. It is what I needed to attain, to work, and to wait patiently. All is not lost that is delayed. The greatest results are delayed. Not mushrooms, but oaks, are most wanted. I think I offered my work to the Lord, and I think it has been accepted.”

This chapter may fitly end with a few words from a letter to his wife in reference to this experience:—

“ . . . However, I firmly believe we are in the hands of God as much as children are in the hands of their earthly parents, as much needing help and as sure to get it. All anxiety is therefore to be put away, and nothing is to disturb us, however threatening it may seem. ‘God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of need; therefore we will not fear.’

“It is a great thing to be firmly settled on that ground, that it is our duty and privilege not to fear. I should think there is much more suffering from the apprehension of troubles than there is from the reality itself. ‘Be careful for nothing; but in everything . . . with thanksgiving make known your requests unto God, and the peace of God, which passes understanding, will help your hearts and minds through Jesus.’ If these words mean what they plainly say it is a very great thing to understand them; and if we could believe them, and they should prove not to be true, we should still be great gainers. That may be taken as proof of their truth, for a lie cannot be a benefit.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### REMOVAL TO LONDON. 1862.

"Collective man outstrips the individual."

BROWNING.

" . . . 'Tis the sublime of man—  
Our noontide majesty—to know ourselves  
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole ;  
This fraternises man : this constitutes  
Our charities and bearings. . . ."

COLERIDGE.

THE spring of 1862 was also spent in London, and the attractions of town, as the centre of a wider intellectual life, were strong enough to outweigh the temptation to purchase the Stagshaw estate, which was sold in that year.

It was with very real regret that we left the pleasant country life, and in November, 1862, found ourselves settled at 19, Belsize Park. The spot was chosen from its nearness to Hampstead, where our old friend Mr. A. L. Elder had for some years been living in one of the fine old houses now fast vanishing before the ubiquitous builder. Carlile House, with its extensive garden, then occupied the spot now enclosed by Willoughby, Kempsey, Denning, and Willow Roads, and Hampstead was still a quaint country town, set in green fields.

At the back of Belsize Park these daisied field

stretched from the grounds of Rosslyn House, now also of the past, to the "North Star," then the farthest outpost of advancing London. The "Swiss Cottage" was still a toll-bar leading to country lanes unbroken to Hendon and Finchley. West Hampstead was not even a dream of the builder, and fields with stiles and wild rose hedges separated Belsize Park from Adelaide Road and Primrose Hill.

My father found and arranged the new house, which his family saw for the first time on taking possession. But this home-coming could not have the same charm as the last, as the change was great from Stagshaw to a quite new London house. But it pleased my father, as he writes just after taking the house :—

To J. T. R. :—

" . . . I want you to think about that comparison I made between a house and a man ; some houses repel visitors, others invite them. Our new house looks inviting : the wide spaces in front and when you enter are alike open and inviting, large and free. I disliked the other houses for the want of this openness, a staircase near the door making the passage look contracted, like the hearts of men in general, and women too. What a grand thing to be large-hearted, open-hearted ! We must learn the symbolism of our new dwelling. Believing as I do that we get dwellings in character with ourselves, it cheers me to hope that I may be growing less exclusive, less narrow, less contracted, and more disposed to open intercourse and friendly feeling with those who may not be of the same way of thinking as myself. . . ."

The new home fulfilled his desires in offering warm welcome to a wide circle of friends who took that warmth as compensation for very simple entertainment. In everything the host was inconsistently consistent : he gave no response to anything merely conventional, but he refused his sympathy to no reality, however unlike

his own tastes. His Puritan upbringing made him dislike dancing, but he did not forbid it to others; and he appreciated the drama, encouraging our little plays and acted charades, while he read every variety of imaginative literature.

For himself, he preferred either to walk or to travel third-class; but he always provided a carriage for his wife, though not with a liveried coachman. Personally, if allowed, he would latterly have liked one suit a year of the plainest; but he paid without a glance any of the dressmakers' bills of his womenfolk.

Against set dinner-parties he made effectual protest; but for years he rarely dined alone, as his invitations kept the guest-chambers full; and he enjoyed large gatherings having any definite object, literary or philanthropic, so that it was a regret to him when the state of my mother's health put a limit to his desires in this respect. I can recall three such gatherings of special interest, one in which the New York George Müller, Mr. Van Meter, gave an account of the founding of his great orphanage, with many striking answers to prayer from beginning to end. To this he added the story of his own remarkable cure by the American healer, Dr. Newton. It had just happened in London, and my father had himself seen Mr. Van Meter walk up the stairs on his crutches and walk down without them. For two years those crutches had carried him into the consulting rooms of half the physicians in Europe, and he had come out using them still, growing more and more hopeless till his visit to Dr. Newton. Afterwards, when he had a slight relapse, a second visit completed the cure.

At another of these gatherings, in 1871, with Professor (afterwards Sir John) Seeley in the chair, Mrs. Julia

Ward-Howe spoke on the peace question, and it was agreed to keep the 2nd of June as a Peace Day. The next meeting was held at the house of Miss Frances Mary Buss, and in the following year, at a meeting in the Great Hall, Farringdon Street, the "Women's Peace and Arbitration Auxiliary of the Peace Society" was formally instituted. And yet another meeting, in 1863, led to the formation of the "Portland Town Association for United Work among the Poor," which has continued to do good work during the past twenty years.

He was fortunate in making personal acquaintance or friendship with some of the leading Congregationalists: Thomas Binney, Baldwin Brown, T. T. Lynch, Thomas Jones, and Newman Hall. Unfortunately, he just missed knowing Dr. John Pulsford and Dr. Joseph Parker, afterwards good neighbours of ours; and, though much influenced by his writings and preaching, he had not our later privilege of really knowing Dr. George Macdonald, with whom he was in close sympathy. But he owed much in the way of friendly discussion to Dr. John Young, whose "Christ of History" was a favourite book, to Professor J. H. Godwin, to Professor Hoppus, to the Rev. H. Christopherson, and the Rev. Johnson Barker, and to the constant visitor of later years, the Rev. W. Urwick, whose friendly visits never failed to cheer him.

Apropos of these theological friendships the Rev. D. Jackson indicates what not infrequently happened:—

"Occasionally Mr. Ridley would manifest impatience at the apathy of some who held his views, but from prudential or other reasons did not use their opportunities for advocacy with the diligence and boldness he anticipated. In the case of ministers there might be grounds for his complaints. Their



position is in many ways peculiar, and to advance at a more rapid pace than their congregations were prepared to follow might involve a partial or total loss of all opportunities to speak on the subject most important in his eyes. . . . Dean Stanley once said, in effect, that when any dogma begins to decay or lose its hold on men's minds, the first generation of preachers is silent about it in the pulpit, but the second generation attacks it and carries its strongholds."

His favourite preacher for many years was the Rev. T. T. Lynch, then at his best and the centre of a group of thoughtful Christian persons who had found their early boundaries too narrow.

There is a little correspondence between them in 1861, which is characteristic of both, and which perhaps shows a similarity too near for closer approximation. The first note from Mr. Lynch was headed with a picture of the proposed Mornington Church, afterwards built for him:—

"December 2, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Can you not help us rear this edifice? It is an iron church, but wants gold supporters. For the credit of South Australia; in proof of a 'heart at leisure from itself'; to show that your pecuniary as well as moral sympathies are with liberty, for the truth's sake; for the comfort of a poor parson whose 'task is high,' but whose 'strife is hard,' send us a donation!

"I said, *Can* you not? but it is rather *will* you not? We still need several hundred pounds, and from you I hope for a gift as good as my opinion of you, perhaps by return of post, to yours, dear sir,

"Very sincerely,

"T. T. LYNCH."

Nothing would have delighted the recipient of this note more than to send all that was needed. But he felt that he could not commit himself so entirely to any one "sect." The letter must have cost him much that

drew out the following reply; but he also felt that he must be quite true to himself:—

“ December 5, 1861.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ Thank you for the £10. I respect your scruples, but think you are quite as likely to burn us as we are to burn you. Honest men *must* suffer loss and pain for their opinions, or, as I prefer to say, convictions. Is not your reluctance to help us, though you admit and I am quite sure feel, a certain amount of sympathy, the infliction of a penalty? I am mulcted on all sides by the different sorts of believers and unbelievers. But what of it? Why, a great deal of sorrow, some wrath, and the need of much patience. Shall I then throw up my brief, throw down my sword, take to believing in a devil because God’s ways are not quite clear, and say, There is no ‘way everlasting,’ because that way is sometimes slippery, sometimes a mere foot-track, and often, like the way from Jericho to Jerusalem, beset with thieves?

“ Years ago a man of a curious gift who had never heard me preach, but who professed to have some clairvoyant power of judging of both man’s spirit and his body, said to me, ‘ You do not preach doctrines, but truths.’ I thought, ‘ At least, that is precisely what I try to do.’ It is. And I do not believe that without chief truths, of which he for one is assured, any man can be truly liberal.

“ Doubtless the crimes of the Church are many. But was not the first crime the chief one? The Church killed Christ, and yet in His death was reborn. There never would have been a Christianity at all had not love and truth proved really the stronger in the great contest between God and man; say, if you will, between Christ and Churchism; in fact, between good and evil. And ever since, looking at the contest on the great scale, we see that truth, good, liberty, have won their way amid crime; nay, where a crime is, look carefully enough and long enough, and—there a triumph is, a Divine victory.

“ I am not a pope at all, and among the prophets of the age am not anxious to assign my own rank. But I have made real sacrifices for spiritual liberty; and sometimes (but happily only for a moment) I feel a little cynical when I hear theorisings about liberty that cost nothing and are but the word battles of

a complacent vanity. I think you more than a theorist, but I don't think you yet see who are the best friends to what you hold dearest.

“Yours sincerely,  
“T. T. LYNCH.”

The search for truth was indeed much more than theorising to my father, who found the way so much of a solitary pilgrimage. A little more of patient sympathy in the early stages might have made the course shorter as well as easier for him; but failing this, he set himself to give to others in the same difficulty. He was certainly many-sided in the power to give a very true understanding to a doubter like Joseph Barker, whilst going himself with the orthodox clergyman to whom he introduced him, hoping for the influence of a practical Christianity to which no exception could be taken.

He had very definite and fixed opinions on the one point to which he opposed himself with all the force of his fiery nature; but beyond this he did not concern himself much with abstract theology, leaving to students and theologians proper

“The little questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs of the brain.”

He had read tons of theological works and knew as much about them as any layman was likely to do. But, after middle life, he had little interest in “doubtful disputations,” and the “traditions of men” counted for still less. “High” and “Low” might differ about ritual or dogma, but he would have taken neither side. The “higher criticism” of course claimed his attention, and his scientific bent would have led him naturally in that direction. But a time came when it would not have mattered to him if the whole historic basis of the

Bible had gone with its verbal inspiration. The Book itself would have remained, with its supreme personality—that life which could not have been imagined, since, as has been well said, “it would take a Newton to forge a Newton.”

His belief in the “Holy Catholic Church,” like all his faith, was deep and unquestioning. But he had no faith in any local infallibility, Roman, Greek, or Anglican. In the great central facts of the Christian revelation he had more than common faith, and, therefore, he could allow for all the varied forms of expression in which these facts appeal to the various types of mankind. Once we are convinced that every utterance “in matter-moulded forms of speech” must, if not inaccurate, at least be inadequate, it becomes possible to allow for many modes of expression without accepting any one as final. It is in the recognising of limitations that we reach real freedom in a liberality which is wide and yet not vague.

With his independence of nature and inherent dislike of forms and ceremonies, it was inevitable that he should be drawn to the freedom of Congregationalism, rather than to the restrictions of Anglicanism, even of the broadest type.

Impetuous and regardless of consequences as he was, he could never be made to see any reason why the wrong thing should not be righted as soon as it was seen to be wrong. Here is a case in point in an extract from his journal, 1867. The thing seemed clearly wrong, and he could not condone it:—

“I see in the *Times* a ‘sale of a perpetual curacy.’ Can I acknowledge that institution to be a church of Christ that allows its offices to be disposed of for money? Can I by word or deed allow myself to be supposed to countenance such a

supposition without being guilty of treason to what has hitherto appeared to me to be Christianity? *Can I?* I wish to take sane views of things and to make every allowance for the imperfection of human institutions, but is there not a latitudinarianism which becomes antagonistic to Christianity?"

Out of his past experience he had gained great sympathy with all who had gone over the same ground, and the more probably with those who had failed to find his own firm footing. It was at this time that he first met Joseph Barker, of whom he had heard much, and of whom he then writes:—

"We went last night to hear Mr. Barker. He is a capital speaker, and, in the end, what he is doing may be beneficial in showing that we cannot take all the Bible *literally* as infallible truth. I spoke to him, and he does seem a lovable man. He must be passing by Divine arrangement through this depth of negation for a good purpose, and his experience will be useful when his course is complete. I cannot but agree with him in much that he says, but not in the least in his ultimate conclusion: 'that there cannot be a perfect Author of nature, because nature is so imperfect.' If he says that the Bible is a fiction—all of it—his state of mind is one that I regard as diseased, or at present one portion or power of it is suspended or superseded. He accepts as true that alone which can be proved, demonstrated, logically thought out. In religious matters this has been much neglected, and proofs have been paraded as such which were mere fancies. He told me that he did once believe in eternal misery. Now a man's mind awakening from that horrible hallucination undergoes a strange *renversement*. I can't find a word suitable, but if our globe was utterly blown to pieces by an explosion sufficient to scatter its materials as far as the moon, and then come back again, a word expressing that process would suit the reaction from such a belief in a finely strung mind. All language is inadequate to express it.

"I never did believe it. Increasingly I agree with that favourite passage of mine about the belief in this doctrine leading rightly to madness.

“Now, there are great truths—the greatest—that cannot be proved, that we

‘By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove.’

But Mr. Barker considers this position illogical. He will only receive as true what he can prove. But on these highest subjects

‘We have but faith; we cannot know,  
For knowledge is of things we see.’

No external teaching will give this faith, no logic. That is Barker’s mistake. ‘God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit.’ I think it should be, God *doth* reveal; for the revelation of truth—saving truth—has been made by men who have done their best to reveal it to others, to express it in words. But

‘Words may reveal and half conceal  
The soul within . . .’

We must have the operation of the Holy Spirit on our minds. Jesus said this, and it comes to me with an evidence of truth that is to me irresistible.

“May we not believe that ‘the old, old story’ is enough for our salvation without any dogmatising, just what comes out of the honest belief that Jesus is the Son of God, and of course believing what He undoubtedly said, that is to say, what is plainly the historical fact of His life, teaching, etc.? The evidencing power of character in this history equals the evidencing power of light.

“We do not need evidence of the sunshine, nor of the Sun of righteousness. We need only to see the sunshine; and all we need is to see *Him*. How is it to be done? God will give this Spirit to him that asks Him. Is that confined to this state of things only? Surely it is an eternal truth: here, everywhere; now, and at all times.

“And those to whom the revelation comes cannot say how it has come. All they can say is, ‘Whereas I was blind, now I see.’”

A little later there is another passage in one of his letters home:—

“. . . I was looking for a Bible to verify a reference when I opened another book: ‘God has so ordered that love to our

fellow-men and labour to promote their happiness are springs of purest delight,' and much more in the same delightful strain. And who, do you think, is the author? Joseph Barker!

"How mysterious are the ways of Providence! God takes His children by 'dark ways underground.' I have full faith that he will be brought into 'open day.' In many respects, in most, he is one of the noblest of God's creatures."

He had great faith in the power of sympathy in drawing back those who had drifted away from their old faiths. His prayers, especially for Mr. Barker and for Mr. Holyoake, were earnest and constant. That they were not without effect may be seen in a letter from Mr. Barker some time later:—

"And what if you should send me something that I failed to appreciate as highly as you may do? I should appreciate the friendship that sent it; and, moreover, I might make matters even by sending you something to exercise your Christian forbearance. Besides, that which we cannot appreciate duly at one stage of our progress we come to prize more justly at a further stage. And some things we may learn to value as they deserve all the sooner for having them submitted to our consideration by the hand of a kind friend. So send me anything that gives you pleasure or profit. I and mine have always the pleasantest sentiments towards you and yours."

There was great rejoicing among Mr. Barker's friends a few years after this date in the change thus described in a letter to my father from John Mawson:—

"We have much enjoyed Mr. Barker's visit. I read him your letter, and he was much interested in it. We can all help each other by giving our inner thought, for all men seem at times to have to pass through this similar experience. Mr. Barker was in the most delightful frame of mind. I heard him twice last Sunday. His addresses were very beautiful and very impressive. He has become like a little child again in his simplicity and meekness, and his company is very profitable. . . . Mr. Barker's practical discourses on the life and character

and example of Christ were always to me a source of real profit. No man could make this duty so plain, so attractive, as he. What a blessing that he has got back again to the experimental and practical! He has truly come out of the terrible 'pit and miry clay,' his 'feet again on the rock,' and a 'new song in his mouth.' We all pray very sincerely that he may turn many to right ways."

In a letter from the British Association meeting in Edinburgh in 1871 there is further confirmation of this point, as my father writes:—

"I have had a lesson on the power of kindness that has surprised me. I met Holyoake with a friend, and he spoke of me in curious terms: 'This gentleman is my spiritual father, and had ideas about me derived from a spiritual source.' I said that I had great sympathy with him. It was rather curious, and a thing not often found, that a fervent believer in Christianity should have sympathy with one of extreme views on the other side. He asked me to pray for him in tones that I could not doubt were sincere. I said I could do so with great confidence in his coming into the faith.

"Now is not this remarkable? Only give a man credit for anything you can, and you will find him ready to listen to you and give you as much credit as he can in return. Pity that we cannot always make this power felt! There is no life of any value without love. Let us all unite in asking that this manifestation may be given to Holyoake."

If he could sympathise with the negative side of thought, his own convictions were absolutely on the positive side, while his own tendency to mysticism drew him to all who had faith in the inner life, to whom the unseen was the true reality.

His investigation of spiritualism, though never realising the first hopes, was productive of much benefit in a widening of outlook, and especially in leading to many valuable friendships based on sympathy in the fearless pursuit of truth.



Among these friends was Edward Burton Penny, whose edition of St. Martin's great book was known as "*Penny's Man*." There was also in this case a link with South Australia, where the brother of Mr. Penny had been an old friend, as well as with Mrs. Penny, who before her marriage had been a correspondent of mine. Mrs. Penny is known among the initiated as a far-seeing student of Jacob Boehmen. She wrote to my father after the death of her husband:—

"I am silly enough still to regret that my dear husband could not prosecute acquaintance with one he so much wished to see more of. For you impressed him, and before my marriage I had heard of you from him. I can never now read any interesting book without foolish longing to show it to him! And this *Life of Blanco White* which you sent me would have interested him so intensely.

"You will do me a real kindness if, at any time you should wish for copies of my husband's translations of '*St. Martin*,' you would let me send them. I am anxious to place them in worthy hands before death makes me powerless here."

Another of the *uncommon* minds which interested him was that of Christopher Walton, whose personality, perhaps, made greater impression than the book to which he did not put his name—an "*Introduction to Theosophy* ; or *The Science of the Mystery of Christ*," an offering for the benefit of mankind in which he found sympathy from one so much of the same mind. Mr. Walton writes to my father:—

"MY DEAR MR. RIDLEY,

"I have not had the pleasure of the light of your countenance, which must beam from your good-willed heart (like, as we say, that of the sun is from the inner virtue of the flaming or fiery love of God), and was sorry that I could not do honour to your introduction to me of Mr. William White, who called on me yesterday during my absence at Southend, where I

spend two or three days in each week to recruit my material organism to do good work for its noble mental and still nobler Divine idea inhabitant. I send a line to say I shall be happy to see him, and devote as much time to his pleasure as may be found to be intended by an ever-attendant Overruler and Director. The Socrates idea of the Daimon was quite sober; it was only his eternal prototypic Divine image or idea regenerated into life and operation. Just as Christ promised to the faithful disciples to come again and be with them for ever as 'all-sufficient,' so the noble, devoted, regenerate divinised Socrates anticipated, with Abraham, the full era of the Christian glory.

"Very truly yours,

"CHRISTOPHER WALTON."

Among the interests of this period may be counted a discussion society, where among persons of like mind my father found the exchange of ideas so necessary to him. It was originally started, I think, by Mr. William Robson, though Mr. and Mrs. Tebb had much to do with it. Mr. Robson had been as deeply influenced as was Laurence Oliphant by the wonderful personality of Thomas Lake Harris, then not conspicuous by the eccentricities of later years. Unlike Mr. Oliphant, Mr. Robson never joined the community, but, also unlike him, never lost faith in its head. Mr. Harris had made some stir in London by six powerful sermons against spiritualism, which may have supplied the first subjects for the discussions of the new society, as the members were all investigators on these out-of-the-way lines of inquiry. The reference already noticed in my father's journal gives one of his flashes of insight as he says: "Heard the American comet T. L. Harris; not much impressed." That word "comet" shows the sanity of the writer. Whatever the orbit might prove as the final outcome of the matter, it was not at this point in sufficiently true relation to the solid earth to

content this one listener, who, in his most soaring essays, was always sure of firm ground beneath him.

Among the lasting friendships that grew out of this society may be mentioned those with the Rev. John Manners, a friend and disciple of Andrew Jukes; Mr. William White, author of a "Life of Emanuel Swedenborg"; Mr. Horace Field, author of "Heroism" and other works; and Mr. J. W. Farquhar, author of "The Gospel of the Divine Humanity," a work to which attention has lately been called by Archdeacon Wilberforce in his "Sermons preached at Westminster." Some papers by this writer had appeared in a series published by Bishop Ewing, exciting interest among the thoughtful. In later years Mr. Farquhar ranked among the prominent speakers at the conferences instituted at Broadlands by Lord Mount Temple, his few quiet words, in their strong Scotch accent, always bringing the argument to some practical outcome.

He was first introduced to us by William and Mary Howitt, and the sympathy between him and my father at once made them friends. They were especially alike in their vivid realisation of the reality of things unseen, both walking by faith rather than by the external sight, and both being essentially unworldly.

In the patience of faith Mr. Farquhar was far ahead of most men, and certainly of his somewhat impatient friend. My father aimed at perfect patience, while Mr. Farquhar attained it to a degree that almost roused its opposite in his hearers. If one might not find fault even with the weather, the tone of life verged on monotony. But to this modern saint nothing could be wrong, since nothing could happen out of the will of God. In our experience we never heard him murmur

or complain, and we knew him well. To the end of his life he was a constant and welcome visitor at our house, where he often found a sympathetic audience.

One of his letters, written in 1878, shows his feeling concerning my father:—

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ With this I send the first posted copy of my essay on evil ‘Hamartia.’ As it first found utterance in your house, I make it a point to post the first copy to you, and I know of no one who will appreciate any effort to vindicate the ways of God to man more than you.

“ As far as I know, this essay is the first effort to set forth in the light of revelation the reconciliation of all living beings in and to God, from whom they proceed. I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you next Sunday afternoon.

“ I am, dear friend, yours very truly,

“ J. W. FARQUHAR.”

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### SPIRITUALISM.

“ In the old Egyptian days a well-known inscription was carved over the portal of the Temple of Isis, ‘ I am whatever has been, is, and shall be ; and my veil no man hath yet lifted.’ Not thus do modern seekers after truth confront Nature—the word that stands for the baffling mysteries of the universe. Steadily, unflinchingly, we strive to pierce the inmost heart of Nature, from what she is to reconstruct what she has been and to prophesy what yet shall be. Veil after veil we have lifted, and her face has grown more beautiful, august, and wonderful with every barrier that has been withdrawn.”

SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, British Association, 1898.

“ He serves all who dares to be true.”

EMERSON.

WITH my father's natural leanings to mysticism, added to his scientific desire to explain all mystery, it was inevitable that his forward-reaching tendencies should place him amongst the first to take up the then most unpopular subjects of mesmerism and spiritualism. That his attitude was only a matter of ridicule in society and from the Press was of less than no account in the face of new facts demanding inquiry.

Early in the “ fifties ” proofs of mesmeric power had come to us through several well-known northern mesmerists—Captain Hudson, Mr. N. Morgan, and Mr. T. P. Barkas—not only in public *séances*, but in our own house and among our own friends.

Now that such facts are accepted by the medical profession generally, it is not necessary to go into this subject; but at that date it still needed not a little courage and love of truth to avow any belief in the genuineness even of mesmeric phenomena, whilst spiritualism was quite beyond toleration.

In 1872, in a letter from Mrs. H. B. Stowe to George Eliot, there is the following sensible reference to spiritualism:—

“In regard to all this class of subjects I am of the opinion of Goethe that ‘it is just as absurd to deny the facts of spiritualism now as it was in the Middle Ages to ascribe them to the devil,’ but I think Mr. Owen attributes too much value to his facts.

“I do not think there is any evidence to warrant the idea that they are a supplement or continuation of the revelations of Christianity, but I do regard them as an interesting and curious study in psychology, and every careful observer ought to be welcomed to bring in his facts. . . . I am perfectly aware of the frivolity and worthlessness of much of the revealings purporting to come from spirits. In my view the worth or worthlessness of them has nothing to do with the point in question.

“Do invisible spirits speak in any wise—wise or foolish? is the question. As I am a believer in the Bible and Christianity, I don’t need these things as confirmations, and they are not likely to be a religion to me. I regard them simply as I do the phenomena of the aurora borealis or Darwin’s studies on natural selection: as curious studies into nature. Besides, I think some day we shall find a law by which all these facts will fall into their places.”

But ten years before this, in 1862, my father’s diary contains much the same opinions:—

“I would like to leave for the future some glimpse of my peculiar position, so contrary to all that I have been, as I thought, gradually attaining. I am now seemingly involved in a coil of superstition, after rejoicing in my escape from credulity

and from participation in the weakness of the large class so ready to believe things repulsive to the scientific mind. Now, in consequence of a seeming communication from my mother, I feel inclined to allow weight to statements which probably every man of science will reject at once. But then facts must be respected. No; facts that contradict the ascertained laws of nature must be questioned, yes, questioned and examined, but credited so far as to lead to examination. Ah, but pretended facts that contradict our experience are not entitled to any respect. Will any one say this? Not openly, perhaps. But the circumstance of not liking the fact goes a long way. I think we must take care that it does not go too far. It won't do to give way to prejudice, to *forejudge* prior to proof or examination. There may be 'more things in heaven and earth,' etc. If I see a table move and answer questions and tell me things I did not know, and that nobody near it knew, must I turn from it and say 'Humbug!' because I don't like the idea of a table being actuated by any intelligence? 'But the thing is too absurd.' Still, if it is a *fact*—or if it seems to many persons to be a fact—what then? The newspapers contain at present strong expressions of dislike to such facts, and many cases are related when things did not happen as expected. But does this weaken in the smallest measure the facts that did occur?

"If a person going to investigate with a strong feeling against the whole subject does not see anything, does that prove that nothing occurred under other conditions? If I am led to believe that intelligent messages have been given to me without the intervention of any visible agency, am I necessarily to be charged with credulity—'shameful and disgraceful,' as J. R. says? It all depends on the reason I have for believing; if I must charge the persons sitting at the table—my own friends—with lying, with conduct meriting reprobation and future avoidance, am I not justified in leaning to the belief, however absurd it may be termed by everybody round me? Such is my case; either Mrs. S. and Miss T. must be charged with imposition that would make them hateful to me, or the alternative must be taken, and I must conclude that there is more in the communications which I have received than is admitted by those who are writing against the subject; that there is in operation an intelligence not yet accounted for. That the mediums are cheats cannot, in my experience be admitted;

that I could get the communication either with or without the voluntary interference of the medium seems difficult to suppose. I plead therefore in defence of the persons so freely characterised as 'fools,' etc., by the opponents of this subject, for I think such denunciations reflect no credit on the utterer, and can do no good to the victim of this superstition, if it be such. The only effect it can have is to make hypocrites of those who believe, but who cannot stand the abuse. For my part, I cannot feel other than warmly sympathetic to all who are testifying to their experience of facts, while for those who have seen unaccountable facts, and yet suppress their evidence, I can only feel that the loss of power to distinguish between truth and error, consequent on such concealment, will be a just punishment."

At another time he says :—

"The heaven of extreme orthodoxy does not admit the thought of active benevolence ; all is either as good or as bad as possible, either needing no assistance or beyond its reach. Adam Clarke says, 'All is extreme and unchangeable.' Though much subdued to dogmatism, even thirty years ago I protested against this, and with great delight accepted Isaac Taylor's statement that 'there was more of action rather than less in the next life,' of achievement, actual, arduous contention with formidable and perhaps sometimes successful opposition, 'the excellent mechanism of matter and mind which beyond any other of His works declares the wisdom of the Creator . . . that shall stand up to essay new labours, we say not perplexities and perils, in the service of God.' This idea of a future life finds its natural and proper development in spiritualism. It casts light on the dark dispensation of the removal of so many who are at their highest capacity for labour. What a heaven of blessed work will there be for those who are fitted for it ! Being fitted for it may require abstraction from the work (half-truth and therefore nearly all falsehood) of earth. Here my oft-quoted passage finds a meaning—

'They also serve who only stand and wait.' "

It was through a personal friend, in 1861, that my father had his first experience of these manifestations ; and though he afterwards saw every public medium



who was accessible, most of the best proofs came in private.

On taking up his residence in London, in 1862, he had opportunity for investigation, and he spared no pains in trying to know all that could be known. His earnestness soon brought him into touch with those pioneers in the movement whose names stand out as fearless truth-seekers: William and Mary Howitt, Mr. and Mrs. Alaric A. Watts, Professor and Mrs. De Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Wilkinson, Mr. C. Tomlinson, Mr. Benjamin Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Tebb, and many more. This was long before Professor Crookes, A. R. Wallace, Lodge, and other eminent scientists gave in their adhesion to the need of investigation.

The "Society for Psychical Research" was not yet thought of, for it was not till the "seventies" that its *raison d'être* grew out of the rejection by the British Association of Professor W. F. Barrett's paper on "Thought Transference" at Glasgow. I remember well the amusement it gave us then to read of the impossibility of an experience which was part of our every-day life.

During the winters of 1862-3-4 there was great interest in meetings among the group of searchers after the new light, and, in looking back, it is profoundly affecting to recall that first enthusiasm, when it seemed possible for the barriers between the present and the future to fall before this new power. After the first questioning and hesitation in accepting these possibilities, there seemed no limit to the vistas opening before us.

It may not be out of place to give a few examples from these early *stances*, since, if nothing more, they

are at least curious proof of departure from the ordinary course of events.

That the things here put down did appear to happen is certain. This testimony would have been given on oath by a dozen or more persons, testimony which in a court of law would secure conviction on any charge.

How far the theory of spirit action may fit the whole range of facts may even yet be held an open question, though at that date, as in the present day, this theory seems to many minds the most satisfactory explanation.

It is, at least, a remarkable circumstance that a dozen persons of more than average intelligence should all, at the same time, be persuaded, in full light of sun or gas, that these things did actually happen as recorded at the time; and it must also be noted that many such things occurred in our own house and in other private houses, where there could be no possibility of machinery or other preparation beforehand.

The mediums were Mrs. Marshall and her niece—uneducated, silent, clumsy in every way, and as unlike the dexterous conjurer, with his bewildering patter, as anything could be. They remained in their seats, with their hands in full view on the table, and with their feet subject to frequent and sudden inspection.

That these apparently stupid women should have had power to reduce a number of keen, quick-witted observers to a hypnotic state, in which all saw the same things with equal certainty, is a supposition which would seem to demand more faith than is asked by any spiritualistic theory.

And, as regards one especially among these observers, that hypothesis fails entirely. Our experience of mes-

merism had mainly been gained in the effort to induce this hypnotic state for an operation in which anæsthetics were, in my mother's case, considered dangerous. The strongest mesmeriser that could be found was powerless to produce the slightest effect on her, though he could do very remarkable things with some members of the household.

For ourselves, we always felt that we had a safeguard in the watchfulness with which she overlooked all the proceedings. Her supreme common sense could not accept anything blindly, and she had no leanings towards spiritualistic phenomena, which, indeed, she disliked. She never sat at the table, but remained outside the circle, a critical though fair outsider. And she saw and heard all that we saw and heard, never disputing the facts, though never quite committing herself to the spiritualistic theory.

We always attached weight to the circumstance that she did not distrust the mediums, for she never made a mistake in her judgment of character, and when she and my father came to the same conclusions concerning any person whatsoever, we accepted the verdict as final.

The only occasion on which we were present at a dark *séance* was in Paris in 1867, the year of the great Exhibition, when Mr. S. C. Hall invited us to see a young French medium at his rooms. This young man had the face of an angel, but the whole party were agreed as to his deeds. The table certainly rose from the ground, but nothing that happened carried any weight. It was an awkward and foolish attempt at imposture.

Here are a few extracts from my notes, taken at the time, of *séances* with the Marshalls at their own

house, or rather a room in a lodging in Southampton Row :—

“ 1861.—Went in the afternoon with my father to arrange for an evening *séance* with Mrs. Marshall and her niece. As the mediums were disengaged, we sat down, and in a few minutes heard raps giving a message. Then the table rose from the floor more than a foot into the air. It was of course broad daylight, and I was looking all the time at the feet of the table. The mediums are honest-looking persons, though uneducated. The *séance* in the evening was also in daylight, candles being lighted only during the last half-hour. Outside we could hear through the open window all the stir and noise of a London street, barrel-organs especially, so we were not mesmerised or biologised as regarded external things.

“ During each *séance*, after and before any decided manifestations, the table was carefully examined by all present, the top being unscrewed, convincing us all that there was no hidden machinery. There was no cloth on it.

“ The table rose many times completely off the floor, sometimes answering questions by violent bounds. Questions were also answered by raps of every degree of intensity, from very faint to very loud, sounding from all parts of the room, and also *on the table* whilst we were looking *on* and *under it*. When we were going away raps sounded from all over the room, many at a time, growing fainter and more distant till they ceased.

“ On several occasions the table rose on two feet, with the third in the air, and while it was in that position all the force exerted by the strongest man could not keep the raised foot down. As soon as the pressure was removed it sprang up as if elastic. The raised foot was near the mediums; I put my foot under it to make sure that they were not supporting it.

“ One evening my chair was pushed with some force three distinct times. The table was pushed from me across the room, and when I asked if my chair could be pushed to it, the table came half-way to meet me as I was pushed towards it.

“ Once I held a guitar, quite certain that the mediums could not touch it, and we had music from it, all our party feeling the vibration of the instrument while the sounds were audible. The guitar was out of tune, with a broken string, so it could

not be a case of sympathetic vibration. It played an accompaniment of chords to a not well-known German song as I sang it. Our *séances* were always in good light.

“At every *séance* names were spelt out, names unknown to any but the person for whom they came. The usual way was for the questioner to point to the letters of an alphabet, a knock answering to the letter required.

“‘Why of course you pause unconsciously over the letter you expect, and the medium is quick enough to see it!’ said one friend as she went to a *séance*.

“She held the pencil and pointed to the letters. Knocks came to *e, n, i, r*. Our friend laughed as she said: ‘There, I knew it would not answer to me!’ She told me afterwards that the name *Kate* was in her mind all the time.

“‘Better try to the end,’ said one of the party who was taking down the letters as they were rapped out. And in the end we found the name *Catherine* spelt backwards; and in the same way a second name, *Sarah*, and the right surname. Our friend had forgotten the second name, and had never known her cousin as *Catherine*.

“To this same lady came another good test. Her father’s full name was spelt backwards also, and then came a message, ‘I still love you in heaven.’ ‘A very commonplace message!’ I remarked to her as we went away, and then she told me that whilst she was writing the words to him ‘We shall still know and love each other in heaven,’ she had received the news of his death. No message could have been more striking.

“Occasionally there was something of the comic element, as when a well-known literary man received a message, rapped out amid much confusion, ‘I still love you, Henry!’ from a childish playmate who had insisted on devoting herself to him against his will, but of whom he had never thought since childhood.”

Also from my father’s journal:—

“*July 9th, 1862.*—We have just returned from London, where I have had ten sittings with Mrs. Marshall and her niece, all of a most satisfactory kind. I feel certain of the sincerity of these mediums; that they are quite passive and not attempting to produce any results by interference. After the first five minutes my mother’s name came, and John Tupling spelt and then *wrote*

his name, 'John' the first time, and afterwards in full, manifesting his character as in life beyond all doubt of identity. I took there more than twenty friends and acquaintances, most of whom were convinced of the existence of a power and an intelligence not to be explained by any hypothesis except the spiritual. . . .

"October 13<sup>th</sup>, 1862.—Mr. E. at Mrs. Marshall's. A friend declined to come to the table when invited. The sofa with her on it was brought up to the table, touched by no visible agency. A small table moved of itself and was placed on the larger table. A name known to Mr. E. was given in full—the name of a friend who was supposed to be living. 'When did you die?' Mr. E. asked. 'Five years ago.' Mr. E. made a journey to the home of his old friend and found all as had been stated.

"On the same evening I had a conversation with 'John Lynn' and happened to repeat a line from A. L. W.'s hymns,

' The secret of enduring strength,  
And praise too deep for speech.'

Great appreciation of this was expressed. 'Do you know her?' I asked. 'Yes,' was the answer. 'She is dead then?' 'No.' 'I have been told so.' 'No.' I went after this to her publisher, and on inquiry found that she is living in South Wales."

We heard a great deal of the well-known medium Mr. D. D. Home, having met him at the houses of several friends, as well as at a *séance* at Mrs. S. C. Hall's. Having heard all the particulars of the story of Mrs. Lyon from persons concerned, we were in a position to know that there was no "exposure" then, or at any other time, or anything against Mr. Home's private character. He was a man of very considerable personal charm, quite enough to account for his success in society.

We were present only at one of his *séances*, but it was remarkable enough; and it could scarcely be suggested by any one who had once seen her that Mrs.

S. C. Hall was likely to be a dupe, or to welcome to her house any person of doubtful probity.

This *séance* was held in her drawing-room, eleven persons being present. The room was quite light, with two candles on the mantel-piece, and the light of a lamp from a small inner room. The table itself—a large and heavy round loo table—stood in a bay window. The blinds were up, showing the partially moonlit and starlit sky beyond.

All hands were on the table, and we could see Mr. Home's feet under his chair. At his invitation, one of the gentlemen present, a medical man, who believed in nothing that was not material, made frequent and sudden dives under the table while the manifestations were going on.

First came a vibration in the table like nothing but the quiver of life in an animal, then movements of all sorts, and knocks on and under the table and about the room, and on the silk gowns of the ladies.

My handkerchief was taken from my hand and put into that of Mrs. Hall on the opposite side of the table.

Several persons felt the touch of hands, and we could all see movements under the table-cloth. Several times the lace curtains were agitated as if by a strong wind, and once they were moved forward round the head of one of the ladies. We could see through the thin texture, and were sure that no one moved them.

A bell was passed round the table under the cloth, ringing as it went, and an accordion, held by the wife of the doctor, sounded whilst he passed his hand beneath it. Mr. Home was at the time as far distant as possible. When, later, he held the accordion just below the level of the table, very beautiful sounds came from it,

and once, by request, "Home, Sweet Home." Loud chords were struck and repeated softly as in the distance.

"Surely, very trivial effects to come from such a source," is the universal and inevitable verdict on these phenomena.

But nothing can be really trivial which leads to great effects. Apparently nothing could be more trivial than the fall of a ripe apple from the tree, or nothing more commonplace than the escape of steam from a kettle, yet the observation of these two facts has changed the science and the practical life of the world.

And the most trivial manifestation, the slightest sound or sign from the world unseen, works no less a revolution in the spiritual life of man. Already a new science of psychology is growing up from the "Rochester knockings," while F. W. H. Myers, in his "Human Personality," based on these investigations, takes the survival after death as now a scientific certainty.

That external evidence is necessary to some minds is shown clearly in one of the latest utterances on "The Enigma of Life," in a magazine which stands as the expression of the most advanced thought of the time. Here we read that "the instructed man who realises that creeds are human inventions or guesses, and that the existence of God is a dream, possibly as ill-founded, though as alluring, as that of a personal immortality, must make his religion a religion of certainties." What these certainties may be is not clear, since we are also told that "of the origin, purpose, and destiny of life we have no final and absolute knowledge, nor any means of arriving at such."

<sup>1</sup> *Westminster Review*, June, 1903.



In this dearth of proof it may be that physical facts are the only certainties that in such cases could be accepted. To the mind that can describe St. Paul as a "semi-epileptic" and dismiss the "noble army of martyrs" as "misguided or mistaken" the "open vision" of prophet or saint carries no conviction. For these the proof must be external and must make its appeal to the outward senses. There is no "natural law" more absolute in its working than the law of "like to like" in spiritual things. All receive what best fits their own state, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that for those on the material plane there may be given some material proof of a life beyond the grave.

It is quite certain that to many of those who first had the courage to look into the new phenomena of "spirit-manifestations," they did mean restoration of belief in Bible-miracle, a belief which had before seemed incompatible with the scientific attitude of mind. Thus seen, the miracle becomes not less but more wonderful in coming under the operation of a recognised law.

For example, there could be no further question of miracles of healing after witnessing the cures of the modern healers. Wonderful things were done by one of these, Dr. Newton, an American, who spent some time in London. My father himself saw Mr. Van Meter hobble upstairs on his crutches and then walk down carrying them in his hand. On another occasion my father took three deaf ladies to Dr. Newton, and, for that day and the next they heard better than they had done for years. If they had taken the trouble to repeat their visit their cure might have been permanent.

To my father, as to so many others, a natural

termination to investigation came in the narrowing of these experiences into mere repetitions. Moreover, the difficulty of being sure of identity always remained, even after no doubt could be felt of the actuality of the communications. If this intercourse between the two worlds be possible it is at the same time so far from simple that the results must be limited. In any case it cannot be easy to fit the facts of the changed experiences of life beyond the grave into those "matter-moulded forms of speech" which take their shape from our physical surroundings.

In our own special experience of these phenomena, the marked feature was the twofold nature of the communications which came to us. On the one hand was the glorification of the new revelation, with promises of great wonders to come out of it. But, on the other hand, came the most severe and stringent warnings against seeking either merely physical manifestations, or even those on the psychical, *i.e.*, occult or magical plane.

We were advised to seek only—by the growth of our own spiritual life—the "Communion of Saints," which is the true spirit-communion. What is to be sought is to rise to the higher level instead of desiring intercourse on the old lines, in following the way we already knew, and not trying for any short cut, as we were told :

"Yes, spiritualism may be an easier, but therefore *not* a better way."

"You know the way. Walk in it."

"If you open the door to lower, you open inevitably to evil influences. Strait is the gate."

"Christ says: 'I am the Door.' All who only climb over the wall are thieves and robbers."

By this we understood the difference between the

knowledge that is the outcome of the true spiritual life and that pseudo-spirituality, belonging to the emotional or psychical nature only, which has no roots in conduct. St. Theresa, one of the sanest of the great saints, drew a very sharp line between her own ecstasy, an experience that came to her unsought, and the many visions or other developments self-induced by hysterical nuns or novices.

In our experience there was no encouragement to seek for details about the future, but in general only teaching of this kind:—

“There is and can be no account of the higher life after the change called death. All such accounts, however minute as to description, are simply the forms naturally assumed by the thought of the spirit communicating, or else of the mind through which the communication is made.”

In answer to a question on the *locality* of the spirit, the same thought is carried on:—

“Remember the principle that to finite consciousness—to a limited intelligence—there can be no such idea as *unembodied spirit*; finite beings are inevitably *externalised spirit*. If they cease to be thus externalised, then to human consciousness they cease to be.

“Granting this, you see that *locality* is a necessity, implied in the very thought of a relation between one creature and another. *Form*, if a necessity, also involves *locality*. These are modes of thought from which there is no escape. You may rise above your present limitations of Space and Time and imagine some freer existence in the future; but still, so long as you believe in a separate identity, you will keep the fact of *locality*. If spirits after the great change are not remerged in the general whole, there must then be something corresponding to ‘place’ which either holds them apart or makes meeting possible.

“This is what you desire to know. That this ‘place’ or ‘locality’ should be definitely fixed in the Milky Way, or any other existent spot of creation, is a point of no consequence. Any speculations of this kind are quite unimportant.”

To my father these experiences became more and more internal, not needing outward manifestation ; he writes of them thus, in trying to give some explanation :

“I have had answers that I could not doubt given to mental questions—mental communications. I don't know whether I could describe the process so as to be understood. It is in the emotional region ; not *thinking* so much as *feeling* ; deeply sympathetic, as if in response ; a pitying emotion rising to joy, just what one may expect a higher being to feel who is witnessing the struggle and stultification of a soul in bonds, and at the same time seeing the end of it—the deliverance.

‘ A second voice was in my ear,  
A little whisper, silver clear,  
A murmur, “ Be of better cheer,”  
As from some blissful neighbourhood,  
A notice faintly understood :  
“ I know the end, and see the good,” ’

and so on, through the Two Voices. Tennyson gives the best expression to this. There is much in “ In Memoriam ” that appears to be spirit communion :—

‘ I watch thee from the quiet shore ;  
Thy spirit up to mine can reach,  
Though in dear words of human speech  
We two communicate no more.  
‘ And I : “ Can clouds of nature stain  
The starry clearness of the free ?  
How is it thou canst feel with me  
Some painless sympathy with pain ? ”  
‘ And lightly does the answer fall :  
“ ’Tis hard for thee to fathom this ;  
I triumph in conclusive bliss  
And the serene result of all.’ ’

“ Their communications do not take so distinct a form as this, but the response to what I address to my spirit friends comes with great evidence to me of its reality. Is the new era this : ‘ One family in Him we dwell ’ ? ‘ We are come to Mount

Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, . . . and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first-born . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect. . . .”

In a letter to an intimate friend he thus speaks of this communion of spirit :—

“ I think you can talk to me independently of writing and in spite of our being far asunder. ‘ Present in spirit.’ This communion may be very real without our being very conscious of it. But I believe in the consciousness of it and have had an instance lately. I visited a cousin, recently widowed, and as I left her she said she would miss the comfort I had given her. I answered : ‘ Whenever you are specially depressed just read the 103rd Psalm, and I think I shall be aware of it and able to give you sympathy.’ One day, a little time after, I felt that I must write to her, and I said in my letter, ‘ I think you are thinking of me and need my help.’

“ When she received my letter she said to her brother, ‘ Here is something now! Yesterday I felt very low, and I read the 103rd Psalm. Here is the response.’ ”

The main points of this experience of spiritualism may be summed up in two extracts from the diary, that of 1863 marking the first definite conclusion, while that of 1870 gives the final result :—

“ *1st August, 1863.*—I have sensibly felt my mother’s presence, . . . a softening influence that brings tears into my eyes. . . . It cannot fail to do me good to think of friends departed as ‘ living to God’; a child lost, so far from being lost, may become, as Whittier puts it,

‘ A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.’

“ My mother seems to assure me that if I can gain calmness of mind I shall receive greater influence from my spirit friends. . . .

“ It must be rather a poor symptom if I try to get calmness only for the sake of spirit communication. How far can secondary motives be allowed? If the desire of communion

with God and of being holy does not influence, *how can the desire of spirit communication do so? Or how far ought it to do so?* I must get right here."

On a blank opposite to this extract there is a comment written seven years later (February, 1870):—

". . . I should like to know for myself what it is that I really think now on this subject. I have not patience to read all I wrote at the date of seven years ago; but I think I was right so far as to use every means of ascertaining the nature of the phenomena so strangely brought before me.

"In one respect I certainly overrated their importance—in thinking they were to become one of the great means of spiritual life. As such a phase of being it has passed away from me. I never think now of seeking communion for the sake of solving difficulties or of obtaining spiritual stimulus. I have found perfect satisfaction in receiving the Lord Jesus as the spring of spiritual life, as a living ever-present influence and power through the Divine Spirit.

"I think, however, I am influenced by friends from the unseen state and helped to good thoughts. The Divine goodness may permit to them the pleasure of helping a poor struggling soul in the flesh. Here is J. M.'s portrait in my Bible. I can almost see himself in it, and I feel his influence, though he comes with no special outward mark of his individuality."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### SCIENTIFIC GATHERINGS. 1863-73.

"Who loves not Knowledge? . . .  
. . . Let her know her place;  
For she is second, not the first,  
. . . Moving side by side  
With Wisdom, like the younger child:  
For she is earthly, of the mind,  
But Wisdom heavenly, of the soul."

*In Memoriam.*

THE form of social dissipation most congenial to my father was attendance at the annual meetings of the British Association and the Social Science Congresses. Sometimes we were with him, sometimes he had a friend, but more often he was alone, when he amused himself by making new acquaintances after a fashion thus described in a letter home:—

" . . . I am increasingly convinced of the value to the nation of these meetings. I never enjoyed one more in spite of the want of companionship, as I have not made many new acquaintances. One man took to me from 'elective affinities,' and there was another, a clergyman, very enlightened and free from the usual narrowness, with whom I got on so well that he invited me to go and see him and stay at his house."

The first of these meetings attended by him was at Aberdeen, 1863, with an enthusiastic record:—

"I have just come in from the most magnificent display of human nature that I ever witnessed; 2,500 tickets were issued.

All the ladies were in their best, and very grand they were. There was one bonnet. The numbers that assembled outside to look at them could not be counted. One hour and three-quarters before the time of commencing, when the doors were opened, the place was nearly filled. I was with the first, but had to be content with a comparatively back seat. It was the first time a new music hall had been used, and a very beautiful place it is. I suppose Prince Albert was the great attraction. He is a very handsome man still, but he does not quite master the English tongue, and I could not hear all he said. I never saw a more enthusiastic reception than he had. There were several of our most distinguished men. I knew none but Faraday, whom I recognised as soon as he came on. Earl Ross, of the great telescope, Sir John Ross, the North Pole navigator, Professor Owen, and others of whom I shall tell you more, were there. . . .

*“ Sunday.*

“ . . . This is the most religious of towns, not a carriage or cart in motion so far ; no railway trains ; not a newspaper to be had, and no bathing machines. I went to the seaside, but it was in vain ; the religious portion of the public have the ascendancy, and I think the population, so far as I can judge, are in advance of any place I have visited.”

Again on the same day :—

“ . . . There was a very brilliant affair last night ; I have not seen anything like it before—scores of microscopes, stereoscopes, and curiosities of many sorts. I was quite surprised to find that two hours had passed. No doubt a great part of the charm was in friends meeting each other, but I had no friends to meet, and yet found it so charming. Should it be at Newcastle next year, you may look forward to something worth attending.

“ The meetings during the day to people in general were interesting chiefly as being attended by the Prince. The section he was in was thronged, but no other, and as he spent about an equal time in each they all had a turn at popularity, not, however, at all flattering to science. It is to be hoped that scientific men can estimate the true value of popular favour. They certainly know on what it is generally founded, and it will be long before even the educated part of the



public will learn to value men and things for their intrinsic worth. Had a novel-writer or two been here, they would have had far more attention than the men who are the authors of the greatest improvements of the age, of that which makes the nation great and wealthy, as well as that which is higher still, improvement in the knowledge of the great operations of Nature, of creation physical and mental. It is natural enough for children to prefer play to work, and for those who have not attained to any maturity of thought to prefer the superficial to the substantial."

For the men who gave their time to the promotion of science he had profound admiration, thus expressed:—

"To-night Lord Houghton speaks to the working men. It is pleasant to see so many distinguished men taking so much trouble about their papers, and it would have been a great loss to me not to have been here. It is a very delightful phase of life. I quite believe that the majority are here from a wish to be helpful to others; no doubt some come from love of notoriety, but not all, nor half. I wish you had been here."

He did not write very much to us about scientific matters, generally referring us to the newspaper reports, with any necessary explanation. It is curious, however, to notice how many things new to him then are now mere commonplace. But if new to him at any time they must have been very novel to the outside world. A few extracts may serve as illustrations.

To his wife:—

" . . . The lecture you will see in the papers. It was suited to the multitude in some parts, and in others to the most advanced. It was a method of measuring and recording the heat of the sun, which was asserted to be the source of all the energy manifest in the planets. A photograph was taken in artificial light by burning magnesium. The spectrum, and analysis by it, were exhibited very well, also the electric as well as the magnesium light. The latter is very wonderful, rivalling electric light, or even sunlight. It is a recent introduction, owing to the discovery of a method of making magnesium cheaply. Till lately it was difficult to get a piece the size of a

pea, but the lecturer showed two pieces weighing 20 lbs. each. So discovery still goes on, with new things each year. Spectrum analysis is the last great thing. I wish you would learn what it means. I am delighted with its exhibition."

To A. E. R. :—

"Birmingham, *September 8, 1865.*

" . . . Bessemer related his experience in reference to the discovery most useful to the manufacturers of the world—turning cast-iron into cast-steel in a few minutes by 'the Bessemer process.' The triumph was complete, and to-day every one admitted and asserted it. He is a very nice man, and a right good speaker; altogether a most satisfactory affair. He was ridiculed by nearly everybody because, after he had succeeded in some instances, he occasionally failed in others. He cannot at present operate on all ores. But he persevered and took immense pains, and great is his reward—£120,000 a year now, and indefinite as to the future. He deserves it all. He took no notice of the opposition, but worked it out grandly. How Providence meets the wants of the world! A ship built of his steel will carry 250 times more than an iron vessel; a railway bar wears twenty times as long. Great is the power of perseverance, and good is it 'to suffer and be strong.'

"I was kept very much on the alert last night in making acquaintances. It would be very dreary to me to be simply an observer, but I was never long without some one to talk with. Poor Weldon was not there. He has a heavy blow in finding his chlorine process superseded. . . . Weldon's was a great success. Allhusen was putting up works to cost £14,000 or £20,000. But now this new man can drive them all out of the field. . . ."

The vicissitudes to which inventors are liable were strikingly illustrated in Mr. Weldon's career, as is shown by a reference at the Bradford meeting, 1873:—

"Mr. Weldon came up at this point, and was very earnest in telling me of the success of his system. No injury has been done by the Edinburgh process, though that was accepted by the chemists as superior. He has just come from Berlin, having travelled 2,500 miles, and visited eleven factories where his process is used."

“Dundee, *Saturday*, 1867.

“ . . . I attended the Geographical Section the first day, and though it appears dry in reading, without being *in* the subject, I was intensely interested. There was some very lively discussion on the nature of granite. One speaker maintained that it came in a fluid state from below and overflowed. The newer opinion, held especially by the young men, the elders hanging back a little, is that it is metamorphic, formed by the double action of fire and water. This is the hydrothermal theory. The crystals of granite are more fusible than the darker stone surrounding them, and must have been in solution at the same time as infusion in water heated red-hot. On this rests the theory that granite is not volcanic, in the sense of being ejected from beneath.

“I think the Duke showed great good sense in not assuming more than really belonged to him. Considerable objection is made to the shortness of his speech, but I have always taken his part. He could have got a speech up, and have read it; but it would not have been like himself. He said just what he thought, and one thing struck me much. He would not say he was unfit for the office, as that would have been a reflection on those who had chosen him for it.”

To A. E. R. :—

“Belfast, *September 24*, 1867.

“Dr. Lankester gave a very good turn to our Lord’s words, ‘Heal the sick,’ as being part of the work of the preacher of the Gospel, and his first work, in endeavouring to secure healthy conditions. But it goes farther than that: ‘Is any among you sick? Let him call for the elders of the Church.’ Alas! where are they who believe in Jesus in any practical way? ‘When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?’ He comes every day, seeking faith and finding none: very little indeed of this kind, and yet enough to awaken even in dead hearts a sense of the power of faith—Dorothea Trudel in one way, and George Müller in another. But when people think it wrong to wish to fulfil the first condition, and use means to recover health without asking God to restore them, where is the spirit of truth, of power, and of a sane mind? Is not the mind as sick as the body? Of course we submit ourselves to the will of God, but we ought to ask: ‘Why am I thus?’

“I had the great pleasure of hearing Sir James Simpson, of

Edinburgh, the most complete *beau-ideal* of a doctor I have met. He is a rather short, stout man, with such a pleasant face, and *long hair*. His address was most interesting—on ‘Sanitary Law’—and I never saw an audience more interested. I have been and am attending the section over which he presides. There happens to be pen and ink on the bench where I am sitting, and if what is going on is not specially interesting I am writing and listening. Dr. Lankester is a nice man—next to Sir J. Simpson. If I am ever ill I should like to go to Sir James. I never saw a man I could have more confidence in, both as a man and a doctor. . . . You must read all that he has been saying about bad air, &c. It was worth coming here for that one speech.”

To the end this capacity for “hero-worship” remained unspoiled, and it was so simple and so genuine that it rarely failed to impress its object. There was an amusing story, at an earlier time, of an interview with Faraday, to whom my father had written about the combustion plan. As he was accidentally passing the house he espied the great chemist coming down the steps “with some person of consequence,” of whom he adds, “He had come to the door with him, and I think he had been bored.”

It was certainly an inauspicious moment for an interview, and the reception was at first far from encouraging, but, as usual, my father succeeded in arresting his attention, and though pleading old age and physical weakness as reasons for not being able to enter fully into his plans, Faraday “shook hands twice” as they parted.

There is another description of one of these happy accidents which may come in this connection:—

“ . . . I have had a delightful adventure this week. In visiting a cousin in Essex I found that Isaac Taylor lived near, so I went to see him. He received me most kindly. He is a charming man, small in size, about sixty-five or so, with white hair, and a very intellectual countenance, and, unlike most of the

authors I have met, with no sarcastic, critical expression on it, but the most perfect look of goodwill. He said: 'We have had a great deal of feeling in our house lately. I have lost my——' 'Yes,' I interposed, 'I have heard so.' He had lost his wife lately. 'And,' he continued, 'my eldest daughter has just gone to Central Africa; she married a physician.' There was such a fine expression of deep feeling, alike removed from indifference and from lack of submission to the decrees of God. I spoke to him of the advantage I had derived from his writings and those of his sister Jane, and of my having named my daughter after her. I just touched on my disposition to question theological points in my early faith, and he said that the fire and faggot system of meeting inquiry was not calculated to help such minds. He spoke of the necessity for those who are committed to theological opinions to suppress inquiry or at least dissent from those opinions. For himself, being a layman, he was able to speak his thoughts as those could not do who are committed to dogma.

"A good deal passed that I cannot now put on paper, but I never was more pleased with any one. He asked me to return in the evening."

We all went to the British Association meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1865, where one of the most interesting discussions took place between Mr. Carter Blake and William Craft, a full-blooded negro, who stood his ground triumphantly in an argument on Darwinianism. Mr. Craft's book, "A Thousand Miles for Freedom," had brought him before the public.

Here we made acquaintance with the American "learned blacksmith" Elihu Burritt, who had succeeded Nathaniel Hawthorne as American Consul at Birmingham, whence my father wrote of him, sending us a little magazine issued by Mr. Burritt, advocating peace and anti-slavery views:—

"I send you a 'Bond of Brotherhood' with the 'Continuation of Great Wrongs.' I told Elihu Burritt that I had rarely read anything that affected me more. He seems aware that he has

said the right thing on the subject of slavery, the thing that wanted saying, and nobody able to say it. But he says it only to a very few. It will, however, be republished, and a few will appreciate it, I think ; at any rate, the time will come when it will be appreciated in the higher stage of existence, if not now or here. He will be another instance of ' delayed, not lost. '

His portrait was in the Town Hall, where the *conversazione* was held. There was much decoration, and a hundred singing men and women, with a plentiful supply of grapes, cakes, tea, coffee, and ices, no wine, fortunately.

My father saw more of Mr. Burritt at the Bath meeting in 1866, and often refers to him in his letters. This meeting was of special interest in the gathering of Australians to hear a paper by Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Torrens on his Land Act, which is thus noticed :—

" . . . Mr. Burritt and I went to hear the discussion, long and earnest, on the metrical and decimal systems. Then Mr. Torrens had his turn about the conveyance of property. Judge Cooper" (Sir Charles now) "was there, and I had a talk with him and Sir John Bowring. The old judge, who looks younger than he did twenty-four years ago, seemed glad to see me. So did Torrens. I had also a talk with Mr. Fawcett, the blind professor. He was with Torrens, who was very complimentary in telling him of my doings in the Colony. Fawcett said, ' You ought to have made him a lord there ! ' to which Torrens gave partial assent."

At the meeting at Exeter in 1868, or 1869, he had the pleasure of seeing something of Sir George Grey, "the great pro-consul," of whom he had grateful memories from the days of the reaping-machine.

Earlier in the same year he had written to me :—

" I have just been to a meeting of ' Arts and Sciences,' seeing that Sir George Grey was to be in the chair. After it was over

he spoke to me, saying, 'Why don't you come to see me? Come to breakfast to-morrow.' I shall go with pleasure."

"Bath, 1866.

"Mr. Burritt had a long talk with Sir Rowland Hill's daughter, for whom I did not care much at first, but thought quite differently afterwards. I ought to refrain from forming opinions so quickly.

"It has been very pleasant, but the social element is a great addition to the merely intellectual.

"The baths are all that was ever conceived of delight. I swam half an hour in a bath of blood heat. The waters ought to have made a city even if they had not done so. Two or three hogsheads come up every minute at 120 degrees, or 150 gallons a minute. What can one say of the present inhabitants, when not one of them takes a bath unless ordered medically? There were five in the large public bath this morning, and there had been six before breakfast; usually there are none. What does human nature deserve for so slighting a Divine bounty but just what it gets—weakness, sickness, death?

"I have already met several acquaintances, Moncure Conway in particular. At first I was alone at the *soirée*, so I chose a man in the same plight, looking as if he wanted some one to speak to him, and he was grateful as well as intelligent, and we got on very well.

"I was much struck by one man, and said: 'There is a bishop who is a bishop, just what a bishop should be!' and who should it be but Colenso? I did not get an introduction, though Conway was talking with him, and I said that if he had an opening he might mention me as a sympathiser. But he had no opportunity. Colenso came to our section next morning, and I began applauding and said 'Colenso!' The applause was very general and repeated. It might have happened without me, but I undoubtedly began it.

"He rose to speak, and it was renewed. He spoke most beautifully as he announced the death of Captain Speke, calling out deep sympathy.

"Captain Speke was to have read a paper in the Geographical Section to-day, but the announcement of his death was made instead. He was within a few miles of this place when the accident happened. I saw Captain Grant last night.

"I went out of the room twice to-day, going out to speak to Judge Cooper and Mr. Torrens. As I came in again the second time, the person at the door, who was in a soldier's uniform, said to me: 'I have been asked who you are by several,' a clever, civil way, I believe, of asking me for my ticket, which, of course, I showed, saying, 'That is my name.' I suppose he had orders not to allow any one to enter without showing the ticket, and yet to be civil. I walked down the street with Sir John Bowring's arm in mine; a fine old man he is!

"I have got on wonderfully, writing little things without any thought in them, and not even a moral to be drawn. What next, I wonder?"

He was often amused at being mistaken for persons of distinction, as, for instance, during Garibaldi's visit to London, when he more than once found himself the object of an ovation.

There is another allusion to this subject in a letter from Bradford, which brings in the much-talked-of "Mrs. Guppy," who was said to have made her appearance at a *séance* by dropping in through the ceiling:—

"The *soirée* was a lovely scene, and I met about sixteen acquaintances. Mrs. Guppy spoke to me as to an old acquaintance, mistaking me for Dr. Leighton, as did three other persons. He himself turned up just as the third was addressing me in his name. I don't suppose he felt flattered by the likeness, as he must be at least ten years younger than I am. Another man asked me very cordially how I was, and when I suggested that he was mistaken, said, 'Well, I think I am, but I thought you were Dr. —', somebody else! It is an old experience to be thus mistaken.

"I rather like Mrs. Guppy. She seems very good-tempered and unassuming, expressing her pleasure in seeing so many pleasant and pleased faces. She seems not disposed to do much manifestation, and expresses herself as not liking it. Mr. Crookes wishes to meet Mrs. Guppy. Mr. Guppy had found some spiritualists, and was attending a *séance*.

"The chief thing that has been talked of in the circle in which I found myself is the attack on spiritualism by the President of the Biological Section. Mr. Crookes proposes to



read a paper on Monday, and so there will be a good come down on the assailant, I trust as good as he deserves. Leighton is here, and he can talk. Lord Lindsey especially is very zealous. . . .”

He mentions afterwards that Mr. Crookes' paper was not accepted.

The meeting of the Social Science Congress at Nottingham in 1866 was made interesting in meeting the Rev. Samuel Cox, whose works had long been familiar to him. He thus mentions him and his preaching:—

“ . . . I met Mr. Cox this morning, and was with him long enough to know something of him. He is not a ‘saint’ in the conventional sense; I hope he may be in a better. He smokes, I fear. He wears a beard, and is open generally as to his creed. I am going to hear him preach on Sunday.

“ . . . I heard Samuel Cox yesterday; two wonderful sermons; the chapel not full, and his voice affected by some ailment. I was quite near, but could not make it all out. The text of his first sermon was in Jeremiah: ‘I will not speak any more in the name of the Lord,’ and the history in chapters xix. and xx. He made Jeremiah a living man, standing before us, and his wonderful experience made real, vivid—an audacious man, telling God He had deceived him, and cursing the day of his birth, all this shown as a phase of human life which every man of the double type of masculine and feminine united must feel; an impulsive man, apparently very wrong, and yet a man of God, a prophet of the Lord. Jeremiah needed no defence, he said. If God spoke only through perfect men, we might all despair.

“ It was the subject of all others I needed, an enlargement of my ‘Communication in the Vatican,’ ‘I will speak no more.’ But speaking was no matter of choice to Jeremiah. The word was as a fire in his bones. I am not making a presumptuous pretension if I say I have also something of the spirit of Jeremiah, in a thousandth degree, with some experience of the darker and of the lighter phase.

“ Mr. Cox's preaching has only one fault: it is too good for the age. We want preachers to be only a *little* better than ourselves. The world will still crucify, in one way or another, its messiahs.”

Another special interest of this Nottingham gathering was in making friends with two descendants of the Rev. W. Bramwell, whose name had been a household word in his boyhood. He wrote more than usually descriptive letters on this occasion :—

“ . . . We had a delightful dinner at the Bramwells', everything *couleur de rose*, the hostess very nice, with three fine children, whom I believe I was able to bless in the Divine name, as well as in memory of their great grandfather. There was also a grandson who had written the life of his grandfather, with whom I had perfectly harmonious talk.

“ Everything else is of the same character. The excursions are delightful. We went down a pit, and *that* was charming! Ladies by the dozen went down; no difficulty about it, no more than getting into a railway carriage and going through a tunnel, the Thames Tunnel, for instance, all arched over, whitewashed, and eight feet high. The workings to which we were taken, half a mile away, were quite comfortable. Dr. Mann gave a very amusing account of our descent at a capital dinner.

“ . . . Our entertainers are Catholic Apostolic Church people. We went with them to a service, fourteen persons there. I don't know what to think of them, but they are very diligent, and attend every morning at six, and even five. . . .

“ We had a wonderful description of Arabia—most amusing—from Mr. Palgrave, who has written a book we must read. I have spoken to Ramsay, but did not hear his address. I wish I had, but one cannot be in two places at once. I went to hear Huxley, but it was too crowded, and Mr. Cox and I went to Palgrave's. He is the 'lion' of the day, as Baker was yesterday. There was not quite so much enthusiasm to-day, though it was very great. What a delightful thing a little hero-worship is!”

From Nottingham there is another very characteristic utterance addressed to his wife :—

“ Nottingham, *August 23*, 1866.

“ Mr. Groves made the speech I send you, and the enthusiasm was general and very great. But it was much more in the morning for Sir S. Baker, the explorer of the Nile. He is a real hero in every sense an explorer need be, and a real orator. The applause was as great as could well be. I was delighted

with it as well as with the *man* and his *wife*. She did not appear, but was glorified in her absence. He said he thought wives generally would do as she did—have fellowship with their husbands in suffering. I let fall the remark that it would be worth the suffering for such results. I can, however, say that *my* wife went through very great hardship for and with me, so I ought to be thankful for everything, as I do feel I am. . . . I have met many acquaintances, and had a particularly nice talk with a lady with whom, in my exuberance of happy feeling, I commenced a dialogue, who turned out to be Sir John Bowring's wife. I believe it was to some purpose providential. It was rather unaccountable otherwise."

This last impression was quite justified by future events, since, in consequence of this talk, Lady Bowring gave very valuable help to Miss Buss' work, in which we were then deeply interested. Miss Buss was just making the change from a private to a public school for girls, which was the foundation of the movement for girls' public day-schools. This was a work after my father's own heart, and he gave his help warmly, having, in addition, great admiration and friendship towards Miss Buss herself. From the Leeds meeting, in 1871, he again speaks of her :—

"Miss Buss has had a large measure of notice in both Mrs. Grey's and Miss Gurney's papers. The last paper had a full description of the schools; and, in her second address, Mrs. Grey praised her as having made many sacrifices, with some applause. Mrs. Newmarch did not succeed in her effort to get up an advocacy of the cause. It had, however, a full exposition in a very large section. Miss Davies spoke, and the chairman, Mr. Baines, rather upheld Miss Gurney's speech in favour of American teaching.

"Miss Todd, of Dublin, made a good speech; and the chairman paid a compliment to Mrs. Butler's speech, which is not well reported. Most things are spoiled in the reporting."

The Birmingham meeting of the Social Science Congress was also interesting from this same point

of view, the education question coming to the front. From our present standpoint it is very curious to mark the difference—little more than thirty years ago—in public opinion.

It must be remembered that in 1868 the idea of "Higher Education" for women was still a startling novelty. Miss Emily Davies' book with that title was considered more than a little doubtful. She and Miss Buss had indeed made their memorable appearance before a Royal Commission to consider secondary education, the first women so honoured, and they had together made a success of the then untried Cambridge Local Examinations for Girls; but "colleges for women" were still the poet's dream, and the "Princess" no more than a fairy tale. If any seer, looking forward thirty years, had told his vision of Emily Davies invested at Glasgow with her doctor's degree and gown, or of a memorial service in London's great cathedral, its archbishop and bishop both taking part, to Frances Mary Buss, such visions would have entitled him to free residence at Hanwell.

On all questions touching women my father had all his life been as advanced as the most "advanced" of womankind, on one occasion, at least, even more so, as I find in a childish Australian journal of mine this entry:—"Papa says he hopes that when I am a woman I shall write a good book. I think myself that I would rather be a happy woman."

In connection with the Nottingham meeting there is a reference to one of Miss Garrett's (Mrs. Garrett Anderson) first public appearances:—

"I have enjoyed the meeting here to-day very much indeed. An address on the reform of law was intensely interesting, and another on hospital reform, on which Miss Garrett read a

paper and afterwards spoke *extempore* most charmingly. She was the most popular and most praised of any, and the compliments paid her were evidently quite sincere. I sat next to her and showed her *my letter*. [She seemed much gratified, and said that she believed the name of 'Una' was Lucy Neville, of Lincoln Hospital.]

The "letter" here mentioned was one deeply prized from Florence Nightingale. Her article in *Good Words* on "Una and her Work" so stirred my father that he wrote to her, leading to a correspondence, from which I am allowed to make extracts:—

"London, August 1, 1868.

"DEAR SIR,

"I cannot tell you how deeply touched I was at receiving your kind and encouraging note.

"Thank you again and again for your sympathy with my 'Una.' Sympathy with her and her work is so precious to me.

"But when I see that your letter and its enclosure, which I have just received (forwarded, I believe, by Messrs. Strahan, the publishers of *Good Words*), is dated June 23rd, I am horrified lest you should think your kindness has been lost or misdirected.

"The enclosure is a £5 cheque. I do not think that I can accept this. And I will write and tell you why and ask you what you wish done with it.

"But I will not lose a single post in thanking you for your great kindness, which, believe me, makes me truly, dear sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

"London, August 2, 1868.

"DEAR SIR,

". . . I must now beg leave to return your cheque for £5, but with as much gratitude as if I had kept it. The fund for training nurses is sufficient. We do not now receive subscriptions for it. But although, as you may suppose, I have plenty of objects which require money, yet there is none to which I could devote it more urgent than objects to which you

yourself could apply it. In other words, though I am engaged in certain specific pursuits which require money, yet I do not like to spend your £5 on any object which may not be yours. For training nurses and matrons 'silver and gold' we do not want, but living heads and hearts and hands like those of your daughters.

“ . . . And now I must again thank you for your kindness. It came to encourage me at a time, I will not say of despondency, but a solemn time to me. (Every life has its solemn times, if people would but mark them!) For this first week in August saw fifteen years ago my first undertaking of the matronship of a public institution; twelve years ago my return from the Crimea home, since which time I have not visited this home; seven years ago the death of the best friend and fellow-worker man or woman ever had, Sidney Herbert, the War Minister, whose great exertions were the highest good as his early death was the deepest loss the army—I had almost said the country—ever had; five years ago we finished the report of our Royal India Sanitary Commission, which has, praise be to God and thanks to the appointment of Sir John Lawrence as Governor-General of India in the same year, 1863, borne good fruit both for natives and Europeans in India. It is also eleven years this very day since I was taken ill with the illness from which I have never risen again. You see how much I have to thank God for, who has indeed led me by a way I have not known. At the same time, He has seen fit to send me troubles like torrents of water, to cross which one must never look downwards. For if one did one would be too much terrified to cross at all. I am almost the last survivor of my fellow-workers, though many were but little older than I. And this year has seen the death of my 'Una,' who was many years younger than I. Life under this *loses*—shall I say?—or *gains*—all its value. It becomes but as a part of eternity. And past and future would seem almost more a reality and a presence than the present were it not for pressing duty.

“I don't know that I ever wrote so long a letter about my own things before. For, indeed, I am overwhelmed with business.

“I thank you again and again for your kindness, which, believe me, dear sir, makes me truly

“Ever your faithful servant,

“FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.”

“ . . . I had almost forgotten to say, in answer to your generous wish to ‘contribute towards’ a ‘monument to “Una,”’ that a rich merchant, whom I am forbidden to name, but whose singular generosity first made ‘Una’s’ work possible—for he actually undertook the whole expenses, about £1,200 a year, of her workhouse nursing establishment till the Vestry, convinced of its value, opened them itself, and these and many other works has he done for his native town—has insisted on defraying the whole cost of the ‘monument’ which he has undertaken to erect to the memory of her public service.

“ F. N.”

“ London, *November 17, 1868.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ . . . I keep the £5 cheque *in your name* (which you were kind enough to re-enclose), as you insist upon it. And in your name I will give it away when I have found an object which I think *you* will believe suitable, writing you word of its destination, though I had rather you had found this destination yourself.

“ You sometimes speak sorrowfully of the overwhelming evil of this world. So, indeed, do I. But I hope you think hopefully, as I do, of the crisis of to-day.

“ Looking at the social reforms, the free trade, the Corn Law repeal, the administrative reforms, the educational reforms, reforms in governing our great dependencies, such as India, religious reforms, financial reforms, sanitary and commercial reforms, which have followed directly or indirectly the great political reform of 1832, may we not trust and believe that greater things than these may flow from the political Act of this day, 1868?

“ You know, perhaps, as I do, what it is never to have a minute’s leisure, and will excuse this short and tardy acknowledgment.

“ Pray, dear sir, believe me,

“ Ever your faithful servant,

“ FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.”

“ John Ridley, Esq.”

“London, *January 7, 1869.*”

“DEAR SIR,

“I have now the pleasure of informing you what I have done with the £5 which you wished me to employ for you.

“Believing, as I do, that the only real charity is to put persons in the way of production and remunerative work who, from physical defects, intellectual defects, moral defects, are incapable of finding it for themselves—and this the Poor Law might do for them, at least to a considerable extent, but declares it impossible—I have given in your name £2 10s. to the East End Emigration Fund, which has, by migration and emigration, provided permanent employment for about 1,750 poor persons of the most unpromising material, nearly all of whom are doing well, and this at a cost of less than £4 per head. And I have given in your name £2 10s. to the Adult Industrial Home, which is a private institution issuing no reports, set on foot by three poor ladies who have, under their own supervision, enabled poor women, deficient in intellect, deficient in habits of temperance, who would otherwise be picking oakum in the workhouse or doing worse, to do laundry and other work, by which they earn considerable wages, and have besides a share in the concern, according to the productiveness of their labour and their good conduct. But these ladies, who furnished the original ‘plant’ themselves, are now desirous of building a laundry and making the institution otherwise independent, which they continue to supervise.

“I trust that you will approve of the use made of the two sums, both of which have been acknowledged with many thanks, and beg that you will believe me, dear sir,

“Ever your faithful servant,

“FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

“John Ridley, Esq.”

There is no doubt that his full approval, with probably additional help, would go with these practical suggestions. Any effort to help women or to advance their interests was certain to secure his sympathy.

At the Social Science Congress he attended the sections where women spoke, and gave his support to



any new movement. The women's suffrage movement was thoroughly to his mind.

From the Birmingham Congress he writes to his wife :—

“ Birmingham, *October 3, 1868.*

“ A long and capital paper was read to-day to a large assembly of ladies, written, but not read, by Emily Davies, upon a women's college. It is to be at Hitchin, and young ladies are to take degrees. It was favourably received, and was so good that you must read it. There is much that should be very stirring. One person said that many considered a man weak-minded who asks his wife's opinion about anything. He always does, and he always takes it! There is a happy man. I believe he is right. If a man would cultivate the confidence of his wife, and have the right feeling to her, they would become one in spirit, so as to be much wiser than either can be separately. If our Lord's prayer, ‘That they all may be one,’ be ever fulfilled, it must be when man and wife strive to be so. . . . If a man gives a woman all his confidence, and does all he can to communicate what he has to bestow, there will be, I incline to think, something of clairvoyance in a small degree, not in any abnormal sense, but women are more open than men to those influences which direct our course in times of difficulty or of danger. This is rather in the abstract, but it may explain why many men do get advice from their wives on points that may seem to be above a wife's capacity.”

This abstract feeling about women in general had always its root in his estimate of the one especial woman who was to him the embodiment of all that was most excellent, to whom he turns again at the close of the proceedings :—

“ . . . I would like to be at home again. Pleasant as it is to be received as we have been, there is a pleasure in being *at home* which makes return always the most pleasant prospect, all the more for seeing it in new lights and from different points of view.”

On this occasion the home trio were spending the time with friends, and my father reached home

before us, when he thus writes to the absent wife:—

“ 19, Belsize Park, *October 11, 1868.*

“ . . . Here I am at home again and feeling as happy as I ever expect to be, for at present there does not seem to be anything on which I can hang a complaint against either Divinity or humanity. I was quite at a loss what to do with myself, . . . but I found I had been seeing enough lately, and rest was more welcome than sight-seeing, such rest as I shall have here, which means change only, for I have no idea of resting, *i.e.*, taking things easily, either in this world or any other. ‘Labour is rest’ when you are convinced you are working to an end; that is Tennyson’s new poem :

‘Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by, to be lost on an endless sea,  
Glory of virtue to fight, to struggle to right the wrong;  
Nay, but she aimed not at glory—no lover of glory she,  
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.’

“I have a letter saying you are coming home to-morrow, and I am very glad that you are. . . . I hope A. will come too, but she must be guided by the ‘inner light.’ ‘Give her the glory of going on.’ Give my warmest expression of attachment and sense of obligation for her kindness to Mrs. M.

“Your affectionate partner in life and afterwards.”

In Birmingham two years later, my father and Mr. Burritt seem to have again met often in the Colonial Section, as one of his letters mentions:—

“ . . . I have just come from the meeting, after listening five and a half hours to Macdouall Stuart; a very nice little man, and a capital account of his journey (interior of Australia). . . . We heard Livingstone last night. He had a most perfect ovation. I never saw so much enthusiasm for a man—real genuine homage, such as should be paid to those who exert themselves for others. . . . The spirit of a meeting is a wonderful fact; a continuity of feeling is excited by contact. . . . Bishop Colenso had an ovation too, a little to start with, then a few hisses, and

then a storm of applause such as I have seldom heard. I met a man from Australia to-day, whom we last saw in Hobart, where he was protector of aborigines. I made him acquainted with Elihu Burritt, who invited him to his house.

“My time is very pleasantly passed here, more than pleasantly. I am frequently as much excited as is good for me. . . .

“Lady Bowring was very kind, but I have seen her only once as yet. Mr. Stirling was here one day only. We heard Kingsley, and remained about half an hour trying to hear Mary Carpenter, but we could not, and gave it up. Sir R. Torrens, as you will see, is great in the matter of which he speaks, and very well as to manner, perfectly self-possessed and sufficient—a considerable person. He was twenty-five years in Adelaide. My Quaker friend is here; the physician is not. Holyoake spoke to me before I saw him, and Mr. Arthur, the Wesleyan. He speaks at the Education Section.

“I attended the section where infant mortality was discussed. Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell spoke very sensibly. She is a fine-looking woman, between forty and fifty. In the interval I met Stirling and Torrens, and we went to the colonial discussion about nothing, and lost that in the other section, which was something. Friday was distracted. Emigration question came to nothing—the old truisms and platitudes. So, really, I have not made much out.”

The most noticeable point in connection with these meetings was the wideness of range embraced by his quite vivid interest. Any question of a social character engaged his full attention just as truly as the most abstruse scientific or theological problem. Science, perhaps, took a second place, theology coming first, as in the poem often quoted by him, “Who loves not knowledge?”

This feeling comes out clearly in a letter from the Liverpool meeting in 1870, to A. E. R. :—

“. . . I did not think much of the President's address, never having felt the great importance of settling the question whether

the world made itself; being content to believe simply that there was truth in the Scripture account: 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.' I think our scientific men would be delighted to find evidence that there is nothing in existence greater than themselves. Well, I hope that is all wrong, and that they do not hate the idea of a God to be worshipped. There is, however, a great disinclination to worship, as Tyndall has admitted most fully. But it does not follow because we cannot go all the way with them that we should make no use of them. They have their value—and an incalculable, inestimable value it is—and here I differ from the exclusive religionists. It is of great interest to trace life to its source. Both Huxley and Tyndall were great on this subject."

The religious meetings which always formed part of the Social Science Congress and of the British Association also were naturally of interest to the born theologian. He makes a good comment on a saying of Lord Radstock's, "Praise is the only way, for it is passiveness":—

"Men may most properly be divided into classes by the fact of praising God or not. The Divine condescension has said: 'He that offereth praise glorifieth Me, and I will show him the salvation of God.'

". . . I believe there is no way so direct to direct vision as offering praise. A thankful heart is the greatest gift of God. All complaining or repining, so much darkness; all negation is waste of power.

"I was talking with a nice old Scotchman—Cleghorn, of Castleton—who asked me 'why Protestantism has not conquered Popery more completely.' I said rather rashly: 'Because it is not the truth. It has as much mere negation as positive proof, and negation is mere waste of power. Dispel the darkness by letting in light rather than by fruitless effort to destroy it.' He did not accept my reason, as he has one of his own to be produced at one of the sections. I should have added that Protestantism denied or protested too much, and could not therefore be honoured in being allowed to destroy a worse system."

There is a passage from a letter home which is very appropriate to my father's own action at all times:—

*“Sincere Speech.*—What a grand world it would be if there was a little sincere speech, if there were a few persons who said only what they meant, whose speech could be taken for its full value! Everything is sham; you cannot trust to anything that is said. Read a sermon I sent, as I am pleased to see one man who is not ashamed to speak out concerning the hollowness of modern life. Unless such things are spoken of from some influential source, I do think we are fast drifting on the breakers where we shall be dashed to pieces. To speak only what we mean must be the first step towards thinking what things mean. What is the meaning of the strange phenomena around us called life? So few seem to care about understanding things. To do so we need ‘not folded arms, nor slackness of the mind.’ . . .”

He lost no chance of speaking the “word in season,” possibly sometimes, though not so very often, also “out of season.” It was seldom that the listeners failed to do justice to the singleness of purpose that prompted the unconventional openness or gravity of speech. Here is his account of a night journey to Edinburgh in 1871, one of many similar experiences:—

“. . . I was twelve hours on the journey, sitting bolt-upright, and, as there was nothing to lean my head upon, could not sleep. I thought it would be a doleful night, but I was not very tired; in fact, I felt as fresh at the end of the journey as at the beginning, especially as the last two hours were spent in talking with a very intelligent person, connected with the London Press. He saw me take out the letter of invitation, and commenced a conversation which included every conceivable topic. He is a genuine specimen of the present time as to free questioning, but very dispassionate and liberal, not Christian. If he thinks over what I said he may have a chance of becoming so. He was forced to admit that Jesus has claims on the attention of humanity which cannot be neglected without compromising the character for consistency. I was in a

smoking carriage, and had to endure a good deal. However, it seems now very like a dream. . . . I am in company with Mr. and Mrs. Walter Weldon. He is as entertaining as ever ; no man I ever met is more so. . . . It is a very fine day, and Nature and the city are alike beautiful. I have a seat where I can hear, and hope I may keep a cheerful bearing during the week. . . .

“ I have just met half a dozen or more friends. . . . Mr. Holyoake was in the same carriage with the Rev. John Manners and myself. I talked some earnest religion to him without exciting any manifest opposition, and I feel quite sure that is the only way to talk to an unbeliever. I just spoke to W. H. Channing, and saw Sir John Bowring. . . .”

“ Norwich, *Aug. 24th.*

“. . . I am very well, and have not had a ripple to disturb the tranquillity of the scene, not being tranquil to look at, but

‘Calm on tumult’s wheel I sit.’

Everything has been agreeable ; not many very exciting papers ; Hepworth Dixon’s was the most so—very exciting indeed. Tyndall’s address is all that could be expected, and is worthy of study. Manners and I took lodgings together, and we have such animated conversations, so much of a spiritual element in them that we both get into higher regions. . . . He will be the better for his experience here. It seems almost a new world to him ; so many things he had not taken into consideration, especially the peculiar state of the scientific intellect and the proper attitude that Christians ought to take to it. The greatest mistakes have been made all along, and will be disastrous to both parties. . . .”

## CHAPTER XX.

### EXCURSIONS.

"Variety is the spice of life."

LIFE in London was varied by many outings at all seasons, till we had a fair acquaintance with the country in many directions, especially on the south coast. St. Leonards, where Mr. Forster had settled down, was a favourite resort, and we were often at Freshwater. Usually we went in summer to the Isle of Wight when the poet was absent; but once my father and I were there in June, and had one glimpse of him, as he passed us on the way to the bay, leaning on the arm of his son, greatly changed from the stalwart figure so well remembered at Ventnor. By this time we had heard so much of the encroachment of strangers on the quiet of the great writer that there was not even the temptation to recall that treasured episode.

We were fortunate in seeing something and hearing more of the next prominent personality of Freshwater, Mrs. Cameron, then in the height of her success in artistic photography. She was in the habit of seizing on visitors whose faces struck her as suitable for her purpose, and she took some trouble to induce my father to sit for her as one of her series of "prophets." But, great as the compliment might be, he was immovable. He disliked photographs in general, and his own in

particular; and he could not even make exception for Mrs. Cameron's portraits of Tennyson and Sir Henry Taylor, in which the lines of age seemed to him too much accentuated.

I remember one evening meeting Mrs. Cameron in the lane after she had just captured a beautiful child for an angel picture. He was the son of some visitor as yet unknown to her, and she was making friends by the promise of showing him her pretty house. The friend who was with me asked if we might go too, and I have never forgotten the experience. To the boy it must have seemed a raid into fairyland, for the house was picturesque long before the picturesque had become a fashion. We went from room to room, each more quaint than the other, two scenes especially standing out from the rest. In an out-of-the-way little tower-room we came on Mr. Cameron, who, clad in a flowing blue robe, with a gold-embroidered cap on his silver locks, must have seemed to the child the very ideal of an old-world magician. And the wondering eyes opened still wider as we passed into a gallery above the music-room, where we looked down on a vision of St. Cecilia at a golden organ. It chanced, happily for us, that three lovely sisters were practising sacred music and making a perfect picture with their white draperies in the sunset glow shining out of the shadow.

Few places gathered so much of interest in remarkable personalities as Freshwater in the middle of the nineteenth century, and it had many happy memories for us, as for so many more.

But we often went abroad, to Switzerland especially, going by Paris, and returning by the Rhine and Heidelberg, renewing our German experiences.

Sometimes my father went with friends, and in 1863



a journey to Italy with Mr. Alexander Hay, of Adelaide, opened out new sources of interest, as they visited most of the notable cities between Naples and Venice, in the leisurely travel of that date.

In 1865 I went with him to Nice, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Forster on their way home from Adelaide. This "dip into summer" out of the ice and snow of an English January was at that date a less usual experience than it is now in these days of easy transit. Nice was then the terminus of the Riviera railroad, and the first of the now abundant eucalyptus trees were still in their infancy.

A note from Nice gives some of the first impressions of this journey :—

"Everything is as pleasant as could be expected, except that we must have a fire, and the fireplaces are so constituted as to give (as nearly as can be conceived) no heat. It almost all goes up the chimney. The construction is as bad as could be permitted, as bad as it could enter into the mind of any sort of person to make it. It tries my patience. Picture a square hole of about twenty inches each way, nearly two feet in depth, with a little fire at the far end, and a screen to pull down and shut in all the heat and send it up the chimney. The temperature in the room during the night without a fire was 50. In sunshine it is warm enough without a fire. It must be so generally, or the present fireplace could not be endured.

"*Monday.*—A very bright day; quite summer. One never ceases wondering at the change of climate in a few miles. About 200 miles north the snow was falling, ice covering the water, and no more sign of vegetation than in England; and then, all at once, we find ourselves in another world. This privilege is largely appreciated, it seems. Scores of large new houses are being built, and hotels with hundreds of rooms, all high-priced, and all filled. For two we pay as much as for four at Frankfurt."

He never missed any chance of conversation with fellow-travellers, being always ready to enter into any

fresh phase of experience, however remote from his own. Any form of goodness met with instant response, as is shown in some little episodes, the first in England:—

“I have had a very good time of it so far, several good talks with people who can listen or have goodwill to listen. I have been seeing the bright side, and very little of the shady side. I had an hour’s talk with a Sister of Mercy, who sat opposite to me in the railway carriage. I did not venture to speak till we got to Margate, but she responded very readily, and invited me to see the orphans of the Archbishop’s Orphanage. She knows, or did know, Miss Waring, who lives near her old home, and who is quite a ‘model woman.’ Her mission is as a nursing sister. She listened to my outpouring with more interest than I have usually met with; professed to be interested in all I said, and made no objections. I think she did not feel any, as she seemed to take it in, although she said that much was new to her. She ‘liked to listen to new things, as it was the only way to make advance.’ I gave her a copy of the ‘Mystery of Pain,’ with which she seemed much pleased. ‘So you think me good? but I am not,’ she said, as I was leaving, quite unaffectedly, and I think sincerely. She would pass as a saint of the modern times as well as anybody I have seen next to Miss Waring. I nearly said this to her, but it was better not.”

“Nice, *Jan. 31st*, 1860.

“I was so very much struck by the look of a Sister of Mercy, whom I met a few mornings ago, that I involuntarily bowed to her, in acknowledgment of the good that might be in her. It was early morning, at eight o’clock service. She was all in black, crape over her head, and with such an earnest mournful face.

“I saw her again to-day, and, after journeying for a mile, she went into a poor house, probably on a visit of mercy. There was so much of good, and so much, perhaps, of something not so good, in the sadness and gloom that seemed to be an atmosphere around her, very suitable to the prevalent ideas of the condition, present and future, of the human race, but, I hope, unwarranted in fact. She was the very embodiment of

what a saint ought to be, if the apparent condition of men is at all to be taken as indicative of the future, and if our God is not the Saviour of all men, the God of salvation. Well may the believers in a God of perdition clothe themselves in black and hang crape over their heads.

"I believe this poor woman accepted the homage I offered to her good intentions, and put up a prayer for me, and I felt as if I could unite in a prayer for mutual blessing. It is best to make the most of agreement, even when the disagreement is as great as between her and me."

On the same journey he writes:—

"Hotel de Lille, Paris, et d'Albion,  
"March 26, 1863.

"... Made the acquaintance of an extraordinary man. Ten years ago he was working in a coal-pit, and has never been to school, and can scarcely read; but he has taken several patents successfully, selling for £1,000 one for making gas burners in a new and improved fashion. He is bringing his machinery for making them to Paris and Belgium, that he may sell the patent there. He knows a little of everything. He is a religious man and opens the Bible for direction in all matters. Evidently he has spirit communication, and he took to the idea at once as an explanation of his experiences. He foresees the future, and felt Prince Albert's death a fortnight before it happened, with other cases of a similar kind. How can one account for a man without learning knowing everything? I felt inclined to speak to him about making an air engine, recommending him to do so as one of the most useful and profitable speculations. After I had said my say about it he told me that he was engaged with one, and that it was to be his work when he returned. He thought it a strange coincidence that I should be so earnest in recommending him what he was so intent on doing. It was this that made me believe in his spiritual capacity. I have seldom spoken about the air engine to any one, and I regarded my disposition to speak to him as special.

"... Paris is more beautiful than ever. It is a misfortune to see it, for it makes every other place—not excepting London—seem mean and disgracefully out of order. One's *beau ideal* of a city cannot excel what Paris seems to be."

This opinion is very curiously modified in his next allusion to the city in 1865:—

“ Paris, *January 17, 1865.*

“ A. is delighted with the grandeur and glory of the place, and I think there is no other such place on this earth. No doubt all these fine things are captivating at first sight : but I soon turn from all they bring to that which they cannot bring ; beauty is beauty, and not to be despised, but true grandeur is not to be found in this most sinful city—the grandest and the vilest in one. Even the literal filth is commensurate either with the outward grandeur or the inward defilement.”

Our first visit to Paris had been during the Great Exhibition in 1855. We also went to the second Exhibition in 1867, with its proclamation of universal peace, hopes recalled very vividly by force of contrast as we went again, just after the war in June, 1871.

My father's idea in this visit, as soon as the city was open to visitors, was to help the distress of which we had heard so much. But in Paris itself we could hear of nothing very exceptional, the people seeming rather to resent than to respond to inquiries. Indeed, the one great surprise was at the rapidity with which things righted themselves and at the cheerfulness with which ordinary life was resumed.

No record remains in my father's own writing, but some extracts from my letters home will convey his impressions also:—

“ Paris, *June 21, 1871.*

“ Nearing Paris, we were glad to see the country still smiling and fertile, the roses blooming as freshly as if no ‘ red rain ’ had ever fallen. But we soon found ourselves crossing very carefully a temporary railway bridge, and, looking down the river, saw three out of a dozen arches of another bridge standing solitary in the water. At what had been the lovely suburbs of Asnières and Clichy we found war indeed, and felt for a poor French lady in our carriage who looked out tearfully on the desolation.

Not a house was untouched, and most of them were literally mere rubbish-heaps. The trees were torn and broken, and the gardens desolate. . . . The Gare du Nord is utterly spoiled, the iron plates of the roof hanging torn and twisted like so much brown paper.

"The streets are apparently as lively as ever, and on the surface things look much as before; but still one sees women who have wept much and bitterly, and men with faces drawn and sharpened by intense feeling. . . .

"Our first walk was to the Pont de la Concorde. The Madeleine is not injured, only marked with shot, evidently aimed at the statues of the saints. The Rue Royale is less injured, though three immense houses in different parts are heaps of stones. Others are burned out in the upper stories, while on their ground floors shops and *cafés* are open again. All the cellar gratings are stopped with plaster to guard against petroleum, the smell of which still pervades the air.

"The Place de la Concorde is a scene of desolation, the central fountain greatly damaged, while all have ceased playing. All the beautiful lamps are broken, and some of the statues. The Obelisk stands untouched, suggestive, as one looks at the golden hieroglyphics, of the unchanging record kept somewhere of these changes that seem to leave so little visible trace. The trees are not much injured. But you remember how grandly the Tuileries rose above the trees. Now there is nothing visible except the gates, on which is written in large letters 'Propriété Nationale,' as great a satire as the universal 'Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité,' which met the eye everywhere.

"The soldiers (Prussian) are regularly encamped in the Tuileries gardens, as if on a field of war. Many trees have been cut down, but most still remain. It is curious to watch the soldiers at work. They must have a wretched life, only surpassed by that of their miserable horses. Men and beasts look overworked. The *rappel* sounds at 8 p.m., when every one must be in his place. Père la Chaise looks lovely. Half a dozen tombs are injured, not more. In one large round tomb forty insurgents took refuge, *and they were all shot*. We passed La Roquette, where the Archbishop was murdered, and where, our coachman said, the gutters ran with blood. No trace remains of these things, and yet they happened only a *month ago*. Perhaps the memory may still be fresh in the minds of these children now happy with their toys and flowers.

"The Place du Château d'Eau—a scene of awful fighting, now surrounded by ruins—is again a flower market, with exquisite roses and lilies in profusion. How many aching maddened hearts there must be, and yet the streets are full of stir, and all the daily life goes on as if there were no vacant places, no sin-stained souls gone out in fire and blood. The refrain of Tennyson's song is always in my ears as it runs, 'The grass will grow when I am gone.' . . ."

*"June 25.*

"I hardly feel sure that I am not dreaming. Our first sight to-day was St. Cloud, sadly changed from our memory of it. Not one house is whole, and most of them are only heaps of rubbish. Only the church is perfect, except for one shot-hole in its roof. As the village is closely built, the ruin shows the more. On one wall we could see the fireplaces of two upper stories with chimney glasses unbroken and ornaments undisturbed, and only mixed with dust and stones. In a cupboard in the lower room the crockery was still unmoved.

"The splendid palace is merely a shell, fire having swept away all but the bare walls. The fountains are dry, and the trim lawns a wilderness of wild flowers. The gardens are a waste of withered orange-trees and broken statues. Here, not a year ago, the Emperor gave a farewell banquet to his officers, who said, laughing, that they would be in Berlin before he could join them.

"Then we went on to Versailles. As we could not get into the palace, we visited the camp, thousands of tents ranged round the lake, the soldiers going on with daily duty. Four thousand had just come in from some expedition. Near the lake is the orangery, a sheltered garden below the terrace, enclosed partly by long staircases to the terrace. The officers' tents were pitched among the oranges and pomegranates; and, as the orangery was now empty, it was used as a prison for the Communists. We looked down into the upper windows at the prisoners, who saw us, waving hands and making signs. They seemed of the artisan class. Their prisons are large and airy, and they have interests enough in seeing and being seen. It was a strange, sad sight.

"We have read history and wondered and sorrowed over the tale. But this is to see history made before one's eyes. . . .

"On the Arc de Triomphe I counted a hundred marks of spent shells from Fort Valérien. It might easily have been

destroyed, but the Prussians were very careful. It was only Frenchmen who could destroy Paris. Three more days of the Commune would have demolished the city. In the square where we are a mine was laid in the sewers for the railway station, but also including the hotel and the whole square. A man with a fuse and matches actually went down to fire the train, but he was suffocated before he had succeeded in his purpose.

“Another man was similarly prepared to fire the ambulance, but in the act was killed by a piece of shell. A shell came through one of the windows in the hotel, and the glass in the dining-room is still broken by a bullet.

“Our last sight as we came in was a group of fresh prisoners, just arrested and marched down from Belleville, half a dozen men looking villainous enough for anything as they walked sullenly between their guards. But the worst was to see a woman in the front leading the way, unbound, between two soldiers, and walking with a quiet determined step. She was young, with a delicate and prepossessing face, and, though of the lower classes, was neat and clean, with the snowy cap of her order. Her expression was set and resolute, very proud and unflinching, but as they passed she looked up at us with something of curiosity as well as defiance. The prisoners marched down the centre of the boulevard, followed on the pavements by a crowd, but with no demonstration. Hundreds of arrests are made daily. I suppose this woman is a *pétroleuse*. Nothing more than imprisonment awaits her now, but it made one heart-sick to realise what had been, for there is no doubt that numbers of women were shot. They generally belong to the class who have nothing to gain or to lose.

“One cannot wonder, as one looks at the ruins, that the first fury of the Versaillais was unbounded, when they believed that the complete destruction of the beautiful city was intended by these wretches. It says little for the influence of art on character that most of the Communists were skilled art workmen. Courbet, who destroyed the Colonne Vendome, was an artist of repute.

“It is useless to try to write about these things. One can only look and marvel, not think, and still less try to express any feeling. It is too much beyond any former experience or imagination for that. And yet it is not horrible; it seems almost matter-of-fact already. The thing is that one cannot

really picture it. In my mind I have the picture given by the newspapers; but though I see the ruins, I cannot fit the two together. The mad soldiery that make the connecting link are not visible. The soldiers we actually see are too insignificant, though some of them look bad enough. And perhaps one can imagine dense, hopeless, stupid brutality, though they look too stolid for the flaming passions that fired the Versaillists, even if foolish enough for all this senseless destruction.

"I have at last puzzled out the reason why one's idea and the reality are so unlike. It is that in imagining terrible things one seizes only on the tragic element, and the effect is untrue, because in life the tragic is never found without large admixture of the comic or the commonplace. In one way this softens the terrible aspect of things, whilst in another it intensifies it by force of contrast. This explains the comedy in Shakespeare's tragedies. Here, as always, he is true to life.

"Probably the admixture of the comic element, derived from our surroundings as 'Cookites,' has helped to intensify whilst appearing to deaden the tragic influence of what we have seen. But I shall know more about it six months hence. At present I feel incapable of feeling anything adequately and am shocked in being amused at trifles.

"It was well that we came with Mr. Ripley—Cook's agent—who has arranged all our days. Alone we could have seen very little. As things are here now it was necessary to have someone who knew exactly what to do and how to do it. Information is difficult to obtain, and is far from trustworthy when obtained."

"June 27th.

"To-day we went out to Champigny, a beautiful village on the Marne, where the Germans surprised General Ducrot and made a complete slaughter. . . .

"Workmen are repapering and repairing the *café* near the station where we had our luncheon, effacing the dark stains that told their story only too plainly. On going out we found the pretty bridge burned down, and had to go round to a bridge of boats guarded by Prussians.

"A peasant with a very surly mien undertook to guide us to the battle-field, but soon passed us on to another more willing to give information, who thought the war, and indeed all war, was in these days '*une grande bêtise*.'

"The battle-field covers a wide space of rising ground com-



manding beautiful views of Paris and of a rich country watered by winding rivers. Nothing marks the field except the mounds, yellow with blossom, on which a bare cross of wood records, 'Hier ruhet' so many Prussian or French soldiers. There must be hundreds of such mounds, many feet in height and yards long.

"The earth is covered thick with other clay  
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
Rider and horse, friend and foe, in one red burial blent."

"Looking among the grass, we could see fragments of clothing or of leather knapsacks, while cartridges and bullets lay thick amid the growing corn, now brilliant with poppies and blue cornflowers. . . .

"Six months ago the world looked on breathless and voiceless at the conflict raging here. Now the lark again sings above the growing corn.

"As we stood looking at a mound that covered forty Prussian soldiers some French peasants passed by. Possibly the sight of strangers stirred bitter feeling, for one of the group, a tall, grey-haired, delicate-featured man of the fine Norman type, stopped opposite the grave, shaking his fist at it with solemn rage, as he called down curses on the enemy, vowing implacable vengeance. It was terrible to witness this burst of feeling, and to know that the same rage is smouldering in many another heart beneath the sullen silence of this quiet village, as beneath the seeming levity of the great city.

"And all the while the lark's song rose above the flowers among the corn.

"We had not meant to leave Paris till the next day. But this last scene, with the thoughts stirred by this quiet solitude, made us feel that we could see no more. My father said suddenly, 'If we can catch this train we will go home to-night.'"

It was just possible, and we succeeded in doing it, carrying with us a store of new and strange impressions.

If he could have conversed easily in the languages of the countries he visited my father would have found great satisfaction in foreign travel. As it was he noticed new ways and often found new things to say about them. But he kept no journals, and his letters

were hurried. A few extracts may be given as showing the difference made in a very few years in the modes of travel.

To his wife:—

“Turin, *Friday, March 28th, 1863.*

“. . . We arrived here at 6 a.m., having crossed the Alps since two yesterday afternoon. We left Paris at eleven and reached Macon at ten, about 280 miles. Next morning up at four and left before six, getting to St. Michel about 2 p.m., where we were transferred to coaches, ourselves to a better sort and the luggage to a diligence. We had been travelling uphill most of the day by railway, among mountains of great variety, but now commenced the ascent in reality. At 6 p.m. came the real climbing with ten horses and very slow. After an hour or two we changed to sledges, on solid snow up the remainder of Mont Cenis, where they are making the tunnel. They say that two miles have been made in seven years, but I am afraid it will never be completed. Crossing in a storm must be something severe. It was, as it has been since we left Paris, as fine as possible. We crossed to the highest point without seeing anything and got to the railway at 12.30. Here we had to wait till 4 a.m., not very pleasant, though there was a good place to wait in. At six we were in bed. I rose at eight, but my companion is not yet stirring. . . . We have had another beautiful day, and have seen the city only inferior to Paris. We have had difficulties in not being able to speak the language, nobody speaking English, except at dinner, when one very intelligent gentleman joined us. There was a Frenchman yesterday who spoke English perfectly. . . . I am not sure whether novelty has anything to do with making me see things in a favourable light, but I have scarcely seen a face really repulsive here. All seem good-natured and of a kindly disposition, and all to whom I have tried to speak have been genial. . . .”

To his wife:—

“Rome, *April 4th, 1863.*

“. . . I am at length in the great city, without excitement or enthusiasm. It seems just a matter of course that, since the place exists, those who travel to it should arrive there, and feel as they have done before about new places. However, there is much matter for feeling here. We arrived at 3 p.m. yesterday

—Good Friday—and found the hotel full. They are all full, but we have secured private lodgings and are very comfortable, going out for meals. We went first to St. Peter's. Outside it produces little more impression than St. Paul's; inside it is much more impressive. Hundreds of carriages were going there, for what purpose we could not learn. For an hour we stood in a crowd of all sorts of people, church dignitaries in abundance. Then the crowd dispersed, and everybody came away. We had seen nothing, heard nothing, and could learn nothing as to the cause of all this stir. There was some talk of somebody washing somebody's feet, but we saw nothing of it. There was some sort of service going on in a side chapel, but, so far as we could find out, nothing very remarkable. . . . So far as I can see at present, the chief result of coming here will be to say, 'I have been there.' Extremes seem to meet in human affairs, and are seldom to be separated: at least, where the greatness is the littleness is very near; and where the littleness is uppermost it needs some penetration to see the greatness. I don't know whether those who are used to it can see much in these outward shows without feeling their insufficiency. I can't; I am, in fact, quite bewildered. I began with the intention of making as much of it as possible; but I broke down.

"We had two nights at sea, with good sleeping places. But sleeping in one's clothes, combined with irregular meals, has not been favourable to taking bright views, and I feel I cannot just now take a bright view of anything, except reaching home again. That appears to be the greatest blessing and happiness in this world. Every previous day has been bright, but to-day it is raining.

"We are sharing rooms with a young couple from Bradford, he thirty years of age, she nineteen, of German origin, speaking French and German, and very lively, and she is of great help to us. We share a common sitting-room. . . .

"We have not seen the 'Papa' yet, but he is to give the assembled crowd his blessing to-morrow, when we shall see him. There are to be illuminations and fireworks. I wonder if looking at them is 'breaking the Sabbath.' What a divergence of opinion there is on this point! I should like to be candid on such matters, but I fear the questions are prejudged, so that a foregone conclusion is all I can attain. It struck me one morning at Turin, while looking at what seemed to be most earnest devotion, 'What if all this be right? If so, how very

wrong I must be in giving up forms! I am afraid I was afraid of being convinced that such forms are right, as this conviction would be so much against me. I fear if this be religion my case must be hopeless. . . .”

To A. E. R. :—

“April 8th.

“I wrote last in not a very bright mood, as an attack of influenza was coming on. . . . By Tuesday I was quite right again, and we have seen the Pantheon, Vatican, and churches, have been up the dome of St. Peter’s, and again, quietly, at the Coliseum. We have now been getting some cameos, one for each of you, one an angel by Guido, another a Hope, by I forget whom, and the third described by Byron as

‘The god of life, and poesy, and light—

. . . . A dream of love . . . .

All that ideal beauty ever blest

The mind with in its most unearthly mood . . . .

A ray of immortality.’

“I have had as vivid a sense of the spiritual as one can have and get along the dusty paths of life with. The first intensity occurred at the Pope’s blessing, not from his blessing, but from the assurance that all of importance that was conceivable by his most faithful believer was infinitely surpassed by the certainty I felt of the value and reality of the blessing of *our Father*, and the words ‘our Father’ have in them now a significance I never before felt, and I thought I had them strongly impressed. I felt great power in returning the blessing of the ‘Papa,’ and for the time felt in great charity with him, trying to believe in his sincerity. After seeing the Bambino this was rather difficult; but I have done the best I could in thinking favourably of all I have seen. All the Monday the spiritual was very real, as you say, almost more so than the visible. I was glad to be alone, with no one to interrupt.

“I earnestly asked, ‘What can I do more than I am doing to get right?’ I almost asked if I could do as Charlotte Brontë’s heroine did, *i.e.*, go to the English confessional, and say I was not a believer in any external form of religion, but I would do my best to give my full consideration to what the father confessor would say to me. I received the answer next day in an inscription in the Vatican and also from a picture there and a suggestion from some Egyptian symbols. The

inscription—in Latin—was ‘If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God,’ and with it came the thought, ‘That is the answer to your question.’ The picture was a female figure in great distress. Of two angels one is offering her a nail, and one pointing to a crown of thorns. As applied to myself, the Crucifixion demanded no more than a patient endurance of contradiction, so that without resentment I might not be deterred from trying to reach those who might reject my first attempts. The suggestion was, ‘Sit down before any outward expression of a great idea, and see what it has to say to you,’ an old Egyptian statue, for instance, or an inspired picture or writing. I believe in inspired pictures and statues as well as writings, and all endeavour to express *the idea* by genius, not mere talent, may be of this order. Talent may help, but what you say of genius as distinguished from talent is quite true.

“The people of Italy still justify my first impression of them as the pleasantest people to speak to of all the people I have met. I am only sorry to be unable to speak to them in their own tongue. But many speak English here. The artist who made your cameo (Sorlini) is quite a *beau ideal* of humanity, a superior being, equal to anything I ever met. The genius of the nation seems rather for the ideal than the common walks of life.”

“ . . . The fireworks were not on Sunday night, as I had thought, but the illumination of St. Peter’s took place then. And very magnificent it was : it began at dusk with 5,000 paper lanterns, and at eight o’clock 1,000 large lamps are lighted by 400 men in eight seconds, or while the clock is striking eight. The effect is very grand.

“Rome is a great fact with much significance. It has the largest temple in the world, and has 365 churches—a great thing. Some will say, ‘A great superstition!’ But all their churches and their other buildings for worship form too great a thing to rest on folly, or to be founded on something not real. The religious sentiment is a part of human nature, and it must be a real thing. Superstition is only excess, accretion, implying a substance below. Every good thing has been overgrown by something bad, something over and above. The great task to-day is to separate the good from its accretions, instead of sweeping the whole away. If we get the idea of the Pantheon, side-lights excluded for the direct light from heaven, we may learn to distinguish good from evil.”

In a letter from Naples he again refers to the Pantheon :—

“I had an experience worthy of note in the Pantheon in Rome, into which I went unawares, not knowing it was anything beyond one of the 365 churches. But it struck me as a model of a church. It is round with a dome, and all the light comes through an opening at the top. There are no side-lights. An idea of unity and harmony was conveyed to my mind. It is the oldest existing building for the worship of all gods from Jove to Jesus, dedicated to all the gods, as *Pan-theon* shows. There is one built at Naples on the same plan. I was charmed with it, and sat for half an hour quite raised above the ordinary feelings of life. So much hope seems inspired by the shape and character of a globe, no angles or corners and no side-lights, but all from above.”

To his wife :—

“Naples, *Tuesday, April 14, 1863.*”

“ . . . We have had three excursions already: Friday Vesuvius, Saturday Pompeii, and yesterday to the westward, all described by W. Chambers. He details it all so well that I feel I should only take from the interest by any description I could give, and it is impossible for any but Byron to do justice. I had to get ‘Childe Harold’ in Rome to relieve my mind by finding expression in any manner adequate. I have been wound up to the highest point of which I am capable, and could only wish I had you with me. If we could come here from October to February we should avoid all the unpleasantness of winter, and also the chief present drawback, *the dust*. It is worse than Australia. This is as like Australia in every respect, except buildings and population, as can be. The climate is about perfect, though rather hot in the sun. But we have not been annoyed by it, as there is always a breeze from the sea. The beauty of the Bay of Naples has always been before us, and it is impossible to do justice to that. The city, too, is very beautiful, and if we could get rid of the pigs of which Chambers speaks, and their human companions as well, the place would be a paradise. This hotel (*des Etrangers*) is full of English, who in general comport themselves very respectably. Two South Australians—one a tenant of mine—have joined our excursions. One is out of health, and keeps me company, while the other keeps pace with Mr.

Hay. The journey up Vesuvius, four miles over lava, was a trying one for me. I had a donkey in going, and a mule in returning. My friend's donkey deposited him on the ground, but happily on a soft place, or it might have been serious. A lady was actually pitched on her head, but took no harm. We got her put on another beast, and she was as well as ever. There were about fourteen of our own party and several interlopers. The ascent of the mountain looked very formidable, and several were carried up in chairs by four men. You had the choice of walking on loose, earthy matter or on loose stones. Walking on loose stones—very loose, and rolling downhill—did seem impracticable, but we took to it resolutely, and getting to the top was only a matter of time. I cannot tell how high the mountain is; it is 4,470 feet above the sea, and our ascent probably 3,000, the height of Montanvert at Chamouni. Getting to the top was like intoxication to me. Mr. Hay was far ahead, but my partner and I kept pace.

“What the ‘used-up man’ said about it was quite true: there was ‘nothing in it!’ only the same powder and stones as were on the top. We threw some large stones in, but they made no impression and were not thrown out again. The mountain is very quiet, but steam and sulphur vapour were coming out, and eggs were roasting in crevices where the heat was too great for the hand, and the stone is hot to hold. The lava is an astounding sight; no description conveys any idea of it. It is still so hot that you cannot hold the pieces brought by the guides from little below the surface; and yet it is five years since the last eruption. What a sight it must have been to see it then! The world we live in is on the whole, with the exception of as much surface below as the mountains rise above the general level, a mass of liquid white-hot matter. How we should try to bring our ideas and feelings into accordance with the wonders amid which we live and move and have our being! How intolerable does frivolity seem! . . .

“I am quite well in health and spirits at present, and, I hope, getting over the difficulty of irregular meals. I am very glad I came, if it had been for no other result than Vesuvius and Pompeii. We went down to Herculaneum and up to Pompeii, excavations still going on. . . .

“The MSS. at Pompeii are among the most interesting things I have seen—fourteen volumes in Greek and Latin. On one lying open I saw a sentiment that I regard as most

important: 'Not what we are taught, but what we work out, is valuable.' I was trying to copy it just as a priest came up and read it out. I hope he took it to heart. It is a sentiment that would renovate theology. . . .

"I think of you every hour, all of you, most fervently, and have no greater or intenser pleasure than in doing so. . . ."

Many letters seem to have been lost, and no journal was kept, so that the references are brief and disconnected. From Florence there is not much. But after a two days' journey—by sea from Leghorn to Pisa—"in a fine steamer, though that did not prevent qualmishness," the first impression was more physical than sentimental.

"'This is the only city that does not disappoint,' but it is the only city that has disappointed me, simply because so much was said about it. . . . I was not at all struck with the Venus of which Byron makes so much. 'Cupid and Psyche' is the finest bit of statuary I have seen. Psyche's face is very beautiful in the expression with which she is looking at her celestial love emblematic of the soul and its aspirations for 'some celestial good forbidden to our wants.' There is a picture of Mary and Elizabeth, of which I must try to get you a photograph."

To A. E. R. :—

" . . . We reached Bologna on Monday night, after a pleasant journey over the Apennines, and on Tuesday got to Ferrara at six, crossing the Po in a boat, and then a pleasant carriage drive to Padua, and rail to Venice. . . .

"I stood at Venice on the 'Bridge of Sighs' this morning, after walking through the palace on one hand; but we had not to cross the bridge to find the prison: that is on both sides. I read the canto in the Piazza of St. Marco before breakfast. At Ferrara I read 35—42 and saw the cell 'where Alphonso bade his poet dwell' for seven years. They show Byron's name, as written by himself, also Lamartine's. . . . It was a saddening sight. Ferrara is comparatively deserted, so is Venice. Very fine palaces are occupied by soldiers. . . . 'The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust.' The statue stands on a column probably restored, and still without 'the crown of laurel's mimicked leaves.'"



## CHAPTER XXI.

CHARITY. 1867—1887.

“To all but one in ten thousand Christian speculation is barren of great fruits; to all but one in a thousand Christian benevolence is fruitful of great thoughts. And is not this what might be expected, since ‘the greatest of these is charity’?”

*Quoted by DEAN STANLEY in his “Corinthians.”*

“Not even you two have the picture of your father, not just this one picture that my mother and I never forget. Walking fast with his head bowed, his hands generally clasped behind him, we used to watch him as he returned from his gift-giving at Portland Town. His manner may not have been always wise, but the love to God and man which brimmed over—was it not the Divinest thing in all the world? was it not Christ’s life lived over again? We always stood to watch him out of sight. Of course, his best memorial is what he has done, but it hurts me that his name should die out here.”

This picture, as drawn by Miss Annie N. Price, in writing to suggest that the Young Women’s Christian Association Institute, founded by herself, should bear his name, may stand for my father in the decade 1867—1877, ten years spent in active ministration among the poor of Portland Town, St. John’s Wood, the poorest district near Belsize Park. Portland Town is a network of small streets, hidden away among good houses, but containing a population of from 7,000 to 9,000 of the poorest, said to have hailed originally from Seven Dials, at the time of the making of the Regent’s

Park Canal. Out of this ministration grew the "Portland Town Association," a work deserving special mention, not merely as owing its rise largely to my father, but also as having given for the last twenty years an example of true because organised charity.

The district had in the "seventies" become a happy hunting ground for a number of benevolent outsiders, each absolutely ignorant of what was done by the rest. Naturally a strict silence was maintained by the recipients of their gifts, and, as inevitable consequence, "overlapping" had free course, the rents actually rising because of the advantages thus secured.

During my father's own personal visitations all had gone well enough so far as he was concerned ; but when his health failed there came the removal of his almost unerring instinct, and things were very much changed.

Very rarely, I think, did he himself make any grave mistake in his personal ministrations, tender-hearted as he was to all, unless there might possibly be too great laxity in the case of a poor widow, or worse than widow, trying to bring up her child single-handed, when his pity might outrun his judgment. There is no doubt that we suffered much at the hands of incompetent widows, to whom we had to give work at his recommendation. But then very competent persons seldom need charity, and, after all, there is very high authority for help given to the widow and the fatherless, and no special restrictions are there laid down.

Things were very soon altered when he had to appoint an almoner to do his work, even though she was supposed to make full inquiry before recommending a new case. Kind-hearted Miss Smith speedily became an easy prey to the plausible and designing, and in one of

her experiences lies the germ of the Portland Town Association.

The pensioners called for their pensions at the milk-shop, then in Townshend Road, kept by Miss Smith's father, and thither came one day a little girl with her message: "Please, I've come for mother's trifle!" (2s. weekly). "Why does not mother come herself?" asked Miss Smith, with the reply, "Please, mum, mother's got bronchitis, and can't come out."

This last information was received with a broad unsympathetic grin by a milk-boy standing near, as he remarked *sotto voce*, "Bronchitis in the arms, I should say!"

This exclamation led to the discovery that the supposed "widow" had married again and become the mother of twins without thinking it necessary to acquaint Miss Smith with either of these events.

Once roused to the need of careful inquiry, we lost no time in forming a ladies committee. On November 8th, 1882, we had our first meeting at 19, Belsize Park, and there were present Mrs. Avery, Mrs. W. B. Bentley, Mrs. J. G. Fitch, Mrs. Neate, Miss H. Scrymgour, with my sister and myself. We arranged for a gathering of the workers, and on November 21st thirty ladies attended, to whom I read a paper ("Dreaming and Doing") on organised work among the poor.

With the help of Mr. J. Hornsby Wright, we finally on May 1st, 1883, held a public meeting at the "Eyre Arms," St. John's Wood, with the Rev. E. H. Nelson, Vicar of St. Stephen's, in the chair. At this meeting the rules of the new association were proposed by Mr. C. S. Loch, supported by Mr. Neate, Mr. J. G. Fitch, and Mr. J. Hornsby Wright, and carried unanimously.

From the first the principles were those of the

Charity Organisation Society, then so little understood that to have used the name would have alarmed many of our supporters. Even my father would have had misgivings, though as it was he felt quite prepared to accept them with modifications, the comparative smallness of the area allowing of personal contact with the persons benefited.

With Mr. J. Hornsby Wright as one of the most active members of the Working Committee, there was no danger of losing sight of the essential principles, a position made still more sure by Mr. A. K. Connell, to whom the association in some of its crises mainly owed its continued existence.

It was agreed that our original Committee, with the Rev. E. H. Nelson as chairman, Mr. Robert Swan as honorary treasurer, and myself honorary secretary, should be increased and meet weekly in a Central Office to consider cases of distress. This office was to be open for four or five mornings in the week, with a lady secretary present to receive applications and make inquiry, with power to give *interim relief* where necessary, and, in general, to put herself in touch with all donors and other charitable agencies.

We were happy in at once finding our ideal secretary in Miss E. A. Townsend, who worked for fifteen years, leaving the association to go on in undiminished vigour under her able young successor, Miss M. C. Synge.

Our first chairman was the Rev. E. H. Nelson, Vicar of St. Stephen the Martyr, in whose parish Portland Town was included, and he, with his curates, the Rev. A. L. Foulkes and the Rev. G. W. Rowntree, showed a true interest in our efforts.

Our area of work took in the adjoining parishes of All Saints, then under the Rev. H. S. Eyre, and St.

Mark, under the Rev. Canon Duckworth. Churches of all other denominations in the district were represented by the Rev. Dr. J. Monro Gibson, the Rev. Johnson Barker, the Rev. R. Mitchell, the Rev. J. Dixon, and the Rev. W. Stott, all members *ex officio* of the Committee.

Among the early and most active members of this enlarged Committee must be mentioned Miss Behrens, Mr. A. K. Connell, Mrs. C. Crossley, Mr. and Mrs. William Debenham, Mrs. Drysdale, Miss Garstang, Miss Jones, Miss M. Reece, Miss J. T. Ridley, Miss A. N. Price, Mrs. Sheffield, and Miss M. Winter. The annual reports gave very convincing proofs, in work done, of the advantages of such union.

My father was not able to take any active share of the work, but in those first days it was very useful to have him as a sort of sleeping partner. His pensions, duly revised, were paid through the office, and his interest was always ready for needy cases.

The care of the sick and aged appealed strongly to him, and the widow and the fatherless never asked in vain. Great was the spiritual blessing, as he always maintained, of this special beneficence. He believed in the efficacy of prayer not less than of more visible and substantial gifts, and, whilst giving greatly in money, he gave even more liberally still of his own real wealth in the outpouring of thought and feeling showered on the poorest or meanest to a degree that more conventional visitors might deem "unwise" as well as unusual. Theoretically most Christians affirm that in God's sight all souls are equal. Practically, in this man's eyes, all souls were equally sacred, whatever might be their outward guise. Sometimes I used to feel almost impatient at the time he would spend in

letters to the distant pensioners, picked up wherever we went in our summer outings. He always sought out the poor, and often kept up a pension for years, continuing at the same time the spiritual ministry that brought light into many a darkened heart or home. It is not difficult to give money, but this giver knew the better way of giving, that it is:—

“Not what we give, but what we share;  
The gift without the giver is bare;  
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—  
Himself, the hungry neighbour, and *Me*.”

He often went on little visitations to these various centres after the fashion recorded in the following letters home:—

“Broadstairs, *May 17*.

“ . . . I had the most pleasant journey possible. The sun shone in full power, and the beauty of the country is at its best. I have two nice rooms facing the sea, and the sun comes in early in the morning. The poor old gardener has had to give up the house I lodged in before. I have not found him out yet, but have seen several of the poorest people, very much needing help. Two of those I saw before are dead. However little I may have done for them, it is something for good. That is a great thing. Ever so little done in a certain way is something *for good, for ever*, something that does not pass away out of the creation of God. ‘The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of God abides for ever,’ and any act of faith is a word of God. I had a talk yesterday with the Vicar of Portland Town, Mr. Nelson, about what true religion was or was not. He quoted something from Mrs. Barbauld about a questioner who, seeing one person assist another, made the remark, ‘That is religion.’ I said I thought that if we did not see the Lord Jesus in every one who needed our help we should never see Himself, or never *realise* belief in Him: ‘Whosoever receiveth one such little child in My name receiveth Me.’ It is strange how people manage to put something quite different in the place of religion. The thing seems plain enough, one would say”;

and on a previous visit :—

“Broadstairs, 1870.

“ . . . I am lodging with the old gardener, humbly enough, but clean, and they are attentive. I have seen much of poor suffering humanity, and have helped to make the suffering less, as I believe.

“I have had great comfort myself in believing that I was of some comfort to the afflicted. Just now I have seen two old men suffering very much, in two different houses, but both weak from pain ; they were very patient, and spoke much to the purpose when their pain allowed them to speak. I also saw three very respectable old ladies—ladies so far as manners go—very much afflicted, and without means beyond what they make by sewing. Two of them were too ill to do much. They are all single and old, and one weak in mind. Formerly they were in better circumstances, as confectioners, till losses compelled them to give up business. I want a copy of Miss Waring’s ‘Hymns’ sent to them.

“ . . . I think I was right to come, and I purpose staying over to-morrow, though it is almost too cold. But it has been on my mind all the winter, and one cannot resist tendencies of this sort without danger of losing inspiration. If one follows what seems a disinterested impulse one may get better and more important impulses. If one accepts the ‘day of small things’ one may be used for more and better things. . . .”

He trusted much to these “inner leadings,” and many a story might be given of experiences, set down as “coincidences,” which happened to him continually, as he found himself where he was specially wanted, or meeting the right people at the right time and place. He said himself that it was because he kept himself open to influence and ready for service, and, expecting guidance, let himself follow that “leading” in which, like all mystics, he had full faith.

We took such things as a matter of course, and did not keep note of these “happenings.” But one instance comes to me as quite representative. As we passed one day through the gate of Southport Pier, my

father noticed that the toll-keeper was a very lady-like person. He made no further comment for a time, till he stopped, saying thoughtfully: "She seemed in some trouble. I think I must see about it." He turned back, and, from all we heard afterwards, no angel from heaven could have been more directly "sent." It was the sad story of those who had "known better days," and the trouble just then was heavy and pressing hard.

As a very slight example of this kind of coincidence, an extract may be given from a letter to his wife:—

"Sunderland, *May 31st*, 1867.

"I intended leaving here on Saturday; but seeing an advertisement of an old friend going to preach, I remained, and was very much gratified both in hearing and in meeting with him. He had a perfect recollection of former times. It is thirty-six years since I parted with him and Branfoot, at the same place where I now have met him again. . . . He rather surprised me by saying he had heard me preach at Whitburn, quoting something that I had then said. In reply I told him that it was a quotation from Dr. Chalmers, and I took from my pocket and gave him that very sermon containing it, which I chanced to have with me."

Among a pile of letters, each acknowledging some act of kindness,—of which we might never have known but for that habit of keeping every scrap of written paper which gave us much trouble afterwards,—there is one letter from the Governor of Lancaster Gaol, very indicative of his doings. He had been taken through the prison, as a sight, by friends with whom he was staying, and had apparently been interested in two of the prisoners, since the Governor, thanking him for a letter and enclosure, says:—

"M. K. and M. A. H. were discharged yesterday, much pleased to be relieved from their difficulties. I am sure they



are very deeply indebted to you for your very great and unexpected kindness to them, as the honoured means in the hands of the Most High of setting them at liberty."

He gave largely to hospitals, and was a life governor of the Temperance Hospital and of that for epileptics in Queen Square, having become interested in the matter through one of the "impulses" which led him to seek out the founder, Miss Joanna Chandler, very early in her work, when all encouragement counted for much. She gratefully recognised his help, not only in outward ways, but in the real sympathy with her spiritual methods. With all work based on the prayer of faith he had full sympathy. Hence his support of his three favourite orphanages: that of George Müller, of Bristol; of Miss Mary Ann Cole, of Mount Hermon, Kilburn; and of Miss Sharman, of West Square, S.W.

Out of a mass of interesting letters a few extracts may show the spirit in which this help was given and received. Here is one of many quarterly receipts (Sept. 1, 1866) from—

"George Müller, with Christian love and many thanks. I repeat to you, dear Mr. Ridley, what I said before: 'Whoso hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly' (Matt. xiii. 12). The only hindrance to the fulfilment of this promise is 'wilfully living in sin.' Therefore practise what you know, and you shall receive more and more light. I pray that the Lord would richly recompense you for your kindness."

Again, in June, 1869,—

"Thanks also, dear Mr. Ridley, for your kind present of the pamphlet. All who look to the Lord for an increase of grace and knowledge, and who are really desirous of being led by Him, obtain blessing. Therefore be of good cheer if you are

desirous of being blessed by Him. Lowliness of mind, carrying out the truths we know already, and maintaining uprightness of heart will prepare you for further blessing. When I meet you in heaven we shall be both holier and wiser than we are now.

“Yours very gratefully,  
“GEORGE MÜLLER.”

From Miss Cole, June 14, 1872 :—

“For some time my spirit has been oppressed and somewhat cast down, and it came into my mind to ask you to help me. This morning I was reading Acts xviii., and came to the words, ‘Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace.’ I believe it was the Lord’s message to me (I desire only to be led by His Spirit), and I feel constrained to ask you for the £25 in advance for the little M.’s” (children for whom he was paying).

At another time she says :—

“Will you accept grateful thanks for the cheque for £36. I know the Lord led you to send *this sum* to me in answer to prayer. I have been asking Him that I may be able to balance my book *free from debt*; and the sum you have sent enables me to do so.”

Miss Sharman writes, in 1872 also, to the same effect :—

“The nine donations of £100 each, which you kindly challenged, have been contributed,” and a little later, “Your generous donation reached me this morning; your letter has been to me just the help I needed. Truly God sends us day by day our daily food for soul as well as body, and a few words of counsel and encouragement when our faith is sorely tried are very valuable.”

But, whilst thus in sympathy with the best institutions, he was far-seeing enough to recognise the still better method of more recent date, as his remarks show, referring to a proposed new orphanage :—

“I am unacquainted with the prospect of the success of the proposed new institution. There are several besides that of

George Müller in which I take an interest. In these economy is attained, so that the cost of a child is £12 yearly. In many this is not the case. Management is the important point; I fear money is the easiest part of such work.

“I mention this as the *sine quâ non* of success; but I have often thought a better plan would be to obtain an institution to receive orphans, and then give them to some family, or to married persons without family, at *so much*. This is the plan adopted on a large scale by Mr. Van Meter, of New York. The family when good is much better than any institution.”

That his charity was not indiscriminate is shown by letters in which his first impression of the case is stated with his usual directness. These letters were not sent, seen to be too direct when read over after the first spurt of indignation had passed. He rewrote them in more temperate terms, but it is certain that, however softened by more sympathetic expression, they would still remain truthful.

Apropos of a commercial scheme of which he disapproved he at first wrote as follows:—

“ . . . Some persons have too little hope, and some have *too much*. One is as bad as the other, in my opinion. The result of the too great hope is that debt is freely incurred, speculations made, and wrong done. Whatever estimate you may make of my kindness or unkindness, I have too much kindness to give any encouragement to the too sanguine hopes that, with a great uncertainty of repayment, can contract debt. I know nothing of your present prospects, but judge by former schemes and have no confidence in your husband's judgment. If I send the money it will enable you to get into further debt. Better starvation, in God's name, than debt! The person who borrows without a good prospect, almost a moral certainty, of repaying, is guilty of treason to God. Our heavenly Father can provide for us; no difficulty about that. But we must trust in Him, and not trust in the devil, which means getting into debt.

“Tell me that you have not and do not mean to get into debt, and I will help you.

“ . . . You might have some faith in me, and such faith in God as not to quit the straight path of dependence on Him in running the risk of debt that cannot be repaid. I fear this may seem unkind, but I commit it to the Divine decision, and hope you will try to believe me yours truly,

“ J. R.”

To a very distant and hitherto unknown relative asking for a large loan he writes :—

“ It is quite right to appeal in times of difficulty to relatives who have power to help ; but I hold the opinion that it is best to keep such help as a reserve for real necessities, such as sickness or death, as a sort of reserve fund, such as a savings bank deposit, for instance, remembering that if used too often it must come to an end.

“ I have great faith in a feeling of independence, believing that those who refuse any help, except from their own relations, seldom need any other. ‘ God helps those who help themselves.’ To trust in any help but self-help is to lose the spring of exertion which can do so much where it exists. I am always afraid of weakening in any measure that highest quality, the determination to do the work given in the best possible way. I do not lend money where there is no chance of repayment. I give what I think reasonable, but lending is so often productive of deception, asking for a loan being another way of asking for a gift. I like straightforwardness.”

In another unsent letter to a correspondent who afterwards fully justified the doubt, he says :—

“ I do not feel right about it at all. I dare not *say* that every word of your letter is not strictly accurate, but I cannot *feel* that it is so. I have an idea that when I come in contact with the slightest equivocation I feel a shock. And I find something of that sort from your letter.”

At the same time the claims nearest him were never neglected. The recognition of ties of blood went with his northern birth, for clanship is as strong on the border as even in the Highlands. In addition, he held

some strong views of his own on the question of kindred. Owing to the fact that his parents were first cousins, and that he had no brothers or sisters, his near relatives were very few. But any claim of cousinship, however remote, was enough.

In one letter, recommending one of these distant cousins to another, he says:—

“Your relationship is rather distant, as your great-grandmother was sister to her great-grandfather. . . . But, however lightly relationship may be regarded, there will be great spiritual advantage in trying to keep it up. We shall meet hereafter, and those who are higher will have the privilege of helping the lower. Human brotherhood is the great idea of Jesus, our Lord. ‘That they all may be one’ was His prayer. ‘The whole family in heaven and earth’ are one, and God is our Father, whether we acknowledge Him or not. The prodigal was still the son even when in the far country and not very ‘respectable.’”

To another:—

“I frequently pray for you, and hope you do the same for me. There is nothing—open to everybody—so good as praying for friends and acquaintances. I send you a paper on ‘Prayer for the Dead.’ Don’t be too positive about the wrong of it. I feel sure that it is only second to praying for the living. It was the perversion of it that made Luther oppose it. It was the practice of the Church in its best days. I like to hold converse with my relations gone before. It can lead only to good, for what possible harm can come of it? To the Jews God was the ‘God of their forefathers.’”

He had great sympathy with the heathen king who, being urged to baptism, inquired where his ancestors were, and on being told that they were in hell chose rather to share their lot than be saved alone.

Here are some extracts showing the kind of letter sent to many a sufferer, to whom this real sympathy

was not less than the material help that went with it:—

“*March 21, 1876.*

“ . . . You were right in expecting that I should write to you immediately after your letter detailing your sad experience in losing your son. I do feel for you. It must have been very terrible in opening out all your former grief, renewing it. There must be some great thing awaiting you in the great futurity: ‘Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.’ ‘Every branch in Me that beareth fruit He purgeth that it may bring forth more fruit.’ . . . Those who have suffered seem to claim my warmest sympathy. I would like to be able to weep with those who weep.”

“*March 29, 1876.*

“ . . . I am increasingly interested in every letter. . . . It has seldom been my privilege to correspond with one who has endured so much so successfully. What labour you must have had with such a family! There must have been fulfilment of the promise, ‘the Husband to the widow.’ I have always felt great sympathy with widows, and especially with such responsibility as yours. I had the privilege of assisting in a case somewhat similar. . . . It did not please Providence to bring me into contact with you when you may possibly have needed help in the same way. I should have been so happy in sending it; but of course it is better that you have done without it.”

“*August 15, 1876.*

“ . . . I have written to the committee, and I think you soon will have a good chance. . . . But after the trials of the past you will not break down under any new disappointment should this prove one. I am glad you have a son left who is willing to supply his father's place to you. If he does so he will receive a blessing. What sons lose who neglect their mothers! And even among those who know of God's providence, and yet fear to trust Him for a few shillings for their mother. So many professedly religious men leave relatives to suffer want, having no faith that what they give God will give them again, as I believe He always does. No one loses by charity given in the name of Jesus. God will be no man's debtor. He will either give back in kind, or what is far better, He will pay them by giving Himself—His own nature—‘the money of God is God,’ is the saying of one of our profoundest

thinkers. He pays with Himself. I have always had a firm belief in the providence and goodness of God, and I have never been disappointed."

To another:—

"19, Belsize Park, *July 28, 1880.*

" . . . I am sorry you are placed in these distressing circumstances. Certainly I could help you to get on, but, except in sickness or old age, it is not a good thing for people to be carried if they can possibly walk. It would be a very different kind of life for you to do for yourself than to be even partly done for. In the absence of positive knowledge about you, I am not sure how much it may prevent you from doing all you can for yourself. . . .

"It is such an easy thing for the Lord to supply all our need, and I am sure He would do it if we had faith in Him—always excepting sickness and old age, when charity is legitimate and right. It would be far better for you to make your way helped by the Almighty, than helped by a fellow-creature. That is why I have left you without help.

"Think what our Saviour said about God caring for the sparrows—about the hairs of our head being numbered. Now, it is a fact that God cares for you. Have faith in Him, and you will be helped to help yourself. I don't think any one ever trusted in the Lord, doing what was possible, without being provided for. One might be forgiven for saying that to be brought into such circumstances as to need help is a great privilege, since it gives an opportunity of realising what the help of the Almighty is, of knowing by experience that God is 'our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.' That is the question you have to answer. Does He care for you and your children, or does He not? Is He a faithful Creator, or is He not? You must decide this. Can you think of the Lord Jesus and question His goodness? Did He know what He was saying when He told us to say 'Our Father, give us our daily bread'? . . .

"I am quite ready to do all for you that you need, but I must know that I am giving real help, and am not preventing you from casting yourself on the loving-kindness of the Lord. . . .

"I passed through a great affliction a few months ago, but

never doubted the goodness of the Lord, and was never cast down. I could feel a sense of gratitude for the help given me to bear up, for the assurance that all things work together for our good. I pray that our Father in heaven may help you and help me to do what is best. What is the will of God concerning us? 'Thy will be done on earth as in heaven.' We may know what it is, and we may be enabled to do the Divine will. This is the highest good we may attain. I hope you can get the cheque I send cashed, as I cannot get an order in time."

Again, to the same:—

" . . . I feel very sorry for you, and wish I could say anything to make you feel less unhappy. . . . There is one 'charm that can neutralise woe and dry up the tears of the heart' if you can accept it. It is 'faith in God.' I am always putting it to myself in this way, whenever an unhappy turn comes over me: 'Either the world *is* governed, or it is *not*; either it is badly governed, or it is governed well, perfectly, everything being done for the best.' It requires some power of mind to believe that all the wrong of the world will come right. But many have been able to believe it. Here are some words to say when things *seem* wrong:—

' Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill,  
And all is right that seems most wrong  
If it be His sweet will.

" . . . If there was a Person, good enough, wise enough, strong enough, who had told us to come to him in all our trouble, should we not go? *Is* there such a being whom we dare trust? How many times I have asked this question, and still ask! And yet we may affirm strongly that it is a settled question. As our hymn says: 'It is a blessed thing, To need His tenderness'; for the help is so certain, so sufficient. 'His compassions fail not: they are renewed every morning.' . . .

" I love the Scripture phraseology, and I like the assimilation of it by believers who have the power of expression. Like food digested, and so become part of our bodies, is the Word of God that men live by. Not the mere letter of Scripture—though very important is that letter—but that mysterious power, the *Word of God*, of which the literal words are a transcript.



“A very wonderful thought was quoted by Mr. Thomas Jones in his sermon last Sunday: he said there were no thoughts of God to be met with out of the Bible equal to those contained in it. Of all that had been said of God—say, in reference to His relation to time and space alone—the ideas in the Bible were by far the greatest. It is said that God inhabits eternity (Is. lvii.), ‘For thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity,’ dilating on the vastness of this idea, so far surpassing comprehension. Then as for space, it is not said merely that God fills all space or inhabits it, but ‘The heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee’ (1 Kings viii. 27). It lives in Him, rather than He lives in it. His text was: ‘A Father of the fatherless, a Judge of the widow, is God in His holy habitation’ (Ps. lxxviii. 3). I think it must have been good for the fatherless and the widow to be there. No room was left for despondency with such scriptural views.”

To another widow in 1883:—

“... I am glad I obeyed the inward voice and wrote to you. Of course God hears prayer, and as long as there is help for you anywhere it will be sent to meet your real need, if you ask for it. If there is one thing of which we may be certain it is that our prayers are heard and answered as it will be best for us. Now it may not be best for us to have our wants supplied for us when we can help ourselves, so the first prayers should be for strength and ability to meet our own wants. Our answer to that prayer would be far more valuable to us than otherwise. ‘Is anything too hard for God?’ Not if we ‘have faith as a grain of mustard seed.’”

Another letter is dated 1887, in his last year on earth, when he is eighty-two years old, and has gone through all the heaviest trials of his life with a courage and faith that gave him the right to speak with no uncertain sound:—

“... This much is sure: if we do not get the blessing of God on our doings things will go all wrong. I pray that you may be directed in the course you have taken. All our ways may be so directed. ‘Lord, what wouldest Thou have me do?’ It is the great joy of our lives that God has a will concerning

us. It is an easy thing for the Lord to help and guide us, and it is a certainty that He will do so if we acknowledge Him in all our ways. The Scripture says 'He will direct our steps.'

"Is it hard to believe this? Why should it be so? Is it reasonable to believe that the blessed God should give us existence here and then leave us to wander uncared for in the wilderness? God is our Father, and what sort of a father is it that takes no thought for his children? Why do you care for your children? Who gave the mother her heart of pity for her children? Could God give it if He had it not? Our Lord Jesus Christ says: 'If ye, being evil, give good things to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give good things to them that ask Him?' Could any one invent that saying? Does it not commend itself to our heart as *the truth of God?*

"Whatever you may have distrusted in Him, say now, 'I will arise and go to my Father.' You know the wonderful narrative. Can any one think the blessed Jesus was mocking the people when He gave it? It is impossible to look Him in the face and say, 'I cannot trust You!' Then trust in the Lord, my friend. Come to Him and tell Him your wants and distress. He will abundantly pardon and help. . . .

"'When my father and mother forsake me the Lord will take me up.' That is a very reasonable hope. If we know anything about Him it is that He is *very pitiful and of tender mercy*. The words 'loving-kindness and tender mercy' occur more than two hundred times in the Bible. Now, if there was nothing more than that it is a very great deal, and gives good ground for hoping that though we may be tried we shall not be forsaken. If there is one thing of which we may be certain it is this: 'The Lord is nigh to all that trust in Him.'

". . . I have been thinking much about you and your remark about reciprocity. I wonder how it is. Anything like real sympathy, real reciprocity, the greatest gift God has given to man, will not be an accident, will not come without real endeavour to gain it. . . . A merely human feeling, with its foundations in the dust, may grow up readily enough, but I want a friendship, a sympathy, that is 'rooted and grounded in Divine love'—'That ye may love one another as I have loved you.' Any other love will be capricious, uncertain, blown about with every wind. 'For this cause I bow my knees, . . . that we, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend,

with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

" 'That they all may be one' was the crowning object, was the last prayer, of our Lord. Any outward union for this world merely is as nothing compared with a unity of intention in the Lord. That any two persons should unite before the throne of grace to ask with all their powers for the Divine communion, resolving 'to bear one another's burdens,' and so 'fulfil the law of Christ,' is the highest possible point of human attainment. . . .

"I hope to send you a sermon when I get it from the printer. I heard it and got the MS., and am now having it printed. It puts the future of the race in a light I never saw before. 'One with God:' often spoken, but never put so clearly. 'Ye shall be as gods,' said the tempter, and no higher destiny was ever offered to man till Christ appeared: 'You shall be absolutely one with God: God in you and you in Him.' This is the promise urging us to arise and go to our Father's house, the true Paradise. The unbeliever may scoff, but it is true. Can man conceive of a higher destiny for himself than God has in store for him? Never! No man has imagined it; yea, when it has been revealed how few can believe the report, 'for eye hath not seen; ear hath not heard. . . . But God has revealed them to us by His Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, even the deep things of God. . . .'

## CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER FORTY YEARS. 1845—1886.

“ The heathen in their saddest hours . . . knew that life brought its contest, but they expected from it also the crown of all contest, no proud one, no jewelled circlet, . . . only some few leaves of wild olive, cool to the tired brow, through a few years of peace. It should have been of gold, they thought; but Jupiter was poor; this was the best the god could give them. . . . The wreath was to be of *wild olive*, . . . the mixed type of grey honour and sweet rest. . . .”

RUSKIN, *Crown of Wild Olive*.

THESE happy activities came to an end in a period of great suffering of body and mind. A serious illness lasted from 1877 to 1879, and at the worst point of the physical pain a severe mental strain was added.

In a former chapter there was a careful summary of all the return made by South Australia for what was universally admitted to be a great benefit. By no computation could it be considered excessive.

But *for thirty years* the testimony thus rendered to the right of the inventor to his own work was held as conclusive. In none of the many discussions regarding the nature of a possible reward was a voice raised in dispute or denial of the claim.

After these long years, however, even so moderate a degree of satisfaction had to be embittered, since this benefactor was also to share the experience so common to those who have best served their kind.

He was heartily content to have done the work given him to do. He demanded nothing of honour or emolument. Doubtless, at times, he might have felt what any man might feel in seeing himself passed by while newer claimants, who had not borne the stress and strain of those early days, were set in the first rank of honours. To a just mind injustice does not change its character simply because it is itself the victim. But all this he took quietly, without protest, finding himself in very good company in such experience.

He was quite content to "run the race," and to "finish the course," with the sole honour of achievement, and in the simple old Greek spirit he would have joyfully worn "the crown of wild olive," nor have reproached the gods "that they were too poor to give him gold." But the simple crown, with its leafage and its fruit, living and life-giving, was not to be left to him except with leaf and fruit plucked from the thorn-set stem.

If there are any two adjectives which by common consent would have been settled as descriptive of this man they would unfailingly have been "truthful" and "unworldly." Into extreme age he carried the transparent simplicity of the little child. Disguise or concealment were alike impossible to him. Never, in the long years of his home-life, could we, who knew him best, have pointed to one single instance in which there was any *arrière-pensée* in his word or deed. And he was emphatically one who "sought not his own," who was ever ready to stand aside that others might come to the front, who was never provoked to the assertion of his own rights, but was always ready to assert the rights of others. To have taken the smallest advantage of another would have been an impossibility to him.

And it was of this man, sensitive to the highest

degree, and justly proud of his honourable name, nearing the close of his long and useful life, and still suffering the effects of the acutest pain possible to humanity—it was of this man that it was affirmed that the work of his life was not his own, that his idea had been stolen from another without acknowledgment!

True indeed it is that “to him that hath shall be given”: to him that hath borne much and borne it well shall be given, as here, the opportunity to bear yet fuller witness to the power that cannot fail those who put their trust in it.

The very first intimation of such a charge had been given in 1875, when Mr. J. Wrathall Bull put in a claim to a share in the original idea of the reaping machine, going back to the time of that early competition in 1844 in which my father took no part, being occupied in working out his own plans and indifferent to the offered prize.

In June, 1878, the subject of the claim came up in a definite form in the decision of the Agricultural Committee to allow Mr. Bull a hearing, notice being given to my father that he might send his reply to the charge. This notice found him still too ill to attend to any business. But he absolutely refused to give the required answer, too indignant that the idea could have been entertained for a moment. All that I could get permission to do was to write in my own name to his friend and agent, Mr. Joseph Fisher, stating the case, and empowering him to use this letter as he pleased in conveying from my father his acknowledgment of the courtesy of the committee, with his thanks for their communication. As we heard no further concerning the matter, this letter must have been considered sufficient.

On December 27th, 1885, Mr. Bull finally urged his

claim in a letter to the *Register* apropos of a suggestion made by the editor of that paper for the foundation of a "Ridley scholarship" in connection with the Adelaide University.

It is needless to say that my father felt intensely this repetition of the former injury. But still he resolutely maintained the silence which seemed to him the only course consistent with self-respect. He knew he could not lose the trust and confidence of those who were in any degree acquainted with his character, and he left the matter in other keeping, as he said: "From my youth upwards I have trusted myself in God's hands. I am willing, as I have always been willing, to be *anything* or *nothing* as He sees best." And no efforts could move him from this position.

In November, 1885, a lecture on "South Australia" was given at St. Leonards by Mr. Anthony Forster, in which occurs the following passage:—

"Among the benefits conferred upon South Australia, and upon the colonies generally, two achievements stand prominently forward, namely, the invention of the reaping machine and the passing of the Real Property Act. The former was the work of Mr. John Ridley, and the latter the work of Mr. Robert Richard Torrens (afterwards Sir R. R. Torrens). On the first settlement of South Australia, the colonists who had arrived to take possession of the country, and who had bought their land orders in England, were prevented from taking possession of their holdings from the delay that took place in the surveying of the land. In the meantime speculations were rife as to whether the land was worth having at all, and the most diverse and conflicting opinions prevailed upon the subject. Some contended that the soil was as hard as bricks and could never be cultivated to advantage; others said if it were tickled with a hoe it would laugh with a harvest. Both opinions have had to be modified since then, but the optimists were, in the main, right. In 1841, agricultural operations were commenced in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, and splendid crops

of wheat were raised. But when the time came for gathering them in, it was found that the labour power of the Colony was unequal to such an emergency, and it was feared that the crops would be lost. A curious incident followed. Amateur reapers came forward to offer their services, and one morning, at a place of rendezvous, gentlemen were to be seen in white kid gloves (which they had probably worn at Government House on the previous evening), parading the streets with hooks and sickles over their shoulders, prepared for a start to the scene of their labours. History has not been permitted to give them a more conspicuous part in the work of the harvest, for when they got down to the sections to carry their good intentions into practice, they found another harvester at work. Mr. Ridley, anticipating the difficulty of gathering in the crops by manual labour, was silently working at his machine, and by the time it was needed had finished it and sent it on its beneficent errand. Its success was complete. It cut the wheat and threshed it, and delivered it at the end of the furrow almost ready for market. It has been ever since the indispensable means of saving the crops. Without it it would have been impossible to have carried on the wheat cultivation in the colonies to any considerable extent, in consequence of the necessity of securing the grain very rapidly, to prevent it from shedding, when the harvest comes on. Mr. Ridley did not take out a patent for his invention, although it would have realised him a large fortune, but gave it freely and gratuitously to the colonists. And now the Ridley reaping machine is manufactured, with great profit to the makers, in almost every township in Australia, and sent in thousands throughout every farming district in the land. But time works wonders, and the name of Mr. Ridley is almost entirely dissociated from his own benevolent invention. It is forty-four years since its whirring sound first startled the well-intentioned gentlemen who went with their sickles to reap the first crop of corn. Most of them have passed away, and men 'who knew not Joseph' have taken their place, and care not who was their benefactor, so long as they enjoy the advantages of his work. Australia has not been prone to honour her best and most unselfish citizens. In the rush and activity of busy life they have been forgotten. It is to be hoped that when she awakes to a consciousness of her neglect, and monuments are erected on mountain-tops to the memory of the men who laid the



foundation of her greatness, the name of John Ridley will be found inscribed upon the one which stands out most conspicuously amongst them all. Mr. Ridley is still living in London, and enjoying a green old age, and I am glad of this opportunity of paying this small public tribute to his genius and disinterestedness."

This lecture became the text of an appreciative and highly eulogistic leader in the *South Australian Register* of January 25th, 1886, the writer, however, making this one exception to the general statements :—

"In speaking of the agricultural operations of the Colony he" (Mr. Forster) "very properly bestows high praise on Mr. Ridley for the invention of the reaping machine, but ignores the claims of others who, Mr. Ridley himself will be the first to admit, have a right to share in the commendation."

So far as regards the recent improvements in the machine, bringing it up to the present changed conditions, the editor was perfectly correct in this statement. No one could have been so much interested in these amendments, or so desirous of them, as the original inventor. It has always to be remembered that the reaping machine grew out of the conditions of the times that produced it, as Mr. Forster stated in his lecture :—

"The harvests of those early days were remarkable both as to quantity and quality. The grain stood till it was fully ripe; the straw was comparatively valueless. The machine, as at first constructed, met every need; the hard grain was stripped from the standing straw, and threshed as it fell into the box, thus saving the second expense of threshing. In recent days, with great changes in the climate of Australia, need for modification has arisen, and the 'Stripper,' as it came to be called, has to some extent changed its character to suit the times."

But the editorial statement, as referring to Mr. Forster's lecture, had relation only to this original machine, and at last this attack roused the inventor from his silence. Private statements he had left to

answer themselves; but this was a different matter, coming from an official and public quarter.

In the *Register* of May 6th, 1886, appeared the following letter:—

“RIDLEY’S REAPING MACHINE.

“*To the Editor.*”

“SIR,

“After the remarks in your leader of January 25 it seems necessary for me to break the silence which has hitherto been my most dignified course. At eighty years of age these things are of little consequence to me, but still I wish to leave on record some definite statement of the truth concerning my machine, since, as my friend, Mr. Forster, says in his lecture, ‘most of those who knew the facts have passed away, and men who knew not Joseph have taken their place.’ For thirty years there was no question of my right to the sole honour of this invention, which, as is generally admitted, has had some share in the progress of South Australia, and from which I personally have derived none of the benefit which was my due. Not till the year 1879 was anything heard of the pretensions to which you have again given currency.

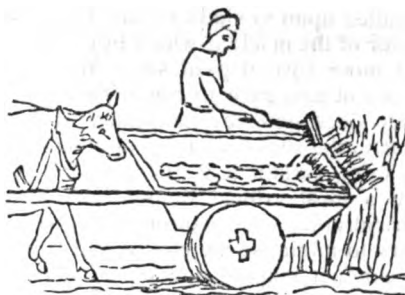
“In a letter in a recent copy of your journal, I see a notice of a competition in which it is alleged that I took no part. To this I reply that I did not compete, having no wish for the £40 offered as prize, but that I was present at this meeting, and there announced that my machine was partly made, inviting inspection—an invitation accepted by several persons present. Some weeks before this meeting a letter, signed ‘A Corn-grower,’ appeared in the journal of which Mr. James Allen was editor, which was the result of a communication made by me to him.

“I have always said that the first suggestion of my machine came to me from a notice of a Roman invention given in Loudon’s ‘Encyclopædia of Agriculture.’ To this I now add the statement that from no other source whatever did I receive the least help or suggestion. And I claim from the country I have served this small return: the acceptance of this, which is in all probability the last word it will have from me.

“I am, Sir, etc.,

“JOHN RIDLEY.

“19, Belsize Park, London,  
“March 18, 1886.”



From Loudon's "Encyclopaedia of Agriculture," p. 26.

"A reaping machine in the plains of Gaul is mentioned both by Pliny and Palladius, and is thus described by the latter:— 'In the plains of Gaul they use this quick way of reaping, and without reapers cut large fields with an ox in a dray. For this purpose a machine is made, carried upon two wheels, and the square surface has boards erected at the side, which, sloping outwards, make a wider space above; the board on the forepart is lower than the others: upon it there are a great many small teeth, wide set in a row, answering to the height of the ears of corn, and turned upwards at the ends. On the back part of the machine two short shafts are fixed, like the poles of a litter; to these an ox is yoked with his head to the machine, and the yoke and braces turned the contrary way; he is well trained, and does not go faster than he is driven. When this machine is driven through standing corn all the ears are comprehended by the teeth and heaped up in the hollow part of it, being cut off from the straw, which is left behind, the driver setting it higher or lower as he finds necessary, and thus by a few goings and returnings the whole field is reaped. This machine does well on plain and smooth fields, and in places where there is no necessity for feeding with straw.' This is the complete account, and is very elementary, no beaters, nor box, nor threshing, etc."

The editorial comment on May 8th speaks for itself:—

"RIDLEY'S REAPING MACHINE.

"In another column we print a letter from Mr. John Ridley,

who has felt called upon to vindicate his title to be regarded as the sole inventor of the machine which bears his name. Forty-two years and more have elapsed since Mr. Ridley, then only thirty-eight years of age, gave to South Australia the invention which has ever since gone by his name. Whatever may be thought now as to the superior merits of other modes of getting in the wheat crop, certain it is that the 'Stripper' made its appearance at a most critical time in the history of South Australian agriculture. Chiefly through its instrumentality, the problem of how to minimise the cost of harvesting by enabling the farmer to conduct reaping operations on a large scale with a limited number of labourers was effectually solved. . . . It is not surprising that Mr. Ridley should feel jealous of the distinction of having contributed so largely to the advancement of agriculture in the province, and should resist the attempts that have been made to rob him of the credit attaching to his invention. Having derived no pecuniary benefit from his reaper, he clings all the more tenaciously to the honour of having constructed the machine and presented it to South Australia. As he points out, for thirty years or thereabout his title to be the inventor was absolutely undisputed. Then, and not till then, exception was taken to his claim, and it was alleged that he had stolen the idea from some one else, who was on the track of the invention. It is not necessary to enter into the details of the controversy which has from time to time raged upon this point. This much must be conceded to Mr. Ridley, that he has by his letter once for all disposed of the doubt thrown upon his originality and the reflections cast upon his good faith. Without the slightest reservation he declares that from no source other than from Loudon's 'Encyclopædia of Agriculture,' which contains a rude sketch of a corn-heading machine in use in ancient times, did he get the slightest hint for his invention. This statement may be questioned, but the direct testimony of Mr. Ridley is so amply confirmed by collateral evidence that no real weight can be attached to the objection. Our venerable friend may rest content that after his decease no attempt to deprive him of the distinction he has so honourably won will be successful. Although South Australia has done little or nothing to show its gratitude to Mr. Ridley, his name will always occupy a conspicuous place on the roll of the Colony's disinterested benefactors."

Two of the many letters which gave my father great pleasure may be given here:—

*“ To the Editor.*

“ SIR,

“ Mr. Ridley’s letter in your issue of to-day has afforded me a very great deal of pleasure and satisfaction, as it is almost a verbatim confirmation of what I have repeated to scores of colonists for years, including my friend Mr. J. W. Bull. The latter I could never convince. Being closely connected with grain culture, farming, and agricultural societies from 1839 down to 1857, as a farmer and honorary secretary, it became a duty to watch every invention or matter connected with those productions. Being a near neighbour of Mr. Ridley’s, I often had the pleasure of inspecting the construction of these machines at his Hindmarsh workshops, and receiving the explanation he kindly afforded me in reference thereto. Like others, I confess I had some misgivings as to the probable waste, and partook of the prejudices that existed against the reaper. These were so strong that the inventor actually purchased the standing crops, and convinced us by his returns that our fears were overrated on this point. This led to a small committee of our branch agricultural society, of which I was one, being formed to examine and report. The conclusion we arrived at was this: that under the old-fashioned system the waste was nearly, if not quite, as great as by the new. . . .

“ During all these times I never heard of any inventor previous to Mr. Ridley, and am pleased to find my recollections confirmed by his letter. As a national benefactor, no one has ever done anything for South Australia equal in importance, not even the author of the Real Property Act. I feel a pleasure in adding my word to keep Mr. Ridley’s name green among old colonists as well as future generations.

“ I am, Sir, etc.,

“ HIRAM MILDRED.

“ Adelaide, *May 6, 1886.*”

A letter from Mr. Umpherstone gives some details of interest, while confirming Mr. Mildred’s statements:—

*“ To the Editor.*

“ SIR,

“ Being one of the pioneer farmers of the Colony, and

conversant with the strivings and attempts of the first settlers to overcome the manifold difficulties of our then new settlement, I always take an interest in all letters and books which become public relating to those early times ; and none have given me more pleasure than one on the subject of the reaping-machine from our old and respected colonist Mr. John Ridley, showing forth with his own hands facts which establish his first claim as inventor of the machine known by his name, and for which we owe him a debt of deep gratitude at least. I am well aware of the fact that several other gentlemen, respected old colonists, spent both time and money in the endeavour to produce a reaper to replace the sickle or scythe, the only means then in use to gather in the harvest. . . . But of all the trials made I know of none that were successful but one, and that one was John Ridley's, and this I wish to testify to at the present time, if you will allow me the space. Mr. Ridley has given you in his letter, in nearly if not quite in the same words, what he told me well-nigh forty years ago.

“ He had called on me one day on business, and in conversation afterwards on the machine subject I remarked that I often wondered how he came to think of the plan of gathering by combs and beaters. His reply was to this effect : ‘ Well, I may say that the comb part of it is not altogether mine. I saw a tracing and a description of a crude kind of machine taken from an old Roman work on a cutting principle—a man standing at the side, and sweeping or raking the ears back into the box behind as they were cut. The thought then struck me that a comb after this sort, in combination with revolving beaters, might gather by threshing without cutting, and would be just the thing to meet our case.’ He then described, with the palm of his hand turned upwards, the working of the old machine, its mode of cutting the ears off, and the action of the man raking or sweeping them back, etc. This gave me an impression of its form and working which still remains, and which answers fully to the sketch at the bottom of his letter in your pages of the 6th inst.

“ My remark was not that I doubted of his being the inventor. This I never did, having a knowledge of what was doing at the time of the invention to quite satisfy me on that point. I merely wished to know how he came by his first idea, and he satisfied me as above ; and I never had any reason to doubt his word, or to do so now. . . .

"But, sir, one of my objects in writing is to draw your attention to a circumstance which has, in so far as I have seen, been overlooked, viz., that the committee of the Agricultural, Horticultural, and Floricultural Society, after much discussion on the subject, in which I myself took part (the year I forget), resolved that a testimonial should be awarded to Mr. Ridley as the inventor of this machine, and for his princely gift of it to the Colony. The committee, of which the late Hon. John Baker was then president, took means to find out what sort of testimonial, if any, would be acceptable to him, and they were given to understand that a written one would be preferable. Money was out of the question, in fact, and so the committee, of which I was then a member, voted him a testimonial engrossed on parchment or vellum; this, with others of the committee, I saw and read, and it was posted to him.

"While this was being done no voice was raised, that I recollect of, saying it was undeserved; but, on the contrary, that it should be of a more substantial and national kind and form, equal to the gift. The society considered that by this testimonial it had published to the world that the 'Stripper' was a South Australian invention, and that John Ridley was the inventor.

"Of course the machine, as left by Mr. Ridley, was far from its present state of perfection; and the Colony is indebted to many other old colonists for improvements thereon, chief amongst whom was the late Mr. James Anderson, who adopted rack and pinion for raising and lowering the comb at present in use, and, I think, several others.<sup>1</sup> . . . Since you have allowed several others, I am encouraged to hope you will accept my say on the matter also.

"I am, Sir, etc.,

"JAS. UMPHERSTONE.

"The Caves, Mount Gambier, *May 20.*"

Considerable correspondence followed between Mr. Bull and my father's friends, until the matter was

<sup>1</sup> In the *Australian and New Zealand Gazette* of March 29th, 1873, an "Old Colonist" writes from Adelaide describing the machine, with the statement that, "although it has undergone many improvements in form and structure by those who have since constructed many thousands of them, the original principle established by its inventor, Mr. John Ridley, has not in any way been departed from."

dismissed as settled in an editorial note in the *Register* of May 12th, 1886 :—

“ We see no reason to vary the opinion expressed by us the other day that Mr. Ridley has effectually disposed of all doubts thrown on his originality and good faith. Whatever Mr. Bull’s claims to have independently found out the principles of the ‘Stripper’ may be, Mr. Ridley has indisputably established his right to be deemed the author of the machine which in past years has been of such inestimable value to South Australia. The subject has been so frequently discussed, and the facts of the case so often explained, that we cannot undertake to publish any more letters on the subject.”

Having once started the question of the original inventor’s claim to the machine, Mr. Bull found several followers in the mechanicians who had been employed in its manufacture. To such claims in the newspapers my father paid no attention. He had replied to the editorial charge, and would say no more. But to a private letter from the son of one of his former workmen he sent an answer which may serve for any similar claim.

Mr. Wilkinson’s letter is as follows :—

“ Gawler, *September 22, 1886.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ A short time since I noticed a letter of yours dated March 16th, 1886, *re* your reaping-machine, in which you say, after referring to Loudon’s ‘Encyclopædia,’ that ‘from no other source whatever did you receive the least help or suggestion.’ I have always considered that you were fairly entitled to all credit and honour attaching to the invention, and that South Australia is laid under lasting obligation to you for the boon which you conferred on her ; and, so far as my memory serves me, you have no rival in this matter.

“ But my special reason for writing you is that I have always been under the impression that my poor father, the late John Wilkinson, who was foreman in your yard at the time, rendered you valuable assistance in carrying out your idea, and in making



suggestions which you valued and acted on. Now, I do not wish in the slightest degree to detract from the honour which you so well deserved, nor will it benefit my father in the least. As you are aware, he has been dead for some years. But, of course, I naturally feel a pride in being in any way connected with so very valuable a work.

“ I may say that I have a copy of Loudon's ‘ Encyclopædia,’ and am disposed to think it is the one from which your idea was taken.

“ If it is not too much trouble I shall be pleased to have a line from you.

“ Yours very respectfully,

“ J. C. WILKINSON.

“ To John Ridley, Esq.”

To this letter my father empowered me to send the following reply :—

“ 19, Belsize Park, *November, 19th, 1886.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Letter-writing is so great an effort now to my father that I usually undertake it for him, and therefore in his name acknowledge your letter of September 22nd, in reference to the reaping machine.

“ There is no doubt that the mechanical skill of the late Mr. Wilkinson was of service in the construction of the machine. Inventors who are not themselves mechanicians must depend on those who are so for the carrying out of their ideas. In this way the credit of every invention is to some extent reflected on all who have to do with it, from the brain of the inventor to its practical working in its finished form.

“ To this extent my father very cordially acknowledges Mr. Wilkinson's help. But beyond this point he can only say, as he has always said, that, except for the suggestion in Loudon's ‘ Encyclopædia,’ he cannot feel that his claim to the original invention of the machine is in any way open to question.

“He wishes me to add that he has always had a very pleasant remembrance of both Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson, for whom he had great respect and regard.

“Yours sincerely,

“ANNIE E. RIDLEY.

“To J. C. Wilkinson, Esq.”

In the letters of this date there are many vivid touches of description which show my father as he seemed to his men at the time of the working out of his ideas, a time in all probability of no small trial to them. His mind worked very rapidly, but his lack of mechanical training prevented him from conveying accurately to his workmen what he wished done, and what they, as skilled mechanics, were there to do. They were, necessarily, of great help to him in the working out of the ideas in his mind. But that he was ever likely to be indebted for these ideas to any one with whom he came in contact is not a supposition which can easily find place in the thoughts of those who ever lived long enough within the sphere of his intensely original personality to have any true knowledge of him.

But the best summary of the whole matter, dealing with all the claimants *seriatim*, appeared in the *Register* of May 31st, 1886. Its hearty sympathy gave my father the keenest gratification, and compensated largely for much that he had suffered. It is from his old friend and successor at Hindmarsh, Mr. Thomas Magarey.

“THE RIDLEY REAPER.

“*To the Editor.*

“SIR,

“Surprise has often been expressed that I, well known as a friend of Mr. Ridley, and his successor in what was in early

days a great and important business, have said nothing about Mr. Ridley's invention—the 'Ridley Reaper.' I have two reasons to give in explanation. The first is, I knew Mr. Ridley so well; he was so honest of purpose, so utterly incapable of concealment, finesse, or cunning, that it would look, to any old colonist who knew him, as a piece of impertinence to come to the defence of his claims; his word to them was sufficient. They knew he would never claim what was not his. But another is, that I am not so old a colonist as many persons suppose. I arrived here whilst still a minor, and entered Mr. Ridley's service (in which I continued for about eighteen months) in time for the harvest of 1845-6. For a few days I helped to work his first machine. I subsequently became its owner, and am now the owner of remnants of it. I distinguished myself in this way in connection with the invention—that is, I never attempted to improve it; never suggested to Mr. Ridley how he should or could improve it. Having just passed through a ten months' illness from a severe accident, and that preceded by a colonial fever, and having arrived here as a mere bird of passage, as I supposed, I had no superfluous energy to devote to perfecting Mr. Ridley's machine, and had, I fear, no desire to improve it. I put this upon record now so that it may be used against me should I at any future time begin to believe, with so many other early mechanics and colonists, that I had something to do with the improvement of the Ridley machine. George IV. used to tell, in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, how he (George) had gallantly led to the charge a regiment of cavalry at the battle of Waterloo. The old man, then a king, had told it so often, that he really believed it himself. I may become subject to a similar hallucination, and want to guard against it. . . ."

Mr. Magarey here gives the personal description to be found in Chapter IV. After some further details he continues:—

“ . . . I have introduced myself only sufficiently to show my facilities to obtain the knowledge of the inventor and his inventions, and would now ask the reader: Who would be the most likely to be the inventor of the locomotive reaper? Is it the man to whom the whole subject of machinery was new, or the man who always lived in an atmosphere of machinery and invention?

To me the wonder has been, not so much the invention as the wonder how a whole community, not accustomed to machinery or invention, came to think of applying machinery to the securing of crops.

“Reaping machinery appeared to have stood still for 2,000 years. Who would have thought of perfecting machinery once used on the plains of Gaul? Why was a meeting called at Payne’s Hotel in September, 1843, to offer a reward for the best machine? . . .

“The meeting of the Corn Exchange Committee was held on September 23rd, 1843. They passed this resolution: ‘That no machine has been exhibited which the committee feel justified in recommending for general adoption.’ I quote further from the *Observer*, as quoted in a book called ‘Early Experiences of Colonial Life,’ page 293: ‘At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Ridley (who had been present when the models were under inspection) stated that he had purposely declined entering into competition, but his machine would be *ready for action* (italics mine) on the following Monday!’ The only comment I need make upon the above is that a machine which was so nearly finished that the inventor expected to complete it by the following Monday could not have needed any change in its principles. . . .

“There was no other claimant for the invention at that time. The *Register* of January 17th, 1845, speaks of Mr. Ridley’s machine as having been promised by Mr. Ridley eighteen months before; and expresses surprise that, notwithstanding the lapse of time, no effort was made to reward him. Eighteen months before would be July, 1843, or two months before the officious meeting in Payne’s Hotel offering a reward, thus showing not only that that meeting and offer of reward was unnecessary, but also that Mr. Ridley had thus early got all his ideas complete. In Mr. Dutton’s book is a letter from Captain Bagot, giving particulars of Mr. Ridley’s machine, and the highest credit for its efficiency. All who knew Captain Bagot knew his shrewdness, conscientiousness, and capability of judging. He and Major O’Halloran, who so frequently bears testimony, would be the last men to give credit for the invention to the wrong man. In February, 1853, the Agricultural and Horticultural Society presented at its annual dinner an address and thanks to Mr. Ridley for his reaper which he had presented to the country. On February 10th, 1853, the thanks of the Corporation of Adelaide, engrossed on

vellum or parchment, and sealed with the city seal, were given to Mr. Ridley for his invention. The 'Hansard' of 1858 gives an account of the thanks to Mr. Ridley of both Houses of Parliament, a most unprecedented honour for a mechanical construction, for his invention. Any person who likes may read the speeches made on the occasion, and no doubt may find the book in the Library. . . . I myself served on a committee for getting up a public testimonial to Mr. Ridley. We advertised our purpose for several weeks. No claimant then appeared.

"I have condensed these historical records very much, because I understand that a well-known gentleman is working them up in a more important historical record, and though he has given me leave to use them to the fullest extent, I have refrained from doing so. The completion of an important invention, begun on the plains of Gaul and completed on the plains of Adelaide, South Australia (only seven years after the Colony was founded, 2,000 after the beginning of the invention), is a matter which might have attracted the attention, not only of historians in particular, but of the whole civilised world in general. The name of the first Celtic inventor is lost completely; the name of the last Anglo-Saxon inventor is John Ridley. To him be the credit.

"I am, Sir, etc.,

"THOMAS MAGAREY."

Among the first to appreciate the reaper were Governor Grey and Captain Bagot, and this chapter, which closes the subject, may fitly end with some words of theirs, showing that the passing years had only deepened their sense of the value of the work.

In Chapter VI. a letter has been given from Captain Bagot, but before his death he wrote again as follows:—

"Adelaide, *May*, 1878.

"MY DEAR GOOD OLD FRIEND JOHN RIDLEY,

"How can I be sufficiently thankful to you for your increasing recollection of an old friend, who, if dealt with as humanity is usually dealt with, would have been in the grave many years gone by? That you remember me with kindness and friendly warmth each arriving mail from London brings ample proof. . . .

“We are very favoured by a bountiful Providence with a truly favourable season for stock and tillage, and farmers now being permitted to select 1,000 acres on deferred payment, and wheat being a fairly remunerative crop this year, we may look to there being a considerable increase of acreage under that crop in increasing years. But would or could that have been the case if John Ridley had not been a colonist, and had not invented and freely given to his fellow-colonists that *ne plus ultra* of harvesting machines? Well may it be thus designated, for it is hardly possible to imagine anything more simple, yet so thoroughly perfect, by which to harvest a crop with wonderful expedition and with little manual labour.

“And yet, strange to say, even up to the present time, the remarkable jealousy the other colonies have uniformly evinced towards this, and its doings, has withheld them from availing themselves of the benefit of your invention.

“That they have acted so is greatly favourable to this Colony, since all of them have had to come for a considerable portion of their bread, among them the French colony of New Caledonia, the Mauritius, and at the present time the Cape, besides the many shipments which have been made, and are being made, to England. This pouring forth of means of wheat-producing—which affords healthy, happy, and profitable employment to a very large portion of the population—could not ever have been the case but for John Ridley’s invention, and generations yet to come will have ample cause to bless and praise his name. . . .

“May God bless you, my dear old friend, is the prayer of yours,

“C. H. BAGOT.”

In answer to my request for some expression concerning my father which I might use in the record of his life, Sir George Grey made prompt and kind response:—

“Auckland, New Zealand, *December 29th*, 1892.

“MY DEAR MISS RIDLEY,

“Thank you for your letter of November 11th. To me to render any service to your father’s memory is a most pleasing task. I felt for him for fifty years—indeed, for more than that period—

a reverential regard, and shall hold him in memory as long as I live.

“Our occupation of the Adelaide plains for farming purposes at a very early period produced vast crops of wheat from that fertile soil.

“I think it was in the season of 1843-44 that we had not sufficient hands to reap and gather in the crops, although the public offices were closed and the few soldiers in Adelaide were forwarded in carts to the wheat fields, to aid in gathering in the bounteous harvest.

“It was then that your father showed himself the great benefactor of the country by inventing the first reaping machine which was peculiarly adapted to the climate and soil of South Australia. He often conversed with me on this subject whilst he was constructing his first machine, for I ever regarded him as a friend, and as one of those eminent men whom South Australia was so fortunate in numbering among its first settlers.

“I have no hesitation in saying that he was the sole inventor of the South Australian reaping machine, and that he gave his invention to all his fellow-citizens, to be a free blessing to the entire Colony. May his name ever be held in reverence for this noble act.

“I am much gratified to have heard from you.

“Very truly yours,

“G. GREY.”

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### ILLNESS. 1878.

" Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day,  
For what are men better than sheep and goats,  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those that call them friend?  
For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

TENNYSON.

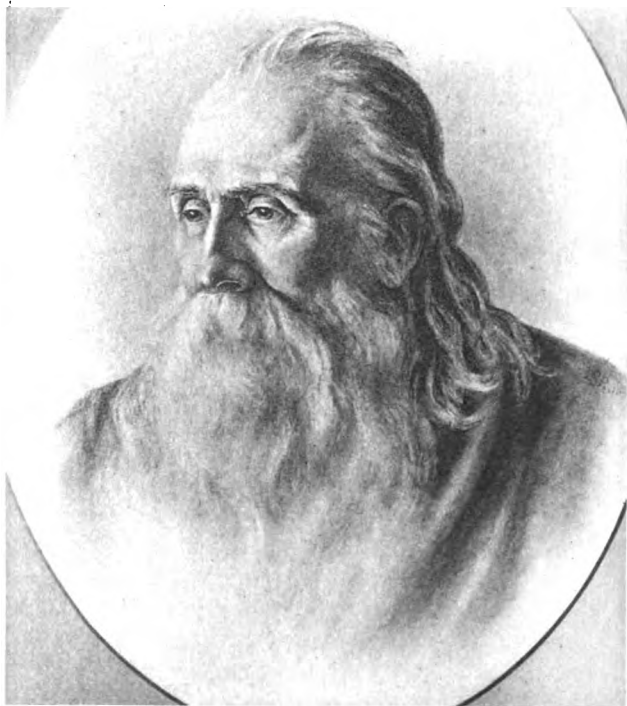
THE year 1878 was one of extreme suffering, with illness increasing through the summer, while various changes were vainly tried in the hope of relief. The Turkish baths at Bristol seem to have been very beneficial in the spring, but failed later on. Hydro-pathic treatment was tried in vain at Great Malvern, though the doctors there suggested *calculus* as the cause of the illness, a suggestion verified by a London specialist who was consulted after our return from a further stay at Dawlish.

In all real pain our "patient" lived up to that title, uncomplaining and full of hope, as passages from letters to a friend at this time show clearly:—

" Malvern, *August*, 1878.

"I hope your son is recovering, and that you are able in some degree to 'rejoice in tribulation.' To attain to this





The British Museum 1870 del

John Ridley Engraving Co

your very truly  
John Ridley



highest privilege it is worth while to go through fire and water. 'Thou broughtest me into a wealthy place.' I suppose there is no other way to that place. 'Perfect through suffering.' "

" Malvern, *August 30, 1878.*

" I have just had a seizure of violent pain. If I do not get relief I cannot last long. Surely, if all the persons I have helped were to unite in asking relief for me, it would be granted. If we only had faith in God how we might help each other! 'More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of.' To think of such a privilege as this whereby we might so help each other, and see how we neglect it!

" If the way to the apprehension of such truth be through deep suffering we may 'count those happy who endure'—

' Happy are they that lean on Thee,  
Though patient suffering teach  
The secret of enduring strength  
And praise too deep for speech.' "

" *September 16, 1878.*

" When I last tried to write to you I was interrupted by violent pain and never had courage to continue my letter. I am much worse—suffer much more, that is—than at that time.

" When a little relief comes I can join in the expressions of trust in God and belief in the use of suffering. It is evident that there are things that can be learnt only through suffering. I have had some cheering letters of sympathy, and I believe I have friends who pray for me. I wish I could fully adopt Miss Waring's 'calm, confiding prayer.' "

" *Journal, September 25, 1878.*—After more than twelve months' treatment the doctor has reached a definite conclusion, and is coming to-day to make an examination. There is a known remedy for this last, but none for what it was before supposed to be. One thing is certain: there will be great suffering, far more than I have yet experienced, and I have, as I supposed, had as much as I could bear. I rest upon the promise that as my day so shall my strength be. I feel perfectly assured that I shall not have more put on me than I shall have strength to bear. I have never had any severe

continued pain, and have always felt that in my extremity I was helped.

“Cast on the fidelity of my redeeming Lord,  
I shall His salvation see, according to His word :  
Credence to His word I give; my Saviour in distresses past  
Will not now His servant leave, but bring me through at last.

“Now as yesterday the same, in all my troubles nigh,  
Jesus, on Thy word and name I steadfastly rely,  
Sure as now the griefs I feel, the promised joy I sure shall have,  
Saved, again to sinners tell Thy power and will to save.”

On the day before the operation, Oct. 27th :—

“I have many letters of deep sympathy, and cannot doubt that this united prayer will have its full effect. I believe you will be earnest in seeking strength for me. The precious promises glow with Divine light. Hitherto I have been fully helped, and I dare not doubt the aid needed will be abundantly supplied.”

“*January 4, 1879.*—My confidence has been justified. I have been not merely supported and sustained in suffering, but I have been joyful at the worst periods. There was a seeming exception in a slight giving way of the reasoning powers, but all went well when I was able to give thanks.”

To the same friend :—

“*January 9, 1879.*

“I could say a great deal about my recent experiences, and it would be a good thing for me to say it if I could find a sympathetic listener. I have not found any one disposed to listen, possibly from the idea that excitement is not good for me. That was the case certainly during the past six weeks, and it may be so still. My nerves were very much shaken by what I had to go through. And before the operation for some weeks I had to take morphia as the pain was so severe. The effect remained after I ceased to take the drug. Otherwise I had little to complain of, and was able to keep up a thankful mind, constantly expressing itself in thanks to God for the assurance I felt that all was for the best. It is a great thing to feel this, to be able to face the greatest evil that can meet us with the assurance that it will be no evil. I came to the full feeling of

that when Mr. Mawson was killed. The operation I have gone through is very dreadful; but I can say that in facing it I adopted the Psalmist's words: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' My confidence was that strength would be given me, and I have not been disappointed.

"A verse of Miss Waring's was constantly present with me—

' While many sympathising hearts  
For my deliverance care,  
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,  
Art teaching me to bear  
By the sweet voice of thankful song  
And calm confiding prayer.'

And I had Wesley's hymns constantly read to me, not merely saying the words but feeling their reality, and I never enjoyed anything so much. It is so much more when the words meet the necessities of the case."

At his age, then in his seventy-third year, there was every reason to dread the result of so severe an operation, and the doctors did not disguise the danger even to the patient or to my mother, though she was then so much of an invalid that it was well to spare her as much as possible. To me they spoke quite plainly, saying that there was little or no hope of success at so advanced an age. But there was the chance for life, the only possible chance.

The operators were Dr. Pirie, of Aberdeen, and his son-in-law Dr. Heath Strange, both known for their skill in this special line. When all arrangements were completed, there came an unlooked-for delay in the detention of the chloroformist at another case. It was twenty minutes before he came, a time that might have been unendurable in its anguish as we four sat quietly waiting, in the very shadow of death. But the chief sufferer's faith never wavered, and we grew strong in his firm trust, till the time stands out in memory as

a season of wonderful exaltation. My father himself was as if waiting some transcendent joy. When at last he was called to the ordeal, he took leave of us with the confident words: "I think we are four of the happiest persons in the world, for we know that, come what may, we are in the hands of a loving Father!"

And he walked quietly across the passage ready—for life or for death. My sister remained with our mother, while I waited by the half-open door of the dressing-room for the longest hour I had ever known.

All went well during the operation, and we were able to breathe again hopefully. Then, just as the last of the doctors had left us, there came on a terrible *rigor*, which seemed to be hopeless.

Happily we had been warned, and, having every means ready to hand, were able to restore warmth and avert the danger. From that time, thanks to his regular and abstemious life, the cure went on as rapidly as if the patient had been fifty years younger.

Only on the first night was he perceptibly affected by what he had gone through, and even then he was not actually delirious or over-excited. As, however, he could do nothing in an ordinary commonplace way, he managed, even in illness, to be original.

It had, of course, been arranged for the surgical nurse to take the night duty, and my sister and I had divided her resting time. At midnight I had just laid my head on my pillow in thankfulness that all was so well, when the nurse came to ask me to go to my father, who would not be content till he had seen me. Absolute stillness was imperative, and she was afraid of the consequences of any excitement. I found him semi-delirious, but fully recognising me,

and quite aware of all the circumstances as he said in a puzzled tone: "You will understand all about it. I can't make it out. They assure me that the most tremendous issues depend on my keeping perfectly still. It must have something to do with the welfare of the human race, if it is so important as that. And how can I bear the strain? You see, all the powers of evil will be arrayed against me, and all will be lost!"

I answered quietly: "Oh, no, it is all right. There is nothing to fear from any evil powers. You know that was all settled for us, once for all. The victory was won for us long ago!" and so on for a time in the same strain, till he at last said: "Well, if you are quite sure it is all right, I will just leave it in your hands. You must see to it!"

I took up my post beside him, stroking his hands from time to time to show that I was still there, when he would look up and say: "They won't catch you napping? You are sure it is all right?" And on my response, "Quite sure," he would doze off again. And so the hours went by, varied by little episodes so quaint and clever that we could not but laugh. In all his wanderings there was not a word that he could have wished unsaid. The suffering was very great at times, but when the dawn brought our good kind Dr. Heath Strange, he was able to greet him smiling as his "good angel," as indeed he was through that and other illnesses.

It was absolutely characteristic of this patient that his own personal pain should have thus presented itself to him as that of the whole human race. The "cosmic consciousness"—recently discovered as a new experience—was in essence quite part of his being.

This notion persisted through the semi-consciousness

which had so much apparent sense in it. At one time he saw the room transformed into dazzling halls of light, the powers of evil represented by a wicked witch offering a fatal magic potion. He felt that if he swallowed this draught all would be lost, and it was no easy task to persuade him that it was merely the kind nurse with a cup of wholesome beef-tea.

These curious imaginings lasted only for the one night. During the rest of this, as of other illnesses, the waking hours of the night were filled with positive joy to him in recalling the texts and hymns with which his memory was stored.

But it was entirely natural that in the semi-delirium he should be possessed by this one thought: that all his fancies had the one recurrent theme, the same underlying idea of vicarious suffering.

He had long before seized on this central thought, as expressed in James Hinton's "Mystery of Pain," where he shows that the consolation of solitary and seemingly useless suffering is to be found in the discovery that all such pain is in truth "the filling up of the measure of the suffering of Christ"; that no pang can be wasted, since in the end the gain of each becomes the gain of all,—

"When we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good."

In a letter to my father from his friend, Mr. J. W. Farquhar, with congratulations on his recovery, we find the same thought:—

" . . . I take this opportunity of expressing that thankfulness which all your friends will share to our Father, who has given you so good and so signal a victory over one of the direst forms of physical evil. The Lord had a necessary suffering to endure in the body of humanity at this time, and He chose you,



as being by previous preparation and present circumstances most worthy to bear His heavy cross. In the strength that He imparted, and through the ministration of angels on both sides of the veil, you have bravely borne and overcome, not for yourself only, but for all the world. As all the necessary suffering of humanity is measured there is one grievous thorn less in the flesh than before. As the Divine strength is made perfect in weakness, you will receive an added mental strength proportionate to the severity of the trial endured. . . .”

For some years past it had been my father's morning practice, as he was always an early riser, to throw his reading and meditation into the form of a letter to one or other of his old friends, those especially who had been of the early group of “Methodists.”

Addressed to one of these there is a meditation on “Sin” that expresses his views clearly, and throws light on the besetting idea of his illness, as showing that this mental attitude was of long standing, since it is dated Sept. 1st, 1864 :—

“ . . . The sense of sin in a peculiar form of thought has been pressing on me painfully at times, but I find such relief in coming into communion with Jesus, trying to realise His presence in His words and life. It is so happy to turn from doctrines that one cannot understand to a life much of which one can understand. . . . Merely intellectual views do little when the mind is clouded, but there is power if we can address Jesus in the words of Peter, when He asked them : ‘ Will ye also go away ? ’ ‘ Lord, to whom shall we go ? Thou hast the words of eternal life.’

“ ‘ This is the record : God has given us eternal life, and this life is in His Son.’ Frequently, when disposed to take gloomy views of things, I have felt that in fixing my thoughts on these words I have been able to say : ‘ Whom, having not seen, we love, and in whom, though we see Him not, but believing, we rejoice ’ ; ‘ with joy unspeakable and full of glory ’ is an addition I hesitate to make, not because I am a stranger to the experience, but because I do not usually attain to that height.

“When I said I had no troubles I meant troubles such as yours, bereavement and poverty and so on ; but I know what it is to cry out of the depths, out of ‘the horrible pit, the mire and the clay.’ Life must be a conflict of some kind, but we can say : ‘Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer Thine holy one to see corruption.’ . . . ‘Let not your heart be troubled.’ I must confess to being troubled, and what is more, I pray for more and deeper trouble ; a deeper sense of want ; ‘a deeper displacency of sin, a sharper sense of hell within, a stronger struggling to get free.’

‘Give us our daily bread, the bitter bread of grief;  
We sought Earth’s poisoned fruit for solace and relief :  
We sought her poisoned feasts, but now, O Lord, instead  
We ask Thy healing grief to be our daily bread.’

“Now, if ever we had no sin of our own to grieve over we ought to repent for others. In sympathy with mankind we may get to feel the burden of sin that rests on the conscience of the world. This, in my belief, was the source of our Lord’s sufferings : He felt in sympathy with those who suffered. Paul prays that he may suffer with Christ, and know the fellowship of His suffering. That cry ‘My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?’ was not from His own experience, except in feeling as men do feel. Many a man has felt as if God has forsaken him. Our Lord entered fully into all our sorrows : ‘Surely He hath borne our grief and carried our sorrow,’ even the sorrow of a stricken conscience, although He had no sin to repent of. But we have sins of which to repent, and we must go on repenting to the end, in fellowship with a world of sinners. ‘If we suffer with Him we shall also reign with Him,’ that is, get power to be helpful to others. That is all the reign I desire—to conquer myself and to help others to conquer themselves.

“The sense of sin that oppresses me is not my own sin alone, but the sin of the world. A mental impression from my son was to this effect : ‘A higher Angel than I visits you—“One who has not sinned.”’ I said : ‘But you never sinned !’ He was only seventeen days old when he died. ‘But I was born an heir to sin,’ he replied.

“It is not then the sins that we have committed, and for them deep repentance is due, repentance not to be repented of, not forgotten, often to be recalled to memory, especially if new experience gives occasion for the renewal of the feeling. . . .

We must come face to face with the evil that exists and feel our relation to it. Humanity is a unity, and each has to repent of the sins of the whole. That is the view I have been taking of my relation to the human race. Those who have never felt this may call it sentimental and unreal. I am prepared for that objection. But it comes still nearer to me in this form: I have relations who are deep in the mire, and I have felt my relationship as involving serious responsibility, and until I have done all I can to help them I seem to be neglecting my duty. For one in particular I have laboured very hard in thinking of and in praying for him, although some little time afterwards we had reason to fear a relapse into his former condition. Now if I have not done what I could to recover this brother, what is my guilt? I have to repent for him. What is the feeling we must maintain for those who are seeking death in the error of their ways? That must have been a real feeling in the prophet with which we ought to be familiar: 'Rivers of water run down my face because men keep not Thy law. Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the daughter of my people!' 'Horror has taken hold of me because men keep not Thy law.'

"I am impressed that the agony of our Lord was of this nature, this feeling of the horror that ought to be felt by the sinner, consequent on participating in the same nature as the sinner though there was no participation in his crimes. And this is 'the fellowship with the suffering' that we are required to seek.

"The effect of seeing our own sinfulness in the Divine light would overpower us, so that this is the meaning, or one meaning, of the passage 'No man can see God and live.' To stand face to face with ourselves in the capacity of sinners, with the light of the Divine holiness upon our evil nature, would overpower the physical man.

'Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings but Himself  
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.'

"There is one view of sin that makes nothing of it, another that makes it so much that the first wrong movement is equivalent to a doom to eternal crime, with punishment always increasing. . . .

"I believe that David's feeling was the genuine one:

'Against Thee have I sinned and done the wickedness. My sin is ever before me.' The suffering of the world is real. 'The misery of man is great upon him.' 'Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations.' The suffering of children is a strong testimony, as are the sufferings of the innocent for the guilty.

"I think I am justified in yielding to the pressure upon me of the sin of those to whom I might render some help, as well as to the relation in which I stand as a sinner—what may be termed a lesser manifestation—to the great criminal whose condemnation is just. So much the more we may look to 'the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world.' 'Who is he that overcometh the world but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?' 'This is the victory, even our faith.'"

This thought of the good of prayer for others grew deeper and deeper, and the last years of his life were more and more full of such prayer for his own nearest, for friends, and for all in ever-widening circles. He anticipated the new theories of thought transference in many an actual experience, as in 1861 he wrote to a friend:—

"There must be some truth in some of my cherished opinions that there is intercourse between minds, however distant, without any actual medium. I have been thinking so much about you, wishing to write, and wishing that you were less occupied, . . . and now you have responded as I have so long wished. . . ."

To another friend:—

". . . The subject of prayer for others has assumed a proportion much beyond what I had ever felt, and I had felt very strongly about it. I had a hundred copies of a sermon on the subject and marked them all for friends for whom I intended to make a practice of constant prayer. In my sermon is mention of a good woman, confined to her bed, as spending a large part of her time very happily in holding intercourse with her friends. She said: 'I go in idea into the first house in the street and get them together, and talk to them and pray with

them, and then to the next house, and all down that side of the street, and then up the other side, and I have such good times. I cannot tell you what pleasant visits I do have!' The preacher says, 'Do you suppose that to the prayers of such an one no answer comes? Do you not suppose there is a blessing on the persons thus prayed for?'"

In his journal (1868) there is a passage on the same subject:—

"I wish to ask Divine direction on one point. Can I pray for the recovery of my sick friends with faith that they will recover? The saving clause seems to prohibit the exercise of the faith that one may exercise for saving one's soul, meaning by that not deliverance from suffering or the punishment of hell, but deliverance from sin. I think I ought to ask that in full assurance of faith, according to the passage, 'Whatsoever things ye ask, believe that ye receive them.' But *can I say, 'Lord, restore health to our friend, without doubting that it will be done?*' I might put it so: 'Lord, direct me unto a patient waiting on Thee for direction as to how I ought to feel. Help me to help her in every way I can by my sympathy. Inspire me with Thy yearning pity for her and all my suffering friends.'"

In his practice he acted on this faith, and had many instances of what appeared to be direct answers. In his visiting the sick he gave frequent relief, and there were several cases of cure. He was always a little afraid of being carried away into the extravagances of which examples are not far to seek. But that his prayers were a power is very sure. Here is his own word on the matter:—

"If one's good wishes can do anything one need not be afraid of giving them; and I cannot doubt the efficacy of real prayer in any case somehow, some time. What a pity it would be 'to withhold prayer before God,' as some one is charged with doing in the Scriptures, if it can be of any value! It is difficult to believe that one person's prayer can influence another's destiny; but there is strong assertion of it in the

Scripture, and much experience of it in history. I have no doubt about it. If not answered in the direct way it will be in some other. . . . It must be beneficial to look up to the Highest, and breathe good wishes for those we care for. We must care more for those whom we ask God to care for. If we ask God to have mercy on all men we may be the more disposed to show mercy ourselves."

This safe and certain form of the "communion of saints" was a great joy and solace to him, deepening his own spiritual life and that of his correspondents. He writes to one of the early Methodist circle—truly one of the "saints"—on this point:—

"I have been reading some sermons for you, marking important passages as I do for friends I care for. . . . We meet in spirit, if not in form, and I have enjoyed writing out hymns for you more than if only reading them for myself. Religious feeling is essentially social. I get so much more good in reading and marking sermons, etc., for my friends than in reading alone. I seem to anticipate the time when I shall see them perfect before the throne of God and rejoice in their beauty; great things await us in that great hereafter. . . . I hope the time spent thus will be as much, or more, to you than if spent in writing to you. I have actually only seen you once, but there is such a thing as affinity, which asserts itself at once; and my regard for your husband transfers itself to you. . . . There are only a few people that fit together any way squarely. When these meet there is an instant recognition of the great fact. With most it is never more than face to face; with some it is heart to heart. . . . May I ask you, as I ask all my intimate friends, to meet me at the throne of the heavenly grace? I send you a marked sermon on prayer for others, one of a hundred sent out underlined. If all had acted on them, an immense amount of good would have been accomplished. . . .

"It is a truth of which we can have full assurance that we are in the hands of God, and as safe in His hands as a babe in the hands of its mother. It must be a great advantage to have our faith put to the test now and then, for it is a faith worth testing and having manifested, the life Divine manifested

in man as it was in our Lord. 'The life was manifested, even that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us, which we have seen and heard,' says that wonderful opening verse of St. John.

"Can we share in this experience that a Divine life can be led on earth? That perfect trust which a believer exercises in God when everything seems to be going wrong is truly a wonderful manifestation of that life. As it can be known only by experience, we see the point of St. Paul's saying, 'glory in tribulation; tribulation worketh patience, patience experience, and experience hope.' To one who has walked through the valley of the shadow and feared no evil life must be a very different thing from what it is to one who has had no such experience. 'Behold, we count them happy which endure.' 'Thanks be to God, that giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

This letter, written in 1876, at the beginning of the serious illness recorded in this chapter, reads like a prophecy of what was to come when, after just such a passage through the valley of the shadow, the writer was able to say with yet fuller assurance:—"I have always had a firm belief in the providence and goodness of God, and have never been disappointed." Of him it could then be said that his faith had been put to the test and had not failed.

Of the physical suffering little trace remained beyond a lameness which, if it hindered his former activities, must have tended to prolong his life in keeping his energy within bounds. It often suggested to us that lameness of which we have the ancient record when the man who wrestled and was victorious at Peniel could say: "I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### BURIED SEEDS.

" While the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

" And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light :  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward look—the land is bright."

A. H. CLOUGH.

IN a paper published in 1901 by the Archdeacon of Westminster there is the following striking passage:—

" . . . Atheism, when based on thought, always originates in a passionate denial of the rudimentary and imperfect conception of God put forth by shallow so-called believers. Men have been driven into hostility and execrated as atheists when it was not God, but man's false view of God, they were rejecting, and where there has been more essential reverence in their denial, in its inception, than in the nominal believers who condemn them. . . .

" If a man be taught that on the throne of the universe there sits an omnipotent Despot who so hates the ignorant, the heterodox, and the sinning, that he will condemn them to the unnamable torments of everlasting flames, he has no standard of right, and anarchism is the logical outcome of his creed. Of such it may be said when they try to upset society,

' Their faith unfaithful made them falsely true.'

" The remedy is to be found in the ceaseless reiteration of higher and nobler conceptions of God. Healthily to develop



heavenward without this is impossible for nation, Church, or individual. To think rightly is to act rightly, and a true conception of God and of His relation to man is the strongest incentive to a pure and self-controlled life."

This unqualified utterance from an honoured Church dignitary shows clearly what change has come over thoughtful minds during the past half-century. To my father such words would have been as a high-water mark indicating the rise of the tide which in his own youth had been at its lowest ebb.

Fifty years earlier he had thought the same things, and, for daring to express his thoughts, had stood practically alone. Few things are more remarkable than the change in public opinion during the last few years on this question of the eternity of evil, a change so great that the intellectual world, for the most part, considers it needless to pursue the subject, regarding such a belief as an exploded superstition.

But this point has not even yet been reached by the theological world, since so recently as May, 1902, the same "charge of heresy" was, at the Wesleyan Conference, brought against the Rev. Agar Beet, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology at the Richmond Wesleyan College. That after a heated controversy Dr. Beet was allowed to retain his post was a triumph for the larger views.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "In an interview published in the *Christian Commonwealth* Dr. Beet says he is not prepared to assert the endless suffering of the lost. He believes in eternal and blessed life for the righteous; the ultimate fate of the wicked he does not know. Punishment does not in his opinion necessarily involve consciousness—the loss of eternal life would itself be eternal punishment. These views were not, he said, inconsistent with Wesleyan Methodist standards; the traditional view of punishment was something as excruciating as the pain caused by fire, but that idea had been abandoned by all really thoughtful men, and in

In the last three decades many powerful books have been written on the higher aspects of "The Restitution of All Things," as distinguished from a merely weak optimism that everything is to come right, somehow, at some time—an optimism which misses the sense of sin and the restorative nature of a punishment no longer vindictive or endless.

Certain it is that a radical change of opinion on this question of Eternal Punishment has taken place. And it is possible that no single agency has done more for this end than the efforts of one solitary, unknown worker.

After my father's serious illness in 1878, an increasing lameness put an end to his personal ministrations among the poor, so that he had to find a new outlet for his still abounding energy. For this he had not far to seek. All his life long he had kept no great thing to himself, but had poured out his new thoughts in any direction open to him. Any book on the "new theology," such as "The Larger Hope," by Baldwin Brown, and the works of the Rev. J. B. Heard, M.A., he circulated by dozens, if not hundreds. He had induced James Hinton to issue a shilling edition of "The Mystery of Pain," and "A. L. W." did the same with her "Hymns and Meditations," the greater part of these editions being taken by himself.

At his request, for his own distribution, he had special papers written on the topic nearest his heart.

most cases no other view had taken its place. Professor Beet says, whatever happens, his conviction is that the discussion will be of great benefit to the Church—it will clear the air, and put Wesleyans in a more healthy condition. Hitherto they had been by their silence pretending to hold a belief that they had really abandoned."—*Reported in the "South Australian Register" of July 30th, 1902.*

Of these may be mentioned "The Fundamental Doctrine of Christianity," "The Philosophy of Revelation," and "The Christian Revelation of God the Basis of True Philosophy," by J. W. Farquhar; "The Restitution of all Things," by the Rev. W. Metcalfe; and "The Purpose of the Ages," by the Rev. D. Wardlaw Scott, with various papers by Edward Clifford. Of other papers reprinted at his expense were "Eternal Despair," by John Foster; "The Purpose of God," by Erskine of Linlathen; "Three Modern Worthies" (Campbell, Ewing, and Erskine), by H. M. W.; "The Great Purpose of Christianity," by W. E. Channing; "Christianity as Christ taught it"; "Love to Christ as a Person" and "The New Theology," by T. Munger; "The Reaction of Law on Theology," by the Rev. J. B. Heard; "On Farrar's Eternal Hope," by Baldwin Brown; and many more taken from the *Spectator*, *Christian World*, and other sources. The *Christian World Pulpit* went out by scores, those especially containing three of H. Ward Beecher's sermons: "The Spirit of the Cradle," "Evolution and Revolution," and "Nature's Warning."

In temperance literature all Joseph Livesey's papers, many by Dr. F. R. Lees; Dr. Richardson on "Alcohol"; and Archdeacon Farrar's great sermons, "A Nation's Curse," "England's National Sin," and "The Vow of the Rechabites," with "Self-sacrifice," by Dr. Temple; and many of the "White Cross Army" papers, by Miss Ellice Hopkins, were also largely distributed.

It was not long before this distribution, of course gratuitous, became the work of his life. He employed quite a staff of young persons in writing addresses and making up packets, while his own personal attendant was kept busy on the same lines.

Beginning with his friends and acquaintances, he went on in ever-widening circles, till at last he supplied himself, year by year, for at least five years, with the "Clergy List," the Congregational and the Baptist "Year-books," and any other available lists, sending his packets all over the world to ministers of every description. Naturally he devoted himself chiefly to the younger men and those remote from the centre of things. He did not concern himself about well-known men to whom all the new literature was open.

In an extract from a letter written in 1883 to the Rev. Archer Gurney, we have his own account of his motives in this work :—

" . . . Having taken the liberty of printing your letter for gratuitous circulation, I think it due to you to inform you of my motive in doing so.

" All my life I have distributed useful papers since the time when, comparatively poor, I gave £2 for 1,000 temperance pamphlets. At seventy-seven years of age I feel as if my work was done ; but before I go I should like to circulate some good stirring papers to the extent of 150,000.

" Within the last two months I have been sending out packets of twelve different papers to clergymen of the Church of England, and also to all sorts and conditions of ministers all over the world.

" Should you wish to circulate your letter, I will supply you with any number, as I shall print at least 20,000 copies. *Unity* was at one time a leading idea with me, and I have always felt that we ought to make as much as possible of fundamental doctrines, and as little as possible of minor differences. Once I gave £100 towards building a chapel where the advocacy of Christian union was to be a prominent feature. This was in Australia. It is needless to say that nothing came of it but another sectary.

" . . . I feel deep gratitude for the help you give me. It is delightful to meet any one who has the courage of his opinions. A letter from the Rev. J. B. Heard has also been very refreshing to

me. And I owe much to Isaac Taylor, W. E. Channing, F. D. Maurice, and others still living, who have the same courage."

At another time (1883):—

" . . . I feel deep interest in the spread of the new views, which are becoming wider every day. Farrar's sermons are taking great hold on all minds not fenced in by infallibility. It is not only Romanists of whom one can say that.

" I have been maintaining these views for five-and-thirty years in almost solitary sadness, but I think a new dayspring from on high is visiting us now. It is only the dawn as yet. There is only one paper—*The Christian World*—which gives all sides of the subject, and it is severely condemned by nine-tenths of the Church. What a deliverance have those experienced who have seen the light, and hail the coming day!

" On this subject I feel—

' As when a wretch from thick polluted air,  
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,  
And dungeon horrors, by kind fate decreed,  
Climbs some fair eminence where ether pure  
Surrounds . . .'

This feeling grew so deep and strong that no obstacle held him back from the work. Dependent as he was on sympathy, he nevertheless pursued his course alone. What he felt to be right must be done at any cost. And the cost was often painful enough to his peace-loving spirit. Something of this is indicated in a comment by his friend the Rev. D. Jackson:—

" Mr. Ridley would occasionally manifest impatience at the apathy of some who held his views, but from prudential or other reasons did not use their opportunities of advocacy with the diligence and boldness he anticipated. In the case of preachers there might be ground for his complaint. Their position is in many ways peculiar, and to advance at a more rapid pace than their congregations were prepared to follow their lead might involve a partial or total loss of opportunity to speak at all.

" If he met with a rebuff from an orthodox quarter and

thought the man sincere, he would admire his loyalty to what he thought to be true. But with temporisers and theological 'rail-sitters' he had no patience, and his indignation would at times be excited to the pitch of scorn against such. Something of the martyr spirit of his distant ancestor Bishop Ridley was in him. He himself would have had no hesitation in going to prison or the stake for his convictions, and he thought all human beings should be capable of the same loyalty and heroic endurance for the truth's sake.

"With his bold, fervent, courageous nature, his passion for liberty and mental freedom, in other days and circumstances he would have stood a good chance of paying the death penalty for his beliefs and convictions. Happily for him, the conditions of the struggle for freedom to think on theological themes and liberty to act on religious matters are changed. The struggle still goes on between progress and obscurantism, but the terms of the warfare are more equally balanced."

In one of his letters to me, my father expresses himself in the same spirit, after a very characteristic fashion:—

" . . . I saw a picture yesterday that kept the tears in my eyes for hours—Marie Antoinette hearing her sentence read. The looks of the foul men, and especially her look, are very striking. The subject, as well as the excellence of the picture, moves me strongly. . . .

"To think that, if you had lived in Cranmer's time, you might have been burnt for not accepting the dogmas dictated to you! I am afraid the world has not yet repented of its crimes, or we should have more expression of horror at the way in which women—and men too—have been treated for opinions, political and religious. What a horrible world it is in which women have their heads cut off and are burned for opinions!

"Jesus charged the men of His day with being guilty of all the blood of the prophets; and we, if we do not feel horror at the doings of our very religious ancestors, are so far guilty with them. And then there is the next great—or greater—horror in dooming countless multitudes to a severer doom for holding or not holding certain opinions. Well, 'from hardness of heart, good Lord, deliver us!'"

It was impossible for him to be quiet or to feel quietly about this subject. He says at a later date:—

“I am much disturbed by calm people. Mr. W. said to A. that he could not conceive why I got so warm; he agreed with me entirely, and yet I seemed to quarrel with him! It was his apathy I quarrelled with. He said that the question stirring me was quite settled, and that no sensible person had any doubt about it. There was no occasion to do anything or to promote inquiry, and then he wondered that I did not acquiesce—and do nothing more. There are so many people I cannot understand.”

And again:—

“ . . . I had a letter from Captain ——. I cannot make out his meaning as to doctrine, but suppose he represents a large class who quietly ignore all they hear about perdition, and who leave such as me, who cannot do so, to struggle in the mud, holding out no helping hand. That looks to me very like this: A person is asked to subscribe to a smallpox hospital, but answers, ‘I have no children to take smallpox, so why should I move in the matter?’ The only hope for such a person is that he might take the infection himself!”

No complete record has been kept of the numbers of papers sent out, nor of the cost of printing. But in one year, about the middle of the work, the printer's bills show that half a million papers had been supplied—some were only leaflets, but many were eight-page pamphlets.

For months the work grew, with growing lack of sympathy, if not with positive disapproval from friends who could only see waste of time, money, and feeling, in this broadcast scattering among strangers, who could not even guess its source. For years no name was given, and consequently there could be small response. It was a work of pure faith, a work done in the dark, with no visible effect.

Inevitably it was a solitary undertaking. If the mechanical experience had been lonely, this theological undertaking was immeasurably more so. In the one case there was something tangible, with practical result; in this case for a very long period, there appeared to be little beyond waste and worry.

And for the first time even his own nearest and dearest failed him. We never opposed him. Our confidence in his intuitions and our belief in his goodness would have prevented that in any case. But we did not help, and we could not honestly say at first that we expected any results.

At best we were passive. Nothing ever disturbed my mother's serenity, strong as it was sweet. She held her tongue and smiled quietly under any trial of patience, and we two did our best to follow her example. But it was not always easy. My father could never work alone in a den of his own—except over some machine—and consequently our life was at that time spent in a litter of paste and paper cuttings, not a little disturbing to the housewifely mind. But the real trial was in the constant dwelling—morn, noon, and night—on this most difficult and painful subject. Whilst avoiding exaggeration concerning the sacrifices involved, it is only a statement of bare fact to say that the cost of this work could not at all be measured in coin of the realm.

The earnestness with which the work was done shows in the following extracts from his correspondence:—

*February 25, 1883.*—I have been under heavy pressure lately, with 10,000 packets to send out, but I am much relieved by the efficient help of a servant—Matilda—who last week sent out over 800; so in three months I hope to be free to undertake something new and perhaps greater. I trust in



Divine direction entirely. I am quite ready to undertake any amount of work, ending only with my life, and I am convinced of the Divine will in the matter—a great fact. God has a will concerning us, and it is our privilege to know it and to have strength given us to do it. If it please the Disposer of events I am sure it cannot fail to produce incalculable good, whether I get to know it or not. The Lord knows best whether I ought to do it or not, or any other thing I am able to do. I seek Divine direction.

“*March 18.*—Last week we issued 220 a day; 20,000 in three weeks. I have allowed myself to think of nothing else, and have reduced my strength by so much exertion. I could spend my life so far as my will is concerned, but I am told I must not.

“*St. Leonards, September, 1885.*—We ought not to be certain where we do not know. But we do know some things; the best are that ‘God is love,’ and ‘God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.’ I have sent out by post all over the world 100,000 packets of papers with the object of persuading people not to be so sure—when there is so much against and so little for this opinion—that God is a destroyer, and that Jesus came to make known an eternal hell for nearly all the human race. Last week 2,000 packets went out. I hope to send another 100,000 before I go. I hope I am not so forsaken by God as to spend myself in opposing the truth.”

At length it seemed desirable to test the value of this work, and the packets then contained the following notice:—

“The sender of these papers having had his early life darkened through limited views of the goodness of God, has come so to rejoice in the Gospel of eternal hope, that for some time past he has devoted all his energies to the circulation of the best thoughts on this subject. At the age of seventy-seven active exertions are no longer possible, and the post is the only means of reaching beyond his own circle; while those whose work lies in teaching would seem the most likely to welcome new light on the old themes. He is therefore sending the papers to clergymen and to ministers of all denominations, and hopes that this explanation may secure a favourable reception for what might otherwise seem to be an intrusion on the part of an entire stranger.

“Additional copies for distribution will be supplied gladly (of course gratuitously) on application to the following address:—

“ ‘J. RIDLEY, 19, Belsize Park, London, N.W.’ ”

Up to this point the responses had been only occasional in messages through the printer, Mr. Baines; but after this notice letters poured in so abundantly that the strong faith was justified, and the weak faith strengthened.<sup>1</sup>

The strong expressions of sympathy thus received not only gave great and needed encouragement to the sender of the papers, but led on to many valuable friendships.

Amongst many letters of this period a few may be given as representative; the first from the Rev. J. Baldwin Brown, apropos of his lectures on the “Larger Hope” :—

“Believe me, I value very much your sympathy and interest in the lectures. I am amazed at the expressions of sympathy that reach me from every side—from some of our most honoured and trusted ministers among others. It is evident, I think, that this dread dogma has been a kind of spell; when it is broken every one rejoices. I hope that I may have contributed a little towards breaking it. I think you will own that

<sup>1</sup> The following advertisement in the *Christian World* also brought many applications :—

“Our venerable friend Mr. J. Ridley, of Belsize Park, who never tires of spending either time or money in diffusing enlightened views of Christian doctrine, has reprinted Mr. Munger’s prefatory essay on ‘The New Theology’ for free distribution. We trust that in this form it may receive the earnest attention of many whom it has not yet reached in the book.”

A further proof of the interest in these papers is a notice printed by Mr. Baines :—

“*Important Notice.*—As requests for additional copies of these papers for general use as leaflets are continually being made, the printer begs

gentler, nobler, and more Christian ideas on this great subject will rapidly spread.

"I am most gratified by the interest you express in the circulation of the lectures."

And from the Rev. W. Garrett Horder:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am much obliged to you for the packets of pamphlets, and I think I am indebted to you for a packet before. I am specially glad you are circulating Whittier's lovely little poem. Yesterday I concluded my sermon with it. So many people have been asking for copies that I am venturing to ask if you could spare me a few. . . ."

to announce that he is now prepared to supply the following (which have hitherto been supplied gratuitously by Mr. Ridley) at the under-mentioned prices:—

	Carriage paid.
'The Purpose of God,' from 'The Spiritual Order' and other papers, 8 pp. . . . .	12/- per 1,000
'A Nation's Curse,' by Archdeacon Farrar, 8 pp. . . . .	12/- do.
'Nature's Warning,' by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, 4 pp. . . . .	7/- do.
'The Spirit of the Cradle,' by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, 4 pp. . . . .	7/- do.
'Self-sacrifice,' by Rt. Rev. Dr. Temple, Lord Bishop of London, 4 pp. . . . .	7/- do.
'Christ Drawing All,' by Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., 4 pp. . . . .	7/- do.
'Three Modern Worthies,' 4 pp. . . . .	7/- do.
'Concerning Eternal Despair,' 4 pp. . . . .	7/- do.
Rev. J. Baldwin Brown on Dr. Farrar's 'Eternal Hope,' 2 pp. . . . .	4/- do.
'Prayers for the Dead,' 2 pp. . . . .	4/- do.
'And now Abideth Hope,' 2 pp. . . . .	4/- do.
'The Minister's Daughter,' etc., by John G. Whittier, 2 pp. . . . .	4/- do.
'Christianity as Christ Taught It,' 2 pp. . . . .	4/- do.
'The Reaction of Law on Theology,' by Rev. J. B. Heard, 2 pp. . . . .	4/- do.

Larger quantities at special rates.

Thomas Baines, Printer, Fairfax Road, South Hampstead, London."

And again later :—

“I hope to be able to send you a couple of articles that I think will meet your views, and that you are at liberty to use as you may desire. Kindest regards and all good wishes for the work you find so much joy in doing.”

From a Scotch minister in Glasgow :—

“I acknowledge gratefully the packet of literature sent to me, and I am greatly pleased to find that there is one taking an intelligent and active interest in this good work.

“With this kind of literature I am familiar ; and, strangely enough, I had printed off for distribution copies of ‘The Eternal Goodness.’ Are you aware that the Church of Scotland is very broad? The ministers prize the liberty which a State Church gives them, and use it for progress. At the same time a wretched narrowness consumes the people in many places, dwarfs them, and makes them unkindly, unneighbourly, and hypocritical. . . . I wonder when the sternness engendered by controversy will be melted away !”

The Rev. W. H. Pulsford, after expressing his thanks, adds :—

“I hope the paper will be widely read. The opposition to progressive theology to-day comes as much from ignorance as from infidelity to Christ.”

From a Quaker came a full sympathy :—

“H. M. Wigham is delighted more than she can say to find such thought put in circulation. It is the dearest wish of her life to help in a very little way to spread such truths. . . .”

With this letter was enclosed a booklet on “Erskine, Ewing, and Campbell,” afterwards added to the list of papers under the title of “Three Worthies.”

Some letters taking up both sides of his propaganda

—temperance as well as theology—pleased him greatly :—

“DEAR MR. RIDLEY,

“Many thanks for your very kind donation to the teetotal feature of my great work! I have now £55 towards the special £500, and shall be glad if you can interest any temperance friend in the New Hall, which I hope will practically be a temperance hall, and is really one of the handsomest and most commodious in London for its size, seating 800.

“Many thanks also for the sermons, etc.!

“There is the great everlasting truth of the Divine Fatherhood, which has been sadly disguised, if not hidden, by the mode in which some theologians have presented other truth, and sometimes other *not-truth*.

“To this we may cling with full assurance: ‘God is love,’ and they are in no danger from so clinging to it who have no wish for any salvation which is not a deliverance from sin itself.

“Believe me, very faithfully yours,

“NEWMAN HALL.”

“October 30, 1883.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Your letter has been giving me a very happy morning, and I thank you most heartily.

“I shall venture to call on you, as it would be a great pleasure to make your acquaintance. I send you 2,000 of the enclosed little book, two letters, as you might perhaps be inclined to circulate them together. I also send you an exquisite letter which Mr. Jukes wrote to me. He is a most dear friend and true saint.

“It has been such a joy to me to find that the conviction *that we are on the winning side* does not make one less earnest in fighting the battles for the coming kingdom.

“I am delighted with the two lovely things of Whittier, and shall ask you for a few copies. The prose papers I hope to read shortly.

“Believe me, my dear sir, with great esteem,

“Yours faithfully,

“EDWARD CLIFFORD.

“P.S.—I have scarcely conveyed to you, but you will easily guess it, what a pleasure your fellow-feeling is.”

"December 20, 1883.

"MY DEAR MR. RIDLEY,

"Your kind letter and generous cheque have just reached me, and I have paid the £10 to the Church Army, which is very grateful to you, for you might have had my tracts for *nothing*, and I should still have been your debtor. . . .

"I enclose you our little book about the Church Army. I do feel so thankful that the 'Larger Hope' makes me more keen in fighting God's battles against sin and evil.

"May God bless you and yours.

"Most truly and gratefully yours,

"EDWARD CLIFFORD."

Many who sympathised with the theological views differed on the total abstinence question. The Rev. Archer Gurney, for instance, in giving permission for a reprint of some of his own papers, writes five pages of argument against this point. But the difference seems to have had no effect on friendly feeling, as a letter from him some months later ends:—"I shall rejoice to hear from you again. Your last letter interested me greatly. I am sure you are a worker for God and the truth."

At the same time, however patiently he might take it, nothing surprised my father more than resistance to this branch of his work from men vowed to the service of God. To himself that service found fullest expression in the service of man, and once convinced of the existence of any evil, he was compelled, at any sacrifice, to set himself against it. With him to see a thing to be right was to do it. He saw that most of the sin and misery of the world was due to drink; therefore he said, "Let us do away with the cause; of two evils choose the least. Self-sacrifice may be an evil, but it is nothing to the evil of self-indulgence; and we, then, being strong, ought to bear the burdens of the weak."

Of course, he knew, as all sane persons know, that temperance—the right use as opposed to abuse—was right and best. But since so many miss this true balance, he took his stand on the ground of the Christian privilege of self-denial in giving up even the lawful use in face of this stupendous and ever-growing abuse.

As specimens of the adverse criticism sometimes accompanying returned packets torn across or scored out, we may give the following :—

“Returned by one of the Southampton clergy, who does not think teetotalism ‘the only way of salvation,’ as its advocates assert, and sets his face against schism, especially the blasphemy about non-eternal punishment as fostered by Jukes and Co.”

“The Rev. D. N. thanks Mr. J. Ridley for the accompanying papers, which have had his careful perusal, and begs to state his opinion that *temperance* is what is needed, not *teetotalism*. He thinks that every baptised clergyman is held responsible for his vows ‘to keep his body in temperance, soberness, and chastity’ without further pledges, and entirely deprecates the efforts of a class of fanatics to forbid people the proper use of alcoholic liquors. The abuse of a thing does not take away the lawful use of it. See Canon XXX. of the Church of England.”

Many were of the same mind as the Rev. E. C., who “thanks Mr. J. Ridley for having favoured him with a parcel of tracts, but as he has neither time to read them, nor is he interested in their contents, he begs to return them.”

To the new theology the objections are still more emphatic. One clergyman, out of many like-minded, discusses the question authoritatively thus :—

“I may, however, add that, after paying considerable attention for years to the questions discussed in your enclosure, I cannot see any reasons for entertaining any doubt whatever

as to the eternity of punishment. Still I am obliged to you for trying to do good according to your light."

A curate takes the trouble to write as follows:—

"Kindly do not favour me with Mr. Beecher's lucubrations. Firstly, they come with no ministerial authority, for, unless I am much mistaken, Mr. Beecher is only a layman, called 'Reverend.' Secondly, the doctrines are not those *quæ semper, quæ ubique, quæ ab omnibus credita sunt*, but the fancies of his own private judgment. I do not doubt that he is a good and earnest Christian, but his goodness and earnestness must not be allowed to vouch for the excellence of his understanding.

"I am sure you will kindly take these remarks in the same genuine spirit in which I have made them. . . .

"P.S.—If I happen to be wrong as to Mr. Beecher being a layman (in spite of the misleading assumption of the 'Rev.'), I must retract my first remark about his writings; but I have been given to understand that he is not in Holy Orders."

From others the tone was still stronger in condemnation, as this from a Free Church minister:—

"I am favoured with one or two publications from you holding out 'eternal hope' to all men. I am one who holds out no such hope. I preach that at the last day the wicked shall be sent into 'outer darkness,' and that they shall be *for ever* cut off from God and hope, their day of probation ending with life in this world.

"Such a view I believe to be the only Scriptural one—the one taught by Christ Himself, and most clearly brought out in an able article in the *Homiletic Quarterly* by Professor Salmond, of Aberdeen,"

with three pages of further proof.

A Welsh minister speaks in yet more unqualified terms:—

"I have received from you two bundles of human sentimentalisms, 'evolution,' and other dreams of proud men who would put the product of their small brains above infinite intelligence, and under the guise of starting from sentimental benevolence try to argue that black is white. From such



paganisms, however humanly grand to imagination, good Lord, deliver the world. . . .

“I write this letter simply to warn you against being led astray to destruction on a matter of eternal moment to you as well as to others. I find that Englishmen are easily led into bogs by will-o'-the-wisps, . . . grand ceremonies like the enthronement of the archbishops, or the fireworks of ‘positive philosophy,’ falsely so called. But they are not so easily led astray on matters of business as in religion, for in business they study facts, and not glittering dreams.”

The only result of this kind of opposition was increasing zeal from this proof of the need of it. My father's own words in reference to this point give the best idea of the intensity of his feeling:—

“I have many responses thanking me for my papers, and some severely condemnatory, as must be expected. That I take as a matter of course. It is part of the battle of life. It is very painful to me to differ with any one, especially with superior people; but what I have done in this way has been by what I believe to be the leading of Providence. I have all my life had a firm belief that I could be directed in all I did, and I have been fully confirmed in my belief by all that relates to my outward position. . . . And I have looked for Divine direction in sending out these papers, which I think so important that everything else has to give place to them. It seems to me as if people were starving, and I could give them relief. Or it is even worse than that. They do not know they are miserable, while ruin is coming on them. Scarcely anywhere have men been told of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of their Father in heaven: scarcely any know that they have a Father in heaven; for, instead of a Father, they have been told of a Judge stern, severe, waiting to take vengeance on them for their sins, vengeance sure to fall on nine-tenths or nearly ninety-nine hundredths of the human race.”

This work was done in faith, not looking for visible result. But, before the end came, there was some encouragement to hope that it was not labour in vain. Here is an expression of satisfaction in knowing of the

spread of the "Larger Hope," given in a letter to an old friend not entirely in sympathy with the wider views:—

"Try to do justice to the articles in the *Christian World* on 'Restitution' and 'The Second Death.' Note the proper meanings of the words 'death' and 'destruction.' The editor says that the circulation has increased 5,000 since these articles began on the eternity of punishment. What a satisfaction to me, who left my religious body on that account! I then printed 1,000 copies of John Foster's letter, and not an individual approved of it. Quite the reverse! But twenty years have done something for the world!

"Was my endeavour to bring out the truth useless because ineffective so far as can be known? There are buried seeds. Not less have I laboured to show how deep in superstition the Church has sunk, and all with no encouragement.

"Now I find myself in good company, cast off as I am by my early friends. It is a heavy trial to stand alone like a tree in a bleak exposed situation. Still one tree in a thick wood has no individuality; it is good for timber, but it loses its full beauty. The ideal is to be like 'a tree planted by rivers of water,' that is to say, with shelter as well as with full room for expansion. But the poor exposed tree on the height may serve as a landmark, if nothing more. . . ."



*Mrs. Ridley.*  
1882.



## CHAPTER XXV.

### AT EVENTIDE—LIGHT.

"For this cause I bow my knees to the Father, . . . that He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, that ye may be strengthened with power through His Spirit in the inward man : that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith : that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fulness of God."

EPHESIANS iii. 1—4.

THE passage given above was that most often in his heart and on his lips as my father advanced in life ; and it seemed, at the last, as if it was to an unusual degree fulfilled in his own experience.

The "new life" had from his boyhood been his leading thought and desire. His views on this subject come out in one of the "Letters to a Schoolgirl" written so many years before, in which he describes a sermon by T. T. Lynch :—

"Mr. Lynch took two passages as his text : 'I am the Resurrection and the Life' and 'Why should it be thought incredible that God should raise the dead?' 'Why?' There was no reason why we should not live again if we had the elements of a higher life in us ; if we felt any aspiration for a higher life than that provided for us here, that yearning after the infinite was the earnest of the existence of this higher life. Why should it be thought incredible that God should fulfil the hopes He had awakened in the soul ? About those who are willing to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage he did not

speaking with much hope. It is my hope that your life will be, as it has so far been, the very reverse of 'a life of nothings, nothing worth.'

"Think of the difference in the two lives,—

'I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains;  
Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were sun or chime:  
I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time?'

"Lynch made the 'Resurrection and the Life' to consist essentially in being made alive from the dead *now*, there being many 'who were dead while they lived.' He spoke of the dead in business, the dead in pleasure, the dead in sorrow, the dead in unbelief, dead while they live, as opposed to the opposite: 'He that believeth, though he were dead, yet shall he live,' the effect of a quickening idea, of the 'quickenings Spirit.' 'The hour cometh when they that are in the grave shall hear the voice, and they that hear shall live. How much is lost when all this is made, as I daresay you have heard it, something remote and future. But the Apostle says, 'You hath He quickened who were dead.' All this will be as unmeaning as an enigma unless we have the solution, mere talk, a mere play of words, to most hearers.

"It is only at intervals probably that any one feels how much meaning there may be in these phrases. We have glimpses, as through an opening in the heavens.

'The soul hath flashes, intervals of light,'

though all description tends to cloud and lower the meaning. It is so much above all the eye hath seen, the ear heard, or heart conceived, this life, eternal life, the gift of God, manifested in the lives of the good and devoted. 'In Him was life and the life was the light of men.' All comment on such passages dilutes and reduces; we must see the truth in them through the light of the Spirit of truth. They will not bear putting into what may be called plain words. If we could explain the meaning it would cease to be a meaning. The inner consciousness, the circle of the soul, is the illuminated sphere of vision."

Through the long years, between writing these words and those now given from one of his last journals, he had striven for this light, and it is not strange that to

him, towards the close of his earthly pilgrimage, should have been given in increasing clearness the experience of this "open vision."

On April 9th, 1868, just after my mother's first very serious attack of illness, he writes:—

"A week to-night Mary was considered in such danger that only a miracle could save her. Dr. Garth Wilkinson said so much positively, as did another doctor. But I never doubted her recovery. I had no apprehension, or did not realise the apprehension. We could not accept the possibility. None of us did so. . . . She is still very weak, but in no immediate danger. . . ."

"May 1, 1868.

"Mary is so far recovered as to walk about her room. In looking back to three weeks to-night I try to recall what I felt when told that she could not recover. I think I never realised the idea of her removal. It might be that I was stunned, so that, like an accident or a blow on the head, there was insensibility. But I never thought of being without her presence. A sense of awe as being in the presence of the Lord in His judgments—His Divine severity—is what seems most suitable. But I think I dare not really use the word 'severity' now, as seeing all human sorrow in the light of 'the Man of Sorrows.' All suffering seems so sanctified in the suffering of the Lord Jesus that I cannot regard it as in any sense *severity*. It is at least no *un-kindness*, no want of pity or of tender mercy. 'This can be maintained only by taking, as our idea of God, the God manifest in the flesh.' 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' 'For the life was manifest.' . . .

"May 2.—I have risen early. Morning is the best time for thinking. I have been thinking during the night of the words 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.' May I expect to have this prayer answered—*fulfilled*? 'The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.' I want to present this petition to the throne of the heavenly grace. I don't think it possible to put too much meaning into the words, for they have this full meaning: 'a new creation.' 'If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.' *A new creation* I have seen it rendered. I want to feel more fully the truth of our failure in the first creation in Adam, and our new creation in Jesus,

the second head of the race, the Head of a new race, the first man a living soul, the second a quickening spirit. 'As in Adam all die, in Christ shall all be made alive.'

'Thy nature be my law; soul of my soul remain.'

"Oh, take me into Thy new creation; separate me from all that I am by natural life. According to Thy will, take me into Thee, that I may be crucified to the world, and see creature love sacrificed, that I may live, yet not I, but Christ live in me.

"This is A.'s birthday. I wish to record my sense of the Divine favour shown me in giving me such daughters; I have been favoured of the Lord. May I feel continually that the Lord has been mindful of us, and have the faith that He will bless us, bless us in the highest sense by lifting up the light of His countenance upon us and enabling us to walk in the light.

"'To walk in the light.' There be many who will say, Who shall show us any good thing? 'Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance on us.' 'They shall walk in the light of Thy countenance,' 'walk as children of light,' 'walk before God in the light of the living.'

'His Spirit only can bestow Who reigns in light above.' "

This passage seemed answered to the full when the actual need came, when into the deep shadow there came a great light. It was, however, not till after sixteen years of gradual preparation.

During this period my mother was liable to sudden and serious attacks of illness. She might be quite as usual in the morning, and night would find us beginning what was literally a hand-to-hand fight with death.

But when the end came it came very gently, after a comparatively slight attack, marked mainly by a gradual decline in strength. To the close through much weariness her mind remained calm and clear. At all times her patience and sweetness had been perfect. The only difference noticeable in her last illness was the gentle



relaxation of the reserve that had always veiled her deepest feelings. Now the buried treasure was revealed. She spoke often of her lost children and her confident hope of reunion, and the old familiar hymns were constantly on her lips, these lines especially :

"To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And they who to the end endure  
The cross shall wear the crown."

Though so long awaited, the blow lost none of its force when at last it fell, crushing us under our weight of loss. The outside world said of her : " What a sweet woman ! " Those who knew her best said : " What a strong woman ! " Sweetness like hers is possible only to a strong nature, as the outcome of a hidden inner life beneath the surface ripple or wave, known to few except in the power of its deep peace.

One who knew her well wrote of her thus, twenty years after she had passed on :—

"I hope you may be able to finish the important work of giving to the world the life, work, and ideals of your father. Do not forget to say something of your mother, so wise, so patient, so kind, so considerate ; altogether fitted to sustain, comfort, and guide the strong, determined, fervent, *care-full*, yet nervous nature of her husband. Yes, you must say something of your mother, of the noble part she took and the influence she had in making your father what he became—a true saint of Jesus Christ."

In what is nothing if not a faithful biography, a true record of a vivid personality, the story of a struggling, and in the end triumphant soul, it could not be well to omit its most unique experience—an experience so deep and so unusual that it is not easy even after this lapse of time to draw the veil that memory itself may scarcely dare to lift. But those to whom much has been given may give much, not keeping back their best. All his life

long my father believed in giving his best, giving lavishly, and to this blessedness that came to him at his life's close he was always glad to bear witness to any who cared to hear.

The loss of his wife was the complete upheaval of all his life. In earlier days he had gone his own way and worked out an independent course; but during that last six years when he also had been practically invalided he had more and more devoted himself to her, in ever-growing consideration for her physical weakness. They had lived after a very peaceful fashion, enjoying their daily drive, seeing friends, sitting together by the fireside as he read aloud and she knitted, or playing simple games for two, till we all met together in the evening.

And then came the great blank when it was all over. What it meant to the bereaved husband comes out in a letter to his brother-in-law ten days afterwards:—

*“ January 27th, 1884.*

“ This is Mary's birthday—the seventy-seventh. For forty-eight years and four months had I the blessing of her presence. I never could admit the thought of her leaving me. . . .

“ Her departure was so calm. After a night of suffering there was some alleviation, though she was not fully conscious, except at intervals. Then I was called, as there seemed a change. She still knew us, but almost immediately closed her eyes and never gave the slightest sign of suffering again—so placid, so beautiful. I was awed into silence in the presence of the great fact. For my daughters' sake I endeavoured to maintain that state of mind. But at night, on retiring, I prayed that if it was permitted to choose for myself, I might be taken with her. I hope I did not go beyond what is allowed to poor human beings in their weakness. . . . I have from childhood been much impressed with the duty of trust in God; and I have not been left to sorrow without consolation. But I have been surprised and awed by the feeling induced by the present manifestation of the love of God—the grace of God given me to bear the

burden laid on me. It was as if the Lord Himself had said to me: 'I bring your angel-wife to be united to you for ever!' Can this seem a reality? The reality to me was that I was filled with gratitude to God. . . .

"When my daughters came to me in the morning I thought they would think me delirious. But they did not; they fully entered into my gratitude to God for His revelation to me. . . .

"I send you a copy of a card I had printed a few days before. Such was my faith, and such my realisation:—

' Lord Jesus, Thou canst be to me  
A living, bright reality,  
More dear, more intimately nigh,  
Than e'en the closest earthly tie.'

And I can testify to the faithfulness of His promises to His followers. Either the promises of God are everything, or nothing. To me everything else is nothing.

"It seems to me that the death for which I wished was realised in my dying to the world and to sin. I have no apprehension that anything can distress me again. I have gone through the greatest affliction that could befall me, and feel my faith in the Divine goodness intensified. I shall, I believe, live my time out in cheerful hope of reunion with my dear Mary in a heaven of happiness and love. . . .

"Ten days have passed, and I feel no reaction such as generally does follow highly wrought feelings."

That this state of exalted feeling was a reality, and no mere passing mood, is proved by the fact that to the end, nearly four years later, there was no reaction and no change. His prayer had been answered by life, not death, the "new life" given abundantly. It was given to him to realise on earth something of the fulness of joy which is the great promise for the future. All through his life he had faith of no common order; but all through the past there had been effort and struggle. Now there was peace and joy.

It was not merely that he had grown in grace on the old plane of being. There was something more, for he lived on a distinctly higher plane—in the spirit. To

those who knew him it was a proof of the threefold nature of man as distinct—the physical and mental from each other, and both from the spiritual, though this last must include the former in the complete *at-onement* of the human and the Divine.

The wonderful thing was that in this growth of the innermost life he came into fuller possession of his mental and physical powers, his whole nature rounded and completed, as he lived simply and naturally on this higher level of being. All the old impatience ceased ; he was actually “careful for nothing”—just happy and contented as a little child who is at home in the Father’s house. Whilst dead to “this present evil world,” he was more alive than ever—with a brain clear and quick to know, and a “heart at leisure from itself” to love—to all that is brightest and best of earthly life, finding the value of much that had before escaped his notice.

Many a friend of these last years will recall his delight in their gifts of flowers on special anniversaries. To us it was always touching, because we knew that he never forgot their association with our mother’s funeral. At that time the fashion of floral tributes was quite new, and we were all amazed at the mass of lovely blooms which testified to the love felt for one whose work we knew to the full, but who had lived so quietly, with so little stir, that we had never realised how deeply her gentle influence had penetrated other hearts. Her husband’s rejoicing in these tributes was very pathetic ; as he said : “It is like a bridal, not a funeral !”

It was indeed wonderful that so much of brightness could come into so dark a shadow ; that he could live not in gloom but in hope. It was not that the sense of loss was less, but only that the strength to endure was more. We always knew the thought behind the remark

with which every day closed: "Another day gone!" which meant "A day's march nearer home!"

His unworldliness had always been marked. "Things" in themselves had never had much power over him, as he held himself free to use or to renounce them; while all vain shows were as alien to him as to George Fox himself, from choice as well as by early training. But now, whilst more *in* the world, he was still more unmistakably not *of* it, and this not as the result of painful renunciation, but because its temptations found no response in him. He had never at any time been a "respector of persons" in the wrong sense; but now he was, in the right sense, filled with deep respect for all, in a true love of humanity which obliterates mere conventional lines of demarcation.

His interests widened as his love of humanity deepened, and he could freely take and thankfully enjoy all good things. To a remarkable degree he lived out the famous saying of his old friend Mr. Boyce: "Make your arrangements as if you knew you would die to-morrow, and then live as if you had eternity before you!"

One of the first steps he took was in harmony with this plan. For a long time our mother had urged the making of some provision for her daughters. We had known several striking instances of very clever and able men who had lived to great age, and whilst still retaining full intellectual power had outlived their judgment, to the great injury of those who came after them.

After she was gone this wish of his wife's filled my father's mind, and he did not rest till he had made arrangements to carry it out. As it was necessary to communicate with Australia, it was a work of time, with full leisure for reconsideration.

It was not till nearly six months after the first resolve

that on May 2nd, 1884, it was carried out, as with one stroke of his pen he accepted absolute poverty, making over to his daughters the whole of his possessions.

At this date things in South Australia were at their highest point of prosperity, before the dark days which have reduced most things by half; and, though his income was no great matter as compared with colonial fortunes in general, it was still more than enough to throw away without a thought.

There can be no question as to the rightness of definite provision for grown-up daughters whose lives have been devoted to their parents; but there may be some doubt as to measures quite so sweeping. In this particular instance, however, it did not matter, since the only effect was to give us the power of making our father very much more comfortable than he would ever have cared to make himself.

But he did it in this way because he could do nothing by halves, and he had fully considered the matter, keeping always to his first position: "I know what has happened to wiser men than I have ever been, and what therefore might easily happen to me. And I know what I wish to do now, and I mean to do it while I am in my right mind."

That he was absolutely in his right mind was quite certain to the notary present with Dr. Heath Strange at the signing of the deed. None of those present could ever forget the satisfied expression with which he repeated a favourite old hymn:—

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell;  
He only sojourns here."

Once made, the renunciation was complete. He felt that he had thrown off all earthly cares, and they troubled him no more. He was always ready to give advice when asked; but he never expressed a wish to see cheque-book or pass-book, or in any way questioned our expenditure.

The only reference to this subject to be found in his own writing is a passing allusion in a letter to an old friend in September, 1885:—

“ I cannot write much, and have given up most of my doings. You will see by the cheque sent that I have transferred my property to my daughters. I thought it best to put the responsibility on them while I was here to assist them. They have not had anything to do with business, and need training.

“ I am getting infirm and fit for little, and can scarcely walk at all. I am over seventy-nine—not a great age for our family, as several have passed the age of ninety. But for my affliction I might have done the same.”

At the same time, he mentions 2,000 packets of papers sent out in one week, and another 100,000 in prospect before he would consider his work completed.

Apart from his lameness, his health was fairly good. But to a man of his active nature this lameness must have been trial enough. He took it, however, as he took all real trouble, not only without complaint, but in the spirit of praise which can find no fault with the Divine order of things. In these last years he was especially a living exemplar of the psalm of praise, the constant refrain of his life being its words “ Bless the Lord, O my soul.” So continuous was this state of mind that a very small exception stands out clearly in my memory. With Mrs. Rundle Charles had come her mother, of the same age and as active in mind as my father, and the two octogenarians, pictures of lovely

old age, had enjoyed a pleasant talk, going back to the early days, when Mr. Rundle helped in the young Colony, and his services were recognised in the giving of his name to the chief street in the new township of Adelaide. But Mrs. Rundle was as active in body as in mind, and, as she tripped down the long flight of steps as lightly as her daughter, my father, watching from the front door, turned away with a sigh, though still with no word of murmuring.

As he grew older his face grew finer, not only in expression, but in feature, with a complexion as clear and as pure as that of a child. At the last, with his long, silvery hair and patriarchal beard, he made a grand picture, well rendered in the portrait painted by a favourite young friend, Ida Robins Perrin—a wonderful work for a girl only twenty-three years old. He very much disliked to sit for a portrait, but made exception for his young friend, another portrait just after his illness having been taken by the same artist. The years between the two pictures give the mellowing touch noticeable in the later, which has lost the look of pain and wears the genial expression of the close of his life.

A very marked point in his character was his intense appreciation of women and their aims in art or literature or social work, given ungrudgingly and without a suspicion of the condescension sometimes shown by even the kindest men who still hold the old tradition of woman as "the weaker vessel."

His interest in all that was worth knowing never flagged. Only next to his interest in theological questions was that in science, his last appearance in any public gathering being the inaugural lecture at the Royal Institution of the new "Fellow," Joseph Wilson



Swan, whose inventions formed a constant joy to his old friend.

Another of the vivid interests of these last years was the career of our friend Captain Joseph Wiggins, the Arctic explorer, who first opened the Kara Sea for trade with Siberia. There was real sympathy with this pioneer work in itself, and still more in the personal feeling for one who received the usual meed of originality in finding the credit of his discovery awarded to others who only followed in the way opened by himself.

But all external interests came second to the inward and spiritual, in the outpouring of his own fulness to those who came to him in any need great or small. Many records could be given similar to this from Mr. Edward Clifford, himself so widely known among the "sons of consolation" in his "Church Army" and other social work:—

*"February 21, 1884.*

"MY DEAR MR. RIDLEY,

"I must tell you what a help and blessing to me my visit to you was last night. I had had rather a sad and distracted day in some ways, and I quite felt that the talk with you was a gift from God in my need. God bless you! I ask your prayers especially for myself, that right judgment and careful obedience may be mine at this time, also for the friends I have been staying with, who are doubtful as to an important step to be taken or not taken in the next four days. It may affect some hundreds of souls.

"Yours most truly,

"EDWARD CLIFFORD."

Neither old age nor its ending could have any dread for one who had always lived so near to the unseen. It was not that he undervalued the gravity of the great change, but that he had already, now and here, "entered into life." He knew that he had verily "passed from death to life," and that the only death

to be feared is that of the spirit not yet awake to the true life.

Some extracts from his letters of an earlier date show his habitual feeling on this momentous subject, proving also how far the writer was removed from the merely sentimental religiosity which dwells with raptures on an unknown future often at the cost of neglecting known duties in the present:—

“ . . . As to the fear of death, it is the most reasonable of all things to be shocked at death. That people are not so is nothing to their credit; it is sheer insensibility. Until we have some evidence satisfactory to ourselves that there is hope beyond this world for the whole human race, and for ourselves in particular, we ought to regard death as something horrible—as ‘the king of terrors.’ But to all who seek Divine help and consolation there is given a conviction that sets the mind at rest on the subject; they can say, ‘Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory!’ ‘We know that, if this earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ It is quite certain that many have thus believed and have been glad at the prospect of dying. There may be some peculiarity about these persons not possessed by the rest of the world, but most do not trouble themselves about it at all. If it occurs to the mind a few times and is resisted or treated carelessly it soon ceases to disturb.

‘The thought of death alone this fear destroys,’

some one says, but it would seem also as if resisting the thought destroyed the fear too. Human nature possesses a strange power of accommodation to extraordinary circumstances; hence soldiers can be merry on the field of battle. . . . I do not know that I have ever felt any extraordinary rapture or exaltation in thinking about heaven and a heavenly life, except as being the realisation of what I conceive of a society of friends and lovers. Can human conceptions go higher? If ‘the bliss beyond all that the minstrel’ (or the mind) ‘could tell’ be ‘two joined in the heavenly tie, an elysium on earth,’ can there be any higher idea of bliss in the kingdom of God than *the reign of love*? Is not that what it means? I have not met with

such a view of it ; in fact, I don't know that I have ever met with a description of the idea of heaven which had any reality in it : 'sweet fields,' 'generous fruits,' 'bathing our weary souls,' 'hunger no more,' and so on, are all negation.

'There is a land of pure delight'—

very material. 'In Thy presence is fulness of joy'—still vague. Has there been so little experience of the blessedness of human love that we shrink from comparing with it the bliss of heaven? But there is the hymn—

'Only love to us be given ;  
Lord, we ask no other heaven.'

And St. John is full of this thought: 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

"My idea of perfect life would be seeing the glory of God—meaning our highest conception of excellency and beauty—reflected on those of our fellow-creatures who have been made partakers of the Divine nature, of love eternally manifested in giving and accepting the treasures of knowledge and wisdom, as much in accepting as in imparting, in cheerful acknowledgment of a higher and lower—a joy seldom realised on earth.

'For what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps  
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows ?  
And we shall sit at other's feet,  
Enjoying each the other's good ;  
What vaster dream can fit the mood  
Of love on earth ?'

"Or of love in heaven? The most glorious prerogative of humanity is the capacity for unbounded love, for self-abnegation, all regard for self annihilated. Is not this the glory of God, as seen in the face of Jesus Christ?'

"This is the truth that must save the soul: 'He that believeth shall be'—is—'saved.' And what glorious salvation it is to be delivered from selfishness, to be able to say with Paul: 'I could wish to be subject to suffering, after the example of Christ for my brethren,' for the world, to be the means of conferring the blessing of the power of love on one lost soul!"

Living in this love, he was ready when the call came to go on to yet fuller realisation of life in perfect love.

On November 23rd, 1887, there was a little uncertainty about the prudence of the daily drive, as the day was cold and raw. But Dr. Heath Strange, happening to call at the right moment, gave his consent, and we went out as usual.

Nothing very special marked the rest of that day. Friends dropped in to tea, and after tea my father was absorbed in the *Times* review of the "Life of Darwin," saying eagerly as he finished it, "We must have that book."

In the evening Mr. Robert Swan and his sister came for the customary game, which was more than commonly lively, and this last evening was in all respects as happy as could be. There was no apparent reason why it might not have been followed by many of the same kind for months or for years to come.

Everything went as usual with the preparations for the night. An attendant slept in the dressing-room opening from my father's room, and my sister and I left him comfortable and cheerful, without misgivings of any kind.

But once in my own room, though I had been unusually tired before, I grew wide awake, and, most unlike my general custom, sat up working and reading till midnight. Then thinking I heard a noise in the room beneath mine, I went down, taking with me a kettle of boiling water, which by a happy chance was beside my fire.

I found my father seriously unwell, though he had not called the attendant who was asleep in the dressing-room. We applied hot fomentations at once and did not leave our patient again that night, sending for Dr. Heath Strange.

All the next day and night my father was unconscious,

but on the second morning seemed quite himself again, till, without warning, there came on a most violent hæmorrhage, and after that no hope.

He sank gradually, retaining consciousness to the last, and able to follow us as we read his favourite psalms and hymns. The last words he spoke were from the old hymn "What shall I do my Saviour to praise?" as he said quite clearly after us, "Strong to deliver," and then, closing his eyes to earth, passed onwards where

" . . . Those we call the dead  
Are breathers of an ampler day  
For ever nobler ends."

After watching the triumph of the unquenchable spirit over the mortal frame as it turned pain and anguish into patience and praise, the thought of death as extinction becomes unthinkable.

And to us it was given, in addition, to catch across the blank of loss a keen sense, intense if transitory, as of a flash sent back to us, of the rapture of that first awakening to "the more life and fuller" for which the earthly pilgrimage of this strenuous spirit had been one long aspiration.

" Man and his littleness perish, erased like an error and cancelled,  
Man and his greatness survive, lost in the greatness of God."

THE END.