CHAPTER V.

EARL RUSSELL.—VIENNA IN 1855.

In the early spring of 1855, on my way to Constantinople, which, by an involuntary change in my plans, I was never destined to reach, I stayed for a pleasant month in the gay and sparkling city of Vienna. During that time I renewed my acquaintance with Lord John Russell which I had made some years previously, as I have already recorded, at the breakfast-table of Samuel Rogers. His Lordship had been deputed by the British Government to attend the diplomatic congress to be held in that city, to consider the many questions arising out of the Crimean war; and though not a trained diplomatist, was a statesman of the highest rank.

I visited Vienna on business connected with the *Illustrated London News*, and, before leaving London, had written to Vienna to engage an apartment at the Hotel Münsch. I found on arrival that every

room in the hotel had been bespoke by Lord John Russell, for his family and suite.

On making myself known to the landlord, he obligingly gave up his own private apartment for my use. I remained in Vienna during three pleasant weeks, and saw Lord John Russell almost daily. Mixing much more with the people of all classes than it was possible for him to do, I was enabled to give him some valuable information, which he could not have acquired for himself. What seemed to astonish him more than anything else was the extreme popularity of Napoleon III. among all except the highest classes of society.

His portrait was to be seen in every place of public resort, associated very often with that of the Duke of Reichstadt.

The present Emperor of Austria was then, as he is now, a great favourite among all classes of the people, not the less so because he had set reasons of State at defiance, and had married for pure affection a beautiful princess, whom he loved with a romantic affection rare among sovereigns.

The late Emperor, who had abdicated the throne during the troubles that succeeded the revolutionary crisis of 1848, was an excellent man, of a kind heart, but of a somewhat feeble intellect, and had been rendered unpopular by the acts of the irresponsible advisers by whom he was surrounded and governed.

He was also suspected of insanity, and declared to be only fitted to be shut up in a lunatic asylum. Lord John Russell informed me that he had asked a very great aristocrat and leading noble in Viennese society whether there was any real foundation for the reports that were in circulation to this effect. The nobleman replied that the ex-Emperor, if not exactly mad, was certainly eccentric. On being pressed for an example of his eccentricity, he gave the following :—

"So strict," he said, "was the etiquette of the Austrian Court, and so averse was the Emperor to the necessary pomp and state of his position, that constant differences of opinion arose between him and the court officials whenever he wanted to take carriage or horse exercise in the streets of the capital.

"It was the regulation whenever he stirred abroad, that his carriage should be drawn by six horses, with a troop of cavalry in front, and another troop in the rear. Whenever this cavalcade was seen in the streets, a crowd gathered, sometimes to applaud, and sometimes to hiss, the Emperor."

The applause and the hisses were alike distasteful to the easy-going and, to some extent, philosophical monarch; and, moreover, he hated to be stared at, forgetting, no doubt, that the penalty of publicity was in all countries always

attached to a royal position. He suddenly became quite stubborn on the subject, and insisted on having a carriage and pair, or a brougham drawn by one horse, such as was used by an English gentleman then resident in Vienna.

The Lord Chamberlain's hair, we may suppose, stood erect at the idea. The politicians saw the beginnings of a great democratic revolution, and a possible reign of terror as in France during the last century, in the mere thought of such a frightful innovation, and everybody about the Court declared that the change was impossible.

The Emperor persisted in the demand, and declared that he would not sign a single State document until it was conceded. He kept his word for several weeks—some accounts stated for months—until something like a dead-lock occurred in the transaction of the necessary business of the State.

The Gold Sticks, the Chamberlains, and the other "Dummer Eseln" yielded at last; the Emperor had his will, but the report of his insanity was more persistently spread than ever, and gained more implicit credence.

One venerable Polonius of the Court is reported to have said, more in sorrow than in anger, when he caught sight of the Emperor, comfortable and happy in his brougham, "The days of the Holy Roman Empire are numbered; and the deluge of Metternich has come upon us."

Lord John Russell did not increase his political or diplomatic reputation at the Conference of Vienna, but seriously diminished it in both capacities. The principal cause of his failure was his imperfect knowledge of the French language, and his unfortunate concealment of the fact from the astute and wily representatives of the European Powers with whom he was brought into contact. He understood French, and could read it. He could also speak it after a fashion, but did not thoroughly understand it when spoken. His knowledge of it was literary and not colloquial ; and, rather than confess the fact, he foolishly gave his consent, or seemed to give his consent, to propositions of which he did not thoroughly comprehend the drift or the meaning, and so gave his competitors at the Council Board an advantage, of which they did not fail to avail themselves, to the detriment of his skill as a negotiator, and to the consequent damage of the prestige of his country.

Both of these results might have been avoided, if his Lordship had had the courage to confess his partial incompetence to understand spoken French, and to insist upon having put before him in writing every opinion and proposition to which he was expected to give his adhesion. He knew that French was the customary language of European diplomacy, and ought to have known that he was not really qualified to conduct or take part in any nego-

tiations that were wholly carried on through that medium. But he had not the moral courage to avow the deficiency under which he laboured, and hence the *fiasco* which he made, and of which he became the victim.

The last time I saw Lord John, then Earl Russell, was in 1878, when I passed a day with him, by express invitation, at Pembroke Lodge, his pleasant villa in Richmond Park. He was then in his eighty-second year, in fair health for his age, and without any perceptible degree of mental decay. Our conversation turned almost exclusively upon the claim of the Government of the United States on that of Great Britain, for the depredations committed by the Confederate cruiser *Alabama* in the years 1864–5, which were then under discussion in Geneva.

He wanted particularly to confer with me on the subject, for reasons which I now proceed to state.

During the war between Portugal and Brazil—at the conclusion of which the independence of Brazil was established—several privateers were fitted out in the ports of Boston, New York, and Baltimore, to prey upon Portuguese commerce and attack and plunder the Portuguese merchant vessels on the Atlantic. The Government of the United States, though having full knowledge of these proceedings, did nothing to prevent the sailing of these privateers from American ports, though called upon by the

Portuguese Government to exercise their authority to that effect. In consequence of this neglect, laxity, or actual encouragement of the Federal Government, an immense amount of injury was inflicted upon Portuguese commerce during the whole continuance of the war between Portugal and her rebellious dependency of Brazil, a careful account of which was kept by the Portuguese Government. Portugal was too weak and too poor to risk a war with the rich and powerful Government of the United States; but it had pride and spirit enough to protest against the wrong done, and to demand compensation. Accordingly, it protested in due diplomatic form, without pushing matters so far as to provoke a rupture between the two Governments, and as duly received replies, though not without unconscionable delays, on the part of the successive Secretaries of State who held office at Washington. These replies evaded, but did not peremptorily deny the justice of the complaint or the equity of the claim for compensation. The negotiations—if such they may be called—dragged their weary length along for several years, until finally Mr. Clayton, the Secretary of State in the administration of the then President, closed the correspondence with the statement of his surprise that the Portuguese Government should persist in making so antiquated and obsolete a claim, and insisted that that Government had only itself to

blame for any damage its subjects might have suffered, in not taking measures to capture the privateers and hanging up to the yard-arm the captains and officers and crews of the peccant vessels, as it would have been fully justified in doing. And so the matter rested, with the result that Portugal never received a farthing of compensation for the injury which the American Government had done or suffered to be done.

In the year 1864, when I was in New York, an *attaché* of the Portuguese Embassy sent me the whole correspondence between the two Governments, as printed by order of the Washington Congress. As the Americans at the time, under the blustering leadership of the Honourble Charles Sumner, one of the Senators for the State of Massachusetts, were making loud complaints and putting forward preposterous claims for damages against the British Government for its *laches* in suffering the *Alabama* to escape from Liverpool, where she was built ostensibly for the Emperor of China, but in reality for the Confederate Government, and for the losses she had inflicted upon American commerce, I sent the important document to Lord John Russell. His Lordship quoted the main points of it in Parliament, when a discussion ensued which created a temporary effect upon public opinion, and tended greatly to promote the determination upon the part of the leading statesmen of both the great

parties in the State, to resist the demands formulated by Mr. Sumner and the Anglo-phobists who followed his leadership, should they ever be pressed authoritatively upon the British Ministry and Parliament.

When these claims were put forward, they were unfortunately considered in a hesitating spirit by the Government of Mr. Gladstone. They were under discussion, with a view to a compromise, by a Conference at Geneva, when I took occasion, in a letter to the venerable Earl, to reiterate my opinion that his non-interference with the departure of the *Alabama* from Liverpool was not liable to the hostile interpretation which the American Government chose to put upon it, and that any demand for compensation was not only extortionate, but unreasonable and untenable. The answer to this letter was an invitation to visit him at Pembroke Lodge, to lunch and to pass the day, at any time when it might suit my convenience.

I chose the next day but one for the purpose, and was hospitably received by his lordship and his estimable lady. He was at this time in his eighty-second year, and physically feeble, though mentally vigorous and full of spirit and energy. He maintained, as he always had done, that it was not his duty as a responsible Minister to strain the law of his country, or to break it, in deference to the jealous and unreasonable susceptibilities of the

American Government, and that, although the *Alabama* had inflicted very serious damage and loss upon American commerce, the Americans had themselves to blame for not having sent to sea a sufficient force to capture or destroy that vessel, and to inflict condign punishment upon the captain, officers, and crew, according to the law of nations in such cases made and provided.

He thought that Mr. Sumner's mind was off its balance in urging his wildly extravagant demands of compensation on the British nation, and that the senator spoke and wrote rather as a lunatic than as a reasonable being, whenever the subjects of slavery, the *Alabama*, or the alleged want of sympathy of the English people for the Northern States in their struggle with the South, formed the subjects of discussion. I thought so, too, and endeavoured to account for the melancholy exhibition which that once able man made of himself, by the unhappy results of the violent blow on the head inflicted on him by the heavy stick of an irate Member of Congress, who sought to punish him for an alleged libel on the ladies of the Southern States, whom he was reported to have accused *en masse* of immodesty and unchastity.

Mr. Sumner had never been the same man since that attack upon him in the Senate Chamber. Lord Russell remembered the incident; said he had met Sumner at the Duchess of Sutherland's,

when he was travelling in England by the advice of his physicians, and retired for awhile from public life, in order, if possible, to recover his health, which had greatly suffered from the attack made. His Lordship thought it highly probable that injury to the brain, due to that circumstance, was the cause of the *rabies*, or mental excitement, with which Mr. Sumner was afflicted, and that particularly displayed itself in all questions affecting slavery and the Southern States, and the alleged sympathy of the English people with the South in its contest with the North during the protracted Civil War.

I had known Mr. Sumner in Boston, in 1857, and had met him in Philadelphia in the same year, and, from all I had seen of that gentleman, and the frequent conversations I had had with him, I fully agreed in Lord Russell's opinion, though the aberrations of Mr. Sumner's mind never took the form of Anglophobia until 1863 and 1864, when all the thinking portion of the British public considered that the war had lasted long enough, and that it would be for the advantage of the Northern States—and, in a minor degree, to that of the South—that it should cease by mutual consent, or in consequence of the arbitration of Europe.

Mr. Sumner, who, prior to the war, was looked upon as an almost enthusiastic friend of Great

Britain, and a warm admirer of its institutions, veered round to the opposite extreme as soon as the war was a twelvemonth old, and could not find words violent and emphatic enough to denounce her upper, middle, and cultivated classes for the unpardonable crime of want of sympathy for the Northern struggle for supremacy, conquest, and dominion. His speeches and writings during all this period—were continued in the same vehement and utterly unreasonable style until his death, long after the war ended which had provoked them—can only be charitably palliated or excused by the cerebral injury inflicted by the walking-stick of the savage Mr. Brooks.

There can, however, be little doubt that the ultra-extravagance of the claims so constantly put forward by the influential Senator of Massachusetts had some effect upon the public mind in Great Britain, and led the easy-going statesmen of this country, for the sake of peace and of good-fellowship with our American brothers, to agree to a compromise, so exorbitant as the award made by the arbitrators at the Genevan Conference. Even the American politicians who supported the claim were amazed at the British compliance with the terms of the award, and attributed the result, not to the magnanimity of the British Government, but to its fears or its cowardly love of peace *à tout prix*, even at the price of abject yielding to unjust

demands so magisterially, if not audaciously, put forward.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Earl Russell were the only two prominent statesmen of the day who had the courage to protest against the extortion. That it *was* an extortion is proved by the fact that, up to this time (1885), nearly one-half of the award remains in the hands of the American Government, in default of claimants proved to have suffered from the depredations of the *Alabama.*

I never saw his Lordship again after this interview, as failing health debarred him from nearly all society, except that of his own family. He had been during his long life a somewhat voluminous author. He wrote, besides his youthful tragedy, the life of his illustrious ancestor, Lord William Russell, *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe*, *An Essay on the History of the English Government*, *The Life of Charles James Fox*, and an essay on *The Causes of the French Revolution.* He also published, in 1852–56, the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Thomas Moore.* The latter was considered to have been carelessly edited, and to have contained passages from Moore's pen which a judicious editor, if he were anxious for his friend's reputation, would have done well to expurgate.

VIENNA IN 1855.

VIENNA, as I have already remarked, is one of the pleasantest, if not the very pleasantest, of all the great continental cities, Paris not excepted. Its people are as lively, witty, and pleasure-loving as those of Paris, while they have not the occasional ferocity of the Parisians, and are not easily, if ever, excited to the indulgence of such atrocities as marked the years 1789, 1830, 1840, and 1870, when the so-called gay city was in the hands of the ultra-Republicans, the Socialists, and the Communards.

The Viennese have little in common with the Teutonic people of Germany, except the love of music; and the wit and humour, which are scarcely appreciated by the heavy and stolid German races, are as widely indulged in Vienna as in Paris itself. Vienna is not only a gay but a beautiful city, and has the advantages of a popular Court, a cultivated though somewhat exclusive aristocracy, a light-hearted middle class, and a light- and kindly-hearted populace.

I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the venerable and distinguished Earl of Westmoreland, the British Ambassador, and his accomplished and amiable family circle. I had brought at least half-a-dozen letters of introduction, though the one

his Lordship prized the most would have been alone sufficient to ensure his regard and his hospitality: that from his old friend, Sir Henry R. Bishop, the well-known musical composer. Lord Westmoreland was himself a musician, and might have been called, in no uncomplimentary sense, a *fanatico par la musica*, and had the highest regard for Sir Henry, not only as a musician, but as a man.

He was a genial companion, and had not the slightest particle of aristocratic coldness or hauteur in his composition. Lady Westmoreland was a niece of the great Duke of Wellington, and one of the most beautiful women of her time, handsome, and more than handsome, in her old age; the very beau-ideal of womanhood and ladyhood, in the highest sense of those words. Her second son, the Hon. Julian Fane, Secretary of Legation under his father, who died all too early for the world which he was so well qualified to adorn, honoured me with his intimacy during the whole period of my stay in Vienna, and made me the confidant of his literary hopes and aspirations—all doomed to extinction in the grave to which he prematurely descended. He published a small volume of "Poems" in his youth, afterwards wasted valuable time and energy in a translation of some of the shorter and more ephemeral effusions of Heinrich Heine, for whose genius he had a great

admiration, and, under the pseudonym of "Neville Temple," wrote, in conjunction with the present Earl of Lytton, a volume entitled *Tannhaüser.*

I saw but little of Lord John Russell at Vienna; but, as more than an equivalent for this deprivation of an intercourse which, with so busy and preoccupied, as well as so frigid an acquaintance, could not have been much to my advantage, I enjoyed the companionship of Lord Dufferin, who had accompanied his Lordship to Vienna as *attaché.* I still entertain a vivid and pleasant recollection of our frequent morning walks around the ramparts of the old city, now demolished and laid out in magnificent streets and public buildings; and have since watched with lively personal interest his subsequent brilliant career as Governor-General of Canada, and his present high position as Viceroy of India, where he bids fair to achieve still greater distinction in the service of his country.

I saw a good deal during my stay in Vienna of Dr. Neumann, who, in the stirring times that succeeded the great European convulsions of 1848 and 1849, held office in one of the administrations of the young Emperor Franz Josef, who succeeded to the throne on the enforced abdication of his uncle. By Dr. Neumann I was introduced to the Count Taaffe, son of Louis Count Taaffe, President of the Court of Justice [called Von Taaffe—every-

body who is anybody has Von before his name in Vienna]. The Count Taaffe was an Irish peer, the descendant of the Lord Taaffe who was implicated on the side of James II. in the Irish rebellion of 1686, and was killed at the battle of the Boyne. The Taaffes, in consequence of the disabilities which they suffered in those days on account of their religion as Roman Catholics, had early sought opportunities of distinction in foreign service, and had long been established in Austria, where they obtained the favour of the Court, and acquired a higher position than it was possible for them to have reached in Ireland.

In 1667, the then holder of the title of Viscount Taaffe was created Earl of Carlingford. The third Earl of Carlingford, better known on the Continent as "the famous" Count Taaffe, was for thirty years in the Austrian military service. In 1757 the earldom of Carlingford became extinct, in consequence of the death of the Earl without issue, but the titles of Baron and Viscount Taaffe descended to the next heir male. The family of Taaffe has ever since remained in Austria, and by marriage with Austrian ladies their descendants have lost nearly all remains of their Irish origin except the name.

Count Taaffe, or Von Taaffe, whose acquaintance I made in Vienna during the lifetime of his father, the chief Judge of the High Court of Justice, is

high in the confidence of the Emperor, and has for several years occupied the post of Prime Minister. He paid a visit to London in 1856, at which time I had the pleasure of friendly intercourse with him, and received from his hand a copy of a volume he had recently written in English, which he speaks with all the fluency and correctness of an Englishman, entitled *Memoirs of the Family of Taaffe.* He accompanied the gift by an invitation to pass the ensuing summer with him at his country seat in Bohemia; an invitation which I was unfortunately unable to accept when the time arrived, in consequence of my departure for the United States on a lecturing tour. The main object of the Count's visit to the land of his ancestors was to purchase, if possible, some portion, however small, of the alienated ancestral estates of his family in Ireland. In this object I afterwards learned that he had succeeded.

Two Noted Cooks and Their Opinions on English Female Cookery.

I was well acquainted, during my club-life, with two famous cooks, M. Alexis Soyer, a Frenchman, chief cook to the Reform, and Signor Charles Elmé Francatelli, an Italian, who afterwards occupied the same position. M. Soyer was a bustling, somewhat fussy and vulgar, but very clever *artiste* in his vocation. Signor Francatelli was, if not a better cook, a man who took higher social rank, and was a gentleman both by manners and education. Prior to the great Exhibition of 1851, M. Soyer resigned his position at the Reform, and converted Gore House at Kensington, the former residence of the Countess of Blessington and Count D'Orsay, into a fashionable restaurant, in which he expected to make his fortune in a short space of time. In this expectation he was greatly disappointed. He afterwards accompanied, or followed, I am not certain which, the British army to the Crimea, where he remained, cooking for the camp on scientific and economical principles, during the war; teaching the soldiers who went to die for their country, if need were and duty bade, how to live for it, and for themselves, with a due care for their health and comfort while life remained to them.

Signor Francatelli, who had previously served as

chief cook at Crockford's Club in St. James's Street, and afterwards occupied a similar position in the Royal Household, remained in the service of the Reform Club until 1861 or 1862, during which time he gave great satisfaction to the members. Unfortunately for the Club, he was dismissed by the Committee on a point of temper and not of efficiency, and because he attempted to act as the master and not as the servant of his employers. His reputation in his profession, his art, or his science, whichever it may be called, was much too high to suffer pecuniary damage from the results of the misunderstanding with the Committee, and he became successively *chèf* and manager of the St. James's Hotel in Piccadilly and of the Freemason's Tavern in Great Queen Street.

I had opinions of my own on the subject of the deplorable state of cookery in all but the highest classes of English society, the incredible incompetency of the women who take places as cooks in middle-class families, and the still more crass, dense, and all but hopeless ignorance of the wives and daughters of the lower stratum of the middle classes, who scarcely knew how to boil an egg or a potato. M. Soyer frequently repeated his opinion that the simplest and most efficacious test of the capacity of any woman who pretended to be a cook, and was a candidate for a cook's place, was to try her with the boiling of a potato. If she failed

in the easy operation, he would recommend all employers to have nothing to do with her, because of her ignorance of the merest rudiments of her art, and of the very A B C of the literature of cookery. M. Francatelli was of the same opinion, and thought that English women of the poorer classes had greater difficulty in understanding or being taught the commonest things of daily life, than in understanding, or fancying they understood, the mysteries of the Church Catechism instilled into their minds, or, at all events, pressed upon their attention, by clerical and other teachers at the Sunday schools, the sole purveyors of the only education, or rather the instruction which was *not* education, that they received.

I propounded to those two distinguished members of their profession—not simultaneously, for it was not my fortune to be acquainted with them both at the same time—my little scheme for the encouragement and improvement of cookery for the middle and lower classes of the British Isles. I based my idea on the fact that the law, in its care for the lives and health of the people, does not allow any man or woman to dispense and sell drugs or medicines without a license, which is not to be obtained except as the result of an examination by a properly constituted body of experts, and that without a diploma from the Royal College of Apothecaries anyone who trades as a chemist or

druggist acts illegally and renders himself liable to legal penalties. I contended that bad cookery, though not so sudden in its effects, was ultimately as injurious to health, and consequently to life, as the ignorant or careless administration of improper or dangerous medicines; and that a person might be poisoned by deleterious food as easily, though possibly more slowly, than by deleterious physic.

I proposed to remedy this unsatisfactory state of things by the establishment of a national college of cookery, which, aided at first by the contributions of the wealthy, might ultimately become self-supporting. Its function should be to impart, for a small fee, practical lessons in cookery to male and especially to female learners; and, on due and proved efficiency, to give them diplomas and licence to practice. Any person, male or female, engaging themselves as cooks in families without possessing a diploma, I proposed to deprive of all legal remedy to recover wages or arrears of wages from the employers who had hired them, on the faith of a proficiency in their business which they did not possess. By this means I calculated that the status and emoluments of duly qualified cooks would be improved and augmented, and the comfort and health of families secured as far as their daily food was concerned. These benefits could, moreover, be accompanied by a no means inconsiderable reduction in the cost of maintaining a

household, consequent upon the absence of the waste that is the inevitable consequence of bad cookery, and of the increased nutrition to be found in smaller quantities of viands, properly prepared, as compared with that existent in much larger quantities when deteriorated by the crass, though possibly the well-meaning, ignorance of uninstructed pretenders.

Both of these great *chefs* agreed with me that this reform was much needed; that the project, though difficult, was practicable, and that it only needed to be fairly and fully discussed in the interests of society to force its way to acceptance in a not remote future.

I am not a cook, so that the adage of *ne sutor ultra crepidam* will not apply to me upon this question. I launch it upon the waters of such publicity as I can give it, with the hope that the Legislature of this great country, which is compelled by social necessity to divert some portion of its attention to sanitary science, will extend its care to this by no means unimportant branch of the subject, and do what it can to place quack cooks in the same category of social outlawry as quack doctors or unlicensed apothecaries.

Ben Mac Dhui.

I have all my life (until the foul fiend rheumatism seized me in both knees) been passionately fond of long walks, through the woodlands and over the moors, but have more especially delighted in scaling the tops of the highest mountains. I have never attempted the Alps, except in two of their sublime passes, the Righi and the Tête Noire, but have revelled among the more facile but still stupendous Grampians. The longest excursion of this kind that ever I took was in the summer of 1856, in company with Mr. Herbert Ingram, member for Boston, and his young son, afterwards drowned with him in Lake Michigan, as I have elsewhere recorded.

We were staying at the comfortable inn at Aviemore on the banks of the Spey, within view of the giant bulk of Ben Mac Dhui, and the Grampians right in front of us, and of Craig Ellachie, the picturesque rock so dear to the clan Grant. The *slogan*, battle-cry, or watch-word of this powerful clan, when they bade defiance to their foe, in the frequent recurring battles of the ancient Highlanders, was "Stand fast Craig-Ellachie!" the beloved landmark, of which the name was symbolical to them of all that was loveliest in Scotland, and of all the venerable traditions of love and heroism connected with their country and their clan.

The ascent of Ben Mac Dhui being determined on, because it was reputed to be the highest mountain in Scotland, and of the whole Grampian range, not because the ascent would more amply repay the toil than that of its gigantic neighbours, Cairngorm or Schehallion, we had to start early in the morning, if we expected to master by daylight the long journey from Aviemore, over the summit of the mountain, and down on the other side to Castleton in Braemar. The distance, we were told, was forty-two miles, as the crow flies, over sometimes dangerous crags, equivalent in point of toil to at least fifty miles on level ground. By starting at six in the morning, in a lovely day in June, we should have daylight for sixteen hours, before arriving at Castleton, a time sufficient for the journey, allowing for necessary rest and *al fresco* refreshments by the way. Mr. Ingram and his son, and the two guides, were mounted on sure-footed highland ponies. I alone of the party resolved to walk every foot of the way. Shortly after leaving Aviemore we had to ford the Spey. Divesting myself of my boots and stockings, and giving them to the charge of one of the guides, I stripped up my nether garments, to above the knees and got safely and pleasantly across the shallow waters, about eighteen inches deep. But the M.P., well mounted, narrowly escaped a serious misadventure. Not being a good

horseman, and unintentionally giving a wrong pull to the rein, he guided the docile animal up the stream, instead of across it, when the guides, who were well acquainted with the ground and the water, shouted to him, in great alarm, to stop, as he was riding direct to a deep pool or lynn in the river, where he would run the imminent risk of being drowned, unless the horse swam him in safety through the difficulty, and he remained firmly seated on its back in the deep water, and had presence of mind and skill enough to guide it to the shore. Happily Mr. Ingram saw the danger he was in, and was able to cross the river, though not in the direction in which he wished to go, but to the very point from which he had started a few minutes previously. One of the two guides came to the rescue, and, recrossing the stream, on his pony, took that of Mr. Ingram in tow by the bridle, and brought him safely to the other side, no doubt with some secret contempt for the horsemanship of the Member of Parliament.

This was the second time when in company with Mr. Ingram (once before on the Rhine), he had narrowly escaped drowning; and I laughingly remarked that he was certain to escape a more ignoble fate, as he was indubitably born to be drowned. Four years afterwards, when the news arrived of the fatal catastrophe on Lake Michigan, which I have elsewhere recorded, the idle jest

appeared to my remorseful imagination in the light of a presentiment.

After a walk and scramble of three hours, partly over the level or slightly rising ground, from which the great Ben gradually ascends in all its towering grandeur, we halted to breakfast beside a mountain rill, or, as the Scotch more beautifully call it, a burn, singing on its way down the steep declivity the song of gladness, which the streams always seem to sing when they are in rapid movement. The water was deliciously clear and cool, fresh as it came from the clouds, uncontaminated by the earth on which it had descended, and deliciously inviting to thirsty lips, more inviting to me than when it was afterwards tinctured with the whisky, with which the guides mingled it in the "*quaichs*" or drinking-cups which they carried in their pockets.

We had taken care, before starting, to fill the hampers, with which the thoughtful landlady of the inn at Aviemore had provided us, with sufficient food and drink for the sustenance of five hungry persons until our arrival at Castleton. We had two bottles of claret and four of whisky, four cold chickens, a tongue, a small ham, half a Dutch cheese, oat-cakes *ad libitum*, and a pound of the delicious butter to be got nowhere in greater perfection than in the Scottish Highlands. After the repast, which lasted a full hour, we set forth again with the appetites of Gargantuas duly refreshed,

and braced ourselves to the task of stiffer climbing than we had yet encountered.

Another effort of three hours duration brought us to the cope of the mountain, on which the snow still lay in patches in the shady shelter of the highest crags; and to the regions of the white hares and the ptarmigan. A brood or covey of the latter started at sight of us, alarmed at our invasion of their airy solitudes. Here we again rested for an hour, within what the slang of the day would call a "measureable distance" of running water, to qualify the whisky which our thirsty guides were ever ready to imbibe; and for the third time we halted—our appetites, sharpened by the keen mountain air and the vigorous exercise—and did full justice to the viands of our rapidly diminishing store. The guides ate and drank as if they had not eaten and drunk for a couple of days, and were making up for lost time, as wise men should do in all the events of life. And the body being satisfied in my case, the mind took its turn of enjoyment in the contemplation of the magnificent prospect that stretched on every side. The ponies browsed on the scanty herbage that grew by the sides of the burn, the guides smoked their short pipes, while the elder Ingram resigned himself to my ciceroneship, as I pointed out to him the salient points of the widely extending landscape. I directed his atten-

tion to the towering peaks of Schehallion, Carantoul, and Cairngorm, and to the south-west, dimly seen in the distance, Ben Lawers, Ben Cruachan, one of the grandest Bens in all the Highlands, and Ben Nevis. The last mentioned is the competitor of Ben Mac Dhui for the supremacy of the Grampians, and only differs in altitude from its rival by a small matter of forty feet. Which of the two is the highest mountain in Great Britain had not at that time been decided to the satisfaction of all who took an interest in the subject, though the balance of belief and evidence inclined to the side of Ben Nevis. The claims of the latter to the distinction seem to have been finally recognised by scientific men when the existing observatory was erected upon it. To the north, the waters of the Moray Firth were distinctly visible, while in the far east the German Ocean shimmered in the sunlight. In the nearer distance, the crags and headlong precipices of the district that surrounds the wild and gloomy Loch Aven or Loch Avon, were stretched at our feet. This forms the direct descent of the Ben towards Braemar; but the route is seldom taken, most travellers preferring, as we did on the recommendation of our guides, the more circuitous but more practicable descent by Glen Lui and Glen Lui Beg. Both of these glens are weird, grand, and desolate enough to engage the pencil of any rival to Salvator Rosa who may yet arise to

shed a lustre on British art, or of any painter in words, in prose, or poetic romance, whose pen has power enough over the picturesque to compete on equal terms with the pencil or brush of a transcendant painter.

The ptarmigan were the only living creatures we met throughout the long day. About nine o'clock in the evening we arrived in Braemar in Aberdeenshire, within a few miles of Castleton and the banks of the Cluny, an affluent of the famous river Dee, renowned in song and story.

I must own that I was foot-sore and weary, and thought the last two miles of my tramp were lengthening out to twenty. But I held on, with the iron grip of self-imposed necessity upon me. Though I might have mounted the pony of one of the guides, my pride in my own strength and power of endurance forbade me the indulgence. I had made up my mind to walk the whole way, and I did so, in spite of remonstrance and the tempting offers of a ride. Right glad were we all, and I more particularly to reach, just as the clock struck ten, the cheerful door of the principal hotel in the little town or large village, the capital of the district of Braemar.

I immediately immersed my swollen and excoriated feet in warm water, and called at the same time for a pint bottle of Guinness's stout, which seemed to me as I drank it off almost at one gulp,

like a draught of heavenly nectar. I turned into a comfortable bed about eleven o'clock, and slept till one in the afternoon of the following day, quiescent as a stone, never once turning or awaking in all that time, and rising none the worse, but all the better, for my long walk, the longest I ever took in my life, either before or since.

In the early afternoon I was ready for another walk, either to Balmoral, Her Majesty's Highland Home, or to Inverey, the scene of the famous clan battle between the Gordons and the Farquharsons in 1661, immortalised in Scottish ballad literature. I chose the latter, partly because it was the shortest, but more particularly because I learned that the intervening country was grander and more beautiful. But the information was scarcely correct, for in that magnificent country, one scene is as well worthy of admiration as any other, and the lover of the picturesque cannot go wrong in whatever direction he may turn. Strath Dee and Strath Don are alike attractive, not only for their sublimity, but for the poetry and romance that hover around the history of every mile through which the inquiring traveller may pass. Neither of the Ingrams was in the humour to accompany me, and I walked without other companions than the thoughts and memories which came crowding upon me.

The immediate neighbourhood was the scene of

the early childhood of Lord Byron, who celebrated its beauties in his *Hours of Idleness*, his first published book of poems, which faintly freshadowed, though the busy or careless world did not recognise the fact, his future glory as a poet. Lachin-y-Gair or Loch na Gar, which was a prominent feature in the landscape, whose dizzy heights I should have been well pleased to scale, had time and the fatigues of the previous day permitted, first inspired his young mind with the intense love of mountain scenery, which never deserted him. But I kept to the high road, and in no country in the world are there better or better-kept roads than in the Highlands of Scotland, thanks to the abundant materials that exist for road-making, and in some degree also to the strategic and engineering skill of such road-makers as General Wade and his successors. The name of the General suggests the famous couplet, which, had it been the composition of an Irishman, would have been called an Irish Bull of the first magnitude :—

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You 'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade.

But I thought not of General Wade, as I plodded leisurely along, meditating, as I went, on the puerile prejudice of Dr. Johnson, who could see no trees in Scotland large enough or strong enough to hang a thief upon, and wondering what he

would have said or thought had he beheld the abundant pine-woods, the rowans, the larches, and the abundant beech and birch of this beautiful region. And mingled with thoughts of the sturdy common-sense, when he chose to give it fair play, of this most obstinate of mortals, when he chose to allow his prejudice to run away with him, were thoughts of the marvellous changes that had been wrought in the social life of the Highlands, since the days of the incident recorded in the old ballad of Gordon of Brackley, the scene of which it was the object of my walk to revisit. Farquharson of Inverey, whose family is now represented by the Farquharsons of Invercauld, the neighbours and friends of Queen Victoria, was a lawless Highland chieftain, who had conceived a violent passion for the handsome and false wife of Gordon of Brackley, invaded his castle with thirty-three men on a day when Gordon had but one retainer, his own brother, at hand to defend him. Farquharson, on his arrival at the castle-gate, is represented in the ballad as calling to the destined victim of his vengeance—

> Come, Gordon o' Brackley,
> Proud Gordon come down,
> There 's a sword at your threshold
> Mair sharp than your own.

Gordon's false lady urged her lord to do battle

in his own defence, and he replied that he and his brother had but small chance against thirty-five assailants. His wife taunted him with bitter words:—

Arise up, my maidens,
  Wi' roke and wi' fan;
How blest had I been
  Had I married a man.
Arise up my maidens,
  Take spear and take sword;
Go milk the ewes, Gordon,
  And I will be lord!

The two Gordons rode forth, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as they could, but were soon hacked to pieces by their pitiless and cowardly enemies. In the afternoon, at dinner, to which the murderer was invited, the ballad continues:—

As a rose bloomed the lady,
  An' blithe as a bride—
As a bridegroom bold Invereye
  Sat at her side.
Oh! she feasted him then
  As she ne'er feasted lord,
While the blood of her husband
  Was moist on his sword.

The incidents recorded in this vigorous composition appear to have been literally true. The treacherous Inverey (Farquharson) and the guilty woman, who was a party to the murder, were never brought to justice for their crime. And this happened in 1666, in a so-called civilised

country, less than two hundred years previous to my visit to the peaceful scene of the tragedy! Such incidents were but too common in the Highlands—when each chief of a clan considered himself to be an independent sovereign, with the right of levying war on any other chieftain with whom he had a dispute, and had as little consciousness of wrong-doing as Napoleon III. when he declared war against the King of Prussia.

For many years after the tragedy recorded in this ballad, the Highland chiefs retained the power of "pit and gallows," and could hang a refractory vassal if it so pleased them, without let or hindrance from public opinion or the laws. A story still current in the Highlands records how a wife, whose husband had been condemned to death by the "laird," was so annoyed at the resistance made and threatened by her "gude man," as to remonstrate seriously with him on his obstinacy and rebellion against the irrevocable decree. "Dougall, my man," said the peace-loving dame, "just gang awa' quietly and be hangit, and no anger the laird!" Her turpitude, reprehensible it was, was not quite so heinous as the guilt of the Lady of Brackley; at all events, the doom of her spouse was not of her contriving.

The Elementary Education Act.

Education is a word that is commonly employed without any real comprehension of its meaning by the people from whose mouths or pens it proceeds. What can be more absurd than to say of a child that has been taught to read, write, and cipher, all, perhaps, imperfectly, that it has been educated? Or of a young lady fresh from the boarding-school, and introduced for the first time into the world of life, society, and duty, that her education is finished? No child's, no man's, no woman's education is ever completed, unless they be idiots incapable of learning by experience. The wisest people are those who educate themselves as far as they can from day to day, from year to year, until the inevitable grave shall open the door of the new school of Eternity, in which their education will be extended, but not even in that endless space completed.

"Reading, writing, and arithmetic" are but the tools of education, and not education itself, just as the hammer, the nails, the gimlet, the saw, the

plane, the screw-driver are but the tools of the carpenter, but not the chair, the table, the bedstead, or the cabinet which the carpenter by their aid constructs for use or ornament and the service of civilised communities.

During the whole of my literary life I have advocated in my writings the necessity for the "instruction" of the children of the poor, commonly called their "education"; I have wrought in this great cause, in prose and in verse, in book, pamphlet, and newspaper, and I have never omitted an opportunity of helping it on to the best of my ability. In 1846, when engaged in editing the *Glasgow Argus*, I published a series of twelve letters, addressed to Lord Morpeth, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, in which I traced the outlines of a comprehensive scheme of juvenile instruction, by means of which every child born within the realm of Great Britain and Ireland should be taught the rudiments of mental, moral, and physical knowledge at the compulsory expense of its parents and natural guardians, or if these were from poverty unable, or from ignorance unwilling, to undertake the duty, at the expense of the public, the community, or the State. It was, I contended, the interest of the State, as representative and agent of all the people, that each generation as it came into the world should be composed of intelligent, moral, healthy, and strong human beings, fitted when the time of their

maturity arrived to carry on the business of the nation, and enable them, each in their degree, to help to maintain the high place which their country had inherited in the great comity of the world. It was not the province of the State, as I also contended, to restrict its efforts at instruction or education (so called) to the fitting them, under almost exclusively ecclesiastical or religious guidance, for the world to come; but, on the contrary, to fit them for the active duties of healthy, intelligent, and profitable citizenship. For these purposes, instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, necessary and imperative as it was, ought not to be considered anything more than a foundation for a higher and nobler edifice of education to be reared upon it. Part-singing, gymnastics, the rudiments of physiology, or the laws of bodily health and well-being, the elements of geographical and astronomical knowledge—all of these I held to be essential parts of the curriculum with which the poorest child ought to be made familiar before the time of his schooling was suffered to expire, if the State wished, as it ought to do, to make him a sharer, according to his capacity, in all the available results of the civilisation of the age in which he happened to be born.

My philosophic, far-seeing, and excellent friend, George Combe, the author of the *Constitution of*

Man, did me the honour to proclaim publicly in the *Scotsman* newspaper that my scheme was wise and practicable, and that the letters when collected—as they afterwards were—would form the text-book of the subject, and become the basis of all future legislation in this and in every other civilised country. Twelve years after the appearance of these letters, I wrote a short poem entitled *The Souls of the Children*, in which I dwelt upon the unwise neglect of the State and the Legislature in allowing a generation of poor children to grow up uncared for and uninstructed, and to become paupers, outcasts, and felons by thousands and hundreds of thousands, while rival creeds and churches were quarrelling among each other for the professional or trade privilege of training them for the enjoyment of the next world, and not for the performance of their duty to Society and to themselves in this. The verses were received, even by the religious sects impugned, with favour and concurrence, if not with acclamation, for each sect blamed a rival sect, and took no blame to itself for the evils that were the results of their mutual jealousies and repulsions. While the attention of the public was still fixed, for a brief day, upon the subject, I received a communication from my friend Sir James Clark, Her Majesty's physician, which invited me to call upon him in Brook Street. Sir James requested my permission to reprint the poem

as one that was calculated to awaken public attention to the immense and increasing importance of the subject, adding that a friend of the cause was willing to pay the expense of printing ten thousand, or even twenty thousand, copies of the verses for gratuitous distribution, or a still larger number if need were, and I had no objection. I was very pleased to consent to the republication, and very glad to think that Sir James Clark's friend was of opinion that good might result from it. Sir James thereupon informed me in strict confidence that the friend of the cause in whose behalf he acted was His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, who had no objection to my knowing the fact, but did not wish that it should be mentioned in the newspapers. I was gratified to find that the cause had so illustrious an advocate. During the Prince's life his name was not mentioned in connection with the publication.

After an interval of twelve years and upwards my consent was again asked to the republication at a nominal price, for distribution among the clergy of all denominations, by my friend the late Thomas Scott of Ramsgate, of whose life and labours I shall have more to say hereafter. The consent was freely given as a matter of course; and a little pamphlet appeared in 1869, with an introduction to the poem written by Miss Skirrett, of Her Majesty's household, in which she long held the position of reader. Miss Skirrett wrote that the

striking appeal on behalf of the perishing children of the poor was not made altogether in vain on its first appearance, though as far as the generality was concerned, "the song of the poet fell echoless on unrecessive night." She added that a few higher spirits responded to the call, and that "he who while he yet remained among us was in dignity of position only second in the realm, and ever the foremost to suggest and to promote every effort for moral and intellectual improvement, asked and obtained permission to reprint the verses, and that he caused several thousand copies to be circulated. Other as fervent but less illustrious friends of education did the same, amongst whom the late George Combe was conspicuous."

In the year 1870, when the late Mr. W. E. Forster, the Member for Bradford, and Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and a member of the Government under Mr. Gladstone, and afterwards Secretary for Ireland under Earl Spenser, had charge of an Elementary Bill and was about to introduce it into Parliament, I was of opinion that he might not be indisposed to listen to what I might have to say on a subject which I had studied and written about for more than a quarter of a century. Under this impression, I requested Mr. Charles Gilpin, M.P. for Northampton, who, like Mr. Forster, was or had been a member of the Society of Friends, to give me a personal introduc-

tion to that gentleman. Provided with this and prepared to expound my views to one who was in a position to give effect to them—if he should be open to the reception of new ideas, or willing to listen to ideas with which he might only partially or perhaps wholly disagree—I presented myself at his office in the Treasury, and was duly admitted to his presence. He received me in so cold and uncourteous, not to say so rude and repulsive a manner, that I saw, after a few minutes, that I had lost my time and taken trouble to no purpose in seeking an interview with the author of the Elementary Education Bill. I took my departure accordingly, without having had the opportunity of exchanging an idea with the unsympathetic official, from whom I had expected a polite, if not a friendly reception. The next day, meeting Mr. Gilpin, I informed him of the somewhat unpleasant results of his introduction, and of the rude, if not inimical, manner in which Mr. Forster had received me. Mr. Gilpin was much annoyed, and, as he afterwards informed me, took occasion to complain to, or at all events to remonstrate with, Mr. Forster on the subject. Mr. Forster expressed his sorrow if he had offended me, hoped he had not been actually rude, but added, that, all the while I was in the room, he could not help remembering that during the war of Secession in the United States I had given my sympathies to

the South! Such was the quality of the mind of a man who aspired to be thought a statesman and to take a share in the government of a great country; such was the intolerant spirit of one nurtured in the tolerant principles which are the pride and the glory of the Quakers, or, as they prefer to call themselves, "the Society of Friends."

Mr. Forster's Bill passed both Houses of the Legislature in 1870, and is now the law of the land. If not a complete failure, it is certainly not a triumph to the cause of education. It works upon the old lines, being almost wholly restricted to what are vulgarly called "the three R's," as if reading, writing, and arithmetic were "the be-all and end-all" of the instruction which the community owes to so large a body of future citizens as the children of the poor and struggling classes. These more than any other children need help and guidance to prevent them remaining in the sloughs of Despond in which they were cast at birth, and from which it is the aim and duty of the State to rescue them. The children who at the time when the Act came into force were at the teachable and receptive ages of nine or ten have now grown into adult men and women of twenty-four and upwards; and Society is entitled to ask what the merely elemental instruction which they have received has done for them, and to what uses they have put the tools of knowledge with which they were provided.

Do they, or can they, read and appreciate good books that are calculated to give them useful and elevating knowledge of the world they live in, of their duty to themselves, to the community of which they form a part, and to the higher faculties that slumber in their minds, and that need awakening? Can they write a grammatical English letter? Can they even spell correctly? and can they express any but the boldest and commonest ideas when they take the pen in hand? The answers to these questions are but too palpable and too obvious. In nine cases out of ten, the reading of the female children of the poor, grown into womanhood, and employed in various avocations of life, as factory-workers, domestic servants, shop-assistants, or young wives of working-men, consists of reading (if reading have any charms for them at all) of penny novels, "penny dreadfuls" as they have not been unjustly or inappropriately named. These are provided for their amusement at the cheapest rates by unscrupulous booksellers and printers, who will sell any degrading or poisonous trash on the sole condition that the sale will be remunerative. In this respect these traders in literary unwholesomeness do far more mischief than the purveyors of tainted meat and adulterated groceries. The latter injure only the pockets or the bodies of their customers; the former corrupt their minds. The whole tendency and effect of the literature which

the School Board training enables the female children of the poor to enjoy is to render them discontented with their state in life, without teaching them how to better it, except by means which morality and modesty condemn. As regards the young men, their "education" enables them to read the cheap newspapers, the value of which I do not seek to disparage, and which are, doubtless, capable of enlarging their minds. But the higher topics which are discussed in their political or other columns possess but little attractions for them. The great majority of such readers take no interest in great national or international subjects, unless it be in what is called "Socialism," and in the great duty of strikes—against the tyranny of capital. They manifest an absorbing interest in the details of "shocking accidents," "dreadful calamities," "scandalous disclosures," "frightful catastrophes," or "awful murders," duly set forth with *ad-captandum* head-lines and conspicuous captions in their favourite journals.

These remarks, it must be understood, are only intended to apply to the misuse, or the partial and inefficient use, of the tools of knowledge which the State in its Board Schools has put into the hands of its once-neglected children. It is not asserted that mischief is, or can be, done by the teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but that much mischief is done, and much good prevented, by

the indolent or ignorant belief that such teaching is sufficient. Education begins in the cradle, is continued in the nursery or at the domestic hearth, or, if there be no domestic hearth, in the street or the gutter. What is communicated in the school is an addition to, or correction of, the knowledge previously acquired, and not a completion of the good work, any more than the ploughing of a field, or the deposit of the seed in the furrows, is a harvest. The National system established by Mr. Forster's clumsy and inefficient Act may, doubtless, be considered "a step in the right direction"; but steps in the right direction are not greatly to be commended, if those who make them are contented with these feeble efforts and resolutely determine to proceed no farther. Still less are they to be commended when those to whose efforts they are due, having it in their power to advance, resolutely or blindly refuse to go further. They may, doubtless, believe, as the homely adage says, that "half a loaf is better than no bread"; but when the whole loaf might be theirs if they were wise enough to insist upon it, the utmost praise that can be given them is that possibly they may mean well, but that their faint-hearted compromises prevent, perhaps for an indefinite period, the acquisition of the whole loaf and the full justice.

The cry of "Free Education" which is now raised [1886] is a cry that will probably not

continue to be raised in vain. It is by no means heard for the first time, but dates from 1845, or earlier, when I did my best in the letters which I publicly addressed to Lord Morpeth, to give it force and acceptance, and to impress the question on the public conscience as one ripe for consideration. It has as yet found but partial favour in any quarter, and has been met with unrelenting hostility by the great majority of the payers of rates and taxes in the great towns and cities of the Empire. The expense which would attend it alarms the middle classes, and many estimable but struggling as well as narrow-minded people would rather that the swarming children of the destitute poor should go without instruction, than that the local rates of their respective parishes should be increased even by a half-penny in the pound to add to the charges upon them which they already feel to be oppressive.

The Poor Rate itself, if introduced for the first time to a public unaccustomed to its weight, would be opposed for exactly the same reasons as are brought to bear against a rate for free education, and, in the present state of English parties, would stand but slender chance of being accepted, either by the people or the Government. And yet the Poor Rate, that is considered as an inevitable necessity of our civilization, stands exactly on the same footing as the proposed Free Education of

the children of the poor, which is not yet law, but which will certainly become so at a period more or less remote, unless all appearances are deceptive, and all the lessons of experience prove to be in vain.

The public is taxed for the support of the utterly destitute and aged persons who have no hope or prospect but the grave, and who cannot be allowed to perish of hunger, or to become a social nuisance as beggars or thieves in the streets and highways. The Christian charity and true philanthropy that provide for them have in reality the same duty towards the utterly destitute and impotent children of the poor. Private charity and the Christian feeling of a few benevolent and wealthy persons attempt to remedy the evil by performing voluntarily, but inefficiently and too partially, the duty which of right should devolve upon the State, upon the same principle of devolution as that by which it has assumed the charge of the maintenance of the destitute, the impotent, and the aged, rather than allow them to become a social danger or to perish unheeded.

The argument applies *à fortiori* to the destitute and helpless children of the utterly poor, for whom there are other prospects than the grave—the only prospect of the aged pauper—and for whom there are hopes—that may become realities, if help be given them—of becoming honest and useful mem-

bers of society when they reach maturity. When that time comes,

As come it will, for a' that,

it is fervently to be hoped that the statesmen who may then be in charge of the destinies of Great Britain will not be contented with having the children taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. These may do good, but may do harm if they are unguided or misdirected, and go but a small way towards the educing of good citizenship out of rude materials, and may be as useless as a chisel in the grip of a clod-hopper for the creation of a Venus or an Apollo out of a block of marble, or as liable to do mischief as a revolver in the hands of a child.

The Spartans of old time, more than twenty centuries ago, had far grander and juster ideas of what the "education" of a citizen ought to be than the men of the nineteenth century, and understood that the moral and physical faculties were as worthy of cultivation as the intellectual. It is time that modern Civilization should learn from the ancients that the body, though more perishable than the soul, is not less divine; and that states are not built up solely by scholastic cleverness, but must be founded and supported by the strong body as well as the strong mind, and that generations ignorant of the laws of health, stunted and short-lived, and deficient in animal

vigour, are not fitted to fight the great battle of civilisation on equal terms with the sturdier Goths and Vandals who may at a future time arise to contest or overthrow their supremacy.

The upper classes of the British Isles are quite aware of the fact as regards themselves, and are fully able to hold their own, man for man, body for body, mind for mind, against all possible competitors and rivals, if not to surpass them. But they are not, with few exceptions, sufficiently, if at all, impressed with the necessity of extending to the as yet innocent and uncontaminated but neglected children of the multitude any other instruction than the commonest elements afforded by the School Boards established by the imperfect measure of Mr. W. E. Forster.