

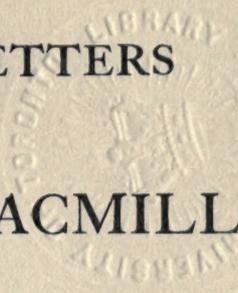


Emory Walker Ph. Sc.

*Alexander Macmillan
from a photograph by O. G. Rejlander
taken between 1860 and 1870*

LIFE
G11874
K.S.

LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN



BY
CHARLES L. GRAVES

AUTHOR OF
'THE LIFE OF SIR GEORGE GROVE'

WITH PORTRAITS

1265-43
|| 3 || 13

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON

1910



PREFACE

WHEN Alexander Macmillan entrusted the task of writing a Memoir of his brother Daniel to Tom Hughes, he imposed conditions which practically involved his own self-effacement. Thus, in going through letters quoted in that Memoir, I have more than once come across affectionate or eulogistic references which were deliberately omitted in deference to these instructions. The reason for this self-denying ordinance, natural and creditable in Alexander Macmillan's lifetime, no longer exists, and it has been my endeavour to exhibit the relations of the two brothers in truer perspective than was possible for Tom Hughes, as well as to indicate how loyally the younger carried on the traditions bequeathed him by the elder.

In the fulfilment of this aim, I have derived the greatest assistance from the volume of Alexander Macmillan's Letters edited by his son George for private circulation, and from the admirable sketch of his father's life which is prefixed to that collection.

I also desire gratefully to acknowledge the valuable help lent me by Mrs. Alexander Macmillan, Mrs. Dyer, Mr. Robert Bowes, Mr. James MacLehose and Mr. and Mrs. Norman MacLehose, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, Mr. Aldis Wright, Sir Norman Lockyer, Mrs. J. R. Green, Miss Frances Martin, Mr. James Foster, and

PREFACE

Mr. Samuel R. Hutt, and to express my indebtedness to the advice and encouragement of Lord Morley of Blackburn.

My thanks are also due to Mr. J. W. Cross, Miss Rose Kingsley, Lady Grove, Mrs. J. R. Green, and Mrs. Tom Hughes for their kind permission to print letters from George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, George Grove, J. R. Green, and Tom Hughes.

C. L. G.

September, 1910.

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a Photograph by O. G. Rejlander, taken between 1860 and 1870.	
KNAPDALE, UPPER TOOTING - - - -	<i>to face</i> 199
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN - - - -	<i>to face</i> 371
Hon. M.A. Oxon., March 25, 1881.	
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN - - - -	<i>to face</i> 377
From a Portrait painted in 1887, by Sir Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.	
ALEXANDER MACMILLAN IN HIS LIBRARY AT BRAMSHOTT CHASE - - - -	<i>to face</i> 385
Drawn by Lowes Dickinson, 1889.	

LIFE AND LETTERS OF ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

I

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on October 3rd, 1818. The original seat of the Macmillan race, as he wrote himself in 1860, was Dunmore in Argyllshire, where a tongue of land known as North Knapdale seems formerly to have belonged to the clan, and inscriptions on the spot bear out this view. But somewhere about the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century a branch of the Macmillan family migrated to the island of Arran. When Alexander Macmillan was spending his summer holidays in Arran in August, 1860, he saw a good deal of his aunt, Mrs. M'Kay, his father's sole surviving sister and widow of the Rev. Alexander M'Kay, for fifty years Independent minister of Glen Sannox, and from her he gleaned a good many curious details about his forbears. Some of these stories, which he regarded as semi-legendary, relate to the expulsion of "English soldiers" and marauders from Bute. Thus one tells how Edward Macmillan, having slain a Bute man, migrated with his brother Donald, their wives and families, to their ancestral home in Argyllshire, but

finally returned to Arran. Another story relates to a quarrel between the Macmillans and a neighbouring farmer, in which the Lord of Ranza, having been called in as arbitrator, intervened in their behalf because he was favourably impressed by the ferocity of the head of the Macmillan family. (His son had cut off the hand of a neighbour in a dispute about a rabbit which each claimed to have shot, and the father had boldly said that "had he been a true son of mine it would have been the head, not the hand.") Alexander Macmillan, in the journal in which he records these stories, expresses his regret that he had nothing more creditable to tell of his ancestors :

I am not proud of all these traditions, but as they are all I can get and there is a pleasure in realizing one's forefathers as flesh and blood—even though bloody—men, I put them down as I heard them from my aunt. . . . Of course all true Macmillans will hold the truth of them, and be proud of the deliverer of the island from English and Bute marauders. The first distinct historical person I can get at is my great-grandfather. His name was Daniel. He lived mostly in North Sannox, married a M'Kelvie, and had seven daughters and one son Malcolm born at Lochranza. Malcolm Macmillan married Janet Kerr of Lochranza, and lived at North Sannox till seven children had been born to him. He then moved to the "Cock" farm, where he lived for 30 years. Malcolm Macmillan had ten children, of whom the two eldest sons served on board the King's cutter in the Preventive service.

Alexander Macmillan did not remember his grandfather, who died in 1822, but he was held in high respect by his family and neighbours as a serious, upright, and, in spite of an austere manner, a kind-hearted man. Thus he was undemonstrative to his

children, but would nurse them with great devotion when they were ill :

He would do acts of kindness quietly, and appear annoyed if they were remarked on—such as drawing home peats from the hill for poor people who had no horses of their own. . . . He was prudent, too, and prosperous in his limited way. I have been to the Cock Farm where he spent most of his life. The present tenant tells me that the land is so poor that he does not grow even the corn to make his own meal but buys it all. He keeps it exclusively for cattle and sheep. But my aunt says that when she was a girl they used to have “fine crops” of both barley and oats, and always had plenty for themselves besides selling a good deal. I daresay her idea of a fine crop would not satisfy a Lothian or a Cambridgeshire farmer. Still what was done must have been the result of great diligence and some skill.

Malcolm Macmillan, who was an elder of the Established Church, and devout and regular in family worship, looked with distrust on the revivalist movement promoted by James and Robert Haldane in the last years of the eighteenth century, though he allowed his children to attend the meetings of the missionaries sent to Arran. But on this point there is no mistaking the attitude of his grandson. Writing in 1860, he states his belief that he and all his family owe incalculable blessings to the revivals :

Whatever prosperity has come to us as a family is, in a great measure, owing to the effect they had on the moral, spiritual, and intellectual condition of my parents. The condition of the people, previous to their appearance, in morals and intellect at least, seems to have been exceedingly low. They were turbulent, superstitious, and otherwise degraded. . . . The belief in ghosts, brownies, and witchcraft was very prevalent. I remember my mother telling me

that there was a belief prevalent, even amongst the "godly," that evil spirits had actually haunted the island before the "coming of the gospel"—the Revivals—among the people, but they had all fled before its light. . . . The first impetus was given to the movement by a young minister from Bute, a simple earnest man with some eloquence, but apparently sober and quiet in his preaching. This "awakening" was not accompanied by any of the extravagances that have characterized later movements of a similar kind.

Of Malcolm Macmillan's children, Duncan, Alexander's father, born in 1766, was the sixth. He married Katherine Crawford, daughter of William Crawford, a fellow elder of his father, but, unlike him, a strong supporter of the Revivalists. Duncan Macmillan succeeded his father-in-law in the occupation of a small farm at Upper Corrie—"a most humble house on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea and getting, on fine days, a clear view of the Ayrshire coast"—where ten of his children were born, and in or about the year 1816 moved from Arran to Irvine in Ayrshire, where he died on July 24, 1823.

Mr. R. M. Hogg, the present headmaster of the Bank Street Public School in Irvine, writes :

There are none now living in our midst who remember old Duncan Macmillan, but about 1896 there were some who had good recollections of him. He was exceptionally well spoken of, and seemed to have been what we would now call a "crofter," that is to say, kept a few cows, pastured on the burgh moor, and cultivated a few acres of the town's land. At other times he was a carter—mainly engaged carrying coal from the neighbouring pits to the harbour of Irvine. Like the Pied Piper he seemed to have a special attraction for the young, and in all these recollections each had the same story to tell—that his cart, when returning or leaving

light, was always filled with children happy to enjoy a "hurl." He appears to have been a very earnest-minded man, deeply religious and on very friendly terms with the Rev. Mr. Barclay, the pastor of the Baptists in Irvine, then a very strong body.

Alexander Macmillan was not five years old when his father died, but he shared his brother Daniel's reverence for his memory. "He was a hard-working man, a most devout man, and, as I have heard mother say, cared for nothing but his family, that is, did not care what toil he endured for their sakes."¹ How hard the struggle was is made clear, though in no complaining spirit, by other letters from the same hand. Four of his daughters were carried off in childhood by an epidemic in 1813, and there is little doubt that his own life was shortened by his unremitting exertions. But if his children owed much to his example, they owed still more to the deep and abiding influence of their mother. Daniel's affection was expressed shortly before her death with vehement fervour. It was his persuasion that his mother was "the most perfect lady in all Scotland":

With so little knowledge derived from books, with so very little intercourse with the higher ranks of society, with so little care or thought on what is most pleasing in external conduct, was there ever a lady who so instinctively, so naturally, did what was right, acted with so much propriety in all cases? She has such high and noble notions that no one ever heard her say, or knew her do, a mean thing, no one could even venture to say an impudent thing to her, or talk scandal in her presence. . . . No one could be more deeply religious than she is and yet how little she talks about it! . . . The end of the whole matter is, that I think there is

¹ Letter from Daniel Macmillan to his brother Malcolm, June 15, 1833. *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, by Thomas Hughes, p. 18.

nobody like mother in the whole world. If ever I saw any one with the same tenderness, strength, and calmness, the same joyousness of heart, with the same depth, I should instantly fall in love with her, that is if there was any chance of its ever coming to anything! . . . I tell you I am proud of my parentage. . . . Besides, I am very glad that my mother is a Teuton. [Her father was a lowlander by descent, whose ancestors had come from Renfrewshire.] From her we take any mental superiority we may have.¹

That Alexander Macmillan shared these feelings we know from constant references, and the lapse of time did not blunt or abate their strength. Writing twenty years after her death to his brother Daniel, Alexander Macmillan says :

I don't know if it has occurred to you that my dear new boy came into the world the same day that twenty years ago our dear sainted mother died. I find on reference that it was on the first of August, 1835, that she died. Is it Popish to say may her spirit watch over him? I think it is at least a good and wholesome feeling to believe that she will. I feel perfectly sure that many a time I have been saved doing and thinking wrong by the consciousness of her presence.

So in a letter to M. Guizot in June, 1867, he says :

My mother was a woman of very devout nature and habits, whose daily life was, as I believe, lived as in the conscious presence of God. She had a very noble, sweet nature, and a certain serenity and clearness of mind that I have hardly ever met with in any other human being.

Not the least remarkable fact about this admirable woman was that, in spite of the ceaseless burden of

¹ Letter from Daniel Macmillan to his brother Malcolm, June 15, 1833. *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, pp. 19-20.

household work, she found time to read, and to read the great books. There is a story of a visitor calling upon her in her old age at Irvine and finding her in bed in her black "mutch" reading Cary's *Dante*. She sang ballads and hymns with a pathos which made the promise of a song the reward which had most weight with her sons.¹ But above all she influenced them in the direction of a generous toleration—an inheritance from her own father:

Without any speculative liberality she had a remarkable openness of mind, which expressed itself in such phrases as "puir body, he has nae room in him," when she heard over-zealous persons speaking bitterly of opponents; or when, to the scandal of many in Irvine, she stated that to her thinking such of them as had the good fortune to reach heaven would have to put up with the company of many Romanists.²

When Duncan Macmillan migrated to Irvine, his two elder sons were already established there as carpenters, but both took to teaching, and Malcolm was master of a school when his father's death made him head of the family. Of Malcolm Macmillan, who was nearly twenty years older than himself, Alexander always spoke with reverence and gratitude. "He had many of the characteristics of my mother, in particular he was a man of the same consistent piety" (Letter to M. Guizot quoted above). Out of his small salary he contributed to the support of his mother and the education of his brothers and sisters, but there was never any chance of sending either Daniel or Alexander to a University; neither of them got more than a primary school education, and while Daniel was apprenticed to a bookbinder before he was eleven, Alexander was headmaster of Scott's

¹ *ibid.* p. 8.

² *ibid.* p. 8.

School in Irvine at the age of sixteen. Of his school days at the Irvine Academy he gives some interesting reminiscences in a letter to his old school-fellow Speirs, written in October, 1870. His family, he mentions, was so poor that even the very moderate school-fee that was charged at the Academy was a matter of consideration to them. It was only a High School, and the headmaster, "though an assiduous teacher, was wholly lacking in skill or manliness to draw out the gifts or strengthen the moral tone of his pupils." But Connel, the master of the Commercial Department, was a man of a fine intellect and high character, and a firm disciplinarian :

I think I was only three months with him, and the impression he made on me was such that even now, when I know most of the headmasters of the great public schools of England, as personal friends more or less, I am constantly thinking and comparing them with Connel. You remember he went to the High School at Glasgow afterwards. What a lesson it is in his life to think how great is the influence unseen and unnoted at the time, a man intent on doing his work simply, unselfishly, manfully, may have on the future of any man's life. I owe much to his memory. I think he was a common hand-loom weaver in early life, and taught himself most of what he knew. And yet he was a perfect gentleman, courteous, high-toned, simple, really noble, and with what keen intellect!

Alexander Macmillan goes on to say that his impression was confirmed at Cambridge many years afterwards when it was suggested that their firm should publish a new edition of Connel's book on the *Differential Calculus*. He consulted several high mathematical authorities, who unanimously declared that, in view of the author's origin and defective education, it was a masterly work.

Connel "was also an enthusiastic student of nature, and seems to have kindled in his pupils a love for outdoor studies. Along with the first Dr. Landsborough he founded an Ayrshire County Naturalist Club." The teaching was not only good, but there was a fine democratic spirit about the school. "In those old days," writes Mr. Hogg, "it was no uncommon thing for the laird's son to sit on the same bench with the cottar's son, e.g. Lord Eglinton's son attended the Grammar School in Irvine."

Of his school experiences out of school hours he has left an account in the same letter :

I remember a great "stane-battle" with Scott's School in which I think you were one of the leaders. I remember, too, great snowball fights, in which you and David and John Watt were among our champions, with the town-end weavers.¹ I remember, also, one somewhat riotous and irregular affair, when you and David Watt and I went down to the shore to "dook," and varied our walk along the Halfway by shutting all the "window-brodds" as we went along, to the disturbance of the auld wives who rushed out to see what was up. I was reminding David Watt whom I see now and then here, of this affair, and charging him with being the leader, which with his native modesty, he repudiated, so it may have been *you* after all.

Other contemporaries were Johnston, called "Butterfly," whom he met twenty years later transformed into

¹ Mr. R. M. Hogg writes in December, 1909 : "Mr. Alexander Longmuir of Roseholm remembers the snow battle Alex. Macmillan speaks of in his letter to Speirs. The Academy stands on the edge of the moor, and at mid-day the town-end weavers were wont to go past the school to the moor for a quiet smoke. The boys—many of them sailors' sons—were somewhat wild, and, it must be owned, impudent, and the weavers had to stand considerable annoyance. The result of the great snow fight was that the weavers were fined—most unjustly in old Mr. Longmuir's opinion."

a big burly man, and who became a prosperous merchant in America; Robert Buchanan, afterwards a shipbroker in London; Willie Boyd, the Antinous of the school, good at figures as well as games, whose subsequent career, in the wood trade in Newfoundland, hardly fulfilled the romantic promise of his youth; and Speirs, to whom he addressed this letter. Though never distinguished in games or interested in sport, Alexander Macmillan took his part, as we have already seen, in the rough-and-tumble of schoolboy life, and a story which appeared in a Scotch newspaper shows that he was by no means wanting in pluck. Like the other boys at the Academy, he learned to swim in the Annick, and when one of his schoolmates challenged him to throw a somersault into the river—a feat he had never attempted before—and, on his hesitating, said jeeringly, “You’re frichtit; you’re a coward,” “Sanny” hotly replied, “That was never telt of a Macmillan yet,” and hurled himself into the river with such violence that he knocked all the wind out of his body and had to be brought ashore by some of the elder boys.

Of the half-dozen years that elapsed between his leaving school and joining his brother Daniel in London the records are few and the dates hard to fix. He tells Speirs in the letter already quoted that he was *headmaster* of Scott’s School for three months when he was of the mature age of fifteen or sixteen. This, Mr. Hogg tells me, was a small school, connected with the Burgher Kirk, in the East Back Road opposite the Pen Close, and within a stone’s throw of the old homestead of the Macmillans. Scott, who succeeded Montgomerie, the first headmaster, was a native of Perth, and afterwards minister of Loreburn United Presbyterian Church, Dumfries, and was probably finishing his Divinity course at

the University when Alexander Macmillan took his place. But there seems to be no doubt from a letter to James MacLehose in November 22, 1881, that Alexander Macmillan's first start in the world outside Irvine was as an assistant to Mr. George Gallie, the well known Glasgow bookseller, an old-fashioned Scotsman, to whom James MacLehose was apprenticed, and with whom he stayed till 1833. Towards the end of this period, from 1831 onwards, Daniel Macmillan was acting as assistant to Mr. Atkinson, a bookseller in the Trongate, not far from Mr. Gallie's shop, and it was in this way that the two young men got to know each other and the family friendship began which was destined to be drawn still closer by marriage ties in the next generation. Of George Gallie there is an excellent picture in a note to the notice of James MacLehose in *One Hundred Glasgow Men* :

George Gallie's shop was first in Brunswick Place, then in Glassford Street, and finally in Buchanan Street. . . . Thomas MacLehose could not have sent his boy to a better school for honesty, industry and thoroughness, nor to a worse school for manners. Gallie was a "kenspeckle" character, at bottom a man of rare virtue, true and tried, at top undoubtedly trying. A man of few words he gave you an answer at the time and in the way that pleased *him*. . . . A man of clear-cut opinions and high principle, he would not budge an inch for any man or number of men. He was a Voluntary, and on the day of a public fast for the cholera, when weak-kneed or puzzle-headed brethren followed the multitude to church, Gallie, it was said, opened his shop at six in the morning. He dealt mostly in tracts and religious books. Nothing would have tempted him to keep literature that he disapproved of. It was a favourite joke of young scamps to ask him for *Punch*. *Punch*—he would have kicked it on to the pavement, as he was said to have actually done to an obnoxious packet.

In view of Gallie's austere literary judgment one is not surprised to learn that Alexander Macmillan's stay under his roof was of short duration :

My leaving dear George Gallie arose from his piety—in excess. He objected to my reading novels, and one day found a volume of *The Midnight Ball*, I think—but at least one of the Minerva Press novels—in the pocket of my overcoat, which was hanging up in the passage. He pulled it out, tore it to pieces and flung it into the fire. Of course there was a scene, and hence the separation. But it turned out really a blessing. William, whose Shewalton School was the house-feeding element at the time, within a few months after my return—I had in the meantime been at the Irvine Academy, where I got my instruction in Classics in return for helping Stewart with his junior class—had a severe illness and was obliged to be away for three months, during which I took his school and hence was the support of the house for that time. . . . Daniel was then in Cambridge and probably hardly realised or knew what was going on.

Shewalton colliery and school were situated in the parish of Dundonald, quite close to Irvine. The district comprises a long series of sandhills, which, when swept by winter storms, reveal numerous neolithic relics. Mr. R. M. Hogg, whose local knowledge has been most helpful to me in dealing with this period of Alexander Macmillan's life, has contributed some interesting notes on the Shewalton episode :

In the recently published history of Glasgow University it is noted that during the prevalence of plague (1645-7) part of the classes under Professor Dickson—former minister of Irvine—removed to Irvine and carried on the work there. Dickson speaks of the happy walks and talks he had with his students amongst the yellow sandhills of Irvine, *i.e.* along by Shewalton. It is

interesting to think of Alexander Macmillan nearly two centuries later teaching the little school amongst the same yellow sandhills. About 1820 the pits at Shewalton were leased to a Mr. John Samson, salt manufacturer, from Troon, who was associated with Mr. Benjamin Rowe, merchant in Irvine. Around the pits sprang up a little community of miners—living in very primitive houses—“tour houses,” *i.e.* turf houses or clay-biggings. At the period of greatest prosperity there would be a population of 300 at the most. The first school built by the Samsons was as rude in construction as the miners’ dwellings—turf or clay wall and a thatched roof. There were three long benches arranged around the three sides of the room, and the pupils faced the fire. There is still living at Kilwinning a nonagenarian, Mr. Thomas Ballantyne (aged 94), who was born and brought up at Shewalton. He remembers the school perfectly well. The only teacher he remembers is a Mr. Caldwell, who was, as the custom then was, a Divinity student, who taught during the summer months, going to College in the winter season, when he provided a substitute. Alexander Macmillan was probably a winter substitute. There was a night school in connection with the works, and old Ballantyne remembers attending it as a young man. He has a vivid recollection of the place at night. Each man carried a candle, which he stood on the desk in front of him. The subjects were the three R’s, and he recalls the time spent by the master preparing the old-time quill pens. The teacher taught a Sunday school and held a religious service on the Sunday evening for the benefit of the miners.

Ballantyne has no special remembrance of Alexander Macmillan, but an old woman still resides at Drybridge, about a quarter of a mile from the Shewalton pits, who was born at Shewalton and distinctly remembers Alexander teaching a winter term at Shewalton old school. Mr. Samson, the lessee of the pits, resided for a time at Shewalton, and his sons, Alexander and James, both attended the school for a time previous to entering

the Academy. A. M. Samson died 9th November, 1900, aged 77; and James Samson died 24th February, 1907, aged 85. James was a man of literary tastes, and he used often to speak in enthusiastic terms of how young Macmillan tried at Shewalton to give his older pupils an understanding of the spirit of poetry. The recollection of these lessons remained with him all his days. An attempt was also made to interest the pupils in botany, through the names of common wayside plants—probably due to Dr. Connel's influence.

The old school was replaced by a stone structure, which, when the pits were abandoned—1846—was converted into two dwelling-houses, and is still used for that purpose.

Alexander Macmillan's next appointment was as assistant in a Commercial School in Glasgow, where the late Dr. Alexander Maclaren of Manchester was one of his pupils.

“He vainly endeavoured,” writes Dr. Maclaren, “to teach me to write as well as he did, somewhere about the years 1834 to 1835 in classes for ‘writing and arithmetic’ in Glasgow, of which the principal was Duncan M'Dougall. All that I remember was his occasional marching up and down between the rows of desks with a cane over his shoulder and stopping now and then to look over a slate or set a sum or ‘mend a pen.’”

To this period probably belong what his son calls his “spasmodic efforts to enter two widely different professions, the medical and the nautical.” At one time he acted as assistant in a chemist's shop in Glasgow, and thus acquired a considerable knowledge of drugs. Indeed, there is a family story of his experimenting on two boys with chloroform, then a new drug, with results that for the moment were alarming: “he had them deid

on the floor” was the comment of an old friend of the family. More romantic than this excursion among the gallipots was a voyage to America before the mast in September, 1836. This adventure, which was doubtless prompted by discontent or rebellion against his straitened circumstances, was never repeated and seldom referred to. Only once or twice in the letters extending over a period of forty years have I noted a nautical metaphor,¹ and, in his letter to Speirs, he speaks of his “somewhat foolish attempt at being a sailor,” after which he was stranded in Glasgow absolutely penniless:

I went about the streets of Glasgow looking out for any sort of employment and finally accepted, with the deepest joy, an ushership in a school with the munificent salary of £12 a year, on which I actually *lived* for nine months. I had a good many really kind friends, who were willing and anxious to help me. I don't think they could do more than they did, and that in the way of help to a situation was—nothing. I found this myself, and I fancy on the whole it was a good thing. I was then light-hearted, I suppose what the English call plucky. I went at the job I got, did it as well as I could, and so got on. It chanced to be in *my line*. If I had been offered a good porter's place at 6s. a week I would have taken it, but I don't think it would have suited me so well. Still I think I would have done it as well as I could.

Only that he speaks explicitly in a letter to James MacLehose (April 20, 1865) of living for nine months on 5s. a week in Glasgow, we should be inclined to identify this ushership with his post at Nitshill, near

¹ E.g. where he speaks of a friend “sitting . . . with a huge meerscham in his mouth and his face shining like a nor'-west moon in a cloud.” Letter to his brother Daniel, Sept. 17, 1850.

Paisley, in Renfrewshire, where in 1838-9 he had under his care 130 rough colliery children, many of them Irish, and all of the poorest. The work that fell to him was rudimentary and "most drudgical," and it was sometimes a hard task for the young schoolmaster to keep control over his pupils. His sister Janet kept house for him and a small sewing-school to increase their income, but they found it hard to make both ends meet. Of his ability as a teacher it is hard to judge. The letter from which we have quoted indicates a certain consciousness of aptitude for the work; none the less he was sincerely grateful to his brother for rescuing him from what by his own admission was a pinched and struggling life. "Had it not been for your brotherly sympathy and help, I should certainly to this day have been a wretched and not too useful dominie at best."¹ Alexander Macmillan speaks of the failure of his friends to find him a situation in 1837, but he is very far from imputing to them any lack of good-will. Indeed, throughout his career he was never guilty of a failure to acknowledge his indebtedness to his friends and patrons. Mention has already been made of the MacLehoses of Glasgow, but at this stage of his career an even closer bond attached him to the Wilsons of Edinburgh. The friendship between the families dates back to about the year 1830, the connecting link being probably Mr. Maxwell Dick, the bookseller and bookbinder of Irvine, to whom Daniel Macmillan had been apprenticed in 1824, and who was a friend of Mr. Wilson, a wine merchant in Edinburgh. Anyhow by 1833 we find Daniel, in the already-quoted eulogy of his mother, saying that in the matter of deep religious feeling Mrs. Wilson, of Edinburgh, came

¹ Letter to his brother Daniel, August 30, 1855.

nearest to her, and the veneration with which the brothers regarded her thenceforth was almost filial in its intensity. Her nobility of character and rare natural gifts were transmitted in full measure to her son George, Daniel's contemporary, and their friendship, as Mr. Hughes notes, was strengthened by the pathetic similarity of their careers: "in each case a noble life-long struggle for the fulfilment of life-work against fatal disease." In the phrase of one of his friends, George Wilson was "a splendid jewel in a shattered casket." Half his life was spent in sickness or positive torture—he was constantly being blistered or cauterised or mutilated by the knife. Yet crippled as he was by the amputation of a foot, racked with rheumatism and enfeebled by repeated hæmorrhages, living too "in a house full of invalids with the shadow of the grave always hanging over it," he preserved an unconquerable gaiety of heart, and crowded into his brief life an astonishing amount of work as student, teacher and writer. It was written of him that he always worked as though his days were numbered, and he left on record the noble saying, "to none is life so sweet as to those who have lost all fear to die." George Wilson, who was born five years after Daniel Macmillan, and died two years later, was at the time of his death Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh and Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. His elder brother Daniel, afterwards Sir Daniel Wilson, became Professor of History and English Literature in Toronto University in 1853, succeeded to the Presidentship in 1881, and died in 1892, having outlived his brother by thirty-three years. Alexander Macmillan in later life spoke of Daniel Wilson as his oldest friend, but his feeling for his brother was something quite apart and peculiar. Indeed it is not too

much to say that George Wilson¹ is to be reckoned amongst the half-dozen men whose example and character exerted a deep and indelible influence on the subject of this Memoir.

To explain the circumstances which led to Alexander Macmillan's emancipation from the drudgery of school-mastering, it is necessary to retrace our steps and follow the career of his brother Daniel. After seven years spent as apprentice to Maxwell Dick in Irvine, Daniel had filled engagements as bookseller's assistant first in Stirling then in Glasgow. His health, never strong, gave way in 1833, and after a serious illness he decided to move southward. Armed with introductions from his employer he proceeded to London in September, 1833, put up with James MacLehose, who was then with Messrs. Seeley in Fleet Street, and ultimately got a job as assistant to a Mr. Johnson in Cambridge at a salary of £30 a year. The three years which he spent at Cambridge, though saddened by the death of his mother, were of the greatest possible service to him in the way of building up a connexion. Reading men of all ages were naturally attracted by this intellectual young Scotsman, who had not only a thorough mastery of every branch of the business of the book trade, but knew a great deal about the insides of the books that were worth knowing. In January, 1837, he left Cambridge and went to Scotland for a short holiday, prolonged to three months by another serious illness, during which he was nursed by Mrs. Wilson as if he had been "her own and only son." In March he was again on the look out for a job, and had actually closed with a Leith stationer for

¹ See Memoir by his sister Jessie Aitken Wilson, Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1860; the essay on him by Dr. John Brown in *Horæ Subsecivæ*, second series; and Dr. John Cairns's in memoriam notice in *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1860.

£50 a year, when, through MacLehose, there came the offer of a situation in Messrs. Seeley's shop. His Leith employer goodnaturedly released him from his engagement, and in two years he had established such excellent relations with Messrs. Seeley that when a vacancy occurred in the autumn of 1839, they readily undertook, on his recommendation, to engage his brother Alexander at £60 a year as a collector. Daniel wrote for him at once, and Alexander arrived on October 3, 1839, his twenty-first birthday. From that day—apart from occasional absences owing to ill-health—the two brothers were never separated until Daniel's death in 1857.

Reviewing this period of Alexander Macmillan's life one realises how meagre was his stock of learning when he entered on the business of his life. His schooling ended when he was fifteen; the smattering of classics which he got in return for assisting the headmaster of the Irvine Academy might fairly be summed up in the phrase, "Little Latin and less Greek"; and of French or German he never had the chance of learning a word. Forced to earn his living at fifteen he had little time for reading—the only way of continuing his education—while he was employed on the "most drudgical" kind of schoolmastering. But the habit of reading was there, coupled with an inherited appreciation of great literature, and in his own words, "when a series of those strange sequences of events which our pious forefathers devoutly, and, as I think wisely, called providences of God, led me into dealing in books, there can be little doubt I was led into the line for which my natural gifts fitted me." Though far less widely read than his brother at this age, he had seen more of human nature and had been brought into closer contact with the world of action. Again, his four or five years' schoolmastering was in many ways

an excellent preparation for one who was to deal so largely in educational publications. Having himself taught beginners, he was an excellent judge of essentials in school manuals. But the experiences of these early years, if they afforded him scant opportunities for enriching his intellect, were potent in building and strengthening his character, and enlarging his sympathies. The splendid example of his father, his mother and his three elder brothers inspired him with an ineradicable belief in the sacredness of the family tie and the binding obligations of family responsibility. He had known the pinch of poverty, but it had not crushed his spirit or embittered his heart. And lastly, though poor in this world's goods, he was already rich in friendships which were only endeared by his absence in the South. George Wilson was one of the very first persons whom he invited to contribute to his Magazine on its foundation twenty years later, and his constant reliance on the judgment of James MacLehose is attested by a correspondence continuously maintained for thirty years.

II

WHEN Alexander Macmillan came to London in October, 1839, he lodged with his brother at a boarding-house in Hoxton kept by the Misses Nutter. A month later Daniel brought up his sister Janet and a niece from Glasgow, and in March, 1840, they moved into unfurnished apartments at 26 Bartlett's Buildings. The experiment proved a failure. Janet's health broke down, and Daniel was so embarrassed that he sold the library of favourite books he had been collecting all his life to clear himself of debt and pay doctors' bills and the cost of bringing his sister and niece to London. Janet Macmillan returned to Scotland and the brothers moved to a boarding-house in 8 Charterhouse Square, which was their headquarters until they migrated to Cambridge in 1843.

Alexander Macmillan soon found his feet at Seeley's, and satisfied not only his employers, but his brother, who had a high standard. Mr. Burnside, one of the partners, proved a generous friend to the brothers, and Daniel alludes to the hospitalities of his son William as "a saving to us which is of consequence to such poor chaps." By 1840 Alexander's salary had been raised to £80 a year, and early in 1843 the two brothers started a small bookshop on their own account at 57 Aldersgate Street. To the former year also belongs Alexander Macmillan's first venture in authorship. Mention has already been made of his love of poetry, but in view of his antecedents it is somewhat of a surprise to learn that Shelley was one of his earliest heroes. The fruits of

this admiration took the form of a little 32mo volume of selections entitled, *The Genius of Shelley*, prefaced by a sketch of his life founded on the Shelley Papers, Leigh Hunt's *Byron and his Contemporaries*, Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, and an article in the *New Monthly Magazine* of 1832. It was published anonymously by George Bell at the close of 1840, and the secret was so well kept that his own son never knew for certain of his father's share in the book until nearly seventy years after its publication. The selection is interesting not merely as the first that was made of Shelley's works, but from the principle of selection adopted. Most of the famous lyrics are there—"To the Skylark," the lines "To Night," "Mutability," and the "Ode to the West Wind," but there are fragments from "Adonais" and other poems, and excerpts from "The Cenci," "Hellas," and "Prometheus Unbound." By way of preface there is an "advertisement" which concludes with the remark: "To those who are so young as to run any risk, in reading the strange, crude, and even false opinions to be found in his [Shelley's] works, the present Selection may be safely recommended."

These years in London were marked by loss and gain in other than material ways. In March, 1838, Alexander's elder brother William died suddenly at the Rawdon Baptist College at Bradford, where he had entered as a student, and in February, 1840, Malcolm, on whom Daniel and Alexander had so long looked as a second father, died at Stirling after a long illness. But he found consolation for these bereavements in the comradeship of his brother Daniel and in contact with such stimulating personalities as Carlyle, whose lectures on Rousseau, Johnson and Burns he attended in 1840, and Hone, the compiler of Hone's *Every Day Book* and the uncom-

promising champion of a free press. To the works of Carlyle he had been introduced by Daniel shortly after his arrival in London. "Alexander," wrote Daniel to George Wilson in November, 1839, "has to get up at six to be in Fleet Street at eight. While he is dressing and breakfasting I read some book to him—just now it is *Sartor Resartus*." Hone at this time was sub-editing the *Patriot*, a prominent Dissenting organ, and as a customer at Seeley's shop struck up a friendship with Alexander, which led to his occasionally visiting the brothers at Bartlett's Buildings. Hone, like them, was a member of Dr. Binney's congregation at the Weigh House Chapel, and the mention of Dr. Binney brings us to what was undoubtedly the most important, fruitful and far-reaching of all the influences which affected Alexander Macmillan during these early years in London.

When Daniel Macmillan was at Cambridge he joined the Baptist community in December, 1833, and on his return to London attended Dr. Binney's services until 1842. But in the autumn of 1840 he read *Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers*, which, in his own words, "introduced me to a quite new region." He not only read and talked it over with Alexander in their walks in London Fields, the untenanted space which then stretched away to the north east, but was moved to write a letter on the condition of young men in London to the anonymous authors. The correspondence was renewed in June, 1842, when Daniel forwarded some tracts by Alexander Scott, the friend of Edward Irving, to Archdeacon Hare. In his reply Hare mentioned Maurice's work on *The Kingdom of Christ*, and invited his correspondent down to Hurstmonceaux, where Daniel spent three memorable days in September, 1842. Hurstmonceaux appealed to Daniel Macmillan

because it was crammed with books—Maurice thought it was the best private library in England—and the mingled urbanity, learning, tolerance and goodness of his host proved irresistible. Their talk was largely of men of letters—Wordsworth and Coleridge, De Quincey, Landor (a recent visitor) and Charles Lamb. But they also freely discussed religious matters, and Daniel Macmillan found himself in entire agreement with Hare's "strong and rational objections to the conditions and principles of Dissenters. It is needless to say that they are quite free from all narrowness, bigotry, malice, hatred and ignorance. I wish we had a host of such men as Hare and Maurice. I think the contradictions of Protestantism would get reconciled; and if that were the case, perhaps we might hope to see Popery or Romanism cease to be Papist and Romanist and become really Catholic." On his return to town Daniel Macmillan at once wrote at length to Dr. Binney to explain the reasons which had determined him never to attend the Weigh House Chapel again. The letter, as his biographer remarks, shows a certain embarrassment and some morbid feeling, but the real motives of his secession are none the less perfectly clear. The services of the Church of England appealed to him far more powerfully than those of the Baptist community, and the repugnance against Dissent, which had been growing on him for some years, had been brought to a head by Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ*, of which he wrote to his old schoolfellow Watt, then a missionary in India, "I found it to be a book that I could not live without." From that day onward the influence of Hare and Maurice on both brothers steadily grew—we have good reason to assume that Alexander seceded from the Weigh House Chapel at the same time as Daniel—but their

personal reverence and affection for Dr. Binney was unimpaired by the severance. By the end of September Maurice had become a visitor, and introduced Daniel to his family, while in the spring of 1843 Archdeacon Hare had expressed a desire to assist him in establishing himself elsewhere, should a better opening occur. The opening offered in the summer, and a loan of £500 from the Archdeacon enabled Daniel to complete the purchase of the business of Mr. Richard Newby at 17 Trinity Street, Cambridge. For a few months the Aldersgate Street shop was kept on under Alexander Macmillan's management, while Daniel took charge of the new venture. But a serious attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs, brought on by his exertions in organizing the business, rearranging the stock, etc., obliged him to summon his brother from London. Alexander, himself suffering from rheumatism, came down posthaste by stage-coach in a sharp frost *outside*, no inside seat being procurable, with the result that both brothers were disabled for the moment. It was now evident that Daniel could no longer conduct the Cambridge business single-handed, and, with Archdeacon Hare's strong approval, he and his brother resolved to dispose of the shop in Aldersgate Street and concentrate their business at Cambridge. They did so with regret, not from pecuniary motives, because the London business had so far given no promise of being able to support them both, but because of the opportunities which a residence in London afforded them of "meeting with and hearing from young men—young Scotch ministers, young Dissenting missionaries, and young men about to leave England for our colonies—who were every now and then calling on us when we were in London." Of these acquaintances undoubtedly the most remarkable was

David Livingstone, whom Daniel and Alexander Macmillan got to know while the explorer was studying medicine and science in London in 1838-1840. The Aldersgate Street shop must also be associated with the earliest essay of the Macmillans in publishing. The first book to bear their name was *The Philosophy of Training*, a short educational treatise by A. R. Craig, a Glasgow schoolmaster; while the second, *The Three Questions*,¹ by William H. Miller, has on the title page of its second edition "Published by D. & A. Macmillan, 57 Aldersgate Street and 17 Trinity Street, Cambridge." By Easter the London house was closed, and the brothers fully committed to the Cambridge venture. The business prospered in a modest way from the start, owing much to the patronage and support of Archdeacon Hare and his friends, but still more to the ability and personality of the senior partner. But Alexander Macmillan, though contentedly and cheerfully accepting a subordinate position in these early years, from the very outset proved that he was an intelligent as well as a trustworthy colleague. Thus he took an active part in the preparation of a catalogue of their stock, a pamphlet of 120 pages, which appeared early in 1844, contributing literary notes under the initials "A. R." The asperity of their criticisms drew a temperate rebuke from Archdeacon Hare, who resented Daniel's disparagement of Emerson, but cordially applauded the notion of a select catalogue with brief remarks taken from the writings of good judges.

¹The full title was: "The Three Questions: What am I? Whence came I? Whither do I go?" It was "subscribed" by Alexander Macmillan, and a good story is told that when Mr. Longman saw it he answered the questions thus: "A Scot; from the Land of Cakes; to the d——!" See Article in *The Bookman*, May, 1901, p. 38.

The brothers remained at 17 Trinity Street until 1846, when they moved to 1 Trinity Street on acquiring the business of Mr. Thomas Stevenson, who had died in the previous year. Stevenson had succeeded John Nicholson—the second son of John Nicholson, known as “Maps,” whose portrait by Reinagle hangs in the University Library—in 1822, when the business was already established for 70 years, and died in 1845. No. 1 Trinity Street, to which the younger Nicholson moved in 1807, is a corner house, admirably central, and with delightful views from the upper windows. The structure has undergone extensive alterations at different times, and is now entirely given over to business purposes, but a great many of the old rooms remain, and most of them have interesting associations. The drawing-room, which faces west towards the Senate House, with King’s Chapel on the left, was the west end of the present big room on the first floor, the other half being the business room in which Daniel Macmillan made his headquarters. It was also a sort of informal common-room frequented after four o’clock Hall by undergraduates and dons, who came to chat and read the newspapers, a pleasant custom revived of late years by Mr. Robert Bowes, the present head of the Cambridge business. Daniel’s bedroom faced south, looking on St. Mary’s, and the old dining-room on the second floor has a portrait of Thackeray to commemorate his visit in November, 1851, for the delivery of his Lectures on the English Humourists, when he lunched there. The little room, now devoted to Mathematics, facing north, was where Kingsley in 1850 showed the brothers the MS. of *Alton Locke*, which, however, they did not then publish.¹

¹ Kingsley’s earlier books were mostly published by Parker, but Macmillans published *Alexandria and her Schools* and *Phaethon* before *Westward Ho!*

He was already Vicar of Eversley, and appeared, according to the recollection of Mr. Bowes, in a sort of sailor's dress. On the third floor was another little room, which Alexander Macmillan used as a smoking-room after his marriage. This was the scene of a symposium, caricatured by the artist Ludovici—"Ludo" the brothers used to call him—at which a German doctor said to Kingsley, who was smoking a churchwarden pipe, "Vot do *you* know of philosophy?" Mr. Robert Bowes, the son of Daniel and Alexander's elder sister, came up from Scotland as a boy of eleven to join his uncles in 1846, and soon afterwards a book-binding department was added to the business, and carried on in rooms at the back of the premises; but in 1849 it was transferred to other hands and the rooms used for other purposes. In the early years, during which the retail business was Alexander's special province, his desk was at the back of what was then the front shop. On his brother's marriage Alexander stayed on in Trinity Street, while Daniel moved to new quarters in Regent Street. But in 1855, in order to save Daniel from the risk of exposure in bad weather, they changed houses. On Daniel's death in 1857 Alexander returned to Trinity Street, after the house had been rearranged to accommodate the two families, and lived there until his move to Tooting in 1863.

Of the first few years of partnership at Cambridge there is little record outside the letters in Mr. Hughes' life of Daniel. It was a red letter day for the brothers when in November, 1844, Wordsworth, then the guest of Whewell, the Master of Trinity, came at Archdeacon Hare's request to call on Daniel. Wordsworth paid several visits to the shop "especially one long one, in which he dwelt on the influence Scotland had on him in

early life, and how he had sought in the *Excursion* to bring out the spiritual life of Scotland, which he thought had never been adequately sung by any of her poets, who had mainly confined themselves to the humanities." On that occasion Wordsworth wrote his name in at least one of the copies of his works on sale. In 1846, as we have seen, they were joined by their nephew, Robert Bowes, and in 1847 Daniel was able to say in a letter to Archdeacon Hare "things go very smoothly and prosperously with us, and my brother is a very great comfort and help to me."

But from the very beginning of their Cambridge partnership right on to his death, Daniel's constant ill-health necessitated long and repeated absences from home. The trips to Hastings in 1844, to Scotland in 1846, and to France in 1847 were of short duration, but from October, 1848, until at least the middle of April, 1849, he was at Torquay, recruiting after a serious breakdown. In October, 1853, he was again at Torquay for several months. In July, 1854, he was at Cromer, returning to Torquay in August, and remaining there till the end of October. Six months later he was once more at Torquay, where he remained from April till October, 1855. Thus for months at a time Alexander Macmillan was frequently left in charge of the business when it was at its most critical stage, and it is not too much to say that he interpreted his responsibilities with remarkable fidelity, loyalty and conscientiousness. During these periods of absence the brothers corresponded daily—indeed Alexander often wrote twice a day. His report, moreover, was not merely confined to the state of business, sales, orders, etc. ; he made a point of letting his brother know who had been in the shop, the inquiries after his health, and any University gossip that

was likely to interest him. The difficulty of the situation could not be better expressed than in the words of Mr. George Macmillan, when he observes that this arrangement, "while it threw more and more of the burden of the business upon my father, prepared him when the time came to carry on the work alone, but always, as he felt to the last, under the inspiration of his brother's example. . . . All proposals for publication were fully discussed, and no step taken without consultation. This was indeed carrying on business under exceptional difficulties, and the strain upon the partner on the spot, and the anxiety to his brother, who was then struggling against constant ill-health, to keep in touch with and guide his younger brother, must have been tremendous." Add to this that even as late as August, 1855, the brothers were seriously hampered by their dependence on a succession of partners who, while providing a limited amount of capital, contributed little or nothing in the way of intelligence or *flair*, and constantly blocked the legitimate enterprise of the brothers. Yet to say, as Mr. Hughes does, that "the perfect accord between them was never broken for a day" is substantially true. Daniel's ill-health occasionally inclined him to an excess of caution, and Alexander more than once betrayed some irritation at his brother's habit of incorporating in private letters passages which, if detached from their context, might have saved him the trouble of writing fresh letters to authors or customers. But the only time he was seriously annoyed with his brother was when Daniel, depressed by their financial prospects, spoke of reducing his diet as unnecessarily liberal.

The brothers, as we have seen, lived over the bookshop, and until 1851, when Alexander married, the faith-

ful Ellen Stead—"kind and diligent and scoldy"—was in charge of the household. Before their marriage they took in undergraduates as lodgers, some of whom became life-long friends, as in the case of Hoets, a fellow commoner of Trinity Hall; but they were not always so fortunate. There were always several assistants in the shop, of whom Mr. Fraser, who afterwards accompanied Alexander Macmillan to London, Mr. T. G. Bain (now of Charles Street, Haymarket), and Mr. Robert Bowes deserve special mention. During these early years, when the brothers were mostly engaged in the retail business, the chief responsibility of that department fell on Alexander. The hours were very long: "we closed nominally at 8 o'clock in term time," writes Mr. Bowes, "and were frequently at work till much later." Alexander was early and late at the shop, and often unable to get out till after dark. His recreations were limited to a rare visit to the theatre, an occasional excursion on the river, and walks. In the summer of 1855 he says that it struck him that he had hardly an idea what sort of people the general public of Cambridge was when it was at its ease enjoying itself. But he had many pleasant chats with his friends during and after business hours, dined out fairly often with the Brimleys, Dennises, and at other houses, and liked to entertain a few men quietly at home. About the year 1848 he made the acquaintance of Mr. William Amps, a favourite pupil of Walmisley the Professor of Music, and subsequently organist of King's from 1855 to 1876, who used to come and play his accompaniments while he sang Scotch songs.

"One result of this intercourse," writes Mr. Bowes, "was that he introduced Amps to Tennyson's poems, and that led to the composition of the 'Six Vocal

Quartets': 'Move eastward happy earth,' 'She sleeps, her breathings are not heard,' 'Now sleeps the crimson petal,' 'Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,' 'Flow down cold rivulet to the sea,' 'Fill the cup and fill the can.' Mr. Amps says that my uncle not only suggested his doing something, but that he actually made the above selection. Later Amps set other of Tennyson's poems to music, among them 'The splendour falls on castle walls,' which my uncle used sometimes to sing.

"In the winter of 1848 my uncle was laid up with his first attack of Sciatica. Mr. Amps says that he frequently called and played to him when he was lying in bed helpless, and suffering great pain."

But, above and beyond all other pursuits, Alexander Macmillan found his chief recreation in reading. His appetite was by no means blunted by the perusal of the works submitted for publication, mostly of a serious nature in these early years, but turned with avidity to the best and most characteristic work of his contemporaries. As early as 1842 he had hailed Tennyson as a classic, and devoured every volume as it came out. He was greatly impressed by *Jane Eyre*, the heroine of which he describes as "a sort of English *Consuelo*," and amongst other notable books of the time which he read with delight when they were brand-new, mention may be made of Clough's *Bothie* and Thackeray's *Pendennis* and *The Newcomes*. His *flair* was seldom at fault: he recognised the charm of Paul Heyse fifty-five years ago just as he recognised the genius of Clerk Maxwell. But his taste for fiction and poetry did not cause him to neglect the claims of more serious literature. He read every word that Maurice wrote with unabated delight, and followed the theological controversies of the time with the closest attention. Lastly, we may note amongst

the standard works which greatly influenced him at this time, the *Journal* of George Fox, Plato's *Dialogues*, and the ballad poetry of Scotland.

From the earliest years of his residence in Cambridge Alexander Macmillan took a keen interest in the work of the University. In his letters to his brother Daniel he never failed to mention the latest awards of University prizes or to tell him who were the favourites for fellowships and other distinctions. This, after all, was natural enough since the shop was a rendezvous of dons and studious undergraduates, many of whom were intimate personal friends of the brothers. Amongst these were "the Olympian Thompson"; W. G. Clark; the mathematicians, Todhunter and Barnard Smith; and the three great Cambridge scholars, Westcott, Lightfoot and Hort. Hort was already a miracle of industry who alternately amazed and alarmed his friends. Indeed it was said to be his common practice in those days to sit up reading all night until chapel, after which he went to bed, making his breakfast at dinner in Hall at 4 p.m. These Snark-like habits were not compatible with a wide range of acquaintances, but Hort's friendship with the brothers, based on their common love of books, was intimate and life-long. Another brilliant young undergraduate friend was Sebastian ("Bass") Evans, the younger brother of the late Sir John Evans, whose remarkable versatility afterwards found vent in half a dozen channels—poetry, painting, designing,¹ journalism, law, politics, and archaeology—and who in later years was a valued contributor to *Macmillan's Magazine*. Another intimate Cambridge friend was George Brimley, the librarian of Trinity College, a fine literary critic and reviewer, a constant

¹Dr. Sebastian Evans designed the original monogram of the firm.

contributor to the *Examiner* and the *Spectator* in Rintoul's day, and the author of a remarkable study of Tennyson's poetry. George Brimley was a brilliant if somewhat paradoxical talker, for chronic ill-health often warped his judgment, as well as an accomplished writer, and Alexander Macmillan held him in sincere affection and deeply regretted his premature death. Brimley's sisters were highly educated girls of fine character, and in Caroline, the eldest, Alexander Macmillan found, a few years later, a wife whose intellectual, no less than her moral qualities, rendered her a true helpmeet.

In the privately printed *Reminiscences of an old West Country Clergyman*, by the Rev. W. H. Thornton, there is on pp. 71-73 an account of a small Society known as "The Synagogue." Mr. Thornton matriculated at Trinity College in October, 1849, and took his degree in January, 1853, and his recollections are of this period. The meetings were held in the rooms of the Rev. W. W. Howard, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, on Sunday nights usually after Hall, Thornton being introduced by his cousin, A. A. Vansittart, who had been bracketed Senior Classic in 1847. Mr. Thornton says that they usually met at Howard's rooms about seven :

The learned men fought over Greek Testament and difference of MSS. Afterwards we had supper, drank some audit ale, and finished with reading by one of the party of some difficult sermon, generally by Archer Butler, and free discussion thereon. All the time we smoked and went back to our rooms by midnight. It was a great privilege for me to be allowed to be present, and the discussions, though free, were always conducted by men who were believers.

Mr. Thornton says in a letter that he had seen, but not often, both the Macmillans at the meetings. They were continued for some years afterwards; in Howard's rooms till he left Cambridge to take up his duties as an Inspector of Schools and afterwards in those of Vansittart. Alexander Macmillan spoke of it as "the Church in the Family," and of those attending as Howard, Vansittart, George Brimley, and W. G. Clark.

Outside Cambridge Alexander Macmillan's closest friends were the Wilsons, James MacLehose, and Mr. Nutt,¹ with whom he often stayed on his way through London, and who often spent a week-end with him in Cambridge.

In the autumn of 1848 Daniel Macmillan was ordered away for his health, and spent several months at Torquay. The nature of the correspondence that passed between the brothers may be illustrated by the following extracts:

Cambridge, October 15, 1848.

To Daniel Macmillan.

I am very glad to find you have got into such good hands as Dr. Tetley's and Mrs. Mayo's, to which lady I beg you will present my most respectful love and tell her that in my brother she has a very valuable but very ticklish charge: that she will require a very firm and resolute hand to keep him in the path of common prudence: that what with his huge love of talking and walking and doing everything upon an extravagant scale—except taking care of himself—he is no easy task to manage.

¹ Writing on May 5, 1855, he says: "He [Nutt] is altogether as unselfish a man as I ever met with, hardly even excepting Mr. Maurice or my brother Daniel."

October 17, 1848.

To the same.

I was very glad to have your report of what Mr. Maurice said. I find everything he says as a new spring of life to me. . . . Do you know George Fox puts me marvellously in mind of Socrates. Of course there is a wide difference, but still there is in that drawing of men's attention to what was *in themselves*—in Socratic language—looking to the soul how it might become perfect—in Quaker language *going to Christ their inward Teacher*—that causes a wonderful similarity.

The following remarks were prompted by a letter from George Wilson :

October 22, 1848.

To the same.

What a noble and tender soul speaks there : surely it is the voice of heart which has been attuned to harmony with the centre of all harmony. I did not know him before he was afflicted. I suppose he was always beautiful in spirit, but his letters, and indeed all his utterances, seem to me to have the tone of a man who has been refined by fire. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

October 24, 1848.

To the same.

I'll suggest that when you want me to answer any questions you make an abstract of them on a piece of paper separate from your letter—which I require to be filled with pleasant gossip, advice, moral reflection, and general discussion on men and things you see and think of. If mine are dry it arises mainly from the natural barrenness of my brain, bald utterance and general confusedness of outward and inward man, but partly also that during the day, as you may guess, I am rather busy and at night a little tired—or rather lazy,

fancying that I am tired—and then I do love my pipe in my mouth, my feet on the hobs and a book in my hand immensely. . . . I am in excellent health, excellent spirits, excellent temper, in every way well—except I do feel a little anxious to hear the tone of your mind a little cheerfuller.

October 26, 1848.

To the same.

You really must keep up your spirits. Think what a fine thing it will be when you and I in prime health can be together relieving and assisting one another. Keep your future usefulness before your eye and mind your health. You *have done* more for the business than I shall ever do in a hundred years. It would be absurd if I were to grudge you rest, when you want it, and it is absurd in you to grudge yourself. You *are working* when you are taking care of health.

On October 27 Alexander notes a visit from Archdeacon Hare “with his noble kindly face and greeting,” and in the letter bearing date November 2 he gives an interesting account of a visit from Whewell, Guizot, and the Belgian Ambassador :

Whewell bought a book by Thiers, and the Belgian purchased and carried off with him some books of *Facetiae*. . . . I had a good look at Guizot. He is a little man with an oval, whitely [*sic*] face and very beautiful black—or dark rather—open eyes, with those round *energetic* lids which I have noticed in remarkable men which seem to grasp what they look at.

During this winter Alexander Macmillan suffered a great deal from sciatica, and submitted himself patiently to the drastic remedies then in vogue. On November 17th he describes his experiences when chloroform was administered to him: “It is a most peculiar stuff—a

kind of ethereal tipsiness," and for some time he was unable to sleep without recourse to morphia. At Christmas he spent a fortnight with his brother at Torquay, and the letters are not resumed till January. The goodness of Dr. Tetley "quite dumbfounded" Alexander Macmillan, and on his return he exclaims, "He really is a noble fellow."

Daniel's absence was a constant subject of inquiry in the shop. "I cannot stop to tell all who ask for you," but he specially mentions Holden (the editor of Aristophanes), Matheson, George Brimley, and Fitzjames Stephen. Hoets, their lodger and friend, had suggested their starting a business at the Cape, his own native place, and Alexander discusses the notion on January 31st, 1849: "With our health we could expect nowhere to spend our lives either more profitably to ourselves and others or more pleasantly. But this lack of health and power to fulfil one's calling is a serious drawback." He hopes for good results for both of them when the summer comes, but evidently thought seriously of Hoets' suggestion. This letter concludes in a more cheerful vein: "Here is the new *Pendennis*, so you must excuse my cutting you for the night." At the end of February we find him reading *Yeast* again with redoubled interest, and Froude's *Nemesis of Faith*, which caused him unmitigated pain. Writing on February 28th he has some interesting remarks *apropos* of a conversation with an undergraduate whom he had misjudged:

This humanity that we have is in no single, simplest or most shallow instance to be named [*sic*] suddenly. There is an Inner Man whom we cannot see under even the vilest or shallowest face. When we learn to reverence the God within, then comes charity to our hearts—rather is charity not this very thing?

March 5, 1849.

I am very glad to hear so good an account of ———. I am afraid that his selfish theory has a great truth lying in it which the anti-selfish theory overlooks, and therefore fails to convince. It is like the "private judgment" and "upon trust" controversy, men poking each other's eyes out about which oar pulls the boat. After all it is very clear that if I do a right and proper, or a kind and generous action—and if it is an act of my own—a *conscious* act—I do it for a *reason*. That reason doubtless is with all rational minds because it *fulfils* my proper being—in other words, satisfies us. It may be contrary to our apparent *interest*—certainly it is conducive to our *central* harmony. When Christ said "he that will find his life must lose it," it seems to me to be taken for granted that the finding of life must be desirable—only men are continually seeking after a narrow, exclusive life, not seeing that our life is bound up by infinite cords to all other men—as brothers, citizens, members of a Church. I cannot *be* myself till I go out of myself and find my true self in others.

March 6, 1849.

I wish I could send you the volume of Fraser containing Kingsley's *Yeast*. Hoskin lent it to me from the Union. It is really magnificent, somewhat fragmentary and crude in its outward appearance, but informed by a most coherent and purposeful spirit. The sudden winding up is painful. I confess I cannot see what good purpose Mr. Froude could possibly have in writing that book of his. What he says about the inconsistencies of Christians in their treatment of the poor, and also in other respects, is very instructive to Christians. But that chaotic, uncertain character—"all things are out of joint"—surely it too is instructive to those who have firm ground—teaching them to sympathise with those who have not yet reached the desired haven—but to the poor strugglers, so numerous in our

time, it is not well to have the confusion worse confounded, the chaos made more chaotic.

Any adverse criticism of Maurice and Hare stirred the Macmillans greatly, and an article in the *English Review* roused Alexander's indignation. Writing on the 7th of March, 1849, he speaks of it as a declaration of war which "had better be met by sword-thrusts and gunshot wounds—not by ruffled temper." But the following extract shows that he was not always in favour of militant methods:

March 9.

I have been reading the *Gorgias* of Plato. It is exceedingly fine. It would be quite worth a philanthropic man's while to print these Dialogues as cheap tracts to circulate among the more intelligent of the working men in our large towns. Any Society for diffusing useful knowledge could not do better than diffuse them. One ought to learn from Socrates that violence does not form any essential part of the means of propagating it.

Only a few days later he was much amused by hearing a University sermon in which the preacher spoke of the "poor blind pagans." "However," he adds, "Mr. ——— is an excellent worthy man, and one always learns something from him—if it were only negatively." But he has no patience with the Scotch landlord of his brother-in-law who let his cottars rot in damp dens while he complacently announced that he was waiting for the millennium! On March 13th he writes: "Jenny Lind was here last night. I should have been glad to have heard her, but £1 is. stumped me," and in the following letter we have at second hand an interesting picture of Dr. Prince Lee, the first Bishop of Manchester:

March 15.

Hoets¹ came in upon us unexpectedly last night just as I was going to bed. He has succeeded to his mind. The bishop is willing to ordain him, and has procured for him a curacy in Salford, where he will be in the thick of human life with all its struggles. The bishop made him and his friend, Mr. Ebden—who is an old friend of Dr. Lee's—stop at his house and kept up talking till about one in the morning. Hoets is delighted with the worthy bishop, whom he describes as a jolly little fellow with none of your narrow, bigoted illiberality. He offered to ordain him at Easter, but Hoets begged off, as he did not feel quite up to the examination. I was quite delighted with one thing the bishop said to him: "Don't go and cram up Pearson on the Creed, Wheatley on the Common Prayer, nor your Church history so as to come and tell me who the Gnostics and Marcionites and other ancient sects were. I want you to learn, if you can, who the Wesleyan Methodists and Independents and Socialists and other sects living *now* are, so that you may be able to deal with them when you meet with them in your daily duties." He is a very excellent, worthy little man, but nobody is perfect. He says he cannot make Maurice out, and thinks Hare a much greater man. He was saying to Bunsen he felt quite ashamed of being a bishop while Hare was not. Bunsen answered: "Hare is a prophet, you are a priest." He told this to Hoets with great glee.

The subject of marriage had already begun to occupy his thoughts, but he disclaims all definite intentions:

¹ John William van Rees Hoets was born at the Cape, where he inherited property at Rondebosch, but came to Europe when he was about sixteen years of age, and after spending some years on the continent entered Trinity Hall, and graduated as 15th senior optime in 1846. Ordained in 1849, he went back to the Cape, but after several years he returned to England, where he engaged in business as a shipbroker. Alexander Macmillan wrote of him in 1864 as "an exceedingly handsome man, generous and noble as any Englishman could be." Mr. Hoets died only a couple of years ago.

March 22.

Indeed, my dear fellow, I don't see how any marrying is to be brought about. I'll tell you what: I cannot set my heart on any one till I have had some opportunity of intercourse, and how that is to be brought about I know not, and taking a rush at a fancied good I don't think wholesome or safe, so I think I must e'en die a bachelor.

He is reading Plato's *Theaetetus*, but for the moment has set it aside for John Sterling's novel *Arthur Coningsby* (published anonymously in 1833), which he found interesting, though most imperfect as a work of art, and a few days later some light is thrown on his prospects by the mention of an invitation to spend the evening with the Brimleys: "tea and music and ladies' society instead of long clays and grog. A good exchange?" Hort's "vehement intellectual energy" is pleasantly illustrated in the following letter:

April 10.

I had a long chat with our friend Fenton Hort last night. He wants to know all about Mr. Maurice—what he thinks on this, that and the other thing—among others, this vexed, foolish question about marrying a deceased wife's sister. Wide sympathies has our friend Fenton. He is quite sure of a scholarship this term. Do you know he stood very high in the Craven examination next to Williams (J. D.) and equal, if not better, than Beamont. They say that if he had read classics exclusively he would have come out first. He must be a precious clever fellow. His natural history, politics, polemics—and all the other 'ies' and 'ics'—what does he not know? And then the last important novel, *Jane Eyre* or Clough's *Bothie*—or anything notable—Fenton notes it. Truly a Catholic nature. He is terribly set upon having Mr. Kingsley to preach

before the University here. Could Mr. Maurice do anything towards it?

The brothers were reunited in the summer of 1849, and there is a gap in their correspondence until the autumn of 1850, when Daniel went off to the Lakes and Scotland for his wedding tour. Kingsley's visit to Cambridge in the summer of that year prompted the following letter to Hort:

Cambridge, July 4, 1850.

To Fenton Hort.

We have been enjoying a very great treat in Kingsley's visit, as you may guess when I tell you that even his finest writings are not up to the rich vigour and freshness of his conversation—especially when combined with the hearty, manly look of the man. We have had all things over with him, old and new, sacred and profane, divine and human. Among other things, the *In Memoriam*. . . . We are all agreed that it places Tennyson more emphatically and securely among the immortals than any of his previous writings. I can, however, conceive your dislike both to the "must needs have universalism to sustain love," as you phrase it, and also to "Thou madest death": and in part sympathise with it—that is if the two statements were viewed separately. But it seems to me that if you view them in relation to the fact that "God is Love," and that man is made in God's image, *i.e.* is an independent will, or as Tennyson has so wonderfully expressed it in that same poem,

"Our wills are ours we know not how,
Our wills are ours to make them thine."

I say when one sees these two views in the light of these latter considerations, they are the only possible ones. You really must read the whole over again half-a-dozen times and never mind "Theology"; you may depend on it there will come to you wonderful meanings from it. . . . That marriage poem at the end refers to the then

approaching (now fulfilled) marriage of his sister to Lushington of Glasgow, who was an intimate of both Tennyson and Hallam. By the bye, have you heard of his own marriage to a Miss Selwood? . . . All his friends are delighted. Kingsley is in ecstasies. . . . Maurice is gone to Switzerland. I have not heard whether he completed his "Philosophy" article before he went. I shall try to learn. Furnivall was down taking his master's [degree] and stopped with us.

Furnivall is of course the late Dr. Furnivall, who was one of the group of social reformers who founded the Christian Socialist movement nearly sixty years ago and of whom Mr. J. M. Ludlow is now the sole survivor. Alexander Macmillan's devotion to Maurice and Kingsley, both leaders of the movement, made him a willing recruit, and Mr. Bowes confirms the impression derived from Mr. Ludlow's correspondence that he contributed to the journal the *Christian Socialist* (the successor of *Politics for the People*), the first number of which was issued on November 2, 1850. The number for June 7, 1851, contains a communication on *The Existence of Evil, and the Existence of Good* signed "Amos Yates," a pseudonym which he adopted in his paper on Tennyson's *Maud* in the first volume of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

In the middle of July Alexander Macmillan took a short holiday in the North, visiting the Wilsons in Edinburgh and staying with his married sister Janet Wilson at Stewarton. But by the beginning of August he was back at Cambridge, and embodied some of his experiences in the following interesting letter to Fenton Hort:

Cambridge, August 8, 1850.

About converting you to Socialism I am not solicitous. Believing in my deepest soul that the central

principle is right, I am yet by no means cocksure about many details which I yet accept. And in these circumstances I am rather glad than not to have a few hearty opponents who will simply *look at* the thing and find as many faults as they can, and as that seems a not uncongenial line for you, by all means maintain your opponent—unconverted—position and hit as hard as ever you can wherever you honestly see a feeble place. You will teach us where our weak points lie. The first volume of Maurice's *History* was published about a fortnight since. Daniel has been reading it in the intervals permitted from the more serious business he has in hand—even courtship. I don't know if you have heard he is going to be tied for life in about three weeks. . . . I am sorry you had not the opportunity of meeting our dear friend George Wilson. He would quite have fulfilled all your expectations about him. I never spend a day or two with him without coming away humbled and edified. A life spent in almost incessant pain, sleepless nights and restless days, and yet such serenity and cheerfulness and lovingness. And to think of the actual labour the man goes through. Nine lectures a week, review articles, papers for Societies, correspondence, a *Life of Cavendish*, a popular treatise on Chemistry for the Chambers he has been at work on lately too. Truly it is a beautiful and efficient Soul that works in that frail, shattered shell of a body of his. We had a long chat together about Universalism and its cognates. He told me a capital story of an old Scotch minister who was being badgered by some smart young free-thinker, who put as a poser to him, "And do you really think that Plato and Socrates and all the noble and good men of Heathendom will be excluded from Heaven?" "Ah," says the old man, "if I meet them there I'll be delighted to see them, and if not I am quite sure there will be a good reason why." This seemed to me very beautiful. Don't you think it so?

My objection to the habit of bandying charges of

heresy is : That it really appears somewhat presumptuous in any man to suppose that his view of infinite truth is all-inclusive, and that nothing that seems to him to contradict his own notions can be true. What I should like to see would be this. Let all honest thinkers think honestly, and if honestly they are impelled by *the spirit* to speak, for Heaven's sake let them. If an Athanasius or any other man has seen something which seems to him infinitely true, let him hold by it if all the world say *Nay*. But why he should call it the Catholic truth without which men must perish everlastingly I certainly don't see. That what I see is true to me, and indeed absolutely true to me, it is needful for me to hold—that it is exclusively *the truth*, and that I am to curse other men for not holding it, seems to me simply wicked. For the very same reason that I may not hold my own beliefs feebly or in a half-spirit, but should stick by them as my very life, for the very same reason may I not dare to intrude upon another man's faiths—if they are indeed his honest and sincere beliefs you may depend upon it they are true—and it must be in justifying their truth that you show them their error. This outcry about heresy is a hateful and evil thing—born of the Devil, the father of Lies, for the very purpose of rooting out all faith from men's souls. . . . The Church which is knit together in love, which is the body of Him who is the Fulness of Him who is Love, I know and believe in and I know that it has all truth : the Church which is Dr. Pusey, or Mr. Newman, or Athanasius, the church of Dogma and Superstition, I do not believe in, I am utterly sick of it, and hope our beloved Church of England will rid herself of it altogether. . . . I would only say in reference to the passage in Tennyson which offended your orthodoxy [that] he might have used the phrase in the same sense as the Bible writer who asked, "Is there evil in the city and God hath not done it?" or indeed a thousand places where he is represented as *sending* pain and afflicting men : and besides that, death in Tennyson's mind was

not lookt upon, perhaps, as otherwise than an affliction for good. And indeed I confess I cannot see any other view of the case without having two authors of the Universe. However, upon the whole I think I had better not enter into this discussion, simply protesting against the right of you eminent theologians to shy orthodox stones—very hard ones—from the lofty pinnacle where either special favour of Heaven or your own conceit (judge ye which) has placed you upon the heads of poor unfortunates walking in the valley of the shadow of death, or doubt or difficulty—only for the fearful crime of speaking what one honestly thinks. . . .

Alexander Macmillan's literary ambitions were at an early age restricted to the sphere of suggestion, but his association with Maurice, Hughes, Kingsley and Ludlow in the Christian Socialist movement lends interest to an unpublished tract, "British Industry and Socialism," cast in the form of a dialogue between "Mr. Bull, a city merchant," and "Amos Yates, a small dealer from the country"—one of the very few attempts at sustained composition left amongst his papers. There is no date in the notebook containing the dialogue, which has some annotations in pencil in another hand—I think Mr. Ludlow's—but a reference to *Mary Barton* (published in October, 1848) and to the "June Insurrection" as recent events seem to point to the year 1849 or 1850. Amos Yates, the small dealer, clearly represents Alexander Macmillan's point of view, and, as we have seen, he used the name on other occasions as a literary pseudonym. Mr. Bull expresses regret for the existence of so much misery and poverty, but deprecates resort to rash measures. The evils are the inevitable outcome of competition. Amos Yates, on the other hand, by the use of the

to young men on More's *Utopia* and Plato's *Republic*—incomplete, but giving, so far as it goes, a detailed account of the latter, of which he speaks with the greatest enthusiasm as “one of the most wonderful utterances that has ever proceeded from the mind and pen of man beyond the influence of direct Christian Revelation.” He makes a good point in insisting that though apparently much more practical in its outward form, More's *Utopia* is really far less capable of realisation, whereas “Plato's ideal *Republic* is to a great extent capable of being realised by us here in England, and much of the true blessedness which he promises us can be obtained without straying beyond the bounds of our own towns or away from the circle of our own duties or our own family life.” He notes the remarkable coincidence between the language used by “this wonderful old heathen” and the discourse of our Lord about the true shepherd and the hireling, as well as other strange anticipations.

Daniel Macmillan, who had become engaged in June, 1850, to Frances, daughter of Mr. Orridge of Cambridge, was married on the 4th of September, and spent his wedding trip in the English Lakes and in Scotland. During his absence Alexander kept him fully advised of all that went on in Cambridge, forwarding friendly messages and keeping him acquainted with the latest University gossip. Daniel was sincerely anxious that his brother should follow his own excellent example, and Alexander was not uninfluenced by these friendly hints. “I am really quite a partner of your happiness. It seems so full and shining that moon of yours that it almost warms me at this distance.”

But while he shared Daniel's admiration for the young lady specially designated as his help-meet—whom

he did ultimately marry—Alexander was by no means sanguine as to the result of his suit :

I have the completest sympathy in the high estimate you give of C. B.'s character—but I must confess I have not the same confidence in my own power of answering to its excellencies. My habits and in some degree my natural constitution . . . so totally vary from all that is required in married life that I never think of myself as a married man without something like trembling and fear.

However he did not despair of becoming ultimately a "tame animal." Daniel Macmillan, warned by a recurrence of his lung trouble, spent the last fortnight of his wedding tour at Torquay, but returned to Cambridge about the middle of October, and the brothers were not separated until the following summer.

In spite of Alexander Macmillan's misgivings, the attachment between him and Caroline Brimley ripened steadily in the early months of 1851, and after a short engagement they were married in August of that year. Writing on August 4 to Fenton Hort, Alexander Macmillan mentions that he had asked Kingsley to come and marry him, but that Kingsley had started for Germany before his letter reached Chelsea. "I had such a beautiful note from his wife, and another (written from Baden) from Kingsley himself." The rest of the letter is mainly devoted to a discussion of the *Guardian* and its disingenuous tone towards Kingsley and Maurice, but includes a reference to a talk with Arthur Stanley about the Oxford Commission and Dr. Arnold. On the eve of his marriage a few days later, he returns to the *Guardian*, but in a more friendly mood :

Cambridge, August 9, 1851.

To Fenton Hort.

. . . I very much agree with your apology for the *Guardian*—so far as it goes. There was a capital anti-Popery article in this last week's number, which has considerably mollified my feelings towards [it]. . . . I can not but hate anything calling itself authority which seeks to suppress that upon which alone a true manhood can rest—human responsibility, human freedom—the blessed burden God has laid on us, which we dare not ask any one calling himself pope or priest to bear for us. . . . I am going to be "turned off" on Wednesday. I have taken lodgings for a week at Ambleside. I may stop longer, but I may be inclined to go to Kendal and then to Scotland. . . .

A week later he wrote from Ambleside to George Brimley to say that "married life hitherto has my heartiest approval," adding, in a more serious vein, how deeply sensible he was of Brimley's fraternal attention and kindness on the wedding day.

At the close of the year Alexander, like his brother, was deeply moved by the campaign conducted against Maurice on the ground that his views on Christian Socialism were incompatible with his tenure of his Professorship at King's College:

Cambridge, January 15, 1851.

To Fenton Hort.

I was in town the other day and had a complete account of the matter between Maurice and the Council of King's College. The affair originated with Sir Harry Inglis and some of the Low Church lay members of the Council. The clerical portion *to a man* stood up for him. It was finally settled that a sub-committee of enquiry should be appointed to determine the question of Mr. Maurice's orthodoxy. The enquiry seems to

have been made in the shape of visits to the tailors,¹ which gave very considerable satisfaction to the visitors. I forgot to tell you that the enquiring committee were all clerical. The Bishop of London, the Bishop of Lichfield, Mr. Anderson, chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, Dr. Jelf, and someone else whose name I forget. . . . Well, the report was to this effect: That the Council had a grateful sense of Mr. Maurice's energetic and valuable services, and felt the strongest confidence in the soundness of his principles. That the Christian Socialism which Mr. Maurice was connected with, although they thought the name injudicious, was intended by its promoters, including Mr. Maurice, as the best counteractive to the thing commonly called Socialism, and that they did not think any blame could be attached to the efforts that were being made beyond this injudiciousness. At the same time they could not help regretting that Mr. Maurice's name had been connected with publications and people of questionable character and orthodoxy. At the same time, making allowance for certain obscurities of style, there was nothing in Mr. Maurice's own writings as contained in these publications or elsewhere that could in any measure justify diminished confidence in his soundness of principle, etc., etc. The prophet upon receipt of this report (which was carried by a large majority on the Council, the opposition being as before confined to the Low Church *lay* party) sent them a characteristic reply. Thanking them for their expressed confidence, he said that he could not allow himself for a moment to regret the conduct he had pursued in regard to Christian Socialism, and that he would still continue to do what seemed to him right in the matter. This, I think, is the whole of what I learned from Ludlow.² The prophet himself was at Exmouth, and I did not see him of course. . . .

¹ *i.e.* the Tailors' Associations formed by the Christian Socialists.

² Ludlow's account agrees substantially with that given in Jelf's letter and Maurice's reply in which he defines Christian Socialism. (See *Life of F. D. Maurice*, by his son, vol. ii. pp. 90-2.)

Alexander Macmillan's eldest child, born on December 20, 1852, bore the names Malcolm Kingsley, Kingsley standing godfather. In announcing the event to Hort, Alexander Macmillan alludes to a curious episode in the annals of club life :

Cambridge, December 24, 1852.

I confess a strong rejoicing at the prospect of a non-party Ministry, and heartily pray that it may succeed. Have you seen the exhibition of "Conservative" feeling at the Carlton? I hope Gladstone will insist either on having these members expelled or on leaving it himself.

The renewed attack on Maurice in connexion with his views on eternal punishment, which led to his resigning his Professorship at King's College, was not without its bearing on Maurice's publishers, as may be gathered from the following letter :

Cambridge, Sept. 18, 1853.

To Daniel Macmillan.

I went and called on Clayton¹ last night to ask if his interdict applied to all Maurice's books, for the lecturers recommended his Moral Philosophy for the Moral Science Tripos. He seemed at a loss, but thought there was no likelihood of his theology being put into such a book. I told him that Maurice could not write on the moral history of man without continual reference to God, whom he thought the moral Governor of the Universe. He then thought it would be safer to comprehend all his books. I was going with this answer, when he said it gave him great pain to do what he had done, and this led to some talk. I told him I had read the book through when it was passing through the press and since very carefully, and had felt thankful to God for having raised up a man in our time who seemed so able to stem the tide of infidelity that I felt coming on us, and was utterly staggered to find men who I had

¹ Rev. Charles Clayton, Fellow and Tutor of Gonville and Caius College.

every reason to believe had the cause of Christianity at heart denouncing a man who was so nobly vindicating the simple Gospel of Christ's redemption against all gainsayers.

To this Clayton retorted that Alexander Macmillan might be right, but that he felt it his duty to seek to prevent a book which had been misunderstood by so many good men from coming into the hands of immature-minded students :

Of course I could say nothing to this. I only told him I wished him to know that we, in publishing the book and in continuing to help its circulation, were acting conscientiously and, as we believed, helping to vindicate the simplicity of the Gospel from the unhallowed speculations of men of all kinds.

Six weeks later Daniel Macmillan wrote to his brother to say that he had just seen Maurice, who had been dismissed, adding "He is a grand man, and must endure like other prophets. The good people of the next age will build his tomb." Daniel Macmillan was once more wintering at Torquay, whence he wrote to his brother on October 25 :

Your long and interesting letter to-day was quite a reproof to me. . . . But I hardly ever read—indeed I may say I *never* read one of your letters with more pleasure. Every line of it showed such staid wisdom—and still more delightful to us than that, such quite solid joy, that it seems to harmonise with the lovely scenery and weather we have here, and to proceed from the same never-changing source of all beauty and goodness and truth, and to speak of a quiet, peaceful, happy Christian home. I was saying to Fanny last night I loved Malcolm for his name's sake, for his father's sake and for his own sake, and because he is our godson, and so the news of his good health was very precious to us.

The publications of the firm had already gone far to justify Daniel Macmillan's statement that, while the retail trade might be a useful auxiliary, his great hopes were in the publishing line. The list for 1852 included Davies and Vaughan's translation of Plato's *Republic*, Kingsley's *Phaëthon*, Maurice's *Prophets and Kings*, Archer Butler's sermons, and Todhunter's *Differential Calculus*. The bulk of their publications were still theological or educational works, and amongst the latter the works of Todhunter and (in a year or two) of Barnard Smith had begun to achieve a wide circulation. In those days, however, publishers did not wait for authors to submit proposals; they very often met them half way, and the personal relations which Daniel and his brother had established with the ablest young men of the University now began to stand them in good stead. But although the publishing business was growing, the brothers were still sorely hampered by their reliance on their partners. The stocktaking in July, 1853, yielded disappointing results, and from this onward they were increasingly anxious to free themselves from an irksome dependence. These partners had to be constantly consulted, and were frequently obstructive. Thus, speaking of a proposal of Mayor's about Homer in October, 1853, Daniel writes to his brother: "—— [the predominant partner of the moment] is our master and holds the money bags," and the insecurity of their position, coupled with his own precarious health, was a frequent source of anxiety and dissatisfaction. At the same time Daniel Macmillan never failed to express his gratitude to and reliance on his brother: "I am sure I shall do all in my power to live as long as I can near such a wife and such a brother." In a letter dated October 11, 1853, he apologises for staying away so long, adding

"but I have come to the conclusion that whether I die or recover, it would be wisest for me to take it easy." In January, 1854, Alexander Macmillan was up in London stopping with Nutt, and saw a good deal of Maurice; indeed he seldom writes to his brother without some mention of "the prophet." "Anything about Mr. Maurice is always interesting," and on this occasion he had a long talk with his hero about the Christian Socialist tracts and Kingsley's scheme of carrying war into the enemy's country by making a countercharge of heresy against the "pseudo-orthodox." Alexander Macmillan loved Kingsley, but did not always confide in his judgment: "I wish he would not be quite so breathless in his conclusions."

Daniel's children remained in Cambridge while their father was at Torquay, and Alexander seldom wrote without reporting on their progress, appearance, or accomplishments. He regarded them and that "excellent wise woman," their mother, with an affection which made it the most natural thing in the world for him to make his home theirs after his brother's death.

Colenso and Barnard Smith were the authors most often referred to in the early months of 1854, but Westcott's *History of the New Testament Canon* was passing through the press, and frequently elicits Alexander's praise; while among other publications of the year were Maurice's *Ecclesiastical History* and *Sermons on Sacrifice*, and Kingsley's *Alexandria and her Schools*. In a sense 1854 was Kingsley's year, for in June he sent Daniel Macmillan the first sketch of *Westward Ho!* and on July 30th Alexander records his impressions after reading the rough draft: "I have been reading Kingsley's novel, and like it immensely. It is very unfinished, having large gaps with only pencilled

hints of what he is going to do, but it certainly has noble passages, and will, I fancy, be a noble whole." Writing the next day, he adds: "I have nearly finished all that Kingsley has sent of the novel. It is the right article, and no mistake." *Westward Ho!* which was not published until the following year, was the first strikingly successful and popular venture into the domain of *belles lettres* made by the Macmillans, and its issue must always be regarded as a notable landmark in the history of the firm.

Daniel Macmillan, who had gone to Cromer for change in the summer, was disabled by a fresh attack of haemorrhage of the lungs, and at the end of July wrote sadly to his brother that he realised he would "never be well or strong any more." But he gratefully acknowledges his brother's "kind, full letters," which he "read over and over," and rallying slowly, was able to move back to his old quarters at Torquay towards the end of August, leaving his brother in charge at Cambridge till November. At the end of August Alexander Macmillan decided to avail himself of the slack season and take a short holiday trip to Scotland with his brother-in-law, George Brimley, but his departure was delayed for a week or more by Brimley's illness. In the interval he spent a week-end at Brighton with his wife and child, of whom he says that "his delight is to discover what you *don't* want him to do and then do it." Just before starting on September 5th he writes to his brother: "Surely God was gracious both to you and me in this strange land, where, without having to kill any Canaanites, we have got a promised land." On their arrival in Edinburgh George Brimley was taken dangerously ill, and had to undergo a serious operation, but the skill of Dr. Syme gave him immediate relief, and his

progress was so rapid that Alexander Macmillan thoroughly enjoyed the last week of his stay. He saw much of Mrs. Wilson, "just as wise and good as ever," but George Wilson was laid up with a broken arm at Rothesay, "the dear noble afflicted man." Writing on September 19th, after a visit to Mrs. Wilson, he says: "You are evidently very dear to her, and your troubles and successes have her hearty sympathy." Mrs. Wilson gave him *inter alia* an interesting account of George Wilson's investigations into colour blindness, subsequently embodied in a monograph. He had had "quite volumes of letters from all sorts of people, from tailors who matched red and green—thinking them the same colour—to countesses who would put on a scarlet shawl thinking it a nice quiet colour."

Before leaving Edinburgh he dined with Syme, and on his return to Cambridge gave his brother a full account of the entertainment:

Sept. 24, 1854.

To Daniel Macmillan.

He has a most beautiful house, with exceedingly pretty grounds and a charming look out from the drawing-room on the Braid Hills, with the Pentlands in the distance. . . . Professor Simpson, the introducer of chloroform, was there, two Yankee doctors, and one from Carlisle. Mrs. Syme and another lady completed the party. I spent a very pleasant evening, and Dr. Simpson drove me in his carriage. He is really a very pleasant, clever fellow. . . . I told you I had seen a good deal of Alexander Smith, who promises to cheer George [Brimley] in his solitude. Dallas, the author of that book on "Poetics,"¹ and Baynes,² who wrote a book

¹ Eneas Sweetland Dallas (1828-1879).

² Thomas Spencer Baynes (1822-1887), editor of the *Edinburgh Guardian*, and afterwards Professor of Logic at St. Andrews.

on Logic and is a favourite of Sir W. Hamilton, were at Smith's rooms one night, and they also promise to see after Brimley. Dobell, too, the author of "Balder" and "The Roman," is a great ally of Smith's, and lives out at Corstorphine with his wife, who is an invalid. I was introduced to him one day on the street, and he expressed a great wish to know George, and said if he liked he would be glad to drive him out to his place one day. . . . George is going on excellently well, and is able to drive out every day. Both Syme and Simpson in speaking of him spoke with the respect and affection he deserves.

On his return journey he paid a visit to his married sister Janet (Mrs. Wilson) at Stewarton, and saw James MacLehose at Glasgow. "He was of course as kind and warm-hearted as ever. . . . His shop filled me with envy." In short, he sums up his Scotch trip as a success in every way. Not less cheerful is the tone of his letter of September 30th, a red-letter day for the firm:

Kingsley wrote to me to-day, giving me the title of his book. It is "Westward Ho! being the voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh of Burrough, Co. Devon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory." A capital title I think.

On October 2nd he alludes to the victory of the Allies at the Alma, and on October 3rd gives an amusing account of his two-year-old son:

To give you any of Malcolm's speeches would require a new system of phonetics. When he does not want to do anything, he says in a most emphatic manner "Bapom (*i.e.* Malcolm) don't wish." . . . He makes attempts at any sentence you like, m's becoming b's, and l being always thrown overboard. He gets very fat and very wilful, likes sugar very much, and has a marvellous good appetite. He has a great fancy for the

moon, especially when he and I are in a very friendly mood. He looks up in my face and points out of the window and says, "papa, the moon." I don't suppose he means to assert that I am the moon, but that he wants to make me aware of its existence somewhere out in space.

The letter of October 6th strikes a more intimate and serious note :

Your remembrances of our course of life since we came to England should indeed fill us with gratitude and humility and hope. Wonderfully indeed have we been guided and blessed. . . . What do I not owe you, my noble brother, for your patience with my weakness and faults, and for your help and example all these years. God knows, who is the giver of all good gifts and the root of these blessed family ties, and who made that blessed human heart by which indeed we do live really human lives. I am far from being a good man of business, brother, husband, father or citizen, and yet I feel a power of entering in the blessedness that belongs to all these that gives me hope for myself in spite of all my failings, for it makes me feel that the Spirit of God of order and love is at least striving with me and trying to help me in spite of my worthlessness. How naturally in these moods one looks back to home and the mother with whom God blessed us : O how deeply. There is nothing to compare with this blessing. One hardly feels as if she were absent : the words of love and forgiveness she spoke in those last solemn hours before she passed into the unseen are still here and fill me with a joy and peace that not even the remembrance of my undutifulness can seriously disturb.

In his reply, dated October 8th, Daniel Macmillan endorses what his brother says about home and its recollections and influences being the most precious of possessions, though he has also to reckon amongst these

on Logic and is a favourite of Sir W. Hamilton, were at Smith's rooms one night, and they also promise to see after Brimley. Dobell, too, the author of "Balder" and "The Roman," is a great ally of Smith's, and lives out at Corstorphine with his wife, who is an invalid. I was introduced to him one day on the street, and he expressed a great wish to know George, and said if he liked he would be glad to drive him out to his place one day. . . . George is going on excellently well, and is able to drive out every day. Both Syme and Simpson in speaking of him spoke with the respect and affection he deserves.

On his return journey he paid a visit to his married sister Janet (Mrs. Wilson) at Stewarton, and saw James MacLehose at Glasgow. "He was of course as kind and warm-hearted as ever. . . . His shop filled me with envy." In short, he sums up his Scotch trip as a success in every way. Not less cheerful is the tone of his letter of September 30th, a red-letter day for the firm :

Kingsley wrote to me to-day, giving me the title of his book. It is "Westward Ho! being the voyages and adventures of Sir Amyas Leigh of Burrough, Co. Devon, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory." A capital title I think.

On October 2nd he alludes to the victory of the Allies at the Alma, and on October 3rd gives an amusing account of his two-year-old son :

To give you any of Malcolm's speeches would require a new system of phonetics. When he does not want to do anything, he says in a most emphatic manner "Bapom (*i.e.* Malcolm) don't wish." . . . He makes attempts at any sentence you like, m's becoming b's, and l being always thrown overboard. He gets very fat and very wilful, likes sugar very much, and has a marvellous good appetite. He has a great fancy for the

moon, especially when he and I are in a very friendly mood. He looks up in my face and points out of the window and says, "papa, the moon." I don't suppose he means to assert that I am the moon, but that he wants to make me aware of its existence somewhere out in space.

The letter of October 6th strikes a more intimate and serious note :

Your remembrances of our course of life since we came to England should indeed fill us with gratitude and humility and hope. Wonderfully indeed have we been guided and blessed. . . . What do I not owe you, my noble brother, for your patience with my weakness and faults, and for your help and example all these years. God knows, who is the giver of all good gifts and the root of these blessed family ties, and who made that blessed human heart by which indeed we do live really human lives. I am far from being a good man of business, brother, husband, father or citizen, and yet I feel a power of entering in the blessedness that belongs to all these that gives me hope for myself in spite of all my failings, for it makes me feel that the Spirit of God of order and love is at least striving with me and trying to help me in spite of my worthlessness. How naturally in these moods one looks back to home and the mother with whom God blessed us : O how deeply. There is nothing to compare with this blessing. One hardly feels as if she were absent : the words of love and forgiveness she spoke in those last solemn hours before she passed into the unseen are still here and fill me with a joy and peace that not even the remembrance of my undutifulness can seriously disturb.

In his reply, dated October 8th, Daniel Macmillan endorses what his brother says about home and its recollections and influences being the most precious of possessions, though he has also to reckon amongst these

the friendship of such people as the Wilsons, Maurice and others, the books he has read and the experiences given him through his trials and temptations. He then continues :

There is one part of your letter I do not agree with. That is where you speak against yourself. I feel quite sure that you are quite sincere in all you say. At the same time I must say that I don't know and never knew any one who was more unselfish and self-forgetful than you are, or who was kinder or more tender hearted.

He goes on to say that the alteration in position and circumstances do not make one any happier. He would not mind once more going through the trials of his voyage to Scotland in a Leith smack (London to Leith, Dec. 18-25, 1836), or his illness at the Wilsons when they nursed and fed him until he got well and was able to find work. These times were never cheerless. If it were possible and needful, he would not shrink from going over it all again, but,

I could not say that of the years that have passed since our position and circumstances seem to have improved. For instance, I would not go through the year from June, 1853, to June, 1854, for any imaginable prize. . . . You are so much braver and so much more unselfish that it did not afflict you as it did me. Perhaps my ill-health was in part the reason why I felt so keenly what you bore so nobly. But be that as it may, it is quite certain that never in the course of my whole life did I experience so much cruelty, or saw such hollowness or cowardice. That is all over now, thank God!

Alexander Macmillan appreciated this fraternal greeting, but demurred to the philosophy set forth in its concluding passages :

October 11th, 1854.

Many thanks for your long and most pleasant letter—wise and loving, like yourself. But you must not say that there are not advantages in having larger rooms, better clothing and better food. They do not constitute happiness certainly: indulgence causes misery. But, after all, tight circumstances no more than tight boots are comfortable, and I confess I look forward with much pleasure to the time when everybody shall be in tolerably easy circumstances. It is not to be despised, and the old life is not to be lusted after—any more than the flesh-pots of Egypt.

References to the progress of the Crimean war alternate with domestic and business matters. "There are a good many freshmen about and a few have dropped in, but as yet there is little doing. Books are the last thing the student thinks of." The prospect of his brother's return in a fortnight or so fills him with joy, and on October 14th he reports an interesting proposal from Bishop Colenso:

Bishop Colenso dropped in to-day and asked to have some private talk. It was this: He wants to make up a companion to *Holy Communion* out of the writings of Mr. Maurice.¹ Mr. M. has given his consent to the project, and any profits which arise from it are to be devoted to the Bishopric of Natal. He said he thought we would forgo any trade profits ourselves, as he would look on it as a great triumph to be able to make a good round sum out of Mr. Maurice's writings for Missionary purposes. His idea is to make some such book as Wilberforce's *Eucharistica*. He says, and truly, that the wide circulation of such a book would do a great deal to dissipate the prejudice which so

¹ Published in 1855 under the title *The Communion Service, from the Book of Common Prayer, with select readings from the writings of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A.* Edited by the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Lord Bishop of Natal, and still on sale.

unjustly exists against him, and so do great good to England. For the excellent Bishop is not less enthusiastic in his admiration of the prophet, and even accepted this designation for him as heartily as any of us less dignified and younger men.

October 20th, 1854.

I do so deeply feel how envy in any shape and towards any one weakens and degrades. Some people deteriorate more than others under the feeling—I most of anybody, I think. You can hardly imagine what deep peace it gives me when I can get heartily to contemplate the success of others—even of rivals. We ought surely not even to envy those who appear to have a spite against ourselves. God make us unselfish and like Himself! Why should I have indulged in this moral reflection just at present, when I feel rather in a hurry? I am sure I don't know. There it is, however. . . . I enclose a prospectus which Furnivall sent me this morning of the new College. He is in great spirits to have got Ruskin.

October 23, 1854.

I did not write yesterday because I was reading the Sermons [Maurice's] all day when I was not otherwise employed. They really are most wonderful, and I should think would cause a stir—certainly they will have a great influence sooner or later. . . .

On the question of the price at which Maurice's Sermons should be offered to the public he held strong views:

Both my partner and myself are still clearly of opinion that the price should not be more—not a penny. It is not merely that it would hinder the sale of the book—that it would do. But it would look terribly greedy and damage both Mr. Maurice and ourselves as publishers. I do feel convinced that the book will sell, and largely too. Many a comparatively poor man will buy it and be edified by it who at the bigger price would

have had to shake his head and go without it. Half curious and half indifferent people who would rather like to look at it will say No, it is too dear. It is really a Gospel. We can't give it without money and without price—why should we not at least give it at a reasonable price?

As we have seen, Alexander Macmillan had established friendly relations with Tom Hughes and his neighbour and friend Ludlow, and a letter in which he addressed Hughes as "Dear Sir" provoked the following characteristic reply:

The Firs, Wimbledon,
November 9, 1854.

Tom Hughes to Alexander Macmillan.

Tom Fool's Day in London.

My dear —

What shall I call you bad enough: do you think I am going to stand "My dear Sir" at this time of day from you, why what the good wind can have happened to you, hot-headed Celt? "Was it for this the conquering Celt of yore." Oh, blow it all— If we had you here in the common room¹ to-night when I am smoking the unsocial pipe (Ludlow not having turned up) wouldn't we work you!—I am quite consoled at not having written to thank you before for the songs when I turn up your note and find this beginning, which I hadn't noticed before. However, many thanks for the songs; my missus isn't in playing order just now, but I think I shall like some of them; I shall make my sister sing them when I can catch her.—Suppose you drop in at 3 Old Square the next time you are up, which you didn't the last time.—The College gallops and the Prophet is in great force of all kinds.—Kind regards to your brother. Ever yours very truly, also *Sir*—
THOS. HUGHES.

¹ Hughes and Ludlow occupied adjoining houses connected by an apartment known as the "common room."

Alexander Macmillan had now for several years been keenly interested in the social reforms initiated by Maurice and his circle, and he took an active share in the founding of the Cambridge Working Men's College, suggested by the recently established College in London bearing that name. At the preliminary meeting held March 26th, 1855, at which he was present, he said "that he had conferred with several working men, who are anxious to secure education of a different kind from that given in *Mechanical Institutes*." The list of those present at this meeting, who offered their services as teachers, is worth recording: Rev. Harvey Goodwin (afterwards Bishop of Carlisle), Rev. Augustus Jessopp, Rev. C. B. Hutchinson, Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, Rev. W. W. Howard, G. D. Liveing, J. Lemprière Hammond, Rev. C. B. Scott (afterwards Headmaster of Westminster), Rev. H. Latham (afterwards Master of Trinity Hall), Alexander Macmillan, W. A. Porter (a brother of the Master of Peterhouse), H. J. Roby, Rev. J. Fuller, J. B. Mayor, Rev. Fenton J. Hort, F. Gerald Vesey (now Archdeacon), and H. M. Butler (the present Master of Trinity). Other notable names were subsequently added, including those of Clerk Maxwell and John Seeley, who was introduced by Alexander Macmillan—and at the next meeting Alexander, who went to London specially to "get up the details of the College," as he puts it in a letter to his brother, was appointed joint honorary secretary with F. Gerald Vesey. From 1855 to 1858 he regularly attended the meetings of the Council, held on an average once a month, and occasionally acted as chairman. December 12th, 1859, is the date of his last appearance. Mr. Robert Bowes, to whom I am indebted for this information, tells me that the College ultimately

died for lack of students, a curious commentary on the exceptional distinction of the staff. But many of the teachers were most successful in getting into touch with their pupils. Thus, Mr. (afterwards Lord Justice) Rigby enabled a working shoemaker to go to the University, where he took a good place among the Wranglers in the Mathematical Tripos.

On April 17th he writes that Mr. Kingsley had sent a letter from Carlyle accompanying one from the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* asking for a copy of *Westward Ho!* to review. "I have sent it. I thought on the whole one could hardly refuse." *Westward Ho!* was doing well, though on April 28th Alexander notes that while *Fraser* had announced an article on *Westward Ho!* in the next number, neither the *Times*, nor the *Guardian*, nor the *Examiner* had yet touched it. Meantime the best Cambridge critics, including "Clark of Trinity and Professor Thompson," thought highly of it. The *Times* notice, it may be added, did not appear till August 18th.

Kingsley was already at work on *Glaucus*, and Alexander Macmillan made minute suggestions to him as to the title page and frontispiece. But this, as Mr. Bowes reminds me, was his constant practice. He could not draw himself, but he was full of ideas about bindings, titles, title pages, etc., which his binder, James Burn, and Orrinsmith, the woodcutter (formerly assistant to W. J. Linton and afterwards Burn's partner), loyally carried out. As he shrewdly put it to his brother: "You don't know the influence of prettiness on even sensible people." At this particular juncture, however, he was not a little hampered by the need of consulting his brother at every turn. Daniel Macmillan, acting on the advice of his excellent Torquay doctor, had

determined to stay there for the summer, and was in a very despondent mood and inclined to discourage all expansion or expense. He talked of reducing his midday meal to a single chop and of rushing home. Alexander Macmillan replied with good humour and good sense :

April 30.

Now take two chops to-morrow or I shall think you a goose. I really am doing as well as I know how in every matter. Even though we have not a penny when we die, if we leave boys and girls who can do their work I don't think one need grumble about it—certainly anything is better than that foolish anxiety that could induce you to refrain from eating a chop on any other ground than that you could not digest it.

May 1st.

Don't worry yourself and don't be too hard on me. For half an hour after reading your letter to-day I was under the impression that I was a terrible fool. I have been recovering my good opinion of myself by degrees, and at this moment I do seriously think I can get on without greatly damaging the business till your return next October.

This incident is worthy of mention because it is almost the only occasion on which anything approaching friction between the brothers ever showed itself. The little breeze soon blew over, and the correspondence is resumed on terms of unimpaired confidence and affection. On May 6th Alexander expresses regret for his inability to put up with reproof or correction coupled with admiration for his brother's patience and forbearance in his enforced idleness. "If it were me, of course being naturally lazy, it would be easy enough to lie still."

The question whether they ought to publish books the tendency of which they personally disapproved had

been raised twice over this year, and on both occasions had been decided in the negative, although the authors were men of great ability and their cause had been strenuously and powerfully supported. Now they were confronted with another problem in the ethics of publishing. Ought they to issue a book in which incidentally an attack was made on Maurice:

Cambridge, May 9, 1855.

My feeling about R—— is somewhat the same as it was about —— [one of the authors whose books they had declined to publish]. People like —— profess to publish *anything*—to have no prejudices or sympathies in their publishing. We cannot do so—it would not be true to ourselves. I don't think it a right or a manly position. There is no doubt it is a very delicate question where one's interference is to stop—but I really don't think that it is to stop at such a manifest piece of slander as this. Maurice has guarded himself in every way against such a charge,¹ and besides, any one with brains, and who used them, must see that his whole theory was utterly opposed to any such mechanical necessitarianism as is implied in such a theory. However, I leave it in your hands. I hope I am not imposing too much on you. . . .

Daniel Macmillan concurred, with the result that an amicable arrangement was made by which the publication was transferred to another firm.

Cambridge, May 26.

I told you hurriedly [in the postscript to his last letter] about Todhunter's eagerness after a literary paper. His notion was for a weekly, or at any rate a fortnightly publication—made, however, rather into a magazine than a newspaper. He says he is determined it shall be done, so if that is the case we might as well

¹ That he was a Universalist and denied a day of general judgment.

have a share in it. My idea is to make a thing like the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and call it "The World of Letters." Sir James Stephen was very eagerly advising that we should do something of the kind too. "You have such material here, and it would do your general business so much good." It really was very kind of the old gentleman. I said the great difficulty in this sort of thing was to find a competent editor. He said, "Suppose an editor found" in a sort of significant way that had I been in the position to strike a bargain I should certainly have said, "Could you name one?" . . . I believe a thing of that kind might be got up to an enormous sale if made tolerably cheap, 1s. or 1s. 6d. However, it is a matter of talk after all. I am pleased with my title, "The World of Letters: a Chronicle of Literature."

Daniel Macmillan, in a long and detailed reply, showed that he was opposed, on very good grounds, to their plunging into this scheme, and gave an admirably chosen list of questions to be gone into before a decision could be made. "Do you think," he asks, "Todhunter at all guesses the toil it would involve to do the thing as well as Rintoul does his *Spectator*?" Alexander Macmillan returned to the charge with suggestions as to the finance, make-up and general character of the proposed journal, but the scheme came to nothing, and in later years he was strongly of opinion that it was best for a publishing firm not to be mixed up with such an undertaking. Daniel Macmillan, in alluding to the matter a few days later, hints that the project of a London house for the firm would be much wiser than that of a literary journal.

Alexander, as may be gathered from the following letter, did not subscribe to the view recently proclaimed by a fashionable philosopher that "our family system has broken down":

Cambridge, May 28th.

. . . It surely is a blessing that God has built us in families and knit us together by natural bonds which we cannot ignore, and not left us to our wayward wills to settle for themselves whom they should love and to whom they should attach themselves. What a terrible thing it would be if we were all by some inconceivable process to be tumbled miscellaneously into this world without father, mother, brother, sister, and told to pick our path in life and our friends as we could. Fancy the heartbreaking and blighted affections there would be! We should be caterwauling like midnight cats continually. Melchizedek was no doubt a pleasant old gentleman, but I don't think I envy him. No! Father and mother are very excellent institutions, and brothers too, as I know to my soul's comfort. But the best institution that ever was conceived may be made of precious little worth if one chooses—but I have not merely the institution of brotherhood to be thankful for but a brother, and a very good one too.

On May 30th Alexander Macmillan wrote in a spirit of gratitude for much needed rain after drought and good news from the seat of war—the capture of Kertch and an important advance of the French on Sebastopol. On war in general he comments as follows:

One feels a little, or rather a great, perplexity about rejoicing in the destruction of one's fellow-creatures, but in this case surely it means rejoicing in the coming of peace. For surely effectually to cripple Russia is to promote peace all over the world. What on earth can Gladstone mean? His speech was simple *mooning*—worse than Bright's or the Peace Society. Did you read it? It raises even more serious doubts than in his good sense. How a man holding such views as he does could have allowed two great nations to go to war I cannot understand—and it is manifest that a war carried on by a country in that mood must be the most destruc-

tive of all wars, because the least purposeful. Vacillation in war is destruction. Now, all that the most rabid partisans said about the ruinous effects of the Aberdeen policy appears fair. Gladstone says it is dangerous to humble Russia without weakening her, and therefore he wishes to patch up a peace now. Of course it is, but also, of course, the Allies must weaken her—cut her claws, raze Sebastopol and take the Crimea from her, or they have gone to war for no purpose. Peace made now without effecting anything of this would just do all that Gladstone fears. . . . What can Gladstone mean? Put not your faith in enlightened men.

Daniel's answer came by return of post :

War cannot be too resolute, but its aim ought to be right and peace and not "our glory." *That* I thought was the purpose of Gladstone's speech. But he is not infallible, and having so much to do with the mere financial view of things his vision may have got narrowed and obscured.

Alexander, writing on June 1st, acquiesces in his brother's condemnation of glorying in mere conquest. But that he thinks is a sin Englishmen are not prone to :

It may be, no doubt, that any virtuous feeling or effort may have its dark demon waiting on it ; but to use the temptation to do wrong as an argument to refrain from doing right is to paralyse action in all cases. . . . Cholera reminds us that we should keep ourselves clean, not the less must we try to drive cholera away. . . . My impression, after reading Gladstone's speech carefully, I confess still is, that it was a case of applying general unquestionable maxims of right wrongly.

In the first days of June Alexander Macmillan went up to London, when he stayed with the Nutts and met and had much talk with Maurice, Kingsley, Ludlow, Furnivall and Hughes. "Hughes is such a nice fellow,

so kind and warm-hearted. It was he who got the article in the *Times*—which has *not* appeared yet, but which he says is in type.”

On his return he sent a full account of his visit in a letter dated June 5th. After a visit to Ludlow and Hughes and a chat with Furnivall at Ely Place, he describes how he went on to Chelsea and called on the Kingsleys after dinner, making acquaintance not only with Mrs. Kingsley and the children, but with Kingsley's father and mother. Kingsley discussed his plans, talked of doing another modern novel à la *Yeast*, but not so uncompromising. His wife, whom Macmillan thought both genial and independent, “thought he ought to stick to the historical, but claimed the children's books first and foremost.” Mrs. Kingsley was full of wrath against a young High Church parson in Belgravia who had preached a sermon insulting married women, as she interpreted it. Kingsley himself said it deserved a good horse-whipping, and, when Macmillan boldly declared that it did not matter much whether Belgravia held with him or not, seemed to think otherwise :

When I narrated the conversation next night to the Maurices, the Miss Sterlings and Mrs. Maurice almost went into convulsions at my foolish speech as to the insignificance of Belgravia. Kingsley afterwards got talking Carlylese about our wanting a strong despotism, and said he thought we needed to go through the Imperial phase before we were worthy of a free constitution, at which I strongly protested, but in vain.

On the Monday he went to see the pictures with Mrs. Nutt, and then on to Ludlow and Hughes :

How deeply Hughes has taken in Maurice! He talks of him just as one likes to hear him talked of. They want me very much to come up and spend a

Sunday with them at Wimbledon, which I must do before the summer is over. It does one good to see and talk with a strong man like Hughes. Both he and Maurice are terribly disgusted with Gladstone. Maurice thinks he will join Bright and the Manchester peace party and get disgusted with them and they with him. He seemed very sad about him.

Returning to Cambridge on the afternoon of June 4th, he went that evening to expound the scheme of the Working Men's College at Barnwell with Vesey, his fellow-secretary :

We had no speechifying: only miscellaneous gossip tending to bring out points which were obscure. It was a very pleasant meeting, and we got 18 new names. We have now 67 in all, and we have three more meetings. I have not the least doubt that we shall commence with 100. Mr. Maurice and the rest of them were delighted with our success—could hardly believe it real. There is no doubt that these things will spread and be of great service. But of all things that idea of Mr. Maurice's about the women is the greatest thing I have heard for a long time. To make mothers in the poorer classes familiar with the laws of health so far as they affect their families, in cleanliness, proper food and the like—that is really an immensely important idea. I think a book might be made by some of Mr. Maurice's medical friends that would sell as largely as Soyer's *Shilling Cookery*. "Domestic Management in relation to Health and Comfort." What do you think of writing to Mr. Maurice about it? . . . The *Eclectic* had a review of *Westward Ho!* favourable in the main, but accusing him of exaggeration. It is no use their talking; both Kingsley and his master [Maurice] are too strong for these chaps either to bully, or sneer, or criticise down—mainly strong because in union with the root of all strength.

A succession of meetings in support of the Working Men's College were held in the course of the week, and

1855] DEATH OF ARCHDEACON HARE

on June 9th Alexander Macmillan reports that their numbers had reached 120.

The first mention of Dr. George Kingsley, father of Mary Kingsley, occurs in Alexander Macmillan's next letter to his brother :

Cambridge, June 11th.

Mrs. Kingsley sent me two stories translated from the German by Dr. Kingsley. The author, Paul Heyse, is a new man, and very popular in Germany. I have read these two, and don't wonder at his popularity. They are little idyllic pieces, quite different in subject and structure, yet strongly reminding me of George Sand's little pieces. I almost think if Charles would write a preface we might venture on them at half profits. Would you like to see them?

The brothers had sustained a severe loss by the death on January 23rd, 1855, of their great patron and friend, Archdeacon Hare, who advanced the funds which enabled them to start business in Cambridge, and, above all, had introduced them to Maurice. As Daniel Macmillan wrote in 1853: "If it had not been for your kind help and encouragement, and friendly recommendations, I should not have been here, and I should never have been in a position to marry, nor would my brother." Archdeacon Hare's library had been dispersed at his death, and Maurice came down to Cambridge in June to arrange about a number of duplicate copies of his brother-in-law's books which had been sent to Trinity College Library, and which the Trinity authorities wished to return to Mrs. Hare. The Maurices were stopping at the Bull, where Alexander Macmillan called on them with George Brimley :

Cambridge, June 15th.

Brimley was leaving next day at 1 o'clock, so I let him have as much talk as he liked. He was

making a miscellany of wild, vague assertions which Mr. Maurice was receiving and correcting with his usual calm, gentle wisdom. They got from modern men and politics to talk of older—Elizabethan and Jamesian times. On the whole it was very interesting, in spite of poor George's perversity, and latterly in the conversation he said some very good things, which Mr. Maurice took up and worked out. It was mainly to the effect that although there seemed flowings and ebbings in human progress on the whole there was general progress, and that when a nation recedes in one respect, there is generally some compensating movement, as, for instance, under Elizabeth there may [have been] and no doubt was greater dignity about the Court, great dignity and power in the foreign policy, yet parliamentary action was crushed by the very greatness of the monarch. Under James, and even fostered by his meanness, the free popular spirit rose up. This was Brimley's view in answer to Maurice's vindication of Kingsley against his attack on him for exaggeration in dealing with the Elizabethan times. Maurice agreed in the main with this assertion, but said there could be no doubt that particular times had certain characteristics widely diffused and a moral character distinguishing them as much as individual men are distinguished. That the meanness of the Stuart court was reflected in the Stuart literature, even as the dignity of the Elizabethan [court] was in its literature, or [that] of the Commonwealth in its.

Next day Alexander Macmillan met Maurice at breakfast with George Brimley, had a long talk with him in the afternoon about the scheme for stereotyping his books—a scheme of which Maurice highly approved, as it held out the prospect of their being sold cheap—and entertained him and Mayor, Vesey and H. M. Butler to dinner. The party was joined after dinner by Lightfoot, Jessopp and others. "One thing is certain: everybody enjoyed himself greatly, and

Lightfoot and Mayor were both in to-day saying how much they had been pleased. It is quite evident that Maurice's *personal* influence is very great." The prospect of the appointment of their friend Scott to Westminster he dismisses as "too good to be true," and his brother's mention of Clerk Maxwell prompts him to say: "Of course I have had my eye on him for years past. Most unquestionable genius, but, like geniuses, wayward. I fancy he will be rather a discoverer than a writer." Daniel Macmillan had suggested that Kingsley should write a satirical novel in which he should appear to recant and glorify Mrs. Grundy. Alexander Macmillan's reply showed that he realised Kingsley's limitations. "I think," he writes on June 16th, "your last scheme plausible, but scarcely quite adapted to Kingsley's genius." This treatment of Mrs. Grundy, he explains, "requires more humour than he has shown himself to possess." But the report that Kingsley would have to give up his Hampshire living, owing to his wife's delicacy, aroused his enthusiastic sympathy: "It would be a pity if he had to depend wholly on his pen. . . . It seems a terrible shame that such a man should be in such circumstances, while so many wretched preferment-seekers get on in the Church. God is over all." A hostile review of *Westward Ho!* excited him to fury against Kingsley's detractors:

June 19, 1855.

I enclose the *Rambler* Review of *Westward Ho!* . . . Of course they have a repugnance to Mr. Kingsley, and of course they call his Liberalism false. They are a set of lying scoundrels. They are having a series of articles on John Knox and the Scottish Reformation which are as virulent and foul-mouthed as you could wish. If they were worth powder and shot

Kingsley might squelch them. I more and more wish there was a journal in existence which was not hide-bound by party religion or stagnating in cold unbelief. These journals have a tremendous influence, with their daily, weekly and monthly iterations. There is nowhere any voice for Maurice or any of his disciples.

Alexander Macmillan, who spent a week at Torquay at the end of June with his brother, was much exercised in mind on his return by an attack on Maurice in *Blackwood*, which had already fallen foul of *Westward Ho!*:

July 4, 1855.

That attack in *Blackwood* is meant to be very damaging, not only to Maurice, but to all the set of thoughtful men like Thackeray, Tennyson, etc. The writer is, I think, going to give a series. There is a certain kind of cleverness in the article and a great deal of arrogant folly. Of course he quite misunderstands and misrepresents Maurice, and the comic, "chaffy" vein is very monstrous when one thinks of the subject and the man. The book chosen is the volume on Sacrifice.

Alexander Macmillan recurs again and again to this attack in the next few days, discussing its authorship—it was diversely attributed to a Dr. M'Farlane, Presbyterian minister at Dunnington, and Dr. Candlish, the well-known Free Church leader—and the best way of answering it. He wished a pamphlet to be written, but who was to write it? "Davies would be too cold and subtle, Kingsley would be too vehement, Maurice himself would sicken at the work." Another notion of his was to take two pages of the advertising sheet of the next number [of *Blackwood*] and "just write oneself a few words exposing the chief calumnies." In the end he acquiesced in his brother's saner view, that

the attack should be met in Maurice's new preface to his *Old Testament Sermons* then in the press, or not at all. The question of Archdeacon Hare's biography also exercised him, but "it is no use speaking to Maurice. He is overwhelmed with other matters, and you seem speaking to a man in another world." Paul Heyse's stories were still hanging fire owing to the attitude of their partner. "Because Dr. Ihne never heard his name in Germany he seems indisposed to undertake it. I do really think it would be foolish *not* to." And again (July 14th): "I have written to say that I think it won't do for us always to wait until men are celebrities. We ought to have some confidence in our judgment when we 'have the manuscript' before us." The annual stocktaking had taken place and the results were disappointing. In spite of the success of Kingsley's novel the advance in net profit over the previous year was under £100, while there was an actual falling off in the retail business:

July 19.

After all there is no doubt that we are not doing what we ought with the business. The outgoing of a third partner's share and so much interest cramps us, and keeps up the very evil it inflicts. I do not see any other way of mending matters except either getting rid of —— or extending our business so far that we shall not have too much capital employed.

Daniel Macmillan had already discussed the possibility of finding a new partner who had energy, courage and business experience, and would be prepared to take charge of the London branch, but this *rara avis* was not forthcoming.

A visit to London towards the end of July, when Alexander Macmillan was the guest of the Clays at

Muswell Hill, attended their annual "Wayzgoose" at the Rye House, near Broxbourne, and transacted business with Nutt, Bain and others, had a pleasant sequel in a flying trip to Eversley, undertaken at the suggestion of Tom Hughes :

July 26, 1855.

I reached Winchfield about half-past six and had a good five miles walk along a high road that once was very much frequented by mail coaches, and across a heath wild and wonderful—about one-half of each. They were both exceedingly interesting. The road runs through two very nice little villages, Hartley Row and Hartford Bridge, and all the way is very prettily wooded. A peculiarity was that near the villages there stretched on each side of the road for a considerable distance nice grassy commons, dotted with very pretty trees, and frequented by geese and cows and pigs. These planted commons Kingsley told me were, as far as he knew, peculiar to Hampshire. The moorland road to Eversley strikes off to the left shortly after you pass Hartford bridge. The heath, I think, is one of the most extensive I ever saw, stretching some 10 or 12 miles square, as a kind of tableland dropping suddenly down into richly-wooded valleys on every side. The walk to Eversley goes round a little corner of the moor and you make a slight descent in among some very pretty trees, Scotch fir and oak chiefly, among which lies the Church, Rectory and an adjacent farm-house, and about a quarter of a mile further the village called Eversley Street.

On his arrival, at 8 p.m., Kingsley was out, but the servant offered him some refreshment, and he strolled about the garden and churchyard and down the road towards the village and back again :

I at last subsided on a gate and lit my pipe and enjoyed the exquisite quiet of the evening twilight. A great white owl came flapping over my head, and

again all was still. It was now close on nine and my pipe was out, and I descended from my perch and began strolling towards the village again, when I heard voices in the distance, among which I shortly distinguished the parson's well-known alto uttering something about building churches. Presently he was on me, and I had his warm shake of the hand and greeting, "Ah, Aleck, this is too delightful!" He bade his friend, who seemed like a well-off young farmer, good-night, and we went into the house, where he ordered some supper—cold beef and cold plum pudding and beer. After that we retired to his "little den," as he called it, had much talk and considerable pipes and beer till about half-past twelve, when we went to bed. I had a capital night's rest and a delightful bath, and we got to breakfast about nine o'clock. After breakfast we walked out in the garden, and then the parson, furnishing me with a pair of shooting boots, took me up through a meadow to see some men who were mowing. He had a lot of talk with them in a kindly way, asking of this man's child and that man's wife in a true, human, interested way that they seemed quite to understand and respond to. We then went back to the house. It was about half-past eleven by this time, and he had decided on coming up to London with me, so off we started on my walk of the night before. Over the heath he discoursed to me about the various historical associations connected with places we could see in the distance—how Sir William Cope's house, which we saw peeping through trees over there, had been a castle built by our Scotch James for his son Prince Henry, and how, after his death, he could not endure it any longer and sold it to some nobleman, through whom it had descended to its present owner—how over there was an old Roman camp, and on the other side Alfred had fought the Danes, and similar traditions. Going through the two villages he was accosted by various farmers and butchers and peasants, and had a kindly word of greeting for all.

Kingsley returned to town with Macmillan, who sums up the practical results of his visit by saying to his brother, "We shall have a novel from him in the spring if all is well. He says he must hatch his own chickens; while he is very much obliged to any one who puts eggs under him, he can't always promise the outcome required." When he was in London Alexander Macmillan saw *Maud* at Moxon's. The publication of a new poem by Tennyson moved him greatly. Mr. Robert Bowes remembers how he put the volume into his pocket and walked out to the village of Coton to read it undisturbed:

July 27, 1855.

The great event of this week has been *Maud*. I can tell you that in a word. Our sale has been 50 copies. I don't think this very bad for a long vacation day. . . . I cannot say what I think of it as a whole, except that the first impression is excessively painful. It begins to dawn on me as a kind of prophetic utterance—our selfish griefs and joys have to be swallowed up in a larger one by this war.

July 30, 1855.

I was reading one of Maurice's sermons last night, else I had intended to have written you. But I found it such a hard job that it took me quite two hours to master, and then I was uncertain about some of the words. But it amply repaid the trouble. . . . It really is grand. One wonders what the people mean when they do anything towards Maurice but listen and learn. . . . I think we ought to get these copied out into a book in a clean clear hand. . . . I told you he had given me fourteen sermons. Mrs. Maurice evidently takes care of them, so we may keep our minds easy about this matter. At the same time it would be a great thing to rescue them from the obscurity of his caligraphy.

On August 2nd he writes to announce the birth of his second son, George, and the pleasure with which both his wife and himself noticed a resemblance to Daniel. On August 4th he asks his brother, "Do you care to see the completion of *The Newcomes*? It is so beautiful." And on August 9th he records his first impressions of Spurgeon :

Last night I was induced to go over to Shelford to hear a young man of the name of Spurgeon preach, and after we came home William Johnson¹ took me to see him. He certainly has the most marvellous gift of eloquence I ever heard. He used in London to fill Exeter Hall, and thousands had to go away without hearing him. After hearing him I really am not surprised. There is a curious simple-minded egotism and vanity about him in private. He is a hyper-Calvinist, as he says, but in the preaching it was marvellous like Maurice.

On August 10th he describes a visit from Charles Taylor and Pierce Butler, both returned from the Crimea, where Butler had been chaplain from December to June. They reported favourably on the state of the army, but the officers were terribly jaded, and Butler was very unfavourably impressed by the Turks :

It was, he said, a material drawback to the heartiness with which one contemplated the war that the nation we seem to be fighting for is one that the sooner it goes to pieces the better. . . . This really gives a very considerable check to one's enthusiasm for the war. . . . Butler is a particularly nice fellow, and his gentle, sensitive yet strong nature gives one great confidence in his testimony.

Visits from Boole, the mathematician and philosopher,

¹William Johnson, who married Mrs. Macmillan's sister, Harriet Brimley.

and Isaac Taylor—"the dear old man with his quaint formal kindly ways"—with regard to the publication of a uniform edition of his works in 17 volumes, were pleasant features of this month, and the firm were considering a proposal to take over the copyright of Archdeacon Hare's works from Parker. The prospects were on the whole brightening, but their partner, who had been in ill-health, was more than usually obstructive, and had actually proposed that they should write to Paul Heyse and offer him £10 for the right of translation *if ever he became celebrated!*

When to the obstructiveness of their partner anxiety about his wife and his own indisposition came to be added, it is not to be wondered at that Alexander Macmillan betrayed an occasional querulousness in the letters written during this summer. It was indeed mortifying, as he tells his brother, to contrast the view of their power and importance held by men like Boole and Isaac Taylor with the limitations and drawbacks of their actual position. Again, as it was always "a terrible labour" to him to write a letter, he resented Daniel's practice of writing indirectly to clients through his brother. "Here," he says on August 24th, "you have written to Mrs. Hare in an off-hand way two capital letters, but unfortunately they are imbedded in mine in such a way that I cannot use them, and I have hardly any power of adaptation." A trip to Torquay was contemplated but abandoned, Alexander deciding instead to drive over with Mr. Brimley to see his brother, a farmer near Bedford, and on August 29th he describes his trip to St. Neots, Bedford, and the Bunyan country, whence the Brimleys originally came. Daniel's letters from Torquay show that he too was dispirited by their financial position, and in a letter of August 28th

he discusses the possibility of his wife starting a school. But he fully acknowledges how severely his brother had been tried—"When I think, as I often do, how much you have had on your mind and hands for the last six months without any help whatever from me, I wonder how you are able to bear it all"—and Alexander's reply shows a spirit of deep fraternal gratitude and affection :

August 30, 1855.

Your letter to-day ought to be a lesson to me ; if I were not a dull learner it would be. I really feel ashamed when I recall the querulousness of some of my late notes. You must make some allowance for a man with chronic dyspepsia. You can hardly realise—I don't wish you ever should—the utter unreasonableness of a man whose acrid stomach is always getting into his brain and clouding his heart. . . . Nothing has ever struck me with more admiration than the fact that our old countryman John Knox should have done all that he did with a weak stomach constantly tormenting him. The dear old man ! And yet we know that he was most kindly natured, human as ever man was, with the warmest sympathy and the most resolute will, writing and acting and speaking wise and healthful and helpful words and deeds, and bringing—did he not bring a savage and degraded people, by God's help, into something about as noble as the world has ever seen. And here am I, poor spoony individual, allowing my paltry ailments to interfere with the simple, most blessed fulfilment of my common brotherly duty. I felt at first reading of your letter to-day a little annoyed at your complaint of *loneliness*, but on more careful thinking over it I feel indeed that, so far as I am concerned, it is quite a just complaint. I must just say one thing, not in my own defence, but merely as a simple statement of fact. I have never felt concerning your enforced idleness that it was otherwise than the most grievous calamity and trial your active and helpful nature could

undergo, and if I have ever seemed to grumble that I had too much to do, it never has been even a momentary complaint of want of help from you. In the first place, I really have not any more work than I ought to be able easily to do. And in the next place, I never for a moment forget that I owe to you that I am in the position with so little labour to enjoy so many blessings. Are not my position in life with its wonderful pleasures and duties more blessed than pleasures, my wife and the dear *results*, under God, your gifts to me?

Writing two days later, he mentions that he has been reading Kingsley's article on *Maud* in *Fraser* and Aytoun's in *Blackwood*. ". . . *Maud* is not according to Grundy in any sense seemingly. George Brimley tells me that I am the only one he knows who stands up for it altogether."

Kingsley was at work on *The Heroes*, and the first instalment came to hand early in September. On September 8th he writes, "I have not got any one to read Kingsley's *Myth Book* yet, so I am reading it myself"—his usual practice.

September 11.

All the Market Hill is filled with small and great boys shouting and letting off rockets for joy of the great victory at Sebastopol.

September 12.

This is a glorious morning, and the sun is clearing all mists from the earth. One ought always to be able to live in some such atmosphere if it were not [for] our self-born mists and clouds. Well, here we are to do our duty under whatever sky. But the walk down from Park Terrace in the clear pleasant air has filled me with a sort of material joy deepening down towards a truer and more rooted [happiness]. Do you know, I

do think happiness is very good for people, notwithstanding all that the moralists do aver.

Alexander Macmillan, as we have seen, was an uncompromising admirer of *Maud*, and at the request of his friend and brother-in-law, William Johnson, he now undertook to read the poem, with a running commentary of his own, at a meeting of the Cambridge Young Men's Christian Association :

September 13.

I think I shall enjoy it myself, and I have read it so often and had so much talk with Brimley and others about it, that I shall not need to make much preparation for it. . . . I mean chiefly to dwell on its moral lessons for daily life and its human and national teachings. But I won't talk much.

In the latter half of September he took his wife down to Brighton for change of air, and both of them greatly profited from the visit. He took, it is true, an active part in assisting the promotion of the proposed Working Men's College at Brighton, but for the most part was content to enjoy the rare pleasure of idleness :

September 26.

The truth is, the last few days were occupied in lying on the beach, varied with a few walks with Henry Johnson, whom I like very much indeed. I did not see any one. I only saw the sea and the sky and the moon. It is very tempting to idleness—perhaps on the whole that is the proper word under the circumstances.

For some time past negotiations had been going on with J. W. Parker with a view to the Macmillans taking over the works of Archdeacon Hare, and on September 28th Alexander Macmillan wrote to his brother to say their offer had been accepted. "There is no doubt therefore now that we shall have all the excellent Arch-

deacon's books." A week later he forwarded a letter from Kingsley giving an outline of his new novel (*Two Years Ago*), "which is quite grand," and adds, "I read *Maud* last night with applause." Alexander was looking forward with keen pleasure to his brother's return from Torquay—"It will 'yield a dear delight' to have wife and brother at home again"—but within a few days of his return to Cambridge in November Daniel Macmillan suffered a severe relapse, a bitter disappointment to his devoted wife, but borne by him with fortitude and resignation. In other ways the prospect was brighter than it had been for years. The balance sheet for the next year, 1856, was the best the firm had ever known; and by its close they were relieved from their obstructive partner by an amicable dissolution of partnership. The year opened pleasantly for Alexander with a short visit to London, where he spent a night with Hughes and Ludlow at Wimbledon.

On January 18th Kingsley wrote to say that he was giving up going to Italy, as he could not see the Vaudois valleys without Strettell¹ as guide, but he meditated going to Snowdon in August with Hughes, adding: "I can do nothing with Maurice. He always swears

¹ Kingsley planned and sent Macmillan a scenario of a novel on the Vaudois Massacre in 1655, but never carried it out. The Rev. Alfred Baker Strettell (1817-1904), for many years Consular Chaplain at Genoa, where he showed true heroism during the cholera epidemic of 1854-5, was an intimate friend of Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice. In 1862 he "discovered" San Moritz, where for many summers he acted as Chaplain for the S.P.G. Mr. Strettell, who reckoned Charles Dickens, Tom Hughes, Tom Taylor and many other men of note amongst his friends, was a great walker and fine Alpine climber. He died at Varallo in 1904. There is a memorial window to him in the English Church at San Moritz, which he was largely instrumental in founding, and a pair of carved doors and a tablet in the English Church at Genoa record his connexion with the neighbourhood, where he was long remembered by the peasants as "the good English priest."

that he is quite well, and that he overeats himself and overdrinks, which is three lies, but he must have his way." Kingsley's letters to his publishers are throughout marked by a characteristic boyishness of manner, and agreeably illustrate the friendly relations that prevailed between them :

Eversley, May 19, 1856.

Charles Kingsley to Alexander Macmillan.

. . . I wonder whether I shall always be in Mr. Micawber's purgatory—"Income £20 per annum, Expenditure £20 os. 0½d., Result total misery"; or ever attain to his paradise—"Income £20 per annum, Expenditure £19 19s. 11½d., Result total felicity"?

Did I tell you that *Glaucus* seems to have pierced the "august abodes" of Windsor, and to have elicited the present of a handsome book from H.R.H. Prince Albert, not to mention a very kind letter from Lankester, the editor of said book? *Glaucus* has certainly got me some dozen or two of introductions to first-rate naturalists, which will be a pleasure to me henceforth. . . .

May 22, 1856.

From the same to the same.

A thousand thanks for your obligingness. You certainly are a most pleasant person to deal with, and please God you will have no reason to regret it.

In July Alexander Macmillan records another full and delightful week in town. Monday night, "dine and sleep" at Wimbledon with Hughes. Tuesday and Wednesday, "talks with Maurice at his new house, 5 Russell Square." On Tuesday night he stayed with Bell at Hampstead, moving on to the Nutts at Surbiton on Thursday, and thence to Eversley to spend a few days with the Kingsleys.

Macmillan's intimacy with Tom Hughes had grown out of their common attachment to Maurice and the cause of social reform. Hughes had taken an active part in the journalistic side of the movement, but until this autumn had given no sign of the special literary talent which was to make him famous.

10 Prospect Place, Deal, Sept. 25, 1856.

T. Hughes to Alexander Macmillan.

Dear Mac. How's yourself, and where's yourself? My chief reason for writing is, that, as I always told you, I'm going to make your fortune, and you'll be happy to hear that the feat is almost or at least more than half done. I've been and gone and written or got in my head a one vol. novel, a novel for boys, to wit Rugby in Arnold's time. Ludlow is the only cove besides my wife who has seen a word of it, (and mind if you take it or don't I can't afford to have it known) and he thought it would particular do, and urged me to go on with it which I have this vacation and only want the kick on the breech that some cove's saying he would publish would give me to finish it. Shall I send you 3 or 4 chapters as specimens or will you meet me in town next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday? Do come up and we'll have a dinner and nox together with baccy and toddy, and I'll tell you all about our Welsh tour. . . . Kindest regards to the frater. Ever yours fraternally

THOS. HUGHES.

Alexander Macmillan was at Brighton with his wife "in delightful drizzly rainy weather" when he received this letter, and wrote at once to offer himself for a night at Wimbledon. In a couple of months *Tom Brown* was in the press, the *format* adopted provoking the following humorous expostulation from the author:

1856]

“TOM BROWN”

3 Old Square, Nov. 22, 1856.

Dear Mac,

“Woe unto them that make the homar small and the ephah great (something or other, I’ve forgot it and the spelling be blowed. You’ll find what I mean somewhere in Amos, or some other jolly old hard-mouthed prophet) that they may sell the refuse of the wheat.” Ours aint refuse, at least we hope not, so why make your page so small and margin so *huge* as in the proofs you sent me? I hate short measure. What’s the use of it here? I’ll write any amount of nonsense which you’ll publish, so why stint folk of it? With the present size of type and margin folk will only get about 30 short lines in a page, and it will be too much to see one’s schoolboy stories covering such huge lots of paper. Reconsider this point if it can be done without expense. I’ve corrected the proof and followed all your suggestions, putting the Latin in notes and dropping some of my familiarity, but if I’m to write at all it must be as I think and talk which is always in the vernacular and chawbacon way of my native country. I never yet was on stilts, moral, intellectual or physical (no, I lie, on physical I have been) and please God don’t ever mean to get there. . . . I am going for a day or two to Rugby next week to freshen my memory. . . .

The first suggestion of *Macmillan’s Magazine* is to be found in a letter from J. M. Ludlow in November, 1856. He urges on Alexander Macmillan that not only did the brothers want a London shop, “more West-endian than Bell’s or Nutt’s,” but that they wanted a magazine of their own:

Look at this *Tom Brown*, first-rate as it is,—I suspect you will still have some difficulty in getting for it all the success it deserves off hand, coming from an entirely new author. Now if that same Tom Brown had been published in a magazine, for which it is admirably adapted, not only would it have increased the sale of the magazine largely as it went on, but by the

time it had got to the end it would *no longer be* a book by a new hand,—it would on being republished as a whole, just step into success, instead of having to fight its way into it.

Early in December Tom Hughes's children were struck down by scarlet fever; his eldest girl died, and he himself was so broken by his loss that for the moment he had not the heart to complete his story. Indeed Ludlow actually wrote to Alexander Macmillan suggesting that the book should be published as a fragment or that they should get Hansard (the Rev. Septimus Hansard), another good "Arnoldian," to finish it. Happily there was no need to resort to such measures. Hughes regained his courage and finished the book, which was brought out—anonously at first—on April 24th, 1857, and achieved an immediate and resounding success.

Meantime Charles Kingsley, invigorated by his summer holiday in North Wales, was working with immense energy at *Two Years Ago*. On November 4th, 1856, in announcing the title, he says that he has written about half: "the rest is in my head. Froude has read a good deal of it, and his opinion is far more hopeful than I could have expected, and has given me quite new courage." A month later he reports rapid progress, but "what with the book and the parish I never was so hard worked in my life. I have two or three dying people on my hands, besides the usual work, but I am wonderfully well and my brain, thank God, as clear as a bell." The book was finished with a rush by the end of the year, and on January 9, 1857, all the proofs were returned except the introductory chapter. Even Kingsley himself realised that he had been going too hard and must take a rest:

Eversley, January 26/57.

Charles Kingsley to Daniel Macmillan.

Anent your plan of a common life novel. Yours is very admirable, and good as notes to think over. But it will be long ere I write another. Certainly not for a couple of years. *Two Years Ago* is as near common life as I care to get. My great complaint of the book is, that it is so much more tame than common life really is. The fault of the usual common life novels is their execrable goody-goody-ness,—the insipid respectability (utterly untrue to life) of their personages, who make up for want of character and want of action by endless analysis of little dirty commonplace motives. Let us leave all that to the authoress of *Squeeky*, *The Narrow*, *Narrow World*, and *The Hills of the Chattermuch*, with the rest of the American twaddlers, male and female, who are deluging the world with pictures of American respectability—as false to fact as possible. I suppose they are drawing an ideal, what they would like to see America; they certainly are not drawing what she is. And I, if I went in the general rut, should not be drawing England as she is—though we have no slaves!

Let me go on, doing what I have always done, from *Yeast* and *Alton Locke* till now; shewing how much of the heroical and tragical element, supposed to be dead, buried, and whitewashed over, survives in modern society, ready to reassert itself for evil and for good the moment a great cause or a great sorrow appears. I am the prophet of the coming convulsion; I cannot cry peace, peace where there is none. I see all things in Christendom drifting toward the hurricane-circle of God's wrath and purifying storms. I can only tell people that, again and again, in every possible form, and say, "While you are believing in hell, you are forgetting God; and in saving yourselves out of hell you are blind to the fact that you are rushing upon the thunderbolts of God himself. Cease to do evil, learn to do well; learn what *this* world means, and what God is

doing here ; and then only it will be time to talk about the world to come, and what He will do there.

Writing a few days later about the alterations in the new edition of *Westward Ho!* Kingsley mentions his readiness to defer to the judgment of George Brimley, and notes that Thackeray thought the first volume "too prolix." He hoped Macmillan's sanguine anticipations about *Two Years Ago* would be fulfilled, but adds: "I don't coincide in them. We shan't get a *Times* review on account of Parliament, and the *Saturday* will surely snub us, as will the *Athenaeum*, which hateth me with a perfect hatred."

If Kingsley had misgivings about the reception of *Two Years Ago* he had none about *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, which he had been reading in proof :

Eversley, February 14, 1857.

Charles Kingsley to Daniel Macmillan.

. . . If you do not push that book of Tom Hughes's, why then I shall set you down for no Scot. For why? It will be a very great hit. It is an extraordinary book. Take it all in all, you won't see such smart writing, such knowledge of slang and all manner of odds and ends, combined with the actual knowledge of boys, and with the really lofty tone of religion and the broad humanity, in any living writer. Beside, it is the only book of its kind. I should have been proud to have written that book, word for word as it stands. In point of art, perhaps, the first cap. is too long. It will not catch boys' minds immediately enough, and serve as a keystone to the whole ; which is important. But if that book does not have a huge sale at public schools and railways, then am I an ass, or else the world is. I'd have tried to make terms with the Yankees. As sure as you live, the book will be pirated in America, and have an awful sale. . . . Also, Tutor Brice, who

has been in Australia, voweth that it would sell largely there. As sure as eggs are eggs the book will pay both of you well. I only wish a few "dammes" had been left out. Folks are mealy-mouthed hypocrites at best. If there is time, I'd erase (or cancel even) them. I feel strongly about that, so think over it.

But oh! I have laughed and cried over the book to my heart's content. Funny bits of it are worthy of Lever, and serious bits of it worthy of—I can't say whom.

No one rejoiced more in the success of *Tom Brown* than Kingsley. A few months later he writes: "I am glorified at Tom Brown his glory. A fast hunting man said to me in the field the other day, 'If I had had such a book when I was a boy, I should be a better man now,' and two or three redcoats murmured assent." Meantime *Two Years Ago* had evoked all manner of gratifying tributes in the press and elsewhere. Froude wrote to Mrs. Kingsley: "Charles has written his best book and all the world knows it," and Mudie told Froude that he thought Kingsley would like his criticism on his book—an order for 1000 copies.

Mrs. Dyer, Alexander Macmillan's eldest daughter, observes that "the most vivid impression on our young minds was made by Charles Kingsley, perhaps the most loved of all my father's friends, as Mr. Maurice was the most revered. His romantic appearance, the keen eagle-like face lighted up by those wonderful blue eyes, the elaborate courtliness of his manner, his boyish spirits, his delightful talk of outdoor things, the impetuosity of his utterance, which was emphasised by his stammer; all deeply impressed the childish mind." Kingsley's side of the question is shown in repeated acknowledgments of the liberal treatment of his publishers. "You have in all ways behaved like, what you and your brother

are, generous gentlemanlike men" (April 4, 1857), and he recurs to the subject on April 13th:

Charles Kingsley to Daniel Macmillan.

What with two services, sermon, private communion, and the usual parish work, daily, this week, in addition to the company of the loveliest angel of a niece, I have been so busy that I have not had time to write letters, not even to you; but being safely out of church, and my Easter sermon about half cooked, I find time during baccy to thank you for your most kind letter. I am so addled with continual extempore preaching (the hardest human work, save to a shameless Irishman) that I can't pay compliments, or even be grateful: but you are two good fellows, and that's enough.

. . . I have *in petto* for next Xmas "My Boy's Book," which will be discussed with you in due time. . . .

Cambridge has been miserably beaten at Putney, all owing to that waterman's trick of shoving their oars into their laps, which Louie Denman¹ introduced in my time, and which I always hated. We have not been so beaten for years, and I am sulky as a bear. However, it is a wholesome lesson.

The year 1857 brought increased prosperity to the firm. It was also clouded by an irremediable loss in the

¹The Hon. Lewis W. Denman, brother of the judge, who rowed No. 2 in the Cambridge crews of 1841 (victorious), and 1842 (defeated) against Oxford from Westminster to Putney. He was ordained in 1844, was successively Rector of Washington, Durham and Willian, Hitchin, Herts, and died May 6, 1907. In the early "seventies," and for many years afterwards, he used to come to Cambridge from time to time to coach the Magdalene College crews. Mr. Rudolph C. Lehmann, to whom I am indebted for this information, tells me that the race of 1857, of which Kingsley speaks, was the first University race in which the crews used keelless boats and round-loomed oars. Cambridge had won in 1856, and they won again in 1858, but in the three races immediately preceding 1856 Oxford had won.

death of Daniel Macmillan. In the late autumn of 1856 he had returned to Cambridge for the last time, and, as Tom Hughes's Memoir proves, his mind had never been clearer or more vigorous than in the early months of 1857. But in May his strength was sapped by an attack of pleurisy, and after long suffering, endured with wonderful patience, he passed away at the early age of forty-four on the 27th of June. The peculiar nature of the bond which united the two brothers has been amply revealed in their correspondence, and the severance, though long foreseen, ended a chapter in Alexander Macmillan's life on which he never looked back without reverent acknowledgment of what he owed, under God, to "the best and noblest of brothers," his "partner and guide" for fourteen years. His devotion to the memory of Daniel Macmillan impressed all his friends. Dr. Sebastian Evans illustrates it vividly in his striking paper of reminiscences, and the late Mr. Lowes Dickinson told me that he regarded it as the leading trait in Alexander Macmillan's character. The practical way in which he construed his obligation is best expressed in his own words. Writing to an old school friend in 1870, he says: "Since Daniel's death over thirteen years ago, his children have been mine. His widow, an excellent and wise woman, lived with me and my wife till about four years since, when she died. Now his three sons and one daughter are as my own children." An act which some would have pronounced exceptionally generous was to him the most obvious and natural thing in the world.

Shortly after I was entrusted with the task of compiling this memoir, I had the good fortune to spend a few days at Canterbury with the late Dr. Sebastian Evans, one of the closest friends of Alexander

Macmillan in the middle period of his residence in Cambridge. With characteristic generosity Dr. Evans placed at my disposal the following remarkable appreciation of his friend, which, dealing as it does mainly with the period when Daniel was still alive, serves far better than any words of mine to conclude and sum up this stage of the narrative :

‘It was some time early in 1851 that I first made acquaintance with Alexander Macmillan and his elder brother Daniel. I had gone into the shop in company with a college friend who was desirous of consulting Daniel with regard to a projected translation of some then new work by Auguste Comte ; and while my companion and Daniel were closeted somewhere out of sight in the background, I amused myself with taking down from a shelf near the door a most desirable copy of Berthelet’s edition of Gower’s *Confessio Amantis*, a book at that time known to me only by name. I was deep in the story of Rosiphele, the King’s daughter of Armenye, when I became conscious of a presence beside me leaning forward to look over the book. I turned and my eyes met those of Alec Macmillan. “Ye love the black letter?” he asked in the sweetest of Scots Doric. “Yes,” I answered, “I am fond of the old type, but this story is worth telling in any letters, black, Roman, or italics.” Evidently this was a view of the volume which had not occurred to him, and we eyed each other tentatively, much as a Scots collie and a dachshund puppy might on a first casual meeting, both desirous of manifesting good will, but each a little uncertain how his advances might be received. The mutual scrutiny at once established a certain amount of mutual confidence, and my mention of Joseph Power, then

University librarian, as a friend who had shown kindness towards me in my pre-undergraduate days, was gladly accepted as a favourable introduction. We were busy in conversation about early editions of Gower when Daniel Macmillan and my friend emerged from the background and joined us, the latter rather sore and discomfited by the final but friendly rejection of his suggested translation of the French philosopher's latest revelation, and still more by the opprobrious terms applied by the kindly publisher to his intellectual idol. "Here," said the young Comtist, after I had been duly introduced, or rather presented, to the elder brother, "here is this excellent revolutionary publisher who is for enlightening the intellect of England on Scottish Broad-Church principles, telling me that Comte is a crack-brained, ungrateful, sensualistic dreamer! Oughtn't he to be brought in *felo de se* by a British jury just to encourage other purveyors of benighted literature?" Then the gentle Daniel took up his parable: "And here," said he, "is a young regenerator of science and philosophy who lives all by himself in a fools' paradise of three hundred years hence, and gets into a fine frenzy of compassion as he looks down backwards upon the noblest workers of to-day." "Yes," said Alec, laying a hand upon my shoulder, "and here is another young philosopher who also lives all by himself in a world of three hundred years ago, and is half disposed to question whether we have made much progress since except in the department of machinery. Don't you think it might be well if both of them were to come, one of them backward and the other forward into the actual present work-a-day world, and do what they can to help us?" So we talked, half in jest and all in earnest, till it was time for me to go back to

“hall” at College—Emmanuel in those days still dining at four in the afternoon—and I returned to my rooms the proud possessor of Berthelet’s Gower, which still abides with me and keeps fresh the memory of my first meeting with the brothers Macmillan.

‘Such was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship of which I retain many other pleasant remembrances, but none so deep and lasting. After more than half a century, the impression still remains indelible. Both brothers had a real “genius for faithful friendship” which never failed: both were in an exceptional degree lovable and true, but if Daniel’s always seemed to me the deeper and more commanding nature, Alec’s was keener in perception and more spontaneously sympathetic. The personal charm of both was magnetic, and this I think it was rather than any supremacy of intellect or force of character that enabled them to exercise a wholesome and stimulating influence over so many of their contemporaries besides myself. The death of Daniel in 1857, grievous as was the loss, seemed not only to develop a hitherto latent strength of will in his brother, but to invest his life for years with something of the spirit of a kindly religious fanatic, who felt that he had a sacred mission laid upon him to perform. In that year, however, I left London, and thenceforward, although I not unfrequently met him and occasionally stayed a night or two at his house, our intimacy—though not our friendship—was broken and discontinuous. Still, whenever we met without hindrance in after days, “you knew my brother” was always the pass-word which opened the doors of our former fellowship almost as if he regarded the fact as conferring a right on my part to know his inner thoughts and feelings without reserve. The last of such heart-to-heart talks

that I remember with any distinctness had reference to the mysterious disappearance on Mount Olympus of his eldest son Malcolm in July, 1889. He was sorely crushed by the blow, and tears were in his eyes as he told the details of the sad story. When it came to an end, he lay back in his easy chair and said wearily: "I keep on wondering what Daniel thinks of it all." There was a personal appeal to me in the voice, but it was one to which no answer was possible. For in fact, my disbelief in any dogmatic theology had always been a very sore point with him, and at such a moment to feel that my affection for him, eager as I was to speak a word to lighten his sorrow, could offer no sympathy based on religious belief, was an added bitterness which I would gladly have spared him.

'Our differences on this point, as may be seen from his letter to me of Novr. 16, 1859 (see *infra*, p. 138), were of long standing. At that time, as his letter shows, he regarded my opinions as virtually subversive of all morality as well as religious faith, and although long before his son's death, he had seen reason to modify his conclusions on this point, his profoundly God-fearing nature was in revolt to the last against what he held to be "the hopeless philosophy." Each of us for the moment had jarred upon the other's limitations, and in the direction of his speculations at least there could be no further walking together.

'In any "appreciation" of Alec Macmillan and his day's work that I have seen, I have failed to find any notice of what seems and always has seemed to me his most remarkable practical achievement. Speaking from a purely objective point of view, it would be hard to name any one of his generation to whom the Church of England as a national institution owes a deeper debt

of gratitude. At the time he and his brother began to be known in Cambridge, the decadence of the "Oxford movement" had already advanced by leaps and bounds, while the earlier Evangelical movement of which Charles Simeon at Cambridge had so long been one of the most distinguished leaders, had become in the hands of Carus little more than a fatuous travesty of former enthusiasm. An intellectual renaissance of some sort in the Church was imperative if it was to retain its hold upon the people. An extensive and influential if partial renaissance came in the form of what a little later was known as the "Broad Church" movement, of which a vigorous offshoot was both applauded and reviled as "muscular Christianity." Of this movement F. D. Maurice was the best known and perhaps most popular leader, and of F. D. Maurice, Alec Macmillan was the most enthusiastic admirer and exponent. He always spoke of Maurice as "The Prophet," one whom "on this side idolatry" he could hardly enough revere. Charles Kingsley too, was one for whom he had scarce less veneration, and even a warmer personal affection. But Alec, like other sensible men, had an intense antipathy to labels, which, as he often said, tell you no more of the man labelled than the fancy title of a novel tells you of its contents and quality. He was almost always labelled and catalogued as a Broad Church man, and, as far as it went, the description was not inaccurate, for his sympathies and general tendencies were rather with that party in the church than with any other. But the description was none the less misleading because it was not inaccurate. He was differentiated from the Broad-Church party as represented by its English leaders, who had plenty of minor differences, individual and other, amongst themselves, by the broad distinction of

being a Scotsman first of all before being a Churchman of any party. Scottish puritanism ran in the blood of him. John Knox, indeed, would, I fancy, in Alec's mental calendar of saints, have taken precedence even of St. Andrew, and although he declined to accept the doctrine that any of his fellow-countrymen are physically the lineal descendants of the lost tribes of Israel, he certainly regarded the Covenanters as in some sort a chosen people of the Lord. Here, in fact, he was in closer sympathy with the intangible puritanism of Thomas Carlyle than with any Church or party in the Church. With him, Carlyle was an Immortal. Maurice, "prophet" as he was, he regarded as entrusted with a mission to expound Carlyle's profoundly nebulous religiosities to an unbelieving generation in a more systematic and intelligible form. "Matt," stammered Charles Kingsley to Matthew Arnold at one of the Thursday evening gatherings in Bedford St., "Alec strongly suspects Tommy Carlyle of being a deeper humourist than Dante." Arnold snorted, and smiled grimly, but said nothing. The quip was true. Alec looked upon what he called Carlyle's "message to mankind" as a revelation of permanent interest, which it would be the task of seers in after ages to interpret and act upon as the needs of their own times might demand. It is difficult in these days to realize the extraordinary influence exercised on more than one generation of Englishmen by Carlyle, and more especially perhaps on the Broad Church circle of which the brothers Macmillan, and later Alec Macmillan, were the intellectual centres. It was a wide circle and embraced not a few notable men equal or superior to the brothers in intellect, some with a considerable personal following of their own. In all or nearly all such cases, the bond

of union was one of opinion and conviction. Maurice's personal following, for instance, was composed mainly of friends and admirers who regarded themselves as more or less disciples, and Maurice as their master. In the Macmillan circle the bond of union was one of general sympathy in all high endeavour. There were no disciples and no master. The school, if it can be called a school at all, was automatically eclectic. Huxley and Bishop Wilberforce might collide explosively at a meeting of the British Association—both shook hands with the Macmillans as friends, not so much of the publishers but of the men. Indeed, had the man of science met the man of religion on the neutral ground of a Thursday evening "Round Table," I have little doubt that they would have shaken hands without misgiving.

'It was just this Scottish and Carlylian earnestness of purpose and no less earnest sympathy with every genuine effort in what he regarded as the right direction which enabled Alec Macmillan to render what to me as an outsider seem to be invaluable services to the national Church. In the forgotten controversies of those days he was always a warm—sometimes, as became a true Scot, a perfervid—partisan both in conversation and private correspondence, but whether, as in the case of the *Ecce Homo* of the then Professor Seeley, he championed the cause of the writer against all comers, or as in the cases of Bishop Colenso and the contributors to the savagely debated *Essays and Reviews*, he bore "faithful" witness against the "erring" theologians, he never failed to do justice to the motives of his opponents. He might detest their principles and doctrines with his whole heart, but his denunciations were impersonal, and he was always ready to admit that his

adversary might be as good a man as himself, or even better than he.

'*Essays and Reviews* for instance was stigmatised by Alec as a "horrible book," but his personal regard for Dr. Temple, afterwards Archbishop, remained altogether unimpaired. His influence, indeed, on more than one or two occasions within my remembrance, was of very material assistance in allaying bitterness in controversy, in suppressing before they were made public angry words written in haste and heat by ecclesiastical pugilists, in summary interdiction of imputing questionable or evil motives. He was not always successful, as for instance in the rapier *v.* broad-sword duel between Newman and Charles Kingsley, but the case was in many ways exceptional. In every other that I remember, his efforts were more successful. This pacific intervention, however, although often of singular value, was far from being the only or the principal service he rendered to the Church. Characteristic differences have existed from time immemorial between Cambridge and Oxford in the relations existing between teachers and students. During my undergraduateship at Emmanuel, not a single one of my supposed instructors from first to last ever betrayed the faintest indication of any interest in me personally. None of them so far as I remember ever came into my rooms whether I "kept" in College as I did for the first year, or in lodgings as afterwards, except, indeed, on one or two occasions, the dean, for the purpose of administering a wiggling.

'Once in the year we were invited to "take wine" with the Master between "hall" ending at five and "chapel" beginning at six, and once in every term with the tutor; and these functions afforded our sole

opportunities of what was called "social intercourse" with those dignitaries. Among the University Professors whose lectures I attended, Adam Sedgwick was the only one from whom I really learnt anything worth learning. Blunt was fiery and impulsive, but always kindly; Corrie, then the new Master of Jesus, humorous and patronizing; Sir James Stephen, polite, but crusty. Outside these, I casually learnt much through my old friendship with Power, the University Librarian, at whose rooms I first made acquaintance with his future successor, Bradshaw of King's, then an undergraduate in my own year. I record these autobiographic details because, *mutatis mutandis*, they are part of the history of the average Cambridge undergraduate of those days, and are so far material in explaining not only the nature of my own intercourse with Alec, but the nature of what I hold to have been one of the most fruitful labours of his life. It is true that at some of the other colleges the gulf between teachers and taught was by no means so wide. Some of the heads, some of the tutors, some of the resident fellows and professors were in far closer touch with the undergraduates, of whom a considerable number found it possible to regard them more or less *in loco parentis*, or at least as helpers, friends, and advisers to whom it was always possible to appeal. The men of light and leading in the College were few, and so far as the ordinary undergraduates were concerned, they neither lighted nor led. Guidance and supervision were non-existent. "Coaches" there were, of course, expert in pumping paying instruction into their "pups" for "little-go" and "great-go," but beyond this, the "university education" was left almost entirely to the undergraduates themselves to be gathered as they best might in this, that or the other "set,"

which they might find most congenial to themselves. For some of us this sort of go-as-you-please independence was probably wholesomer and more stimulating than the stricter restraint of the contemporary system at Oxford, but it left everything to be desired in the way of intellectual training and equipment for the battle of life. Most of the students socially belonging to the middle class went up to college as a necessary preliminary to entering holy orders. It was among these candidates for future ordination that I regard Alec's influence as having been at once most powerfully and most beneficially exercised. Here was a born teacher and preacher about a dozen years older than themselves, a man of striking and varied gifts, of shrewd insight and large experience, always sympathetically interested in younger men at the outset of life who came to him for intellectual guidance and help,—a sort of nineteenth century St. Philip Neri

“always piously inclined

To give to youth a sober turn of mind”

and something more—to start it on Broad-Church lines in the direction of “the noble life,” his own continual watchword and aim. For many a year after I had left Cambridge, in listening to a preacher unknown to me, his use of some tell-tale catch-word or turn of thought would identify him to me as having at some time or other come under Macmillan's influence, and more than once or twice I was afterwards able to verify my inference.

‘At our universities, a generation is considerably less than a *lustrum*, and a graduate returning to Oxford or Cambridge to take even his Master's degree is apt to find himself already a Rip Van Winkle in his old surroundings. Between the first settlement of the

Macmillan brothers at Cambridge and the migration of Alec to London, several thousand undergraduates had joined the ranks of the English clergy. Of this number, a large proportion of the more earnest and exemplary owed much of whatever strength of character and practical religion they possessed to Macmillan's teaching and example. In one of his Divinity lectures, I remember Professor Corrie telling us how "calls to the ministry" were of many different kinds. "For instance," said he, "in certain circumstances, the prospective possession of a family living may legitimately be regarded as constituting such a call." I came straight from the lecture-room, and repeated to Macmillan what he had said, asking whether any circumstances of the kind could rightly be regarded as constituting a call to the ministry? Alec thought for a little while before answering, for he knew that the professor's remark came straight to my address, and then said: "No. It might be a temptation, but it could never be a call. But the dear good man wasn't just thinking of what he was saying." On another occasion, when I had to get up Paley's *Evidences* for an examination, I asked Alec whether the first words of the book, "I deem it unnecessary to prove that mankind stands in need of a revelation," did not virtually knock the bottom out of all that followed. "Logically, it may be so," he answered, "for I know nothing about logic and not much more of Paley, but with the Great Example before us what does it matter? Logic will never help you to live." He did not forget the conversation, however, for years afterwards, when *Ecce Homo* appeared, he told me I *must* read it as it supplied what I had regarded as the missing link in Paley's argument. That I wholly failed to discover it in no way lessened my

sense of gratitude for his remembrance of my undergraduate doubts and difficulties and his kindly efforts to remove them. These are only samples of the kind of teaching I received from him personally. Multiply them by the shrewd and kindly advice of the same general kind to many hundreds of enquiring young and unformed minds,—for it was always generously and freely given to all who asked it in good faith—and it will be seen at once what a powerful influence for good was exercised by “Mac” on the students of the University. In the one case with which I am personally best acquainted the good seed fell on stony ground, but in many, very many, others it fell on good ground and bore fruit a hundred fold. True, it was impossible that teaching of this special and intimate kind could ever be conveyed in any set course of lectures. It is no less true that it might have been imparted by any college or university lecturer who happened to possess the requisite gifts and inclination. None in my time possessed that desirable combination, and the gap left open in the relations between teachers and taught at Cambridge was filled only by a Scot, not in Holy Orders and in no way connected with the educational arrangements of the University. I only knew of his work in connexion with the Cambridge Working Men’s College from what he told me himself and hearsay from others, but it was he who really supplied the driving power which started and kept going its whole machinery. There were many distinguished men on the teaching staff of the institution besides himself, among them Harvey Goodwin, J. B. Lightfoot, F. J. A. Hort and J. B. Mayor, whose names overshadowed that of the secretary and lecturer Alexander Macmillan, but none of them, in Maurice’s phrase, “got hold of the working

men"—if that were the true description of those who attended the classes—in anything like the same degree.

‘I have dwelt on this distinctive faculty of teaching, or rather of advising, because it seems to me that it was in this direction that Macmillan’s real strength lay. As to the soundness of the advice given, nobody could doubt the absolute sincerity and good-will of the adviser, or that in many cases his counsel was the best that could be given in the circumstances. But the laws of gravity assert themselves beyond the limits of the physical world. Streams do not meander level with their source, and the teachings of Macmillan were in the main derived from the teachings of Carlyle. Carlyle’s gospel was “Work,” and this was the highest doctrine preached by Macmillan, naturally with a thousand generally helpful variants according to the particular case with which he was dealing. “Only find work to do and your doubts will disappear like the mists of morning.” “Do something that you know to be useful and you will see your way clear through every difficulty.” “Keep yourself busy with your commonplace duties and your faith will be established.” “The noble life is fighting the world, the flesh and the devil by constant employment in what your conscience tells you ought to be done.” “The hardest thing to do, is to do anything as well as you can.” And so on, and so on, garnished always with sympathetic references special to the individual addressed. Nothing, to all appearance, could be more laudably blameless than such admonitions, and among many undergraduates who happened to be friends or acquaintances of my own, their influence, always for good, was generally more or less perceptible. But a result followed which neither Macmillan nor any of the others engaged in the propagation of the gospel

according to Carlyle had anticipated. In innumerable cases, the excellent advice given was duly taken to heart and acted on, with the result that a generation arose of men conscientiously fulfilling "the duties that lay next them" according to the formula of the founder of the school, giving up themselves heart and soul to parish or other work, and devoting their whole time to "useful and helpful labour"—an often repeated catch-word, without allowing themselves a moment's time for thinking or questioning or taking any heed of the trend of contemporary intellectual activity. They consequently remained—a considerable contingent of them still remain—psychologically undergraduates all their lives. Arthur Hugh Clough in bidding Emerson farewell at Liverpool as far back as 1848 had said, "Think where we are. Carlyle has led us all into the wilderness—and he has left us there." It was true, although the truth hardly dawned, if it ever dawned at all, upon the rank and file of Carlyle's disciples until many years later. Could my old friend know what I have here written about him, I feel that he would have his answer ready. "You are even harder to please than you were. You say that my influence assisted to a perceptible extent in moulding the character of a considerable number of hard-working, God-fearing, exemplary citizens, and yet you are not satisfied. What nobler work could I have done? Would you prefer that they should chop logic and chatter science and reveal to us on infallible authority that Monboddo was right in saying our forefathers wore tails before the days of Adam? Or would you rather have had them trying to keep the narrow path of righteousness in a motor-car, or breaking their necks in an effort to rush the New Jerusalem in an aeroplane?" In some such words, or others to the same general

effect, he would, I doubt not, have justified himself. The argument was his ever-ready *apologia pro vita sua*. Its repetition in any form generally was enough to close further discussion, for, indeed, on such lines there was nothing left to say.

'In trying to indicate rather than define Macmillan's intellectual position, it has, of course, to be remembered that more than half a century has elapsed since the days of our closest and most familiar intimacy. Many a time in later years he assured me that his convictions in relation to matters spiritual had "not changed, but only matured," and I believe that such was the case; but as far as I could judge from our later intercourse, he had mellowed kindly, and I was conscious of a distinct contrast between the crudities of his earlier theories of life and conduct and the gentle sweetness of his creed in his declining years.

'Looking back to our long friendship with a view to this paper, it has come to me as a surprise to find upon how few points Alec and I were in agreement. Of the sciences then taught in Cambridge, the only one that I found it a pleasure to study was geology. He looked askance on Sedgwick, and disapproved of my "wasting my time upon such stony stuff." I was enthusiastic on English medieval art, and an ardent admirer of Pugin. He earnestly counselled me not to join the Cambridge Camden Society, and pooh-poohed Pugin's *First Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture* as the work of a madman and apostate. This particular difference, indeed, remained a sore point between us for many years, especially after Ruskin's insolent reference to Pugin in *The Stones of Venice*. On all matters of art, indeed, there was hardly an inch of common ground between us. He asked me to design covers

for *The Fairy Book* and Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake*, but although he used them, his only comment upon them was: "When" (somebody whose name I forget) "designs for us, the brasses don't cost so much to cut, but I don't think yours look bad." English poetry was the subject upon which our tastes were least antagonistic, but even here we were seldom in accord. On this subject, however, he was so singularly perceptive and appreciative a critic, that it was always a delight to me to listen to him. On this ground, too, we were more nearly on an equality, for although he knew more of contemporary poets and poetry, I knew more of the Elizabethans and their successors. Accidentally, too, I was able to give him his first introduction to Lowell's *Fable for Critics* and *The Biglow Papers*. In spite of all differences, however, and my persistent rejection of his guidance on many points, the tuition I owed to his friendship for me I regard as having been in after life the most valuable teaching I received at Cambridge.

'Of the Magazine "Round Table" and the Thursday evening gatherings at Macmillan's, both in Cambridge and London, I have many pleasant recollections, but vividly as I recall the general outlines and colours of a few such ephemeral mosaic pictures, I do not remember any in which Alec figured as one of the more prominent personages represented. His inspiring presence, indeed, was always felt, but it was rather as the indispensable but almost invisible cement in which the mosaic was set than as one of the *tesserae* forming the picture itself. Of the portraits of him, the one painted by W. T. Roden best answers to my recollection of his bodily presentment. But even as I write, a flash of fading memory brings back before me for a moment a face that no artist ever painted nor photographic camera

ever reproduced—the face of my friend as I first saw him, the black locks as yet unstreaked by grey, rippling outwards over a brow already perceptibly marked by lines of thought but as yet unfurrowed by deep sorrow,—the joyous, faithful eyes,—the critic nose and sensitive nostril-wings—the dear lips parted to speak words of sympathy and encouragement.

SEBASTIAN EVANS.

October, 1908.'

III

THE notion of starting a publishing house, or branch, in London had often been mooted in Daniel Macmillan's lifetime, and frequent references to the subject occur in Alexander's correspondence with his brother. It was not, however, until the year following Daniel's death that the scheme was carried out. A house was leased at 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, and Mr. Robert Bowes, who had already been for twelve years with his uncles at Cambridge, was put in charge of it. Along with him went Mr. George Coxall, a young assistant who joined the firm in 1858, and is still a valued member of the staff. "For the next five years," writes Mr. George Macmillan, "it was my father's regular habit to spend each Thursday night in London, and to keep open house that evening in Henrietta Street for any one who liked to come and take part in a modest meal, followed by free and easy discussion of literary and other matters. These 'Tobacco Parliaments' were a very important feature in the development of the publishing business, especially after the foundation of *Macmillan's Magazine* in November, 1859." The guests were received in a pair of large uncurtained rooms, one of which was the Editor's on ordinary occasions, opening into each other. A round oak table was made at Tom Hughes' special wish by John Roebuck, a member of the Working Men's College, for use at these entertainments, and on its bevelled edge may still be seen the autograph signatures of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, F. D. Maurice, Huxley, Tom Hughes,

David Masson, J. M. Ludlow, Franklin Lushington, G. S. Venables, F. T. Palgrave, Llewelyn Davies, William Allingham, Coventry Patmore and Alfred Ainger.

Meantime the success of Kingsley's and Hughes's books continued without a check. On December 23, 1857, Alexander Macmillan wrote to James MacLehose that they had very nearly sold out the ninth thousand of *Tom Brown*. Kingsley was already beginning to consider plots for a fresh novel, and the forthcoming publication of *Andromeda and Other Poems*, prompted the following interesting letters on metres, illustrations, and poetry as a profession :

Eversley, Jan. 8, 1858.

Charles Kingsley to Alexander Macmillan.

English hexameters are an awful responsibility, and mine are, I suspect, a last attempt. If they don't do, I despair of the whole hopes of introducing that kind of metres into our tongue. I wish you could get them to Whewell. Though I don't quite agree with his theory about hexameters (which is the same as Ludlow's; mine is that the nearer you stick to the Greek the easier and better the English verse is), yet he deserves well of his country for having propounded any theory of them, and having attempted them and succeeded better than any man ever had before. So any criticism of his I should carefully perpend.

Jan. 18, 1858.

The Same to the Same.

The model at which I should aim are Tenniel's illustrations of *Æsop's Fables*, to my mind the best, purest and manliest piece of English illustration I ever saw. If I ever illustrate again, I'll put myself unreservedly in his hands.

April 14, 1858.

The Same to the Same.

[After expressing his pleasure that Whewell liked *Andromeda*]. . . . But, my son, S^{ta} Maura is the poem and *Andromeda* only a stalking horse. If my poetry lives, it will be by that and a song or two. Poet in the common sense I am none—and what's more, never intend to be; but all the best poems have been written by men whose vocation was not poetry. Shakespeare was an actor, Spenser a private secretary, Milton ditto, Pope a man of the world. Poetry as a profession succeeds no better than it pays. . . . I see I must write you a novel some day. . . . Froude has given me a most magnificent subject,¹ and is wild for me to write it; but I must read his original MSS. first, and go to Yorkshire more than once. So you needn't hurry; I shan't for three years.

From this date onward there was no one with whom Alexander Macmillan corresponded with greater regularity and intimacy than James MacLehose, the friend, the early benefactor and one of the executors of his brother Daniel. He habitually consulted him when any important step had to be taken, not merely out of loyalty to his brother's friend, but, to quote his own words, because "I am very desirous that your moral influence should be great over the business." It was to him that on June 4th, 1858, he first confided the scheme of a new periodical, originally designed as a quarterly, which ultimately led to the foundation of *Macmillan's Magazine*. In the same letter he defines the scope and object of the new London house as "more to keep one's connection together than to break new

¹The Pilgrimage of Grace. Mrs. Kingsley writing in July-August, 1858, says that Kingsley is walking through the Craven Country: "his work becomes dearer to him day by day." The scheme, however, like many of Kingsley's schemes was never carried out.

ground," and consults MacLehose as to a scheme of reprinting the articles written for the penny press by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, and his friend and fellow-Chartist, Kydd, under the title of "Pictures of the People."

The following letter, written to an author who had submitted an instalment of a novel, shows not only the pains Alexander Macmillan took to justify his criticism of rejected MSS., but his essential fairmindedness where religious controversy was concerned :

July 30, 1858.

To an Author on a novel submitted.

I have just finished the two chapters in which you introduce the Rev. Eusebius Fairlight, and whatever modifications you may have made in his portraiture he still remains a representation that I feel convinced could do no good, but would rather damage the cause you have at heart, and in which I greatly sympathise. Your dislike of the confessional cannot be greater than mine. Were the father confessor the gentlest and purest hearted of men I would dislike it still. But what you prove by the brutality and hypocrisy of Eusebius is that he is a brute and a hypocrite, and for aught that appears the confessional in other hands might be, what very excellent friends of my own, both lay and clergy, say it is, a source of the deepest comfort and the greatest possible help to a pure and godly life. No party, no system advocates brutality like Fairlight's, and it is manifest that all the better and nobler among the Romanizers will have their sense of justice shocked and be able to appeal to the many who know them best : "Is this true? Are not these Protestants obliged to resort to slander and injustice, seeing they can't sustain their cause by argument?"

Then the dinner scene is too burlesque, I think, throughout. I am sure neither you nor I would sit still at a table where the wit and the quarrelling were so

broad. I should really like something like half of that chapter left out and the rest modified. Let Eusebius be a gentleman at least. Your blows will be far more effective if they are given with a polished weapon.

His views on the question of Sunday observance are clearly expressed in an undated letter to F. D. Maurice. It may be added that in later years, while maintaining his general attitude, he refused to admit that there was any virtue in going to Church twice on Sundays :

To F. D. Maurice.

Furnivall wrote asking either Vesey or myself to write some account of our college for the *People* newspaper. I asked him to send me some numbers, which he did. Both Vesey and I refused to do anything, as we disliked the character of the paper and the character of the communication about the London college. I really think you are quite right to mark in some way very decidedly that you disapprove of this sort of thing. Perhaps there is something else that I have not seen. I often wish those Sunday excursions could be stopped. I am not superstitious about the Sabbath question, but the older I grow and the older my children grow the more I feel that the day of worship ought to be maintained in its general features as I have known it from infancy. There are many evils connected with mere Sabbatarianism, I think, but I honestly feel that whatever real earnestness and gravity of purpose I possess in my character are greatly owing to the impression that these Sabbaths of my infancy and boyhood made on me. And they were not often in any degree connected with gloomy thoughts. The sober calm joy of my mother's face really was diffused over all of us on such a day, and the sweet quiet of everything was certainly good for us all. Of course I see the aspect of these things as regards poor town-bound mechanics and shopmen. But I don't think that this reckless defiance of public opinion on such subjects will do them

any good—they will find no rest for their souls in that sort of thing. . . .

The expansion of the operations of the firm, especially in the department of *belles lettres* and fiction, is clearly set forth in a long letter to MacLehose on October 27th, 1858. The scheme of a quarterly review was hung up in consequence of Bentley's announcement of a similar publication, said to be supported by the *Saturday Review* staff, but Kingsley's half-heartedness had been a main hindrance. The remainder of the letter may be given in the writer's own words:

I think the London house will answer. It will certainly bring me the chance of having more authors. It will rest mainly with me to exercise a sound judgment in deciding what to take, and on what terms to take it. May I be guided right! I have now a great deal of responsibility, but I seem to have been led into it by various circumstances. I have not rushed into it; so I am seeking quietly to accept the work given, and do it as well as I know how. . . .

I will now tell you about our publishing doings and prospects. First of all about Hughes' new book—so long delayed by that dilatoriest of men, Dicky Doyle. We have got all the drawings fairly out of his hands, and I hope that this day Clay has had the whole from Linton the engraver. The book will now assuredly be out by the 20th of November. We are going to press with 5000 copies, and from all I can judge, from what is ordered and the kind of anxiety with which the book is looked for, we will probably sell the larger part of the edition before Christmas. Hughes has spent a good deal of the Long Vacation in recasting a considerable portion of it by making the clerk Richard tell every thing. This gives the book more unity than it had when the "Editor" stepped in and took up the narrative—like a showman dancing among his puppets. He was urged to make this change by some literary friends,

whose judgment on this point was of great value. . . . I am in hopes that Hughes may be able to let us begin the continuation of *Tom Brown* by February or March next. We think of making it a serial—say twenty shilling numbers. We think of printing it like *Tom Brown*, giving three sheets—or forty-eight pages with two illustrations to each—so making when completed a guinea book. I think we might pretty safely calculate on a sale of 10,000 copies per month. The portions that I have already seen are quite equal—if not better than the best parts of *T. B.*, and he is daily acquiring more command of his pen. Some of the parts of the *White Horse* which he has re-written are very fine indeed.

A younger brother of Kingsley's—Henry by name—who has spent many years in Australia, principally in the back-woods, is writing a story of Australian life—chiefly back-woods—partly in England. I have seen about 100 pages of it, and so has Mrs. Macmillan. We are both delighted with it, and augur good things from it. He has his brother's power of describing, but he does not write in the same style at all; it is wonderfully quiet and yet powerful—a kind of lazy strength which is very charming; some of the characters too are drawn with a masterly hand. Convicts, emigrant gentlemen from decayed families, farmers emigrant from various reasons—these are characters he draws. Each one stands firm and clear on his feet, like a man in actual life. I will tell you more about it when I know more. Henry I saw at Eversley in the autumn, and liked exceedingly. He promises to come and see me when his story gets toward completion. Masson's *Milton* you know about. It is going to be a gigantic book—three vols., 700 pages each. But every page is solid genuine stuff. It will be the best history of the time, spiritual and literary, that exists. You must sell 100 copies at least. You can't help it. Shall I send you down some sheets? It will be out by the end of November.

*Yes and No*¹ stands still. Certain ultra Protestant parts I objected to, and the author promised to alter according to my wish. He did alter them, but as I think for the worse. By agreement we are to let the matter stand till I can go carefully into the whole matter with him. I am as strongly Protestant as he or any man can be; but mere tirade and misrepresentation I won't have; besides the solid part of the book, and that in which its real excellence consists, does not in the least depend on the parts I object to. So it must stand till the spring. It is hard work this "every publisher his own taster." I find Mrs. Daniel a great help to me in this as in other matters. Her taste is excellent in most things, and I always listen carefully to what she says. . . .

You may guess that this long letter was not written off at a sitting as I meant it should be. I am now writing at near one o'clock on Sunday morning (October 30th). I must finish before going to bed. I have little more to say than that though I write so seldom, I often wish you were near that I might consult you on points. Daniel's oldest and dearest friend I would cherish as my own, besides that I respond with the whole heart to the claims his memory makes concerning you. Your letters are always precious to me. We often have your name on our lips at our fireside, and when Fraser and I are talking in our business consultations. You may be sure that we all love you.

Alexander Macmillan was a firm believer in Alexander Smith's claim to be considered a true poet, a point on which Kingsley was decidedly sceptical. But to his credit he never allowed his judgment to be overruled by that of his friends, no matter how eminent, and the next two letters show the loyalty and spirit with which he maintained his views:

¹A novel published anonymously but written jointly by Dr. Russell Reynolds and his brother Rev. H. R. Reynolds, afterwards Principal of Cheshunt College.

Cambridge, November 22, 1858.

To James MacLehose.

I don't know what the mighty critic who did Alex. Smith and has done this will say to me, but the feeling I have is that Mr. H—— has no *call* to write poetry. No verse rings with inward fire which, in spite of all his faults and all the critics in the world, is felt in every line of Smith's. Alexander Smith is a poet, and ought to be whipped if he does not make the thickest hide and ear tingle a yea to the fact. Mr. H—— is a cultured gentleman whom I should be proud to know and work with in any lawful work; but I honestly doubt if poetry is his lawful occupation—the work which "the gods have given him," as heathen-talking Thomas would say. If knowing these sentiments of mine you still would advise him to entrust his volume into my hands, I will honestly do my best for the volume.

Cambridge, December 10, 1858.

To the same.

Extract from a letter from the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of various works of merit to the undersigned:

Many thanks for the *White Horse*. I have read it through with great pleasure. I think it as a work of art an improvement on *Tom Brown*. It abounds meanwhile, with those little touches of Dutch painting which are peculiar to him, and which, in their unexpected quaintness are to me most pathetic, even when on unpathetic matters. I know not why that man's writing has a power of calling tears into my eyes which nought else but an old ballad has. I suppose it is the undefinable thing called *genius*—what this is God wot, not I.

He returns to the charge in his next letter :

Cambridge, Dec. 28, 1858.

Alexander Macmillan to James MacLehose.

The *White Horse* is selling well. . . . I really regret that your Glasgow literary folks can't see merit except after their own ideas of how it should demean itself. Surely a great historical event and an immemorial English custom affording outcome for all manner of "humours" ought to be looked on as worth representing. The fact is the book is "queer," and cannot be put under any category by your literary pedants. Never mind : let them read and learn. But after all the fun is very English, and I quite feel that unless a Scotchman has had a good deal of English training, it is difficult to enter into it. You saw the *Times* article yesterday. I daresay that will about clear the second edition.

Though Alexander Macmillan subsequently revised his judgment of Mansel and pronounced him "by no means a bad fellow in his way," he was not likely to hesitate a moment when Mansel came into conflict with Maurice :

Jan. 12, 1859.

To F. D. Maurice.

If you think of doing anything in reply to Mansel's book I will be exceedingly glad to publish it. I quite feel with you that no work in our day is half so important as this of vindicating the reality of God's revelation of Himself to man. I assure you it is never long out of my mind how best to help you in the work which I think has evidently been given you to do in this age, and I am filled with shame when I feel how little I have been able to do. Daniel's power was, of course, in all ways greater than mine, and now I have a good deal to do single-handed—but I feel that I ought to have done more, and often regret the subsidence of

the Review scheme, which in many respects seemed likely to aid the work, and [I will] think what can be done of a similar or somewhat similar kind. It was this feeling that led me to propose the publication of the Literary Lectures. Of course, you would choose your own form, but I would suggest Essays rather than Sermons, or perhaps a definite consecutive treatise merely cut up into chapters or perhaps letters. Such a volume would be sure to sell, and I would willingly purchase the first edition, as we did of the *Prophets and Kings* and other works since. But if you have any other plan which you are set on, and which I can help you in, if I at all can, be sure that I will.

Early in 1859 Kingsley had abandoned his historical novel, and was contemplating another romance of contemporary life, and by April *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, his brother's Australian novel, had so far commended itself to the judgment of Mudie that he had ordered 500 copies. *Apropos* of the reception of Alexander Smith's poems, Macmillan writes to MacLehose on April 18th :

What an uncertain animal the public is! I perceived from the first that Smith was overlooking certain great elements of popularity. He did not treat his subjects in a clear, properly human way; all was too dim and abstract. But in spite of all this, there is not a doubt that no one but Tennyson could write better than the *City Poems* are written.

Kingsley's appointment as chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen prompts Alexander Macmillan to congratulate him on having "an opportunity of speaking a word of wisdom on all sides now":

What with a Dizzy as our "Saviour of Society" and a Bright as our Champion of popular rights we require some clear strong voice to utter some plain

honest truth. I am quite confident that if spoken as you can speak it, it will be listened to. For I do think England is sound at heart—only sorely perplexed at the terrible breaking up of old landmarks on all sides. . . .

What do you think of the present state of things on the Continent? Don't you remember how highly Count Cavour stood in the estimation of everyone quite recently? Does he actually believe in the honesty and goodwill to freedom of Louis Napoleon? If Austria and France would have the kindness to cut each other's throats one would leave them alone to do it with a quiet mind. But poor little Sardinia in the hobble! It is not at all comfortable. I had a man in to-day who has just come back from Italy. He says that Louis Napoleon is a noble high-souled man, and that he means all that he says! So you see that there can be variety of opinion. We are busy forming rifle clubs here, and I hope they will do so everywhere. It is just as well to be prepared for emergencies.

In May he paid a short visit to Scotland, staying in Glasgow with MacLehose, and in Edinburgh, where he met, amongst other notables, John Carlyle, Professor Fraser, and Veitch, the biographer of Sir William Hamilton. On his return one of his first letters was addressed to the late Robert Buchanan, who had submitted a volume of poems. Alexander Macmillan cordially acknowledged the existence of a strain of real poetic merit, but found the verses far too luscious for his taste. "A young Scotch poet should, I think, strive to make himself and others as pure and strong and fit to do God's work in the world as he can." On the same day, May 16th, he offers some excellent criticism on a friend of James MacLehose who had disparaged Carlyle:

I return your friend's paper on Carlyle. I think he should make no use of it. It really has some cleverness

in parts, but he is manifestly wrong in his estimate of the book he reviews and rebukes scoffingly. The jungle of words, etc., as he calls it, is certainly one of the most masterly pieces of clear sequence given to an entangled and obscure but really, in spite of both Mr. Carlyle and his satirist, interesting period of history. Of course, it is not interesting to you if you don't feel an interest in it, and you are welcome to call it dull if you like. But I do think it a very legitimate object of human interest, that of the progress of a race or people out of confused barbarism into something like orderly human life, and surely Mr. Carlyle has produced it in a masterly way. As to the be-hero-ing of Frederick William I think that Carlyle only gives him credit for what he actually did possess, and I can see no symptom that he thinks him by any means a supreme man. Of course, no one expects to see the old growler talk sense and moderation always. It's his way, and withal I don't know who writes so much sense, and his nonsense in a general way won't do people much harm. I think our excellent and palpably clever and well-meaning (young?) friend will do better to learn from Thomas than to make faces at him. If he takes my advice he will not make any use of it in a literary fashion. The paper may be useful for other purposes. If, however, he does, do ask him to leave out the references to the *price* of the book—it proves nothing in the argument and has a tone of vulgar personality, which I think would be very offensive to most people of moderately fastidious taste. I think your friend has palpable literary faculty, which he should cultivate in better regions.

A letter to Mrs. Kingsley on May 21st expresses the hope that her husband may undertake a series of lives of Elizabethan Heroes for boys, and begs her to sound him on the subject. Dr. Sebastian Evans has rightly alluded to Alexander Macmillan's admiration for Knox, which emerges in the following letter to David Douglas :

June 21, 1859.

To David Douglas.

Thank you very much for your kindness in mentioning the Knox idea to Principal Tulloch. I hesitate to write to him because I should like to avoid interfering with any established relations between publishers and authors. I will set down as clearly as I can what seems to me wanting in the general estimate of Knox's character and in the story of his life.

In order to see the full force of what Knox did it would be absolutely necessary to see what the circumstances were into which he came. All the work that was done by the Lollards of Kyle, Hamilton, Wishart, and others ought to be fairly estimated. The *sources* of each specific movement ought to be traced as much as possible. Could nothing more be found, for instance, about these Kyle men, of whom Knox gives such a graphic account in his own *History*? He refers, I think, to the Glasgow documents. But there, M'Crie and David Laing have already been on the search. Would there not be a chance of anything being found in Ayr or any of the minor parishes? Whatever is known now ought at least to be disclosed in an ordinary graphic living way. Mr. Lorimer seems to have done a good deal, but it is in a *very* antiquarian spirit. Wishart is a grand character, and ought to make a beautiful minor figure in any picture which concerns Knox. All the tenderness, and all the fierceness, too, of Knox's nature comes up against Wishart. The description of that last night in Ormestoun is one of the most solemn and tender pictures I know in any writer. A great Scotch painter ought to do it into visible form, and a great historian into living words. I have sometimes thought that almost every phase of Knox's character might be seen best from this standing ground. Why was he so relentless and unbending in his conflict ever afterwards with all forms of Romish belief? Had not its monstrous aspect culminated in the murder—contrary to all law and justice—of Wishart? The clear

political views which Knox exhibits ever after—in his correspondence with Cecil and in all his dealings with the English—may have received their first life when he saw a feeble vacillating political chief snubbed and defied by an unrighteous spiritual ruler. The very errors into which he fell—if they are so—may in some degree have had their rise here. As Wishart is important, so must *Major* in a *minor* degree be, and indeed all the surrounding characters, *e.g.* Sir David Lindsay. The State papers of Henry VIII. ought to be carefully investigated, and something at least as living and picturesque as Froude might be given. The chief features that strike me as requiring attention in Knox's own character are that he was no blind fanatic—no man of a mere party—but that through whatever narrowness of creed or local prejudice hung about him, a clear, calm, loving "human man" was there. These features appear to have arrested Professor Tulloch, so that I need not do more than mention them. But I do exceedingly long to see a thoroughly popular book nicely and vividly written that will do away as much as possible with the horrible caricature which friends, no less than foes, have helped to perpetuate, and of which Sir David Wilkie's picture of Knox preaching before the Parliament seems the embodied expression. Should Professor Tulloch feel disposed to undertake such a book I would be greatly rejoiced to be the publisher. Of course, it is quite free to him to do the work and offer it to Messrs. Blackwood, who, I am sure, will treat him well. In any case I shall be glad to see it done, and the Lecture on Knox prepares me to believe that Principal Tulloch is very fit to undertake it. At the same time I should be glad if it could be done without prejudice to other duties, and feeling that we were to be the publishers.

By the early summer the scheme of *Macmillan's Magazine* had already assumed a definite shape. According to Mr. J. M. Ludlow, the scheme of a

monthly magazine was first suggested by Tom Hughes in the "common room" of their joint establishment at Wimbledon¹, and Alexander Macmillan got them to approach David Masson with a view to his undertaking the editorship. He kept MacLehose fully acquainted with the progress of the scheme, and by the end of May reported that Hughes was prepared to give them either a continuation of *Tom Brown's School Days* or a new story illustrating the contrasts of rural and city life. One of the very first persons whom Alexander Macmillan sought to enlist as a contributor was his old friend George Wilson. Dr. John Brown (author of *Rab and his Friends*) promised his help, and Kingsley, spite of his previous half-heartedness, was again approached :

To Charles Kingsley.

July 19, 1859.

. . . We are going to make the experiment of a popular shilling monthly with some new features. Masson is going to be Editor, and Hughes is going to do a story in it. Is it quite hopeless to expect any help from you? I suppose your dislike to Reviews still continues, and really I don't wonder at it. But these things have considerable influence, and ought not to be left wholly in hands that use that influence unworthily.

Whenever you have any of the story ready I shall be very glad to see it. I have been thinking a great deal about it of late. It seems to me that it ought to be most useful and popular. It could not come at a more convenient time. The external dangers which really now look formidable will dispose men more to union in all noble effort, and the line you propose to yourself of showing how each class has its work to do for the common good will be a word in season. The work of the last quarter century has not been slight, and that of the next—should God spare us as a people—ought to be much greater. That wicked fox, "our

¹ See, however, his own letter, p. 91 *supra*.

faithful ally," looks very like a trial of our faith and courage and national pluck. But does it not sadden one to think how much one man has in his hands? It is hardly less sad because one sees so clearly that the cause is the rottenness of the continental peoples. Does not the "honorary presidency of the Pope," and the alliance with Austria seem like one of the old Catholic Leagues?

Have you read the *Idylls of the King*? They seem to me finer than anything he has done yet. At least the last, Guinevere, does.

Letters to Masson in July show how vigorously and efficiently Alexander Macmillan exerted himself to secure contributors to the magazine. Thus we find him sending a batch of numbers of the *Lion University Magazine* containing several humorous articles and burlesques by Alfred Ainger, who was already a visitor at Henrietta Street. "You will see a very varied vein—I think a very fine one—of humour. The imitation of different writers is really fine. That of the *Saturday Review* is really amusing." He also secured, subject to Masson's approval, for he never dictated to his editor, a poem written by Henry Lushington in collaboration with Venables, Thackeray's friend. In August he was down at Lowestoft for a short holiday, refreshed by the change though saddened by the news of the tragic death of his friend Charles Hardwick, the distinguished Church historian, who had just been appointed Archdeacon of Ely, and was killed at the age of thirty-eight by falling over a precipice on the Pyrenees on August 18th.

August 29, 1859.

To Rev. H. R. Reynolds, afterwards Principal of
Cheshunt College.

. . . I have been enjoying the levels of sea and shore and vaultings of sky and cloud down at Lowes-

toft. Not having mountains to enliven me I have been content with the quieter beauty, which, however, is very fine. Sunsets and starshine by the sea are wonderful. Even the cloudless blaze of noon with its infinite broken reflex on the sea has a sublimity about it. I seem to live on the beach in delicious indolence, pitching stones into the sea at lazy intervals—or at one of the children, perhaps, who returns it with interest. It was very jolly I can tell you. Though it was not Snowdonia, it also is a “work of the Lord,” for which I am most thankful.

I am a little disposed to be gloomy about mountains at present, and to ask what is the use of them. You have perhaps seen the most melancholy death of Archdeacon Hardwick, who was a very excellent friend of mine. It will be a sore trial to many a friend here, for he was exceedingly beloved by many a good man here. His career seemed likely to be distinguished in a high degree. He was only 38, and had already won for himself a name of distinction where he was only known as a name, as well as love and esteem where he was known as a true brother man. And all this hope and love seems spilt like a common thing for no earthly reason or aim. If a friend gets a fever in visiting a sick room and dies, or gets killed in doing something—but this—but I cannot go on about it. It is too sad. . . .

Archdeacon Hardwick’s memory, as he observes in another letter, “will always be especially tender to me : it was he who read the solemn funeral service over the remains of my dear brother Daniel.”

The date of publication of the Magazine was now fixed for November, but the title was not yet determined. “It was no doubt the influence of the *Idylls of the King*,” writes Mr. George Macmillan, “that led my father, when the project of a magazine was first under consideration, to wish to call it by the name of *The*

1859]

ALTERNATIVE TITLES

Round Table." Masson wished to call it *Macmillan's Monthly*, while Hughes was indifferent :

To David Masson.

Sept. 7, 1859.

I return Hughes's letter. I am amused with the respective position of the three persons interested in the controversy. Here you and I are going to fight tooth and nail about a mere name. Hughes says "Whatever you like." Type somewhat of the nationalities severally represented.

Do you know the more I think on it the more I think I am right. I have written, without any indication of the side I take, to MacLehose and Douglas, two of the wisest and best booksellers in the three kingdoms, to see what they say.

There is, I am convinced, no weight in the Dickens parallel. No mortal would think that there could have been any faintest hint taken from "All the Year Round." "Round" is in both titles just as there is a river in Macedon and one in Wales.

Ten days later Alexander Macmillan wrote to MacLehose to say, "You will see by enclosed that we have taken your advice, only the suggestion about adopting 'The Round Table' as a second title was not found practicable," and early in October he was able to report further and prosperous progress :

To James MacLehose.

Oct. 6, 1859.

We are progressing satisfactorily with *Maga*. Hughes's story opens brilliantly—quite Tom Brown himself. Masson says it could not be better. I think the other articles will follow suit—good stuff all. Don't whisper it to a soul, as it may after all come to nothing, but I am in hopes of a poem from Tennyson. He was down in Cambridge for two days, and spent the great part of them with us. He was most friendly. He said

several times he wished we were his publishers, but he was so tied that he could not move at present. He is such a noble, kindly man. I could not help thinking how he and dear Daniel would have taken to each other. If he respects the Macmillan blood in so unworthy a representative as myself, what would he not have done in so noble a one as Daniel? May I never disgrace that noble and sweet memory. I could not help writing a long letter to Mrs. Tennyson—she wrote one to me a few months since thanking me for a little interest I had taken in getting her husband's bust into Trinity, and invited me to come and see them. In my letter I ventured to tell her something about Daniel and George Brimley, and how they were bound up in memory with her husband's books. The result was a most warm repetition of her invitation, and Masson, who also has an old invitation on hand, and I are going down tomorrow to spend two or three days with them, in the Isle of Wight, giving Kingsley a look in on our way back.

My hope for Tennyson's poem is a half promise he made when he was in Cambridge, which I mean to try and clinch—if I can do it without obtrusiveness—when I am with him.

We are all well at home. I was forty-one years old last Monday, and Daniel's Frederick eight yesterday. Lo, how the generations pass!

Masson works splendidly and with great cheerfulness and enthusiasm; so does Hughes. They together are doing a kind of Noctes—to be called *Colloquies of the Round Table*. Hughes has a capital song in No. 1, and the whole thing looks promising; others will lend a hand occasionally.

The visit was a great success. They had "three glorious days with Tennyson, whom we found in all ways genial, manly and pleasant." Tennyson, as Macmillan puts it to his friend Reynolds, "smokes like a Christian": Mrs. Tennyson he found "quite fit for a noble

poet's wife, gentle, cultivated and elegant, and yet most practical in all her views of things"; and the two boys were "beautiful fellows." The following letters to Tennyson and his wife were written on his return. The dinner on November 1st was the inaugural Magazine dinner, of which more anon. *Apropos* of the remarks about the trees round Tennyson's house, Mrs. Dyer writes that her father was always a great lover of light, space and sunshine. He could not bear small-paned windows, and often spoke of Tennyson's house as shut in and gloomy:

To Alfred Tennyson.

Oct. 11, 1859.

I can now say unreservedly that we shall be most glad to have your *Idyll* for our *Magazine*. I think I told you we would like to have it for the January number. I hope Mrs. Tennyson will feel satisfied that a poem of this length will be more appropriate to our graver monthly than to the lighter weekly, which I trust you will find able also to gratify with some smaller piece.

Allow me to remind you of our dinner on November 1 at 23 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. I hope you will be able to come. We will be very quiet, but I hope they will be people whom you will like, who will be with us. I would like to ask Palgrave, if I were not afraid he will think the Dickens taint too deep in us. By the way, this celebrity is coming to read his books in our town hall next week. Wouldn't that be an inducement to come and see us again? Both Masson and I got back to London much refreshed in spirits, if a little tired in body. I hope Mrs. Weld won't laugh at me very much if I say that I had the slightest possible *sensation* as I was crossing from Yarmouth.

I have sent by to-night's post a copy of Mr. Maurice's last book, which you will consider from the author. I also have ventured to send three small books for the boys. The little *Days of Old* is by a young

lady. If Mrs. Tennyson has time to look at it I should like very much some time to know what she thinks of the stories. They took me much—perhaps to a considerable extent because they are attempts to do what I have so great a desire to see done more extensively—to bring the young mind of England into reverent contact with the old English life.

I hope you will find Henry Kingsley's novel, which I am taking the liberty of sending for yourself, a relief from metaphysico-theological controversy. . . .

I am not venturing to say anything of the enjoyment your reception of us gave Masson and myself—but you will believe that the silence is not because I did not feel, or have forgotten it.

To Mrs. Tennyson.

I very deeply sympathise with your feeling about the unusual arrangements, of which my own will more or less partake. The only apology I have to make for it is that it is a single and complete affair, and carrying with it no future harassing and unknown responsibilities. I must frankly admit a double selfishness. It will be an inexpressible delight for me to be in any way connected as a publisher with Mr. Tennyson—gratifying to my vanity I fear I must honestly admit—perhaps a little of some better feeling mingles with it, and commercially, I think it will do our magazine a great deal of good. Yet I do hope you will not feel yourself induced by instincts (which I cannot but admit to be most wholesome) to persuade Mr. Tennyson to alter his mind, but that we may have the poem for the magazine as he kindly promised. I think I am honest in saying that so long as the Moxon family have any interest in the publications I would not move a finger to induce their coming to us; and I simply wish this *Idyll* for magazine purposes, and will unrepiningly see it go back to its natural publishing channels.

I am glad Mrs. Weld is able to report an improvement in your health. I hope the damp weather won't

increase your cold. Will you think me very Gothic if I say that if the earth round your house were elastic or plastic I should like to stretch the un-treed part twenty or thirty yards, and leave a free space for air and sun? I cannot think that trees pressing close round a house are other than unwholesome! There it is out! Will Mr. Tennyson ever forgive me?

The inaugural dinner was duly held on November 1st, and the guests included Masson, Tom Hughes, Ludlow, F. D. Maurice, Fitzjames Stephen, Charles Bowen, Lord Ripon, J. L. Roget¹ (author of *The Cambridge Scrapbook* and *The Volunteer's Scrapbook*) and Robert Bowes. Alexander Macmillan had tried to tempt MacLehose up from Glasgow, and had also sent an invitation to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who was then at Leamington, but was unable to come. A letter to Franklin Lushington on November 12 emphasizes the aim of the Magazine as the encouragement of what was manly and elevating, and some sarcastic comments in the *Saturday Review* prompt the following letter to MacLehose:

Nov. 16, 1859.

The *Saturday Review* will be chaffed back in the Colloquy. . . . I have no doubt we shall often have to fight them. They may be right, as you say, but it is a matter of very small consequence and their talk is folly, and their allusion to the commercial views of the publisher an approximation at least to impertinence. . . . I don't feel frightened about Thackeray.² My impression is rather that we shall help each other. I will try to avoid all collision and ill blood. The *Saturday* rascals will keep us before the public you may be sure. The

¹ Mr. Robert Bowes tells me that Roget sang "Little Billee" at the dinner.

² *The Cornhill Magazine* was about to appear under Thackeray's editorship.

writer of the article—as I believe—was at my magazine dinner, and is really a most friendly fellow. His brother and he himself too are likely to be occasional contributors.

It should be added that Alexander Macmillan always cordially recognized the ability of the *Saturday Review*. Only a few weeks later he asked Franklin Lushington to find out whether Maine would contribute to the Magazine. Charles Bowen and Fitzjames Stephen, as we have seen, actually attended the inaugural dinner. Thus we find him acting on the judicious advice of Fenton Hort “not to be too cliquish.” At the same time, the laxity of tolerance was distasteful to him, and he had no hesitation in condemning views of which he disapproved, even though they were put forward by his dearest friends :

Nov. 16, 1859.

To Sebastian Evans.

I am more than *rather* sorry both for the cause and the fact that we can't publish the volume. You know as well as I do that I do not shrink from publishing from fear of Dons or anyone else, but because I honestly dislike the position you occupy. I have too much reason to fear that you are right in thinking that a large and intelligent class of Englishmen is fast drifting away from the old moorings and steerings too, and don't appear either to have or to care to possess any in their stead. A kind of hopeless, aimless philosophy—some-what of the Topsy order—is all that remains. I don't like it in any way, as you know. I fear it will paralyse many a heart and arm in the European struggle that is certainly coming. I mentioned Heine, not in the least suspecting you of imitating him. Indeed, you have every right to claim for yourself your own standing ground. But the very essence of this modern philosophy is better seen in Heine than elsewhere that I know of.

As if the Lord in Heaven had perished,
And down below the Devil were dead.

The utter destruction of all hope and fear that so markedly characterises so much of our literature never was better expressed than in these two lines of his.

But, my dear Bass, I am not going to bore you with a long discussion, and much as I dislike your philosophy yet I love you, and will hope that it is only a kind of measles—though you are getting old for that—or something that you will get over. But if after all you are right, and this hopeless philosophy is right, and we are mere things, toys of circumstance, and have no distinct ascertainable relations to the Unseen Being, in virtue of which we can fight manfully and hopefully against all *immoral* and *unmoral* destinies and necessities of custom, one's own passions, or Napoleonism, then we are in a worse condition than I hold we are now—and I am not unconscious of much existing evil. But holding as I do by this faith, you know I can't do other than regret that any good friend should be seeking to destroy it. At the same time honest, clear speech is surely best, and the very fact that you want—and I suppose it lies on your conscience—to publish gives you a claim to one's consideration.

I return the books by this day's post, as it is not fair to keep you an hour longer in suspense than needful. I wish you could have let us have the poem *Der Tod als Freund* for our Magazine if nothing else. It would do you no harm, and I should like it.

The poem duly appeared, and Alexander Macmillan, replying to some criticisms of Tennyson, specially calls his attention to it:

Nov. 26, 1859.

To Alfred Tennyson.

It is clearly not an easy matter to manage a magazine well. Whether we will ultimately succeed time will prove. How wisely you have chosen in writing when and how you felt it right to yourself I

feel more keenly than before. I hope you will think our number pretty good on the whole, whatever you think of the colloquy. There is a short poem, *Der Tod als Freund*, which has taken my fancy. It is by a young man who once did some sonnets on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which you spoke kindly of when they were published. I dare say you have forgotten the circumstance, but neither he nor we have. His name is Sebastian Evans.

We have had Woolner down with us arranging the placing of the bust. He seems pretty well satisfied with the position he has got. He was talking about your writing some Idylls. I do, however, long to see some English ballads from your pen, further down the stream of British life. We need it much—I feel that our modern mind should get back to the earlier simpler tone of the old time. But I dare say you think my presumption in telling you what you ought to write about, something considerable.

Pray look specially at Huxley's article, *Time and Life*. Darwin's book, which it mentions, is remarkable certainly. I thought of "Nature acts in tooth and claw" as I was glancing over it. I wish someone could bring out the other side. But surely the scientific men ought on no account to be hindered from saying what they find are facts.

The death of George Wilson, whose article, *Paper, Pen, and Ink*, appeared in the opening number of the Magazine (November, 1859), removed a very dear friend of long standing. What Alexander Macmillan says about his playful fancy is fully borne out by the verse he contributed to *Blackwood* and the charming lines "To the Spirit of a Deceased Terrier" found in a note-book after his death:

The music of thy pattering feet
That came so gladly me to meet,
Will never more my senses greet.

1859]

DEATH OF GEORGE WILSON

All are at rest ; thy wagging tail,
Thy little limbs that did not fail
For many a mile o'er hill and dale.

Where art thou now ? myself I ask,—
In vain Philosophy I task ;
She cannot here her blindness mask.

Art thou within that Sirian star,
That shines so bright, and seems so far,
From this dim world in which we are ?

Where'er in the Universe thou art,
If still of it thou form'st a part,
Thou hast a place within my heart.

Dec. 6, 1859.

To Henry Kingsley.

. . . Dear George Wilson has been a sufferer, and a nobly patient one, for something like twenty years. He never flinched from the call of duty or friendship, though racking coughs and aching limbs were his almost constant companions. What the man accomplished with what was but the shattered shell of a human body is to me and to all who knew him wonderful. He was never out of temper or spirits, always the same genial, playful and yet earnest manner about him. He has made that Industrial Museum of Scotland almost wholly himself ; corresponding and even travelling to all parts of the country where can be found or heard of anything that would add to the value of the collection and throw light on some point of industry or art. He delivered something like a dozen lectures weekly with lungs which most people would have considered barely adequate to the exertion of simple in- and exhalation. He had been burned with caustic, hot irons, cut with cutting instruments and lancets ; and blistered in every imaginable way : he had a foot cut off for scrofula, was a martyr to sciatica and rheumatism in every shape and form, had enlarged spleen—indeed I don't know what he had

not—as he himself used to say he was copiously illustrated in cuts of all sorts, and yet he could accomplish all this and be ready to make a speech at a charitable institution or deliver a popular lecture almost whenever he was asked. But indeed he has gone to rest he sorely needed, and, if it can be said of any man, which he has well earned. . . .

Dec. 7, 1859.

To Rev. F. J. A. Hort.

. . . Dear George Wilson was, as you say, a good and sorely tried man. I don't think I ever knew a sweeter, nobler, more utterly unselfish nature. He was the sweetest son and brother and friend that ever lived. No one would more quietly have shrugged his shoulders at what you said of his article, with a remark about the variety of tastes in the world and the need of cultivating a tolerant habit of mind. I don't think he cared much for such things in his heart, but he had a playful fancy, and what might seem "affectatious" was a genuine utterance—he thought and spoke so naturally. No more severe man of science existed I believe. Dear George—Might our lives approach the beauty and completeness of thine. How thickly the Unseen is getting peopled with those most precious—what a sense of reality it gives to so much that was too often only words in a book. . . .

One of the last letters written by Alexander Macmillan in 1859 is addressed to the Rev. E. W. (afterwards Archbishop) Benson to ask whether he would contribute to the series of biographies of British worthies for boys, and suggesting Wellington as the subject. Not less noteworthy than his desire to enlist authors of repute amongst his clients was Alexander Macmillan's tact in mitigating the pains of refusal or rejection where talent or promise was shown. A good instance of this is forthcoming in the letter to James Stirling, a Glasgow

merchant who had written an able book on the Slave States. Macmillan had been anxious to secure him as a contributor to the Magazine, but could not see his way to print his article on the Universities for reasons which he gives in the following interesting letter :

Jan. 11, 1860.

To James Stirling of Glasgow.

Although I had little fear that you would take offence at our return of your article, or my accompanying letter, I am not the less gratefully impressed with your courtesy in assuring me that you have not taken it amiss. I am even more gratified that you have taken the trouble to give me in some detail your reasons for speaking of the Universities as you have done in your paper : and at the risk of troubling you still further I am emboldened to make some remarks on what you said in your letter to me ; as I fancy you have somewhat misunderstood the grounds on which I acted and wrote as I did.

A residence of seventeen years at Cambridge has not, so far as I can judge of my own feelings, in any degree mitigated my interest in the well-being of the class from which I sprung and to which in feeling and sympathy I still belong—the working class of our population. That it should have a larger share in the government of the country, and should grow in fitness to take that share, is one of the deepest feelings I am conscious of. That the antagonism you have marked, as existing between the aristocratic and cleric classes and the commercial and industrial, does exist I am deeply and painfully aware of. I constantly feel it in myself and see it in those around me. But its existence appears to me a matter deeply to be regretted, and I would like in every way in my power to lessen the breach. That some members of the University and Aristocracy and Clergy do speak as you suppose them to speak of the industrial classes is true, and I have never lost an opportunity, at the risk of giving offence,

of bearing my testimony against this kind of speech and feeling. There are members of the University here whom we have offended grievously on this very point. But I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that there is as large, or even a larger, number of the members of the University of Cambridge and of the clergy of the Church of England with whom I come into contact who are as open-minded, open-hearted thinkers and workers for the elevation of the working classes of this country as any class I ever met with. When the Working Man's College was founded in Cambridge I had a considerable share in it, and the number of influential and distinguished men of the various colleges who readily and heartily entered into its working and took classes in it at great personal inconvenience was quite startling even to me, who already thought well of them. Among the students who attended the classes were some of the most vehement radicals in our working and commercial population. The University men who worked with them showed no sign of dislike, but treated them with the utmost courtesy and liberality. This Institution brought out a fact that I had long felt convinced of, that intercourse and the increase of knowledge between class and class would do more to benefit both the classes than anything else could. The petty jealousies and suspicions that exist in the one as much as in the other have done and are doing more to damage the country in all the vital interests than anything else. They exist between employers and employed as much as between clerics and laics, as between aristocrat and plebeian. What is the remedy for this? Surely not telling the commercial or industrial classes that the aristocracy or clergy are seeking their own interests and trying to press them. With definite acts of oppression or illiberality let us deal boldly and clearly. Vague general accusations against classes on the one side or the other can do no good.

The accusations that you bring against the University of unwillingness to improve their institutions are not,

so far as I have been able to learn, in accordance with fact. Here as elsewhere there are many, perhaps mainly older men, who are averse to change. But I believe that it could be proved that there has hardly ever been any corporate body in the country which has made so many important improvements in its constitution away from any external pressure as the University of Cambridge and its several Colleges. I cannot prove this, but it has been stated to us by men who were among the most eager and zealous reformers, and I am bound to believe them. The obstructives themselves are often men of genuine good feeling who acquiesce and work for the carrying out of the improvements when they become law. But the number and standing of the Reformers is very large and very influential. Nothing could be further from the truth than the idea that Cambridge at least—I cannot speak for Oxford—is characterised by obstruction or illiberality. In tolerance of religious differences, it is a thing that strikes one who knows something of such feelings in our dear Scotland as wonderful. I don't know whether you are aware of the position which Maurice, whose books we publish, holds in our English Church; but I know had he or any analogue been in the Scottish Church his treatment would have been very much harsher. And I think it is capable of proof that those who led the attacks on him have been mainly under the inspiration of Scottish Calvinism, *e.g.* the *Record* newspaper. But all this talk is meant, if possible, to enable you to understand that it is not either a fear to give offence to our customers or any indifference to the progress of common-sense reform that actuated me in my feeling about your paper, or influenced the remarks I made about your reference to the Universities. Had these remarks not been made we would still have hesitated to commit ourselves to your programme of reform. Our own feeling, not I daresay founded on such careful consideration as you have given the subject, yet not without thought on it, is rather in favour of educational tests—moral too if

they can be obtained without impertinent prying, and it would be, as you will admit, an act of folly to commit ourselves to measures we had not considered. As far as my own personal feeling goes, I could look forward to a not very distant advocacy of manhood suffrage with some kind of tests as I have spoken of. But as I said I cannot claim that intimacy with the subject in all its bearings, or rather I don't know enough of the general population and its condition to warrant me in maintaining the position. The wider the responsibilities of our common government are felt the better for our country. I do not pretend to know how far giving the franchise would aid this sense. That it has not been completely successful hitherto is manifest enough.

But I must not intrude longer on you with this talk. I would only express the exceeding regret that we were unable to avail ourselves of your able pen in our poor little magazine. Its purpose will be on the whole, I think, not alien from what you aim at, though the modes of achieving that purpose may not always coincide, and perhaps you may see your way to an exhibition of forgiveness of what we have done to you by sending us something which we shall be at one upon. Any attack upon the commercial or working classes we should as readily avoid as on the aristocracy or Universities. That we do not hesitate to point out definite specific evils which are ascertained by actual knowledge will be evident from the *Tom Brown* of Mr. Hughes, as true a son of Oxford as any of her children.

I wish you could make it convenient to come and spend some time in Cambridge and see what sort of men we have among us. Should you be in London soon it is only a two hours' run down, and I shall feel honoured if you will allow me to introduce you to some of its members.

The burden that Alexander Macmillan had now to bear single-handed pressed heavily on him in these days, and he owns in his letters to MacLehose that he some-

times felt depressed by all that lay on him. But in the main a brighter mood prevailed, and the success of the Magazine was a great source of satisfaction in view of the competition of the *Cornhill*. While admitting Thackeray's genius, he could not avoid contrasting the "contented satire" of *Lovel the Widower* with the hearty manliness of *Tom Brown*. "The Magazine," as Mr. John Collins Francis writes in *Notes and Queries* for February 19, 1910, "was conducted on bold lines, and contributions frequently appeared on public questions that would not be popular with all its readers. As early as April of the year following that in which the Magazine was started Maurice contributed an article 'On the Revision of the Book of Common Prayer.'" One of their contributors had been introduced by Miss Mulock,¹ of whom Macmillan already writes with warm good-will: "She has become a great ally of ours, and will be very useful to us." Meantime the Thursday evenings at Henrietta Street were continued with increasing vigour and prestige. In January they had "much fine talk" from Huxley, Kingsley, Maurice, Hughes, Masson and Henry Kingsley on Darwin's *Origin of Species*. In April the theme was prize-fighting:

April 25, 1860.

To James MacLehose.

On my last Thursday evening's gathering we had Tennyson, Woolner, Hughes and a dozen other good fellows, and Sayers and Heenan² occupied one-

¹ Miss Dinah Mulock, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and afterwards married to Mr. George Lillie Craik, who became Macmillan's partner in 1865.

² The historic prize-fight for the championship between Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan (the Benicia Boy) took place at Farnborough on April 17, 1860.

half the conversation. Tennyson stayed till half-past one, . . . and we had some nice chat on other subjects. He repeated a long poem in an impossible metre—the subject Boadicea. Its roll was wonderful. . . . I went with him in the day to see Holman Hunt's picture.¹ He likes it immensely. I hope you will like Miss Mulock's poem about it.

A letter to David Watt, an old Irvine friend then in India, is of interest, as it illustrates what Mrs. Dyer observes was always an abiding feeling with her father—the consciousness of the presence of the dead. After describing the strain of reading MSS., not one in ten of which were worth printing, he continues :

Old life at Irvine and elsewhere is always dear to me. I grow more attached to the past, it is fuller of meanings and interest I hardly dreamed of in earlier years. May it grow more so. Dear Daniel and my mother and Malcolm and William are seldom far from me, and their society is most precious to me. Daniel's wife and children are a great comfort to me, and she is a most valuable help.

Dr. Vaughan's proposal for a volume afterwards published under the title *Rays of Sunlight for Dark Days* suggests the following comments on the literature of consolation :

In Memoriam of all modern works is the only one that bravely and plainly recognises the reality of the grounds of sorrow, and its nature. If it does not always quite as clearly show forth the sort of consolation, instructed Christian persons can better make up this defect than the other. The grounds of comfort and patience under sickness and bereavement are so often made mere bald propositions and doctrines, have so little touch of sympathy with the sorrow, that they raw the wound they seek to heal, as if they had gone to school

¹ "The Finding of our Saviour in the Temple."

under Job's friends—deal in something worse even than “vacant chaff well meant for grain.”

A suggested article on Church Rates viewed from the secular position elicited his own views on the question, which are worth recording. “Church Rates,” he writes to Masson, “are so intimately blended with the grand old idea of parochial life that to see them completely abolished seems like smiting a vital portion of our social, national life, and, on the other hand, the injustice to dissenters seems to me great from the present system.” His own experiences as Churchwarden of St. Mary's, Cambridge, had not been altogether agreeable :

April 2, 1860.

To Rev. J. W. Blakesley of Ware.

. . . I have written to Mr. Masson about the Church Rates article. As you propose to treat it I think it ought to prove interesting. In a general way the whole question has a very squabbly aspect that one rather shrinks from. During my year of office as Churchwarden I have had experience of the sort of feeling. The Dissenters in our parish are contemptuously kind—allow us a threepenny upon condition “we pay our way,” ask us how much a head it would cost the regular churchgoers, supposing we were to pay for what we get ourselves, and inform us what it costs them a head to pay for their spiritual consolation. As a matter of private taste, I would rather go round with the hat. The parish feeling seems to a large extent gone, even among churchgoers ; it seems a terrible evil, I confess, that it should be so. But I have difficulty in seeing how it can be kept alive by continued Church rates. We are trying dinners and teas in a small way. It seems to me to answer better. We are fortunate at present in an admirable minister. Mr. Luard preaches and mixes with the people like a living man, and I am sure will do a great deal for us.

But I am talking about these Church rates from a somewhat personal point of view. I quite feel that the question should be considered in a wide human way, and should much like to know how you think of dealing with it a little in detail.

On the same day he wrote an excellent letter to another clergyman who had consulted him with regard to keeping a Journal :

April 2, 1860.

I don't think any hint I could give would be of the slightest value to you or anyone as to keeping a Journal, beyond "keep your eyes open and put down what you see." Trollope, I understand, is a lively writer. But the chances are that anyone imitating him would become quite otherwise. To apprehend vividly is the key, I should fancy, to vivid writing. But I could not write a book myself, I believe, to save my life; and my capacity is limited to saying when a book or piece of writing is done—"This seems to me good or otherwise." I honestly doubt whether really good writing of anything beyond a private letter or an adequate sermon is the function of one man in a thousand. In these days of extensive education almost every one has a *certain amount* of literary capacity. We are taught English composition either by our governess or in the Essay Society we belonged to when we were emerging from boyhood, but that faculty does not warrant us in telling the world what we think on this or that. A certain actual elevation, not merely above the ordinary mass of men who read, but over those who have some natural faculty of thought—an elevation either of intellectual power or moral purpose—is surely demanded of a man who will go to press. The mass of so-called literature that comes from the press ought to warn all thoughtful men against unnecessary utterance in this way. Excuse my plain speech. I am not saying don't keep a Journal or even don't publish it when written. But let your first idea in writing be to put down actually

and honestly what you feel and see. If it seems to you when done something that will interest and instruct, then it is worth seeing if it can get published. But I doubt the propriety of setting to work to write with an eye to publication first.

It may be noted *apropos* of his disparaging reference to his own literary abilities that the *Quarterly* article on *Maud* moved him to a rejoinder in the Magazine for December, 1859.

Though the call of London grew stronger year by year, his interest in all that went on in Cambridge was as keen as ever, as may be gathered from the full budget of news which he forwarded this spring to his friend Vansittart, a distinguished Cambridge scholar who had gone to Pau in search of health :

April 14, 1860.

To A. A. Vansittart.

Darwin went to you from here on Wednesday, the 11th. . . . I trust the book will in all respects fulfil your charitable wishes. It has excited some noise here, but on the whole has been tolerantly received. The feeling evidently is, among the more thoughtful, that opposition or notes of alarm on the production of scientific theories are false in policy and fruitless of any real good even in the view in which they are made. "Protection of Providence" is beginning to be felt to belong a good deal to the sand-rope order of industry.

I had not heard till recently, and that from a quite new (but highly valued already) friend, Mr. Cornwall Simeon, that you had been obliged to leave England on account of your health. I hope that you will get a substantial and permanent setting up from Pau. Pau must be very exhilarating both to eye and lungs—lucky place where you can get your choice of exercise for eye and leg in the mountain line. I stand up for flat country against all traversers according to my Celtic nature of standing by my kith and clan and county whatever that

may happen to be: but I do long for the sight of a decent hill even and the smell of a mountain breeze.

Cambridge news! You seem to keep pretty well up, as the last piece of news in the mouth of all was that our boat had beaten the race this time. Trevelyan has given a catalogue of the Cambridge crew, which is to appear in the next number of our Magazine, which is now approaching a monthly sale of 15,000, which we may consider a decided success—as we began with 10,000. Are you not going to write for us? A short prose article about your present place would suit us admirably.

The Volunteer movement is the thing that occupies most space in the public mind here. Drilling and parade constantly going on. We had a grand display of the whole force—numbering over 500 men—in King's the other day. It appeared to me that they were as likely to stand bullet or bayonet as any 500 men that could be found anywhere. This rifle Volunteer movement is a piece of serious earnest in the country whether it be ever needed or not. I hope it never will—for I am one myself! The College statute revision goes on briskly too. Several of the Colleges have carried the marriage of Fellows clauses—some with modifications, some pure and simple, but with terminable fellowships. Peterhouse gives you your choice of being on the potential marriage basis or not by a declaration to be made within six months after election. If you marry being on the potential basis you can keep it for twelve years from election; the other basis is as at present. You of course saw the Classical list and were astonished and disgusted to find only two Trinity men in the first class, while there were four King's men. Trinity consoles herself with the Senior Wrangler, who was worth three or four ordinary ones, being more than 4000 marks ahead of the second man; but a drawback occurs, he has resolved not to go in for his fellowship under the new statutes. It is a curious case where what was intended as a liberal movement

has proved, in one instance, narrower. Stirling, who is a Presbyterian, though a liberal one, would willingly have signed the Articles, but he hesitates, and indeed has determined to lose his fellowship rather than declare himself a *bona-fide* member of the Church of England. It is very fine in him, for he is by no means a rich man, and is going to the English Bar. He has, however, a strong, clear head and a brave heart, and will get on. Of course Trinity regrets the peculiarity of his conscience, nor do I see how the thing is to be helped.

Of your old friends, who remains? Clark¹—he is as genial and manly as ever—of course his tutorial work absorbs a great deal of his time, but he now and then comes to have a pipe and a chat. Woolner, the Sculptor, has been down doing a bust of Professor Sedgwick, which everybody admires in its first form. If it comes out in the marble as well as it looks in the clay, I think it will satisfy everybody. His bust of Tennyson is now fixed at the foot of the stair ascending to the library. It is a capital place, and brings out its features well. Woolner is much pleased with it. He and Clark have been down to the Isle of Wight seeing Tennyson. I don't remember any more Cambridge news at present. We are in the chill of the Easter vacation, but I suppose everybody will be up in a day or so. When they come I will make it known that I have heard from you.

Is it of any interest to you that we are going to do a book for Mr. Cornwall Simeon—*Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History*? We think of giving the house of the "Savages" from Lowes Dickinson's picture as a frontispiece to it. I saw Dickinson last Thursday in London. He was rather done up by his exhibition pictures, which he had just sent in—a portrait of Arthur Stanley, and one of Dean Alford and some other sketches—but was as jolly as usual. I hope when you come to London you will find your way sometimes to my Thursday evening gatherings.

Pray write me again soon, and put categorically any

¹ W. G. Clark, Public Orator.

questions that you would like to ask about Cambridge or elsewhere—and think of an article for our Magazine.

To Fenton Hort, who had been suffering from overwork and had been ordered away, Alexander Macmillan wrote on May 14 suggesting that he should write on Darwin for the Magazine. After mentioning what a pleasant party they had had on the last Thursday, he goes on: "I always think of *one* who would so have enjoyed and admired such a circle. The time is drawing near which is so filled with memories to us and the excellent noble wife he left. Yesterday was the third birthday of Daniel's youngest boy¹—born, as you may perhaps remember, only about two months before his father's death. Hughes is his godfather, and I was so glad he chanced to be here on his birthday." The letter also alludes to a recent flying visit to Oxford (during which Alexander Macmillan met Jowett and Stanley) and Hort's designs on Plato. The month of May saw him arranging with Mr. Dick, the Irvine bookseller to whom Daniel Macmillan had been apprenticed, for the joint publication of a book by Dr. White. Such arrangements were contrary to their rule, but "it would be a real pleasure to us to have an Irvine book, and an Irvine publisher and author in conjunction with us."

Another joint arrangement entered into *con amore* at this time was with David Douglas for the publication of George Wilson's Life by his sister. "His [George Wilson's] memory and my brother's were so mixed that the continuation of any literary work or the memorial of it in a literary form seemed to my mind inseparable from the business, which is a sacred trust from my brother to me." Nathaniel Hawthorne, as we have seen, had been unable to attend the inaugural dinner

¹ Arthur Daniel Macmillan, who died in 1876.

of the Magazine, but Alexander Macmillan met him frequently in the summer. Writing to J. T. Fields the American publisher on May 28 he says: "I like him exceedingly. Under his shy, reserved manner there is evidently a most kindly pure nature." The last letter in the month is addressed to the Rev. Charles (Tennyson) Turner, who had contributed four striking sonnets to the Magazine, to ask whether he contemplated publishing a volume of his poems.

The tone and temper of the Church newspapers was a constant source of discontent to Alexander Macmillan. A great admirer of Dr. Cotton, the Bishop of Calcutta, he noted with indignation that while "wretched squabbles about surplices and stoles get column after column of the religious newspapers," his Charge was "fobbed off with two lines at the tail of an article on another book." This led to a correspondence with the *Guardian*, in which the editor proved him to be technically in the wrong, but on general principles Alexander Macmillan certainly had the better of the argument:

The *Guardian* professes to and does actually deal very largely with Ecclesiastical questions at home and abroad. From church building to Bishop making few events occur which are not written about at considerable length. One looking at things from the outside would be apt to consider that the kind of man who was appointed to such a position as the Bishopric of Calcutta (the most important, surely, of our Colonial Bishoprics) and the kind of speech he held to his clergy would be a matter of considerable interest to all churchmen—the first Charge particularly, one would have thought, must have been peculiarly interesting. If one were to gauge by any standard of wide human results—results affecting vitally the Christian Church for good or evil—is there more than one event a week that deserves such attention? Well, for six whole months

the *Guardian* never alludes to the fact of a charge having been delivered at all, and when at the end of six months notice is actually taken of it, it is merely alluded to, with a pat on the back—very kind certainly, but hardly one would think wholly satisfying the demands of the occasion. One has seen the enormous exactions of party claims and how completely they deaden men and newspapers to other, perhaps wider, human interests. Whilst recognising the perfect right of an editor to deal with men and things as he feels their importance, not as those around feel it, this seemed too much, I confess, for even party to account for; besides, the *Guardian* is in so many respects so palpably free from merely party influences, that the thing wholly puzzled and, I confess, still puzzles me.

In a letter to James MacLehose on June 23 we hear the first of a project in the realisation of which Alexander Macmillan took a keen personal interest, "an edition of Shakespeare edited like a critical edition of a classical author, with merely the text and such various readings as seemed to have value either from their appearance in early editions or from their intrinsic worth." The scheme had its origin in the conviction of Cambridge scholars that they would make a better and purer text of Shakespeare than had ever been produced. No attempt at commentary was to be made. "The chief editor is Mr. Clark, our 'public orator' and tutor of Trinity College, one of the most accomplished and popular men in the University." Alexander Macmillan adds that he contemplated 8 vols., to be sold at £4 4s. "It would go out as the Cambridge edition. The editors do it as a labour of love, and the publisher would only have to risk paper and print."

The claims of business, reading MSS., and such schemes as the above occupied him fully enough, but he

always found time to write at length when one of his heroes was assailed. One of these was Carlyle, whose stimulating genius he revered in spite of endless points of difference—a characteristic trait of Alexander Macmillan :

June 27, 1860.

To W. Stigand.

. . . The Carlyle question is too long to go into. I would like to talk it over. I have no doubt many eminent persons at home and abroad don't approve of Carlyle, and like to see him bullied. He is very often not quite right, and I often disagree with his conclusions myself. But what matter—oneself feels to get more light from his very errors than from oceans of their aimless, accurate talk about nothing. And *Frederick* is a magnificent book if all the world and his wife said otherwise. How can you talk of him and Macaulay in the same breath! The gossip about his "sitting for hours, etc.," is, I should judge from persons who are constantly in the habit of seeing him, as valuable as such personal gossip usually is. I have seen him once or twice, and he did not strike me as likely to spend much time in so unprofitable a way. I quite agree with you in wondering at the admiration he has for Goethe, or Goethe had for him. Hardly two people could be more unlike.

But we must reserve a Carlyle discussion till we meet.

He returns to the same subject a few days later in a further letter to the same correspondent :

July 2, 1860.

To the same.

. . . I read the article with pleasure and interest. I thought it much above the average of periodical criticism, and in its estimate of your volume I quite agreed—so of course it must be right! There is one

point that I would have dwelt on more if I were talking to you personally than the writer has done—that is the imperfections and baldness in parts of your versification and diction generally. It has the effect on me that sand between my teeth when eating a plum pudding would have. The highest poets never err in this respect. Shakespeare is quite free from it, so on the whole are Shelley and Keats—Tennyson is like gold seven times refined. And more than this, the diction is but the outward visible sign of the inward mode of dealing with things in him. The whole story or matter to be dealt with, one perceives, has been smelted and moulded in the inner conceptive crucible and workshop till all that does not bear directly and clearly on the whole purpose and drift of the poem is cast aside and the complete living whole is firmly impressed on you because so it was in the mind of the writer. I certainly felt that you had the power of grasping a whole, but I felt that you had not squeezed out all the useless matter or rather smelted it out. There was far too much in ore, and hence a feeling of tameness and inadequacy in considerable portions. I feel sure you can do better, and no doubt will.

As to Carlyle, I daresay you are right as to the worthlessness of talk. But you are evidently judging the man from a point of view that is quite different from that in which I feel his worth to lie. I probably don't hold an opinion in common with him on some of the most vital points. The opinions concerning Christianity which appear to be his I certainly don't hold. Perhaps I should even incline to agree with you in thinking Frederick William a brute—and not merely an unusual form of poet. But, look here, there is to my mind, even in spite of the grotesque absurdity that is evident in that way of putting it—to no one, I am sure, more than to himself—a deep and kind and wise truth which only genius of the very highest order, and moral natures of the highest and purest order, can give or can reach to. Thomas Carlyle belongs to the Immortals

as indubitably as Dante—who said a good many somewhat brutal things, which your small Leigh Hunts of after ages can discover to their huge delight—or, later, Milton, who was not always wise. I was not aware that he ever made a sect of religion—some foolish birds go about croaking after what they suppose to be Thomas's manner—how can he help that? I daresay he has been the occasion of as large an amount of unwisdom as most old humorous men of genius must be among those who go to them for opinions.

But we'll say no more about it. I would only suggest that if you read him as a supreme Humorist you would probably see him better. . . .

His views on Prayer Book Revision are clearly shown in a letter to Dr. Vaughan on July 9th, 1860:

I had an offer to publish an amended (?) *Prayer Book* recently. It was on the whole more moderate and in better taste than any previous effort I had seen—at least so far as I had looked over it. But on every side it was a palpable narrowing of the basis on which the prayer book now stands. The articles particularly must have been such as must have driven out of the Church almost every man of real thought and honesty who was not in the narrowest sense Calvinistic. The gentleman who performed the task called on me and was exceedingly anxious that we should undertake it—without risk to ourselves; and was utterly astounded when I ventured to say that his revision was a narrowing, not widening, the basis for worshippers and communicants. He did not seem to understand that the prayer book was wide because it stated *facts* plainly on whatever side they told and was no more anxious than Nature, or Revelation, to reconcile what appears at the moment a contradiction. I was so glad to see you state this so clearly, and could hardly have had a better illustration than my conversation with this well-meaning and, on the whole, not unable clergyman.

A letter to Dr. George Kingsley, urging him to contribute either a book or an article, gives a concise account of the last Thursday evening as "Darwin and conundrums and general jollity pleasantly intermixed." As the Kingsleys were not appreciated by the *Athenæum* under Hepworth Dixon's editorship, Alexander Macmillan related with obvious relish the story of Dixon's encounter with Carlyle:

July 13, 1860.

To Miss Mulock (afterwards Mrs. G. L. Craik).

What does it matter what the *Athenæum* says? Let them go to Jericho and fall among thieves. Words have no relation to fact or thought in such minds.

Do you know this story? Carlyle and Dixon met at dinner somewhere. Carlyle was discanting on the irreverent way in which newspapers babbled about anyone and everyone—wishing some paralysis of the general gabbling faculty could be effected. "I don't agree with you, Mr. Carlyle. I should like to know everything and be able to talk about everything." "And there's Dixon there, he's sore distrest because his tongue is not long enough to do all the gabbling he wants to do."

To Professor (afterwards Sir Daniel) Wilson of Toronto, who had written about the publication of his work on Prehistoric Man, Alexander Macmillan wrote frankly on the Darwin controversy. Personally he was not in the least alarmed so long as the discussion was conducted in the true spirit of truth-seeking. Of Wilberforce's encounter with Huxley at the British Association he says: "I suspect the Bishop came off second best from the simple fact that he was suspected of using the *odium theologicum* unfairly." On the other hand, Huxley himself testified to the value of a writer like Hopkins, the geologist, who, though an anti-

Darwinian, eliminated all theological asperity—"the yelping of the curs of orthodoxy"—from his conduct of the controversy. The progress of the Cambridge Shakespeare scheme is described in the next communication to James MacLehose :

I am anxious to have some talk with you about that Shakespeare matter. On the whole I feel very hopeful about it, but it is so large a venture that I am not without anxiety about it. Mr. Clark and Mr. Luard, who are the principal editors of it, have consulted a good number of their friends, who all say it is sure to answer. If we don't undertake it I have no doubt that some one else will, and as the risk is to be confined to paper and print one hardly feels justified in refusing. Stirling of Keir, Spedding, editor of Bacon, Arthur Helps, and many others like them say it is just the kind of Shakespeare that is wanted. Clark is a man of fine scholarship and excellent sense and judgment. He is, moreover, about the most popular man in Cambridge, and well known in the best London circles. I have spoken to him about Collier. He says, of course, they will look at his emendations, but he has no confidence in him. Indeed, no one I have met who has gone deeply into the question has. Dr. Kingsley, a brother of Charles's, is physician to Lord Ellesmere. He has been for many years making researches into Shakespeare matters, and going carefully over all the Ellesmere library at Bridgewater House, and also over the Duke of Devonshire's Collections. He says that Collier is a most unmitigated rogue; he says he has traced him with the most impartial care, and there can be no doubt about it. However, as I said, Clark is carefully going over every one of Collier's readings, and will give them careful consideration. He has done the *Tempest*, and has only found *one* of Collier's readings that was of importance that he could not trace to an earlier source—Pope, Malone or some one else, and that one he thinks it likely he will yet discover.

Trinity Library has Capell's Collection of Shakespeare literature, and it is one of the richest in the kingdom. I have not a doubt that our edition will be the most perfect text and the most perfect set of readings that has ever been done, and that it will in fact settle the text of Shakespeare on a firm basis for ever.

A letter to the Rev. J. Skelton at Delhi on July 31st has a fine tribute to Bishop Cotton: "As he never tied himself to any of the organs of either party in the Church they don't chant his praises, or record his doings, as they are wont to do with those who please and serve them. He will find his reward otherwise." That addressed to Sydney Dobell on August 1st is a good example of his reluctance to surrender his honest judgment even where friends were concerned:

I enclose cheque for your valued poem in our August number. It seems to me to have much power, but I am so sensitive on the point of rhythmical cadence that in spite of repeated efforts I cannot read it without an inner feeling of contusion as if I had been dragged in a springless cart over rough stones. I wish you modern poets would consider poor people's nerves. Robert Browning is bad enough—but I think you have outdone him. Do give us something when you next write in a really measured strain.

Forgive plain speech—I love and admire you no less for it.

Alexander Macmillan spent his summer holidays in 1860 in Scotland, reaching Glen Sannox in Arran on August 3. It was a large family party, including, besides his wife and his eldest son Malcolm, his sister-in-law, Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, and her two sons, Frederick and Maurice, and his wife's sister, Miss Fanny Brimley, who afterwards married Mr. Robert Bowes. Living at Glen Sannox was his aunt, Mrs. M'Kay, the sole surviving sister of his father, widow of the Rev.

Alexander M'Kay, for fifty years Independent minister of Glen Sannox, and from her lips he noted down a good many curious stories of the early history of the family, some of which I have incorporated in an earlier portion of this narrative.

Two schemes are mentioned in the correspondence of the latter half of the year. The first, which he broaches to David Douglas, is that of a Dictionary of European Antiquities. Though nothing came of the proposal, it is interesting to note that he suggests George Grove, "who has *entre nous* done all the real work of the Bible Dictionary" as editor. The second suggestion, which he communicates to Hort, is for a Theological Quarterly "which is immensely *needed*—whether *wanted* I can hardly judge." Here he singles out Lightfoot as likely to be the best editor. Kingsley's appointment as Professor of History at Cambridge was naturally a great source of pleasure to Alexander Macmillan. Mrs. Kingsley wrote on Oct. 11th that the Inaugural Lecture was getting on gloriously, and that they had decided to reside for the next two terms in Cambridge. The assistance which the Macmillans were enabled to give them is cordially acknowledged by Kingsley on the 20th: "I don't know how to thank you and Mrs. Macmillan and your dear and good sister-in-law for all the trouble you have taken for us." On Nov. 21st Alexander Macmillan reports to his friend, the Rev. J. G. Doman, that the Inaugural Lecture had been a great success "I never saw the Senate House so full."

The following letter to Mrs. Norton relates to a letter headed: "Books of Gossip: Sheridan's Biographers," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1861. In it she protested eloquently against the vilification of her grandfather by the authors of three recently

published volumes, one anonymous and two purporting to be written by "Grace and Philip Wharton." Mrs. Dyer writes that her father had a great admiration for Mrs. Norton, with whom he had at least one personal interview. He subsequently suggested that she should contribute an Anthology of the Poetry of Love to the Golden Treasury series, to be called *The Virginal*, but the proposal was never carried out.

To Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Nov. 24, 1860.

. . . I can assure you it will be a real delight to me to have this letter in our *Magazine*. The recklessness with which people permit themselves to speak of persons even who are alive has always stirred my anger even more than direct lying would—on a mere rumour and often in mere vacant thoughtlessness reputations are gossiped away, the usefulness of many a man and woman destroyed, and suspicion and ill blood bred to a fearful extent. I can assure you there will be no disposition on my part—nor do I think on Mr. Masson's—to mitigate a word of censure you have written. If you made it stronger I should not regret.

I am very glad you speak of the *Lives* as now going on. I think the sooner it is begun the better now.

A few days later (November 27th) we find him suggesting to Fitzjames Stephen that he should collect his legal papers from the *Saturday Review*, "that paper which we all abuse and all read"; also that he should occasionally from his abundance spare the *Magazine* a short article:

I think the *Saturday Review* deserves public thanks for its article on the *Times'* view of theological controversy in last Saturday week's issue. In spite of occasional sneers, which on the whole are—if the writers would see it—as really intolerant as fire and faggot, the *Saturday* does good service on such subjects. Perhaps even the sneer is good as a North Easter is—according to Kingsley.

Dec. 1, 1860.

To the same.

. . . I quite agree with you about the generally wholesome influence of the *Sat. Rev.* I think there is a danger of its chilling the enthusiasm of men who are rather weakly and leaving a wretched small cynical bitterness behind—about the most contemptible and melancholy aspect a human being can have. But for destroying stagnant vapours of small conceited stewing minds a blast of Saturday Reviewism is a specific, and if they make a mistake and attack the wrong man, he must be a weakling if he is much hurt by it. But the substantial thought of the paper is higher after its kind than anywhere else, and this after all is its real value. I very much wish we could have an occasional article from some of the best of you.

The origin of the *Vacation Tourists* scheme and its proposed expansion is the subject of a letter to Stanley bearing the same date:

Dec. 1, 1860.

To Dr. (afterwards Dean) Stanley.

You may have noticed that we have announced a volume of vacation tours by Cambridge men. The idea arose from a conversation I had with Mr. Clark, our public orator. He had been in Italy when Garibaldi entered Naples, and saw the entry, the preparation for it and the aspect of things after. He was anxious to write something, and it was rather too much for a Magazine article and not quite enough for a book, and it happened that another fellow of Trinity had been to Iceland and was very much in the same condition, so I thought a volume of *Cambridge Tourists* would just meet the case. Mr. Galton, the African traveller, is an old Cambridge man, and takes great interest in travelling and travellers on a large and small scale, so on my calling on him he willingly undertook the pilotage of the launch. After some enquiry, however,

he finds that he will have difficulty in making a volume such as he would like from Cambridge men's doings, and we have therefore determined to widen our basis, and, calling it *Vacation Tourists*, ask for contributions from Oxford and other travellers and rambles. Mr. Galton has seen Mr. Spottiswoode and hopes to get something from him, and I am now writing to see whether you made any notes or could put together anything on that interesting country where you were when you saw the Ammergau Mystery. I don't think that the Bavarian highlands have been often described, or the manners of the people given, and the novel *Quits*, which is laid so much in that region, rather whets one's appetite for positive information about a very interesting place and race.

If you have nothing yourself you perhaps know of some Oxford friend who is in the condition that Mr. Clark was. Our present positive staff is—Mr. W. G. Clark, Fellow of Trinity; Mr. Leslie Stephen, Tutor of Trinity Hall—Alps; Dr. Kingsley (a brother of the Professor)—Sutherland; Mr. Galton, some part of the Pyrenees. Besides these, we hope for something from Mr. Cyril Graham about Syria—from Mr. Dalzell about Servia and from Mr. Spottiswoode. Others are talked of, but nothing certain.

Of the poetry of Dr. Walter Smith, the author of *Obrig Grange*, Alexander Macmillan was a strong admirer. Dr. Smith had sent him the sketch of a new poem, which appealed to Macmillan both on historical and geographical grounds:

The manner of your proposed book I like. There is something quaintly venturesome in taking a bishop as the hero of a poem, and above all one so peaceful and gentle as the dear old Leighton. Poor spasmodic Shields has a pleasant and edifying piece of abuse of him at the end of *Naphtah*, which I always felt to be about as high an encomium as could be passed on anyone under the circumstances. Peden, too, is a

charming subject as fit as poet could take. Do you know the country where he lived? There is a singular cave near a place called Failford that goes by the name of Peden's cave, and all that part of Ayrshire is full of beauty, rugged and yet rich with greenery and having in a strange combination many of the features of level and mountainous country. The river rushes through ravines almost like a mountain stream. Perhaps you know the place. I shall be glad to see anything you may have finished.

That's an old quarrel of mine with young authors—that about rhythm. I don't think that it is a mere love of smoothness that induces me to cry out against imperfect rhythm. I can get at and even intensely admire Tennyson's queerest metres, because after due pains taken I can get them to go, and can gallop on or canter or trot along them without breaking my poor nag's knees. The reading of imperfect rhythm puts my teeth on edge like saw-sharpening. Our greatest poets *never could help* writing sweetly and not the less sweetly when most mighty. I remember long (twenty years) ago a young poet—who hasn't come to much in that line—prophesying to me about the grandeur of the rugged verse, and my challenging him to find an example in Milton or Shakespeare (I beg his highness's pardon, he should have been first) or any really great poet, and he couldn't.

But I am not charging you with broken-backed verses. In general your rhythm seemed to me exquisitely clear and sweet. I read your last poem—*Musings*—to a small circle in my own house last night, and there was only one place where the flow did not seem to march kindly along—perhaps even there it was my own fault and I may merely have missed seeing how the course ran.

A letter to a friend at Colombo written on the same day contains the earliest reference to the establishment of an Indian agency. On Dec. 5th we find him in

contravention of the "Art for Art's sake" theory stoutly maintaining, in a letter to the Rev. R. E. Hughes, "no man will persuade me that Shakespeare wrote *The Tempest* or *Hamlet* without an aim."

The partisanship of the *Guardian*, its ungenerous treatment of Westcott, and the pulpit extravagances of Burgon furnish the matter of a lively letter to Fenton Hort on December 11th. Alexander Macmillan had paid a week-end visit to Oxford, where he dined with Stanley on Saturday and heard Pusey and Burgon preach on Sunday, spending two hours with Jowett in the evening. Two interesting letters in the letter-book for December deserve a passing note. One, dated December 15th, to the Rev. J. C. Atkinson of Danby, advises him strongly not to part with his copyright—advice which he gave Kingsley from the very first. The other (December 22), strongly condemning theological cram-books on very good grounds, is addressed to a clergyman who wished him to publish one of these manuals.

Whether it was owing to his constant contact with men of fine intellectual calibre, the gradual maturing of his judgment, or the assumption of a position of authority where until recently he had been second in command, there can be no question of the greater freedom and efficiency of expression which mark his letters at this period. A good specimen is to be found in that addressed to Dr. Walter Smith early in the New Year:

Jan. 4, 1861.

To Rev. Walter Smith.

. . . Who could expect otherwise? Is it conceivable that two Scotchmen should exchange opinions and not have an argument on it? It haunts the race I do believe like the roll of the r. I had a magnificent

elderly lady in the train to-day with me as I was returning from Town, and on some remark I made she politely but eagerly took exception to what I said, and we were at it hot and hard in a minute. Of course, we liked each other—at least I did her—all the better for it, and before she reached her destination I found she was a Scotch lady, though resident so long in England, and being besides cultured and high bred had so little peculiarity of any kind in her speech, that I did not discover it at once. She turned out to be a sister of my most noble friend, Mr. Macleod Campbell of Rowheresy celebrity, and I received a warm invitation to come and see her when next down at Eversley—she is a near neighbour and friend of Charles Kingsley's. Now this pleasant meeting and recognition could not have taken place had it not been for the gift of arguing which God has bestowed on our noble nation. . . .

On the whole, however, I have hopes that your book will attract attention from people at least whose attention in the first place you would care for. There are elements, too, of popularity in it. I am exceedingly glad, too, you have chosen national subjects for a volume, and have treated them in what I feel to be the true spirit. Aytoun's *Cavalier Lays* always annoy me. I never could go through one of them. That any Scotchman should in this nineteenth century not feel that all that Scotland is she owes to her Covenanters and their noble predecessors from Hamilton, Wishart and Knox till the final achievement of freedom of worship—I say nothing of their career since—I cannot understand. The theological and ecclesiastical standpoint they occupy is not mine, but what does that matter? Their grand assertion of the rights of at least their own consciences and the steadfast courage with which through long years and against fearful odds they maintained the conflict is as grand as anything in history. I wish you would set to work, and with their patience, prudence, and fire sing their deeds. You would do a great work.

There is a fine phrase, again, in his note to Professor Phillips, the Geologist, in which he pleads for plain English as opposed to technical terminology. After begging him to forget his scientific compeers and stoop to the level of the ordinary layman, he goes on: "You see how I plead for ignorance, being so well acquainted with it." On January 5th a letter to F. T. Palgrave reveals the interesting fact that the title of *The Golden Treasury*, one of the most successful series ever issued by the firm, was suggested by Woolner, and an optimistic view of the improvement in the public taste for good poetry is set forth in a letter to Mrs. Norton:

Jan. 19, 1861.

To Hon. Mrs. Norton.

I most heartily agree with you in what you say about poetry being an increasing need for the young—and the old, too, who have the blessing of human feeling and sympathy warm and undimmed by years. When Tennyson publishes a new volume, how many thousands are eager to buy and read. I think the case is this. There is less patience of commonplace and mediocrity in poetry than there was. And it is well that there should be. Simply because it is so high a form and witnesses for so high a substance, we demand, and rightly, that only really high inspired souls should speak in the language of poets. There are, Mr. Masson calculates from some trying experience, some 20,000 of her Majesty's subjects in these islands who write verse more or less respectably. In this sense poetry is a drug, but real poetry will never cease to command the ear and,—pray note the merchant spirit, strong even in high moods in the British shopkeeper—the purse of thousands everywhere.

A letter to Professor Daniel Wilson is noteworthy for Macmillan's judicious comments on the adoption of

the so-called Biblical chronology to which Wilson had apparently pledged himself in his book :

. . . Your own arguments and most judicious remarks about the Conclave who refuted Columbus from Augustine lead me to the certain belief that you feel too much reverence for the spiritual revelation of the Book of Books to permit of your binding up the reception of it with uncertain and vaguely deductive theories of Astronomy or Geology supposed to be found in it. I dwell on this point, because the general tenor of your book is so large and wise in dealing with these subjects that I am quite sure that you would not hesitate to modify anything that seemed to rest on a narrow uncertain basis, prejudicial alike to science and revelation.

The offer of a book from the Rev. Hugh Macmillan prompts him to assure his correspondent (Jan. 22, 1861) that "twenty years' residence in England has by no means weakened my nationality ; and though I suppose it would be difficult for us to make out a genealogical relationship beyond the mere fact of possessing a common name, yet I believe that no Macmillan will be prouder of seeing one of the Clan distinguish himself in any way."

Letters of this date show that he was by no means disposed to associate himself with Froude's detractors. In one to J. C. Phillimore (Jan. 30th, 1861) he says: "I can only judge of his honesty and clear-sightedness on one portion of his writing where I had occasion to follow him through documents. His decisions then seemed exceedingly accurate and fair." *Essays and Reviews* are also frequently referred to in his correspondence. "There is much in the *Essays*," he writes to Mr. W. Mullins, "and among those that hold with them that I cannot agree with ; but I am sure that free speech is our only safety. Error must be confuted by truth,

not by mere obloquy and persecution," and he reverts to the subject in a letter to Stanley, the last sentence in which may be specially noted :

March 9, 1861.

To Dr. Stanley.

. . . I am also very glad to have your judgment on the project of another combined volume.¹ I never felt very eager about it. The very act of combination in this way seems doubtful. I confess a strong feeling, however, that something should be said and done on the side of honesty and fair play—also as it appears to me very largely on the side of Christian truth. Had we a Pascal to do a new set of Provincial letters, that would be the way, I think. The *Essays*² are too vague, and in many places—from a rather cursory reading—seem to me too negative, and might well be met on the side of—what is called—orthodoxy by calm argument, and proved to be wrong. But this indiscriminating howl against all but stereotyped utterance, against all living thought and speech, has dangers on all sides, and should be steadily exposed—and I think without much delay and with not too bated breath. The reaction in all minds outside the narrow influence of the orthodoxies will be fearful, and hesitating doubt will harden into sneering scepticism. One sees symptoms of this already everywhere. The method of counter-protests appears to me likely to prove singularly inoperative, and so far as I can judge ought not on any account to be resorted to. When was truth ever voted into acceptance? Besides, the votes would be twenty to one against it. . . .

A week earlier we find him suggesting to Temple, then Headmaster of Rugby, that he should make a collection of his school sermons, and at the end of March he was moved to reply vigorously to a country parson in Oxfordshire who had written to protest against the

¹ Of *Essays on Theology*.

² *Essays and Reviews*.

use of strong language in *Tom Brown* and *Ravenshoe*. He speaks of the "palpably noble tone that runs like life-blood through *Tom Brown* and makes one proud to be its publisher," and in a second letter dwells on the drawbacks of suppression :

. . . I have little doubt that the end you seek to accomplish is essentially the one all good men would wish to see carried out, care and reverence in speech as well as in action. Whether the extreme fastidiousness in reference to all words such as you allude to ever can be carried out I do not quite feel certain about. Very much depends on habit. You may justly answer that good habits in such respects are what you plead for. On the other hand an over-nicety is apt to produce a reaction, and the habit grows best from inner impulse rather than from outer pruning and washing the platter outside. I remember a friend telling me of a really devout old English lady who now and then let out quite unconsciously phrases such as you object to—even a little stronger—yet whose whole thought and life was very high. Still, as I said, I value your candid and courteous criticism, and shall certainly give it my careful consideration.

Reference has already been made to Alexander Macmillan's views on the Revivals in Arran in connexion with his own ancestors. These are developed in a letter to Dr. John Cairns, who had recently contributed a memorial notice of George Wilson to the Magazine, and had issued a pamphlet on *Essays and Reviews* :

I have to thank you for sending me your little tractate on the *Essays and Reviews*. You will forgive me for saying that it afforded me very little pleasure in reading. The only part in which my heart and head were at all in sympathy with you was where you allude to the "evidence of conversion," and there I confess your admissions were wholly alien and adverse to all the

rest of your pamphlet. I had been drawn to consider a good deal on the old idea of conversion, with which I was so familiar in my early life, from conversations I had with a dear old Aunt in Arran this summer. She was telling me about the conversions—revivals—that took place in Arran about the beginning of this century. This recalled much that I had heard from my mother long ago; and I could not help feeling how mighty was the spirit that wrought such works, the effects of which I had seen in the lives and characters of those who acknowledged and yielded to its influence. It seems to me now as it seemed to me then, that there are terrible defects in this theory of conversion and in the whole idea of Revivals, inasmuch as they go upon the idea that the work of the Spirit of God is exceptional, monstrous, what is called miraculous, instead of being what I believe assuredly the Bible teaches us it is, orderly—orderly, universal, permanent—however men, Christian or Heathen, converted or unconverted, deny or fail to yield to His power. But this mighty truth is witnessed for in the theory of conversion: that not till the Spirit of God comes into direct contact with the spirit in a man, and only so far as this is effected, is anything real effected. The dwelling on the outward miraculous, and placing dependence upon it, seems to me clearly akin to that “evil and adulterous” spirit which so grieved our Lord when He was on earth—which produced hard dogmatic Pharisees then, and is producing them now. I do not doubt the miracles in the least, which our Lord or His servants wrought, but their significance seems to me wholly lost, when the mere wonderment is dwelt on, and when their witness to the unchangeable work of the unchangeable God and Father of all men is lost sight of. Much in the *Essays and Reviews* seems to be bad and erroneous in the highest degree, but the way in which they are answered seems to me far more detrimental to all sound Gospel truth.

In this context it is interesting to note his views on

the question of Communion as expressed to a clergyman who had submitted a MS. on the subject :

May 22, 1861.

To the Rev. W. H. Fremantle, Jetsworth.

Your MS. only reached me by the afternoon post yesterday, and I was not able to get it read till quite late last night. I exceedingly regret to say that if the first part is a fair sample of the whole, I should not feel inclined to publish it. The statement of the grounds of communion possible to Christian men appears to me such as I could not understand a society holding on by the revelation in the Bible accepting. With every freedom of enquiry permitted and all the results of scholarship and historical research accepted, so far as I know them, surely something more definite would remain. At least so it seems to me, prepared, by the deepest dislike to all attempts at stifling enquiry, to hear with reverent attention the utterance of any earnest man. Communion I would desire to hold with any man who desired it really, but I could not understand the desire to communicate in the Sacraments and common worship of the Church, in anyone holding the existence of a personal Guide and Father of all in doubt.

Letters to Hort and to Principal Tulloch refer to the series of shilling *Tracts for Priests and People* by Maurice, Hughes and others, which had recently been issued, the aim being defined in a letter to Temple as "to bring the mind of the so-called religious public into a mood that would enable it to judge the questions at issue on grounds of reason and conscience, and not in a spirit of imbecile panic and fury." As Macmillan says to Hort: "I think the young men who are astray are so greatly . . . from a lack of inner earnestness, and a defect of the scientific spirit of which they boast so much." Macmillan admitted that the tracts, even

Maurice's, did not altogether satisfy him, but the prestige of the authors and the small price lent them impetus, and he had practical evidence that they were reaching and helping the audience for which they were intended.

A letter to James Burn, junior (of the firm of binders), explains the design which was duly carried out and used for many years on the cover of the Golden Treasury series :

June 18, 1861.

To James Burn, Junior (of the firm of binders).

I have been meditating on our little design which your artist has excellently realised according to my instructions. I am not quite satisfied, however, with its effect. The rose, thistle, and shamrock are rather hackneyed, and we ought to have some substitute. How would this do?

In the upper division have three stars clear and well marked ; in the right a bee ; in the left a butterfly ; in the lower three acorns. All which being interpreted meaneth : The stars for heavenly glory and light ; the acorns for earthly growth and strength ; the bee for useful industry ; the butterfly for beauty pure and aimless. All should, of course, be cut in broad clear lines and have a sharp striking effect. We will leave out the letters altogether. . . .

Busy as he was with his own publications, Alexander Macmillan generally found time to read most of the new and important books of the day. His letter on Holmes's *Elsie Venner* to J. T. Fields (1817-1881), the Boston publisher, author and, from 1861-1871, Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is interesting not only as revealing his personal attitude towards the element of the uncanny in romance, but also for the characteristic comments of the Saturday Reviewer—probably Fitzjames Stephen :

June 18, 1861.

To J. T. Fields.

. . . I wish much that Mr. Holmes would do a story which should be entirely one of natural manner and character, and have nothing of the wild or weird about it. The power of character-painting that is exhibited in this book is very high and very fine. The discrimination and sharpness of his delineation are not to be surpassed. The least interesting character is Elsie herself, and this only because it is conceived under circumstances which are very partially true to fact and far from interesting if it were—at least to modern and Christian times. The idea of the old Greek unavoidable fate having its consummation through all sorts of pain and crime, and ceaselessly dogging crime in spite of sorrow and repentance, has a kind of grandeur about it, but that a human being should take to poisoning because her mother saw a serpent has something at once painful and paltry about it. Buckle's view of whale blubber and starch being the extremes of man's moral and physical nature has a kind of interest as you can make your choice—but how am I to prevent my wife from seeing a snake if she lives in a snake land? Here is a passage from a letter which a *legal* friend of mine—a distinguished *Saturday Reviewer*—sent me. "It is the best American novel I have seen, but it precisely expresses that medical and therefore anti-legal view of human nature in general and of crime in particular, which is opposed to all my own feelings. I only wish Miss Venner had poisoned someone in my jurisdiction, and that her Counsel had called witnesses to prove that her Mother was bitten by a rattlesnake before she was born, by way of defence. I would have enjoyed giving Dr. Ketteridge and the Professor a bit of my mind on the subject of criminal responsibility of mad women, and I am much mistaken if the young lady would not have had a mark on her neck to some purpose."

My friend is apparently a hard natured person, but

really kindly at bottom. Perhaps Mr. Holmes would not object to seeing this view of matters. I feel sure that Mr. Holmes will do something greater than this yet. If we had international copyright we would be able really to do something worth doing for such books. But I am talking about what I dare say has less interest for you than the cut of one's coat has on ordinary occasions for a sensible man. Though I have not named it, you will not think, I am sure, that I am forgetful of all the trouble and struggle you are in. You may believe that there are not a dozen real men in England who do not feel the deepest interest in the cause of justice and freedom, which is at the bottom felt to be the basis of Northern operations. I don't quite understand the furious speeches that are being made by your statesmen against England. They should know us better than this ere now. You may know where the sympathy of England really lies. . . .

In the second half of June his wife, his sister-in-law and all the children migrated to Eastbourne for six weeks. Alexander Macmillan spent about a fortnight with them, and enjoyed himself greatly, "studying sea anemones with *Glaucus* for our guide," and walking on the downs. They all returned to Cambridge at the end of July, when he wrote to Kingsley to call his attention to a book by Prince Albert de Broglie on *The Church and the Roman Empire in the Fourth Century*, as likely to assist him in his lectures. He had not read the book himself, but came across a reference to it in the *Letters and Remains* of Tocqueville, edited by Nassau Senior, which he was about to publish—a typical instance of his readiness to help and "coach" his authors.

In August he was again in communication with Fields, this time on the subject of an article on Hughes in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and suggesting J. M. Ludlow

as the best man to write it—but always on the assumption that personal matter must be excluded. “Hughes is essentially a private, domestic sort of man, about whom there could be no gossip that would not savour of intrusion on the sanctities of private life.” Ludlow, he adds, had written in *Macmillan's Magazine* “the strongest and ablest vindication of the Northern policy that has appeared in any English print whatever.” Alexander Macmillan deprecates the anti-English tone shown by an article in the July *Atlantic*, and assures Fields that the great body of the English people were heart and soul with the North—whatever the *Times* and the *Saturday Review* might say. On August 14 he expresses his belief in the English hexameter to I. C. Wright, honestly adding: “Perhaps it may be a little drawback to the value of my desire [to see a thoroughly good hexameter translation of Homer] that I know very little or rather nothing of Hexameters beyond the sound.” Neither Chapman's nor Pope's version gave him any pleasure; blank verse had dignity, but lacked pulsation; and the ballad measure seemed quite unsuitable, *pace* Professor Blackie. Meantime *The Golden Treasury* was going off excellently, and he reports to MacLehose that Coventry Patmore had undertaken a *Child's Golden Treasury*.¹ Palgrave's omission of a stanza from Hood had provoked a protest from Ainger, which Macmillan promised to forward, adding greetings from all “to our well-beloved A. A., who is held to be A 1, especially among the youngsters.” The Memoir of Cavour referred to in the following letter was by Edward Dicey, who had also contributed an article, “Recollections of Cavour's last Debate,” to the Magazine for July:

¹ Ultimately published as *The Children's Garland*.

Aug. 27, 1861.

To Rev. H. M. Butler.

. . . The *Life of Cavour* has unfortunately been delayed longer than it ought to have been. . . . I think you will like the book, though it is necessarily not elaborate. You will at least be gratified by an earnest and intelligent admiration of the great man, and a dislike of the Mazzini faction. As far as I have been able to judge from a partial and occasional knowledge of Italian affairs I agree entirely with you that Cavour, and not Mazzini, has made Italy, and yet surely the parallel you draw between Luther and Loyola is not just to Mazzini, who might more readily be compared to some of the more fanatical fellow-workers in the cause of Reformation, who hindered not by intention, but by lack of judgment, the good cause. Mazzini must be a man of very great mark from the admiration with which all who have come into personal contact with him speak of him. And he surely did keep the idea of Italian Unity before the mind of the Italian people and of Europe. Saffi, who wrote the article I think you allude to, was by no means an unlimited admirer of Mazzini, but like many others saw no fear to the cause from calling attention in Europe to what Mazzini had really done. Every English paper has had its kick at him; it was an act of honesty as well as generosity to lift up one voice to point out that he was not all black. I think this was Nassau's real motive in inserting the articles. Wholesale abuse does no good to oneself, and I think hardens people in their errors. . . .

A few days later Macmillan started with Masson on a walking tour among the mountains round Loch Long, and there is a gap of a fortnight in the letter-book. Dr. Vaughan, now of Doncaster, had written to him for the names of any books on gambling, and writing on September 18th he supplements his list

with an interesting personal reminiscence: "I remember Thomas Cooper—the Chartist—who is, as perhaps you know, now a very devout itinerant preacher, once complaining very bitterly to me of the terrible inroads that gambling was making, in the manufacturing districts and among the working men, on all generous, manly feelings. Political and social questions, he said, were alike thrown aside for the mere selfish greed and excitement of the betting ring. He spoke very strongly, and evidently from knowledge." To a melodious but somewhat morbid poetaster he writes on October 21st: "The pseudo-Byronic vein is the poorest I know." On October 28th he explains to Dante Gabriel Rossetti his views as to the "get up" of a projected collection of his sister Christina's poems, and adds: "I took the liberty of reading *Goblin Market* aloud to a number of people belonging to a small working-men's society here [Cambridge]. They seemed at first to wonder whether I was making fun of them; by degrees they got as still as death, and when I finished there was a tremendous burst of applause. I wish Miss Rossetti could have heard it." *Ravenshoe* was enhancing the popularity of the Magazine, and writing to the author on October 30th Macmillan looks forward confidently to its success in book form. The virtue of condensation was a frequent theme with him, and in a letter to his namesake he enforces this lesson by a saying of Mr. Rintoul (Editor of the *Spectator* 1828-1858), to whose unobtrusive ability he pays a well-deserved tribute:

Nov. 11, 1861.

To Rev. Hugh Macmillan.

. . . A long time spent in abridging is generally time well bestowed. I don't think people are quite

as alive to this as they ought to be. I remember old Mr. Rintoul, the Editor and founder of the *Spectator*, used to dwell on the necessity of his contributors, if they would be really effective, "writing bullets," and not beating out their shot to flat ineffective sheets. The larger the surface in proportion to the mass the less the impression made. He was a wise old Scotchman, and perhaps few men of his day had more effect on the current of affairs, while he was little known by name.

But forgive my preaching. You see I have got into the publisher's pulpit, and am chuckling over the idea of having a parson as an audience—thus reversing the usual order. . . .

Amongst the forthcoming books in which Macmillan was specially interested at the close of the year were the "Golden Edition" of Bunyan, the *Children's Garland* and *The Book of Praise*. The title of the last-named was suggested by Woolner, and in communicating the suggestion to the editor, Sir Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne), Macmillan, while warmly commending the selection, expresses his regret, which he feels "keenly and nationally," at one omission :

There is one of the "Paraphrases," as they call them, at the end of our Scotch version of the Psalms, beginning :

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed."

This has almost been to me for years *the* hymn of daily life, and when I turned to the division, "Give us this day our daily bread," and did not find it there, I was greatly disappointed. Of course this was not over wise, for perhaps you do not know our Scotch version and paraphrases, and perhaps you don't agree with me in my estimate of this. . . . I send you the book by this post. . . .

The close of the year was darkened by the death of the Prince Consort and the menace of war with the United States. With regard to the Prince, Macmillan notes in a letter to J. G. Phillimore the significance of the fact that, after twenty-two years spent among us in a position which laid him open to all sorts of criticism, his death is spoken of by nearly all as a national calamity. On the American complications he writes in no uncertain tone :

December 26, 1861.

To Rev. B. F. Westcott.

. . . I hope there is some prospect now of our being saved from the hideous evils of a war with America. For hideous they would be, and not even the sense that we were driven into the conflict by a long series of insults and mad wicked braggadocio by the Yankees could do away with the deep grief one must feel at the fearful struggle between nations that by blood and all other ties should be helpers of each other. With all the suspicion that one naturally feels with regard to almost every act of the Emperor of the French, I cannot but look at that dispatch of his as a magnanimous and noble deed. I think humanity owes him a debt of gratitude for it. . . .

The year 1862 is memorable in Macmillan's life as that in which he made the acquaintance of J. R. Green. The introduction was effected by Professor Boyd Dawkins, whom (to quote his own words) Macmillan befriended when he was "young, struggling and unknown," and the time is fixed by a letter from Green dated "City Road, Jan. 15th, 1862":

You will see, my dear Dax, that I have changed my lodgings, and in the horrors attendant upon the change a reason why I have not answered previously the letter of yours which crossed my last. However, I am comfortably settled here now, and impatient to see you

in my new rooms. You are due here, are you not, for your paper before the Geological Society about the end of the month? Pray introduce me to Macmillan when you arrive, if such a thing be possible. You never made a better hit. Among the Stanley and Kingsley set Macmillan is the "pet publisher" of the day. Of all this, however, more when we meet. Your affectionate friend,

J. R. GREEN.

The proposal that Garibaldi should go out to assist the North in the American Civil War is strongly deprecated by Macmillan in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell on January 18, 1862. In it he asserts that "our Magazine has stood almost exclusively among the magazines and stands with few public prints of any kind in advocating the cause of the North"—a well justified claim. The old saying was that the only people in England who backed the North were "John Bright, the Duke of Argyll and the Editors of the *Spectator*." Another new name of note that appears in Macmillan's correspondence this year is that of Matthew Arnold, to whom he wrote on Jan. 21 about the *Children's Garland*. He continues:

Palgrave told me that you had been kind enough to send his book to a distinguished French critic. I wish I could read French easily enough to enjoy the writings of one whom you call the Prince of critics. The stuff that passes for criticism in our common English press is, as a rule, at present the dreariest stuff—barren platitudes or stupid or impertinent witticisms. I don't read all, of course, but I see none that approach the honest pains which Brimley used to take with his work. Now and then a *Saturday* article is good and honest, and as a whole, allowing for Saturdayism,¹ there is really thought always present.

¹ Macmillan probably meant what the late A. C. Hilton of *Light Green* fame implied when he christened this journal the *Latterday Pook-Pook*.

Matthew Arnold was early enlisted as a contributor to the Magazine; so too was Henry Sidgwick, whom Macmillan in a letter of introduction to a friend in Paris most truly describes as "one of the very ablest and best of our young Cambridge men."

Alexander Macmillan's excellent assistant, Fraser—"Gentle Fraser" as he was called by his friends—had broken down and been packed off to Torquay to be looked after by Dr. Tetley and Mrs. Mayo, and Macmillan himself was somewhat hampered by the absence of one who was in the habit of taking details off his shoulders and leaving him free "for general management and devisings which are quite enough for me." In a letter to MacLehose on March 25th he writes very sensibly about the need of delegating minor matters:

I ought to have very little more to do with a book when it is once fairly at press than give general instructions as to advertising, binding, and the like, that I know would be fully carried out. The accounts too should be out of my hands. I am sure that no one in my position can manage well more than I undertake. Writing letters, talking with authors, fixing on type, paper, binding, channels for advertising and such like, is no slight strain on one man's thinking and active powers. Fraser was such an admirable second to me in all the subsequent carrying out of things that I always felt no anxiety about matters of this kind. . . . He is one of the truest-hearted men I ever knew, and the sweet memory of dear Daniel is always near me when he is by my side. He really has been to me as a brother more than as a servant, and in both faithfully, loyally true and loving. . . . I don't think there is a house in England in a better position or with more capacity for growth than ours. It is all Daniel's far-sightedness in laying the outline and plan: I have only been working

out his thoughts in an imperfect way. Recognizing my own immense inferiority to him in every way, I feel that it is a wonder I have done so much. God and love for his memory and his children have helped me. If he, with his noble powers, had been with me we should have been far more than we are. I see many things that he would have been able to accomplish that I cannot even attempt. If I can only keep up the business till the boys, if it please God to spare them, grow up I shall feel thankful.

An article on Dreams in the Magazine prompts him to relate some curious experiences of his own to the writer :

April 2, 1862.

To the Rev. Dr. Cunningham, Crieff.

I enclose a cheque for your very interesting article in the April number of our *Magazine*. The subject is one that I have often thought of and read about more or less, but I do not remember anything more clear or suggestive than what you have written. It would be a most interesting and useful enquiry if you could get accurate records of a great variety of dreams from very various characters, and studied their combinations in relation to individual character and habit of mind. I have dreamt twice not very long ago of being in a house that was Louis Napoleon's, and that I was in a splendid drawing-room washing my hands when the Emperor came in. Nothing more happened, but the dream occurred twice. Now all the individual shapes have been in my memory, but their combination from memory into such an extremely impossible whole—such as I never thought or wished for—what effects that? Of course, this is far from the most improbable dream I, or hundreds of others, have dreamt. But I give it as recent, circumstantial, and altogether away in its form and combination from anything I have ever had in my mind. I know a lady who lost a very dear friend some years since, and who dreams a great deal,

but much to her regret, not of the friend, who certainly is never many hours absent from her waking thoughts. Her memories must be stored with experiences concerning him, all the circumstances in which she lives are reminding her of him. How is it that in all the jostlings of the dream power, whatever it is, he so seldom comes into the field?

I should certainly like to see another article or future investigations on this curious and really important subject.

The question of orthography, in dealing with early writers, is discussed with sound judgment in a letter to a Lancashire Congregationalist minister :

To the Rev. G. B. Bubier, Salford. April 9, 1862.

. . . Spelling? Ah! Wright says "Go the whole hog." I am always inclined to stop at the tail or some of the bristles. He is doing his Bacon *literally*, all but the v's and u's—these are as in modern books. Bacon is a case where this seems to me clearly fair and right. He was a cultured man in every sense. Whatever spelling or punctuation he gave was given deliberately, we may be quite sure, and in these particulars—curious and important—you have the best representation of the best judgment of a specific period. In poor Bunyan's case it is clear there can be nothing of the sort predicated. I suppose it is not even certain that he read his own proof sheets. The spelling of that edition you have therefore is to a large extent accidental, and represents nothing but a casualty. Even then it may be curious—but how curious and to what extent? Enough to warrant one in palpably offending and perplexing all the good souls who, we hope, will read our edition from pure love of the "reading" and not for archaic or philological purposes? But I would preserve the general archaic character of the spelling. . . .

Though plagued with sciatica and hampered by the absence of his right-hand man, Macmillan never lost

interest in his pet literary schemes. One of these was a Fairy Book in which Miss Mulock was to compress all the cream of fairy lore into 350 or 400 pages, and we find him writing on May 6 to "dear Lady Dinah" with suggestions as to the mode of setting to work. A letter to Barnard Smith is interesting from the incidental reference to Gladstone's remission of the paper duty as a great boon to publishers, and on May 12 he acknowledges the scenario of *The Water Babies* which Kingsley had just sent him :

May 12, 1862.

To Charles Kingsley.

Many thanks for your letter ; from your description of the story, I think it will suit us admirably, and form a new and interesting feature in our *Magazine*. But please send me any chapters you have ready to Henrietta Street, so that I may see them and consult with Masson. If it seems to us that it really would be better for *Good Words*, I will tell you at once. If we do take it I will certainly see that you are no loser by offering it to us first—for this as for all your loyal friendship to be sure I feel grateful, as in duty and affection bound. . . .

Do read Edward Irving's life. It *might* be better, but it is really, on the whole, well done, and with all his faults—even partial insanities—he was such a *man*. The persistence and gentleness and courage are magnificent. The mode of their exhibition and the petty way in which they were met is sad and tragic. God guides all—if He did not it would be a woeful world.

Three weeks later he was down at Eversley :

Eversley, June 2, 1862.

To James MacLehose.

I am staying a day or two with the dear, noble Rector here. We are to have *such* a story from him for the *Magazine*—to begin in August when "Ravenshoe"

is done. It is to be called "The Water Babies." I have read a great deal of it, and it is the most charming piece of grotesquery, with flashes of tenderness and poetry playing over all, that I have ever seen. He has written a little "L'Envoi" for it, and remembering Mrs. MacLehose's autograph collection, I have made him write on the fly leaf these verses by way of autograph for her album—which I trust she will like.

My sciatica has been troublesome, but they are so kind the dear people here, that I am enjoying myself immensely.

I will write again soon, when I get home.

Ever affectionately yours,

A. MACMILLAN.

Hence, unbelieving Sadducees,
And less-believing Pharisees,
And dull respectabilities:
And leave my country muse at ease
To play at leap-frog, if she please,
With children and realities.

C. Kingsley.

May, 1862.

MacLehose was very anxious that Kingsley should go down to Glasgow to give a course of Lectures such as he gave to the Philosophical Society in Edinburgh, and Macmillan backed the suggestion with hearty good will. He was in constant communication with Edward Dicey, then in the States, with a view to promoting a better feeling between England and America, but the outlook was unpromising. On June 12th he wrote to Miss Muir Mackenzie: "This wretched American war is doing much harm to business of all kinds. The *Times* this morning has an article that looks as if France and England had made up their minds to interfere. . . . It is a hideous outlook altogether."

Macmillan was still tormented with sciatica, which he treated after the drastic fashion of a former generation by burning, and was forbidden to leave Cambridge for a week or more. The Duke of Devonshire had just been installed as Chancellor, and Macmillan refers to the ceremony in his next letter to Kingsley :

June 16, 1862.

To Charles Kingsley.

. . . The two chapters came to hand all right yesterday—Sunday—morning. I have been reading them to the children to their great delight. Many thanks for the songs, which are a great addition to the story, which I like the more I read of it.

I think every one liked your ode here, and thought it quite equal to the occasion. Percy Hudson came in to see me on Saturday, and said he was very much pleased with the effect in the Senate, and the words greatly exceeded his expectation of what their effect would be. I am sure everyone thinks you have been quite successful. The allusions to the Prince were especially spoken of.

Your answer about Glasgow is quite what I expected. I hope Mrs. Kingsley has made up her mind to go to Inveraray. I am sure she will be greatly delighted with the Clyde and with the West Highlands. I feel quite a personal anxiety that she should. The castle too is gloriously situated, and the fishing in the Ayr must be good—though it is rather a small stream. But the Orchy is a mighty river for those parts, and has mighty salmon and trout, which would delight your heart.

As a comment on the first paragraph of the preceding letter I cannot do better than add the reminiscence of Macmillan's eldest daughter, Mrs. Dyer. She writes : "The greatest excitement in the nursery world that I remember in our Cambridge days was caused by my father reading to us the *Water Babies*, though it can only

then have been in the making. The fresh wonder of those opening chapters, surely the most charming part of the book—the appearance of the pathetic grimy little sweep in the little maiden’s bower and the scamper over hill and dale until he undergoes the marvellous transformation—how we all sat spell-bound, more than forty years ago! That nursery scene is still vivid, and the keen joyousness of my father’s face and voice as he read. In those early days, although such a weight of responsibility hung upon his shoulders, he was always bright and buoyant in my recollection.” As he was tied to Cambridge by sciatica and obliged to postpone his Thursday visit to town, he tried to tempt Henry Kingsley to come down and console him. His letter of invitation reports the progress of *Ravenshoe*, which the *Spectator* and *London Review* had cordially praised, and expresses satisfaction that the British Government were not going to attempt mediation. “Our policy, and I expect the just and merciful thing, too, in the long run is to stand by and let the Americans fight it out.” Kingsley’s visit to Inveraray in the summer caused him to recur to a scheme which he had already suggested without result to the Rev. R. H. Story of Rosneath :

I wish you could persuade the Duke to set to work himself, or get some really good literary man to work under him, at a *History of the Argyll Family*. Masson and I have often talked the matter over, and when we passed through Inveraray last year jokingly proposed calling on His Grace to talk the matter over with him. Masson says that Sir Walter Scott, for instance, has done gross injustice to Archibald, Duke of Argyll, and that he had fallen on some curious facts most creditable to the said Duke Archibald, while working in the State Paper Office. I can’t pretend to say that I know the History of all the Scotch noble

families, but my impression is that there is none which is so noble in itself, or bound up with all that is noblest in the History of Scotland, as the Argylls. Of course, do what you like about it—but should it turn up you might just mention the idea to his Grace. I have no idea who could do it, but it should be done, and if well done would make a noble book. . .

Earlier in the summer he had suggested to Josiah Wright of Sutton Coldfield the idea of an Elementary History of England, and he reverts to the subject a couple of months later, demurring to the notion of a history written in question and answer, and recommending that some account, however brief, should be given of the sources of history. "It has long been an idea of mine that children from a very early age should be used to the idea of evidence: that the person who writes the book, or tells them the story was not present; but heard of it from some authentic source." On September 7th he writes in terms of friendly discouragement to a would-be poet, and incidentally observes: "You are wholly wrong in speaking of Burns's early life as debasing. I know well the sort of home he was born in. A better training for a man or poet could seldom be found, or a higher moral or intellectual atmosphere."

Though widely read in the English classics and in contemporary fiction there were *lacunae* in his equipment, some of which are admitted in an interesting letter on character-drawing¹ written in the following month:

¹"Character," as he puts it in a letter to another correspondent on October 8, "ought hardly ever, I think *never*, to be described. The old theory of the painter who wrote 'this is a bear,' should stand as a warning. Also your morality ought to run like life-blood through your work, not to be detached or exhibited in clotted lumps."

Sept. 25, 1862.

To C. Home Douglas, Edinburgh.

I certainly had not Miss Austen before me as an idea when I spoke of shading off character, for the best reason in the world that I don't think I ever read one of her books, neither have I read any of Wilkie Collins'. We have successful enough artists living, first among whom I put the author of *Adam Bede*, who perfectly realises the idea I had formed of delicate depiction of character without hard exaggerated drawing. Dickens, whose pre-eminent genius would carry through any sort of style, is on the other hand a very faulty artist to my mind, and would be a bad model to imitate. Incident may be exciting and interesting and probable. Character [must] stand clear and firm with perfect harmony and quietness of handling.

I should like some day to see you and talk the matter over. In the bustle of business it is hard to write long criticisms. Your story did interest me, and I believe there is power enough in the pen and brain that produced *On Change* to do something really good yet. If ever you are in London on a Thursday evening I should be glad to see you.

In October a working man at Birmingham submitted a volume of poems, and Macmillan's verdict is worth printing not only as evidence of the pains he took in dealing with rejected manuscripts, but for the candour with which he defines the guiding principle of the publisher :

October 21, 1862.

Our hands at present are very full, so that I could not well undertake to give the time to the careful perusal of your Poems, which probably they deserved. The chances of our finding that they would commercially answer, are, we fear, remote. It is a most pleasant thing to know that a very large proportion of men whose stay is their right hand, as yours is, enter keenly into poetic feeling and thought, and that no inconsider-

able number have to a high degree the gift of utterance in that line. But the point where that utterance is so imbued with genius that it will command a sale, is rather a nice thing to determine. I have in the course of my publishing career had perhaps a hundred MSS. of the kind. I have published about two—neither succeeded commercially, though the merit really appeared to me very high in both cases. I can't say I am surprised. The gift of poetry is like the gifts of light and life, a gift to Humanity—not to John Smith or Lord So-and-so. The sky with its night and day glories, the earth with its summer and winter beauties are open to all—so is the human heart divine. Unless a man has really something very high and very deep to say about these things, why should he be heard? Articulate and even rhythmical utterance is not rare, and thank God some correspondent power of thought and feeling are not uncommon either. I tell you I have frequently sent back what I felt to be beautiful and touching in verse, simply because I knew it would not sell. That is my business, to calculate what will commercially pay. Unless it will there is no reason why it should be printed. To tell you the honest truth, when the good time comes there will be no books, the great blessed truths which men gabble about in verse and in prose will get uttered in the nobler rhythm of deed and feeling.

I am writing more than I meant, but I have had to work, and work hard, for my bread all my life, and I have a great sympathy with all who are in a like case. I perhaps know more about working men and working struggle than many who are now in the midst of it. I know that literary ambitions, good in their way, are not the best. Common love and help, everything done that can knit class to class, the highest with the lowest—that is true, human and divine work.

The first murmurings of a now forgotten storm are heard in a letter to the Rev. James Robertson of Rugby, afterwards headmaster of Haileybury, on October 21 :

I fear the hesitancy of good thoughtful men to take orders with a view to parish work will not be lessened by the late theological disturbances and decisions. There is one event that I fear will cause perplexity to some. Bishop Colenso has decided to publish an extremely negative book about the Pentateuch. He consulted Mr. Maurice about it, who was exceedingly averse to its publication—indeed disliked its tone and substance. He spoke and wrote earnestly —“passionately” Bishop Colenso told me—to no effect. He is going to do it. Colenso has in various ways identified himself with Mr. Maurice, and the whole matter has so weighed on Mr. M.’s mind that he has resolved on giving up his cure in Vere Street, London, and content himself with being an unpaid clergyman. All Mr. Maurice’s friends have done what they could to persuade him against this step. But he too is fixed. He has written a very beautiful farewell letter to his Congregation, which I have seen in proof. I cannot say it quite satisfies me that the step he has taken is right, but it satisfies me and all his friends that as he feels it, it is a noble and unselfish act. I was afraid that it would have a bad effect on the minds of many, but if his letter, which is short and clear, is read I cannot but hope it may be good.

Theological quarrels gave Macmillan no satisfaction, nor did he take any delight in those of scientific gladiators. The Owen-Huxley fight he thought rather sad, and he considered Kingsley’s “Dundreary speech” very much to the point: “Why will you scientific men quarrel? ‘Your little hands were never meant to tear each other’s eyes’—but to dig fossils and dissect tadpoles’ tails and such like wise and harmless objects.” A letter to Principal Tulloch throws out an interesting suggestion for a series of articles on Muscular Christianity in the eighteenth century. Apropos of the works of Day (author of *Sandford and Merton*) Sterry and Brooke,

who wrote *The Fool of Quality*, he observes: "It is curious to watch theology influencing the popular literature of the day." The letter has also a sound piece of advice: "Read old and complete editions." Abridgments, even when made by men of talent, are seldom satisfactory. To Roden Noel, who was anxious that the sale of his poems should be pushed by Mudie, he writes on the function and influence of Circulating Libraries:

Dec. 13, 1862.

To Hon. Roden Noel.

. . . Circulating libraries rarely take volumes of poetry to any extent, only if the *demand* is considerable. Nor do I think you can fairly expect they would. People who want to read poetry generally buy it. But, of course, there may, and will be, some who want to look at and read slightly anything that is *talked* about, but it must be *talked about* first. Mudie is a very good friend of mine and a very good fellow, but I think his power in the way you mention has been exaggerated, and his willingness to use that power too. He must be the servant of the public in the main, and only in a very general sense its master. I never ask him to use his influence for a book we publish. I think it in all ways unfair. *That* is not his work, estimating what books should and what should not circulate. If our Reviews did their work truly it would be theirs. But who does his work as it should be done? From poets downwards we are all in too much haste—even we publishers, standing as we do on the very lowest rung of the literary ladder, are we not blundering, hasty, etc., etc.?

"There is none of us does his work, not one."

And yet when a man really does it he succeeds after all.

All of which means Circulating Libraries are not to be *depended on*, they are mere handers forth of what is demanded, and the question of demand is one that

depends on how far the supply is suited to needs, real or imaginary, of the public. . . .

Macmillan had written to Dr. Salmon, the theologian and mathematician and subsequently Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, suggesting that he should write some answer to the unsettling theories of Colenso, and on December 15th expresses his satisfaction that Salmon intended to deal with "the important subject of Natural Theology as it stands in the new and altered condition of modern times." He suggests that the metaphysics of the question can not be ignored, and in particular refers to Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*. "He seems to me quite wrong in his general result, which, as I understand it, hardly admits of a Theistic interpretation; though I understand that he does not feel himself that it is inconsistent with such a view. But he is a very original and remarkable writer, and should be read, I think, in case of your writing the book. I confess I did not feel anything like the blank scepticism which seemed to pervade Mansel's singular defence of orthodoxy." Meantime Matthew Arnold had written an article on Colenso's book which the Bishop thought flippant and conceited. Macmillan wrote to the Bishop to say that in the main he agreed with the estimate of the book formed by Matthew Arnold. This annoyed the Bishop, who replied that he thought Macmillan was as bad as his reviewer. Macmillan, however, stuck to his guns, repeating that he accepted responsibility for the article and that he did *not* think the book would serve any useful purpose. He contended that it would "offend the weak believer needlessly—unsettle and pain him, and thus furnish the vulgar unbeliever with obvious and debasing means of hardening him in his unbelief."

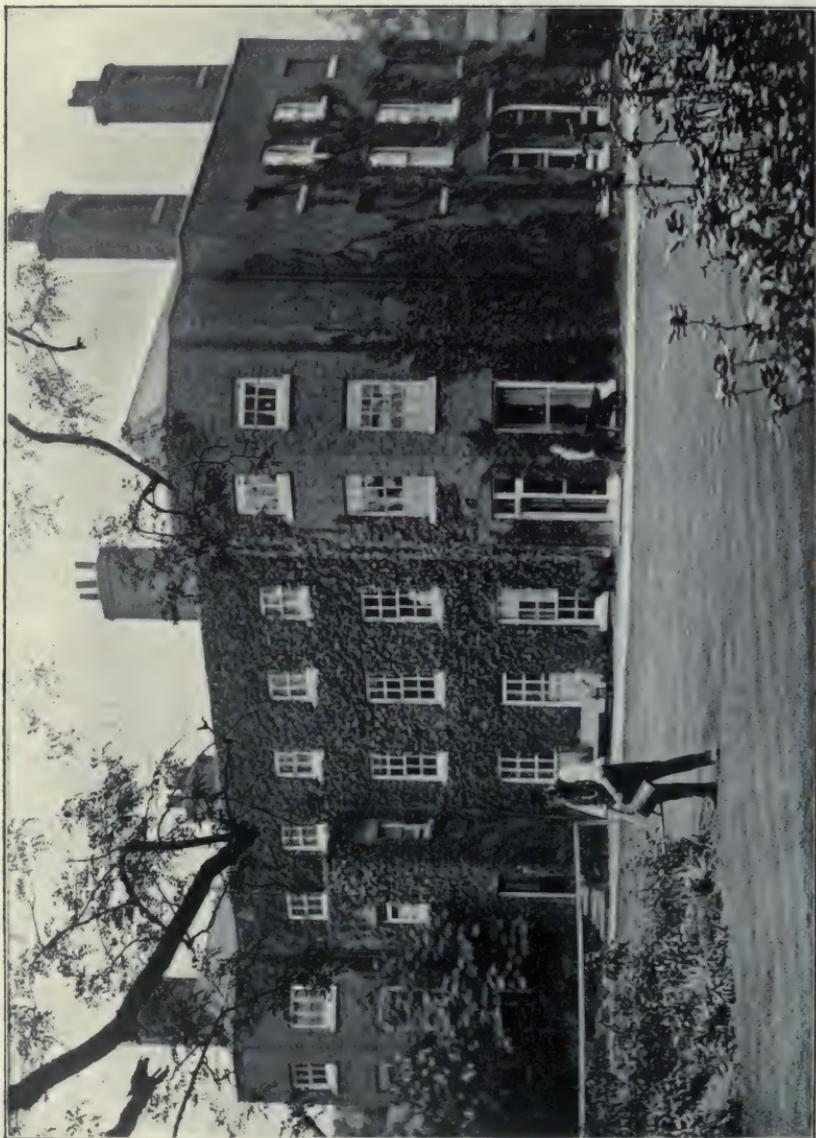
December 27, 1862.

To Matthew Arnold.

I enclose a cheque for your admirable paper on the Bishop. I sent an early copy with a note to his Lordship, and had the enclosed, which please return. I am writing to him as civilly and inoffensively as I can to say that I quite accept the responsibility of your article, so far as it concerns him. It is very painful for me to say this, as he has always been kind and friendly to us. But he had no reason to say that he "didn't expect it of me," for I told him here months since what I thought of the sort of thing, and in as plain terms as I could.

It is pleasant to know that Macmillan's plain speaking did not affect his personal relations with Colenso, who remained on friendly terms and visited him at Knapdale in the "seventies."

On the last day of the year (December 31, 1862) Macmillan wrote at length to Mr. (afterwards Sir) William Vernon Harcourt, suggesting that he should undertake the editorship of a new *Historical Review of the Year*, "to be done in departments—Politics, Law, Science, Art, Social Questions"—Harcourt to do the politics, while perhaps Fitzjames Stephen might be induced to do the Law, and Huxley the Natural History. The idea, which was that of a sort of glorified *Annual Register*, was never realised, but in the course of 1863 Macmillan published in book form, with considerable additions, the letters "on some questions of International Law" which Harcourt had contributed to the *Times* under the pseudonym of "Historicus."



Face page 199

KNAPDALE, UPPER TOOTING

IV.

THE year 1863 was marked by two events of considerable interest and significance in Macmillan's career—his move to London and his appointment as publisher to the University of Oxford. "The remarkable development of the business," writes Mr. George Macmillan, "led my father to decide that London must now be its centre, and he took accordingly the old-fashioned and commodious house at Upper Tooting, which, first under the name of *The Elms*, and then rechristened *Knapdale*, after the region in Argyllshire where the Macmillan clan once had its seat, was his home for twenty-five years." "It is a nice quaint old house," Macmillan writes to MacLehose, "with a very pleasant garden, and so retired and countrified, yet so accessible." It stood on gravel, with nearly a dozen commons within a radius of as many miles, and though it was in a London suburb, yet, as Malcolm Macmillan notes in a letter to his sister Margaret in 1888, there were "gipsies and tea on the common when we first went there," and for the rest Knapdale had a bright world of its own, "with academic transplantations from the older Faery of the Cam." The elms were a feature of the place. Macmillan wrote to Daniel Wilson in 1864: "The elms flourish. I am getting to find them enduring since they have given up the murderous habit of shying down big branches at people's heads." Then there was heather within five minutes' walk, and when the blaze of spring gorse was on them, Wandsworth and Tooting Commons were "things to make a man

happy." The mulberry tree, blown down in 1886, had, according to family tradition, been planted by John Locke. As Macmillan put it to his friend, Professor Fraser of Yarrow, Selkirk, "I am told that our house was once inhabited by Lord King, who wrote Locke's Life. There is in our garden a mulberry tree which I have ventured to call Locke's. For why? Don't great men all plant mulberry trees, and is it not certain that Locke must often have been going down to see his relative and future biographer, who of course would ask him to plant a tree in his grounds? Could historical proof be clearer?" As for the Oxford appointment, he valued the recognition of his business capacity highly—though, as he once said, he was prouder of being Maurice's publisher—and he greatly appreciated the opportunities of intercourse which he now enjoyed with leading Oxford men, such as Jowett, Liddell, Bartholomew Price, and others. Mr. George Macmillan also notes the friendly relations which he maintained with Mr. Thomas Combe, at that time printer to the Clarendon Press, and adds that for many years his father regularly attended the weekly meeting of the delegates in Oxford. The year 1863 also witnessed an expansion of the business of the firm, through the break up of the business of J. W. Parker & Son and the transference to Macmillan's of the earlier works of Charles Kingsley, F. D. Maurice, Miss C. M. Yonge, and Archbishop Trench. Archbishop Trench was already an old friend: with Miss Yonge Macmillan had had no previous relations, but the business association now formed led to intimate personal friendship.

The move to London was not carried out till midsummer, but the earlier months were not without their excitements. Henry Fawcett, whose *Political*

*Economy*¹ Macmillan published this spring, and whose ability and character he greatly admired and respected, stood for the Borough of Cambridge, and Macmillan acted as chairman of his committee. Though ineffective as a public speaker, Macmillan threw himself into the fight with great energy, but Fawcett, who humorously called himself "Macmillan's candidate," was defeated by 81 votes, owing to a split amongst the Liberals.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

Feb. 11, 1863.

. . . We are all in the bustle of an election—for my sins I am in a prominent position in it. I most sincerely pray I may never have occasion to meddle actively in a political squabble again. But I really could not desert dear old Fawcett. We are making a good fight of it, but I fear there is no doubt the Liberals are hopelessly divided this time. I do think Colonel Adair has been shamefully treated—but I think not a little by his own party or fault. He has evidently been kept in ignorance that a proposal was definitely made to his friends here to meet and settle matters in a general meeting of the Electors. But why trouble you with such details? They ring in my head and so come out this way.

I hope you are all well. Kindest regards.

Ever yours most faithfully and gratefully,

A. MACMILLAN.

I will enclose the state of the Poll before I close this letter.

Fawcett,	627
Powell,	698

I believe more than a hundred Liberals did not vote.

¹ "Under the advice of Mr. Alexander Macmillan, who in this showed remarkable prevision, Mr. Fawcett directed some time to the production of his 'Handbook [sic] on Political Economy,' which certainly stood him in good stead when a vacancy arose on the Political Economy Chair." From "Henry Fawcett as a Man," by Alexander H. Japp, *Gentleman's Magazine*, January-June, 1886, p. 173.

A letter dated March 11th, 1863, to E. A. Freeman, the first volume of whose *History of Federal Government* was then in the press, expresses an "immense admiration" for Goldwin Smith, whom Macmillan was endeavouring to secure as a contributor to the Magazine. "Hardly any English writer swings his keen blade so powerfully and well."

Macmillan, as may already have been noticed, had his pet aversions as well as his idols, and one of the special objects of his hearty dislike was that extraordinarily industrious antiquary and philologist Thomas Wright (1816-1877), whose works embrace 129 entries in the British Museum Catalogue:

March 20, 1863.

To Prof. Daniel Wilson.

. . . Thomas Wright is a man I have no liking for or belief in, though Froude and Kingsley rather hold by him. I met him at Kingsley's here one night, and he seemed to me a dull, wooden sort of person. He goes in against the Celts, and stands up for Saxons under all circumstances. And that is a small prejudice which haunts both Kingsley and Froude—why I don't know. But Wright is a general Philistine, and I believe has a peculiar delight in his dull way at pulling down all that is noble in the past. Wallace is a pet subject for his petty criticism. His theory is that our great national hero was a sort of ne'er-do-well bankrupt blackguard, who took to Patriotism as a trade. Let him go on his way. Masson holds that he has done good in mole-working line and brought up some new facts from old sources. All creatures have their uses. That he has any speculative faculty I will never believe.

I told you in my last that we were moving all our publishing work to London. I am going to live there, or at least in the neighbourhood. I have taken an old-fashioned house at Tooting. I dare say you know the

neighbourhood. If not, it is about a mile beyond the end of Clapham Common. We get to it by a railway that goes from the West-end to the Crystal Palace. I understand that you are bringing your youngest daughter with you, but not Mrs. Wilson. We should have been glad to see your wife, but if we are deprived of that pleasure we shall certainly be delighted to see yourself and your daughter, and we can house you both in a pleasant neighbourhood. We are within a quarter of an hour's rail of the Crystal Palace, not far from Kew, Richmond Park, and other pleasant places, which the young lady can see under favourable circumstances. We look forward to it with much pleasure.

The question of the Greek Throne induces him to nominate a candidate of his own, and to offer some judicious remarks on the relative importance of the various claims on English sympathy :

March 25, 1863.

To Miss Irby.

. . . I wish you could persuade the Greeks to offer the crown to our friend Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein. He is the son of the exiled Duke, and so has no *reversionary* interests. I have known him for many years, since he was a student at Trinity College here. He was then thought an able, thoughtful man, and he has had much experience since. He is cousin to the new Princess of Wales, though I believe politically opposed to her house. This would be all the better, and likely to interest them and our Court in seeing him firmly settled elsewhere. Seriously the Greeks could not do better. He was a great favourite of the late Prince Consort, is friendly with many of our best literary men—Thomas Hughes thinks very highly of him, and singularly enough suggested this very thing that I had been already thinking of. . . . How could we have allowed an English prince to sit on the Greek Throne without increasing complications, already per-

plexing enough, with other nations of Europe? England has larger duties as well as larger interests than can be reconciled to her individual wishes with regard to various smaller populations in Europe. Just think of all our colonies and dependencies, and what we owe to them. The mass of unascertained nationality that clamours for English sympathy must often seem neglected and treated coldly when really larger and more directly important claims require to be considered. The spread of information regarding these same unascertained nationalities in England is very important, but immediate action must often be delayed. I deeply sympathise with and gladly do what I can to spread that knowledge here, but I think England, while sound at heart, as I believe she is, must be borne with if no direct action flows at once from that information. We have our own perplexities at present—witness the disturbances in our manufacturing districts even after all we have done for the relief of the distress, and see if we can be expected to rush in to help all claimants abroad. But I must not enter on all these questions. I merely throw out hints that seem to me worth considering before judging too harshly our policy regarding all these perplexing questions. . . .

George Trevelyan had gone to India and contributed to the Magazine an article which gave its name to the subsequently published volume—*The Competition Wallah*. Writing to him on April 14th on the subject of his articles, Macmillan discusses the prospects of various Anglo-Indian friends of his—Stigand, John Stephenson, and Arthur Clay—Bishop Cotton's papers "On Indian Cities," and other topics. He also notes the growth of their business with India, especially in the department of mathematical books. On March 30th Macmillan had informed MacLehose that the question of his being appointed publisher to the University of Oxford was under discussion. Some

five weeks later he was able to report that the matter was settled :

Cambridge, May 4, 1863.

To James MacLehose.

The Oxford business is now settled all to the signing of the agreement—the terms of which were arranged at a meeting I had with the Delegates of the Press last Tuesday. I am now what you may call publisher designate to the University of Oxford. I hope it will turn out a good thing for them and for me. They have great funds, and seem willing to employ them in useful and lucrative ways. They have a good many schemes for educational and other works, and want the guidance, as to business arrangements, of a publisher of experience. I hope I will not disappoint them. I mean to try my best, and they have been reasonable and liberal in all our arrangements. . . .

I am now busy making arrangements for my great move to London. My house at Tooting is nearly ready, and we shall be settled there I hope in about another month. . . .

We are all well—never better. I feel overwhelmed at times with all that is on my head and hands, but feel clear and plucky on the whole. If the fates had revealed what they had in store for me ten years ago, I would have asked their worships to spare me, but it has all come so naturally that I don't seem to have had any voice in the matter. The consolation that one feels is that a Higher than the fates is ordering it all, and if we work in the right spirit we won't go wrong. . . .

Edward Dicey's *Six Months in the Federal States* had appeared before the turn of the tide in the fortunes of the North (and of English opinion), and had met with a somewhat lukewarm reception. The review in the *Athenæum* was so hostile that Dicey betrayed his annoyance in a letter, to which Macmillan replied as follows :

May 11, 1863.

To Edward Dicey.

The *Athenæum*! It is undoubtedly annoying to me when I know that a brainless, spiteful fool can injure the sale of one's books, and perhaps reflectively to you. But I did not dream that you seriously cared for the judgment of a man who could write in such a strain. I was far more indignant with it for the attack on Miss Thackeray's *Story of Elizabeth* the week before.

In May also he wrote to Mark Lemon suggesting *The Jest Book*—"a real high-bred *Joe Miller*"—which was afterwards published in the Golden Treasury Series. Early in June while at Oxford he met Cobden, whom he found "very interesting," at the house of Professor Thorold Rogers. The chair of Political Economy was vacant at Cambridge, and Macmillan was supporting the candidature of Fawcett against that of Leonard Courtney. To Westcott, whose work on *The Bible in the Church* was in the press, he writes on June 20th—one of the earliest letters after his move: "We will print at Cambridge, of course. Will that reconcile you in some degree to our Hegira? I can assure you I left it [Cambridge] with great reluctance. I have spent twenty pleasant useful years to myself, I wish they had been more useful to others, and that I had been able to do more to show gratitude for all the kindness I have experienced—all the blessings I have enjoyed."

Alexander Smith, to whom the following letter was addressed, was the well-known Scots poet of the "Spasmodic" School, author of "City Poems," etc., who was satirized by Aytoun in *Firmilian*. He edited *Burns* in two volumes for the Golden Treasury Series, adding an excellent memoir. Macmillan took a deep

interest in this edition, and, as this letter shows, was of great practical assistance to the editor :

July 2, 1863.

To Alexander Smith.

I have already sent you the two first sheets of the *Burns*, and to-day I send you the third and fourth. I dare say the printer will be able to set up more before calling on you to return for press. But you may as well read them over carefully and return as we go along. The copy from which the book is being printed you may take as your authority, for I collated it very carefully with the first Kilmarnock and the first Edinburgh editions, besides on the whole the Aldine edition, which is my basis, seems to have been very carefully done, and indeed well done, considering that Sir Harris Nicolas, who edited it, was, as I suppose, an Englishman. All then that you will require to do here will be to see that they have printed correctly from the copy given them. By-the-bye, there is only one point that requires looking to; it is this: In the Kilmarnock edition all, or nearly all, the "ing's" are Scotticised into "an," as "bringan," "stanan" for "bringing," "standing." In the Edinburgh and all subsequent ones it is "bringin," "greetin," and so on. Now my own idea is that the true sound is better given by the "an" than by the "in," and accordingly in some of the earlier pages I did change the spelling back to the Kilmarnock usage. But it struck me that it would have a pedantic look. And after all the Edinburgh was Burns's as well as the Kilmarnock, and though I may have a theory that he allowed himself to be swayed from the true Western (say Doric) rendering by the refined Edinburgh folks, still as it was Burns's doing I have no right to alter it. So will you kindly keep your eyes on any "an's" you may see and make them "in's." Tell me, however, if you don't think me right in this, my last decision.

You had better keep all the leaves which are being

printed from. They contain Burns's own notes, which, of course, must be given, and also notes by the Aldine editor, which you cannot use, but which will give you hints as to points requiring an explanatory note for the barbarous and ignorant Southerner. I dare say you will think of other notes yourself. The only kind of notes which should be given are explanatory ones. The Aldine edition gives "various readings"—that is, changes found in various editions, or in MS. All these and any others you can find should be given at the end of the second volume before the notes and before the Glossarial Index.

I may as well tell you my idea as to the order of the book, and you can then be working at all parts as the printing is going on and as opportunity serves.

1. The Poems and Songs. These are to be given without note or mark of note on the page. I am anxious that if possible not a misprint or blunder of any kind should be in it, and that the text should be the best. With regard to what is the authority in each case, this is my idea. The Kilmarnock and Edinburgh editions printed during his lifetime are of course absolute for those poems which they contain. As I said, I have very carefully collated the first and second Kilmarnock and first Edinburgh editions. But there is an edition, in two volumes I think, published the year before his death while he was at Dumfries. This I have never seen, and it contains more poems than the first two. What is the authority for any poem after that I cannot tell. I would on the whole take the Aldine text as a general rule as being satisfactory. There may, probably would be, an obvious mistake here and there, but on the whole it is admirable. An edition published in Glasgow about 1801—I forget the man whose name it bears—appears to be the first edition after Burns's death that contains a very large number of new poems. Of course you should look at Currie. But after all your own judgment and the general facts must decide for you what reading to adopt. There are poems in Chambers's

which are not in the Aldine. You should investigate the authority of each, and, if satisfied of its genuineness, adopt into ours all these. I don't quite know what the rule of copyright is in these cases, but I dare say in any case I would be able to make arrangements. But pray don't take Chambers's text *in any case*. He is a good fellow, Robert Chambers, but there is not a whisper of scholarly feeling about his edition. Apart from elisions on "family grounds," there is a general carelessness about small niceties that your delicate poetic feeling would naturally teach you to avoid. My wish in this respect, and I am sure it will be yours, is that it should in all respects be such a text of our author as needs no emendation from future editors. So much for the text.

2. The various readings which you can gather yourself, and which you will find in the Aldine and elsewhere, should be given immediately after the text. If you look at Wright's edition of *Bacon's Essays*, published in our *Golden Treasury Series*, you will see the sort of thing I mean.

3. Notes—explaining local allusions and the like. Of course, you will embody all Burns's own notes, and add whatever you think needful to the ordinary English reader. All should be very compact. The Aldine notes are not bad, but occasionally more is given than is needful.

4. The Glossarial Index, the nature of which I explained to you when I saw you. I think I gave you the interleaved glossary when you were here.

Please tell me if all this is clear, and if you agree with me as to what is the needful and fitting thing to be done in the matter.

The name of Archibald Geikie first appears in the letter-book of 1863, though their acquaintance dated back some years, having grown out of a suggestion of George Wilson that Geikie should complete the *Life of Edward Forbes* which Wilson had begun. In a letter of

July 14, after some references to the prospective publication of one of Geikie's works, Macmillan continues :

About myself : First, I am now Cockney by habitation, having with much reluctance decided that London must now be my headquarters, and Cambridge a branch. I have brought all my publishing staff, with Mr. Fraser at its head, up to London, and taken a house to live in down at Tooting, about half-way between the Victoria Station and the Crystal Palace. I have room for a friend there as before, and hope to entertain the great Geologist of Scotland there as I did at Cambridge, with great pleasure to myself and family, and I hope not without some to himself.

You may guess the change was not made without some labour. And besides this I have had the office of Publisher to the University of Oxford offered to me, which I, of course, accepted, and the arrangements for this have given me a good deal of work. Still I am alive and by no means ill in health or spirits. The summer will be a busy one, I will be engaged in digging—not stones or *fossils*, but bricks and preparations for very “recent formations.” I am about to make a house for myself for the business, and the building will occupy my summer, besides one's ordinary work, which is not small at present. I am glad to say that all my family is well, wife and sister and bairns—and enjoying greatly the old rambling house and grounds which we have got at Tooting. They tumble about the grass and play croquet and jump about all day long.

The building referred to was that of the new office at 16 Bedford Street, to which Macmillan moved from Henrietta Street this year, and where the business was carried on until 1873, when he moved to a larger site at 29-30 in the same street.

Westcott's *The Bible in the Church*, which was passing through the press, moved him to admiration by its wonderful condensation. “It has only one fault that

I can point out, and that is so rare and admirable even as a fault that it should be ranked as a virtue—it is too compact and terse” (July 16, 1863). Trevelyan’s brilliant *Letters from a Competition Wallah*, now appearing in the Magazine, also excited his enthusiasm, and he writes to the author on July 21st to suggest their appearance in book form about Christmas. On the other hand, he rebukes his old friend J. M. Ludlow, who had abused Carlyle for his views on slavery:

To J. M. Ludlow.

July 29, 1863.

“Ye know not what spirit ye are of.” My firm conviction that Thomas Carlyle is wrong in thinking that slavery and service from man to man for life are synonymous, does not render me unjust towards him. He is not a “bad old man,” but a very noble and useful one, and even his wrong sayings have wisdom and significance in them which are wanting in the rabid vapid utterance of deepest truths. Instead of writing such a letter to me, which is valueless for all conceivable human uses, why don’t you sit down and calmly expose the fallacy of the application of permanent relationships—which relationships, with your theories, you ought to value more highly than true Thomas himself—which has been made in slavery? I am sure you could do it if you would keep your temper and head cool. And you know very well that the pages of the *Magazine* are opener to you than to Carlyle. Wherein does the value of a theory of human freedom consist that permits no divergence of opinion, no freedom of discussion?

“The wrath of man worketh not,” etc., etc. I am for freedom, my most excellent and well-beloved friend John, and mean to have it against all tyrannies over others, even in thought. I suppose swearing and cursing and other forms of virulent language have their uses—though I cannot see what they are, unless to teach one patience.

Candour, good sense, and epigram characterise a

letter on dissent which he wrote on the same day to a young author :

July 29, 1863.

There seems to me much real power, almost genius I think, in your little allegory, especially in the poetry. It is full of palpable crudities of thought and style that would not hinder its acceptance, I should fancy, among the great body of political dissenters. If you are content with securing a sale I cannot feel a doubt that you would have a large sale if you put it into the hands of any dissenting publisher, who is up to his work. You know that I am a Churchman by deliberate choice. A dissenting chapel is not my idea of the Palace beautiful. I know some able and admirable dissenting ministers, but they do not exclusively represent the Shepherd. I dislike dissent because of its exclusiveness. The inconsistencies which you dwell on as existing in the Prayer Book and formularies seem to me a great blessing, and there is no force to me in the arguments by which Mr. Robinson sought to hurl back the "Sin" on to the Conformists. All truth is full of such "inconsistencies." There is no such darkener of the intellect as logic when it ignores its subordinate position as a hodman to Reason. I think your representation of Tennyson hideously unfair. But I am quite sure it will make your book sell well in the proper circle, and the simple way of disposing of Broadchurchmen by a most slanderous epithet would be sure to take. For a certain kind of fame this sort of thing is most efficacious. If I were to advise according to what seems to me noble, honest, true, and of "good report" in higher regions than any of the "isms" afford, I would say abuse nothing, write *against* nothing except immorality, unholiness, forgetfulness of God in practical life and thought. I am sure you will do something in literature that will attract notice—*whose*, is a question depending on yourself.

On August 13 he forwarded to Sir William Harcourt, then in Scotland, copies of his "Additional Letters of

Historicus on International Law," and promised to let him know of all the abuse he got from "our enlightened press." Dr. (afterwards Sir) Daniel Wilson was over from Canada, and Macmillan brought him up one Sunday in mid-August to hear Maurice preach. The feeling in Canada, Wilson reported, was terribly anti-Northern—not pro-Slavery and pro-Southern; and Macmillan in a letter to Maurice makes it clear that he was wavering in his support of the North, being half convinced by talks with some American friends that slavery was not the root of the war, but lust of Empire. "God knows I hate and abominate slavery in every shape with my whole heart, but there are really worse forms of it than the planter form. . . . I did not agree with Carlyle, as you know, and think your retort in the *Spectator* merited. But I do not feel that it was open to the charge of being mere folly. There is a root of wisdom in what he said. It is an element of good in slavery that the connection has a certain permanency in it. He ignores—no doubt with a humorous wilfulness—the other side. But I do not think the grand old man is the fool you say. You will see a bit of John Malcolm's [Ludlow's] retort in the next number. Miss Martineau's was the best, 'Man stealing!—hiring for life the wise call it.'"

September brought Dr. Vaughan's proposal for a commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, which Macmillan welcomed with delight, approving of their chronological arrangement. And early in the same month he acknowledges with gratitude a poem from his clansman, the Rev. Hugh Macmillan. Yet so much verse of high quality failed to *command* attention that he viewed any utterance in rhythmic form with a certain regret. "Martin Tupper, the acme of common place, and

Tennyson of something else, are almost the only two profitably published poets going." A fortnight in Scotland, from which he returned towards the end of the month, combined pleasure with a certain amount of business at Glasgow and Edinburgh. He revisited Arran and Ayrshire, and also "did" Yarrow, Ettrick and finally Moffat Dale. But for a runaway carriage accident, in which Mrs. Daniel Macmillan was severely shaken, they would have come home perfectly content.

Fresh volumes were being steadily added to the *Golden Treasury Series*. One of these, the idea of which was Macmillan's own, was a selection of Sunday poetry for children, the task of editing which, at Sir Roundell Palmer's suggestion, he offered to Mrs. Alexander, author of *Hymns for Children* and *Narrative Hymns*. Here, again, as in so many other cases, he practically collaborated with the editor, by sending books and making suggestions. He was anxious that the selection should not be restricted to formally doctrinal or even technically religious poetry, and mentions Tennyson's *St. Agnes* and the dedication of the *Idylls* as intrinsically suitable for inclusion in the volume. A letter to Henry Kingsley on October 5th, in which he begs him to "come and advise me about my quadrupeds," mentions that his new novel, *The Hillyars and the Burtons* was to begin in the November number of the Magazine, and tells a pleasant story of that "noble, good fellow," W. G. Clark, the Cambridge public orator, who, while in Warsaw, had promptly intervened to secure the release of a young fellow-countryman who had been locked up on some groundless suspicion by the Russian authorities.

Meantime Macmillan was steadily enlarging his Oxford acquaintance. His official appointment brought

him into contact "with all sorts of people," and personal relations with Mansel¹ and Burgon induced him to revise his earlier and less favourable estimates. A letter to Professor Bartholomew Price, Secretary to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, on October 30th sets forth the principles which should guide the framing of school books; correspondence with Mansel and J. T. Fields in America shows the intelligent and active interest he took in the preparation of the edition of Berkeley by Professor Fraser, which was published in 1871; and early in December we find him writing to Dr. Earle, with the authorisation of the delegates, to offer him the general editorship of the projected edition of Chaucer. The letter is interesting not only for the extreme particularity of the instructions, but for the reference to Henry Bradshaw, whom Macmillan suggested as a collaborator, as a man remarkable for "his almost unique faculty for discovery and minute accurate investigation," a just estimate of one side of the mind of that singularly gifted scholar. Of his own special schemes the Greek Testament series was making slow progress, and Kingsley had written some chapters of his *Boy's History of England*, which, however, was never completed. Professor (now Sir Henry) Roscoe appears for the first time in the letter-book in connection with his treatise on Chemistry in October, and, as Mr. George Macmillan notes, "the appearance in the same year of Huxley's *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* and Roscoe's *Lessons in Elementary Chemistry* marked the first fulfilment of a long cherished idea that the introductory books on a subject should be written, not by

¹In a letter to Maurice early in 1864 he vindicates himself successfully from any suspicion of disloyalty to "the prophet" in exchanging social courtesies with Mansel, and "joining with him in all such useful projects as belong to my calling."

the ordinary teacher, but by the recognised masters in each branch." His relations with Geikie have already been briefly mentioned. In November he wrote hoping that Geikie would eat his Christmas dinner with them as on former occasions. R. D. Blackmore had submitted the MS. of his novel *Clara Vaughan*, and Macmillan, who was much struck by it, suggests (November 24th) that he should publish it serially in *Cassell's Illustrated Weekly*, which was then edited by J. W. Clark.

In a letter to Fields (December 11) he proposes that he should take Charles Kingsley's Historical Lectures and other books, including *Clara Vaughan*, "by a new author, which will I think astonish you"—an instance of his *flair* in recognising fresh talent. His suggestion to the Clarendon Press to reprint Malory's King Arthur was subsequently carried out in his own *Globe* series, and he consults MacLehose at the end of the year about publishing a large type 8vo Bunyan, Milton and Burns uniform with the Shakespeare. In the same letter he mentions that he was buying the copyright of the Jest Book (Mark Lemon) and the Ballad Book (William Allingham) "as they are done at my own suggestion," and calls attention to the favourable reception of Gilchrist's *Blake*—an author whose mystical genius had always specially appealed to him—which had to fight its way on its own merits against the ignorance of the public.

The decade 1863-1873 is described by Mr. George Macmillan as on the whole the most important period in his father's life, and the detailed record of Alexander Macmillan's work during its compass fully bears out this statement. 1863 had been a full year, but 1864 was as full and even more exciting. For apart from the

publication of such books as Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, Sir George Trevelyan's *Cawnpore and Competition Wallah*, and the *Globe Shakespeare*, it was the year of the historic controversy between Charles Kingsley and Newman, which had its origin in an article by Kingsley in the January number of the Magazine, and led to the publication of the famous *Apologia*. Macmillan had a special reason for holding Newman in respect, and in a note to Maurice he admits that Kingsley was "rash enough in all conscience in the first instance." But his final view of the rights and wrongs of the dispute is probably best expressed in a letter to Froude (February 23, 1864): "The old saying attributed to Talleyrand that the use of words is to conceal thought might be extended in certain cases to intellects which would thus be described as having the power of perplexing the truth. In this art Newman is a master, and thank God C. K. is not even a learner." Macmillan's scrupulous desire to be fair to Newman is apparent from the following letter, and it should be added that he accepted the fullest responsibility for the publication of the article:

January 6, 1864.

To the Rev. Dr. Newman.

Your letter concerning a paper of Professor Kingsley's in the January number of our *Magazine* reached me last Monday. I delayed answering you till I had seen and talked with him on the subject.

Precious memories of more than twenty years since, when your sermons were a delight and blessing shared (and thereby increased) with a dear brother no longer living, but for whom the mists and misunderstandings have, as we believe, been dispelled by the Light Himself, would add strong weight to my desire to answer such a letter from you with peculiar care and reverence.

I cannot separate myself in this case from whatever injustice—and your letter convinces me that there was injustice—there may have been in Mr. Kingsley's charge against you personally. I had read the passage, and I will confess to you plainly that I did not even think at the time that you or any of your communion would think it unjust. Nothing has given me more pleasure for long than to learn, as I do from your letter, that I am mistaken at least in one instance. It is many years since I have had intercourse with members of the Church that holds us heretics. My intercourse then was mainly with young men—some of them as noble and good men as I have ever known. On the point alluded to in Mr. Kingsley's article as well as another point—namely, the duty of enforcing penally conformity to one form of thought concerning the Revelation of God to man in Christ—I received an impression that it was generally true that the Roman Catholic way of looking at these matters was what Mr. Kingsley says it is. I cannot now recall particulars, and it is quite possible I may have done them injustice. I never identified them personally with their theory—that truth is a matter of *enactment*. I believed, and still believe, of those I know best that they love truth in their souls perhaps better than I did. I can conceive now that I may have allowed heats of controversy to blind myself. . . . A man who, like myself, is brought into near contact with very various phases of human thought in men equally noble has often occasion to mourn over harsh, unjust words spoken by men who would not consciously wrong any. I really ought in no way to aid, even by carelessness, increase of wrong like this.

I am sure that Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Masson both will do all in their power to repair any wrong, and print a full retraction of what you feel unjust. Mr. Kingsley wished to write to you himself, and I hope that before you have had this letter his will have reached you. I spoke also to Mr. Masson, who is equally anxious that

you should have every and the fullest means of being set right in our pages. I am perfectly sure that both these gentlemen are incapable of wilfully slandering any man, and surely not more one whom all thoughtful Englishmen must owe so much to.

Though Macmillan was strongly of opinion that it would have been wiser for Kingsley not to answer Newman, he acquiesced in the contrary decision, and was extremely indignant with Hutton for the *Spectator's* comments on the controversy. Throughout its course he kept in close touch with Kingsley, begging him not to hurry or worry, and at the end of April he writes to Mrs. Kingsley: "I wish I had a yacht and I would go and get Mr. Kingsley and take him to see Garibaldi—that would do him good."

The idea of the *Book of Golden Deeds* was suggested by Mrs. Daniel Macmillan as a sort of legitimate counterblast to the emphasis laid in books of the *Self Help* kind on the notion of "getting on," and on January 19th Macmillan wrote to Miss Yonge asking her to undertake the editorship. On the other hand W. J. Thoms's projected book on Shakespeare struck him as ill-considered and unconvincing. In a friendly letter of remonstrance he offers some sound criticism on the attempt to prove by internal evidence that Shakespeare had been a soldier:

I dare say Shakespeare was a soldier—that is a historical question depending on evidence. But the evidence that he used the right words and accurately described the incidents and accidents of war only illustrates that he could see more with less trouble than other people, and use the fit words to describe it in his supreme manner. I am disposed to think that you could make out a case for his being a cook or a tapster quite as well—a better one that he was a Roman and a con-

temporary of Julius Cæsar. It belonged to his genius to see at a glance into the heart of every matter he dealt with.

By-the-bye, in your folk-lore I think you have made a slip in identifying Puck's boast of transforming himself into a fire with "Will o' the Wisp." I think it and all the transformations which are spoken of in the same line are more analogous to the old Proteus idea, which has more than one parallel in our old ballads; one I think is Tamlane, where the young lady has to pull the rider off his horse, and he turns himself into a great many different shapes—a fire among others, if I remember rightly—ere she can bind him and bring him back to his human form.

Forgive this talk, which may all seem presumptuous to an expert like yourself, but in which you will see at least an evidence that your work has interested me.

I would have felt honour in having your name on a title page with my own, but I have told you how the thing strikes me. Can you not at your leisure make a really thorough book on Shakespeare Folk-lore?

W. J. Thoms, Esq., Noter and Querier-General to H.M. Subjects all over the world.

With this letter one may bracket another in which he adopts the good old-fashioned attitude, long since abandoned in a hustling age, as to the proper place of advertisements:

March 14, 1864.

To William Allingham.

I am sure you know how glad I would be to do anything you liked—in reason. But do consider. Your advertisements are *as well seen* on the page I gave them and *made* for them as where you want to put them. If you put them inside the half title you will vex my soul no little. I don't like to say you no, but I say in the sweetest beseeching voice, "Please don't insist." It is an abomination in the eyes of all true lovers of a book aesthetically, beyond what shepherds were to the

Egyptians, to have an advertisement anywhere within what may be considered as part of the book in its integrity. All possible purpose of advertisement will be served as well in my way as yours—and I am inclined to think better.

Amongst his Cambridge friends in India was C. A. Elliott (now Sir Charles Elliott), who entered the I.C.S. in 1856, and the following letter is a good example of his conscientiousness in what may be called non-obligatory correspondence :

I enclose a list of memoranda as to the various queries in your letter. On one point—your enquiry as to the best book for a practical geologist's use—we sent you two books by Page, which on the whole appear to be the best extant, though not ideal. People find fault with it, and say there are errors in it. But when we ask what shall we send instead, they say we really can't tell. So if Page leads you wrong on any minor point you will have to console yourself with the fact that on the whole you could not have done better. You speak of the country where you are as being geologically interesting. You must see if you have any implements in your drift, and send me over specimens and accounts of where you found them, and I will get my friend, Mr. John Evans, who (with Prestwich) is the great authority on the point what is and what is not a genuine article in that department of manufacture. I speak feelingly, for he blighted some fond hopes I had of great distinction for having found [tools] of *very* primitive manufacture in the gravel at Tooting. He said the formation was *natural*—just think of my feelings, when I had been showing it to all my friends and pointing out how palpable were the marks of human handiwork. I keep [them] in the hope that one day a greater than Evans may arise. In the meantime all must bow before him. The whole question is receiving great attention. The Privy Council decision has relieved men's minds in some respects on this as on other subjects. Mosaic

geology is not an essential article of the faith—legally—any more than that (granting its existence) it had a moral claim to belief. Surely they did the Bible and Moses grievous wrong when they insisted on their teaching what they never intended to teach, and so placed them in antagonism to what they had no relation to at all.

What is thought of young Trevelyan's letters in our *Magazine*? The two last, I am afraid, will not please a considerable portion of the Indian public. He has the strongest feeling evidently against much of our treatment of the natives. I should be glad to hear how you generally feel towards them. He is very clever, and will be distinguished inevitably. He is home again, and will be making a try to get into Parliament before long. We are going to publish the complete Wallah letters in a volume, and he will edit them carefully. He means too to write more elaborately a history of the war. Travelling about he had much access to documents and facts not generally known, and his sharp graphic pen will give them point. I think he will be careful, but not cowardly. Your historic doubts about Nana Sahib are amusing. Was there ever such a person? Isn't he the original Mrs. Harris?

The Crawley Court Martial¹ brought out several things—among others Vernon Harcourt's very conspicuous power. Did you read his speech? I think you knew him at Cambridge? But he was gone before you came. Rowland Williams made Fitzjames Stephen's reputation, and Crawley Harcourt's. I remember them freshmen, which proves that I am not one.

Goldwin Smith's vigorous onslaught on sympathisers with the Southern States—"Has England an interest in the disruption of the American union?" in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1864—gave Macmillan great delight, and writing to Fields on April 9th he speaks of it as

¹ See "The Story of the Mhow Court Martial," *Cornhill Magazine*, November, 1863.

“something that will gladden your heart and make your fortune.”¹ He also mentions the short *History of England till the Reformation* on which Goldwin Smith was engaged. The first suggestion of “The Globe Shakespeare” occurs in a letter to MacLehose on May 24 :

May 24, 1864.

To James MacLehose.

Please consider this confidential in the strictest sense. If my small deed is to be done it must be done silently and swiftly as well as *well*.

I enclose a page for a *Shakespeare*, which I fancy doing in one volume, on toned paper for 3s. 6d., very nicely bound in Macmillan’s choicest cloth binding. The text to be gone over by our Cambridge editors, but done in this edition with an eye to more popular uses than they felt themselves at liberty to consider in their critical and scholarly edition. Now your judgment is always as you know precious to me, even when I cannot quite follow it. I want you to tell me whether you think I have a reasonable chance of selling 50,000 of such a book in three years. For if so I can do a nice stroke of business. You see it would be immeasurably the cheapest, most beautiful and handy book that has appeared of *any kind*, except the Bible. Clark and Wright, our editors; Clay, our printer, and Fraser say it is a great idea and a safe one. What say you? No one else has been asked.

I hope you are all well. We are. But I am awful busy, nearly overwhelmed. Our new house of business is *so* comfortable. Do come and see it.

Alexander Macmillan’s fifth child and third son (William Alexander) was born in February, an event which throws some light on a letter to Mrs. Hort (June

¹ Writing to Fields a year later he expresses indignation that no notice had been taken in America of Goldwin Smith’s efforts.

1st) in which he exclaims with mock indignation against the "exigencies of babies":

They have no conscience, disturb one's night's rest, separate a man and his wife, fill one's life full of labour and anxiety, and yet look so innocently into one's face as if they would be very much astonished to find one did not love them.

Love for children in the Macmillan household, however, was not confined to their parents. In 1864 there came as governess Miss Louisa Cassell, known for many years to succeeding generations of students as Lady Superintendent at the Working Women's College in Fitzroy Street. "She came to us," writes Mrs. Dyer, "as a girl of 19 in 1864, and became almost immediately one of the family. The schoolroom life which then began was full of interest and merriment, for hers was a very spontaneous and unconventional character, and she was extraordinarily sympathetic to any one that she took to, as she did to both my parents. She entered readily into my father's wishes about the books to be used, etc., and it was rather an experimental schoolroom, as new books were tried on us to see how we liked them. We approved highly of Miss Yonge's *Landmarks of Continental History*, and when Freeman's *Old English History for Children* came out that also gained our approval. It was a most exciting event when Mr. Freeman himself set some papers for us to answer, and then looked over them. The ties of affection between Miss Cassell and my parents were drawn closer by her devotion to the youngest of our family, little Willie, whose short life closed in June, 1866."

Though the Thursday evenings in town were discontinued, occasional "feasts of Talk, Tobacco and Tipple" were held at the house at Tooting. "Yesterday," he

writes to Professor Tait (June 18), "I had Huxley the Professor and Tennyson the Poet dining with me, and better talk is not often to be had." A fortnight later he tells MacLehose of being at a club, where he met and had pleasant gossip with Tennyson, Browning, Anthony Trollope, Lord Houghton, Lord Stanley, Tom Taylor, Fitzjames Stephen and others, and adds: "I thought how much better worthy of such company dear Daniel would have been." Indeed his life on the whole was very pleasant, though he sometimes felt a little wearied and yearned for the "island valley of Avilion." The "Globe Shakespeare" was going on well, and would be ready for November. Curiously enough Aldis Wright and W. G. Clark both objected to the title as "claptrappy," but Clay, Isaac Taylor and others hailed it as a stroke of genius. As the publisher puts it: "I am going to call it 'The Globe Edition.' There is a sort of pun in the phrase, as the Globe Theatre was where most of the plays were acted first, and the edition will be for the whole globe."

In August Macmillan went to Sandown for a holiday. "They have tamed me, these Southrons," he writes to his namesake, the Rev. Hugh Macmillan (August 4). "Shall I not meanly be looking after women and babies to the extent of seventeen *souls*—not to speak of *bodies* and *boxes*—to-morrow morning going down ignominiously, *not* to the grand Highlands of Scotland, but to the accessible Isle of Wight?" The Macmillans were accompanied on the journey by Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Maclaren of Oxford, who occupied a house close by at Sandown. The friendship between the two families was of no ordinary interest, as the following facts will show. Mr. Maclaren was the well-known authority on Gymnastics and head of the Gymnasium

at Oxford. Mrs. Maclaren was the daughter of D. A. Talboys, the Oxford printer, and under her father had been trained as a first-rate classical scholar. She was contemplating the establishment of a preparatory school at Summertown, near Oxford, and Alexander Macmillan, who was much interested in the venture, decided to back it by sending his younger son George, and his nephews Maurice and Arthur. These three, with the two sons of Shirley Brooks, afterwards Editor of *Punch*, also sent by Macmillan's recommendation, formed in September, 1864, the nucleus of the school, which has since proved conspicuously successful. Other boys sent in these early years through Alexander Macmillan's influence were Tom Hughes' younger son Jack, two sons of his friend Josiah Wright, two sons of his Clapham neighbour Miers (the younger of whom, Henry Miers, is now Principal of London University), a son of his wife's cousin, Henry Manning of Leeds, and two sons of his old Cambridge friend J. van Rees Hoets. The first public success was a scholarship at Uppingham won by Maurice Macmillan in 1867. One of the examiners, Tennyson's friend, Drummond Rawnsley, was so much struck by the boy's classical attainments, that he at once sent one of his own sons to the school, followed later by two others and by the sons of his Lincolnshire neighbour, Parker, the eldest of whom, Robert, is now the well-known Chancery Judge. In July, 1868, Macmillan's second son, George, gained the first Eton scholarship from the school, and this led his Eton tutor, the Rev. H. Snow (afterwards Kynaston), to send a boy to the school. Walter Rawnsley got on to the Eton foundation in the following year, and since then not a year has passed without one or more scholars from Summerfields, the efficiency of

the school in this respect having been well maintained under its present headmaster, Dr. Williams, who married Mrs. Maclaren's eldest daughter. This success has unquestionably been due in the main to the excellent teaching first of Mrs. Maclaren herself and then of her successor, but there is no doubt that Alexander Macmillan's keen personal interest in the venture and the influence he exerted amongst his large circle of friends played a large part in giving the school a good start and supplying the kind of boys likely to respond to intelligent teaching.

On his return to business in September he reports to MacLehose that the stocktaking, just completed, showed most satisfactory results. "It is considerably the best year we have had." The same letter deals at length with the unsatisfactory condition of the book trade, and characterises the stupidity of one of the leading middlemen by an apt phrase: "What would one think of the buying partner of any large silk merchant who could not tell a silk purse from a sow's ear, and did not care to know!" A letter to Woolner (September 16) congratulates him on his recent marriage, and asks for a drawing of his statuette of Florence Nightingale with her lamp as a vignette for *The Book of Golden Deeds*. The statuette was really the work of Miss Bonham Carter, but the letter is worth noting, as Macmillan suggests that the drawing should give a little hint of the patients—a Roman Catholic priest with a crucifix and a Protestant reading the Bible—so as to emphasise the catholicity of the idea. To Hort he writes on September 23 about Lightfoot's forthcoming edition of *St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians* and Maurice's book on *The Kingdom of Heaven*.

Owing to the exacting nature of his engagements in

London and Oxford Macmillan was now only able to visit Cambridge once or twice a term, but, as the subjoined letter shows, he had not allowed Oxford to supersede Cambridge in his affections :

October 14, 1864.

To Rev. W. S. Smith (at Madras).

. . . First I ought to tell you, only you have learnt it otherwise, I am now almost as much at Oxford as at Cambridge. It has been very interesting indeed for me to see the difference, and the resemblance, between the tone of the two places. I suppose I may say generally that I am in the habit of seeing among the best of both Universities. There is a very marked Oxford manner, as distinguished from the Cambridge one, and yet essentially I don't know that there is much difference. The Oxford manner has more what might be called fine gentlemanliness—everyone almost has it—a certain softness and repression of manner. I need not tell you what the Cambridge manner is. A *friend* would say it was opener and more manly—an enemy, rougher and less gentlemanly. Of course I am only speaking generally. There are individuals in both who rise out of all local manner, like, say, our public orator at Cambridge, and others I could name at Oxford. Then you cannot be long in Oxford among Oxford men till you feel that it seems a habit of mind in the place that they are bound to take action in some way on the world without.¹ No Cambridge man, or very few, naturally, and as a matter of course feels that he must do something to influence his day and generation. If any do it comes from either some specific religious influence, or political. Or some

¹ Some Oxford men, as it has been noticed, never forget Oxford wherever they go. There is a story of an entry in a visitors' book at Schaffhausen :

“ Three Oxford men came here to see
 These celebrated Falls ;
 Two had not taken their degree,
 And one had not passed Smalls.”

great event or person stirs them, as Bishop Selwyn or Livingstone did. In Oxford it seems to me different altogether. And it is rather curious as joined to the very quiet, almost finikin manner. Cambridge is always more occupied, as it seems to me, with the studies—Oxford with the results. Of course I only utter the impression made on my mind. If I am right it seems, I confess, a very providential arrangement that the one should be statical, and the other dynamical. The great body of humanity, as the great body of the Church, is made perfect by the different functions and faculties of its members.

Cambridge looks to me, on the whole, very much alive. Building is going on very briskly at St. John's. Their new Chapel will really be a magnificent structure. King's College still only talks about their new buildings, but I fancy that the screen will be replaced by a set of beautiful buildings. One of the fellows with whom I had a long talk the other day seemed to fancy that even this would not be begun for a year or two.

In other and deeper matters I don't see much difference from what has been for long. Theological and other novelties don't make anything like the same stir there that they do elsewhere. The sedate and somewhat scientific habit of looking steadily at all that comes before it, and endeavouring to appraise it at its true worth, prevents panic outcry or over-ready reception of this or that new form of speculation. "Give him a fair hearing, but don't resign old convictions for attractive novelties or specious arguments." This seems on the whole the tone I fancy. It gives an air of cold indifference, which really does not exist among the best men. You see I have not lost my love for what is in a sense *my* "Alma Mater," by taking an *ad eundem* place at the sister University.

He was at Oxford on October 19 dining with Professor Bartholomew Price. Liddell, Jowett and Mansel were amongst the guests, and the last-named in the

course of the evening observed that "Colenso had found the Fauna of Moses a regular floorer (Flora)."

Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire* was published in October, 1864, and in sending a copy to MacLehose, Macmillan, who had read the book with great interest, alludes to the high opinion entertained of the author by "Jowett and Stanley and all that set." An interesting tribute to George Eliot's genius shows that he was quite disinterested in his admiration. Writing to a lady novelist on October 26 he says: "George Eliot seems to me immeasurably the first novelist of the day—perhaps of any day, and she moves quietly, calmly, with no jerk or attitudinizing. Her moral—not always by any means what seems to me right—comes home with a force and power that acres of preaching never effect." Macmillan's fondness for English hexameters has already been mentioned, and he returns to the subject in a letter to I. C. Wright¹ two days later:

October 28, 1864.

To I. C. Wright.

. . . Thanks for your kindness in sending me the copy of Lord Derby's letter to Lord Denman. As I said before, I have no sort of right to offer a judgment on the respective merits of blank verse and hexameter. I am an utterly unlearned person, and know nothing of the technicalities of metres. But no authorities, however big, can take away my private likings. Mr. Tennyson, Lord Derby, yourself, and other high authorities say I ought not to like them, but the fact remains that I do like them, and I am sure you will at least respect my honesty in saying

¹ Ichabod Charles Wright, Translator of Dante and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. His *Homer in blank verse* (dedicated to Major Loyd Lindsay, afterwards Lord Wantage) was published in 2 vols. by Longmans in 1865. Three instalments had been published separately by Macmillan in 1859, 1861, and 1864.

so, however you may contemn my taste. I would give anything to see *Homer* done into a measure like Clough's poem, and with a force and fire adequate to the great original. Your own admirable renderings I admire much, but the pace does not commend itself to my ear as harmonious with the mental mood which I feel in *Homer*. Pope's jingle I dislike exceedingly, and can in no degree respond to the praise men of infinitely higher claims to judge give it. I am thankful to you exceedingly for a faithful and forcible and harmonious rendering, but as I read I feel an impatience to see the verse break out into a gallop or a canter. Am I incorrigible? This is only my private judgment or taste. As a publisher I am most willing to do whatever you think best, and to give my own advice as to what is best for your purpose. . . .

I ought to say that I am not influenced in the Hexameter question by Professor Arnold's arguments, which indeed I have not read. If I bowed to authority—which how can I in a point of taste any more than in the colour of my hair—Tennyson would clearly be first. I spent three days with him about a fortnight ago, and the question was debated between him and two scholars of eminence—one a distinguished Senior Classic of Cambridge. Beyond a general conclusion that you could not make English hexameters like Greek ones, I could see no result. It was not denied that a powerful and effective metre analogous to the Hexameter, and suited to the genius of the English language, would be a great thing. Even these high authorities could not settle amongst themselves whether there was *quantity* in English metre! Tennyson maintained there was. He should know.

Alexander Macmillan's relations with his authors were for the most part extremely amicable. But there were exceptions, and the following letter, which was written at the close of this year, may be given in illustration of his method of dealing faithfully with clients

whose discontent prompted them to charge him with unfairness and prejudice :

I do not know who your literary friend is who insinuates these accusations against your publisher, but I will say that only great ignorance of the real facts of the case can excuse the injustice of them. Neither the University of Oxford nor its Professors have ever in any way interfered with my action as a publisher, nor are they likely to do so. . . . My private tastes are my own. But if I allowed them to interfere with an obligation to do justice to a client, I am guilty of breach of trust morally if not legally. I can say safely, because it is capable of proof, that your books have given me more labour, letter-writing, expense and anxiety than the most successful I ever published. I am not going to recriminate, but the time of a publisher is as valuable as that of a lawyer. I believe that I had hours of consultation with you in Cambridge, when you were pleased to honour me by consulting my private tastes, which I was perhaps unwise to disclose. Since then at least 100 letters have been written by me from a nervous anxiety to do my duty by you. I do not and never would have complained that any profit I get from your work does not pay my errand boy. I take things as they come, seeking to do my best for all whose work I undertake. But I do complain that when doing this at great inconvenience in the midst of profitable, appreciated and successful work entailing not a tithe of the proportionate labour yours has done, I am accused of the baseness of allowing personal likes or dislikes to interfere with my plain duty to fulfil what I undertake. Whoever says or insinuates that I have not for fear or favour of any, does so, I doubt not ignorantly, but most certainly untruly. I have my family to provide for, a large number of trusting friends to attend to in my publishing business, and although, from personal respect to yourself, I have worked and submitted to groundless complaints, I can do so no longer.

In November he writes to Geikie suggesting four titles for his book and inviting him, as in the previous year, to join their Christmas dinner.

The year 1865 was marked by the issue of W. Gifford Palgrave's *Travels in Arabia*, Lightfoot's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Galatians*, Matthew Arnold's *Essays in Criticism*, *Alice in Wonderland*, and, at the very close of the year, *Ecce Homo*—a group of books characteristic of the wide range of interests represented by the publications of the firm. A scheme of Macmillan's to include a selection from the poems of Robert Browning and his wife in the *Golden Treasury Series* is mooted in a letter to the poet on February 1st, but nothing came of it. In the same month he was charged by Mrs. Oliphant with having revealed the secret of her authorship of *Son of the Soil*, but effectually disproved the charge. As a matter of fact the *Spectator* had connected her name with the book, which Macmillan greatly admired, though he thought it would bear compression and objected to the introduction of Jowett. He ends his letter of February 20th with an interesting passage :

Did you ever read Maurice on the *Word Eternal*? I don't mean in reference to questions such as What's to happen to whom—the most foolish and aimless of questions that ever made brain into maggots—but in reference to the class of subjects that should occupy a distinguished novelist and genius like yourself. The petty and passing should be as inconspicuous as possible, the permanent and eternal as full in flow as you can make it. Pray forgive me. I am given to argufication.

In March Macmillan sustained a severe loss by the death of his confidential clerk and right-hand man, James Fraser, who had been in broken health for six months.

“Since Daniel’s death,” he writes to a friend, “he has been to me almost as a brother,” and in a letter to MacLehose he calls him “as sweet and noble a man, and as true a friend and husband and father as God ever made.” Mrs. Dyer writes of the affection her father entertained for this loyal friend and of his visits to Tooting: “He was then in failing health, and I remember his beautiful patient gentle face, reminding one of George Macdonald, as he asked for his favourite hymn, ‘Nearer, my God, to Thee.’”

Westcott’s work, *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, was submitted to the firm in March, and Macmillan’s comments are valuable, especially the passage in which not for the first time he pleads the cause of the unlearned:

March 28, 1865.

To Rev. Dr. Westcott.

I have read through your MS. I need not say with much interest, and my feeling is that it could not fail to be effective and useful. But I think if you do decide on publishing you should give your name. I cannot conceive but that it would be read and judged of on its merits quite as much with as without your name. Only with your name it would be sure of more immediate and attentive consideration. The metaphysical parts would be those which would be least attractive, and indeed might repel the practical English mind. Even to a Scotchman like myself, bred in an atmosphere of, perhaps somewhat crude, speculation, those parts where the moral aspects are dealt with are much more valuable. I would have liked them more expanded and elaborated, and I thought more historical illustration of the growth in definiteness of the doctrine would have been valuable. There are also certain places where you make *allusions* to theories instead of telling plainly what they are. For instance, I do not know what Aristotle’s view of immortality was, and I

suppose a considerable number of those whom you would wish to have for readers would be in the same condition. I dare say it is not easy for you to realise the extent of ignorance, even among the clergy, but it would do no harm in some general way in most cases to give what you merely allude to. Mrs. D. Macmillan, my sister-in-law, has been reading your introduction lately, and was just saying on Thursday night how much she would like if you could give, however briefly, some of the historical facts, opinions, and legends to which you merely allude, and ignorance of which blunts the point of your arguments. You remember I am the advocate for the ignorant. . . .

Mill's candidature for Westminster was the political sensation of the spring, and Macmillan wrote to Charles Kingsley on April 4 to say "of course I will vote for him. . . . Our parson here, who has the reputation of being a Palmerstonian Evangelical, is going to do the same." Another event mentioned in the correspondence of this month in which the Macmillans were deeply interested was the engagement of their dear friend Miss Mullock to Mr. George Lillie Craik of Glasgow. On April 12th he wrote to MacLehose for information as to Craik's business capacity, and the reply was so satisfactory that on the 17th he says "since your letter came I have had serious thoughts as to whether he would not do for a partner for me. . . . Tell me how you think he would suit." MacLehose's further report elicited the following interesting letter showing how the multifarious activities of his position had begun to tell on a constitution impaired by early privations:

April 20, 1865.

To James MacLehose.

Many thanks for your clear and candid letter. It leads me to this result. I *do* want a partner. The

sense of the sole responsibility of this large and growing business is weighing on me terribly. I have had it on me really ever since Daniel left me, for though poor Fraser was most helpful in many ways, yet the ultimate decision of everything lay with me, and latterly—for the last two years—even in the matter of accounts and calculations, I had to watch and look after, else things did get overlooked. Even as it is I find a good many things have been overlooked, and are left in a state that will need a good deal of work and skill to extricate. I have had various small monitions in the shape of swimings in the head, a sense of faintness, fits of distressing, and, as far as I know, causeless anxiety, so that at times in the night I wake with a feeling as if everything were going to crack around and leave me sinking into horrid abysses. As I said, I believe that if I can go on I have no ground for anxiety, for things are going on as prosperously as ever, and, on the whole, I believe that no house stands firmer than I do, or has a career before it brighter or more hopeful. But these things mean in plain English that I have too much on me. My life has always been a hard one, as you know. Even at Nitshill I worked at pressure—it's my way. In my early years too, as you know, I had a somewhat pinched life. When I lived the nine months in Glasgow on 5s. a week, paying lodging and washing out of it, the very poor food and confinement, I am sure, told on me. Now I eat and drink well enough, and I have no doubt it helps me to get on. But, as I said, the tension is too high. In order to have the sense that I am going on prudently, I ought to have a partner who would have a complete mastery of all the details of the past and a clear knowledge of what our calculations for the future are, and how day by day's experience justifies them. To watch each book, and each class of book, whether it requires special attention, and of what kind. I know *perfectly how* all these things are to be done, and to a great extent I get them done. . . . But *I have to see all done*. An intelligent

partner would also be of the highest value in helping me to decide on what books I should take, and in consulting and helping me to carry out my various plans. I have no power of making use of the usual publisher's taster—two attempts I made turned out failures.

I don't in the least want anyone to bring grist to the mill in the way of new ideas or new connections. I have far more of both than I can avail myself of now, and can get both at any time I want. What I do want is an intelligent, able man who would consult with me on what of several things we should undertake, on the mode of undertaking them, and who would see to the details being carried out. I would, of course, help him in this, as he would me in the other, but I would wish to be head in one department and he in the other. . . .

No time was lost in carrying out the necessary negotiations, and within three months Macmillan was able to report that Craik was gaining full mastery over his department. "He is such a nice fellow—clear, open and clever. No one could be franker than I have found him." It is pleasant to know that these cordial feelings were only strengthened by the lapse of years, and were shared by all who came in contact with Mr. Craik.

The assassination of Lincoln moved Macmillan deeply, as may be seen from his letter to Goldwin Smith:

May 5, 1865.

To Professor Goldwin Smith.

. . . I hardly remember any public event that excited me to the same extent as that culminating crime of history, all the deeper, as it seems to me, from the ghastly sort of conscience and purpose there was in the act—if that letter is genuine. But it shows how vital goodness is, and how impotent badness, that what

seemed a calamity will probably turn out a blessing. The humility and *patient waiting* of Lincoln, as contrasted with the limitless arrogance and impatience, brutal and brainless, of the southern champion, is instructive to a degree. May I learn the lesson, and may you, as is your work, teach it.

I am so glad you are going to give us a paper, though it should be a short one. Edward Dicey, who knew the Swards, especially the younger one, intimately, was anxious to give us a paper of personal gossip. Yours will supplement this with what is really needful. I have just had a nice letter from Fields. He is, of course, full of the assassination. He says, however, in reference to some remarks I made about the irritation of the North against England, "Don't mind the gasconading about trouble with England. I hope we are not such idiots as to fall out now. Don't let us talk of war between England and America. It can't be." "Tell our good friend Goldwin Smith he need not be ashamed of his friendships this side the water." . . .

In other respects the summer was a happy one, in that it was associated with the success of so many of his friends. As he writes in July to MacLehose: "Three of my special friends come into this Parliament: Tom Hughes for Lambeth, Fawcett for Brighton, and George Trevelyan for Tynemouth. Gifford Palgrave is going on a mission of the highest importance to Egypt and Abyssinia. So our friends are in the ascendant."

In the same strain he writes to congratulate Trevelyan:

July 14, 1865.

To G. O. Trevelyan.

I was indeed delighted to see your victory, and that it was so complete as, I suppose, to render you pretty secure of a quiet return as long as you like. May you have health and strength to go on till we see you Premier—a new and nobler Pam.

I have sent the *Cawnpore* to Mr. Stevenson. Where shall I send proofs of the sheets which have been cancelled? They are just ready.

Isn't it glorious to see such an access of strong, clear-headed Liberals as Mill, Fawcett, Hughes, and yourself? The sky has been clearer to me ever since. Bob Lowe can't cloud it.

In the same month Macmillan attended the Printers' Pension dinner, and some conversation with Mr. Gladstone led to the following letter on theological study:

July 27, 1865.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

. . . May I take this opportunity of referring to a matter that was spoken of during the very brief interview I had the honour of with you at the Printers' Pension dinner. In answer to your enquiry as to the extent of sales of Clarendon Press books, I was obliged to confess how small they were. But I had hardly time to go further and explain that this was brought about by the very remarkable and somewhat sudden change that has taken place in theological study and reading of late years. Perhaps I should rather say the *fashion* in theological book-buying—for to be honest, though I was to a considerable extent partly responsible or connected with the sale of these books in Cambridge, I have my doubts whether much that could be called *reading* went on, still less *study*. I have no doubt it did go on to some extent. But it was the *purchase* arising from interest in seventeenth century divinity that justified numerous reprints that were made at the University Press some fifteen or twelve years since. This was owing to the Oxford movement, and the praise bestowed by the leaders of that movement on these divines. The works of Jackson, Patrick, and others of that class were in high demand in their old folio form. Dr. Newman and others seemed convinced that the mind that was in them, if reproduced in our time,

would redeem us from liberalism and other deleterious influences in religious and political regions. Dissent, indifference to what Irving and the devout Scotch called "the ordinances," was the evil thing. Pardon me if I say that ardent rising statesmen thought and spoke as if the battle lay in that direction. What wonder if the delegates of the Press, used to the *stable* and delighted to find that the most active minds were maintaining that the stable was also the advanced, went in for the reproduction of the great advocates of *order* in Church and State. I need not remind you how greatly all these controversies have changed their aspect, and how what was, ten or twenty years ago, *High and Savoury* has become *High and very Dry*. Numerically large bodies move naturally and inevitably very slowly. There may be wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but certainly there is not much speed. Still, since they did me the honour to appoint me their publisher, I have found the greatest possible readiness to listen to any suggestion I might make, and I am sure that in a very few years you will see a considerably different class of books issue from the press of your University—*yours*, as you feel in spite of recent events. We would be glad of all help we can get, either in the way of suggestion or supply. I do not hesitate to ask if you will permit me at any time to consult you on any point where I think I may fairly do so. Had you remained member for Oxford I meant to do so. I do not think that the changed *outward* circumstances need prevent my fulfilling my intention. Also, as you gave them your *Homer*, there surely is no reason why you should not publish with us a second edition of it—or any other work you may have on hand. As the University publisher I will hardly hesitate to remind her sons that in this way they can help her.

Macmillan had contemplated a trip to America this year in company with Professor Fraser, the Editor of Berkeley, but the scheme had to be postponed. But

he secured a most congenial companion in Mr. Aldis Wright for an excursion to Scotland in September, references to which are found in the two letters sub-joined :

September 10, 1865.

To Mrs. Daniel Macmillan.

The walk home from Fraser's after 10 o'clock was superb. We had had no moon, and only occasional glimpses of blue sky ever since we left Moffat. We had very little actual rain, and none really to disturb, but drifting mist rarely amounting to showers, thinly-veiled sunshine, sweeping winds and alternate calms, gave us throughout as pleasant an atmosphere as we could wish. There were actual gleams of sunshine sweeping grandly over the hills, but of that fierce burning sun your kind heart feared for us, there was none. But this walk back from Fraser's was as fine as heart or imagination could wish. We were hardly on the level road, after ascending that sloping retrograde from the Manse, which I daresay you remember, when we were met by a swift sweeping shower which made us hoist umbrellas, under shelter of which we marched steadily on for perhaps a quarter of a mile when the wind and rain began to subside, and very soon there was, if not a great calm, yet a comparative calm. We could put down our umbrellas and look about and above. A great breadth of blue sky pranked with brilliants finer and of a mild fineness such as jewellers might pant for eternities after, was above, and all round the sky masses of dark and thick bright clouds in the wildest and yet most self-contained confusion. Behind the moon, more than half her orb left, was struggling through her fleecy curtain. Anon she burst bravely through, silvering the stream and the valley and the hills, so as to make one shriek with delight. In the meantime we filled and lit our pipes, and the calm and imperturbable Wright muttered, "Ain't it jolly!" Another fierce gust and shower, and all subsides except the wind and our pipes

under cloud and skilfully-set umbrellas; then again the subsidence and the shine. Suddenly the calm *Keeper*—that's Wright's name now—I am the *Madman*—burst out vehemently, "There's a Lunar rainbow"; and sure enough there it was, with its left foot on the foot of S. Mary's Loch, and its right lost somewhere, there was barely one half visible. But what there was was of a pearly beauty, with colours mimicking those of her stronger brother in the most enchanting way. Till we reached the Douglas Arms she kept waning and waxing and fainting and flushing in a shadowy spiritual way so as to steal down to the depths where memory is life and becomes part of one's being now and forever. Altogether, it was about as beautiful in the dim spiritual way as anything I have ever seen—a thing to dream of all through one's life.

October 14, 1865.

To Archibald Geikie.

. . . I was in Arran for 10 days, returning home about a fortnight since. I thought you were still at the North Pole. If you really were in Ayrshire, I shall feel a wronged man. Yankeedom did not come off after all. I could not go. The only thing I could do was to get a week or two somewhere. So Wright, the librarian of Trin. Coll., Cam., agreed to accompany me in a semi-demi-walking trip through Yarrow and about Arran. We enjoyed ourselves amazingly, and had I known or guessed you were back most assuredly I would have added to my enjoyment by seeing you. . . . You must pardon a short and rather stupid letter. I am busy, and have a headache, a combination not conducive to brilliancy. But not the less do I love you oh man of stones, which have however not got near your heart, and will be glad to hear from or see you at any and all times. . . . Come at midnight or at cock-crow—at any time, so long as you prepare us.

By December the authorship of *Ecce Homo* was already exercising the ingenuity of dons and theologians,

and Macmillan writes to MacLehose to say that Glasgow shared with Oxford the error of ascribing the work to Goldwin Smith. On December 29 he makes the announcement that Westcott and Hort were at work on their famous recension of the text of the New Testament, which was not published till 1881, and on the same date he wrote a reply to a letter in which Mr. Gladstone had observed of *Ecce Homo*, that he thought "no production of equal force had appeared in recent years":

London, Dec. 29, 1865.

To Mr. Gladstone.

Your most kind letter was sent to Cambridge, and only reached me to-day. I have sent it on to the Author, who cannot fail to be deeply gratified by it.

With regard to the withholding of his name, I think he has very sufficient grounds for in the meantime doing so. Whatever benefit, if any, might come to the book from his name, I think he was moved beyond the personal considerations, which were weighty, by a desire to see the effect on men's minds of the thoughts that had seemed important to himself, unbiassed by his reputation or lack of reputation. It would be of very great value to effect the true estimate of the book if we could in any way make known the estimate formed of it by distinguished and earnest men. Besides your own letter, I have had letters from two eminent Oxford men in quite the same tone. On the other hand, there have been two reviews of the book in papers which generally deal with such topics—the *Spectator* and the *Patriot*. The latter is a dissenting paper of no very great power, but, on the whole, candid and fair. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, is perhaps the ablest and most influential of the weeklies. Both, while speaking of the power and originality of the work, blame the writer for doing what he specifically says he did purposely, and which it is indeed the very essence and worth of the book to

have done, if done well, namely, see what the result of an investigation in a strictly scientific way of this great human fact and character would be. If this leads to an almost overwhelming sense of something beyond human being needed to accomplish all this, surely Christians should recognise this as most excellent work done for their cause. They themselves too might gain immensely by the contemplation of our Lord's Life and Work viewed simply as a man's life and work. The constant "confounding" of the two natures in our thoughts and feelings has, I cannot help thinking, a terrible tendency to make unreal His influence as our Example. When the manuscript came to me anonymously and I had read it through, this seemed to me the most valuable and important side of the influence it was likely to exert. The reality of the Temptation and the victory over it, the force of this example, His human love and righteousness and purity, came to me with a power I had never felt before, so that I was almost overwhelmed with a sense of shame at the poverty and feebleness of our Christian life. Can this be our king whom we have bound ourselves to follow, and can we be content to live as we do live? A new meaning seemed to flash on me from the familiar words of our Lord, "If ye will do My will ye shall know of My doctrine"—and I seemed to see the true road to a unity of Christendom. I confess the vision and the conviction have not faded or even dimmed since. But these simply polemical rather petty articles make me feel that the current will in too many cases be diverted, and the effect lost. I wish much a really good article could be got into the *Guardian*. The book was written in the first instance, I believe, with an eye to the so-called "scientific" men, with whom, both at the universities and in London, the author has come a good deal into contact, but I think its reflective value on the Church might be at least as important. This view seemed to strike Mr. Goldwin Smith, who wrote to me first about it. . . .

Mr. Gladstone in reply observes "your letter expresses better than I should have done it great part of my view of *Ecce Homo*."

In March we find Alexander Macmillan again corresponding with Mr. Gladstone on a very different subject—that of the Coal Supply of Great Britain as discussed in Jevons's remarkable book published in April, 1865:

March 3, 1866.

Mr. Jevons gave me your name as one of the eminent public men to whom he wished copies of his book sent. I have forwarded your letter to him, and he cannot but feel gratified in learning that the case as he put it is fairly under the consideration of those who will put conscience and intellect into their consideration and also in the most effective ways will give it practical result.

That Mr. Jevons' view is not a mere alarmist one I have the testimony of several of our most eminent scientific men. Indeed broadly I have met with no one who did not admit the question a pressing one as regards our pre-eminent commercial position. Sir John Herschel wrote a long letter to Mr. Jevons admitting that his own experience and knowledge, though it had not been specifically in that line, led him to entertain the same opinion as Mr. Jevons had arrived at, that the whole subject was one demanding very serious thought from all who are interested in the well-being of our country. Dr. Percy, with whom I have had various conversations on the book and the subject, tells me he does not think the statements by Mr. Jevons at all too strong. But people shrink from the contemplation of national decay as they do from that of personal decay. It really seems to me that people ought to have the subject strongly brought before them. Its bearing on the very important question you name is most evident and important. I have also thought of it in its relation to international feeling, which many of our leaders seem indifferent about. The feeling and the saying that other

nations hate and envy us for our prosperity, and the self-gratulations of the *Times* and other of our organs, always give me the feeling that I am contemplating "Herod when the shout is in his ears."

Jevons's arguments greatly impressed J. S. Mill, who admitted their cogency in the House of Commons in April, and Mr. Gladstone on May 3rd, in proposing his scheme, which came to nothing, for extinguishing within thirty-nine years nearly fifty millions of the national debt, "cited the opinions of Jevons, and virtually appropriated his argument as to the prospective decline of the material prosperity of the country."¹

Macmillan's "book of the year"—for *Ecce Homo* really belonged to 1865—was undoubtedly Samuel Baker's famous work on *The Albert Nyanza*. Baker appealed to his publisher as a man as well as an author and traveller, and was at once enrolled in the circle of his living heroes. Two other notable names now appear for the first time in Macmillan's correspondence—those of John Morley and Norman Lockyer—and here the relations were of unbroken intimacy till the close of Macmillan's life. "Alexander Macmillan," Lord Morley writes, "was my earliest and greatest benefactor." Sir Norman Lockyer's tribute will be given later on, and is hardly less striking.

Macmillan's enthusiasm for the North had sensibly cooled during the progress of the war, but the hot fit returns in a letter to MacLehose, who had spoken disparagingly of the Americans:

To James MacLehose.

Feb. 24, 1866.

America! the land of life, of liberty, the hope of the world, inheritor of our greatness, our light, our

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxix. p. 375.

freedom, alas! inheritor to too great a degree of our arrogance, money-worship, and faithlessness to high calling and gifts of God, but which, on the whole, she is shaking off nobly in spite of our imbecile arrogance and silly sneers—our Roebucks, Cranbournes, Liverpool, and Clyde, unpatriotic pirates and worshippers of slave-holding aristocrats! There you have it back in your own coin, and you deserve it. With our merchants full of greed and reckless ostentation and luxury, what right have we to talk slightly of the land that produced Peabody, and produces hundreds like him, men whose aim is not to “found families,” but to help forward God’s cause in the world? Fie, James MacLehose! use your own good brain and honest heart, and don’t echo the venomous vituperations of men who are sneaking out of the responsibility of having from mere greed and selfishness almost plunged their country into a horrible, unnatural, and most disastrous war by their treacherous aid to the wanton enemies of our best and only natural ally in the world. Of course, the Yankees have their faults, and when I see them I don’t hesitate to tell them in very plain words what I think of their faults. But have we none like them? Where did they get their brag from? their love of money? their contempt of other people? Are we, their natural parents—unnatural rather—are we modest, lowly in our own eyes? patient of others’ faults? Look at the *Times*’ daily glorification of a most partial and imperfect care of our poor! Look at our contempt of the Irish, of France, of Germany, of America, of the Nigger, of everybody and every race but our vain-glorious selves, on whom God has bestowed so much, and to whose cause, as a nation and in the mass, we have rendered back so little. I know as well as any *Times* or *Saturday Review* braggadocio that God has made a noble race in the British people, but those who puff her up in her faults and don’t point out her failings and how she may mend them are no true sons of hers, and Bright, Goldwin Smith, and Matthew Arnold are fifty times

better patriots than the insolent bullies who abuse them. There, no more of this, but remain yours truly till you provoke me again. Over the page to fresh woods and pastures new and pleasanter, perhaps not profitabler, if you take it to heart.

Yes, I hope to go to America this year, but I can't exactly say whether I can get away. Craik, as I hope you saw, is getting a real mastery of the business, I think, and is throwing his soul into it. But we have a good deal on hand, and unless things are pretty clear, I won't like to leave Craik for three months, as I must if I cross the Atlantic. We have just bought the lease of the house next us in Bedford Street, as we are terribly hampered for room. There is a splendid warehouse to be got to add to our present underground one, but I fear it will want a good deal doing to it, and I must see it completed before I leave. I quite hope that our great book *Baker*¹ will be out by May. It will be a great success. I have only read about the first 120 pages, but the vigour, freshness, and truthfulness are as fine as Livingstone's, and the style is sparkling and interesting to a very high degree. He is a noble fellow, and so clever! Tell all your friends what a treat they have in store. He is so modest too. Of course, he has solved, unaided by Government or other aid, the problem of historical discovery since Herodotus—the source of the Nile. His tenderness for poor Speke's memory—the admirable yet stupid man that he was—has led him to deal tenderly, and he still will deal tenderly with his work. But he and his wife did what Speke and the Government at his back failed to do. And then he *can* tell his story. How you and the world will rejoice in the book. He has all Livingstone's steady, straightforward *human* interest, but his humour, his eye for natural features of the country, and national, personal, and race peculiarities are as good as a first-rate novelist's. Of course, the enemy will blaspheme . . . but we will go on our way rejoicing. . . .

¹*The Albert Nyanza.* By Sir Samuel Baker.

Your hint about the novels is very good indeed, and I will think of it. My only fear is that people want novels cheap. I did think of a Globe Series of novels in a type considerably larger than *Shakespeare*. The difficulty is the selection. You begin with Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne. But what are you to do with their dirt? Modern taste won't stand it. I don't particularly think they *ought* to stand it. Still less would they stand castration. Edgeworth, Jane Austen—would they sell? The question is puzzling. I would be thankful for light. I am doing *King Arthur*—slightly expurgated—legitimate in this case as the substance of the book is left unshaken by the very few omissions needed, which is not possible with *Fielding*, etc. . . .

Further perusal of Baker's book only confirmed Macmillan in his admiration of the narrative power of the author and the heroic pluck and patience shown by his wife and himself. In March he introduced the traveller to Tennyson. Baker, he writes in April, "is such a charming fellow. He has not Palgrave's speculative power, nor is it needful or appropriate in his story," and when Macmillan finished reading *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* he did not hesitate to express his enthusiasm, coupled with a suggestion which all chivalrous readers will highly commend:

May 4, 1866.

To Samuel Baker.

I read the conclusion of your book only last night, and am bound to say that if it does not succeed the public is a terrible donkey! I simply never read a nobler book in fact and tone. But—I am very serious—there is a terrible defect in your summing up. You should say something about Mrs. Baker. It may be as slight as you please, very little more than your most tender and delicate allusion at starting, but indeed some-

thing should be said. You mention Richam and his wife and your men—it struck me as strange to a degree. Of course I understand your feeling, of not wearing your heart upon your sleeve, but I do think people would wonder.

I am sure you will excuse my saying so much, and Mrs. Baker won't think me a bore.

I can say honestly now that I am proud to be your publisher. There is just a little doubt about that ethnological speculation, and is it the case that Central Africa has ever been submerged? Sir Roderick [Murchison] should be an authority on such a point. May I venture to suggest that a slight abridgment should be made in the preface? It has a slightly stilted sound not quite in keeping with the manly simplicity of the book itself. The critics would sneer, I fear.

Meantime the controversy over *Ecce Homo* was in full blast. Early in April Macmillan dined with Robert Cook (Mr. Murray's partner), and had to listen to Dr. William Smith fulminating against the book. What surprised him was that a work so clearly on the side of the angels should be accused of an infidel tendency. He felt sure that unbelief of all meaner kinds would be irritated by it, but "that the *Quarterly* should follow suit did a little astonish me." The secret of the authorship was wonderfully well kept. The ascriptions were endless, some fathering the book on Maine, others on J. S. Mill or Goldwin Smith, who, while disclaiming the authorship, appreciated the compliment, and declared that he wished the report was true. Mr. George Macmillan mentions a legend, which he has been unable to verify, "that on one occasion the publisher invited a party of notable men to meet the author of *Ecce Homo*, and though Professor Seeley was among them, the company separated without solving the mystery." The article in the *Guardian* which specially attracted the

attention of the author proved to be by Church, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's. The manner in which house was divided against house by *Ecce Homo* is amusingly illustrated by a story which Dean Liddell told Macmillan. Denison, the speaker, informed Liddell that he had read the book twice with the greatest admiration, and could not understand what his brother George meant by talking as he did about it—George being the Arch-deacon, who "shuddered" when he read it. Macmillan's own views are set forth in the second and third of the following letters. The Chair referred to in the first is that of History at Oxford, from which Goldwin Smith had recently retired :

May 14, 1866.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . Lord Shaftesbury says that the Father of Lies is the author of *Ecce Homo*—is it he to whom you fear Lord Russell will give the Chair? Bryce says he won't stand, I was asking him only the other day. He thinks Froude is sure of it. I am afraid Mr. Goldwin Smith's health compels a change and diminution of work. He is hard at work on his great history of England. . . .

May 15, 1866.

To Rev. A. R. Ashwell.

You will have seen that the assailants of *Ecce Homo* have not been idle. I think it a matter of very serious importance to the cause of truth—of the real advancement of Christ's Church—how books like *Ecce Homo* are dealt with. That men and books of real power, whose aid would be of the highest value in stemming the tide of unbelief that is undoubtedly coming on us, should with reckless animosity be assailed from the rear by those whose battle they are fighting seems to me a calamity. But it seems that we must

take things as we find them, and do our best with our own lights. . . .

May 23, 1866.

To the Rev. Henry Downton, on 'Ecce Homo.'

I will confess to you a good deal of surprise at your letter, while thanking you for its frank, courteous tone. Of course you do not find the doctrine of the Atonement, or recognition of the Holy Spirit, or of the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, or of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, or the inspiration of the Bible, or any theological doctrine whatever. But you had no right to expect anything of the kind, when the author tells you plainly what he meant to do in his investigation. You complain of the absence of dogma: the sceptics and Colensoites are furious with the author because he leaves so much. Your guess that the writer would prove a humanitarian of the Comte order is to me very strange. His starting point, in which, *from a scientific ground*, he claims that a miracle is possible, involves directly a personal God who can *reveal* himself in other ways than what is ordinarily called the course of nature. This is just the antagonistic spirit to the Comtist Humanitarianism. All this *suspicion* seems to me needless and injurious to the cause of sound views, as if people were so afraid of the truth being injurious to Christianity. The writer went in a different spirit to the examination of the question. You forget that long before you get to questions such as you speak of there are earlier ones which must be settled. Was Christ really the divine being He claimed to be, or only an ordinary man? Is Christ's Kingdom only one of the many religions that have risen and obtained the adhesion of men in this or that part of the world? or is it indeed that which God meant for men, and not entering into which men cannot *live* truly? These were the questions which the writer proposed to discuss with men who doubt them altogether. To abuse him, or suspect him for not doing something else, or even for not showing what he thinks on this or that point of doctrine is wholly

unjust. The *Quarterly Review* is as right about his ability as about his orthodoxy—as right as Lord Shaftesbury's wild words, surely not words of truth or soberness. "And we met one casting out devils in thy name, and he followed not us." The same spirit goes on still.

But pardon me. I did not mean to enter on an argument with you—only to say that I think you are all very wrong indeed. The aim and accomplishment of the book so far as it goes is to the good. If he does not go further in the road you wish him hereafter say so. But the time is not come nor the occasion for doing so yet.

I have sent your letter on to the author. He will be interested in it at least.

Alexander Macmillan's reticence in regard to the authorship of *Ecce Homo* was resented by some of his friends, including Mr. Llewelyn Davies, to whom he wrote on November 13, 1866:

Altogether apart from other considerations in a case of this kind where a man deliberately decides that he wishes to be anonymous I do not think his wish ought to be tampered with. If it were a mere whim it ought to be gratified, if it were not *known* to be a whim other and better motives might charitably be conceded to him. I think in any case he ought to be *protected* not *proclaimed*.

The *Ecce Homo* episode may be closed by Seeley's own words to Alexander Macmillan: "No other publisher would have done for the book what you have done."

In the spring of 1866 the health of Mrs. Daniel Macmillan had given him grave anxiety, and in June he suffered a severe affliction by the death of his youngest child:

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

[1866

Streatham Lane, Upper Tooting,

June 22, 1866.

To James MacLehose.

We have just lost our youngest child—the boy Willie—who was our idol. The loss is very great to the light and joy of our house. But God knows best what is good for us.

I have only time for this much, but was unwilling that you should learn it from any one but myself.

Streatham Lane, Upper Tooting, S.,

July 1, 1866.

To the same.

I have been wanting to write you a long letter, but have been busy and perturbed in mind, and hardly felt equal to quietly putting things before you that I wanted to put. Indeed even now I hardly know where or how to begin. I am in much perplexity. I don't know that I ought to burden you with my difficulties, nor quite how to ask your advice or help. The dear little boy who is gone from us has filled our hearts with deep sorrow, but it is a tender sorrow, which is capable of consolation. We know he has gone to the Father's home, and his little life was very beautiful. His dear mother has borne up wonderfully, and is so brave and good.

Yet it was a terrible wrench, and so sudden, at least to us. He had been a very healthy, strong little fellow up till this spring, when the bitter weather touched him, and he had something like congestion of the lungs. . . . I suspect the attack in the spring was more serious than we knew, and yet had we known, he could not have been more carefully watched—the dear little angel. He was so patient and gentle while consciousness lasted, which was up to about twelve hours of his death. I had looked forward to his life with peculiar hope. His temper was so good, and his intelligence, without any unnatural precocity, so clear and bright. He was as

full of life and fun and playfulness as he could hold. He was quite an idol in the house. It seemed almost to break his nurse's heart. The good Mary would not leave him a moment for the forty-eight hours after his first attack of convulsions—neither would Miss Cassell, our governess, who seemed to have an almost romantic affection for him and he for her. Indeed we were all about him all the time nearly.

God is very good to surround us with so much love in the midst of our troubles.

I am not going to write about any business on this quiet Sabbath evening.

His views on the value of Sunday observance show that while he had travelled far from the vexatious restrictions of the Scots Sabbath, he was strongly opposed to the secularising of the Day of Rest:

July 26, 1866.

To the Rev. Dr. Bedford Hall, Halifax.

. . . *To rest from our own works*, as I understand it, from the hunt after riches, or even daily food, from all the ordinary pressure of business, is as permanent a law of man's well-being as the laws against murder or theft or uncleanness. A man's life, moral, spiritual, physical, is unsound when he does not obey it. I was brought up in the strictness of a Scotch Sabbath. I think their rules frivolous, tiresome, tyrannous. I don't feel in any way bound by them, any more than I do by the Jewish fasting enactments. But I do think the law of rest on the day I find fixed by Christian usage is binding on one, and if I err from it, I hurt my soul's weal, my moral spiritual health. A one day in seven—the question of the seventh or the first involves no principle in my mind—in which all that is meant by commerce should cease, even the gathering of Manna, does contain a principle of permanent importance. I think if this were well seen, and men were convinced that self-indulgences of all kinds were to be

markedly avoided, that the day should be consecrated to *common* joys, works of charity, of communion between classes, where possible—always between members of families—the Lord's Day, or Christian Sabbath, I can't give up the excellent word, might be made a mighty moral lever for elevating our people and binding them together. Mere refutation of Puritanical formalism will do no good; seizing the heart-principle which gives it what life it has, and a very precious life it has had for many, and giving this its true application, seems to me the only way in which you can rid it of its incrustations.

Forgive my saying so much. I feel very strongly on the subject, and would fain see some attempt by an able pen like yours to enforce the spirit and principle in this service. I cannot find that the fourth commandment is yet effete. Maurice in one of his sermons draws attention to the fact that it contains a law of *labour*, as well as of rest.

For a picture of the Sundays in his own household I am fortunate in being able to draw upon the graphic reminiscences of his eldest daughter. "Sunday," writes Mrs. Dyer, "was a cheerful day with us and, of course, especially associated with him. As compared with Cambridge it made, of course, a difference that he was now away all day through the week in London, only coming home to a seven o'clock dinner. On week-days prayers were at eight or soon after, and breakfast at half-past, as an early train had to be caught at Balham station, so that Sunday was a very marked day. My father had a special Sunday garb, in the early days a very brilliant scarlet coat and later on a brown velvet coat and cap, which were very becoming to him, and he came down with a peculiarly happy and serene expression. We always went in a body to church, and after the usual long service of those days we went for a long

family walk and sat down to a family dinner at the rather unusual hour of three. This hour was fixed to allow time for the walk, but was continued long after the walk was given up, because my father clung to old ways, until a successful conspiracy in the family got it altered. Then began the specially social part of the day, for there was nearly always some one who came from London in time for this meal; a prospective author, or one or two of his clerks, or an old friend. After the leisurely meal, at which much talk went on, the afternoons were spent in the garden in summer, and in winter divided between the library—thick with the smoke of many pipes—and the drawing-room, until we gathered round the dining-room table for tea. Some part of Sunday evening in those early days was always given to reading aloud—the Bible, or a sermon by Maurice or Kingsley, but very often poetry. After the arrival of our governess and friend, Miss Cassell, in 1864, music was often added. We all sang hymns, and my father sang to her accompaniment 'He shall feed His flock' or 'Oh rest in the Lord.' He had had no musical training, and there were many faults in his singing, but there was character in it, and a very special attention to the words, and his singing of Scottish songs, when his voice was still strong, was really enjoyable. Those Sundays in the early days at Tooting were certainly most bright and happy days. There were no irksome restrictions, yet the happiness was of a quiet kind, and tended to draw closer the ties of family and friendship. We were not restricted in our reading to religious books, of which both parents had perhaps an overdose in their youth. As long as our mother was strong enough there was always some Bible reading with her, and she had the art of teaching the Bible

stories so that they were, to say the least, as interesting to us as any other stories. My eldest brother, whose memory went further back and in everything concerning her was vivid, thought that her gifts in this way were remarkable. The quite little ones were taught by pictures—some old German pictures which had a great fascination for us, especially one of the Flood, in which the angels were shown pouring buckets of water down from the clouds. Blake's wonderful illustrations to the Book of Job were also our delight, my father taking a deep interest in that unique genius. The *Sunday Library*, a pet scheme of my father's, which for some reason had no great success with the public, was a great success in the publisher's home. Miss Yonge's *Pupils of St. John*, Kingsley's *Hermits*, Farrar's *Seekers after God* were great favourites with us. Then there was *The Book of Golden Deeds* suggested by Mrs. Daniel Macmillan, taken up with enthusiasm by my father and charmingly carried out by Miss Yonge. Besides these we were encouraged to read any good literature on Sundays. Scott's novels, Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* Carlyle's *Past and Present* and *Heroes*, were all put into my hands before I was fourteen and read with avidity."

The summer holidays in 1866 were spent mainly in Argyllshire in the company of the Massons, Frasers and the MacLehoses, and a letter written before leaving town shows how abiding was his love of the land of his birth :

August 11, 1866.

To the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, Whiting Bay, Arran.

Yes indeed I remember Whiting Bay, and it would be a great delight to me if this glorious August morning were shining visibly to my eye over the sea there, as I have no doubt it is to yours. I have only

passed by it on walks round the island, and don't remember distinctly whether you see Ailsa Craig from it, but it is connected in my mind with that excellent sight. The quieter aspect of nature there is by no means ungrateful to me. The green fields of Tooting, for instance, I can stand, and get considerable delight from. Big mountains and stern rocks are by no means indispensable to my existence. I used indeed at one time to say that quiet English scenery—even the flats of Cambridgeshire—has elements of grandeur not less real than the more obtrusive grandeur of mighty mountains. The great mysterious distance—infinite, like the sea—which you feel sometimes in these flats is very grand and striking when the eye is educated to take it fully in. And yet, my dear Cousin, I will confess that I could weep with longing after Glen Sannox this very moment, and the great glen over to Lochranza is tender in my memory, like the dear lost friends with whom it is bound up. How I should like a walk with you from Corrie, say, to Lochranza over to the loch and home by the shore. Wouldn't we become poetical! . . .

Mr. John Morley had already become a contributor to the *Magazine*, and his paper on George Eliot's novels in the August number gave the author such pleasure that G. H. Lewes called on Macmillan to thank him. Macmillan himself liked this article "exceedingly," and was also much interested in another from the same pen on Social Responsibilities, which appeared in the September number. On August 29 he writes to Morley suggesting an interview about a book "which I think you could write," and adopting a tone pleasantly indicative of the cordial relations which had so rapidly grown up between them. But this close association with distinguished writers, scholars and thinkers never affected the consciousness of his own limitations. Writ-

ing to MacLehose on August 31 he mentions, apropos of certain theological works, that an alternative interpretation of a verse containing the phrase "just condemnation" had occurred to him. He continues: "There is the very obvious objection to it that after eighteen centuries of examination and study by very wise, very learned and very pious men, it occurs first to one whose wisdom is not considerable, whose learning is a negative quantity, and whose other quality is, let us say, a very moderate average."

A letter to Lightfoot in September gives an amusing anecdote of Jowett's imperturbability:

September 29, 1866.

To Professor (afterwards Bishop) Lightfoot.

. . . We had reasonably fine weather when we were in the Highlands, and enjoyed our trip very much. Saw the Queen and Braemar at once, both very pleasant to look at.

I heard a wonderful story about Jowett from the Landlord. "Wonderful man Mr. Jowett, can't be put out, never saw such a man," and then he told how he frightened the Farquharson's deer and lost the Colonel the shot he had been working for for a whole day, just when the butt of the gun was at the sportsman's shoulder, and how the sportsman used language of a severe and vehement nature, while the professor smiled blandly. Of course professorial apologies were duly made, but what did they avail to the man who didn't "kill the deer." He was as bad as a "College Council," and gave anathemas as strong if not quite so decorous. However, the man used to "College Councils" and not unused to anathemas was imperturbable and seemingly not without result, for next day *the* Farquharson called on the Professor with apologies and invitations. The Inn-keeper was evidently impressed with the man who "could not be put out."

Maurice's election to the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in Cambridge in October gave Macmillan peculiar satisfaction. As he put it in a letter of congratulation: "Old links seem renewed and very precious memories relive themselves." These memories were rekindled by Dr. Donaldson's eulogy of *Guesses at Truth*, which Macmillan describes as one of his especial favourites: "I owe both to it and to its chief author, Julius Hare, more than I can tell," and he could not acquiesce in the verdict that it was "*passé* in thought and speculation." Here we may note that Alexander Macmillan had decided views as to the simultaneous teaching of science and religion, and expressed them in a letter written at the close of this year:

November 27, 1866.

To the Rev. Robert Whiston, Rochester.

. . . What you say about Scripture history is very important, but I am by no means clear that it is needful to discuss the points of the historical or cosmical accuracy of the Bible with children. On History and Science I would always speak the truth and teach the truth. . . .

Mr. Maclear's aim was mainly to tell the Bible story as it stands pretty much, and not to discuss questions which are better discussed later in life. I think it would be well if Science could be taught alongside of the spiritual teaching of the Bible, habitually and constantly. The antagonism which comes often so painfully and suddenly on young men would to a great extent be avoided. But I am aware that the difficulty you express is very widely felt in large schools. I remember saying to Dr. Temple that I thought Early English should be taught as Classics are taught, and the energetic way in which he deprecated the addition of subjects to those already taught, or sought to be taught, in schools. Yet they have introduced science very extensively at Rugby.

They have the advantage of an able and energetic teacher in Mr. Wilson, and, of course, it is not compulsory, nor do all boys learn.

It is a pleasure to me to have had your interesting letter. It is not possible that two very busy men like yourself and me can often exchange such letters, but it is a real help to one in one's work to get a hint, or a word of encouragement. . . .

The Mr. Wilson referred to in the above letter was afterwards Headmaster of Clifton and a much esteemed friend. Apropos of science Macmillan had already begun to look to Lockyer as his "consulting physician in regard to scientific books and schemes," and the "little book" referred to in the correspondence of 1866-7 may very well have been that about which Sir Norman tells me the following pleasant anecdote. Macmillan had commissioned him to write a book, and when it was finished sent for him and pretended to be much annoyed. "This is not the book I expected at all." After a pause he went on: "It is something much better"—an estimate which he afterwards confirmed by doubling the remuneration he had originally proposed to give.

A letter to Kingsley early in January, 1867, mentions that the five boys were at home from school. "We have constant visitors, so that our household consists now of over twenty souls." He adds that "our dear sister" (Mrs. Daniel Macmillan) had had a relapse, but was better again. Unhappily the improvement was deceptive, and before the end of the month she had passed away. Alexander Macmillan felt the blow deeply, as, apart from his grief at the loss of one who was very dear to him, she had been his partner since her husband's death, and he had frequently relied on her excellent judgment. For the last six months of her

life her children had been "more under our care, of course, than if she had been well," and they were "now all mine."

Macmillan's friendship with Freeman was already firmly established. As his son happily puts it: "There were marked differences of opinion between the two men, frankly and trenchantly expressed, but the friendship, rooted on both sides in genuine admiration and esteem, and in the love of common friends like J. R. Green, triumphantly stood all such tests." Macmillan's letters to Freeman and Dr. Allon early in 1867 serve excellently to illustrate this estimate:

February 28, 1867.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . You are really most kind to take my crude criticisms as you do. My objection was based on a very hurried and partial reading. It was hardly that the narrative was not there, but that it was perplexed with much discussion that can only interest, or indeed be appreciated by, the *very* minutest students of such subjects, and perhaps even by them would best be given in the shape of references and notes. If a narrative is disturbed by side remarks, or discussions of points which few readers can well judge of, it loses vastly in its interest to the great class of readers. I instanced Gibbon as an orderly arranger of such things. He tells his story directly with fulness, clearness, and admirable sequence, so that what precedes and what follows are clearly seen. He pauses now and then, as in the great Law Chapter, to *discuss* a larger subject, or he puts a verifying note or reference at the foot of the page, but the story never lags or spills itself about, as I fear I must say yours did. But I am going back to it. But oh! my friend, life is short, and many are the works one is called on to consider. I am quite convinced even from what I was able to judge of, that your contributions to the *History* are of vast importance. I was very

unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself if I seemed at all to think that doubtful.

About our nationality. I am afraid that I can hardly judge. In modern times there is no doubt a nominal line between the Highland and the Lowland, but in the West, with which I am best acquainted, the characters are not really widely divided. The Highlander is, on the whole, the steadier, more thoughtful, trustworthy man, in proof of which you find them in places of *trust* in Glasgow mercantile houses, as you find the Scotchman in London. I know nothing of my own antecedents, except that my forefathers were settled in Argyleshire, and seem to have been steadfast, God-fearing men, as Kingsley would say, and say well. Of any so-called Celtic turbulence I see little evidence in the traditions of the family or in the family character. I am sure you must have been struck with the extreme sobriety (!) of the judgments of one member of it. I fancy the Western Islands had large Scandinavian colonies. The expedition of Haco left a large population—did it not? The Mac proves nothing. My mother's father was of a Lowland Renfrewshire family who had settled in Arran a generation above him. Among Highlanders the very Lowland Scotch name of Crawford had grown into M'Graffan. But I fancy the whole of these parts has a very mixed blood. To recur to my own family, we have had Kerrs, Shaws, Fullertons, and others that I don't remember or never knew about for many past generations. None are Celtic names, I think, and yet we always lived in the Highlands. I am getting ethnological, which I have no right to be.

March 15, 1867.

To Rev. Henry Allon, D.D., Editor of the British Quarterly Review.

Who is Freeman? What a question! For the sake of all that is reasonable don't let it be "short noticed," unless by some one who knows *Old England* and *Old English* as you and I know the road to our mouth, and who would not use a word like *Anglo-Saxon*

for untold gold. Who is Freeman indeed? Mind what you are about. I send you his *Federal Government*. Who is he?

Have you ever heard of the *Saturday Review*? Perhaps in the high latitudes of Canonbury you don't condescend to anything so low. But if by a chance you have come occasionally on that obscure print, and seen in it any article abusing the *Times*, J. A. Froude, or Charles Kingsley, the chances are Freeman wrote it. He is a country gentleman living in Somerset. I believe, as a matter of fact, he really knows more about history generally than any man living. I will take an even wager that he can abuse anyone who differs from him or who commits what he thinks a historical blunder, more intensely than anyone I know. And his universal question is, "Have you never heard of Dr. Guest?" Seriously, he is a very able, accomplished, cantankerous, yet substantially good-tempered fellow. Don't let any miscellaneous person touch him. Do you know Bryce? He might give you an article.

Of the publications of 1867, in which he was specially interested, mention should be made of the *Reform Essays*, in which Bryce's contribution on old Republics specially pleased him. Mr. James Foster, then a young clerk in the firm, was an eye and ear-witness of Alexander Macmillan's enthusiasm for *St. Paul*, Mr. F. W. H. Myers' beautiful poem, which was published in the autumn. When Macmillan arrived at the office one morning he saw his partner, Mr. G. L. Craik, on the landing above him, and as he mounted step by step he repeated from memory the following stanza from the MS. which he had taken home to read:

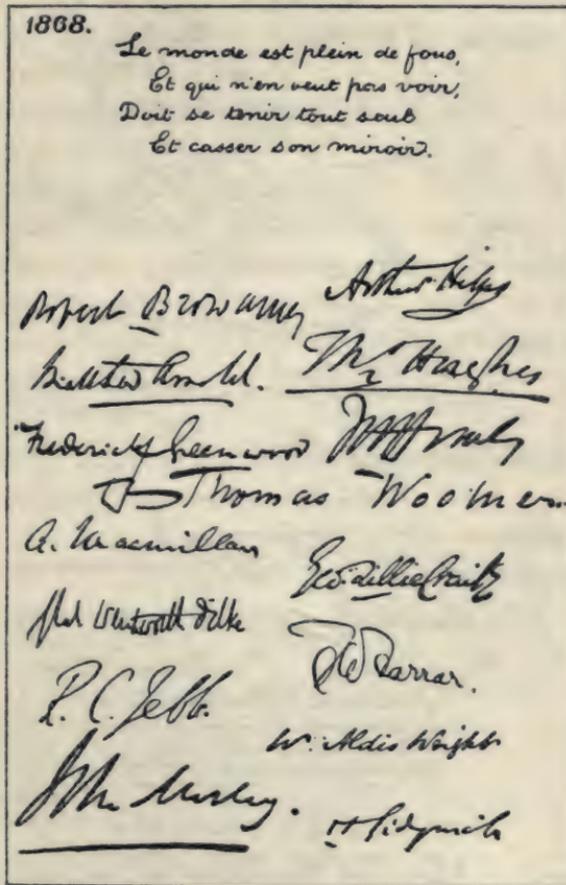
"Looked to Hymettus and the purple heather,
 Looked to Peiræus and the purple sea,
 Blending of waters and of winds together,
 Winds that were wild and waters that were free."

"There's poetry for you, Craik!" he exclaimed when he reached the top of the flight of stairs.

Another book not published by his own firm which struck him greatly was Lecky's *Rationalism*, which seemed to him to betoken a higher order of mind than Buckle's. "It is curious," he remarks of it, "how the world is going into the speculative regions of the practical." This was an aspect of things, however, that specially appealed to him. In April he took a short trip to Rouen *via* Newhaven with Norman Lockyer, and in a letter to his wife he described how he lay down on the voyage "and watched the waves and the horizon in a dreamy imaginative mood, which is about the happiest mood I have in myself, and I fancy has a great deal to do with whatever stability I have in mind and heart."

Geikie's appointment as Director of the Scottish Geological Survey in February gave him peculiar satisfaction. In his congratulatory letter of April 17 Macmillan alludes to the dinners which for many years he delighted to give on All Fools' Day in his house at Upper Tooting or at the Garrick Club. "It was his habit," writes Mr. George Macmillan, "to have a menu printed appropriate to the occasion, and on the back of the card he would reproduce in facsimile the signatures of his guests, among whom were to be found year after year some of the most notable names in literature, art, science, and public life. There was no day in the year to which the host looked forward more eagerly, and his determination that it should be an occasion for free and genial intercourse among all who thus consented to 'wear the motley' under his roof, never failed to secure an evening of true enjoyment, lightened by the unrestrained flow of wit and humour. Annual

gatherings of a different kind, which were no less keenly enjoyed by the giver of the feast, were those of the staff at the office, which were held in the summer for many years at Upper Tooting, and were often

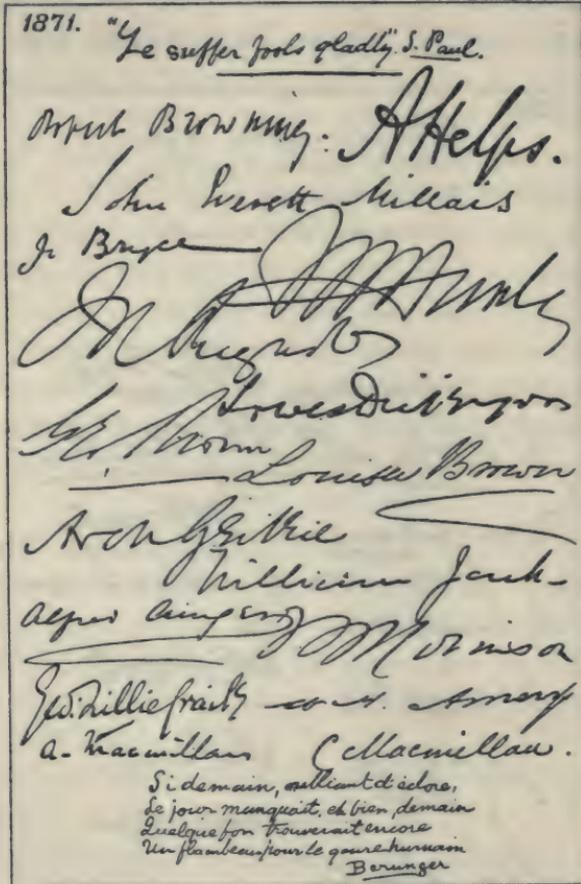


ALL FOOLS' DAY DINNER, 1868.

attended also by authors and other friends of the house."

On June 10th he wrote to M. Guizot with a view to enlisting him as a contributor to the Sunday Library series. The letter is specially interesting from the auto-

biographical passages—already quoted—which it contains and the references to the question of Sunday



ALL FOOLS' DAY DINNER, 1871.

observance. Alexander Macmillan realised the narrowness of the extreme Puritan view, but

The increased activity during our working-day lives, the bustle and distraction of secular interests, seem to me very injurious to depth and strength of character, either intellectual or spiritual, and I look back to the absolute quiet and stillness of our old Scotch Sabbaths with longing admiration. . . .

My motive in writing you is to ask whether I could not hope for your co-operation in this enterprise. I know from your writings that you feel the danger of the spirit of secularism which is creeping over the modern mind, and I feel confident I shall have at least your sympathy in any enterprise having the object of checking its dominance.

The appeal proved successful, and M. Guizot contributed a volume on St. Louis and Calvin.

A letter to W. Gifford Palgrave, recently appointed Consul at Trebizond, refers to the oriental romance, *Hermann Agha*, published five years later, on which Palgrave was already at work, and notes the progress made at Oxford and Cambridge in recognising the claims of Early English and Natural Science. Another friend in far-off parts was Professor Wilson of Melbourne, formerly of St. John's, Cambridge, to whom he wrote on July 12th :

July 12, 1867.

To Professor Wilson of Melbourne.

I was glad to see a fragment of a letter from you, and only regretted that it was not much longer. It is refreshing to see some sign of one's oldest friends of any particularly interesting phase of one's life. Our first going to Cambridge was surely such a phase, and how closely marked your presence in our memory is with it. Your acknowledging from Melbourne to me receipt of a volume published by us for the University of Oxford, stands in strange juxtaposition with those early memories. Persons, circumstances—so many of them too—have changed. My brother and his wife are both dead, and I have the care of his four children, the eldest of whom, a boy, is taller than I am. My own eldest son is almost as big—I have four too! We had

neither wife nor child in those early days. Glancing one's eye over the list of Wranglers in your year, what changes! Emery, Archdeacon of Ely—Phear, Chief-Justice at Calcutta, and so on, and so on. All about the air seems to swarm with high dignitaries. Alas! too, other memories very sad of men full of hope who have gone out into the Unseen. And then the space all between, how strangely full of new people and events. Another Wilson of St. John's,¹ who twelve years after you was like you Senior Wrangler, is now a very good friend of mine, and a man of very considerable mark in the educational world. I was down at Rugby, where he is master, and dined with him, and went after dinner to a Natural Science Club which he has got up among the boys, and one lad of thirteen or fourteen read a paper on the Geology of Rugby. Botany, Geology, and Chemistry are regularly taught at Rugby as part of the course, and it is all Wilson's doing. He is working a revolution in all our public schools—another Wilson of John's twelve years your junior. . . .

I am going to America next month. But I will be back before you get this. I wish I could go on and see you too.

The need of educational reform is touched upon in a letter to MacLehose (July 19), in which he laments that public schools in the present day do not help boys to acquire the taste for thought and literature. "Cricket, games, and trashy novels absorb the main part of the boys' interest." One of the assistant masters at Uppingham—a distinguished Cambridge man—who had recently visited Macmillan, assured him that there were not more than two or three reading boys in the whole school, and that the most brilliant of them all, who had swept the board of prizes, was not popular with the other boys.

¹ J. M. Wilson, Headmaster of Clifton (1879-1890), Archdeacon of Manchester (1890-1905), and now Canon of Worcester.

They cared twenty times as much for the captain of the eleven. In the same letter he speaks of having had an hour's talk with Gladstone about his Sunday Library scheme, of which Gladstone, like Trench, cordially approved. He continues:

What a fine fellow Gladstone is. He was telling me about his early life at Oxford, and a good deal about Newman and Pusey. The latter, he says, was strongly inclined to rationalism in his younger days. I had a little fight with him about Maurice, whom he seemed disposed to underrate, but he confessed he had not read him much of late, and did not know many of his best books.

Macmillan congratulates MacLehose on his happy married life, and adds:

You have marched steadily on to your success with clear vision, steady heart, and your struggles, which I know have not been few, have not been much from within or of your own causing. I feel as if I had staggered and gasped into my position with perplexities within as well as without, and I often feel that I deserve nothing and am often *cast down*, as the old Psalmist used to say. . . . My sixteenth wedding day will see me about a third of the way on my journey to America. I too like you have to thank God for giving me a true and helpful wife and a wise, kind mother of my children.

Carlyle, who in August, 1863, had published his "Ilias Americana in Nuce" in *Macmillan's Magazine*, contributed to the number for August, 1867, his last public utterance on English politics—"Shooting Niagara, and After."¹ The occasion was the Tory

¹ See an excellent account of *Macmillan's Magazine* by Mr. John C. Francis in *Notes and Queries*, February 19, 1910.

Reform Bill of 1867. Froude in his "Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life in London, 1834-1881," vol. II., pp. 352-3, says:

He thought but little of it, and was aware how useless it would prove. In his journal, August 3, he says: "An article for Masson and *Macmillan's Magazine* took up a good deal of time. It came out mostly from accident, little by volition, and is very fierce, exaggerative, ragged, unkempt, and defective. Nevertheless, I am secretly rather glad than otherwise that it is out, that the howling doggeries (dead ditto and other) should have my last word on their affairs and them, since it was to be had."

Macmillan sailed in the "Scotia" on August 10th, and kept his wife fully acquainted with his daily doings throughout his trip. The ship's company included Lord Camperdown and the late Lord Morley¹—both pupils of Jowett and first class men at Oxford—with whom he had much pleasant talk, and Wallack, the theatre proprietor. On the voyage he read "a lot of Lowell's poetry," the sheets he brought with him of Baker's *Abyssinia*, "and—tell it not in Gath—*Lady Audley's Secret*." As a relief after the "vacuous excitement of that celebrated novel," he found Goldwin Smith's Lectures most efficacious.

They landed in New York on August 20, and after a short stay in Chicago, he spent a few restful days on a farm at Waltham in Illinois with his elder sister, Margaret,² who had gone out years before with her

¹ Afterwards Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords.

² Some ten years later Mrs. Bowes, having lost her husband, returned to England, and after a long visit to her brother at Knapdale, spent the last years of her life with her son Robert at Cambridge, where she died in 1890. "Aunt Margaret" was

husband, Robert Bowes, father of Mr. Robert Bowes of Cambridge. Margaret Bowes and Alexander Macmillan were now the sole survivors of a family of twelve, and apart from this fact, there was a strong attachment between the two.

"Life," he writes to his wife on August 29th, "is exceedingly simple here, not unlike that of our old Arran friends, but with more tidiness in most respects, and very much more plenty. The house where Margaret lives is about as large as the Glen Sannox manse."

On his way to Toronto he stayed with the Daniel Wilsons. His visit to Niagara suggests a characteristic comparison :

I can give you no better idea than by saying that if you could take a strip of the sea about a mile broad, say about as much as from Corrie to near Glen Sannox and cut away as much of Arran as would let it run over and down 160 feet, then you would have the Falls of Niagara.

He had a glorious sail down Lake Ontario, enjoyed the excitement of shooting the rapids, and recalls his early voyage before the mast by observing that "this town [Montreal] is greatly changed since I saw it thirty years ago." Writing on September 18th from Philadelphia, where he was the guest of the Lippincotts, he described his visit to the Redpaths and to New York, including a week-end at Long Island with Grant White, the Shakespearean scholar. He had dined with the editor of the *New York Tribune*, and was just off to

a dignified old lady who combined strength of character with sweetness of disposition. She never lost her Scots accent and had no little humour, besides warm sympathy with the interests of the younger generation.

Washington for the night. There he visited the Capitol and Congress House, and called on the President, General Grant, and the head of the Smithsonian Institute, before returning to New York. He paid a visit to Childs of the *Philadelphia Ledger* at Long Branch, where the extravagant living rather appalled him, before moving on to Boston, where he found most delightful quarters in J. T. Fields' house. While in Boston he attended a dinner of the Atlantic Club, where he met Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and Charles Sumner, and had a great deal of talk with all of them. "Longfellow is the sweetest, pleasantest looking man I have met since I came here. He was very gracious, and urged me to come and lunch with him," an invitation which Macmillan gladly accepted. Lowell was present at the lunch, and Longfellow, "who is as much of a smoker as Tennyson," gave Macmillan a pipe as a memento. Emerson also invited him to Concord, but Macmillan was unable to go. He heard him lecture, however, before leaving Boston. Thence he went to stay with Andrew White, the newly-appointed President of Cornell University, at his beautiful house at Syracuse, and spent a week-end at Albany before returning to New York. He reached home on Saturday, October 26th. This itinerary may be supplemented by extracts from a long letter to MacLehose, which he began at Brevoort House, New York, on October 14th, continued at sea on the 20th, and finished at home on the 27th: "I have spent eight most pleasant and I hope not wholly unprofitable weeks in this great country, and would gladly spend eight more did business and home claims permit. I am daily more and more impressed with the utter ignorance in England of its power, resources, and the enormous amount of great and good

human work that is going on here." What struck him chiefly was the amount that was spent on educational endowments: "Within the last six years more endowments have been made than have been made in England for the last two hundred," and he proceeds to illustrate his statement by the story of Cornell (the founder of which 20 years earlier had been a poor mechanic), Yale, Boston, Buffalo, Syracuse, Chicago. "You go nowhere where princely munificence, bestowed by plain citizens, does not meet you." He was also much struck by the general prevalence of courtesy and refinement: "One expected to find culture and refinement at a place like Boston, where Longfellow—who is the sweetest and brightest of men—Lowell, Holmes, Wendell Phillips, Emerson and the like live. But one finds almost as good everywhere. . . . I met farmers in the prairies who had read and understood Carlyle, Mill, Buckle, Ruskin, Lecky, and authors of that class."

Macmillan goes on to say that during his stay in America he had been most favourably impressed with the possibilities of extending his business in America:

The high tariff is a terrible drawback undoubtedly, and in case of an international copyright taking place, if the tariff continued American publishers would reap the benefit. But if we had a house there and an able man to manage it, this might be met. The true idea would be to have a printing office either of one's own or connected with one you could depend on, so as to be prepared to publish there and here at the same time. A great international publishing house is possible, and would be a grand idea to be realized.

Of the stimulating effect of democracy he speaks in no uncertain tones:

Abuse democracy as you will, and in its raw state

there is much to dislike and laugh at in it, it is yet an enormous power for stirring up the human intellect. The presence of a class who are supposed to have the education and thought and government of the affairs of the country as their own, while the class below them are to till the land and get bread and children who shall work for others and be a mere proletariat class, has a terribly depressing effect on the mind of that lower class, as witness the utter stupidity and brutishness of the English labourer. Then in America the almost entire absence of crushing poverty which absorbs and degrades the mental and moral condition of our working classes, is itself a great aid to intellectual development. . . . Freedom from grinding poverty and the conscious sense of a right to think and speak, because they have the right to act, on the largest national and international—the largest *human* questions, in fact, makes whatever intellectual life a man has really alive.

Reverting to the question of the development of their American connexion, he comes to the conclusion that while content for the time being to continue their present arrangement, “I see clearly that if we are to do much we must be represented by a direct agent there,” a conclusion which before long led to the establishment of a branch in New York. Finally he gratefully acknowledges the unvarying kindness with which he was treated wherever he went. He had made a great many new friends among the literary men and professors at various colleges all over the country, but he was none the less right glad to get home: “The house was brilliantly illuminated and a great bonfire burning on the little paddock. Malcolm [his eldest son], as head pyrotechnist, gave a grand display of fireworks. The excitement was pleasant to me, and the home love and the home dinner and even dog Piper’s embraces of my legs.”

One of Macmillan's first letters after his return was to Archbishop Trench (October 29), thanking him for suggesting Lake (afterwards Dean of Durham) as a writer for the *Sunday Library* Series. He continues :

I was greatly impressed with America and the Americans. The riches and activity, material and moral, are quite wonderful, and the very obvious and serious faults they have by no means hinder or dim the hope that a great and good future for them, and through them for humanity, is before them and the world. The gigantic charities which spring up on all sides outweigh the scarcely less gigantic corruptions. There is a large, intelligent cultured class, who seem alive to, and strive to neutralise by education and moral and religious training, the evils incident to a new country.

His own experiences in America rendered him very sensitive to anything approaching misrepresentation, and the insertion of an article on "Eating and Drinking in America : A Stroll among the Saloons of New York," by Stephen Buckland, in the October number of the Magazine, caused him no little annoyance. Personally he had met with no rudeness from waiters or hotel servants, "but then I was always civil to them, and did not begin my intercourse in a tone that naturally culminates in boot shying." He had noted an absence of servility, "which may be distasteful to a man used to flunkeydom," but found that service was substantially better done than at home. His remonstrance to Masson (November 18) concludes :

Of course a paper like that may get quoted, but I don't think it does us good in the long run. To vary between gossip like that and metaphysics regarded as intelligible by some dozen or so of Her Majesty's subjects won't help us.

I have asked an able American to give us an article on the American Lecture System, which will be appropriate while Dickens is there. I wish you could go there, and you would judge how false and foolish and hurtful such an article as Buckland's and books as Dixon's and letters like Frank Newman's on the spread of "Free Love" in America are to the relations between the two countries.

But I must not write more now. I do hope I will see you when you are here at Christmas, and then I will talk it over with you. . . .

Women's rights—ah! I don't feel much changed since we talked, and fear honestly that their *rights* will prove *wrongs*, to themselves first, and afterwards to their bairns. . . . America is the stateliest and most *rhythmic* country in the world. I told Carlyle so the other day. I am not sure that he was convinced by my testimony. He was slightly abusive, of course, but had grains of regard mixed up with the volume of his speech. . . .

References to America largely colour the following letters to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley, who was himself in the States, but unfortunately obliged to cut short his visit owing to ill-health :

November 26, 1867.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

You will remember perhaps that, shortly after my appointment to the position of publisher to the University of Oxford, I wrote to you reminding you that your *Homeric Studies*, which had been published by the Clarendon Press, was out of print, and that a new edition was called for. You then kindly answered me that it was your intention, when you had leisure, to revise the book, and I rather gathered from what you said that I might expect to hear from you when this was done. A rumour has reached me that you

have been at work on it this summer, and I now venture to remind you of our previous correspondence, and to express the hope that I shall have the honour of being your publisher, in my capacity of publisher to the University, if you are so inclined, or otherwise.

When I last had the honour of seeing you, I was about to start for America. I spent eight pleasant weeks among that *great people*, and am strongly impressed with the conviction that young men aiming to be statesmen in England would derive great benefit from a long visit to the United States, and mixing freely with all classes. I was glad to find two members of the House of Peers, Lord Morley and Lord Camperdown, and one of the House of Commons, Mr. Cowper,¹ member for Herts, in the same ship in which I sailed. They had longer time to stay than I had, and apparently went with open minds. The Americans whom I met were probably among the best—literary and University men mostly—but I can hardly conceive pleasanter society. Simple and cultured in the best sense. Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Sumner and others I met at a sort of Club dinner at Boston. I was much struck with the soreness they seemed still to feel at our tone during the war. They don't seem able to get over it. Their petting of Fenianism is to a great extent the result of this feeling.

I trust I may hear from you about your *Homer* before long.

December 13, 1867.

To John Morley.

I was very much delighted to see your hand again. That you would enjoy the voyage I did not expect, that you will enjoy America I do. Your programme seems to me very excellent. I think that you should stay at Buffalo, and if possible see Bishop Coxe. I wish my friend Andrew White were in Syracuse. But Mr. Pryor at Albany will be sure to know the Bishop,

¹ Hon. Henry Cowper.

who, though rather High Church and Orthodox, is yet an open minded man and very able. His point of view is one of some importance, though perhaps not of the very first. Also, you must see Hewett—Cooper's son-in-law. He is already back in New York. I fancy, too, that you should, if possible, see Pittsburgh. When you are in New England too, it would be interesting to see some of the country life there. Emerson would, I am sure, be glad to see and help you. You will indeed get help from everybody there. Fields will tell you if Andrew White has left for Europe, if he has not you should certainly see him. I hope you have met Godkin. He is about the soundest, *sanest* man I met there. He too is a little odd, but it is only manner, I think.

Meredith dined with me at the Club last night. He looks thin, but is in good spirits. Frank Palgrave was with us—that was our party, and there was a good deal of bright, stirring talk. I wish you had been there. . . .

Goldwin Smith says he is quite right and you are wrong in denying that the American revolution was mainly owing to French ideas. Franklin and Jefferson were deeply imbued with the principles of the Encyclopædists. Tom Paine's *Rights of Man* and the *Declaration of Independence* were never drawn from old English brains. You must have it out with him when you come back. . . .

No one knows that you go for any purpose, but your own *improvement*. You are expected by some to come back a good Tory.

At the end of 1867 George Grove succeeded David Masson as editor of the Magazine on Masson's appointment to the Chair of English Literature at Edinburgh. The termination of Masson's official connexion with the Magazine was a source of genuine regret to Alexander Macmillan, but the conditions of residence rendered it inevitable. Grove remained closely and

actively associated with the firm, and retained the editorship of the Magazine until his appointment as first Director of the Royal College of Music in 1883, when he was succeeded by Mr. John Morley. But in spite of the assistance now at his disposal, Macmillan kept very long hours at this stage of his career, and Dr. Russell Reynolds was moved to protest against his habits in a letter to Mrs. Macmillan on January 4th, 1868. After reassuring her about his general health, he adds :

I am quite sure that it is impossible for him to continue, with safety, his present habits. His brain is worked for too many hours, and played with and rested for too few. He wants more relaxation and more rest. It is positively unsafe for him to be sitting up at night reading. He ought always to have a minimum of six hours' sleep ; and on four days of the week, at least, he should go to bed like a good Christian baby, at 10 o'clock. Do, please, *make* him see the importance of this, morally, socially, hygienically and economically.

Early in January, 1868, Macmillan wrote to Tennyson to express his great pleasure that they were to have *Lucretius* and another short poem for the Magazine. Mrs. Dyer writes : "Tennyson read *Lucretius* aloud to a small gathering at Knapdale. Arthur Sullivan was present, and Miss Cassell told us that he said he thought it would 'do for an opera.'" The following letter to Lowell, one of Macmillan's new friends, shows how deeply concerned he was to promote a better understanding between the two countries :

January 6, 1868.

To James Russell Lowell.

I did not mean that we should have slipped into a new year before I had written to some of the

kind friends I made, and hope to retain, during my most pleasant and instructive visit to your country, and especially to your classic town, from which I have brought the pleasantest of many pleasant memories. It has been by no means because I have forgotten you all. Like an old soldier, I have been going over my campaigns, at least dozens of times, till all my intimates know your country as well as I know it myself. I am pretty certain that my visit will lead to a good many more in the course of the next year or two, and I do hope that it has not been without good fruit in healing old breaches and clearing up old misunderstandings. I had already sent my very able and excellent friend John Morley, the Editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, over, but I have just heard from him that he is on his way back, as the cold and excitement have proved too much for his not too strong physical frame. I am afraid he did not get to Boston at all, and that he only saw New York and Washington. I had given him a letter to you, as I know you would have liked him very much.

I am now writing you mainly to remind you of your promise to write that Essay on Goldsmith, as the book is nearly ready for it, and I am very anxious indeed to get it out early this year. I also wanted to say that I hope you will send us a contribution occasionally for our *Magazine*. If you are writing a poem for the *Atlantic* at any time, we would like to have that so as to appear in ours at the same time as it does there. I am sure my excellent friend Fields will willingly arrange for this if you speak to him. But I would gladly have any independent paper on almost any subject from your pen. If it could be on some *international* question we would like it all the more, as I am daily feeling the enormous importance to the world and the future of humanity of a complete and cordial good understanding between two countries allied so closely in blood and character as ours are. Since my return home, I have felt, strange as it may seem, my love and reverence

for my own country and its people deeper and stronger even in proportion as my admiration and affection for yours was increased. Many dear friends here who took, as I always thought, and now may say know, the wrong side during four years of terrible struggle with you, have so nobly and earnestly confessed their error to me that I feel that the only thing needed is to dispel the clouds and the peoples will love and honour each other. Depend on it the English at bottom is a great and magnanimous race. Their blundering and their self-sufficiency—the latter quality perhaps one which has crossed the Atlantic in no small measure with their great progeny—are not the *whole* of their character. They can learn, and that in a noble way, as brave men learn, and you have it in your natures to learn too. Some of those who could best help each people to learn are too little known in their native countries. I should greatly like to be of use in curing this. If your best literature were a little more familiar to us it would do a great deal in default of having the best men. I hope you will not fail to send us an article occasionally to this end.

We shall have two poems of Tennyson's in our *Magazine* during the next few months—one, a short one, comes out in February; the other, a long one of nearly 300 lines on *Lucretius*, will appear in May. Won't you send us something to appear in the same number? Poetry or prose. I shall be glad of either. To be in time we should have it by the end of March. I shall be glad also to hear from you about our edition of your poems. . . .

In February Macmillan delivered a lecture, "A Night with the Yankees," to his friends and neighbours at Tooting, and was encouraged by its favourable reception to repeat it in the Town Hall, Cambridge, on March 30th. The lecture, which was privately printed, drew a handsome acknowledgment from John Bright, who in

a letter to Macmillan wrote: "It is admirably written, and the tone of it so just and generous to our great brethren across the water, that I feel indebted to you for the service you have rendered to the cause of peace and friendship between the two English nations."

Macmillan had a genuine admiration for Browning's poetry, but he held its obscurity to be a grave fault, and demurred to the epithets applied to it by Mr. J. T. Nettleship:

February 27, 1868.

To J. T. Nettleship.

It was not more the excess than, as seemed to me, the inappropriateness of your diction in the two phrases *sheer love* and *Titanic*. I certainly agree with you in recognising the *beneficence* of Browning's genius. It seems to me that beneficence is an essential quality of genius. It is its utter absence in other writers, who shall be nameless, that makes me doubt the reality of their genius. In Browning it is very high, as in Shelley, but it is hardly so exclusive a quality in Browning as in poor, dear Shelley. It is more tempered, perhaps in some respects stronger for that, by other obvious qualities, yearning for knowledge, for beauty in nature and art. *Sheer love* is to my mind not *accurate*, and not even laudatory. Some such phrase as I have used above would, to my mind, be far truer and far more valuable to him. *Titanic* is a *tall* word. It would, I think, be finer and truer to say that you and I must have all our wits about us when reading Browning. *Titanic* qualities would not help us so much there as in a town and gown row.

Here at least he was in partial agreement with the critic. But it was trying to a man of his temperament when there was no such point of contact:

March 28, 1868.

To James MacLehose.

One has to imitate the Psalmist or the Patriarch of old and *restrain oneself* in the presence and hearing of much unwisdom and haste and impertinence. So let the *Evening Citizen* gabble, but let us try ourselves to speak words of truth and soberness. I think the lines in *Good Words* were very charming, on their own ground—that last one was like a song out of Shakespeare—but it needs care and study to catch the exquisite music of the rhythm and fine subtle thought that lies in it, and people seem to get daily less capable of either care or study. Judgments are blared out on the crudest first impressions, and men will not only not think twice about anything, but will not *think* at all in any proper sense of the word.

A letter to Mr. Gladstone is worth reprinting, not only for its autobiographical value, but for the light which it throws on a recent famous "Book war." The Mr. Bosworth mentioned was a pioneer of the 25 per cent. discount movement, and had come to loggerheads with a leading publishing firm in consequence. Apropos of the bearing of the question on that of Free Trade *v.* Protection, it is worth recording that, according to Cobden and Bright, the regulation of prices by manufacturers in particular industries in no way interfered with the principles of Free Trade. The late Mr. John Murray, giving evidence before Lord Campbell's Committee¹ in 1852, stated that "it had been urged against the booksellers that their system was an infraction of Free Trade principles; but he had the positive assurance that when Mr. Cobden was in business himself he never

¹ Dean Milman and Mr. George Grote were the other members of this Committee.

allowed his muslins to be undersold. He had been informed also that Mr. Bright, who was manufacturing a new description of carpets, would deal only with those persons who would engage not to sell them at a depreciated price”:

April 10, 1868.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.

. . . Mr. Bosworth's pamphlet is a matter of small consequence compared with the larger question of which it is a symptom and an effect. I may, of course, be mistaken, but I have never been convinced that the decision of Lord Macaulay and Lord Campbell some twenty years ago, which broke up our old trade custom, was a wise decision. Its result has been this—Whereas in former years there used to be many booksellers who kept good stocks of solid standard books, one or more in every important town in England, and these booksellers lived by selling books, the case is now that in country towns few live by bookselling: the trade has become so profitless that it is generally the appendage to a toyshop, or a Berlin wool warehouse and a few trashy novels, selling for a shilling, with flaring covers suiting the flashy contents, and the bookseller who studies what books are good and worth recommending to his customer has ceased to exist. Intelligence and sympathy with literature has gone out of the trade as a rule almost wholly. I believe the general intelligence of the country has suffered by it. My conviction, based on an experience of some thirty years, is that an intelligent bookseller in every town of any importance in the kingdom would be almost as valuable as an intelligent schoolmaster or parson. How can you get that if you don't pay him for his work and thought? I have no doubt that Political Economy and Free Trade “buy cheap, sell dear” have some meaning in the world, but they are not God, and may, I fear, have become—something else. But even on

these grounds why should not the manufacturer of books be allowed to regulate the distribution of his own wares, and pay those who help him best? Why should Lord Macaulay or Lord Campbell have compelled their publishers to sell books to Messrs. Bickers and Bush at a cheap rate, so that they might prevent hundreds of others from selling them at all? Of course, when B. & B. get possessed of a book by fair purchase they may sell or give them as or how they please. But why should I supply them when I know that supplying them will hinder perhaps five hundred others from seeking a supply? I believe that, as a matter of fact, the manufacturers in free trade districts who produce a special article, such as a book is, distinctly decline to supply those who lower the value of their articles in the market. The present state of things does not conduce to make books cheap. Publishers are obliged to calculate in fixing the price of books for the large allowances to the trade which these discounts to the public necessitate, and besides, for enormous sums for advertising, which would be saved if we had energetic, well-paid booksellers over the country, which we never can have as long as a few London booksellers are allowed to practically monopolise the trade by selling at a price which prevents the possibility of the country bookseller keeping stock, paying carriage, and selling at the same price.¹ I publish a book in order that *I* may sell, not that Bosworth or Bickers & Bush may sell, many. If they take a course that makes them sell more than others, but leaves others to sell none, what law hinders me from hindering them to do so?

Pardon my intruding on your valuable time so long. But your kindness in bringing the matter before me must be my excuse. Besides, as you may have seen,

¹Alexander Macmillan, as a retail bookseller, had with his brother striven hard to keep a consistent price amongst the different members of the trade, but found it impossible to secure thorough-going co-operation. It was not until more than thirty years later that this end was attained by the foundation of the Booksellers' and Publishers' Association.

I think the whole question has wider than mere trade issues.

A letter to MacLehose at the end of May records the fact of his having been down to visit the Tennysons at Farringford, and demurs to the suggestion of enforced rest :

May 28, 1868.

To James MacLehose.

. . . I am by no means sure that it would suit my temperament. It has come about that my real rest is either in work or in reading books that call for thought, or in talking with thoughtful men or enjoying my family life, which latter is real rest. I was up till half-past two this morning reading George Eliot's new poem,¹ and was up at half-past seven and am as fresh as a lark this morning. I really am very strong—though I sometimes do feel a little tired. . . . By the by that is a remarkable poem of George Eliot's, but will not be popular, and people will be apt to pooh-pooh it I fear. Tell your friends to defer their judgment till they have *studied it*. I think it will repay them. It seems to me that the whole is somewhat of a parable and the gipsy girl—Fedalma—a type of the social Heretic and Protestant—such as poor Mrs. Lewes herself. The rhythm is rather stiff and tuneless in parts, though it has fine qualities, but the thought, feeling, and personation are always fine. Don't let people judge it in the stupid offhand way. . . .

Attention has already been drawn to the trouble Macmillan took over rejected manuscripts. Of this practice a notable example is forthcoming in the elaborate criticism of a novel submitted by Mr. Thomas Hardy in the summer of 1868. This was *The Poor Man and the Lady*—Mr. Hardy's first attempt at

¹ "The Spanish Gipsy."

fiction. It was never published, nor is it likely to be, having been suppressed at Mr. Hardy's own request, though accepted for publication on the advice of Mr. George Meredith :

August 10, 1868.

To Thomas Hardy, Dorchester.

I have read through the novel you were so good as to send me with care and with much interest and admiration, but feeling at the same time that it has what seem to me fatal drawbacks to its success, and what, I think, judging the writer from the book itself, you would feel even more strongly—its truthfulness and justice.

Your description of country life among working men is admirable, and, though I can only judge of it from the corresponding life in Scotland, which I knew well when young, palpably truthful. Your pictures of character among Londoners, and especially the upper classes, are sharp, clear, incisive, and in many respects true, but they are wholly dark—not a ray of light visible to relieve the darkness, and therefore exaggerated and untrue in their result. Their frivolity, heartlessness, selfishness are great and terrible, but there are other sides, and I can hardly conceive that they would do otherwise than what they seek to avoid, "throw down the book in disgust." Even the worst of them would hardly, I think, do things that you describe them as doing. For instance, is it conceivable that any man, however base and soul-corrupted, would do as you make the Hon. Fay Allamont do at the close, accept an estimate for his daughter's tomb—*because it cost him nothing?* He had already so far broken through the prejudices of his class as to send for Strong in the hope of saving his daughter's life. Then is it at all possible that a public body would *in public* retract their award on the grounds you make them avow in the case of the Palace of Hobbies Company?

The utter heedlessness of *all* the conversation you

give in drawing-rooms and ball-rooms about the working-classes, has some ground of truth, I fear, and might justly be scourged, as you aim at doing, but your chastisement would fall harmless from its very excess. Will's speech to the working men is full of wisdom—(though, by the way, would he have told his own story in public, being, as you describe him, a man of substantially good taste?)—and you there yourself give grounds for condemning very much that is in other parts of the book. Indeed, nothing could justify such a wholesale blackening of a class but large and intimate knowledge of it. Thackeray makes them not greatly better in many respects, but he gave many redeeming traits and characters; besides, he did it all in a light, chaffy way that gave no offence—and, I fear, did little good—and he soothed them by describing the lower class, which he knew nothing of and did not care to know, as equally bad when he touched them at all. He meant fair, you “*mean mischief*.” “Dukes and duchesses and all the kit are humbugs, society is based on humbug, but it's rather pleasant and amusing, when you can get pleasant dinners and nice wines, and everybody is the same—it's all natural. When we can't pay our tailor and he duns us, and won't give us another coat, or when we have to dine off cold mutton, and perhaps not enough of that, we don't like it, but let us wait our turn.” That was his tone; but then, he added, and with truth, “there are many of us who wouldn't grudge giving a poor fellow a dinner, or even a five pound note, when it did not greatly inconvenience us—and even when it did some of us.” I don't think Thackeray's satire did much good; indeed, I fear it did harm. He was in many respects a really good man, but he wrote in a mocking tone that has culminated in the *Saturday Review* tone, paralysing noble effort and generous emotion. You seem in grim earnest, and, as I said, “*mean mischief*,” and I like your tone infinitely better. But it seems to me that your black wash will not be recognised as anything

more than ignorant misrepresentation. Of course, I don't know what opportunities you have had of seeing the class you deal with. My own experience of fashionables is very small, and probably the nature of my business brings me into contact with the best of the class when I do meet them. But it is inconceivable to me that any considerable number of human beings—God's creatures—should be so bad without going to utter wreck in a week.

Of the story itself I hardly know what to say. I should fear it is very improbable, and would be looked on as a sort of Reynolds' Miscellany affair, though your really admirable handling often gives a certain dignity and power that greatly redeems it. Much of the detail struck me as strained and unnatural. The scene in the church at midnight has poetical qualities—but could it happen? Then is it within the range of likelihood that *any* gentleman would pursue his wife at midnight and *strike* her? Though you give a good deal about the family life afterwards, there is nothing to justify that very exceptional scene. It is too palpably done to bring about the meeting of the lovers.

Much of the writing seems to me admirable. The scene in Rotten Row—seen as it is and described by an outsider—is full of real power and insight. And the characters, on the whole, seem to me finely conceived and presented. The fault of the book, as it seems to me, is that it lacks the *modesty of nature* of fact. "Romeo and Juliet" and "Hamlet" have many unnatural scenes, but Shakespeare puts them in foreign countries, and took the scenes from old books. When he was nearer home and his own time you don't find such things in his writing. King Cophetua and the beggar-maid made a pretty tale in an old ballad; but will a story in which the Duke of Edinburgh takes in lawful wedlock even a private gentleman's daughter? One sees in the papers accounts of gentlemen's daughters running away with their father's grooms, but you are not in that region. Given your characters,

could it happen in the present day? The "modesty of nature" takes into account all the conditions.

You see I am writing to you as to a writer who seems to me, at least potentially, of considerable mark, of power and purpose. If this is your first book I think you ought to go on. May I ask if it is, and—you are not a lady, so perhaps you will forgive the question—are you young?

I have shown your MS. to one friend, whose judgment coincides with my own—I wish to show it to another man of a different stamp of mind, who knows more of the upper class than either, and is yet a very noble fellow, that I may get his view as to whether it would do with modifications. Would you be willing to consider any suggestions?

P.S.—I have just got my friend to write his opinion in his own words, and I enclose it. I mean the one who has already had the MS.

The successes of his nephew Maurice and his son George, who gained scholarships at Uppingham and Eton respectively in 1867 and 1868, were refreshing to Macmillan's heart. It was in this year or thereabouts, according to Mrs. Dyer, that the young people first made the acquaintance of J. R. Green, who later on became one of the most frequent visitors to Tooting, sometimes staying weeks at a time, while writing the *Short History*. "He came first, or at any rate it was the first time that he stayed in the house from a Saturday to a Monday, to meet Mr. Kingsley. My father always liked his friends to know each other. He had already, it seems, seen a good deal of Mr. Green in London, and had taken a great fancy to him, being struck, as no one could help being, by the brilliance and vivacity of his conversation. Two of us children were sitting in the drawing-room that Saturday evening counting the moments till Mr. Kingsley should come in. But when the door at last

opened there appeared a small slight man with a bald head and a slight stoop, the brightest, keenest brown eyes and a gentle ingratiating manner. The smallness, what seemed the insignificance, were all that struck one at first, but he had not talked for five minutes before we were absolutely fascinated. He began about handwriting, *apropos* of some MS. that was lying about, and then got on to Freeman's *Old English History for Children*, telling us how it came to be written and what delightful stories there were in it—all in that charming vivid manner that no words can describe. In spite of the great contrast in their characters and minds he and Kingsley were much charmed with one another." To the same period, or a little earlier, belongs a visit from Mrs. Carlyle: "I have a dim memory of a rather grim yet fascinating old lady, who seemed to resemble a witch and whose conversation had a most enthralling quality, though the only specimen I can recall was an account of her attempt to make bread, and how the loaf would come in two, reducing her to floods of tears. It sounds comic, but her telling of it made it tragic. This visit was talked of long after, and I have heard my father say how she loved the little attentions shown her by my mother, saying, 'Make of me, my dear, I love to be made of.'"

A letter to Kingsley on September 17th mentions that Macmillan had spent his holiday in Wales. Of the autumn publications two are of especial interest—Wallace's *Travels in the Malay Archipelago* and John Bright's *Speeches*. In writing to offer early sheets to Harpers, Macmillan speaks of the combination of remarkable qualities—charm of style, variety of interest and far-reaching philosophical speculation—which were to be found in Wallace's book. Writing to John Bright

on October 26, Macmillan chaffs him on having almost become the pet of the higher classes. "I think you will be quite so by and by, when wrath against Mr. Gladstone has reached its full height." Further acquaintance with the writings of the Rev. R. W. Church only enhanced Macmillan's opinion of his fairmindedness :

December 13, 1868.

To the Rev. R. W. Church, Whatley (afterwards Dean of St. Paul's).

I had read the greater part of your Sermons¹ in a perfunctory way in the proof sheets as they were passing through the press and have been intending ever since their publication to read them through carefully, but the somewhat multifarious claims on my reading time and power have till to-day prevented my doing so. My wife has been ill and confined to her room for some time, and to-day I stayed at home with her and read your sermons to her. We were both much impressed, not merely by their power, but by what is, I am sorry to say, a by no means common quality in sermons, nor indeed in literature in general, the thorough fairness to points of view different from that you occupy almost by the conditions of being a Christian preacher ; at least as that office is most commonly understood. With the last sermon especially I was very much impressed, and could not help wishing that its subject could be more fully developed and illustrated. Nothing impresses one, among much in the literary and scientific circles in London, more painfully than the utter indifference, and very often bitter antagonism, to all Christian and spiritual thought which is prevalent among them. That the clergy have much to answer for in helping to create and intensify this mood must, I fear, be admitted. But the men of science and of the world

¹ *Sermons preached before the University of Oxford.* Afterwards included in *The Gifts of Civilisation and other Sermons and Lectures*, published in 1880.

have surely not been free from blame either. To a large extent I think this is due to a clear perception of what you have so well indicated in your sermons. The hints you give in your last sermon as to the narrowing of soul which rises from the mere secular view of human work and human destiny seems to me well worth fuller development. Could you not fulfil the wish you express in your preface and work the subject fully out with illustrations from the history of Christian life and human civilisation? There is a great readiness, I think, on the part of the public, or at least a considerable and important part of it, to read and consider books which dwell on and develop the growth or change of an idea or an influence which had large effect on the human race. Such books as Lecky *On Rationalism* and *Ecce Homo* are read and have undoubtedly good results on one side or the other. *Ecce Homo* from its very aim shut out, as you well say in your review of that work, the consideration of that most important element which your sermons deal with; or at least only hinted dimly at its existence and significance. But no writer on the definitely Christian side has dealt with this in a broad, clear, scientific spirit. Mr. Maurice has done much to keep the question open, and I cannot but think that his book on the Conscience has in it much that is most valuable. But his style and mode of thought seem to fail to catch or touch the present mood. "Doth he not speak in parables?" is the response it gives.

I think your Sermons are sure to do good, and they are evidently attracting a good deal of notice in the right quarters. But the very form of sermons has an effect rather hindering their acceptance.

I would be very glad to hear from you about this or any other literary work you are willing to undertake. I sometimes thought of writing to ask if you were disposed to undertake some biography for our *Sunday Library*?¹

¹ The Dean contributed a Life of St. Anselm, which still remains in print.

From a letter to Norman Lockyer on December 21 I extract the following *obiter dictum*: "Art criticism is not saleable, to judge from our experience of two of the best critics going—Palgrave and Rossetti." Lockyer came down to Tooting to deliver a popular lecture on Astronomy in February, 1869, and on the 23rd Macmillan sent him "a report of it done by a young lady of 15 at Tooting." Lockyer, as we have seen, was now regularly retained as the firm's scientific expert, and Macmillan constantly consulted him on books which were submitted to the firm, his aim being to encourage sound work rather than what he happily calls the "frippery of science." A letter to Freeman on the spelling and pronunciation of early English names shows that Macmillan was not afraid of tackling his formidable friend in a cheerful, not to say frivolous, vein:

April 22, 1869.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . I think you indicated in your last answer to my suggestion on this point, that you were not willing to commit yourself to any pronunciation of these names. The point, I think, put to you was whether the Ead was to be pronounced as a dissyllable, or not. The meaning of which is, that you don't know what sounds Edward's—I beg your pardon—Eadward's mother made when she told him to come in to his porridge in the morning. If *you* don't, I suppose there is no one else who does, and I suppose also that there is not much chance that even Professor Tyndall will discover a method of reproducing the layers of sound which no doubt are lying, like kitchen middens, in the air somewhere, and identify the special one which Eadward's mother used on the said or similar occasion. On the whole, therefore, it seems to me clear that you cannot shirk the responsibility, and as you disturb the cali-

graphic form, you are bound to record in some way the phonetics therewith. Even if you say like a brave man, as you undoubtedly are, "My dear Johnnie, I don't know how Eadward's mama called him to tea or supper or prayers, and as no one else seems to know, suppose we determine to call Ead—Ed, heah, as we would vocalise in Leah, and agree to pronounce the words so and so till Professor Tyndall or the Astronomer Royal, taking Professor Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Charles Hallé into council, have undoubtedly found the kitchen middens of sound where the shell in proper form is to be had."

Seriously the sound difficulty is a real one, which should be considered of and settled by your best wisdom.

Macmillan's views on women's rights have already been quoted. Of the function of women in education, on the other hand, he held advanced and enthusiastic views based on his practical experience :

May 27, 1869.

To Mrs. Butler.

. . . You asked me in a former letter the name of the lady at Oxford who taught my two boys, one of whom got an Uppingham and the other an Eton scholarship, *purely from her teaching*. It is Mrs. Maclaren, Summerfields, Oxford. Her husband is the head of the Gymnasium at Oxford. He is my special friend, and a man of very noble nature, fine natural gifts of head and heart—not omitting the body. But *she* is the scholar and maker of scholars, and a high moral could be pointed from the fact. My Geordie went to her knowing nothing—or next to nothing—of either Greek or Latin. He was under ten. She taught him entirely. He got last August, when under thirteen, an Eton scholarship. That this was obtained not by *cram*, but by sound education, is clear from the fact that being placed in the lower remove between fourth and fifth in

August, he at Christmas got a double remove into the lower division of the fifth, and at Easter came home third in the work of the half, and with the first prize in examination. The merit, as I understand, that gives him this position is not any special ability or industry, but the thoroughness with which he has been *grounded*. This was noticed when my nephew Maurice got his scholarship at Uppingham—he was so well *prepared*. Other of her pupils who have come under the notice of scholars have exhibited the same qualities. A friend of mine, a scholar of Balliol, took charge of three of her pupils a few months since, during their holidays, and he said that he rarely, if ever, met with boys so *thoroughly grounded* as they were. I dwell on these points because it is tolerably certain that some writers, if they were dealing with the question of the function of women in Education, would with that delicate satire which marks them, submit that they could give a little *fimsy* knowledge, but could not lay any solid basis for science. This is not the only, but it is the strongest, disproof of this notion that has come under my notice, and I would greatly like it to be peremptorily dealt with—as it might be most effectively. The most Divine faculty, Patience, the child of Love and Faith, is specially woman's. How should she be other than profound? . . .

The value that he attached to James MacLehose's advice and sympathy has often been illustrated in these pages, but seldom more vividly than in the following letter:

June 25, 1869.

To James MacLehose.

How often I wish I had you by me. It is strange how solitary in all my enterprises I feel. I am comforted by a word of approval from you more than you know. Neither ambition nor greed of gain, I think, actuate my work. It does not make me happy when people tell me I am making a name or making

money. But it does when any dear friend like yourself, who has the *same sort* of ambition as I wish to have, says "You are doing your work well." No one is half so conscious of my imperfection as I am myself.

The Practitioner was launched in 1868 with Dr. Francis Anstie as editor, and in July, 1869, Macmillan communicated to Sir William Thomson (afterwards Lord Kelvin) the projected establishment of *Nature* :

July 20, 1869.

To Sir William Thomson.

. . . Lockyer is going to start a weekly Journal of Science, which we are to publish. It is meant to be popular in part, but also sound, and part devoted specifically to scientific men and their intercourse with each other. Huxley, Balfour Stewart, Wilkinson, Tyndall, Roscoe, and almost everyone who is about London have given him their names, and he very greatly wishes yours, as among those who promise support. May I tell him you consent?

The publication in 1869 of Mme Guiccioli's "My Recollections of Lord Byron" led to Mrs. Beecher Stowe's historic intervention on behalf of Lady Byron. Her article "The True Story of Lady Byron's Life" appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, 1869, and was the signal for an animated controversy. Alexander Macmillan was subjected to a good deal of acrimonious remonstrance, but on the whole remained impenitent. Writing to Mrs. Stowe on September 10 he says: "I cannot doubt that, in spite of the present ferment the article will do much good permanently, and though the public may hug its falling idol, the idol will fall." He takes the same line in a letter to MacLehose on September 12th :

The great question, on which there may be difference of opinion, is whether such a story should be told

at all. On this point my opinion is very strong that if Byron and his friends had not made false statements concerning Lady Byron and the causes of their separation and these statements of a kind likely to have a permanent injurious effect on public morals, it would be cruel and wicked to give it to the public. If I knew such a fact, which I am thankful to say I don't, concerning any man, I could not only not speak of it to others, but I would try to forget it myself. Only some very grave public interest would induce me to be party to such a revelation. Such grave public interest I am deeply convinced is at stake in this case. The Guiccioli book distinctly lays the blame of Byron's subsequent course of life on Lady Byron, and a writer in *Blackwood* of July takes it up and repeats and intensifies it, by stating that Lady Byron poisoned her husband's moral life. Byron had called his wife "the moral Clytemnestra of her Lord": this writer suggests that "Brinvilliers" should be substituted. There is a strong tendency at present in the press at large to a theory that genius is an excuse for any excess. Nothing has brought this out more strongly than the present controversy. I am thankful to say that there has been a good deal brought out on the other side. I hope that in the end it will help to destroy this damnable doctrine and bring home to the public mind and also to men of all sorts of genius that they have no more right to misuse their brains than a navvy has a right to misuse his muscles. Nothing seems more likely to further this end than to make it clear what sort of man Byron really was. On *scientific* grounds it is of importance that such facts should be brought out. If vice *plus* genius is good it is time we should know it. What on earth do we make such a fuss about virtue for?

Macmillan had just returned from Torquay "not greatly the better, as I have been bothered about Byron and other matters. It don't matter. My life is not unjoyous on the whole." A further letter written to

MacLehose on September 19, 1869, shows how much he was worried by the episode. "I am overworked and have been any time during the last five years." His holiday this year was practically no rest. The first week he was running over almost every day to Exeter to the British Association Meeting.¹ Then he had to hurry back to London, and then the Byron row had come on "hot and heavy just as Craik and Grove our Editor left":

What you tell me of the probable consequences to the magazine and myself, though I cannot pretend to be indifferent to either, affects me less than the greater question of my own right or wrongdoing. This I cannot discuss *fully* even with myself at present. Provisionally I can only put before myself and you these considerations:

1. That we could not have prevented the publication and that the share we took in it was only putting it more gravely and seriously before the world than it would have come in any more sensational magazine.

2. That even Mrs. Stowe is not responsible for the publication, but only for its publication *now*. For it is manifest from Robertson's letter that Lady Byron told the story to so many people that it must have come out some time, and that her purpose in telling it was that it should come out.

3. That if the story is true it is an important item in any historical, ethical and critical judgment on Lord Byron's works, and the influence they and his character shall have on future generations. For if it were true, as Countess Guiccioli maintains, that Lady Byron's cold virtue drove him to the excesses in writing and life

¹ W. K. Clifford, then a young Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, was one of the speakers at this meeting, and the friendly personal converse between him and Alexander Macmillan, which dated from Clifford's undergraduate days, was only ended by his premature death ten years later.

which Moore himself acknowledges and deploras—after his fashion—then

“Virtue itself of Vice must pardon beg”

with a vengeance. But if the story is true, then Byron's character and the estimate formed of it in the public mind, supposing the public mind to retain a healthy tone, must awaken a wholesome disgust that will repel the influence of his writings which his great genius renders dangerous.

Macmillan was distressed if he had unwittingly wounded any members of the Leigh family, but while ready to do penance if real guilt could be brought home to him, declared that as matters stood he did not feel guilty. “Tom Hughes thinks me *right*. Matt. Arnold *not wrong*. No one has blamed me to my face.” Two days later he wrote to say that in view of the overwhelming consensus of opinion on the part of his friends—Morley, Hughes, Matt. Arnold and Greenwood—he had decided to maintain absolute silence :

So silence it is to be. I shall be bullied for this. I should have been bullied for speech whatever it was. But I must bide my time and stand by my character. I dined with Morley (the bravest, clearest headed fellow I know, though on many, indeed most, points we differ very much) at the Club last night. We had a very long talk. He is now Editor of the *Star* as well as the *Fortnightly*. In the *Star* he gave his verdict, moderately, against us. But he thinks that on the whole and in the long run the discussion will do public good and us no harm.

The launching of *Nature* is chronicled in a letter to MacLehose on November 3 :

Nature is to be published on Thursday in London at 2.30. . . . Lockyer was peremptory that our publication day should indicate the point to which our

information is brought up. The fallacy of a Saturday publication with a Thursday actual information he does not think right. . . . We start with 18 pp. of advertisements. . . . I think we will look nice.

In this context it is worth noting that Sir Norman Lockyer had an absolutely free hand in reviewing books published by the firm, and never hesitated to criticise them adversely if he thought they deserved such treatment. In the same year a literary paper was in the market, and was offered to Macmillan, but he decided against the proposal on the ground that it was wholly unsuitable that any publisher should have to do with such an organ.

On November 30 he wrote to Goldwin Smith reminding him of his promise of an article on Chatham, and suggesting another on Cornell University, where Goldwin Smith was now in residence. Incidentally he refers to his having opened an agency in New York. His eldest son Malcolm, who was already being initiated into the business, writes from Bedford Street to Mr. Robert Bowes in this year—no date is given—to mention that they recently had the *Punch* people to dinner: "Possibly the nearest approach to a joke was, when Mr. Palgrave Simpson was talking about spirits, Mark Lemon shouted out, 'Well, I shan't believe in spirits, till one carries *me* round the room.'"

A letter to "Lewis Carroll" (the Rev. C. L. Dodgson) shows that Macmillan paid a visit to Scotland in the spring of 1870:

March 3, 1870.

To Rev. C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll).

Did you ever take a shower bath? Or do you remember your first? To appeal to all your young admirers for their photographs! If your shower bath

were filled a-top with bricks instead of water it would be about the fate you court. But if you will do it—there is no help for it, and as in duty bound we will help you to the self-immolation. Cartes! I should think so, indeed!—cart loads of them. Think of the postmen. Open an office for relief at the North Pole and another at the Equator. Ask President Grant, the Emperor of China, the Governor General of India, the whatever do you call him of Melbourne, if they won't help you.

But it's no use remonstrating with you. But I am resigned. I return from Scotland next Monday week. I shall be braced for encountering the awful idea.

A letter to the same correspondent on March 24 shows that while Dodgson contemplated the title *Looking Glass World* for his famous sequel to *Alice in Wonderland*, Macmillan supported his previous suggestion, *Behind the Looking Glass*.

The question of a Children's Bible is discussed in a letter to Mrs. Warburton in April, the argument against an expurgated edition being put with convincing force :

April 12, 1870.

To Mrs. Warburton, The Close, Winchester.

The question raised by your letter has frequently been discussed by me with eminent men in various lines for some twenty years or more. No later than during the last fortnight, the Secretary of the Oxford Delegates told me that a children's Bible, such as you suggest, had been proposed to them. And a very eminent scientific man spoke to me since in quite the sense of your note. I feel the difficulty raised fully. But I think the difficulty would not get less, but greater, by an expurgated Bible, while millions of unexpurgated ones are about the world. It is possible that such over-caution might be very dangerous, and if boys or girls got into their heads that there was something very bad

in the Bible which papa or mamma did not wish them to read, unless they were *quite well-ordered* children, and *amenable* to order, more evil would come than good from the restriction. If the children are orderly and amenable, and if the parents are careful to have common-sense, I think with the Book as it stands they can get on. I suppose it is difficult for one to judge. I have a family of four—the eldest nineteen, the youngest ten. We have read the Bible a good deal, boys and girls, with father and mother, or governess. Care has been taken, of course, beforehand in the selection, and practically what you propose is done. But if you have two Bibles in the house, one the open and one the closed, do you think it possible that in a time when everything is being enquired into you could keep the closed one really closed? Is it not possible that a wise, cautious courage may after all be the best? If the really great thoughts and emotions which the Bible yields in such rich fulness get into heart and head, casual contact with other aspects will not affect more than the occasional sight of vulgarity will hurt a refined nature.

Pardon my answering you in this preaching, un-business tone. But I cannot see the practicability of what you desire as its formal realisation. Substantially my sympathies are wholly with you, and if in my business I could carry out your idea I would be glad. I cannot see how it is to be done.

Of Lord Beaconsfield's *Lothair* Macmillan confessed, in a letter written in May, 1870, that he did not think much except of the name, "'What's in a name?' says the poet. The publisher answers, 'a very considerable success assured.'" Another notable novel of this year was *Lorna Doone*. According to Mr. George Macmillan "the story only missed us by an accident," but his father wrote to the author to congratulate him on the advance on his previous work.

In the autumn the Freedom of the Royal Burgh of

Irvine was conferred on Alexander Macmillan on September 5th. The record, which is signed by George Brown, Provost, and David Gray, Town Clerk, refers to the unanimous decision of the Town Council to confer this honour "as a mark of esteem and respect for the distinguished and honourable position and reputation he has through his own successful enterprise achieved for himself in connection with Literature and Art, and in appreciation of his worth and admiration of those virtues which adorn his character." The honour pleased him greatly, but it was not without its responsibilities. Mr. George Macmillan remembers that on this occasion he was told by his friend the Provost (whose name occurs on one of the April Fools' Day dinner cards), that the youngest Burgess might be called upon to hang a man if no other hangman was forthcoming: so that he was relieved when he heard of the appointment of another Burgess a year or two later.

To this year also belongs an interesting letter to his son Malcolm dated October 22. Malcolm Macmillan, who was with his cousin Robert Bowes at Cambridge, had written suggesting that he should aim at a scholarship at Cambridge and then work for the Moral Science Tripos. His father had considered the question with Mr. Maclear (Malcolm's former Headmaster at King's College School), and now sets out his conclusions on the advantages and disadvantages of a University career, inclining in the main to his son's continuing his business training. The choice has so often to be made that no excuse is needed for reproducing the concluding portion of the letter:

It has been to no small degree a disadvantage to me that I did not enter a business career till I was 21. The study and the practice of the laws which lead to

success in business is a very serious study and practice, and if undertaken in a spirit of thorough integrity may be a very ennobling one. Promptitude in executing orders, quickness in understanding them, intelligence in suggesting to young men what books will enable them best to master any study, accuracy and care in accounts, all these things and many others which will suggest themselves to you as you go along in business with cousin Robert are admirable training for all your faculties. Temper and courtesy to customers and to servants, the habits of command and of obedience, all these are to be learnt in a retail business. Political Economy, Logic, Moral and Mental Science are here in their practical elements. Your private reading will supply you with the speculations of others, your private thinking will realise them for yourself. You need not cease to be a student, because you are a shopkeeper. There are mean half-thoughted students, I assure you, as there are mean half-thoughted shopkeepers. Base-ness in morals, poverty in thought attach themselves *necessarily* to no line of legitimate human effort, they are damages from which no line of human effort is free. You remind me in your thoughtful letter that I have sometimes spoken to you as if I set no great store on *circumstances* as determining human character or action. In a certain sense everything depends on circumstances. *I* am a circumstance to you, the words I am writing are circumstances, they are not *you*. They come to you from outside your proper self. They influence you in *some* way, whether you reject or accept them. But you have the power of discrimination, choice, judgment. I am now putting before you two possible set of circumstances which are to be chosen by our joint judgment, one or other, as best fitted to aid you in fulfilling your life's work. But what I have always sought to call your attention to as that which concerns you most is *yourself*, the being who is in the midst of the circumstances. No one can afford to overlook circumstances. The wise man makes the best of them and regulates his

life accordingly. In this part of my letter I am very anxious to direct your attention to the whole circumstances of your present position and ask you to weigh them well and see whether my judgment of the best course you are now to follow is not the right one, and whether it may not be possible for you to carry out the really high ideal of life which I most gladly recognise in your letter without abandoning the course you have now entered on—whether the study of life in business is wholly or even to a serious extent incompatible with study of books and thought.

I think then that to lose the three years of study of business which you would do in going to college would be a serious disadvantage which you should not incur for a *merely possible* gain.

The *possible* disadvantage is one which I speak of with some reluctance, as it may savour of selfishness. But I think I may candidly put it before you, trusting to your generous interpretation. Besides, it does really concern you and your prospects. I am no longer a young man, my life has been a long strain. I hope I may live to dandle your children on a strong enough knee. But I sometimes feel very weary, and would gladly see you, whom I have always looked forward to as the one to take my place in the business, getting into shape and mood for so doing. Now, however great the advantage to your own mental discipline a college course might be it would not fit you for this. The training you already have had will fit you for such a part far better than I am fitted by culture or education. You could easily keep up your knowledge of Greek and Latin. You are learning French. You could go on to German. You might take to some special branch of Mental or Natural Philosophy and achieve a mastery of it while you were becoming a business man. In a year after this, after you had had a good training in detail with cousin Robert, you would come to Bedford Street and go through some detail there, and I hope by the time you would be taking a University degree you

would be able to relieve me to some extent of the detail I now go through, and be able in case of any decay or illness on my part to take your proper position in the business. This is by no means impossible. The best business man almost I know is Mr. John Evans of the firm of Dickinsons, the great paper makers. He is a fellow of the Royal Society, and a most distinguished Naturalist and Antiquarian. He never was at college. I told you that your mother and Mr. Maclear took the same view of your letter as I do. You know what this is.

I must repeat your letter, though I don't agree with it wholly, gave me great pleasure; and I shall gladly hear from you again.

In the meantime I am sure you will see that your course is to work as hard as you can with cousin Robert and do everything you possibly can to help him in the business.

To this month belongs another notable letter, that addressed to his old Irvine school friend Speirs, full of autobiographical matter already incorporated in this narrative. One may note, however, his grateful acknowledgment of the signal honour which had been conferred on him by his fellow-townsmen—the gift of the freedom of the borough of Irvine—which pleased him “to a degree I cannot tell you.”

The year 1871 was marked by heavy domestic sorrow. In June he wrote to MacLehose, who had recently visited him, to say that he was still “under the cloud. The strange alternations in my dear wife's health are very trying. . . . It is just twelve weeks to-morrow since she took to her bed.” A month later her condition became critical, and she died on July 21st. “The last months of my mother's life,” writes Mrs. Dyer, “were spent in a cheerful room that had been our nursery, looking out on the front garden and the giant

elms that are now no more. It was a wonderful centre of cheerfulness to us, unaware how many weary hours of pain were spent there. It connects itself strangely with the Franco-German war¹ then drawing to a close, and with the Tichborne trial, for my mother kept up her keen interest in life to the last, and we used to take turns to read the newspapers to her. Archibald Forbes's vivid letters from the besieged capital were then coming out in the *Daily News*. These readings took place in the late afternoon, and my father would come in from town and, having set aside all thoughts of business, sit and chat quietly to my mother as if he had not a care in the world. For a man of his strong feeling he had an extraordinary power of self-control." The blow when it fell was severely felt, for, as his son writes, it "deprived him of a companion whose unflinching sympathy and keen intelligence had been of priceless value for just twenty years of strenuous effort, and whose loving wisdom had been his stay in all family relations." Two months later Macmillan wrote that even yet he could hardly realise his loss, and found the only solace in his daily work and submission to the Divine will.

The incompetence of newspaper criticism, as we have seen, often excited Macmillan's irritation. But experience taught him to be slow in ascribing it to interested motives :

¹ It was during the Franco-German war that Kingsley and Freeman had their memorable meeting at Knapdale. Freeman, who had attacked Kingsley with great ferocity for his inaccuracies in *The Roman and the Teuton*, was somewhat embarrassed, but was soon put at his ease by Kingsley's exquisite courtesy, and they found a common ground of sympathy in their pro-German leanings. Macmillan, as Mrs. Dyer notes, always rejoiced over this meeting and its influence on Freeman's subsequent attitude towards Kingsley.

March 8, 1872.

To Miss Yonge.

. . . I have not an idea who wrote the article in the *Times*. I hardly think it would do for me to enquire or discuss the question with Mr. Broome.¹ It did not look to me like his. If it had been a nice article I would have had little hesitation in asking him, but one shrinks from saying to a man, "Did you write that nasty, spiteful article?" He could point a moral of impartiality out of it, "silence suiteth best." A friend of mine told me smilingly the other day that it was he who had written that severe article on such and such a book in a prominent quarter—hardly less important than the *Times*. *His brother* was the author. Who can say that honest, *impartial* criticism has died out? Let us meet it as we may. I knew a case where a man pitched into another man's book. Pitcher was trying for a berth. Pitchee had influence which Pitcher knew not of. Pitchee used his influence on behalf of Pitcher. I think, knowing both, that few better or abler, or more unselfish men live.

The prosperity of the firm continued, and Macmillan was cheered by the progress of his sons and nephews. But "it was well," as Mr. George Macmillan writes, "that he was able in the autumn of 1872 to restore his 'shattered home' by a singularly happy second marriage—to Miss Emma Pignatel, a former schoolfellow of our governess and dear friend, Louisa Cassell." Miss Pignatel had come to live with her mother and sisters at Tooting some time previously, and the acquaintance, as Mrs. Dyer writes, "had already brought the delightful atmosphere of a hitherto unknown world into our house. We had known very little of foreigners or foreign travel. My father had been once to France, and

¹ Afterwards Sir Frederick Napier Broome, Governor successively of Western Australia, Barbados and Trinidad.

constantly declared that nothing could induce him ever to leave England again. It was characteristic of him that after this vehement assertion he was persuaded in the year following his second marriage to make his first journey to Italy, humorously professing himself subject to the irresistible will of another."

A letter to Mr. Walter Pater towards the close of this year shows his readiness to accommodate himself to the wishes of his authors as well as his practical knowledge of all departments of the trade :

November 12, 1872.

To Walter Pater.

I don't think you would convince me that paper covers are more beautiful than cloth, and they certainly are very much less useful. I am speaking with recent experience when I say that it would interfere with the sale of the book, as booksellers won't keep them—even with the paper cover. My friend, Mr. MacLehose, of Glasgow, published *Obrig Grange* in this fashion at first, and has been obliged to abandon it for cloth. He still uses paper labels—and gives a duplicate label to be stuck on when the old gets dirty! This is droll, to say the least of it. The bookseller or possessor has to remove the old one and get paste—which he possibly has not at hand—and repaste the clean one on.

The use of inferior, unuseful materials cannot be needful to the realisation of any art which is of much value—at least I cannot see how. Gold lettering on cloth was an immense advance on the old paper boards, and was welcomed as such. I remember the period of change. I still possess books which are done up in smooth cloth with paper labels, and value them historically—just as I would value Adam's original fig-leaf, if I could find it.

But I will most gladly cede my tastes to yours as far as possible. I send you by this post a book in a style of binding which I devised for the author, and which he

liked. His tastes were "artistic." He is an intimate friend of Mr. Burne Jones and others who think in that line. Also the paper of the book is made to imitate the old wire-wove paper, which can only now be got in this mock rib, which is really rather pleasant to my own eye. If you like the paper, please let me know at once, as it will have to be made on purpose. Perhaps we can meditate on the binding a little further.

V

IN the period on which we now enter (1872-1889) fewer letters are available for selection, partly, no doubt, because the assistance now rendered by the younger generation relieved Macmillan of a good deal of the burden of correspondence which he had hitherto sustained practically single-handed. The year 1872, as he tells MacLehose, was "much the best we have ever had," and this continued expansion led to the building of yet larger offices at 29 and 30 Bedford Street, where the rest of his active life was passed. Meantime his brother Daniel's eldest son, Frederick Macmillan, had undergone a course of training at Cambridge, and was now working in the New York branch, where he spent five years before returning to settle finally in the London office in 1876. His own eldest son, Malcolm—"a queer wayward boy," as he writes of him in 1873, "but with much good in him and plenty of brains, only not always duly administered"—was lacking in business aptitude. Acting on the advice of friends, in particular J. R. Green, he went up late to Balliol, where, as his brother says and the present writer can confirm, he formed many valuable friendships among the leading members of his college. In January, 1874, Mr. George Macmillan left Eton to begin work in Bedford Street, and in 1882 Daniel Macmillan's second son, Maurice, after a distinguished career at Uppingham and Cambridge, followed by a few years as assistant master at St. Paul's School under Mr. Walker, also came into the business. In 1876 Macmillan's old friend, William

Jack, himself a native of Irvine, and a constant visitor at the house in Trinity Street during his undergraduate days, joined the firm till in 1879 he was appointed Professor of Mathematics at Glasgow. "My father," writes Mr. George Macmillan, "had kept in touch with him through his career as Inspector of Schools, Professor at Owens College and Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*, and it was a peculiar satisfaction to have his old friend and fellow-townsmen's help for a time in the publishing work, where his expert knowledge of mathematics and science, and his wide and varied experience were of great value." But though the members of his family and others were thus in a position to render him material assistance, Macmillan remained constant in attendance at the office, and was its guiding spirit until the sudden and mysterious death in 1889 of his son Malcolm, from the shock of which he never really recovered.

In January, 1873, the death of Professor Adam Sedgwick prompts a sympathetic letter to Geikie, and in a letter to MacLehose a few days later Macmillan discusses the vicissitudes and vagaries of publishing :

January 29, 1873.

To Archibald Geikie.

I did not see dear old Sedgwick's death in the *Pall Mall* till I was on my way home, having been busy up to the last moment of leaving.

What a mass of most interesting and delightful memories of the past perishes with him. I am afraid no one has kept any record of the wonderful stories he used to tell. You remember his telling us the story of his birth? Was ever such a prenatal picture given of the old Doctor struggling over the Fell to arrive just too late; and the story of the visit to the old gipsy woman whose skin was like saddle leather, and who advised the young elegant lady who asked her the secret

of her long life and health to live in the open air and sleep under a hedge, as she had done all her life!

February 6, 1873.

To James MacLehose.

I often wonder what it would have been if dear Daniel had been with me all this time, or if you had joined me as we once thought of. . . . I only know so far as I can judge for myself, nothing is done without such brain and conscience as I possess. And dear Craik is so good and wise and careful and kind. I cannot tell you how I have got to love that man. He is a daily comfort and guide to me. . . . The more one publishes the more one gets perplexed by the laws that guide success in it. I am prouder of being Maurice's publisher than of being publisher to the University of Oxford. But could I have guided Maurice's pen I would have published about three books for him instead of thirty, and had we had only such books as his we could not have lasted three years. Prophets belong I fear to the desert, where one has to subsist on angels' food, not on the fleshpots of Egypt.

Macmillan, as we have already noted, paid his first visit to Italy in the early months of 1873, an experience which enabled him to enter with special interest into the projected work of Mrs. Oliphant on *The Makers of Florence* :

July 1, 1873.

To Mrs. Oliphant.

I have been exercised a great deal about the book since I heard from you and since I last wrote, and the idea of it seems to settle more and more in my mind into a book on Florence and her Poets. But I am inclined to think it should be dealt with to a considerable extent in relation to her whole life, political, commercial, and artistic. Also that whatever of speculation about Dante you indulge in should be as much as possible given in the course of telling the facts. My

visit to Florence interested me immensely, and I have been reading Trollope's rather clumsy *History* lately. He has given what is practically a political pamphlet, and yet he cannot wholly subdue the marvellous life of poetry, art, and deep human emotion that one feels to be pulsing through it all. This emotion culminates in Dante and Savonarola, but it is seen and felt in the great artists and architects. What Trollope does not tell is really what one wants to know, and what people in general would like to know. There are two books recently published on Rome—Burn's scholarly book and Wey's rather flashy one. They are both copiously illustrated. Neither is what I want as to treatment, and Florence would hardly lend herself to such treatment. Everything in Florence seems full of poetry. Dante is inconceivable out of Florence. Great individual as he is, this still is true.

I should like exceedingly to talk all this over with you and see how far our views could be combined.

My notion is rather a pictorial book that people would read both before and after seeing Florence; but that those who had not seen it, and did not even hope to see it, might like. To do it would take more than a year, and might be done in its literary part at intervals, while we got the whole of the illustrations done. This is broadly what we talked of at first, but it seems to me a more hopeful enterprise. What do you think?

The summer holidays of 1873 were also spent abroad—at Boulogne-sur-mer. "We had a typical French house with a courtyard," writes Mrs. Dyer, "and a sunny walled garden just below the ramparts. My father also made a short excursion to Paris, but on the whole he got more genuine pleasure from the life of the streets than he did from galleries and museums, although he could take a keen interest in some picture that he had selected for himself, or in some special painter. In Italy he had fallen in love

with the well-known Madonna of Botticelli, and bought a copy of it. He also delighted greatly in a very good copy of a Della Robbia, for which he very nearly paid the price of an original, but was saved by an expert friend. His library was full of things picked up upon journeys, of very varying merit, but all testifying to his own individual taste or interest in persons. Some clever little terra-cotta heads of fisher-people, done by a humble local artist, were his treasure from Boulogne. A photograph of Garibaldi reminded him of the girl in Siena from whom he bought it, and of how she had gaily said 'Let us bargain,' as one that proposed a friendly pastime."

A letter to Sir John (afterwards Lord) Coleridge records Macmillan's meeting with Wordsworth twenty-nine years earlier, and expounds his views on the treatment of property in literature :

July 30, 1873.

To Sir John (afterwards Lord) Coleridge.

I must write and thank you for your admirable paper on Wordsworth which you have been so kind as to give us for this number of our *Magazine*. With its whole tone I most deeply sympathise, and even in your estimate of the relative worth of his several poems I concur. I used to think the *Prelude*, except in parts, much inferior to the *Excursion*, but having read it quite recently, I have been inclined to reverse my judgment, and it was a pleasant surprise to me to find you expressing the same feeling.

You speak of having "seen Virgil." I, too, had that great honour and privilege, and one night my brother and I had him all to ourselves for some two or three hours. Perhaps partly in kindly consideration that he had two somewhat enthusiastic young Scotchmen before him, he dwelt much on the influence of Scottish moral and spiritual mood on his own earliest thought and

feeling ; and, as I understand him, claimed in the *Pedlar* to have realised the spiritual aspect of Scottish life in a way that none of her own bards had ever done, or even adequately attempted. I remember his saying that all the "Humanities" in Scotch life, its war, its love, its hate, romance, humour, have been sung as perhaps no nation had ever had them sung before, but that its spiritual life had never been in the least adequately done. And it was then that he began to talk of his own *Pedlar*, as an attempt to do this.

There is one thing that your article brings before me so strongly that I cannot help putting it before your practical legal mind, and that is the in-equity of our Law of Copyright as exhibited in the case of Wordsworth. Theoretically I have no absolute belief in property at all, and have a sneaking kindness for Communism of the old Platonic or Christian kind. But if we have Property with a big or a small p, do, please, let it be on an *equitable* basis. Why the Duke of Bedford should compel me to pay him certain sums of money annually because I have built a nice house on a bit of land which he says is his, and Wordsworth's poems should be open to be made money of or mincemeat of, by me or any publisher who chooses to be reckless in what he does, provided only he does business, I cannot understand. I think there is no better instance of the bold, shameless injustice of the law—so-called—of copyright than the story you tell in your paper. At the present moment, if Wordsworth's property had been in his family's hands and reasonably well managed, it would well be worth at least three times what it was in 1844 when I saw him, and he then told me he was making £350 a year. Now—if his books had not been pillaged, distorted, misprinted, and imperfectly printed by dozens of publishers of various shades and degrees of conscience—they would be worth an honest £1000 a year. I read some years ago every word that I could find written presenting the semblance of a reason for this state of things, and the more I read the more I

became convinced that if we are to have property at all, property in literature is that which stands on the soundest basis of public as well as private benefit.

All which means that I think you gentlemen who make the laws of the land and maintain them ought to put property in books at least on the same basis as property in land or in the funds. You don't benefit the public: that is demonstrable. All you do is to let anyone send out so-called cheap, often imperfect, editions of our great writers. That anyone may do what he likes in reprinting a great author's work prevents and does not further the production at a cheap rate of really good editions. That the Wordsworth family are £1000 a year poorer than they would have been with a different law, is not a sufficient reason for different legislation, but to you who know them it is at least a reason why this whole question should be considered. The public might with reasonable management have better and as cheap editions as they now have.

Pardon my bothering you on this matter, and you so busy.

There were few books of which Macmillan was prouder than Sir Wyville Thomson's great record of the 'Challenger' expedition, and the letters of 1873 show his keen interest in its progress through the press. Baker's safe return from his adventurous journey also gave him great delight:

August 20, 1873.

To His Excellency Sir Samuel Baker, Pasha, care of
H.B.M. Consul, Cairo.

I must send you a note of welcome home, and most hearty congratulations on the successful issue of your noble and heroic enterprise. It makes all us stay-at-home folks feel very small to read, even in the brief abstract which your brother James has kindly communicated to the *Times*, of all your dangers, struggles, and

triumphs. You promised us a great book this time, and assuredly you will be able to fulfil your promise, for I can clearly see that your pen, no more than your arm, has not lost its cunning. You will come at a good time. Stanley's book about Livingstone has quite spent itself, and the great hero, as you and I feel him, has not been lately heard of. Stanley's very Bohemian dash, though I suppose it was fine enough in its way, was quite marred by his more than Bohemian bluster and not very scrupulous treatment of Kirke, etc. Still, it has all helped to keep Africa *hot*, and you come in time to strike it. Sir Bartle Frere's mission, too, will have done good and kept up interest, and your work will be felt by all thoughtful people to have anticipated and completed his. Of course, you must expect some criticising, both on the slavery question and on the geographical one of the lakes. . . .

We published this spring a great and important work, viz. *The Depths of the Sea*, by Dr. Wyville Thomson, who is now out in the Atlantic in charge of the great Challenger Scientific Expedition, which is to last for three years. The first book was an account of a preliminary voyage which Thomson and Dr. Carpenter took in the North Seas. The results of these are very astonishing, showing in a living state many forms of life only known hitherto in a fossil state. As I have been reading this book I have often thought of your idea that probably the Equatorial regions were never under the sea at all, and it will be curious, if you have had time to enter into Natural History questions at all, to see the contrasted conditions of your regions with those which have had "ups and downs" in existence.

You will have plenty to read when you come back, so I will not trouble you longer, but only say how delighted we shall be to hear from you as soon as you can. I trust Lady Baker has not suffered materially in health for all her hardships so heroically borne. I desire my very sincere regards to her and you, in which Craik joins.

The book referred to is of course *Ismailia*. Another volume in which Macmillan took a special interest was the collection of Scottish songs edited for the Golden Treasury Series by Miss Aitken, Carlyle's niece. This was a subject of which he had an exhaustive knowledge, and every song in the book had his *imprimatur*.

Alexander Macmillan's admiration for George Eliot has already been mentioned, and a letter from her this autumn throws a pleasant light on their personal relations :

Blackbrook, Bickley, Kent, Oct. 10, 1873.

Mr. Lewes brought me a very generous message from you a little while ago, about your willingness to send me any of your publications that I might desire to possess. You grow a good deal of precious fruit in that way, but when one is asked to choose one does not like to put one's finger on the best apple. I could never have asked for so handsome a present as Dr. Wyville Thomson's book, which you have been so good as to send us. I care most about scientific and historical works, which are just the most costly. A little while ago we inquired for Miss Yonge's *Book of Noble Deeds*, and it was out of print. I hope it is to be reproduced.

A letter to Sir Roper Lethbridge (then in the Bengal Education Department), who had suggested an extensive scheme of educational books, contains the first practical suggestion of a business in India, though earlier letters hint at its establishment. In the course of the letter Macmillan notes that it has been their aim to get the very best men in each branch of knowledge to write the most elementary books. The *Science Primers* edited by Huxley, Roscoe and Balfour Stewart were perhaps the best example of this method. Roscoe's *Chemistry*, the first volume, appeared in 1872, and

Geikie contributed the volumes on *Geology* and *Physical Geography*.

By way of comment on the following note to Kinglake, it is enough to say that *The Round Table* and *King Arthur* had been suggested as titles for the *Magazine*:

December 22, 1873.

To Arthur Kinglake.

The head on the cover of our *Magazine* is really a fancy likeness of King Arthur—not Alfred. And Linton, who drew it, took our modern Alfred—Tennyson—as his model.

Two notable works are associated with 1874. The *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, projected and edited by George Grove, was begun in this year, while in the autumn J. R. Green's *Short History* saw the light. This remarkable book was the fulfilment of a scheme submitted by Green five years previously. In his own words:

The plan of the book is this. I propose to condense into a volume of 600 pages the history of the English People which I contemplated undertaking on a far larger scale. The work would serve as a school-manual for the higher forms, and as a handbook for the Universities, while in a more general sense it might, I think, supply a want in our literature—that of a book in which the great lines of our history should be fixed with precision, and which might serve as an introduction to its more detailed study.

The book would be strictly a history of *England*, in which foreign wars and outer events would occupy a far more subordinate position than they generally do, and in which the main attention would be directed to the growth, political, social, religious, intellectual, of the people itself. Thus men like Aidan and Bede would

claim more space than the wars of the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms; and Spenser and Shakspeare and Bacon would stand as prominently forward as the defeat of the Armada or the death of Strafford. The style of such a book from its very brevity ought to be more picturesque—in the true sense of the term—than if it were on a larger scale. I should especially avoid cramming pages with details. Minor events could be easily grouped with their dates at the end of the chapters, as Michelet has done in his admirable *Précis*.

The work was to consist of 12 chapters broken into 4 distinct books, and he proceeded to sketch the method of treatment:

For a single chapter I may take that on the Reformation, which would begin with the death of Thomas, Lord Cromwell, and end with the defeat of the Armada. It would open with a sketch of the early protestants, poor artisans, despised by the literary men and statesmen of the past age, suddenly lifted into power and using it unwisely under Edward VI., purified by the persecutions of Mary, and still stunned and conscious how hard the struggle must be confiding in the merely political Elizabeth. In that pause I should introduce the revival of our literature as it is embodied (with all the spirit of the age that was passing away) in Spenser. Then, how silently the new zeal of the Papacy and the new fervour of Protestantism prepared to clash in Jesuit and Puritan, how the English Buccaneers suddenly flung a new force of war into Protestant hands, how the Armada ruined not merely Catholicism but the temporising system of English statesmanship, how Elizabeth was “left alone in her realm.” And in the new pause before the coming Rebellion I would watch the highest expression of English letters in Shakspeare.

How faithfully and brilliantly Green carried out his scheme, in spite of an enfeebled constitution, which kept him constantly in the doctor’s hands and obliged him to

winter repeatedly abroad, needs no words of mine. But it is a curious fact that when the book was passing through the press George Grove and another even abler critic passed decidedly adverse criticisms upon it. Alexander Macmillan, however, never wavered in his belief in the book, and his faith was splendidly justified by results, 35,000 copies having been sold by March, 1876.

On the vexed question of vivisection Macmillan held decided views, and expressed them plainly when Freeman submitted an article condemning the practice :

February 18, 1874.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . Grove has just been in with your paper on Vivisection, saying that he cannot put it into the *Magazine*, and I confess I think he is right. Surely it is wholly wrong to speak of scientific men in the same breath with cock and dog fighters, or even with sportsmen. I know Michael Foster well, and know that he would not hurt the feelings of man or beast out of mere wantonness, or on any ground but the deepest in wisdom and goodness. The very passage which you adduce as not being plain English contains what to all who have studied the question is the amplest justification of their action. The complaint which is called Diabetes is one of the most dreadful that ever afflicted humanity, and I would not object to undergo as much pain as any dozen cats could if a glimpse of light could be thrown on its mysterious origin. To make out one point like this is more important than to give you or me an extra chop for the rest of our lives—or even a chop at all.

You wrong the scientific men: they are not cocky, and surely Foster's article is not. Their use of words which convey the facts of their science is no more conceited than that of Historians.

Please, my dear Freeman, think that when thoughtful

men vindicate their action in this matter they are speaking with knowledge which neither you nor I possess. I wish you would read the article over again.

A letter to W. G. Palgrave in July refers to his forthcoming story in the *Magazine*, "Alkamah's Cave: a Story of Nejd," and describes the heat in London: "I suppose it is all the comet's doing. I have not consulted Lockyer, but I should not wonder if he has something to do with it."

"The summer holidays in 1874," writes Mrs. Dyer, "were spent at Whitby, that most impressive of watering places, in a house that looked straight across the harbour to the ruins of St. Hilda's Abbey, standing out against the sky above the climbing red roofs of the fishing village. We took many long drives through moor and glen or along the coast, and we had a fortnight's visit from Mr. J. R. Green, who delighted in the historic spot, about which he had written so charmingly, although he shrank from the bleak northern air":

6 East Terrace, Westcliff,
Whitby, August 10, 1874.

To James MacLehose.

I am here with wife and new daughter—our two older girls, Maggie and Olive, and Arthur and Katie [Daniel Macmillan's two youngest children]. I have also a friend staying with me, the Rev. J. R. Green, whose name will be known to you soon as the writer of the best History of England for College and Higher School use.

Macmillan was anxious to show J. R. Green "a bit of Scotland," and meditated a trip to Arran and the Clyde. He therefore asks MacLehose to telegraph the state of the weather, as it would not do for Green to travel if it

were cold and wet. "He has been wintering in Italy till last year for several years, and though better, is still delicate in the chest."

The rival claims of Goethe and Heine to appear on the frontispiece of *Deutsche Lyrik* are discussed by Macmillan in a letter to Dr. Buchheim. Macmillan's admiration for Heine, it may be added, descended in an intensified form to his son Malcolm, who called him "the eternal and unique Heine":

November 3, 1874.

To Dr. Buchheim.

On my return to business yesterday Mr. Craik put your letter into my hands in which you seek to re-open a question which we discussed and settled some two or three years since, and I certainly thought with your concurrence. It was with no depreciation of Goethe, even as a song writer, that Heine was preferred, but that Goethe was so much *besides*, and your parallel between Shakespeare and Sheridan is not in the least to the point. Shakespeare was far more conspicuous by his dramas than by his poetry. He was *the* dramatist of England. Sheridan wrote plays, but he was even more eminent as a political speaker. Besides which, surely Heine was far nearer Goethe in genius—I don't say he was his equal—than Sheridan was to Shakespeare. The real parallel would be that in a selection of British Songs we would rather choose Burns than Shakespeare, because though Shakespeare has written exquisite songs, that is not the specific quality which marks him. So with Heine. He wrote no dramas like *Faust*, nor romances like *Meister*. When one thinks of Heine it is preeminently as a singer. It might happen that hereafter we might put a Goethe volume into the *Golden Treasury* series and then we would give Goethe's head. All this was discussed fully and fairly with you, and after all you have said in your note I see no ground for changing the

decision. The choice of the special head was also made after special consideration. There is nothing very satisfactory. This one has the merit of being unusual, by an eminent artist, and giving him when he was young.

If the plate were still to engrave I would be inclined to urge, as I did before, the adoption of Heine and of this special head. As we have spent some £18 18s. in getting this really charming little head, I cannot re-open the question. One's work would never be done at this rate.

As years went on Macmillan's views on Gladstone as a politician underwent considerable modification, but early in 1875 we find him sounding John Bright with a view to an article in the *Magazine* on the subject of his temporary retirement from the Liberal leadership:

January 22, 1875.

To John Bright.

I am afraid you will think me something of a bore. But I hope you will believe that I do not write you without consideration, and am ready to receive a very short no, or yes, in answer to questions I put.

In explanation of the enclosed note from Mr Grove, the Editor of our *Magazine*, I should explain that he and I and several of our friends have been talking over the tone in which Mr. Gladstone is being dealt with by the press generally and by some papers particularly in reference to his retirement from the Liberal leadership, and wishing to see our way not necessarily to a vindication of the step he has taken, but in deprecation of the insolent tone which is taken towards a great and good man to whom his country owes so much. The question of an article in our *Magazine* was talked over and who could write something that would have real weight discussed. One which was anonymous and yet weighty might be good, but one which had weight both from name and quality would

be greatly better. Of course we might get someone who would write fairly well and do it. But we would not wish to meddle with the subject unless we could do it effectively. Is it out of the question that you should do it? Pardon the liberty I take, and, if you can, grant our petition.

The death of Maurice in 1872 had removed one of his dearest and most honoured friends, and in 1875 he had to mourn the loss of Charles Kingsley and Helps:

January 27, 1875.

To Mrs. Erskine.

. . . You will have seen by the papers that our dear, noble friend Canon Kingsley has passed to his rest. He died in his sleep. I am going to the funeral at Eversley to-morrow. Dean Stanley is to read the service. What a different world it is to many of us that he can no longer speak to us with his words of love and high-mindedness.

January 29, 1875.

To Professor Seeley.

. . . I was at Eversley yesterday, on the sad errand of parting with one of the noblest men I have ever known. We hope—I never felt the hope stronger than yesterday—not for ever. Somehow. Somewhere.

March 11, 1875.

To the Rev. Dr. Macmillan.

. . . Kingsley's loss is indeed a loss to me, and I know it will come back to me as long as I live. I never knew a nobler man. And now the gentle, thoughtful, wise Helps has followed. How one's friends pass on to the Unseen, which now holds so many of the loved ones.

A letter bearing date June 23rd gives evidence of his unabated affection for Sebastian Evans. Macmillan

ends on a note of remonstrance: "I read through your vollum of pottery at a sitting, and was nigh on cursing and swearing at you for not being, what you certainly might be, a very considerable bard." Another letter in lighter vein is addressed to Professor Mayor, and refers to the delay in the issue of the larger edition of Juvenal, which had already been ten years in the press and did not appear until 1878. The "German Interloper" was an enlarged English edition of Hübner's Bibliographical Clue to Latin Literature:

July 6, 1875.

To Professor J. E. B. Mayor.

Are you a believer in the wisdom of old proverbs? Yes, you are theoretically, very theoretically. For instance,

It's best to be off with the old love
Before you begin with the new,

is, I am quite sure, a profoundly true saying in your eyes. But practically your loves—that is your books—are as frequent and as fitful as Brigham Young's wives. The last is always the sweetest, most delightful. Think of keeping that oldest, best and beautifullest of all your loves waiting at the door while you dandle a wretched German interloper on your knee. Fye, you perversest of Professors. . . .

A letter to Freeman in the autumn reveals the fact that he had been ill, but the good news of Goldwin Smith revived his spirits:

October 13, 1875.

To E. A. Freeman.

. . . Green was in this morning when I got your letter and was very glad to hear of you. He keeps pretty well, but the weather here is very cold and damp at present, and all we invalids have to be careful—alas! I really have been very ill, but am better now and

come to work for a limited time daily. Happy man, you also can ask, "What is bronchitis?" "What is pulmonary sickness?" etc. Long may you be able to treat these things in that charmingly ingenuous way.

Here is a bit of news for you. Our dear Goldwin, of the Smith tribe, has taken to himself a wife. My friend Professor Daniel Wilson of Toronto, who is a great chum of Goldwin's, writes me full of it, and seems to think it in all ways a comforting and comfortable thing for the friend whom we all love. Here is an extract from Wilson's letter:

"This is Goldwin Smith's Wedding Day! The first time I met him was at the house of Mr. William Boulton—formerly Mayor of Toronto and member for the city. His wife was a Boston lady with a fortune of her own, augmented since by the death of her mother. G.S. was a constant visitor at their house, and on the death of Mr. Boulton continued his visits to the widow—and here is the result."

In a former letter Wilson told me that the lady is a very pleasant lady and likely to make Goldwin a really good wife. He has evidently settled down there for life. He goes into public affairs—educational and political—with full heart, and has started a newspaper, which he calls *The Nation*. Wilson and he are great allies in all liberal and progressive matters—especially in education. Daniel Wilson is the oldest friend I have in the world, and I can honestly say that our friend has a good honest fellow worker. You know his books *Prehistoric Man* and *Prehistoric Scotland*. . . .

To October also belongs a letter to Gladstone about his new Homeric book, with a reference to his recent theological controversy:

October 25, 1875.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

. . . What a fight you have had and with what an enemy! Is it that I retain more of our old covenanting blood in my veins that I have wondered constantly

at your patience in your controversy? I ought to learn a lesson that our "Hill Folk" sometimes forgot from your temperate treatment of that centre of confusion—Popery and all its belongings. Let it have its say is surely, after all, the right thing. But think how one feels when one realises, as one does in one's best moments, what a light and power is in—forgive me for speaking so in a mere business letter—the Revelation of *permanent Fact* in Our Lord's Life and Death, and how this has been perverted into the most hideous fiction in Lourdes pilgrimages and all from which they spring.

You will, I am sure, forgive the little message I ventured to send through our Editor, Mr. Grove. Of course, I was very willing that Dr. Manning should have fair play in our *Magazine*. But to see *Macmillan's Magazine* quoted three times with the Archbishop's name and utterance, as if we were his organ, did not quite please me. Therefore, I ventured to send the message.

J. R. Green's swift and vivid faculty of suggestion and Matthew Arnold's brush with W. K. Clifford form the themes of two letters addressed to his son at the close of the year :

November 21, 1875.

To Malcolm Macmillan.

Green came down with me yesterday. He is as full of force and life as ever. It is really marvellous how fertile and rich his mind and nature are. One does not always agree with him, but he is always interesting and his industry and practicality are marvellous, especially when connected with the swiftness and fecundity that is so characteristic of him. He is full of schemes for giving the general public a knowledge of old classical—Greek and Roman things—and things pertaining to Israel, as Matthew Arnold puts it. Of course, as you know, the idea is by no means new to me, but the difficulty always has been in getting it

realised. Many who have knowledge lack the sympathy and skill to feel and present it in its highest form. One gets arid learning and vulgar scepticism. Men like your friend Cheyne are useful no doubt, but not in this way. Something is being done by Jowett in his *Plato* and by Matthew Arnold in his *Isaiah*: neither to my mind quite ideal, but still on the whole noble and fine in presentation and emotion.

December 4, 1875.

To the same.

I have been reading Matthew Arnold's new book and an article of Clifford's in the *Fortnightly*. They are both dealing with pretty much the same thing—the grounds of duty apart from theology. Arnold has some sneers at "Professor Clifford" for his "lightly running-a-muck" at the "august thing" which he himself loftily relegates to the region of Fairy Lore. But on the whole I think Clifford is quite as earnest as his rebuker. Neither seem to me right in their enterprise, and I cannot feel that their mood is characterised by the *waitingness* that seems to be essential to the genuine scientific mood. But this new paper of Clifford's has some real quality, and I think he will work himself clear into solid serious ground.

Alexander Macmillan, like every one who knew Clifford, was fascinated by his charming personality, in which a brilliant intellect was allied to a most engaging modesty. The attitude of the elder man is very happily expressed by Mrs. Clifford: "Mr. Macmillan was very fond of my husband; he always spoke to him, and to me of him, as if he were speaking to and of a *boy* whom he loved and thought a splendid genius."

The title of Mr. Gladstone's new work on Homer did not altogether satisfy Macmillan, but he agreed that the author had the best right in the matter:

January 20, 1876.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

I will call at 4 Carlton Gardens to-morrow morning somewhere about 11 o'clock. I will have with me two specimens of binding with the two possible letterings, and also title pages, one of each having your preference—"Synchronism"—on it. Having been born on this side of the Alps, my infallibility is not beyond the power of reason, or what is reason enough in such matters, the strong feeling of him who has the best right to name his child—its father. My infallibility does not amount to that of the country clergyman who, when his parish schoolmaster wanted his child baptised "Augustus Alexander," proceeded (aside "Stuff"), "*John*, I baptise thee," so if when we look at the thing together you still like "Augustus Alexander"—I mean Synchronism—I will most gladly submit. . . .

Early in 1876 the esteem in which Alexander Macmillan was held by those who were associated with him in business received a very gratifying illustration. On the 28th of January a bronze statuette of himself by J. E. Boehm, R.A., was presented to him and his family. The gift was greatly appreciated, but the terms of the address (written by Mrs. G. L. Craik) by which it was accompanied and the long list of signatures formed a tribute of infinitely greater value :

Dear Mr. Macmillan,—

It is not easy for us, the undersigned, friends of all ranks, and associated with you in all manner of ways, to express the feeling which has prompted us to offer you this statuette. We do it, first, out of strong personal regard : next, to show our respect for a self-made and absolutely stainless name : for sincerity and probity in business : for faithfulness in friendship : for a largeness of heart and high sense of honour which

have exalted the work of your life, and won attachment after a very rare fashion. In your success many of us share: and your warm sympathy helps us to enjoy it. That your own enjoyment of well earned prosperity may be long and full, is our earnest and affectionate wish.

The signatories of the address, nearly 70 in number, included his partners, Mr. G. L. Craik and Professor Jack; George Grove, Norman Lockyer and Lauder Brunton, his literary, scientific and medical experts; the Clays, Constables, Clarks, Clowes (printers); Sir John Evans and his partners in the firm of Dickinsons (paper makers); and bookbinders, engravers, map-makers, travellers and clerks, among whom one may mention the names of Burn, Chapman and Orrinsmith, Cooper and Jeens, Edward Stanford, Samuel R. Hutt, George Coxall, James Foster and John Mackey.

A curious incident at the funeral of Lady Augusta Stanley is noted in a letter to Stopford Brooke in March:

March 11, 1876.

To the Rev. Stopford Brooke, Rome.

. . . My sciatica is almost gone, in spite of a risky thing I did in going to the Abbey to Lady Augusta's funeral. It really was a striking sight; you will have seen an account of it in the papers. But there was one curious thing that had an element of quaint pathos in it. Carlyle sat next the Archbishop of Canterbury, who occasionally pointed out where in the service they were, and Carlyle peered down with apparently reverential interest. On the other side of the Archbishop sat Lord Shaftesbury. Matthew Arnold was close by me. . . .

J. R. Green's *Short History*, though greeted in the main with a chorus of praise, was not without its

detractors, but Macmillan had no difficulty in showing how captious a good deal of this adverse criticism had been :

March 27, 1876.

To Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Hastings.

I have much pleasure in telling you about Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* and its position in relation to criticisms of the writer in *Fraser*. It was not to be expected that a book containing nearly 900 pages of closely printed matter dealing with proper names and dates should be free from errors both of the press and of the pen, and Mr. Green had himself, and by means of his friends, already discovered many, and I think the most important of those pointed out with such parade and exultation by Mr. Rowley—the *Fraser* critic—and these faults have been corrected in each successive edition that was printed, as they were discovered. There were many of these so-called errors that were not errors, except of the critic himself, as when he accuses Mr. Green of error in stating that the Bishops knelt to receive a blessing from Charles II. when he was dying. There was, in fact, a much larger *proportion* of blunders in the article than in the book, and not one, I think, of those actually found at all interfered with the substantial merits of the *History*. There always will, of course, be room for different judgments of men and measures in an historical work, and a man with extreme High Church or extreme puritanical tendencies will find what he thinks errors of judgment in a man who deals with affairs in a wider and less dogmatic way. But that Mr. Green has dealt fairly with various shades of men without, of course, hiding his sympathies is witnessed by men of the most various convictions. . . .

The Marquis of Lorne's rendering of the Psalms in verse interested and pleased him, but he confessed to sharing Walter Scott's predilection for the old Scotch

version. The redoubtable Mrs. Pott's Baconian hypothesis failed to impress him, but he dealt courteously, if faithfully, with her in the two following letters—the illustration in the second is particularly happy :

May 31, 1876.

To Mrs. Henry Pott.

I am afraid your enterprise is hopeless. Bacon assuredly is not the author of Shakespeare's plays, and assuredly Shakespeare wrote them himself. I know the *Essays* well, and all *Shakespeare* well. They are the products of our greatest intellectual and moral age. It is impossible but that they should have much in common. The new birth—Renascence—or whatever it is called, was in the air. Platonism, through subtle Italian and deft French mediums, had saturated the English intellect of the time, and the whole English mood was full of virile intellectual force to an extent hardly exemplified at any period in its history, or perhaps in the history of the world, except in Greece during and after the Persian war, or Florence before and some way into the Medici reign. Hence it is almost impossible but that two such intellects as Shakespeare and Bacon, seeing the same facts, being in the same intellectual atmosphere, should show coincidences. It is even possible, or even probable that a man of the marvellous acceptivity and fertility of nature that Shakespeare must have had may have heard Bacon say things that he adopted and adapted. But surely it is wholly needless to suppose that he ever wrote a line for or with Shakespeare. The *pace* (I am writing as the Derby is being run) of the two men is so wholly unlike. Bacon scholastic, precise, even when most imaginative. Shakespeare, like our (Scotch) Burns, free, flowing, natural—"Warbling his native woodnotes wild" even when in his loftiest speculative moods. I quite agree with you in your dislike of a genius theory that would lead to a boast that knowledge can be attained without labour. But having known both the cottage and the college, I

can assure you that it is quite possible that work can be carried on as well in one as in the other.

It is quite impossible that Bacon and Shakespeare are one. Shakespeare had as much to do with the Essay on Truth as Bacon had to do with Hamlet.

To the same.

June 7, 1876.

. . . The question about Shakespeare's education is one requiring more space than I can give it. But I don't think we quite realise how rapidly a man like Shakespeare might assimilate new words and forms of life. I have known—I know at present—a man who travelling through a street or town with a number of fairly intelligent men and women will learn twenty times as much as any of them with even less apparent observation. Do you know the story of Houdin, the conjurer, how in passing a shop window with hundreds of objects in it he could with a glance give an inventory of it?

When you come to London it will be really pleasant to me to meet you, if you care to come and see an old man at his work.

Mr. John Morley had, in his capacity of literary adviser, been asked to report on a *Life of William Hone* by Mr. James Routledge, and his opinion led to the following interesting letter of early reminiscences:

To John Morley.

June 7, 1876.

In reference to your report on Mr. James Routledge's book about Hone, I want to make a confession and an apology which I would be glad if you would consider and see whether you think it would modify your opinion as to the desirableness of our publishing it.

It was I who suggested the writing of this book to Routledge. He has written a good deal for the *Magazine*, and is a regular writer—mainly on Indian matters—for the *Times*. He was often when calling

here expressing his strong wish to get into more solid sort of writing, and suggesting lives of this or that man, or this or that bit of history. I never felt that he was likely to do any really first rate book, but there is a sort of dogged earnestness about the man, and real goodness that gives one a liking and respect for him. Then I knew old William Hone personally when I first came to London—when I was about 21—and liked him very much. I also heard from people who had been at his trials of the immense impression they made and that they were in fact the final blow to attempts to suppress free speech. It is now nearly 40 years since I last saw Hone, when he gave up sub-editing the *Patriot* newspaper, and I suppose I had been seeing him frequently for nearly two years. He was a man of really fine nature, had most of the old English poets and best prose writers of a poetic turn, like Jeremy Taylor, at his fingers' ends. He told me at times bits of his early life and struggles as a bookseller. He had evidently been a child as to business and money matters, and his troubles had come from this cause and from no self-indulgence or idleness. When I knew him he was what might be called a pious man, but without bigotry; for instance, he burst out with fury at some one who called Shelley an infidel.

Well, I have frequently seen in papers references to Hone of a most unjust kind. For instance, in some articles by that sweet and pure writer, George Augustus Sala, in the *Cornhill*, I saw "the indecent blasphemies of William Hone" denounced. Then recently, when a new edition of the *Three Trials* was published, I bought a copy, and it was lying on my table when Fitzjames Stephen happened to call and I asked him if he knew them, and he said he did and thought them most important in the same sense that I did, and that their importance had been much overlooked. I then told him what I had known of him, and he seemed interested. Soon after this, on Routledge coming in, I suggested his looking at Hone's life; and he has been

through various Museums and Libraries for the last two or three months getting material. My own notion at first was merely a sketch of William as the final champion—single handed—of free speech—mainly, I confess, for the sake of rescuing a really fine man from obloquy and obscurity. Of course this is personal, but I think really the story might be interesting beyond this. Whether Routledge has not gone further afield than was needful is another matter.

In July his nephew Arthur, the youngest son of Daniel Macmillan, died at the early age of nineteen. He had taken a voyage to India in search of health, but without effect. The bereavement was deeply felt, and Macmillan mentions to Wyville Thomson that his wife had been so much affected by it that he was taking her to Scotland for change.

Mention has been made by Mrs. Dyer of the Sunday readings at Knapdale, and a pleasant picture is given by her brother Malcolm in a letter dated October 9th, 1876:

. . . On the Sunday before Dyer¹ came to stay. Ainger was here and read the "Cassio" scene in *Othello*, and several scenes from *King Lear*, in a style that was simply superb. Next day we lounged in the garden, and he read bits of Thackeray and Miss Austen in an equally admirable way. Such reading makes literature living.

The letters of 1877 are few and not specially important, but room must be found for a graceful note to one of Macmillan's most valued friends and authors:

To Norman Lockyer.

March 21, 1877.

Brunton tells Craik that he thinks you should have a little quiet rest on the Continent. If the

¹ The late Louis Dyer, who married Alexander Macmillan's eldest daughter Margaret in 1889.

enclosed cheque will help to make this easier for you, the firm desires your acceptance of it with the love of all the members.

In May Macmillan wrote to Freeman to give a good account of J. R. Green, who had become engaged to Miss Alice Stopford, and to announce the birth on May 2nd of his youngest son John.¹ His abiding interest in all that related to Charles Kingsley is illustrated by the following account of a modern Greek translation of *Hypatia* :

July 23, 1877.

To Mrs. Kingsley.

I was hoping before this to have been able to send you the second volume of the modern Greek translation of *Hypatia*, but it is not yet published. It was my son George who discovered it. He had recently a short holiday in Greece, and has naturally become a strong Philhellene, and takes in a Greek newspaper in which he saw the translation advertised, and thinking it would interest you got a copy which proved to be only of the first volume, but was told that the second would be published soon. You may rely on having it whenever it appears. If they go into this war it may, among other effects, stop the completion of the book!

George was greatly struck with the signs of social activity which he saw in Athens, and from all he heard of intellectual, too, as this act of translating this noble book shows. The interior, through which he had a week's ride, was still very rough. The striking qualities of the Greek so wonderfully given in *Hypatia* seem to cling to them still, subtle as quicksilver and as uncertain often, while really fine human qualities of the highest

¹ In view of the friendship so often referred to in these pages, it is interesting to note that John Macmillan married in 1906 the granddaughter of F. D. Maurice and daughter of Major-General Sir John Frederick Maurice.

order, as in *Hypatia* herself, seem possible to them still. How much the great heart and great head of the author of *Hypatia* would be feeling—is he not—about all this. . . .

Of the new publications of this year special mention is claimed by the *English Men of Letters* series or short books on great writers projected and edited by John Morley. In a letter to his son Malcolm on October 2nd, 1877, Macmillan describes a recent dinner at the Garrick at which Mr. Gladstone came to discuss the project of a Primer of Homer (published in 1878) with J. R. Green, the editor of the series. John Morley and Dean Church were also of the party. He continues:

In the meantime John Morley has projected a series of *Short Books on Great Writers*. He has got Hutton for Sir Walter Scott, Goldwin Smith for Wordsworth,¹ Symonds for Shelley, Pattison for Milton, Leslie Stephen for Johnson, Morrison for Gibbon. He tried to get Stanley for Bunyan, and Matthew Arnold or Seeley for Shakespeare, but neither would accept. He thought if he could get Church to do something he might get the others to come in. So I wrote to the Dean, and in the meantime we got Gladstone to accept Homer and our Garrick dinner. So before I could hear from Church by post, on the morning of Gladstone's acceptance of the dinner I went down to the Deanery to see if Church was disengaged, which he was, and agreed to join us and meet Morley. Thus it all came about. He—the Dean—will do either Dryden or Spenser, he has not fixed quite which. But he will do either well. The idea is a sort of Essay—biographical and critical—on each of the authors about twice as long as a *Quarterly* article, in a little volume to sell at about half-a-crown. I think the series should do and do good. The Primers are all doing well, and I see no reason why such a series should not do also.

¹ This volume was after all written by F. W. H. Myers.

The great difficulty was the Shakespeare, and Macmillan describes his effort to induce George Eliot to undertake the task :

November 9, 1877.

To John Morley.

I have just come back from a very pleasant interview with George Eliot. She did not say *no*, and promised to think it over and write to us. She repeated what Lewes told us was her feeling, that she has a dread of coming forward in her own person and passing judgment on authors, and spoke as you, or even I, might speak with aversion of the habit of mind that leads people to pass off as sort of *final utterances* the feelings and thoughts which come to you in reading an author. She quoted a passage from Ste. Beuve which she thought should be the motto of such a series as we propose. I cannot give you the French—she is to send it—but the effect of it was that the business of a true critic was to appreciate, not *fix the doom* of an author. When you see it you will, I have no doubt, at once adopt it—if we can't get her to contribute a book it will be something at least to have a motto from her. But I am by no means hopeless about the book. Lewes came with me to the door and said it was a great thing to have got her to consent to think of it. I asked if I might tell you to write to her, and she said she would be glad to hear from you. But I think it would be well that we should have our talk on Monday before you do write.

George Eliot wrote next day sending the motto, but declining the proposal :

The Priory, North Bank, Regent's Park,

November 10, 1877.

From George Eliot.

The quotation from Sainte-Beuve which I mentioned to you is on page 11 of his 'Cahiers': "La

critique pour moi (comme pour M. Joubert) c'est le plaisir de connaître les esprits, non de les régenter."

As to the work in which you have done me the honour to ask for my co-operation, I feel obliged to decline your proposal, though your kindness has given me many reasons for wishing to meet your views. I like to think that you will not be at a loss to find a writer who will treat that supreme subject in literature at once reverently and with independence.

Various other writers were sounded, but without success, and it was not until 1907 that the omission was made good by the brilliant study of Professor Walter Raleigh.

In February, 1878, Macmillan was able to send Freeman, then at Palermo, a good account of J. R. Green, whom he thought of joining at Florence. The letter also contains cordial congratulations on the engagement of Freeman's daughter, Margaret, to Arthur Evans, the distinguished son of another old friend, Sir John Evans. Meantime the long deferred publication of Westcott and Hort's text of the New Testament had almost exhausted Macmillan's patience, and in May and June he addressed vigorous appeals to the fastidious editors:

May 21, 1878.

To Rev. Dr. Westcott.

I wish you could persuade our friend Hort to let the text, that you and he have elaborated so thoroughly, come out. Does he think it needful that the last hair in all our beards should be actually blanched before recognising the fact that we are all getting up in years? I can see no sense in which his delay is right. He seeks a perfection that would lead to no existence before it reached no possible fault. He is getting to be a critical Buddhist. We practical English would think of him as trying to catch his shadow.

June 6, 1878.

To Rev. Dr. Hort.

You probably have seen that the Pitt Press is going to publish an edition of the *Greek Testament* with a new text by Professor Perowne. As your text has been freely handed about, its main readings must be known to many—Perowne among others—and it therefore becomes of vital importance that not a moment should be lost in issuing ours. As Dr. Westcott has the same interest and responsibility as you and does not in the least approve of the delay, and we have the strongest reasons for speedy publication, it does not seem to me reasonable that you should any longer impose your judgment on your two equal partners against their strong judgment and interest. You have had your way now for several years, to our serious loss, and deference to your judgment has been already carried beyond due limits. I therefore am ordering paper to go to Clay, with orders to print an edition of 1250 copies, and mean to publish the book in time for the opening of the public schools in August. Clay tells me that you are hard at work at the Introduction, and if you get this ready for press some time in August, we might get it out in the October term.

I am sure that on reflection you will see the reasonableness and justice of this course.

June 12, 1878.

To the same.

Do you mean that we may begin to print in August? If so, I will wait—though the paper is in Clay's hands. I read all your arguments with amazement. They can only be meant to convince yourself, and is that needful? What on earth has Professor Birch's criticism to do with the case—or Burgon's, or any of the same sort? If you wrote fifteen volumes of vindication or explanation it won't be read by such, or if read not appreciated. Twenty-four years is a long slice out of any man's life. How many more such

periods do you expect to see? I am sure your text will justify itself *pro tem*. You can smash gainsayers afterwards. You never can get to the end of the infinite, or where no faults can be found. We will begin to print on August 1.¹

The reception of the first volumes in the *English Men of Letters* series was most encouraging, and George Eliot's approval is valuable for the evidence it affords of her feelings towards Walter Scott. It may be added in parenthesis that her long poem, "A College Breakfast Party," appeared in the July number of the Magazine:

(From G. H. Lewes.)

The Heights, Witley,

August 26, 1878.

I feel sure you will be glad to know the pleasure Mrs. Lewes has received from the first three instalments of your series of English classics. She has read them aloud to me, and although Scott is to her an almost sacred name, she was so delighted with Hutton's largeness of feeling and sympathetic insight that, as she told a lady yesterday, "she was in a glow all the time she read it." Stephen's Johnson also gave her great pleasure. The Gibbon was of course a less attractive subject, but it is on the whole admirably done. We have seen scarcely any one except Tennyson, who has read his new drama² and some other poems to us. Not a trace of age in the old poet! The drama is full of fine *dramatic* power.

For Dean Church Macmillan had from the very first a most cordial admiration and respect, and it was a

¹In spite of the apparent promise to have the copy ready for August the work was not published until May, 1881, nearly three years afterwards.

²*The Falcon or Becket.*

pleasure to him in 1878 to recognise the hereditary talent of the Dean's son, Mr. F. J. Church, whose translation of Dante's *De Monarchiâ* was published by the firm. Dean Church again is cordially alluded to in the letter to an old friend in India :

August 30, 1878.

To the Rev. J. H. Budden, India.

The volume of sermons of Dean Church I meant as a present, and am very glad you like him so much. He is a man of large gifts and equally rare modesty. He is a great friend of Mr. Gladstone's, who offered him the Deanery of St. Paul's three times before he would take it. He has written very little. We are trying to get him to write more. An essay on Dante is actually in the press and I hope will be out in October. I should like to give you some general gossip about literature, but it is hard to know where to begin. I am sending you two books which have made some stir. Salmon, author of *Reign of Law*, is an Irish Professor, and is a great Mathematician as well as an eloquent preacher. There was a very favourable review in the *Times*, and a good many people who bought it speak highly of it. I send it to you—also a volume by a young Scotch minister, Service, which has made some stir. Also, I have put in three volumes of a series which we have recently commenced under the editorial care of Mr. John Morley. We have a really distinguished staff. You will see that Dean Church is to do the Spenser for it. We have had much praise for it.

The recurrence of Alexander Macmillan's birthday brought a charming letter from John Morley :

4 Chesham Place, Brighton,

October 3, 1878.

I wish you many happy returns of the day, with all my heart. You have now a long retrospect of

effective industry, and fine service to the world, and I make no doubt that you are wise enough to find in this a perfect comfort against the otherwise uncomfortable flight of years. Not many men in this generation have done better work, or in a better kind. It is pleasant to me to think that for one quarter of your life you and I have been friends and fellow-toilers. . . . I shall drink your health in a glass of wine, in which my doctor assures me there lurks not a drop of acid,—emblem, my dear Macmillan, of our long and undisturbed friendship.

Always yours affectionately,

J. MORLEY.

Macmillan's admiration for Shelley was of long standing, and was renewed by the perusal of J. A. Symonds' volume in the *English Men of Letters* series :

November 22, 1878.

To J. A. Symonds, Davos Platz, Switzerland.

It is very pleasant to me to get your kind letter, as I retain a very pleasant memory of one evening which you spent at my house, and our much talk on many matters, very refreshing to my spirit. I am afraid from what you say of your health, and the somewhat Promethean like conditions under which you are able to keep it, that the chances of renewing personal intercourse early or often are small. In spite of my Highland name, I am essentially a man of the plain and only enjoy mountains when seen from below. I have never been to Switzerland and have no drawing towards it. Italy I do like greatly, especially Florence, and hope to see it again before I die. It must be a great loss to you, who have done so much to make it known and loved of English people, not to be able to reside in it at least part of the year. I hope you got a copy of your Shelley which was sent to you by post. . . .

I like your book very much, and think it makes the clearest and simplest complete presentation of the man

we have. Hogg's of the earlier part is quite unsurpassed, to my mind. The Divine Poet stands so clear and fine against the somewhat rude, but preeminently honest and hearty nature of the Tory lawyer and squire. Trelawny, I cannot like nor indeed trust him. I don't particularly like Byron, but there is a malignity in the way in which Trelawny contrives his praise of Shelley to glance injuriously on Byron. I should have liked to have seen him in a witness box and Hogg cross-examining him. . . . Shelley was a unique man in himself, and in spite of deflections, of a very pure high nature. As an utterer of noble thought in noblest words he is unsurpassed. My admiration for him is of more than forty years' standing, and is as strong now as it ever was. But as St. Paul exhorted people to pray with the understanding, so I think we ought to admire with the understanding. People have both admired and abused him with much too little of this valuable quality. I cannot help being gratified that we have had the honour of publishing what is on the whole the best, completest and most rational account of so noble, beautiful, if also very erratic and perplexing a character. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear from you.

Of the publications of 1879 none touched him more than the Memoir of Catherine and Crawford Tait, which he felt it a "high honour" to publish. The appointment of his old friend Lightfoot to the Bishopric of Durham naturally pleased him, but his letter of congratulation shows how fully he realised the sacrifices which were involved in Lightfoot's acceptance of the honour:

January 31, 1879.

To the Rev. Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop-Designate of
Durham.

I have always thought that the parable of the man who, because he had ruled *one* city well had *ten*

more given him to rule, a somewhat cruel one, as concerned the individual. After work, rest seems the kindly thing. But as regards the world's progress, there seems no doubt that the law involved in the parable is right. A man who shows power to do good work in a narrower sphere is naturally the man to whom a wise governing power will give larger work when it comes. So if I write to say with what pleasure I saw that the present Government had called to a high office in the Church one who was so valuable in another sphere, it was not without a definite sense of sacrifices which were involved in the honour to one for whom I have every reason to feel, as I do, sincere esteem and regard.

Although not strictly germane to this narrative, I cannot resist inserting at this point a letter written in February, 1879, by Macmillan's eldest son, Malcolm, then at Oxford, to his friend Cecil Standish :

Twenty years ago or so Kingsley told my father of a scheme he had for a novel to be called *Alcibiades*. The idea was, of course, to be a young, well-born nature, which, after being imbued with philosophy (at an English university, presumably), and shown itself apt to learn, is corrupted by wealth, fashionable society, powers of persuading men, etc. Alcibiades's career, in fact, translated into modern times, whether to end in a partial redemption, like the service which the historical A. performs when in exile, by a complete, as it were, Christian redemption, or quite tragically, I don't know. I should think it would depend on his own mood, and what he observed himself. Of course I should have added before that A. must have been the cause of calamities to his country. This idea is, of course, imbued through and through with Plato. But when once in my hearing my father asked Kingsley about this, he said, "The truth is, Macmillan, that I now *know* too much ever to write the book. I have been too much behind the scenes (*i.e.* of court, fashionable, diplo-

matic, etc., life), and should inevitably do what is most wrong for a novelist, introduce personal portraits, paint real calamities." But it seemed to be in his mind, "All my early prophetic vision is come true; I have seen too many Alcibiadeses dragging society with them into ruin, too much of Plato's corruption of noble natures, to make my projected book anything but the too realistic copy of real experience." It seems to me sometimes that I, his godson, not knowing the events of which he was thinking, might some time or other do something with this idea in some form or other, especially as a vulgarised version of the thing has been the subject of some of Ouida's books (*Chandos* and *Held in Bondage*): perhaps also some of the "Guy Livingstone" novels, though there is a certain genuine strength and power, of the harsh, bitter, pagan kind, about the latter.

Malcolm Macmillan had a very narrow escape from drowning on June 5th in a boating accident at Sandford Lasher, when his friend Clarence Collier lost his life. Brighter associations are linked with the following month when Macmillan's second son, George, who had now been for five years in the business, was married to Miss Margaret Helen Lucas. The help that he now received from his junior partners is pleasantly acknowledged in a letter to Dr. Maclaren a few months later: "I have excellent helpers in Craik, my nephew Fred, and my son George, who, I think, could carry it on if I were obliged to give up, but they don't seem to want to get rid of me—I hardly want to go."

In 1880 a project which was very near to his heart is first mentioned in a letter to his old friend James MacLehose:

Knapdale, February 8, 1880.

To James MacLehose.

Your most gratifying letter came to me while I was meditating a letter to you which I may as well begin

now about my dear brother Daniel. And this was the idea that was in my mind. On looking over his papers and memorandum books some years ago I found that he had written out with considerable sequence what really amounts to an autobiography, at least during a considerable part of his life—Diaries and Reminiscences. Quite recently I have been going over his papers again, and was very much attracted by their interest from a mere literary point of view. I showed them to Fred, Maurice and my son Malcolm, and then to Craik. Of course they interested his sons and mine. But Craik was even more struck with them. I then gave them to Tom Hughes, and he too seemed to think them very remarkable, and appears willing to edit them with a view to publication. There are many letters to and from Archdeacon Hare, Maurice, George Wilson and others that tell mostly in his own words the story of his life. There are some gaps during a period that you knew him more intimately than any one else. His diaries contain a very graphic and touching account of his first coming to London in 1833, and all your great kindness to him; his visits to Longmans, Simpkin, etc., etc., and his final settlement at Cambridge. He must have written many letters home from Cambridge to Malcolm and William, but none of these exist, and there are other parts of his life after that are less clear, as when he left London, after he was at Whittakers', when he went down to Edinburgh, and the Wilsons were so kind to him. I have been wondering whether you might not have preserved some of his letters that might be of use in case we decide to make a book of it. The great interest of such a book would be his own way of looking at his life and his way of telling the story. There have been many lives more or less like his, and mere outward narrative would be not worth doing. But it is his *personality*, his hopes, aims, aspirations, that are the real points of interest. So many of his letters contain that element of devout purpose based on the memory of his mother, father and

elder brothers that if and where they could be worked into the pretty full, though a little fragmentary, diary, they would all make a very complete and I think rather unique self presentation. I feel the delicacy of attempting such a thing, and would not, if I could, do it myself. But Daniel has gone from us for nearly three-and-twenty years and the story would stop at his death. All that has been done since by me and the business is apart from his story, though of course the impetus he gave must be manifest. There is not much about myself in the letters, and what there is I would seek to minimise as much as possible. Family matters, except so far as they served to bring out his character, would have to be excluded.

I would not have thought of it had not Craik and Hughes seemed so impressed by the diaries.

Tell me what you think of the general idea and what letters of his you have that might be useful in case we decide to go on with it.

Ultimately Hughes undertook to write the memoir on the lines here indicated—viz. that it should stop at Daniel's death, and that as little reference should be made to the business or to his brother as possible—and the book appeared in 1882.

Macmillan's devotion to Plato was of long standing. Although he could only read him in translation, we have Canon Ainger's word for it that he knew the *Republic* through Davies and Vaughan's translation better than many who could read the original. There was thus a special appropriateness in the suggestion of Dean Church that Macmillan should contribute a Preface to his son's translation of Plato's *Trial and Death of Socrates*.

April 2, 1880.

To F. J. Church, The Deanery, St. Pauls.

Your father urged, as you told me, that as the notion of a translation of these four dialogues with a

specific ethical and civic end was mine, I ought to write the preface. Last night I did dictate such a preface, and it has gone to-day to the press to be set up in slip. When the proof comes I hope your father will look at it, and it will probably remind him of a conversation we had on the subject on a railway journey from Frome when he was coming to London about the Deanery. The idea of such a translation for such a purpose had been in my mind for more than a dozen years before. I am grateful to you that you have helped to realise my dream. The little preface will explain what my dream was, and will, I hope, not clash with your work in realising it. . . .

Macmillan's relations with Mr. Gladstone were now so friendly that he ventured to put in a word for a most deserving and distinguished scholar. Writing to acknowledge a letter from Mr. Gladstone on August 17th, 1880, Macmillan congratulates him on his recovery from illness and continues:

August 17, 1880.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Dr. Morris asked me to send the books I forwarded to you, and I understand that the Duke of Devonshire had put his claims before you for some position—a Crown living I think it was suggested—where he would have more leisure and quiet than he now has, to carry on his philological work in the Indo-Germanic languages. He is now master of the Freemasons' School at Wood Green, a post he has occupied for five years. While his work as a schoolmaster has been done with exemplary faithfulness, he has not found leisure to work at original investigation in languages, and Professor Max Müller at Oxford and Skeat at Cambridge have the highest opinion of him. Many years ago the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the suggestion of Archbishop Trench, gave him a doctor's degree, and the University of Oxford gave him an honorary

Master of Arts. His books, of which I sent you copies, have won for him a European and American reputation. But his merits will no doubt be put before you by men of higher authority than I can claim.

Dr. Morris, who became Headmaster of the Grammar School at Dedham, Essex, in 1888, and died in 1894, never received preferment, but Mr. Gladstone conferred a Civil List pension of £150 on him in 1893.

Though Macmillan's contact with Livingstone in early life had never been close, it had left its mark and enabled him to realise the noble qualities of that unassertive hero :

December 30, 1880.

To the Rev. Professor Blaikie, Edinburgh.

I am afraid that I told Mr. Cooke the one salient point of my recollections of Dr. Livingstone in those early days before he had left England. I cannot recall any discussion among his friends and fellow-students of his intellectual qualities, and though I was in his company several times at that period I can recall nothing that would enable me to say that he made any special impression on my own mind as regards the mental aspect of his character. But that the great characteristics to which he owed in after life his great eminence was recognised at that time I cannot doubt ; these being resolute courage, signal purity and loftiness of moral aim, and an exquisite modesty of mind, and the phrase which I quoted to Mr. Cooke I certainly heard more than once, "Fire, water, stone wall would not stop Livingstone in the fulfilment of any recognised duty." That people about him thought him a remarkable personality I cannot possibly doubt. Whether his scholarly powers or literary gifts were thought anything of by the authorities or fellow-students at his College I never heard discussed. That he had insight to discover what was right to be done in an emergency, and power to do it—that is, that he had practical insight and

moral power, which, I confess, seem to me to involve a higher intellect than usually goes to a good deal of literary and scholarly eminence, who now can doubt? He certainly was not *addicted* to literature. After his return he said to me that he would far rather walk across Africa again than write about it.

There is one feature of his character that I think might well be mentioned. He had what is called the "royal" faculty of recognising people even after considerable intervals. I called on him at the Mission House in Finsbury on his first return, and though I was not by name announced he gave me my name, distinguishing me from my brother, whom he had also known and met at Mrs. Sewell's. Of course, through his tanned skin and moustache, I would not have recognised him—though his features were "kenspeckle" enough, and I expressed some surprise that he should have remembered me after so many years. He said that he never forgot a *white* face he had once seen—even a *black* one that he had seen more than once he rarely forgot.

I am afraid these slight recollections may not be of much value to you, but you are free to make what use you like of them. What surprised me was the impression your book gave that Livingstone's friends of earlier life should wonder at his subsequent distinction. I cannot claim to have been among his *intimates* either in early or later life, but from the time I saw him in Aldersgate Street, till the last time when he called to bid me good-bye—farewell it was, and from what he said I know he expected it to be—he was, to my mind, always the same man, with gifts of the really highest, and pre-eminent amongst them modesty, which is perhaps the greatest of all.

In 1880 *John Inglesant* (which, as all the world now knows, had been rejected by James Payn, then reader for Smith, Elder & Co.) was printed for private circulation, and in this form had been favourably reviewed by

the *Guardian*. Mrs. Humphry Ward was much struck by the book, a copy of which she forwarded to Macmillan with the author's consent, and on February 18th, 1881, Macmillan wrote to Mr. Shorthouse to say that he would feel it an honour to publish the work, which he had read carefully himself. The publication led to an intimate friendship with the author, who with Mrs. Shorthouse paid more than one visit to Knapdale.

A letter to Dr. Cairns illustrates Macmillan's capacity of appreciating those from whom he differed :

March 18, 1881.

To Dr. Cairns.

It was very pleasant to me to have the gift of your *Cunningham Lectures* both for their own worth, and also as an evidence that you had not forgotten me. I have at least proved my appreciation of the gift by reading it right through, and if I have not always been able to agree with your prompt conclusions, I have been invigorated by the strenuous thought and broad-minded dealing with those from whom you are differing. I finished reading the book as the clock was striking one on Monday morning, having spent a good many hours of Sunday over it, and as I had an appointment with Mr. John Morley for Monday, I determined to speak to him about it, as so much of it touches on his ground. He is a man of rapid vision and has already seen the book at his Club and means to notice it, after due reading. He had noticed your reference to himself—naturally—but also your plea for the eighteenth century against Carlyle's undue depreciation. Of course, Morley's way of looking at how men and the world of things are guided differs very materially from mine, and still more probably from yours, but you may be sure that whatever he says will be respectful and appreciative.

In 1881 Macmillan ceased to be Publisher to the University of Oxford. The value of his services to the

University was recognised by the bestowal, on Friday, March 25th, 1881, of the honorary degree of M.A., an honour which gave him peculiar pleasure. His satisfaction was expressed in a special acknowledgment to Dean Liddell, who had communicated the intention of the Council of the University in very complimentary terms. The degree brought him many congratulations, none more happily expressed than John Morley's :

Pall Mall Gazette, March 28, 1881.

Most cordially do I congratulate you on becoming a brother M.A. of my ancient and honourable University. No honour was ever better deserved, as I have often said. It is really a most pleasant bit of recognition for good service, and I know that you will be gratified by it. My only doubt is whether you ought not to have been made a Doctor of Divinity, but they don't know you so well as I do.

Macmillan's views on the need of Societies to further the cult of living poets are revealed in the following letter to Dr. Furnivall, an associate in the early days of the Working Men's College movement :

July 7, 1881.

To F. J. Furnivall.

I have a great admiration and liking for Browning, but the very reverse for Societies of the kind you propose and can take no share in their formation. For old sake's sake I should be glad to feel interest in your projects, but I often cannot—Tastes differ.

Many thanks for your congratulations on my degree, which was gratifying in itself and not less in the kindly way it was given. Your reference to Daniel touches me much. Not a step in my life, but his memory becomes to me as real almost as a presence.

I hope your wife and son are well, as my wife and bairns are. Come and see me whenever you like. We have just published a Landor in John Morley's *Men*

of *Letters Series*. I got reminded by my nephew and partner, Fred, who has his father's books, of a copy of the first edition of the *Conversations* which you gave Daniel in 1846, when you and I were modest young men.

Meantime the success of *John Inglesant* had surpassed all expectations. Mr. Gladstone was one of its most fervent admirers, though he told Macmillan that he had found a good many misspellings in Italian proper names:

August 16, 1881.

To J. Henry Shorthouse.

. . . I had a call from Mr. Gladstone this afternoon. He came specially to thank me for sending him *John Inglesant*, which he wished me to tell you he thought a work of real genius and of a class which interests him greatly. That he has found time to read it in the middle of all this Land Bill work is not a surprise to those who know the marvellous swiftness of mental action he is capable of. He seems to find repose in change of work in matters of the mind, as general people do in change of scene and from work to amusement. You will be glad to know that he looks wonderfully well.

The letters of the early months of 1882 show his unabated affection for J. R. Green, whose health was giving his friends grave anxiety, and his interest in the reception of *John Inglesant*.

January 20, 1882.

To W. Gifford Palgrave.

. . . Our dear Johnnie Green is still at Mentone. We hope mending. He writes cheerfully. His new book, *The Making of England*, is just ready. I have not heard for the last few days.

I have spent two Sundays with Tennyson at his house near Haslemere within the last year. The first

one James Spedding, the great Baconian, was there. The chats and chaff and play of wit, wisdom and rollick were delightful. A more serious mood came on now and then and among them one that has a peculiarly pathetic interest. You probably know that Spedding was run over by a hansom cab and received injuries from which he never recovered. This was only a few weeks after I had met him at Tennyson's. Tennyson was chatting on the *Hereafter*, Spedding insisting on its practical uninterestingness because we don't know, and have no reliable means of learning. He could trust the issue! That talk in Tennyson's smoking room and what came next are memories of deep interest. . . .

February 14, 1882.

To J. R. Green, Mentone.

I am sending you an extract from a letter I had two days ago from Cardinal Manning. The letter is mostly about *John Inglesant*, which I had given to him some weeks ago. It seems to have interested him, but he says "I am writing as a Literary Critic, not as a Catholic Inquisitor. In the latter office I should, of course, burn the book and John Shorthouse. Happily I have no need or duty to do so, and I wish him long life to give us many more books." This about *John Inglesant*. Of your books he speaks, as you see, heartily, in *anticipation*, of course, but from having read your former book. . . .

February 14, 1882.

To His Eminence Cardinal Manning, Westminster.

I am conveying your most valuable estimates of Mr. Green's and Mr. Shorthouse's books to the several authors, who I am sure will be gratified by what you say. Mr. Green is at Mentone for his health. I hope to see him there next week. Of course, Mr. Shorthouse will be pleased that your appreciation of him should assume the form of a warm heart rather than an *over-warm* hearth.

In June he wrote at length to Herbert Spencer discussing a scheme for the distribution of books which the philosopher had submitted to the firm. I can find no mention of this plan in Herbert Spencer's *Autobiography*, but Macmillan's criticism is decidedly damaging. It would, in his opinion, not only destroy the local bookshops and booksellers, but would also greatly increase the labour and cost of distribution. He concludes :

Our present system is by no means perfect. But surely the method adopted by Mr. Ruskin is open to graver objection. I get all his publications sent to my private house and have ever since he began his system. The numbers of *Fors*—price 10d.—were packed in cardboard—invoices and remittances extra. Your system is practically the same with some complications, meant to simplify, perhaps theoretically doing so, but I am sure practically giving more labour.

You will see that I have no belief that your scheme would work.

A letter to the Rev. J. H. Budden may be given as indicating the publications of the year in which he was specially interested :

June 27, 1882.

To the Rev. J. H. Budden, India.

. . . *John Inglesant*, though called a "Romance," I think you will find full of thought and power. The writer is a chemical manufacturer at Birmingham, of Quaker upbringing, but now a member of the English Church. He and his wife spent a week with us at Tooting, and we had Huxley and others to meet him. He and his wife and my wife and self went to a reception at Mr. Gladstone's, where the Prince of Wales and a very splendid gathering were assembled. Mr. Shorthouse was much lionised. The book has attracted

the interest of a remarkable variety of people—Gladstone, Huxley, Miss Yonge, Cardinal Manning, etc., etc. We have sold nearly nine thousand in the year, and the sale still goes on.

Ward's *English Poets* I thought might be of use to your daughters in their school work, besides being a convenient reference to yourself. But I would specially call your attention to Dr. Westcott's *Risen Lord*, a book in which profound learning and equally profound religious feeling are marvellously blended. The little "Mohammad" strikes me as an excellent presentation of the Prophet's teaching in its weakness and its strength.

It is twenty-five years since my brother Daniel died. He left four children. . . .

Besides these children, all as my own, and very satisfactory, Daniel left diaries and letters very full and I thought interesting. I asked my dear friend Mr. Hughes to look into them, and he asked to be allowed to select and weave them into a story, which I hope to be able to send you in the course of next month. I think it will interest you. It might have been three times the length, but I was anxious to present *him*, and not to give anything of the business after his death. . . .

Tom Hughes's *Memoir* gave Macmillan great satisfaction. It brought out his brother's "fiery force"; as for himself "I claimed, as in duty bound, all possible subordination without actual extinction, and I think I have had the justice done me I claimed."

August 1, 1882.

To James MacLehose.

The re-reading of the Memoir of Daniel does intensify regrets. I often feel that the new conditions of our lives break up old intercourse, so precious, with friends who have been connected with earliest and dearest memories. Above all you, who are my oldest

friend in most regards, and allied to me through him in a way that no one else can be, ought never to be long without a word saying that the old touch of heart, if not of hand, remains strong and firm—as indeed it does—my dear old friend James. The *story* of the life itself owes much to you, as the life itself did. We never forget this, believe me.

Macmillan adds that the Dean of St. Paul's, Miss Yonge, Shorthouse and J. R. Green had all written to express their admiration for the subject of the *Memoir* and the skill and taste with which Hughes had done his work.¹ A few days later he crossed to Boulogne with the Geikies to join his children at a small house ten miles inland.

In the early "sixties" Macmillan had seen a good deal of Mazzini, and a letter to a contributor to the Magazine shows that personal contact had induced him to modify the view of Mazzini's influence expressed to Montagu Butler in 1861:

September 26, 1882.

To S. G. C. Middlemore, Birmingham.

George is away for a short holiday, and our Editor is not here to-day, so I opened your MS. article about Mazzini. I knew the admirable man—I may say well, for though our intercourse was somewhat infrequent, yet what we had was genuine and so far intimate, in that I think we cordially understood each other, and I had much sympathy with his moral mood, which, excepting Maurice's, was about the noblest I have known. Opinion somehow was left in abeyance, though what you say of his various prophecies and their non-fulfilment commends itself to my memory and judgment. I think that perhaps you underrate his part in the unification of Italy. I think his persistence had

¹ He also heard to the same effect a few months later from John Bright.

much to do with the ultimate result. I see that you partly recognise this in the end of your article. Your account of the absence of his name in popular *Genoese Ballads* is striking, and coincides with what I noticed as remarkable, that in no Italian town, Genoa, Leghorn, Pisa, Florence, or Naples, did I see any street called after his name. I remarked this nine years ago. About four years ago when I was in Rome I went with some friends to a strange reception Garibaldi gave in a house outside the Porta del Popolo, to English people on certain hours on afternoons—two or three hours a week. I mentioned to him that I had known Mazzini, and he said in a gentle, kindly, reserved voice, "Ah! he was a good man, Joseph." I was told by one of my friends who was present that I had made a mistake in alluding to Mazzini at all, as there had been alienation between them lately. It did not strike me then that I was doing wrong, and I don't regret it now. But it is a proof of what comes out in your paper of the strange self-isolating nature of the man who yet had such noble loving qualities. I saw a good deal of Saffi, one of the other "Triumvirs," and was impressed with the influence Mazzini seemed to exercise over his associates. . . .

Dr. Benson's elevation to the Primacy in December, 1882, was a matter of personal interest to Macmillan, who remembered him as a Cambridge Freshman and had since published his school sermons. To the same month belongs a generous letter of protest addressed to Freeman and remonstrating with him for the tone of his paper on "your beloved Johnnie Green," in which Freeman had indulged in what Macmillan thought were unnecessary criticisms. It was, he said, as if Freeman were always flicking a horse going up hill. Such treatment Macmillan had seen Freeman check in his own coachman. "But surely our dear Green should be thought of and as tenderly cared for as a horse. Need

humanity cease when human beings begin, and especially such human beings as our Johnnie with his great qualities of heart and head and his fragile frame?" The sequel lends point to this touching appeal, for in January Macmillan went out to Mentone to give what help and comfort he could to his dear friend, who died there on the 7th of March.

A week later Alexander Macmillan received the following letter from the Rev. Brooke Lambert, one of J. R. Green's most intimate friends:

The Vicarage, Greenwich,

14th March, 1883.

There seems to me a kind of impertinence in doing what I am going to do, but I throw myself on your good nature. I want to thank you for staying with J. R. Green to the end. I know from letters thence from day to day how much it was appreciated. And I know too how appropriate it was that one to whom he felt he owed so much in life should have been permitted to be a comfort to him at the end. He must have told you, and yet sometimes these things come home to one more when one hears them through a third person, what he felt about your patience and generosity in the matter of the *Short History*. To me he was always dwelling on it when the mention of your name came up.

I know that people who do these things don't like to be thanked, and yet it seems to me that sometimes it is good that people should know what they have been able to do. You enabled him to bear up in those years when, as he once said to me, he used to lie awake and think there was only the workhouse before him. The way in which you bore with the delays, permitted the alterations and (do not laugh) gave him "the maps," not to mention the grand act after the book became a success—all these things he spoke of to me,

at this point there is a peculiar appropriateness in the reminiscences of Mrs. J. R. Green.¹

I first knew Mr. Macmillan in 1877, some years after the *Short History* had been published. At that time many of the friends to whom his letters are addressed had passed away, and many of the subjects of discussion had been, in fact, closed. So that I entered, as it were, on a period of quiet, when there were no burning questions, and when other anxieties were gathering round Mr. Macmillan and occupying much of his thoughts. I think the first gathering I was at of literary folk from London in his garden was the last that assembled there, and the friends I saw at Knapdale in visits there were the most intimate associates of the house.

The persistent hospitality of Knapdale can never be forgotten. No friend, so long as he lived, was, I think, ever set aside or allowed to fall out of the circle. If he was sick or solitary, so much the more reason for drawing him into the family group, and the welcome had always the same freshness and heartiness, which won even the most recalcitrant to good humour and contentment. Certainly Mr. Macmillan had an un-failing tenderness and sympathy behind his cheerful welcome: the warmth of his kindness drew together all the diverse elements of his group. I have known no house since Mr. Macmillan's where there was so single-minded a desire to welcome men absolutely on their own merits, whatever might be their work or their persuasion or their position. Of course such simple and direct recognition implies a power of discernment which Mr. Macmillan certainly had in an unusual degree, and to which he safely trusted.

Mr. Macmillan preserved a perpetual youth of character and heart. I should have hesitated to say that his ardour for ideas was Celtic, if he had not dwelt so much himself on his Celtic sympathies and feelings. I

¹ Written to Mr. George Macmillan on receipt of the privately printed volume of his father's Letters.

do not remember at that time that he spoke much of poetry, as he does in his Letters (where it is interesting to see how much he dwells on rhythm), but rather of general social and religious questions. He was extremely vivacious at times in discussion, when the subject moved him, and with his hands on the arms of his chair would lift himself half out of it while he denounced an adversary's views. But his ardour was so evidently for the subject in hand, and so little against his opponent, that as far as I remember it only gave animation to the talk, but did not silence it. He made no effort to lead the conversation, being in general more desirous to hear others than to speak, and his vivid and obvious interest in all that was said certainly stimulated discussion. He was more than a host in the ordinary material sense: he was a host also, whose presence was never forgotten nor negligible, in the intellectual entertainment of his guests.

I remember many visits of my husband to his office for the discussion of his books, their chances and their success: Mr. Macmillan never seemed hurried on such occasions. His interest in the books was always fresh and earnest, and his time and sympathy were always ready and given without stint. It was a part of his original genius to realise the value to an author of the publisher's genuine interest in his work, and this trouble he never grudged.

My main personal remembrances are those of a friend of incomparable kindness. The crowning proof of this was given in the last days of my husband's life. On hearing how grave the danger was, Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan left London by the very next train, leaving themselves scarcely an hour for preparations. At Mentone he came over every morning from his hotel, and remained practically all day in my sitting-room, waiting for any occasion when he might possibly be of use. I was too much occupied to be able to see him for more than a few moments occasionally, for many days indeed not at all—and I need not tell you how

at this point there is a peculiar appropriateness in the reminiscences of Mrs. J. R. Green.¹

I first knew Mr. Macmillan in 1877, some years after the *Short History* had been published. At that time many of the friends to whom his letters are addressed had passed away, and many of the subjects of discussion had been, in fact, closed. So that I entered, as it were, on a period of quiet, when there were no burning questions, and when other anxieties were gathering round Mr. Macmillan and occupying much of his thoughts. I think the first gathering I was at of literary folk from London in his garden was the last that assembled there, and the friends I saw at Knapdale in visits there were the most intimate associates of the house.

The persistent hospitality of Knapdale can never be forgotten. No friend, so long as he lived, was, I think, ever set aside or allowed to fall out of the circle. If he was sick or solitary, so much the more reason for drawing him into the family group, and the welcome had always the same freshness and heartiness, which won even the most recalcitrant to good humour and contentment. Certainly Mr. Macmillan had an un-failing tenderness and sympathy behind his cheerful welcome: the warmth of his kindness drew together all the diverse elements of his group. I have known no house since Mr. Macmillan's where there was so single-minded a desire to welcome men absolutely on their own merits, whatever might be their work or their persuasion or their position. Of course such simple and direct recognition implies a power of discernment which Mr. Macmillan certainly had in an unusual degree, and to which he safely trusted.

Mr. Macmillan preserved a perpetual youth of character and heart. I should have hesitated to say that his ardour for ideas was Celtic, if he had not dwelt so much himself on his Celtic sympathies and feelings. I

¹ Written to Mr. George Macmillan on receipt of the privately printed volume of his father's Letters.

do not remember at that time that he spoke much of poetry, as he does in his Letters (where it is interesting to see how much he dwells on rhythm), but rather of general social and religious questions. He was extremely vivacious at times in discussion, when the subject moved him, and with his hands on the arms of his chair would lift himself half out of it while he denounced an adversary's views. But his ardour was so evidently for the subject in hand, and so little against his opponent, that as far as I remember it only gave animation to the talk, but did not silence it. He made no effort to lead the conversation, being in general more desirous to hear others than to speak, and his vivid and obvious interest in all that was said certainly stimulated discussion. He was more than a host in the ordinary material sense: he was a host also, whose presence was never forgotten nor negligible, in the intellectual entertainment of his guests.

I remember many visits of my husband to his office for the discussion of his books, their chances and their success: Mr. Macmillan never seemed hurried on such occasions. His interest in the books was always fresh and earnest, and his time and sympathy were always ready and given without stint. It was a part of his original genius to realise the value to an author of the publisher's genuine interest in his work, and this trouble he never grudged.

My main personal remembrances are those of a friend of incomparable kindness. The crowning proof of this was given in the last days of my husband's life. On hearing how grave the danger was, Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan left London by the very next train, leaving themselves scarcely an hour for preparations. At Mentone he came over every morning from his hotel, and remained practically all day in my sitting-room, waiting for any occasion when he might possibly be of use. I was too much occupied to be able to see him for more than a few moments occasionally, for many days indeed not at all—and I need not tell you how

deeply touched I was then, and am now, when I think what it meant to an impatient man to sit thus waiting in gloom. Nothing I suppose could have been more trying to such a temperament as his, so ardent, so impetuous. But not once did the shadow of impatience appear on him. He had indeed a genius of the heart, a great and unselfish soul.

In his admiration for others he was willing to do himself injustice, and I have never seen a more truly generous spirit or one less preoccupied with himself. He earned indeed the warm and undying affection and gratitude of all who knew him well.

Macmillan had intended to foregather with MacLehose this summer in Arran, but was unable to carry out the plan. Ultimately he arranged to go to Switzerland—his first visit—where he renewed his old friendship with Dr. Montagu Butler at Mürren in September.

In October he informed MacLehose of the impending fulfilment of an old desire—the transference of Tennyson's work to his firm. This arrangement was duly carried out in the following year. "More than once in earlier days," writes Mr. George Macmillan, "negotiations were opened, and my father was always most eager that poems for which he had from the first felt so great an admiration should bear his imprint. But he would never press his claim against a rival publisher or take any step on his own part to persuade an author to transfer his allegiance."

The publication of the *Life of F. D. Maurice* in 1884 prompted a letter of retrospect to one of his oldest living friends:

May 21, 1884.

To Professor Daniel Wilson, LL.D., Toronto.

I sent you, a few posts back, a copy of the *Life of F. D. Maurice*, which I think will interest you



Alexander Macmillan
Hon. M. A. Oxon.
March 25 1881

on its own account, and also from its connection with my brother Daniel. I enclose you a letter of Mr. Gladstone's on a point personal to Bishop Blomfield of London, which he gives me leave to reprint in its integrity. Any partial reproduction of what he says seemed to me in danger of misleading people. Mr. Gladstone's statement does not affect the substantial accuracy of Col. Maurice's presentation of his father's position in relation to the Bishop of London.

What changes in these thirty years since Maurice's *Theological Essays* were published have we seen! People then shuddered at the very look of the book, and Daniel and I were warned by friends, who were attached to us, that we were doing vast harm to religion—and to ourselves!—in publishing such a book. I have had heaps of letters from all sorts of men, from Cardinal Manning to an old Dissenting Minister friend, including that from Mr. Gladstone. The reviews have, I think, with one base exception, been most respectful. Even the *Record*, though hurt at some exposures, is more bitter at the biographer than at Maurice himself. On the whole *we* have sustained no injury, and, what is more important, I don't think that Religion has suffered—rather, in all higher senses, gained by Maurice's works.

. . . I wonder whether the enclosed photograph will interest you. The cap and gown of an Oxford M.A. were given after seventeen years' examination in certain not easy lines. All my then Masters remain my valued friends.

The following brief note to Lady Tennyson speaks for itself:

June 6, 1884.

To Lady Tennyson.

My son Malcolm, who has been for two or three months in Rome, met some friends of good, dear Dante Rossetti, and they reported to him a saying that struck me as so beautiful and so true that I must report it to you.

"You never can open Tennyson at the wrong place."

Writing to W. G. Palgrave at Monte Video on June 27, Macmillan expresses his anxiety about Gordon and the Soudan, and mentions Samuel Baker's disgust. He took the Rectory at Haslemere for a month or two in the summer, and his delight in the neighbourhood led to his purchase of the property of Bramshott Chase, where he built a house which became his country home for the remaining years of his life.

It may here be noted that between the years 1881 and 1884 a series of pastel portraits of Macmillan's authors were executed by Mr. Frederick Sandys, and those of Goldwin Smith, Lord Morley of Blackburn, J. H. Shorthouse, Dean Church, Dr. Westcott, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, J. R. Lowell and Lord Wolseley hang in the board room of the offices in St. Martin's Street. To these was added in after years the unfinished portrait of Lord Roberts, on which Mr. Sandys was engaged at the time of his death.

The close of 1885 was saddened by the death of a friend of fifty years' standing—that "good, honest, strong, tender man" (in G. L. Craik's phrase)—James MacLehose :

December 29, 1885.

To Mrs. MacLehose.

You will not think of my silence and absence under recent events as any indication of indifference, or lack of sympathy with you in your unspeakable loss. I could well understand and feel the greatness and depth it must have been to you from what it was to myself. To lose a noble, pure, single-minded friend is trying indeed. When that friend stands in the nearest possible human relationship, how much more trying it must needs be. Is it mere mockery to say that the very greatness of our sense of the loss is its deepest consolation? For how great was the blessing we possessed—

so great that it can never leave us ; we can no more lose it than we can lose the great Giver.

The ties of friendship that had so long united the two families were soon strengthened by a closer bond. On March 6, 1886, James MacLehose's third son Norman was married to Macmillan's daughter Olive. Ten years later, on September 30, 1896, her half-sister Mary, Macmillan's youngest daughter, married James MacLehose the younger, the present head of the Glasgow firm.

Another link with the past was snapped in 1886 by the death of Archbishop Trench :

March 29, 1886.

To the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, Farringford.

. . . Alas for poor, dear Archbishop Trench ! I saw him on last Saturday week. He was very feeble, but his gracious courtesy was still there. What a gentle, chivalric nature his was. I wish your father felt disposed to make a short In Memoriam of him. He was truly a worthy man and worshipful. His conduct with regard to the Irish Church was surely in a high degree honourable. . . .

In this year a remarkable short story entitled *Dagonet, the Jester*, by his son Malcolm, was published anonymously, the secret being so conscientiously kept that Macmillan did not even reveal it to Tennyson when he sent him a copy. Another striking novel published in the same year was *Neaera*, by Mr. J. W. Graham, which won the approval of Mr. Gladstone :

November 26, 1886.

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., Hawarden Castle, Chester.

I am very glad you like *Neaera*. It came to us entirely without introduction and was read and taken

entirely on its own merits. The story interested me specially, as my dear friend John Richard Green spent a good deal of his later life at Capri, and on my visit to him there a few years before he died, he pointed out Tiberius' palace on the height above his Hotel, and, according to his nature and genius, made the place in its old story and modern character live before me. As we were walking through the small Piazza we passed the little jail which was then occupied by one prisoner whose crime was what they called "*misplacing*" a knife in the body of a man who was objectionable to him on the ground that he had been rude to his wife. The people seemed to like the man and came to his jail windows and played dominoes with him. As we passed he was walking about the Piazza with some friends and overheard Mr. Green talking and pointing to the jail. Guessing evidently that we were talking about him, he came up towards us with that charming Italian peasant smile and pointed to himself—the people about evidently amused. I fancy the author knows the modern life and the old in a not over scholarly way.

Macmillan's connection with the Working Men's College has been noted in an earlier stage of this narrative. From 1874 onwards he took a keen and practical interest in the welfare of the Working Women's College, in the establishing of which his valued friend Miss Frances Martin took so leading a part, and where Miss Cassell, after leaving Knapdale, became Lady Superintendent, a post she held until her death. The College was opened in October, 1874, at No. 5 Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square. In 1875 Macmillan became Treasurer, and for the next twelve years was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Council. The burden of the negotiations in connection with the removal to 7 Fitzroy Street fell on his shoulders; he helped to prepare the draft scheme of

Incorporation in 1879, and to establish the Holiday Guild, suggested by Lady Strangford. In 1882 he proposed the erection of a Hall (subsequently called the Maurice Hall, to commemorate the services of F. D. Maurice on behalf of the higher education of worthy women), and obtained grants from the City Companies. His last attendance at the Council was on December 19th, 1887, and in the Annual Report of 1896 he is mentioned as "the valued Treasurer of the College, of whose wise counsels and ready liberality the College has had the advantage for so many years." This long and honourable association with a movement which he had so much at heart and which brought him into contact with so many of his old friends—Llewelyn Davies and Sir John Seeley among the number—has been happily maintained in the next generation, his son Mr. George Macmillan succeeding to the post of Treasurer in 1896.

The circumstances of Macmillan's meeting with Wordsworth, already mentioned on p. 28, are related in detail in a letter to Lord Coleridge:

March 16, 1888.

To the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge.

I hope you will forgive my pertinacity, but I am very reluctant to abandon the hope of getting your name connected with our edition of *Wordsworth*. I am afraid that I gave you an idea of a more extensive Essay than we really want. A dozen pages would be quite enough. An elaborate estimate of his works would be out of place in what we wish to put on the market as a cheap and popular edition. You must have known him personally. I saw him once and had an hour's talk with him and he read some of his sonnets. His way of reading was so characteristic of his noble simplicity. Archdeacon Hare had written to Words-

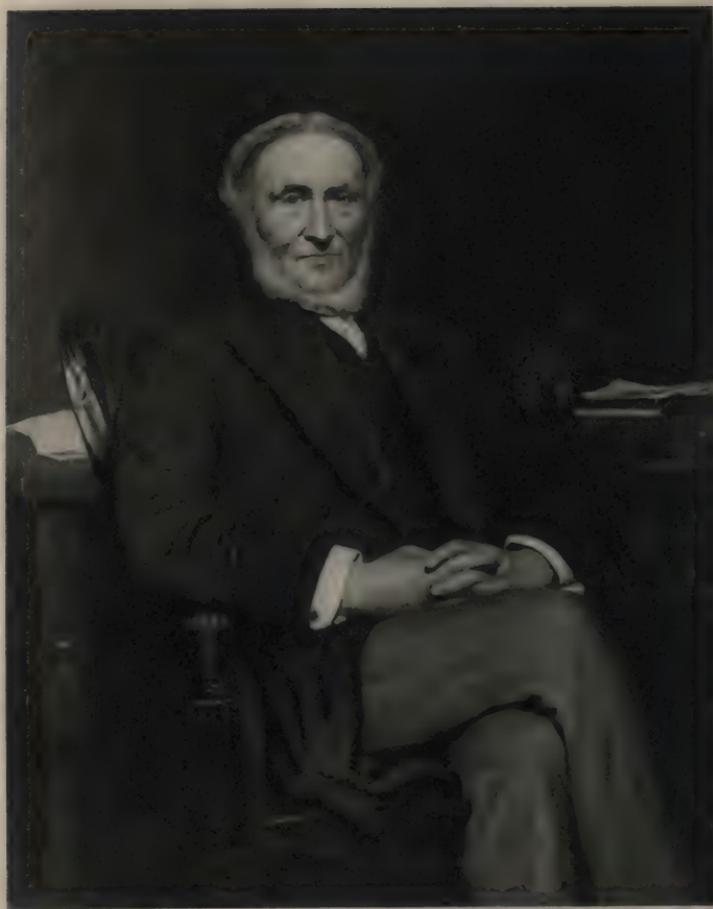
worth, who was staying at Trinity Lodge with Dr. Whewell, suggesting his calling on my brother, to whom Hare had been (I may say) paternally kind. We were two young Scotchmen just beginning a small bookselling business. Wordsworth at once began, on his first visit, on his early feeling for Scotland, and told us that the *Excursion* was meant to exhibit the Spiritualities of Scotland—the Humanities having already been most admirably done—its loves, its social joys, etc. But he thought the deep spiritual nature had never been given. I wonder if this could suggest anything to you!

He told us a story which, if it does not—I hope it will—inspire you to write, will at least amuse you. He had recently had a letter from Baudry, the French publisher, asking him for a little sketch of his life to be prefixed to an edition of his works—pirated, of course—which they were about to print and publish. Wordsworth was naturally indignant at laws that left men free to *steal* the money results of other men's brainwork. But he was also amused at the form Baudry's proposal took. "You need not trouble too much about detailed *accuracy*. *Piquancy* is our main object"! He seemed greatly to enjoy this idea.

I hope you will see your way to a short sketch of Wordsworth, personal and poetical, for our edition. Pray say you will.

On October 3, 1888, Alexander Macmillan kept his seventieth birthday at Bramshott Chase and gathered round him a goodly company of old friends, including Mr. John Morley, Canon Ainger and Mr. Aldis Wright.

At Bramshott Alexander Macmillan had for a neighbour Lord Wolseley, who was then living at Haslemere Manor House, and renewed the friendly relations which had begun with the publication of his *Soldier's Pocket Book* in 1869. Macmillan had for long been in the habit of sending him gifts of books, and now Lord



Henry W. Alden Photo

Alex. Macmillan

*from a portrait painted in 1887
by Sir Hubert von Herkomer R.A.*

Wolseley presented him with a curious Zulu stick, a trophy of his campaigning in Natal ten years earlier. At Bramshott also in later years Lord Tennyson paid him occasional and welcome visits from Aldworth.

One further and final change of domicile may best be told in the words of his son :

In 1888 the fact of his now having this house in the country made him feel that, in view of his advancing years, which made the daily journey more fatiguing, it would be more convenient to settle in London, and he accordingly took the house 21 Portland Place, which he occupied until his death there in January, 1896. The one thing which made him hesitate over this step was the fear that the happy home of so many years would be broken up, the fine old house pulled down, and the land fall into the hands of the speculating builder, who had already begun to change the character of the neighbourhood from a country village to the crowded and unlovely suburb which it has since become. It happened that about that time a Suffragan Bishop had been appointed to the Diocese of Rochester, and as no residence was available for him, my father decided to offer "Knapdale" to the Diocese for this purpose. His first intention was to make the offer conditional on the house being put to this use, but on its being pointed out to him that such an arrangement might lead to difficulties, the gift was made absolute. The house was actually occupied by Bishop Barry for one year only, during the tenure of the see by Bishop Thorold. On the latter's promotion to the see of Winchester, and on the present Archbishop, Dr. Randall Davidson, becoming Bishop of Rochester, for a time no Suffragan was appointed, and the house was let to a layman and the rent applied to diocesan purposes. Not many months later Dr. Yeatman-Biggs, the present Bishop of Worcester, was appointed Suffragan Bishop of Southwark, but, as he already had a house of his own in the diocese, he could make no use of "Knapdale," which accordingly

remained in the occupation of its tenant until the year 1905, when the long-contemplated division of the diocese into the sees respectively of Southwark and Rochester, made it necessary to sell the property, which was bought by its tenant, and the proceeds of the sale given to the funds of the new Bishopric. No doubt the ultimate failure to devote the actual house to diocesan purposes would have been a keen disappointment to the donor, but in so far as the proceeds of the sale have gone to help the work of the church in south London, and the house still stands in its pleasant grounds, his intention has been at any rate partially and provisionally fulfilled.

In 1889 he sat for his portrait to Hubert Herkomer, with results which may be gathered from the following highly characteristic letter from Sir George Grove :

Whitmonday, May 21, 1889.

My dear Mac,—

I went quite by chance to the New Gallery on Saturday, and cannot describe to you how surprised and delighted I was to see your portrait. I really think it one of the most remarkable works I ever saw. The likeness is absolutely perfect—and that not only in the face, but in everything. The expression is one which, while very individual, is so generally on your face as to be perfectly representative, and I must say I think it gives you at your best. Often have I seen you look like that after one of Mrs. Fraser's lunches when you had been enjoying haggis or sheep's head or some other Scotch abomination, for which I was forced to have what she called my *desh*. . . . How happy Mrs. Macmillan and your children must be to have such a satisfactory image of you! And your friends too; I must not forget them. Good-bye, old friend. I hope you are well. I find age a sad burden—one does one's work, but with so much difficulty, and the machine

1889]

LETTER FROM GROVE

creaks and groans so much. Good-bye, my love to you all. Here's a lovely day—and what can equal this expanse of opening green and the leaves escaping to their summer life? Bless you—you and dear Mrs. M. Your affectionate old friend,

G. GROVE.

VI

After the move to London Macmillan came for a while regularly to the office. But the mysterious end of his eldest son Malcolm in July, 1889, dealt him a blow from which he never recovered. His devotion to his son was not to be wondered at, for Malcolm Macmillan, though he had disappointed his father by his inability to settle down to the routine of the publishing business, was deeply interested in literature and art, and the volume of letters published after his death reveals a remarkable range of reading, a charming, if somewhat freakish, sense of humour and a genuine gift of literary and artistic criticism. With his devotion to the classics—Homer, Theocritus and Aristophanes—he combined an enthusiasm for authors so widely sundered in spirit as Boccaccio and Tolstoi, Montaigne and Ibsen, Mérimée and Richardson. He was, as Mr. J. D. Rogers puts it, a “walking concordance of the Elizabethan dramatists”; he was passionately fond of the drama and of music, especially that of Chopin, Gluck and Wagner. The appeal of Wagner he found overwhelming, and at one time he contemplated a treatise expounding the ideas of his lyric drama. Though he speaks of himself as “modern mystic and macaronic,” his four “culminant masters” in fiction were Scott, Balzac, Dickens and Thackeray, and his admiration for the tenderness of Daudet did not prevent him from saying that “he wades deep in corruption, a corruption, moreover, that does not so much corrode the heart as it lends leverage to the entrails.” He had steeped him-

self in music at Dresden, Leipsic and Munich, and in art at Rome, Florence and Venice. But the progress of his studies at Oxford and elsewhere had been interfered with by ill-health, and on recovering from a serious illness in 1887 he went abroad with his old college friend, Louis Dyer, and paid visits to Athens, Cyprus and Egypt before making Perugia his quarters till November, 1888. Christmas he spent at Rome, reading *inter alia* Norwegian novels and Machiavelli. After Dyer left him, early in 1889, he moved on to the Marion Crawfords at Sorrento in February. Returning to Rome in March, 1889, he remained there off and on till June, constantly referring in his letters to his studies of Richardson and mentioning a visit to Ouida at Florence. In a letter to his friend Standish (April, 1889) he mentions that he had half planned and tentatively begun a longish novel, and that he was reading Swedenborg, the Vedas and Jeremy Taylor, but that his constant companions were Montaigne and Dante. By the middle of June he was with Schliemann at Brindisi, whence he wrote a remarkable letter to his brother on the modernity of Plutarch. The sequel may be told in the words of Mr. George Macmillan. "Early in July he went to Constantinople to spend a few weeks with another old college friend, Mr. (now Sir Arthur) Hardinge, who was then Secretary to the British Embassy. He had made all arrangements for coming home, but on the eve of his departure made an expedition with Mr. Hardinge to Broussa, in order to ascend Mt. Olympus. The two friends parted company near the top of the mountain, Mr. Hardinge making the direct ascent to the highest peak by the col between that and the lower peak, while my brother, who was less active, preferred the longer and easier

ascent by the lower peak, and so along the col. As he climbed the steep slope of the main peak Mr. Hardinge turned and saw his companion on the top of the lower peak, and waved his hand to him. He never saw him again. After waiting some time on the top of the mountain he rejoined the lad with the horses at the foot of the slope, and found to his consternation that nothing had been seen of the missing man. It was too late to do more that night than search the immediate neighbourhood, but on the following morning a large party came out from Broussa, and an exhaustive search was made, but without finding the slightest trace. By this time the matter had been taken up by the British authorities both in Constantinople and at home; two members of the family went out, and, suspicion having fallen on some of the Albanian shepherds who feed their flocks on the mountains, a full enquiry was held, but the charge could not be proved, and no clue whatever was found, or has been found to this day, to clear up the mystery. But the fact that no trace could be discovered of the missing man, or of any of his belongings, seems to exclude the possibility of a fatal fall.

“It can well be understood how such a catastrophe, and the long-drawn agony of waiting for news which never came, must have told upon the father whose affections and hopes had always been centred in this his eldest son. Bravely as he bore the blow, and cherished hope to the last, it struck him to the heart, and he never really recovered from it.”

November 19, 1889.

To Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

. . . Thank you for the kind allusion to the cloud of personal trouble which has been hanging over our family now for more than four months. In the

absence of all news we can scarcely hope now that our anxiety can be relieved. Indeed, the result of strenuous enquiries leaves but little doubt as to a fatal termination. The sorrow has been all the heavier that we were beginning to form high hopes of a prosperous career for my son in literature. I venture to send you a little story he published anonymously a few years ago which has gained the approval of many good judges.

Though his strength steadily declined, the remaining years of Macmillan's life were brightened by the visits of old friends at Portland Place or Bramshott Chase, and by the devotion of his wife and children, in whose welfare he took an active and unceasing interest. The list of his visitors in these last years is a remarkable evidence of his genius for keeping his friends. Mr. Robert Buchanan of Lloyds had been at school with him at Irvine some sixty odd years earlier. He had known Mr. Aldis Wright, Professor Jack and Canon Ainger as undergraduates at Cambridge. Mr. T. G. Bain, that true friend of generations of book-lovers, had been his assistant in the "fifties." He had known and loved Tom Hughes, who only survived him a few months, for nearer fifty than forty years, and his admiration for John Morley dated back to their first acquaintance in the mid "sixties." And when these old friends were unable to come or were abroad, they wrote him letters such as the following :

95 Elm Park Gardens,

October 2, 1890.

To-morrow, my dear Macmillan, is your birthday, and I wish you all good things with all my heart. It is pleasant to think of you after your brave voyage, as resting in your comfortable haven. Think kindly of storm-tost mariners still out in the open sea. . . . I

always remember your long years of kindness and confidence, and shall ever remain your affectionate friend,

JOHN MORLEY.

Dear Mac,—

October 29, 1892.

Can't help beginning in the old style, tho' no doubt Mrs. Grundy would shake her head and say "Silly old fellows of 70 to be talking to one another in endearing diminutives." Never mind. Blow Mrs. Grundy! We didn't heed her much in the forties, and I have been strengthening in that unbelief ever since. What a wise old boy he was—Scotch wasn't he?—who wrote up in stone letters over his front door "They say. What say they? Let them say."¹ Well, but how are you? And your wife and bairns? And your roof-tree, and your oxen and asses, and all that is yours? I haven't written these last months because I could see by the handwriting of your last how great an exertion it must be to you to answer, as I knew you would try to do (don't try again!) in your own hand, and you ought to make no exertion, but sit back easily in your big arm chair and think over no end of good times, and as well spent a life as all but prophets like Maurice can reckon over in this tough old world—and then too the dear prophet was quite unable to think of any good times he had ever had or good he had done, but only of the wretched mess the poor old world had blundered into, which he had been sent specially to pull her out of and hadn't done it. So after all we are better off in our seventies than the prophets on this side the veil, however it may be on t'other. Good gracious, what a rigmarole I have been reeling out! Fact is I've got a wonderful new pen discovered by one of my registrars,

¹The inscription is that in the entrance hall of Marischal College, Aberdeen, probably inscribed by the founder George, fifth Earl Marischal, in 1593: "They haif said. Quhat say they? Lat thame say." It is a condensed variant on the inscription familiar on late Roman gems. *Λέγουσιν ἂ θελοῦσιν· λεγέτωσαν· οὐ μέλει μοι· σὺ φίλει με· συμφέρει σοι.* See *King's Classical and Foreign Quotations* (Whitaker), 1904.



*Alexander Macmillan
in his library at Bramshott Chase
Drawn by Lewis Dickenson 1889*

which runs along all by itself, and is more than half responsible. I don't mean to read it over, but am sure it won't construe. The headmasters seem waking up to the need of teaching the dear boys who are coming on the English language! More power to their elbows! but I am too old to go to that school, and when the boys have all learned to write like Julius Hare or Matt. Arnold or Goldwin Smith, I doubt if they will make or play a better hand for the old country than our lot did who only learnt our English by haphazard. . . . Here is Carrie in for the third time since I started this to say tea is ready in the drawing-room, and that my commanding officer insists on my going in to partake of that meal and then to read Hole's¹ Reminiscences aloud to her. Who is Hole? We ought to have known him, as he seems a good broad Christian and manly fellow who ought to have published in Bedford Street. So good-bye; you are always in our minds, and would be even in the absence of the capital picture by dear old Lowes Dickinson which, thanks to you, hangs at the end of the dining-room.² Love and all good wishes of Xmas and New Year from all of us to everybody.—Ever affectionately yours,

THOS. HUGHES.

Other old friends who cheered him by their company were his partner, Mr. G. L. Craik, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir Frederick Maurice, Canon Benham, Dr. Hugh Macmillan and Mr. Lowes Dickinson, who made the admirable sketch of him in his library at Bramshott Chase to which Tom Hughes refers. One of the latest visitors at Portland Place was Mary Kingsley, daughter and niece of men intimately associated with him in his prime. So the years passed

¹ The late Dean of Rochester.

² Some years earlier Mr. Lowes Dickinson painted an excellent portrait of Tom Hughes at the commission of Macmillan, who presented it to Mrs. Hughes, to her surprise as well as delight, for the secret had been well kept

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

tranquilly by until his peaceful end on January 26, 1896. He was able to enjoy listening to his favourite authors, especially Scott, and while touched by the sentiment of "Ian Maclaren's" *Beside the Bonny Brier Bush*, retained enough of his old critical faculty to recognise its shortcomings when tested by the standard of Scott. Only a few hours before his death Mrs. Macmillan was reading to him the last chapter of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and when she came to the words: "My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it," he smiled and repeated the words, adding "to him that can *use* it."

"He was buried," writes his son, "a few days later in the lovely churchyard at Bramshott, and the funeral was attended not only by the whole staff from the office, but by a large concourse of friends, many of whom had travelled long distances to pay their last tribute of affection." The officiating clergy were Canon Capes, Canon Ainger, Canon Benham and the Suffragan Bishop of Southwark,¹ and among the hymns sung was his favourite Scotch Paraphrase:

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,"

which, as he told Sir Roundell Palmer in 1861, had been to him for years *the* hymn of daily life. Over his grave stands a replica, on a smaller scale, of the old Highland cross at Kilmory Knap in Argyllshire with the inscription: "Haec est crux Alexandri Macmillan."

¹ Now Bishop of Worcester.

LEADING TRAITS

Alexander Macmillan's life was unmarked by salient or sensational events. Such romance as it possessed was bound up with his early years, but the most adventurous episode of all—his voyage to America before the mast—he seldom referred to in after life, and then as an ill-judged effort at emancipation from uncongenial surroundings. He admired and valued the spirit of adventure,¹ but tenacity was the secret of his success. His life until middle-age was a long struggle, and until the final waning of his powers his industry never flagged. For this he held his upbringing responsible. Writing to a fellow-Scot, a working man in New South Wales, he congratulates him on having been "like myself trained in the blessed school of necessity to work in order to live."

His character is not easy to describe, being made up of magnanimity, sympathy, generosity, shrewdness and not a little prejudice. He was singularly devoid of jealousy, whether personal or professional, refrained from criticism of his fellow publishers himself and discouraged it in others. If one were asked to name his three leading traits, they would be devotion to his family, belief in his friends, and trust in his helpers. In the letter to his old school friend Speirs, written in 1870, he says of his children: "They all know that they are the children of what the world calls *humble* parents," but in him that humility was combined with a fine pride

¹"I have many meditations on the causes which impel young and wealthy men of this Anglo-Saxon race of ours deliberately to incur inconvenience and danger from motives which would appear very inadequate to the generally practical character of the people. One thing is clear, however, that this very spirit is that to which England owes all she is—under God. Let us rejoice that this restless spirit is in a people who have much to give to other nations, and hope that the travellers won't forget what they can do" (Letter to Mr. Graham, Roden Noel's companion on his travels in Egypt, March 10, 1860).

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

in his forbears and a deep reverence for his brother. In the words of one of his daughters: "His mother, his brothers, and especially his brother Daniel, were among the earliest of the saints at whose shrine we worshipped." To him the family was a God-given institution to relieve the isolation of the individual—the feeling expressed in Matthew Arnold's line "we mortal millions live alone." He was proud of his relations when they distinguished themselves; he was never ashamed to acknowledge them because they were poor; indeed, throughout his life he never missed an opportunity of encouraging and befriending the less fortunate members of his clan. He was no worshipper of success: "an able unsuccessful man always interests me." His feelings towards those who were nearest and dearest to him have been fully illustrated in his letters.

The days that he spent at home were cheerful days for his children: *neminem tristem fecit*. He had a way with young people generally of meeting them halfway, and talking to them with an openness which bridged the gulf of years and placed them on a footing of equality. But as his own children grew older there came a stage in which his vehement expressions of enthusiasm and aversion and his impatience of remarks of which he did not approve impaired for a while the ease of companionship, and in fear of saying the wrong thing, they often preferred to remain silent. Yet he did not understand and even resented the notion that any one should be afraid of him. A young cousin took his measure in this respect very shrewdly when she said: "He doesn't mean half he says, and he thinks you ought to understand that." Though, as we have seen, he loved a joke, he was not constitutionally light-

GENIUS FOR FRIENDSHIP

hearted or optimistic. In his earlier days his letters reveal, though only for a time, a vein of distrust in happiness that almost amounted to morbidity. His enthusiasm often made him intolerant of opposition. This impetuosity, which he shared with his brother Daniel, and which made J. M. Ludlow once call him "my prince of Celts," was, as Canon Ainger finely said, "the outcome of all that was greatest in the man, of his inherited Puritan hatred of gossip or scandal, of all that is mean or underhand, as well as of his lifelong loyalty and affection to his friends." But this was only a passing phase, due to an inability to adjust differing standpoints, which never seriously affected the solidarity of a singularly harmonious household. The older Alexander Macmillan grew the fonder he became of his children, and the tragic loss of his eldest son was a blow from which he never rallied.

It would not be true to say that Alexander Macmillan was universally popular. He did not hit it off with everybody, and was not always able to disguise his antipathies. But it is no exaggeration to say that he had a real genius for friendship; and that he was a master in the happy art of keeping it in good repair. There was no stage of his career, from his school days onwards, at which he failed to make abiding additions to his circle of intimates. That he should have had occasional friction with or even estrangement from his friends was inevitable, for they were for the most part authors, and though not incapable of diplomacy in dealing with that *genus irritabile*, and always ready to avail himself of expert advice, his decisions were largely the result of his independent judgment. Writing to his wife in 1864 he observes, "it is a misfortune that falls on some men from birth, that they can only walk

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

by their own lights, and I am afraid I am one." Sometimes this independence took the form of an *Athanasius contra mundum* attitude, as in the Byron-Beecher-Stowe controversy, where he maintained his point of view in opposition to the advice of some of his oldest and wisest associates. But he never allowed himself to be drawn into the quarrels of his friends, and he took a special pleasure in the fact that it was at his house that Freeman and Kingsley were reconciled. Some authors, again, regarded him as a hard man of business, but authors' estimates of their own value often bear little relation to those of the public. Alexander Macmillan never professed to regard publishing as a charitable or philanthropic undertaking, but it is right to say that the instances of his liberality and generosity are not confined to those recorded in these pages, that he always advised authors not to part with their copyrights, and that no writer of note ever transferred his allegiance to another firm. His lack of interest in sport and pastime was no doubt something of a social drawback, especially in conversation with young people, though he numbered the apostles of muscular Christianity amongst his dearest friends. When Sir Harry Verney invited him down to Buckinghamshire in September, 1883, he wrote: "I am unfortunately no sportsman, and never shot a partridge or other birds in my life. I have sometimes seen them shot, but my acquaintance with them has been mainly posthumous." The excessive cult of athletics at our public schools distressed him, but he was no bigot on this or any other point. In later life he enjoyed a game of croquet and played a good deal of whist, though he never was a strong player. His fondness for music was genuine, though it was limited to songs and folk tunes, especially

CONVERSATION

those of his native country ; and Canon Ainger (himself an enthusiastic and accomplished amateur) notes that Alexander Macmillan had "a good voice and ear in his prime, and loved a chance of singing 'Annie Laurie' or 'The Bonny House of Airlie.'"

Mr. F. W. Walker, formerly High Master of St. Paul's School, who was often a guest at Knapdale, declared that he enjoyed Alexander Macmillan's conversation more than that of any of his friends. It might be described as forcible rather than brilliant, and lacked the concentrated expression which he achieved in his best letters. He had no gift for public speaking, and thought more clearly when he had a pen in his hand. Sometimes, when the subject was theological or metaphysical, the mystical bent of his mind tended to obscure his meaning. There is a story of his once holding forth at Cambridge on the mysteries of existence: "Where do we come from? Whither are we going? What are we here for?" "O we all know what *you're* here for," interrupted Fawcett. "It's to sell Barnard Smith's arithmetic!" and the metaphysician was abruptly brought to earth again.

It is often noted that men who have sprung from small beginnings and have known the pinch of poverty make harsh and inconsiderate masters. This is a charge which could never be brought against Alexander Macmillan. "No one," wrote Canon Ainger, "could share his hospitality and sojourn under his roof without discovering the large nature of the man, his generosity, his kindness and thoughtfulness for servants and dependents, his pity and helpfulness for all of them when in trouble. The recollection of his own early poverty and struggle seemed a perpetual fountain of sympathy within him." He seldom reprimanded his subordinates or

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

assistants, and then only when the provocation was great. His rebukes were severe, but so judiciously tempered with an appeal to the offender's better nature that they seldom had to be repeated. His rule was one of trust, confidence and consideration, and it was entirely justified by results, for no man was more zealously or loyally served. When he was absent in America in 1867 Mr. George L. Craik wrote, speaking of the office: "You would be pleased with the universal tender feeling every human being I come across has to you." His oldest assistants were his most vehement admirers. As one of them put it, "We were ready to work our fingers to the bone for a man who treated us as he did." While quick to detect and reprove slackness, he was always ready to help those who showed perseverance or a desire to improve themselves. He would coach beginners in their duties in a way that lent them confidence, and the trust and gratitude which he thus inspired led to an extraordinary devotion on the part of his staff, in the higher branches of which were men who had grown from boyhood to middle age in his service. The testimony of those who worked for thirty or forty years under him is of unvarying veneration. "To his clerks he was more than a master, he was a personal friend, ever ready not only to sympathise with them in sorrow, but to help in case of need," writes Mr. Samuel Hutt. In the early days at Cambridge Alexander Macmillan invariably spoke of the assistants in the shop as "the boys," and so it remained to the end. The clerks at Bedford Street always used to send him affectionate greetings on his birthday—Alexander Macmillan was a great believer in anniversaries—or on the occasion of their annual outing when it was not held at his house, and these telegrams generally took some

RELATIONS WITH "THE BOYS"

such form as "Congratulations from the boys of Bedford Street to their chief," or "Tenderest remembrances from the boys." In the earliest days at Tooting, Fraser, his confidential clerk and dear friend, was one of his first guests, and throughout this period it was a common practice for one or other of the clerks to come to Knapdale on Sundays. Alexander Macmillan's own early experiences prompted him to do what he could to remedy the loneliness of Sunday for young men living in London lodgings, and besides, he thoroughly enjoyed seeing them. His interest in his clerks extended to their belongings—their wives and children, if they were married. Then there was the annual holiday gathering of all the clerks in the summer, of which his daughter Mrs. Dyer gives the following pleasant picture :

No day in the year was more enjoyable to my father than that on which he had "the boys," as he called them, round him in his own grounds. There was lunch in a tent ; then a cricket match, "married v. single," which he watched from the shade of some fine elms ; then tea, after which all the available talent was called on for songs and recitations. On these occasions my father invariably sang "Little Billee," which he had heard Thackeray sing himself. These gatherings only came to an end in 1885, when my father's health rendered them impossible. But once, after he had retired altogether, a few of the older clerks came and spent a long day at Bramshott Chase.

As with his friends and assistants so was it with his servants. When he said that he did not like changing servants, he greatly underestimated the facts. Mary Coxall ("Mamie"), the nurse, brought up both families, remained on for forty years, and after her master's death had continued in his widow's service, but died during a visit to a sister in Australia. With hardly

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

an exception no servant ever left except to marry, and the staff often included representatives of two generations of the same family. For this happy state of affairs the ladies of the household were primarily responsible, but those best able to judge assure me that Alexander Macmillan was "adored by his servants."¹

Alexander Macmillan, as we have seen, was largely self-educated. Towards the end of his school-days he acquired a smattering of Latin, and was always fond of quoting Latin tags. Of Greek he practically knew nothing at first hand. Homer he first read in Cowper's translation, but, as he honestly admitted in a letter to Ichabod Wright (August 14, 1861): "I am not in the least competent to judge of the merits of any translation in relation to the original, as I know no Greek." Twenty-four years later he wrote to Mrs. Humphry Ward that he had long given up attempting to master any language but English. "A bit of French or German in an English book or essay I deliberately skip." Yet on occasion he did take trouble not only to find out what a quotation meant, but to commit it to memory; Mr. J. D. Rogers tells me he distinctly remembers hearing Mr. Macmillan quoting Goethe appropriately and correctly in the original German. His power of appreciating modern foreign authors was

¹Two instances of his kindly consideration are worth recording. Mr. James MacLehose remembers how he humorously declined to interfere when his coachman had manifestly taken a wrong road on the ground that it was the man's business and not his to find the way. On another occasion the same coachman had driven his master into town and Macmillan came out to the carriage in company with Mr. Gladstone. Miss E. Keary, an old and intimate friend of the Macmillans, was told the sequel years after by the coachman himself. "He said, 'Mr. Gladstone,' my master said, 'This is my friend S——.' He did not say 'This is my servant, or my coachman, he said 'This man is my friend S——,' and Mr. Gladstone shook hands with me."

LITERARY TASTES

shown in his admiration for the work of Paul Heyse as far back as 1855.

From his mother he seems to have inherited an intuitive appreciation of the literature that counts, and of purity in style. He disliked slang and "neologisms," even in colloquial talk. "Simplicity and childlikeness is to my mind the mark of the greatest men. I have never known a really great man who was pretentious or who strained after originality" (letter to his son George, April 29th, 1872). He was deeply read in the ballad poetry of Scotland, and Canon Ainger rightly insists on his loyalty to his early idols: "Compelled as he was by his calling to read new books, his love and interest was always for those that had inspired and fertilised his mind when young. His youthful enthusiasms for Carlyle and Coleridge, for Shakespeare, Burns, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, never changed or faded."

To these may be added the names of George Fox, Bunyan, and, coming down to our own times, De Quincey and, above all, Scott. It was his ambition to be able to read all Scott's novels through once a year, and he generally got through half-a-dozen in his summer holiday. *Old Mortality*, read aloud to him by his wife, was one of the last books which he was able to enjoy. "He had mastered the leading English prose classics, and they formed for him a secret standard and criterion of excellence which saved him in a remarkable way from false admirations, or from being deceived by that specious mediocrity which is perpetually appearing in fresh shapes above the horizon. A life-long enthusiasm for the best novels was at the root of his highest success as a publisher (Canon Ainger)."

He made very few mistakes about the moderns, though he had a somewhat imperfect sympathy with

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

Dickens. Sebastian Evans said to me in 1908 "All Mac's geese were swans," but there were certainly very few geese in his aviary. It is true that he vehemently resented any unfair or violent attacks on his favourites as when *Blackwood* attacked Maurice, or Freeman truculently assaulted Kingsley in the *Saturday Review*, or when Hepworth Dixon disparaged him in the pages of what Kingsley called the *Asinaeum*. It hurt him that his good friends in Glasgow could not share his admiration for all the work of Tom Hughes. But Alexander Macmillan was not blind to the deficiencies of his heroes. He admits that Kingsley lacked humour. And his appreciation was by no means limited to the authors whose works he published. He recognised George Eliot's greatness from her early work, and the keen hostility of some of his dearest and most respected friends to the views she espoused in no way affected his estimate of her commanding genius. He made singularly few mistakes in discerning excellence in new books, when one considers the gaps in his literary training, but he was not infallible. The most striking instance of his fallibility is the fact that in 1885 he should have rejected Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls* at the advice of "an English literary friend who has wide sympathy with, and knowledge of, Scotland and its literature and thought." The only satisfactory explanation of such a lapse is that he had by this time ceased to read every MS. himself, and delegated the decision to others. But during most of his active career as a publisher he was his own reader. His practical knowledge of all departments of the book trade did not lead him to fritter away his energies on detail. He exercised a careful supervision, but he thoroughly realised the need of delegating minor responsibilities. He was no believer in the rule of the many. "There

INDUSTRY AND CANDOUR

may be wisdom in the multitude of counsellors, but certainly there is not much speed" (letter to Mr. Gladstone, July 27, 1865). And again, "All large governing bodies are slow. Nothing like a good despotism for getting through work" (letter to Sir A. Geikie, Feb. 16, 1866). The amount of work that he got through was prodigious, and until his doctor intervened he was incorrigible about sitting up late reading books or MSS. "It is to me very difficult to understand," wrote Mr. Robert MacLehose in 1906, "how he found it possible to read all he did. He seemed to find time not only to read all MSS. submitted to him, but all sorts of other books on every kind of subject. . . . His fearlessness in advice and criticism was most marked. It was always courteous and gracious, but did not mince matters." This fearlessness has already been illustrated. It may be added, however, that he thoroughly believed in the need of telling the truth to authors. For example, because a working man wrote wonderfully well *for a working man*, that was no reason why you should tell him that he was a genius. He was not content with merely rejecting unsuitable MSS., but would often give his reasons, entering into minute details, which showed the immense amount of trouble he took to decide about an insignificant book. Like many busy men, including his old friend Grove, he spent a great deal of time on non-obligatory correspondence. He was not at his best in writing to famous or distinguished men. In these letters a certain stiffness is observable. He is perhaps seen to the greatest advantage in his frank outpourings to James MacLehose, or the letters, often to unknown correspondents, on such subjects as the Sabbath question, the ethics of publishing or morality in literature, which reveal the working in his mind of the ideals which

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

governed every detail of his work. Believing thoroughly in the virtue of condensation, he could be on occasion admirably and effectively laconic. Writing to his brother on the occasion of the death of a common friend, he says, "human speech is of little avail in these dark hours." Speaking of a scurrilous newspaper he observes: "The ——— really has power to hurt—the meanest are mighty to do mischief." Discussing people who are kinder to animals than to men and women he asks, "Need humanity cease where human beings begin?" He could be weightily sententious, as when he remarked, apropos of parental teaching, "direct monition has a tendency to irritate," and unfair criticism would rouse him to a stinging retort. Thus when a great friend abused Carlyle for his perverse views on slavery, Alexander Macmillan replied: "He [Carlyle] is not a 'bad old man,' but a very noble and useful one, and even his wrong sayings have wisdom and significance in them which are wanting in the rabid, vapid utterances of deepest truths." Slack or perfunctory work excited his disgust, and he had a special dislike of popular compilations. Writing to Fenton Hort on September 14, 1859, he expresses his views on this point with refreshing vigour. After saying that Hort's thoroughgoing method was the only honest way he continues:

The shameful impudence of your modern compilers is unutterable. I have no doubt there are a dozen men about London who would do such a work to order in a month. The world gets inundated with flimsy unveracious trash. Don't you see my reason for so often urging men who have the knowledge and conscience to do something towards coming into contact with the popular mind? My joy, therefore, in getting you to work on this is great.

GIFT OF SUGGESTION

Of his own capacity for literary work he had quite an unduly low opinion, and his appearances in print were few and far between. In 1860 he writes: "I could not write a book myself to save my life," and fifteen years later, in a letter to F. W. Farrar, then headmaster of Marlborough, he says: "I find my joints too stiff to attempt any literary work, and I have long given up the hope of doing this [a contemplated book on *The Child*] or anything else, and must content myself with being a suggester and, perhaps, in some way a helper of literary work." How fruitful his suggestions were has already been abundantly shown in the course of this memoir, but it may be worth while to illustrate his method by the letter in which he broached the subject of the book alluded to above to Mrs. Alexander in July, 1867:

I have frequently been struck with the marvellous part which "The Child" plays in human life; how in a household the baby draws all hearts "per force" round it to "girdle it with music." Every one is drawn to each one else, and the whole family is made sweeter and more harmonious by the common love for this helpless and yet how helpful potentate—this "power girt round with weakness." The living child that will grow into the man, and become commonplace and poor like the rest of us, has this power. But the child who *has been* and remains always, held so by that powerfulest of anti-septics, loving memory—what a power he is! Of the historical Child of Bethlehem and the many children who foreshadowed His coming, what lessons could be read, by the simple statement of the facts! This was the idea I had, and for the title simply "The Child: a Book for the Birthday of Our Lord." My ideal plan was to take, say, an English family where a dear little one may have been lost.¹ Gather the family round the Christmas

¹ His own youngest and dearly-loved son had died in the previous year.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

hearth, and let the talk linger about the Cradle of Bethlehem and the light thrown over the child's grave by the cradle. Then the father, or the mother, would begin and tell the story of all the children in the Bible and the promise and hope which gather round each. Begin with the first even: the promise of seed to Eve, and of how hope in that promise is not of none effect or quenched because of the sad ends. If darkened there, yet fresh light, I hope, comes from the bright face of the New Child. Sarah, Rachel, the mother of Samson, Samuel—a series of exquisite pictures, each pointing to and culminating in *The Child*, might be drawn, I think, so as to delight and bless both old and young. I don't think it should be written in a doctrinal mood. Let the doctrine be there, but embodied in the facts. At the same time all ought to be done in an elevated poetic mood.

His only published book was the anonymous selections from Shelley, with brief Memoir, issued by Bell in 1840, and when he wrote, in October, 1870, "I don't write—poetry or prose," he spoke with substantial accuracy, though J. M. Ludlow taxed him with the authorship of some incendiary anonymous verses sent to the *Christian Socialist* in 1850, and, as we have already noted (*supra*, p. 44), he contributed to that periodical under the pseudonym of "Amos Yates." Yet it would not be true to say that he never wooed the Muse, for there appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for May, 1872, an unsigned contribution from his pen headed "The Loreley. After Heine."

"I canna tell what has come ower me
That I am sae eerie and wae;
An auld-warld tale comes before me,
It haunts me by nicht and by day.

From the cool lift the gloamin' draps dimmer,
And the Rhine slips saftly by;

TRANSLATION OF "THE LORELEY"

The taps o' the mountains shimmer
P' the lowe o' the sunset sky.

Up there, in a glamour entrancin',
Sits a maiden wondrous fair ;
Her gowden adornments are glancin',
She is kaimin' her gowden hair :

As she kaims it the gowd kaim glistens,
The while she is singin' a song
That hauds the rapt soul that listens
With its melody sweet and strong.

The boy, floating by in vague wonder,
Is seized wi' a wild weird love ;
He sees na' the black rocks under,—
He sees but the Vision above.

The waters their waves are flinging
Ower boatie and boatman anon ;
And this wi' her airtfu' singin',
The Waterwitch Lurley has done."

It will be readily admitted that there are many worse translations of Heine's immortal ballad than this Lowland Scots rendering.¹

Alexander Macmillan had a retentive as well as an apt memory. He had learned a good deal of poetry in childhood which he never forgot, and knew some of his favourite authors almost by heart. He was a great lover of the Psalms. His inner self found expression in such passages as "Lord I am not high-minded . . . I do not exercise myself in great matters which are too high for me" (Psalm cxxxi.). He loved to dwell on

¹ Alexander Macmillan's devotion to his native land was occasionally carried to humorous lengths. Early in the "sixties" he engaged Mr. John Mackey, still a valued member of the staff. When Mr. Mackey, in reply to questions, stated that his family were Londoners, and that he could not claim any Scots origin, Macmillan would not hear of it, and insisted on spelling his name in the Scots fashion to the end of the chapter.

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

the greatness of the lesson in Ezekiel's reproof of the unfaithful shepherds (Ezekiel xxxiv.), and another favourite quotation of his was Isaiah xxxii. 8 : " But the liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

His literary preferences were undoubtedly serious ; the extravagance of action and speech in Dickens repelled him somewhat, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that he did not appreciate a joke or a good story. A man's geniality is often to be gauged by the mode in which his best friends address him, and there was no stiffness or formality in this case. Kingsley wrote to him as " Alick," Ludlow and Grove as " Dear Mac" or " Dear old Mac," and Sebastian Evans once addressed him as " Dear Mic-Mac-Methuselah." When Evans paid him a visit at Boulogne in the seventies for days after his guest's departure Macmillan kept on repeating a stanza about the goose which Evans had given him :

" Of all the fowls that stock the farm
The goose must be preferred :
There is so much of nutriment
In that weak-minded bird."

Again, when writing to one of his authors in 1878 to explain a clerk's error in the list of sales, Alexander Macmillan observes that the offender " imitated a countryman of mine of whom it is told that, at one stocktaking, he found his balance-sheet so large that he rushed into his house and told his wife to fall on her knees and thank the Lord for his prosperity. But returning to his counting house he found that he had added in *the year of our Lord*, and forthwith went back to his wife to countermand the gratitude."

Alexander Macmillan's views on religion, and the

RELIGIOUS VIEWS

modifications which they underwent, have been illustrated in his letters. In his early childhood, as he wrote to M. Guizot in 1867 :

Our Sundays were specially devoted to the worship which is usual in Scotland, and to reading "good books," as we called them, which meant books on religious subjects. No work of any but the most necessary kind for household wants and the preparing of food was permitted, and no kind of play or amusements. The reading of books of the sort I have named was the only relief from mere idleness permitted to the younger members of the family. Idle or general talk was discouraged. I cannot but confess that we often felt this irksome, especially as the books were rarely of a very interesting kind, mostly dry treatises. Our one great book was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. A translation of Josephus we read, but generally found it dull, and of course we read the Bible. . . . On being thrown on my own resources at so early an age in a large town [Glasgow], away from all home restraint, I lost many of the convictions and mental habits of my early life. From reading sceptical books and mixing with able sceptical men I for a period lost my faith in Christian Revelation, and even when maturer thought and, above all, my brother's influence after I joined him in London restored this to me in, as I trust, a stronger form, many other things assumed new aspects to me; and among these my old feelings regarding the observance of the Sunday or the *Sabbath Day*, as we call it in Scotland.

As he grew older, however, he came "to look back to the absolute quiet and stillness of our old Scotch Sabbaths with longing admiration."

Modern opinion is running very adverse to its restraints, even among the Scotch themselves, and among many good and wise men. There was no doubt much needless superstition, much mere formalism in it, and I would not wish to recall it in all its

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

strictness even in the form I experienced it in my own youth where it was observed in an earnest, noble, and even intelligent manner by my mother and brothers, but it seems to me that there is much danger that we are losing with the bitter rind much precious fruit. "The *world* is too much with us" and its overshadowing cares and anxieties, not to speak of its frivolities and meannesses, are crushing out to a terrible extent the higher and deeper inner spiritual life. As a busy man I feel it myself, and feel thankful that my early training in some degree enables me to resist its overwhelming influence—or at least struggle against them.

It was this conviction that prompted him to enlist contributions to his scheme of a Sunday Library to combat the spirit of secularism by providing literature which should be at once edifying and attractive.

The causes, doctrinal and personal, which led him from Dissent to the Church of England have already been indicated. It may be noted that a letter of his to the Rev. R. H. Story (Feb. 4, 1862) shows that he believed Irving had given a great impetus to the Oxford High Churchmen, and that Erskine of Linlathen, Campbell and A. J. Scott had a vital relation to Maurice and Robertson of Brighton. Religion, to satisfy him, must be undogmatic. "The quality of his mind," as one of his family writes, "was essentially mystical, and I think that in his own inner life he took refuge from disturbing controversies in the light of his own spiritual imagination." He was averse from precise statements of doctrine, and had the strongest objection to labels of all sorts, *e.g.* "Broad Church," which, as he put it, classed together "fearless seekers after truth and mere notoriety hunters." A letter that he wrote to Mr Gladstone in 1870, *apropos* of Mr. Sedley Taylor's pamphlet

VIEWS ON THE "HIGHER CRITICISM"

on Clerical Subscription in the Church of England, sums up his views on the enforcement of orthodoxy: "*interested conformity* has a terribly lowering effect on moral tone." His views on the "Higher Criticism" of the early sixties as represented by Colenso's work on the Pentateuch are stated with considerable force. He admired Colenso personally, but deplored his methods. Their inadequacy consisted in this, that "*obvious* discrepancies strike common irreverent minds as conclusive against all *authority* in it; common reverent minds are pained simply. The hyper-orthodox sees in it only profanity and infidelity, and hugs his chains closer. . . . The true way is to show that God's methods—miraculous—I do not deny miracle for its purpose—or ordinary, are orderly, sequent, have purpose and method." To another correspondent he writes that the fears he had expressed about Colenso seem likely to be fulfilled, viz. "that his method of treating the subject would drag its discussion into poor technical frivolous regions; that while he wanted to deliver them from bondage to the letter he would probably make them forget that there was anything but the letter."

His opinion on the question of Eternal Punishment is set down with perfect candour in a letter written in August, 1863, to Mr. J. A. Aldis:

The *endless* punishment question I am not going to enter into. It is not good for you or me or anyone else to weary our souls with what cannot ever be a practical question. The record of God's guidance and teaching of His chosen people for some thousands of years contains not one distinct allusion to a hereafter at all. If the question had the importance which some theologians would give it, no mystery of nature or providence would be a millionth part so strange as this. While idolatrous Egyptian priests were settling to their

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

satisfaction what God would do to His creatures through endless ages, Moses, under God's guidance, was teaching the escaped slaves of these wise Egyptians how they were to be wise and righteous men and women and make a wise and understanding people. I have read the Old and New Testament very carefully through more than once, and cannot for the life of me find anything about endless punishment. I don't think God does anything *endlessly*. . . .

Alexander Macmillan deprecated all violent criticism of Biblical characters. He had no objection to freedom, so long as it did not destroy discrimination. Writing in May, 1872 with regard to the proposed publication of some lectures which in his opinion violated this condition, he observes :

They carry a great and most important controversy, having issues of the deepest significance on moral progress, into the region of mere scolding, where the voice of reason gets drowned in the screech of passion. . . . Of course I cannot hinder the lectures being published, and would not if I could. But I think that a publisher should not have to do with works whose *method* he has such an antipathy to. It is totally different from opinions. I have not the least wish to publish only books which I agree in *opinion* with.

This tolerance of opinion was the rule of his daily life. So long as a man was sincere and upright, Macmillan admitted him to his intimacy without any regard for the religious views which he professed. If further proof be required it is enough to point to the circle of his friends, which illustrated as great a range of theological variation as the famous Metaphysical Society. His devotion to Maurice and Hare, Hort and Kingsley did not in the least affect the warmth of his affection

SOCIALISM AND HOME RULE

for Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Huxley, and W. K. Clifford. It is worth recording that he entirely supported his brother-in-law, William Johnson, when most of his friends disagreed with him, in asking Huxley to lecture before the Cambridge Y.M.C.A. His old friend Ludlow once charged him with overvaluing intellect, but he would have cordially subscribed to Ludlow's supreme detestation of brains without goodness, and like him would have infinitely rather obeyed an aristocracy of birth than an aristocracy of talent. He was under no illusions as to the omniscience of journalists. "It is a comfort," he wrote to Archbishop Trench in 1873, "that all thought is not guided by newspapers." In his early days he had strong leanings towards Socialism, but it was the Christian Socialism of Maurice which discouraged political agitation and sought to teach the working men that "Law and Christianity are the only protectors of all classes from the selfishness, which is the destruction of all." He strongly disapproved of attempts to stir up class prejudice, and remonstrated vigorously with the biographer of John Clare, the peasant poet, on this point: "In order to vindicate the worth of Clare or of any poor man of genius, there is not the least need to vituperate and insult the patrons who help him. . . . A lord is made of common flesh and blood like ourselves, and need not be supposed to be wholly devoid of common human kindness or wholly guided in his charities by base ambition" (May 10, 1865). In later years Mr. Gladstone was the statesman who inspired him with the greatest confidence, but his support was given in no unreasoning spirit of submission, and he parted with him on the subject of Home Rule to which Macmillan was strongly opposed. His

ALEXANDER MACMILLAN

political views towards the end of his life became, as so often happens, decidedly more conservative.

The letters which Alexander Macmillan wrote and received will have revealed what manner of man he was. It only remains to add a few tributes paid to his memory by those who knew him best. Mr. Aldis Wright, writing to his son, says: "He was my oldest friend, and he has left the priceless inheritance of a good name in the best of all senses." Dr. Westcott spoke of him as "Constant in counsel and encouragement from the very beginning of my work." Tom Hughes, a friend of nearly fifty years' standing, said that he could count "on the fingers of one hand all the men he had known who had as strong heads and warm hearts combined." Lord Morley of Blackburn told the writer of this memoir that Alexander Macmillan was his "earliest and his greatest benefactor," and again writing to his son, "He became my friend when friends were few, and nobody was ever more helpful and considerate. Many another man will say the same of him," and many did—Professor Boyd Dawkins, Professor Mahaffy and Lord Milner using almost the same words. A few more out of many similar testimonies may be added: "He was a man whom from my first introduction to him twenty years ago I instinctively loved and trusted" (Sir James Crichton Browne); "For forty-five years . . . I always looked up to him as one of the truest and most wide-minded men it has been my fortune to know. My thoughts go back especially to those nights at Henrietta Street, where there was always a warm welcome for his old friends, the obscure as well as the famous" (the late Mr. R. B. Litchfield); "I know I lose the best friend, not kin, that I ever had" (the late Dr. W. G. Rutherford); "It was there [at Knapdale] I found my career and all

THE LESSON OF HIS LIFE

that has seemed to make my life worth living, and his memory must always be to me sweet and sacred" (Mr. Julian Corbett); "I have often said he was the best layman I have ever known" (Canon W. Benham).

When Alexander Macmillan was a young man he once wrote to his brother on the subject of agreeable and disagreeable surprises. "Does it not seem," he says, "as if one were constantly finding out how much better other people are and how much worse we ourselves are than we had supposed—at least I do." He had no desire to pose as a hero, and no one was more conscious of the imperfections of his character than himself. But as an example of self-help placing a man in a position in which he had not only the power but the will to help others, the story of his life is a stimulating and encouraging document. Few men of our time have made a better use of a fortune of which they were the architects, or have been less spoiled by prosperity.

INDEX

- Ainger, Canon, 131; Reading aloud, 340.
- Aldis, J. A., *letter to* (Eternal Punishment), 405.
- Alexander, Mrs., *letter to* (The Child), 399.
- Allingham, William, *letter to* (Advertisements), 220.
- Allon, Rev. Henry, *letter to*, 264.
- Amps, William, 31; setting of Tennyson's poems, 31-32.
- Arnold, Matthew, article on Colenso and *The Pentateuch*, 197; *Essays in Criticism*, 233; *letters to* (*Children's Garland*), 184; (Colenso), 198.
- Ashwell, Rev. A. R., *letter to* (*Ecce Homo*), 251.
- Aytoun, William Edmonstoune (*Cavalier Lays*), 169.
- Bain, T. G., 31, 383.
- Baker, Sir Samuel, *Albert Nyanza*, 246; *Nile tributaries of Abyssinia*, 249; *letters to*, 249, 320.
- Ballantyne, Thomas, of Kilwinning, 13.
- Barrie, J. M., *Auld Licht Idylls*, 396.
- Baynes, Thomas Spencer, 59.
- Beaconsfield, Lord, *Lothair*, 305.
- Bell, George, the publisher, 89.
- Benham, Canon, on A. Macmillan, 409.
- Binney, Dr. Thomas, 23, 24.
- Blackmore, R. D., *Clara Vaughan*, 216; *Lorna Doone*, 305.
- Blackwood's Magazine*, 78.
- Blaikie, Professor, *letter to* (Livingstone), 355.
- Blakesley, Rev. J. W., *letter to* (Church Rates), 149.
- Blunt, John James, 106.
- Boole, George, 83.
- Bowes, Mrs. Robert, senior, 272.
- Bowes, Robert, 27, 28, 31, 82, 115.
- Boyd, Willie, 10.
- Bradshaw, Henry, 106.
- Bright, John, 71; *Speeches*, 293; *letter to*, 328.
- Brimley, Caroline, wife of A. Macmillan, 51.
- Brimleys, The, 31.
- Brimley, George, 33, 52; illness, 58; and Maurice, 75, 84; on *Westward Ho*, 94, 184.
- Brogie, Prince Albert de, *Church and the Roman Empire in the 4th Century*, 178.
- Brontë, Charlotte, *Jane Eyre*, 32.
- Brooke, Rev. Stopford A., *letter to*, 335.
- Brown, Dr. John, 130.
- Brown, Sir James Crichton, on A. Macmillan, 408.
- Bryce, James, *Holy Roman Empire*, 217, 230.
- Bubier, Rev. G. B., *letter to* (Spelling), 187.
- Buchanan, Robert, 126.
- Buchanan, Robert, of Lloyd's, 10, 383.
- Buchheim, Dr. C. A., *letter to*, 327.
- Budden, Rev. J. H., *letters to*, 347, 361.
- Burn, junior, James, *letter to*, 176.
- Burnside, Mr., partner at Seeley's, 21.
- Butler, Mrs., *letter to*, 297.
- Butler, H. M., *letter to*, 180.

INDEX

- Butler, Pierce, Crimean War, 83.
 Butler, W. Archer, 34; *Sermons*, 56.
~~Cambridge 228~~
 Cairns, John, *letters to*, 173, 357.
 Cambridge Camden Society, 112.
 Cambridge University, 143.
 Carlyle, Mrs. Thomas, 293.
 Carlyle, Thomas, 22; *Sartor Resartus*, 23; 103; *Frederick the Great*, 126; *Ilias Americana in Nuce, Shooting Niagara and After* (last published paper), 271.
 * Carroll, Lewis, *Alice in Wonderland*, 233; *letter to*, 303.
 Cassell, Louisa, 224, 311.
 Cavour, Count, 126.
 Church, F. J., *Translation of De Monarchia*, 347; *letter to*, 353.
 Church, R. W., article on *Ecce Homo*, 251; *St. Anselm, Life of*, 295; *letter to*, 294.
 Clark, J. W., Editor of *Cassell's Illustrated Weekly*, 216.
 Clark, W. G., 33, 153.
 Clayton, Rev. Charles, on F. D. Maurice, 54.
 Clifford, William Kingdon, 301, 333.
 Clough, Arthur Hugh, *The Bothie*, 32, 111.
 Colenso, John William, 57; *communion service . . . selections from F. D. Maurice*, 63; *The Pentateuch*, 195, 197.
 Coleridge, Lord, *letters to* (Wordsworth and Copyright), 318, 375.
 Collier, John Payne, 161.
 Combe, Thomas, printer to Clarendon Press, 200.
 Connel, Mr., master of commercial department Irvine Academy, 8.
 Cooper, Thomas, 118, 181.
 Corbett, Julian, on A. Macmillan, 408.
Cornhill Magazine, 137.
 Corrie, Dr. George Elwes, 106, 108.
 Cotton, Dr., Bishop of Calcutta, 155.
 Coxall, George, 115.
 Craig, A. R., *The Philosophy of Training*, 26.
 Craik, George Lillie, 235, 316.
 * Craik, Mrs. G. L., 147; *Fairy Book*, 188; marriage, 235; *letter from*, 334; *letter to*, 160.
 Crawford, Katherine, mother of A. Macmillan, 4-7.
 Crawley Court Martial, 222.
 Cunningham, Rev. Dr., of Crieff, *letter* (Dreams), 186.
 Dallas, Eneas Sweetland, 59.
 Darwin, Charles, *Origin of Species*, 140, 147.
 Davies, J. Llewelyn (with D. J. Vaughan), *Translation of Plato's Republic*, 56; *letter to*, 253.
Days of Old, 135.
 Denman, Hon. Lewis D., 96.
 Dennises, The, 31.
 Dicey, Edward, *Cavour, Life of*, 180; *Six Months in Federal States*, 205; *letter to*, 206.
 Dick, Maxwell, bookseller at Irvine, 16; joint-publication with, 154.
 Dickinson, Lowes, 97.
 Dobell, Sydney Thompson, 60; *letter to*, 162.
 Dodgson, Rev. C. L., *see* Carroll, Lewis.
 Douglas, C. Home, *letter to* (Character-drawing), 193.
 Douglas, David, joint-publication of *Life of George Wilson*, 154; *letter to* (John Knox), 128.
 Downton, Rev. Henry, *letter to* (*Ecce Homo*), 252.
 Dyer, Louis, 340.
 Dyer, Mrs. Louis, on Charles Kingsley, 95; 148; on Sundays, 256.
 Eliot, George, *letters from*, 322, 343, 346.
 Elliott, Sir Charles A., *letter to*, 221.
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo, 274.
 English Men of Letters, 342.
 Erskine, Mrs., *letter to* (death of Charles Kingsley), 329.
Essays and Reviews, 104.
 European Antiquities — proposed dictionary, 163.
 Evans, Dr. Sebastian, 33, 97; appreciation of Alexander Macmillan, 98-114; poem, *Der Tod Als Freund*, 139; *letters to*, 138, 329.
 Fawcett, Henry, Parliamentary candidate for Cambridge, 201.

INDEX

- Fields, J. T., 215; *letters to (Elsie Venner)*, 177, 178.
- Foster, James, 265.
- Fox, George, *Journal*, 33.
- Fraser, Mr., assistant to A. Macmillan, 31, 185; death of, 233.
- Fraser, Professor, edition of *Berkeley*, 215.
- Freeman, E. A., *History of Federal Government*, 202; meets Kingsley, 310; *letters to*, 251, 263; (Spelling of Names), 296; (Vivisection), 325; 330, 341, 344; (J. R. Green), 364.
- Fremantle, Rev. W. H., *letter to (the Communion)*, 175.
- Froude, James Anthony, *Nemesis of Faith*, 38, 39; *Two Years Ago*, 92, 95.
- Furnivall, Dr. F. J., 44, 64; *letter to*, 358.
- Gallie, George, bookseller, 11-12.
- Geikie, Sir Archibald, 209; *letters to*, 210, 242, 315.
- Gilchrist, Alexander, *Life and Works of William Blake*, 216.
- Gladstone, W. E., on Crimean War, 71, 271; *Primer of Homer*, 342; *letters to (Theological Studies)*, 239; (*Ecce Homo*), 243; (Jevons and the Coal Supply), 245, 278; (Book-selling), 286, 331, 334; (Dr. Morris), 354; (J. W. Graham's *Neaera*), 373; (death of Malcolm Macmillan), 382.
- Golden Deeds, Book of*, 219.
- Golden Treasury Series, 170.
- Graham, J. W., *Neaera*, 373.
- Green, J. R., *letter to Boyd Dawkins*, 183, 292; *Short History*, 323, 335; death, 365; *letter to*, 360.
- Green, Mrs. J. R., *letter on Alexander Macmillan*, 368.
- Grove, Sir George, Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine*, 280; on Herkomer's portrait of A. M., 378.
- Guesses at Truth*, 23.
- Guizot, F. P. G., 37, 267; *letter to*, 6, 7, 268, 403.
- Haldane, James and Robert, mission preachers, 3.
- Hall, Rev. Bedford, *letter to (Sunday Observance)*, 255.
- Harcourt, Sir William Vernon, *letter to*, 198, 212.
- Hardwick, Charles, death of, 131, 132.
- Hardy, Thomas, *The Poor Man and The Lady* (unpublished novel), 288; *letter to (The Poor Man and Lady)*, 289.
- Hare, Archdeacon, 23-25, 37, 75; copyrights of, 84, 87.
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 154.
- Heyse, Paul, 32, 75, 79, 84.
- Hoets, John William van Rees, 31, 41 n.
- Hogg, R. M., on Duncan Macmillan, 4, 9.
- Holmes, Oliver Wendell, *Elsie Venner*, 176.
- Hone, William, 22; *Life by James Routledge*, 338.
- Hort, Fenton John Anthony, 33; *letters to*, 43, 44, 52, 54, 142, 154, 175, 345.
- Hort, Mrs., *letter to*, 224.
- Hughes, R. E., "Art for Art's sake," 168.
- Hughes, Thomas, *letters to A. Macmillan*, 65, 72, 89, 384; *Tom Brown*, 90; *Scouring of White Horse*, 120, 124; *Tom Brown at Oxford*, 121, 408.
- Huxley, Thomas Henry, 104; *Time and Life*, 140.
- Irby, Miss, *letter to (proposing Prince Frederick of Schleswig Holstein for Greek throne)*, 203.
- Irving, Edward, 188.
- Jack, William, becomes partner, 315.
- Jevons, W. S., *Coal Supply of Great Britain*, 245.
- Johnson, Elijah, 18.
- Johnson, Henry Isaac, 87.
- Johnson, W. H. F., 83, 87.
- Johnston, Mr., schoolfellow of A. Macmillan, 9.
- Jowett, Benjamin, anecdote, 260.
- Kinglake, Arthur, *letter to (Magazine cover)*, 323.

INDEX

- * Kingsley, Charles, *Alton Locke*, 27; *Yeast*, 39; *Phaethon*, 56; Christian Socialists, 57; *Alexandria and Her Schools*, 57; * *Westward Ho!* 57, 60, 67; revised, 94; *Glaucus*, 67; *The Heroes*, 86; *Two Years Ago*, 87, 92; *Andromeda and Other Poems*, 116; *Pilgrimage of Grace* (proposed book), 117; * *The Water Babies*, 189; Mrs. Dyer on *Water-Babies*, 190; *Boy's History of England* (proposed), 73, 215; visit to, 80; Mrs. Dyer on, 95; a proposed *Quarterly Review*, 120; professor of history, 163; Newman controversy, 217; death of, 328; *letters to* A. Macmillan, 89, 116; (on Thomas Hughes), 123; *letters to* D. Macmillan, 93; (on *Tom Brown*), 94; * *letters to*, 125; (*Macmillan's Magazine*), 130, 188, 190.
 Kingsley, Mrs., *letters to*, 127, 201, 341.
 Kingsley, Dr. George, translation from Paul Heyse, 75; on J. P. Collier, 161; *letter to*, 160.
 Kingsley, Henry, *Geoffrey Hamlyn*, 125; *Ravenhoe*, 181, 191; *letter to* (death of George Wilson), 141.
 Kingsley, Mary, 385.
 Knox, John, 85, 128.
 Kydd, Mr., the Chartist, 118.
 Lambert, Rev. Brooke, *letter from* (J. R. Green), 365.
 Lecky, W. E. H., *Rationalism*, 266.
 Lee, Dr. Prince, 40-41.
 Lehmann, Rudolph C., on Hon. Lewis W. Denman, 96 n.
 Lemon, Mark, *The fest Book*, 206.
 Lethbridge, Sir Roper, on an Indian branch, 322.
 Lewes, G. H., *a letter from*, 346.
 Lewes, Mrs. G. H., *see* Eliot, George.
 Lightfoot, J. B., *The Galatians*, 233; *letters to*, 260, 349.
 Lind, Jenny, 40.
 Litchfield, R. B., on A. Macmillan, 408.
 Literary paper, a proposed, 69.
 Livingstone, David, 26, 355.
 Lockyer, Sir Norman, 246; *letter to*, 340.
 Longfellow, Samuel Wadsworth, 274.
 Lorne, Marquis of, *Rendering of the Psalms*, 336.
 Lowell, James Russell, *Fable for Critics and Biglow Papers*, 113; *letter to*, 281.
 Luard, Henry Richards, 149.
 Ludlow, J. M., 44, 65; suggests a magazine, 91; *letter to*, 211.
 Ludovici, C. A., an artist, 28.
 Lushington, Franklin, 137.
 Lushington, Henry, 131.
 M'Kay, Mrs., 1.
 M'Kay, Rev. A., 1.
 Maclaren, Alexander, 14; *letter to*, 351.
 Maclaren, Mrs. Archibald, 225.
 MacLehose, James, 11, 117; death of, 372; *letters to*, 116, 120, 123, 124, 125, (Thomas Carlyle) 126, (*Macmillan's Magazine*) 133, 137, 147 (Cambridge Shakespeare) 156, 161, 185, 188, 204, 205, (Globe Shakespeare) 223, (proposed partner) 235, (America) 246, 254, 270, 271, 274, 283, 285, 288, 298, 300, 302, 309, 316, 326, (Memoir of Daniel Macmillan) 352, 362, (J. R. Green) 367.
 MacLehose, Mrs., *letter to* (death of James MacLehose), 372.
 Macmillan, Alexander—
 Birth and ancestry, 1; religious revivals, 3; schoolmaster, 7; schooldays, 8-10; master of Scott's School, 10; assistant to George Gallie, 11; head of Shewalton School, 12; assistant in Glasgow School, 14; chemist's assistant, 14; sailor, 15; again an usher, 15; at Nitshill, 15; with Messrs. Seeley, 19; business of book-selling, 19, 285; boarding with Misses Nutter, 21; in business with D. Macmillan at Aldersgate Street (1843), 21; probably leaves Weigh House Chapel, 24; first and second books published, 26; literary notes in first catalogue, 26;

INDEX

Macmillan Alexander—

experiences under chloroform, 37; working men and infidelity, 48; first mention of Caroline Brimley and marriage, 51; Cambridge Working Men's College, 66; ethics of publishing, 69; on war, 71; public reading of *Maud*, 87; and the Church of England, 101; portrait by W. T. Roden, 113; first London publishing house, 115; on English hexameters, 116; letter about a novel, 118; proposed *Quarterly Review*, 120; Sunday observance (to F. D. Maurice), 119, 255, 268; Alexander Smith, 122; visit to Tennyson, 134; Cambridge University, 143; *In Memoriam*, 148; church rates, 149; letter about keeping a journal, 150; volunteers, 151; correspondence with *Guardian*, 155; Prayer-Book revision, 159; Darwinism, 160; visit to Arran (1860), 162; *Saturday Review*, 164; *The Guardian* and Westcott, 168; advice on copyright, 168; Aytoun's *Cavalier Lays*, 169; *Golden Treasury*, Design for, 170; Froude, 171; *Essays and Reviews*, 171; to a country parson, 172; on conversion, 173; the Communion, 175; visit to Eastbourne, 178; Mazzini, 180; Loch Long, 180; gambling, 180; Prince Consort, 183; J. R. Green, 183; Robert Burns, 192; letter to a Birmingham working man, 193; move to London and The Elms (Knapdale), 199; publisher to Oxford University, 199, 200; early works of

• Charles Kingsley, F. D. Maurice, Archbishop Trench and Miss Yonge, transferred from Parker, 200; building of 16 Bedford Street, 210; Thomas Carlyle, 211; dissent, 212; American War, 213; visit to Scotland, 214; views on elementary school books, 215;

• the years 1863-73, 216; visit

Macmillan, Alexander --

to Isle of Wight, 225; Cambridge and Oxford, 228; George Eliot, 230; letter to a complaining author, 230; visit to Scotland, 241; visit to Argyllshire, 258; visit to Rouen, 266; All Fools' Day dinners, 267, 268; visit to America, 272-276; American branch, 276; women's rights, 278; health, 281; visit to Wales, 293; women and education, 297; visit to Scotland, 303; freedom of Irvine, 306; death of Mrs. Macmillan, 309; second marriage to Emma Pignatell, 311; building of 29 and 30 Bedford Street, 314; visit to Boulogne, 317; copyright, 319; visit to Whitby, 326; proposed life of Daniel Macmillan, 351; bronze statuette by J. E. Boehm, 334; end of connection with Clarendon Press, 357; Hon. M.A. Oxford, 358; visit to and death of J. R. Green, 364; visit to Switzerland, 370; transference of Tennyson's works, 370; purchase of Bramshott chase, 372; Working Women's College, 374; 70th birthday, 376; 21 Portland Place, 377; Knapdale for Bishopric of Rochester, 377; portrait by Herkomer, 378; summary account, 386-

• 409; estimates of friends, 408.

Publications, Writings, and Lectures by—Selections from Shelley, with essay, 21 (anonymous); under pseudonym of Amos Yates: (a) *Existence of Evil and Existence of Good*, 44; (b) on Tennyson's *Maud*, 44 and 151; (c) "British Industry and Socialism" (unpublished), 47; "A Night with the Yankees," 283; introduction to F. J. Church's *Translations from Plato*, 353; proposed book on The Child,

• 399; translation of Heine's *Loreley*, 400.

Macmillan, Arthur, 154; death, 340.

INDEX

- Macmillan, Daniel, great-grandfather of A. Macmillan, 2.
- Macmillan, Daniel, brother of A. Macmillan, 5; assistant to Mr. Atkinson, 11; Cambridge with Elijah Johnson, 18; Seeley's, 19; opens shop with A. Macmillan, 21; visits Archdeacon Hare, 23; leaves Weigh House Chapel, 24; loan from Archdeacon Hare, 25; purchase of Mr. Newby's business, 25; sale of Aldersgate Street business, 25; purchase of Thomas Stevenson's business, 27; bad health, 29; engaged to Frances Orridge, 50; letters to A. Macmillan, 55, 62, 70; proposed literary paper, 70; on a London house, 70; death of, 97;
- Life by Thomas Hughes, 351-3 and 362.
- Macmillan, Daniel, *letters to*, 6, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 54, 55, 59, 60, 61, 63, 64, 68, 69, 71, 72, 75, 76, 77, 80, 82, 83, 85, 87.
- Macmillan, Mrs. Daniel, death of, 262; *letter to*, 241.
- Macmillan, Donald, 1.
- Macmillan, Duncan, father of Alexander Macmillan, 4.
- Macmillan, Edward, 1.
- Macmillan, Frederick, 314.
- Macmillan, George A., birth of, 83; school at Mrs. Maclaren's, 226; scholarship at Eton, 292; enters business, 314; Greece, impressions of, quoted, 341; marriage, 351.
- Macmillan Hugh, poem, 213; *letters to*, 181, 258, 329.
- Macmillan, Janet, 16, 21.
- Macmillan, John, 341.
- Macmillan, Malcolm, grandfather of Alexander Macmillan, 2; death of, 22.
- Macmillan, Malcolm, brother of Alexander Macmillan, 7.
- Macmillan, Malcolm Kingsley, son of Alexander Macmillan, enters Balliol, 314; death, 315; *letter to* C. Standish on Kingsley's proposed novel *Alcibiades*, 350; escape from drowning, 351; *Dagonet the Jester*, 373; death
- Macmillan, Malcolm Kingsley— and estimate of, 380; *letters to* (University and business training), 306, 332, 333; (*English Men of Letters*), 342.
- Macmillan, Margaret, *see* Mrs. Dyer.
- Macmillan, Mary, marriage, 373.
- Macmillan, Maurice, scholarship at Uppingham, 292; enters business, 314.
- Macmillan, Olive, marriage, 373.
- Macmillan (William), brother of A. M., death, 22.
- Macmillan (William Alexander), youngest son of A. M., 223, 254.
- Macmillan's Magazine*, 115, 117, 129, 132; inaugural dinner, 137; John Collins Francis on, 147, 271; editors of, David Masson, 130, Sir George Grove, 280, John Morley, 281; and Byron, 299.
- Manning, Cardinal, *letter to*, 360.
- Mansel, Henry Longueville, 124, 215.
- Masson, David, *Milton's Life and Times*, 121, 130; *letters to*, 133, 277.
- Maurice, The, 73.
- Maurice, Frederick Denison, *The Kingdom of Christ*, 23; Socialism, 52; eternal punishment, 54; King's College, London, 52, 54, 55; *Prophets and Kings*, 56; *Ecclesiastical History*, 57; *Sermons on Sacrifice*, 57; conversation with George Brimley, 76; compared to Spurgeon, 83; resigns from Vere Street, 195; Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, 261; death, 329; Life of, 370; *letters to*, 119, 124.
- Maxwell, James Clerk, 32.
- Mayor, Professor J. E. B., *letter to*, 330.
- Mazzini, Giuseppe, 180, 363.
- Meredith, George, 280.
- Middlemore, S. C., *letter to* (Mazzini), 363.
- Mill, John Stuart, 235.
- Miller, W. H., *The Three Questions*, 26.

INDEX

- 302
- Morley, John, 246; *Essay on George Eliot*, 259; *letters from*, 347, 358, 383; estimate of Alexander Macmillan, 408; *letters to*, 279; (Routledge's *Hone*), 338; (George Eliot), 343.
- Mullins, W., *letter to* (*Essays and Reviews*), 171.
- Mulock, Dinah, *see* Mrs. G. L. Craik.
- Music and Musicians, Dictionary of*, 323.
- Myers, F. W. H., *St. Paul*, 265.
- Nature*, the weekly journal, 299, 302.
- Nettleship, J. T., *letter to* (Robert Browning), 284.
- Newby, Richard, Cambridge bookseller, 25.
- Newman, Cardinal, *letter to*, 217.
- Nicholson, John, "Maps," Cambridge bookseller, 27.
- Nightingale, Florence, statuette of, 227.
- Noel, Hon. Roden, *letter to*, 196.
- Norton, Mrs., 163; Anthology of Love Poetry proposed, 164; *letters to*, 164, 170.
- Nutt, David, 35, 57, 72, 89.
- Nutter, Misses, 21.
- Oak Table, with autographs, 115.
- Oliphant, Mrs. M. O. W., *Son of The Soil*, 233; *letters to*, 233; (book on Florence), 316.
- Orridge, Frances, wife of Daniel Macmillan, 50.
- Orrinsmith, Mr., 67.
- Owen, Sir Richard, controversy with Huxley, 195.
- Owen, Robert, 48.
- Paley, William, 108.
- Palgrave, W. Gifford, *Travels in Arabia*, 233; *Hermann Agha*, 269; *Alkamah's Cave*, 326; *letter to*, 359.
- Palmer, Sir Roundell (Lord Selborne), *letter to*, 182.
- Pater, Walter, *letter to*, 312.
- Patmore, Coventry, *Children's Garland*, 179.
- Patriot, The*, a newspaper, 23.
- Phillimore, J. C., *letter to* (J. A. Froude), 171.
- Pignatel, Emma, wife of Alexander Macmillan, 311.
- Plato, *Dialogues*, 33; *The Gorgias*, 40; *Theaetetus*, 42.
- Pott, Mrs. Henry, *letters to* (Bacon, Shakespeare), 337, 338.
- Power, Joseph, University Librarian, 98, 106.
- Practitioner, The*, a medical monthly magazine, 299.
- Praise, Book of*, 182.
- Pugin, A. W. N., *True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture*, 112; Ruskin on, 112.
- Raleigh, Professor Walter, Shakespeare in *English Men of Letters*, 344.
- Rambler, The*, on *Westward Ho!* 77.
- Redcliffe, Lord Stratford de, *letter to* (Green's *Short History*), 336.
- Reform Essays*, 265.
- Reynolds, Dr. Russell and Rev. H. R., *Yes and No*, 122; *letter to*, 131.
- Rintoul, Robert Stephen, 182.
- Robertson, Rev. James, *letter to* (Colenso and *The Pentateuch*), 195.
- Robinson, William, *The Sin of Conformity*, 212.
- Roden, W. T., portrait of Alexander Macmillan, 113.
- Rossetti, Christina Georgina, *Goblin Market*, 181.
- Rossetti, Dante Gabriel, *letter to*, 181.
- Round Table, proposed name for *Magazine*, 132.
- Routledge, James, *Life of William Hone*, 338.
- Rutherford, Dr. W. G., estimate of Alexander Macmillan, 408.
- Sala, George Augustus, on William Hone, 339.
- Salmon, Dr. George, *letter to* (reply to Colenso and *The Pentateuch*), 197.
- Sandys, Frederick, portraits by, 372. *Saturday Review*, 138.
- Scott, Alexander, 23.
- Scottish Song—Golden Treasury, 322.

INDEX

- Sedgwick, Adam, 106, 112; death of, 315.
- Seeley, Sir J. R., *Ecce Homo*, 104, 233, 242, 250; *letter to* (death of Kingsley), 329.
- Selborne, Lord, *see* Sir Roundell Palmer.
- Senior, Nassau W., *Letters and Remains of Tocqueville*, 178.
- Shakespeare, *The Cambridge*, 156, 161; *The Globe*, 217, 223, 225.
- Shields, author of *Naphtah*, 166.
- Shorthouse, John Henry, *John Inglesant*, 356; *letter to*, 359.
- Sidgwick, Henry, 185.
- Simeon, Charles, 102.
- Simeon, Cornwall, *Stray Notes on Fishing and Natural History*, 151.
- Skelton, Rev. J., *letter to* (Bishop Cotton), 162.
- Smith, Alexander, 59, 123, 125; *letter to* (Golden Treasury Burns), 207.
- Smith, Barnard, 33.
- Smith, Goldwin, 202; (on America), 222; (marriage), 331; *letter to*, 237.
- Smith, Dr. Walter, *letters to* (on a poem), 166, 168.
- Smith, Rev. W. S., *letter to* (Cambridge and Oxford), 228.
- Speirs, Mr., *letter to*, 8, 309.
- Spencer, Herbert, *First Principles*, 197; *letter to* (bookselling), 361.
- Spurgeon, Charles Haddon, 83.
- Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, 51; *letters to* (Vacation Tours), 165, 172.
- Stead, Ellen, housekeeper to the brothers Macmillan, 31.
- Stephen, Sir James, proposed literary paper, 70, 106.
- Stephen, Sir James Fitzjames, *letters to*, 164, 165.
- Sterling, John, *Arthur Coningsby* (anonymous novel), 42.
- Stevenson, Thomas, Cambridge bookseller, 27.
- Stigand, W., *letters to*, 157.
- Stirling, James, *letter to* (Cambridge University), 143.
- Story, Rev. R. H., *letter to* (proposed *History of Argyll Family*), 191.
- Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher, on Byron, 299.
- Strettell, Rev. Alfred Baker, 88 n.
- Stubbs, Bishop, *letter to* (J. R. Green), 367.
- Sunday Book of Poetry*, 214.
- Sunday Library*, 258.
- Syme, James, Surgeon, 59.
- Symonds, John Addington, *letter to* (Shelley), 348.
- "Synagogue, The," a small discussion society, 34.
- Tait, *Memoir of Catherine and Crawford*, 349.
- Tautphœus, Baroness, *Quits*, 166.
- Taylor, Charles, 83.
- Taylor, Isaac, 84.
- Temple, Archbishop, *School Sermons*, 172.
- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, *In Memoriam*, 43; *Maud*, article by A. M. on, 44, 47 n, 82, 151; public reading of, 86; 134; *Lucretius*, 281, 346; *letters to*, 135, 139.
- Tennyson, Lady, *letters to*, 136, 371.
- Tennyson, Rev. Charles, *see* Rev. Charles Tennyson Turner.
- Tennyson, Hon. Hallam, *letter to* (Archbishop Trench), 373.
- Thackeray W. M., *Pendennis*, 32, 38; *The Newcomes*, 32, 83.
- Theological Quarterly, a proposed, 163.
- Thompson, W. H. (Master of Trinity), 33.
- Thoms, W. J., *letter to* (proposed book on Shakespeare), 219.
- Thomson, Sir William, *letter to* (*Nature*, the journal), 299.
- Thomson, Sir Wyville, *Challenger Expedition*, 320.
- Thornton, Rev. W. H., "The Synagogue," 34.
- Todhunter, Isaac, 33; *Differential Calculus*, 56; on a literary paper, 69.
- Tracts for Priests and People*, 175.
- Trench, Archbishop, death of, 373; *letters to* (America), 277; (J. R. Green), 366.
- Trevelyan, George Otto, *The Competition Wallah*, 204, 211; *Cawnpore and Competition Wallah*, 217, 222; *letter to*, 238.

INDEX

- Tulloch, Principal, *letter to* (Muscular Christianity in Eighteenth Century), 195.
- Turner, Rev. Charles (Tennyson), *letter to* (proposed volume of poems), 155.
- Vacation Tourists*, 165.
- Vansittart, A. A., *letter to*, 151.
- Vaughan, Charles John, *Rays of Sunlight, etc.*, 148; St. Paul's *Epistles*, 213; *letter to* (Prayer Book revision), 159.
- Venables, George Stovin, 131.
- Virginal, The* (a proposed anthology on love poetry), 164.
- Wallace, Alfred Russell, *Travels in Malay Archipelago*, 293.
- Warburton, Mrs., *letter to* (a Children's Bible), 304.
- Watt, David, 24; *letter to*, 148.
- Westcott, Brooke Foss, 33; *The Bible in the Church*, 206, 210; estimate of Alexander Macmillan, 408; *letters to* (possible war with America), 183; (*Gospel of the Resurrection*), 234; (*Westcott and Hort's Greek Testament*), 344.
- Whewell, William, 37.
- Whiston, Rev. Robert, *letter to* (*Maclear's Old Testament History*), 261.
- White, Andrew, President of Cornell, 274.
- Wilberforce, Samuel, 104.
- Wilson, Sir Daniel, 17; *letters to*, 160; (Bible chronology), 171; (Thomas Wright), 202, 370.
- Wilson, George, 17, 59, 130; death of, 140; poem by, 140.
- Wilson, The, of Edinburgh, 16.
- Wilson, J. M., 262, 270.
- Wilson, Professor, of Melbourne, *letter to*, 269.
- Wolseley, Lord, *Soldiers' Pocket Book*, 376.
- Wordsworth, William, called on the Macmillans, 28.
- Working Men's College, Cambridge, 66, 74, 109.
- Working Women's College, London, 374.
- Wright, Ichabod Charles, *letters to* (English hexameters), 179, 230.
- Wright, Josiah, proposed *History of England*, 192.
- Wright, W. Aldis, estimate of Alexander Macmillan, 408, 241-2.
- Yates (Amos), pseudonym for Alexander Macmillan, *see* Alexander Macmillan.
- Yonge, Charlotte M., 200; *letter to*, 311.