



GEORGE HOLYOAKE

**BYGONES
WORTH
REMEMBERING**

George Holyoake

Bygones Worth Remembering

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George Jacob Holyoake

PREFACE

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If the preface of a book be a plea to the reader, its force must lie in the aims of the author. In the following pages his main aim has been to be of service to somebody. That is a principle, which, amid the ravelment, perplexity, and entanglements of the world, always finds a pathway open. Such a principle is as an All-Seeing Eye, to which he who acknowledges it, is amenable, since it makes plain to him the devious, time-serving byways he should avoid.

The writer has no interest, no taste, no trust, save in definite, verifiable ideas. His aim has been to keep clear of the Sin of Pretension, which consists in declaring, or assuming to be true, that which the writer or speaker does not know to be true. What errors negligence of this rule has bred! What misdirection it has perpetuated! Into how many labyrinths, where truth was not to be found, has it led men! What can be more useful, or holier, than inciting the reader to beware of pretension in speech, in morals, in politics, and in piety? To keep as clear as possible of this universal sin may serve many and mislead none.

Professor Jowett has told us that "where Inquiry is denied at the door, Doubt gets in at the window." This is the way it came to the writer of this preface, and accounts for a certain liberty of expression the reader may meet with, if he ventures further into these pages.

A sentence of Mr. Allen Upward will sufficiently describe the spirit of this book: "Let us try to tolerate each other instead of trying to convert each other." The author disclaims belonging to that class who have "great

expectations," which are as vain in literature as in life. The utmost the author looks forward to is that semi-friendly applause which is accorded to a platform speaker, not so much for any merit in his oration as for his unexpected consideration for the audience by concluding.

G. J. HOLYOAKE.

CHAPTER I. CONCERNING BYGONES PREFATORY

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It was a saying of Dryden that "Anything, though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much." This depends upon what a writer says. No man is required to give an opinion of himself. Others will do that much better, if he will wait. But if a man may not speak of himself at all—reports of adventure, of personal endeavour, or of service, will be largely impossible. To relate is not to praise. The two things are quite distinct. Othello's imperishable narrative of his love of Desdemona contained no eulogy of himself. A story of observation, of experience, or of effort, or estimate of men or of opinions, I may venture upon—is written for the reader alone. The writer will be an entirely negligible quantity.

Lord Rosebery, who can make proverbs as well as cite them, lately recalled one which has had great vogue in its day, namely, "Let bygones be bygones." Life would be impossible or very unpleasant if every one persisted in remembering what had better be forgotten. Proverbs are like plants: they have a soil and climate under which alone they flourish. Noble maxims have their limitations. Few have universal applicability. If, for instance, the advice to "let bygones be bygones" be taken as universally true, strange questions arise. Are mistakes never more to teach us what to avoid? Are the errors of others no more to be a warning to us? Is the Book of Experience to be closed? Is no more

history to be written? If so philosophy could no longer teach wisdom by examples, for there would no longer be any examples to go upon. If all the mistakes of mankind and all the miscalculations of circumstance be forgotten, the warnings of the sages will die with them.

He who has debts, or loans not repaid, or promises not kept, or contracts unfulfilled in his memory, had better keep them there until he has made what reparation he can. The Bygone proverb does not apply to him. There are other derelictions of greater gravity than fall under the head of intellectual petty larceny, such as the conscious abandonment of principle, or desertion of a just cause, which had better be kept in mind for rectification.

If an admiral wrecked his ships, or a general lost his army, or a statesman ruined his country, by flagrant want of judgment—ever so conscientiously—it is well such things should be borne in mind by those who may renew, by fresh appointment, these opportunities of calamity. It would be to encourage incapacity were such bygones consigned to oblivion. It may be useless to dwell upon "spilt milk," but further employment of the spiller may not be prudent.

Slaves of the saying, "Let bygones perish," would construct mere political man-traps, which never act when depredators are about. In human affairs bygones have occurred worth remembering as guides for the future.

It is said that "greatness is thrust upon a man"—what is meant is a position of greatness. Greatness lies in the quality of the individual, and cannot be "thrust" on any man. It is true that intrinsic greatness is often left unrecognised. It would be a crime against progress were these cases, when known, consigned to forgetfulness. Noble thoughts as well as noble acts are worth bearing in mind, however long ago they may have occurred.

My friend Joseph Cowen, who from his youth had regarded me as a chartered disturber of the unreasoning torpidity of the public conscience, described me as an agitator. All the while I never was a Pedlar of Opinions. I never asked people to adopt mine, but to reason out their own. I merely explained the nature of what I took to be erroneous in theological and public affairs. Neither did I find fault with prevailing ideas, save where I could, or thought I could, suggest other principles of action more conducive to the welfare of all who dwell in cottages or lodgings—for whom I mainly care. I was for equal opportunities for all men, guaranteed by law, and for equitable participation in profit among all who, by toil of hand or brain, contributed to the wealth of the State.

Yet, though I never obtruded my convictions, neither did I conceal them. No public questioner ever went empty away—if his inquiry was relevant and I had the knowledge he sought. Sometimes, as at Cheltenham (in 1842), when an inquiry was malicious and the reply penal, the questioner got his answer. My maxim was that of Professor Blackie:—

"Wear thy heart not on thy sleeve,
But on just occasion
Let men know what you believe,
With breezy ventilation."

Thus, without intending it, I came to be counted an "agitator."

As to the matter of the following pages, they relate, as all autobiographical reminiscences do, to events that are past. But whether they relate to acts, or events, or opinions, to tragedy or gaiety, they are all meant to fulfil one condition—that of having instruction or guidance of some kind in them

—which bring them within the class of "bygones worth remembering."

One day as I was walking briskly along Fleet Street, a person in greater haste than myself running down Johnson's Court collided with me, and both of us fell to the ground. On rising, I said, "If you knocked me down, never mind; if I knocked you down, I beg your pardon." He did not reciprocate my forgiveness, thinking I had run against him intentionally. Nevertheless, I say to any resenting reader who does me mischief, "never mind." If I have done him any harm it has been unwittingly, and I tender him real apologies.

CHAPTER II. PERSONAL INCIDENTS

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These pages being autobiographic in their nature, something must be said under this head. I was born April 13, 1817, which readers complained I omitted to state in a former work¹ of a similar kind to this, probably thinking it a "Bygone" of no importance.

* * * * *

It was in 1817 that Robert Owen informed mankind that "all the religions in the world were in error," which was taken to mean that they were wrong throughout; whereas all the "Prophet of the City of London Tavern" sought to prove was that all faiths were in error so far as they rested on the dogma that men can believe if they will—irrespective of evidence whatever may be the force of it before them. Mr. Owen's now truistical statement set the dry sticks of every church aflame for seventy years. In many places the ashes smoulder still. By blending Theology with Sociology, the Churches mixed two things better kept apart Confusion raged for years on a thousand platforms and pulpits. I mention this matter because it was destined to colour and occupy a large portion of my life.

* * * * *

The habit of my thoughts is to run into speeches, as the thoughts of a poet run into verse; but if there be a more

intrinsic characteristic of my mind it is accurately described in the words of Coleridge:—

"I am by the law of my nature a Reasoner. A person who should suppose I meant by that word, an arguer, would not only not understand me, but would understand the contrary of my meaning. I can take no interest whatever in hearing or saying anything merely as a fact—merely as having happened. I must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. I require in everything a reason why the thing *is* at all, and why it is *there* or *then* rather than elsewhere or at another time."

This may be why I entitled the first periodical edited in my name, *The Reasoner*.

* * * * *

My firstborn child, Madeline, perished while I was in Gloucester Prison.² There is no other word which described what happened in 1842.

In 1895 (as I had always intended), I had a brass tablet cast bearing the simple inscription—

"Near this spot was buried

MADELINE,

Daughter of George Jacob and Eleanor Holyoake,

WHO PERISHED

October! 1842."

This tablet I had placed on the wall over the grave where the poor child lay. The grave is close to the wall. The cemetery authorities had objections to the word "Perished." When I explained to them the circumstances of Madeline's death, they permitted its erection, on my paying a cemetery fee of two guineas. The tablet will endure as long as the cemetery wall lasts. The tablet is on the left side of the main entrance to the cemetery, somewhat obscured by trees now.

* * * * *

Dr. Samuel Smiles published a book on Self-Help in 1859. In 1857, two years earlier, I had used the same title "Self-Help by the People." In a later work, "Self-Help, a Hundred Years Ago," the title was continued. I had introduced it into Co-operation, where it became a watchword. I have wondered whether Dr. Smiles borrowed the name from me. He knew me in 1841, when he was editing the Leeds *Times* to which I was a contributor. He must have seen in Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," "Self-Help by the People—History of Co-operation in Rochdale," quoted in Mill's book (book iv. chap. viii.).

* * * * *

The phrase "Science is the Providence of Life" was an expression I had used in drawing up a statement of Secular Principles twenty-four years before I found it in the poem of Akenside's.

* * * * *

Two things of the past I may name as they indicate the age of opinions, by many supposed to be recent. Co-operators are considered as intending the abolition of competition, but as what we call nature—human, animal, and insect—is founded upon competition, nobody has the means of abolishing it. In the first number of the *Reasoner*, June 3, 1846, in the first article, I stated that Mr. Owen and his friends proclaimed co-operation as the "Corrector of the excesses of competition in social life"—a much more modest undertaking than superseding it.

* * * * *

The second thing I name that I wrote in the same number of the *Reasoner* is a short paper on "Moral Mathematics," setting forth that there is a mathematics of morality as well as of lines and angles. There are problems in morality, the right solution of which contributes as much to mental discipline as any to be found in Euclid. These I thus set forth —

Problem 1. Given—an angry man to answer without being angry yourself.

Problem 2. Given—an opponent full of bitterness and unjust insinuations to reply to without asperity or stooping to counter insinuations.

Problem 3. Given—your own favourite truths to state without dogmatism, and to praise without pride, adducing with fairness the objections to them without disparaging the judgment of those who hold the objections.

Problem 4. Given—an inconsistent and abusive opponent. It is required to reply to him by argument, convincing rather than retorting. All opportunities of "thrashing" him are to be passed by, all pain to be saved him as far as possible, and

no word set down whose object is not the opponent's improvement.

Problem 5. Given—the error of an adversary to annihilate with the same vigour with which you could annihilate him.

Problem 6. Required—out of the usual materials to construct a public body, who shall tolerate just censure and despise extravagant praise.

* * * * *

One day I found a piece of twisted paper which I picked up thinking I had dropped it myself. I found in it a gold ring with a snake's head. It was so modest and curious that I wore it. Four years after, on a visit to Mr. W. H. Duignan, at Rushall Hall, on the border of Cannock Chase, I lost it. Four days later I arrived by train at Rugby Station with five heavy-footed countrymen. I went to the refreshment room. On my return only one man was in the carriage. The sun was shining brightly on the carriage floor, and there in the middle, lay, all glittering and conspicuous, my lost ring unseen and untrodden. I picked it up with incredulity and astonishment. How it came there or could come there, or being there, how it could escape the heavy feet of the passengers who went out, or the eyes of the one remaining, I cannot to this day conceive. After I had lost it, I had walked through Kidderminster, Dudley Castle, and Birmingham, and searched for it several times. I had dressed and undressed four times. I lost it finally during Lord Beaconsfield's last Government, at the great Drill Hall meeting at Blackheath,³ in a Jingo crush made to prevent Mr. Gladstone entering to speak there on the Eastern policy of that day. In future times should the ground be excavated, the spot where I stood will

be marked with gold—the only place so marked by me in this world.

* * * * *

It is probably vanity—though I disguise it under the name of pride—that induces me to insert here certain incidents. Nevertheless pride is the major motive. When I have been near unto death, and have asked myself what has been the consolation of this life, I found it in cherished memories of illustrious persons of thought and action, whose friendship I had shared. There are other incidents—as Harriet Martineau's Letter to Lloyd Garrison, Tyndall's testimony, elsewhere quoted—which will never pass from my memory.

* * * * *

The first dedication to me was that of a poem by Allen Davenport, 1843—an ardent Whitechapel artisan. The tribute had value in my eyes, coming from one of the toiling class—and being a recognition on the part of working men of London, that I was one of their way of thinking and could be trusted to defend the interests of industry.

* * * * *

The next came from the theological world—a quite unexpected incident in those days. The Rev. Henry Crosskey dedicated his "Defence of Religion" to me. He was of the priestly profession, but had a secular heart, and on questions of freedom at home and abroad he could be counted upon, as though he was merely human. The dedication brought Mr. Crosskey into trouble with Dr. Martineau. Unitarians were personally courteous to heretics

in private, but they made no secret that they were disinclined to recognise them in public. Dr. Martineau shared that reservation.

Letter from Dr. James Martineau to Rev. W. H. Crosskey:—

"It is very difficult to say precisely how far our respect for honest conviction, and indignation at a persecuting temper, should carry us in our demonstrations towards men unjustly denounced. I do confess that, while I would stoutly resist any ill-usage of such a man as Holyoake, or any attempt to gag him, I could hardly dedicate a book to him: this act seeming to imply a special sympathy and admiration directed upon that which distinctively characterises the man. Negative defence from injury is very different from positive homage. After all, Holyoake's principles are undeniably more subversive of the greatest truths and genuine basis of human life than the most unrelenting orthodoxy. However, it is a generous impulse to appear as the advocate of a man whom intolerance unjustly reviles."⁴

Thus he gave the young minister to understand—that while there was nothing wrong in his having respect for me, he need not have made it public. At that time it was chivalry in Mr. Crosskey to do what he did, for which I respected him all his days.

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A third dedication I thought more of, and still value, came from the political world, and was the first literary testimony of my interest in it. It came from "Mark Rutherford" (William Hale White), who knew everything I knew, and a good deal more. He inscribed to me, 1866, a remarkable "Argument for the Extension of the Franchise," which had all the characteristics of statement, which have brought him

renown in later years. He said in his prefatory letter to me: "If my argument does any service for Reform, Reformers will have to thank you for it, as they have to thank you for a good many other things." They were words to prize.

* * * * *

Recently a letter came from Professor Goldwin Smith, who was Cobden's admiration and envy, as he once told me, for the power of expressing an argument or a career in a sentence. His letter to me was as follows:—

"You and I have lived together through many eventful and changeful years. The world in these years has, I hope and believe, grown better than it was when we came into it. In respect of freedom of opinion and industrial justice, the two objects to which your life has been most devoted, real progress has certainly been made."

The main objects of my life are here distinguished and expressed in six words.

* * * * *

Reviewers of the autobiographic volumes preceding these, complained that they contained too little about myself. If they read the last four paragraphs given here they will be of opinion that I have said enough now.

* * * * *

At the Co-operative Congress held in Gloucester, 1879, a number of delegates went down to see the gaol. When they arrived before it, Mr. Abraham Greenwood, of Rochdale, exclaimed, "Take off your hats, lads! That's where Holyoake was imprisoned." They did so. That incident—when it was

related to me—impressed me more than anything else connected with Co-operation. I did not suppose those tragical six months in that gaol were in the minds of co-operators, or that any one had respect for them.

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The chapter, "Things which went as they Would," shows that serving co-operators had its inconveniences, but there were compensatory incidents which I recount with pleasure. One was their contribution to the Annuity of 1876, which Mr. Hughes himself commended to them at the London Congress. It was owing to Major Evans Bell and Mr. Walter Morrison that the project was successful.

* * * * *

The other occurred at the Doncaster Congress, 1903. In my absence a resolution had been passed thanking me for services I had rendered in Ten Letters in Defence of Co-operation. When I rose to make acknowledgment, all the large audience stood up. It was the first time I had ever been so received anywhere, showing that services which seemed un-noted at the time, lived in remembrance.

* * * * *

Here I may cite a letter from Wendell Phillips. Of the great American Abolitionists, Phillips, with his fine presence and intrepid eloquence, was regarded as the "noblest Roman of them all." Theodore Parker, he described to me as the Jupiter of the pulpit; and Russell Lowell has drawn Lloyd Garrison, in the famous verse—

"In a dark room, unfriended and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types, a poor unlearn'd young
man.

The place was low, unfurnished and mean,
But there the freedom of a race began."

I corresponded with them in their heroic days. It is one of the letters of Phillips to me I quote here:—

"Boston,

"July 22, 1874.

"My dear Sir—I ought long ago to have thanked you for sending me copies of your pamphlets on John Stuart Mill and the Rochdale Pioneers—and with so kind and partial a recognition of my co-operation with you in your great cause.

"That on Mill was due certainly to a just estimate of him, but how sad that human jackals should make it necessary. That on Co-operation I read and read again, welcoming the light you throw on it, for it is one of my most hopeful stepping-stones to a higher future. Thank you for the lesson—it cleared one or two dark places—not the first by any means—for I've read everything of yours I could lay my hands on. There was one small volume on Rhetoric—'Public Speaking and Debate,' methods of address, hints towards effective speech, etc.—which I studied faithfully, until some one to whom I had praised and lent it, acting probably on something like Coleridge's rule, that books belong to those who most need them—never returned me my well-thumbed essay, to my keen regret. Probably you never knew that we had printed your book. This was an American reprint—wholly exhausted—proof that it did good service. We reprinted, some ten years ago, one of your wisest tracts, the 'Difficulties that obstruct Co-operation.' It did us yeoman service. But enough, I shall beg you to accept a volume of

old speeches printed long ago, because it includes my only attempt to criticise you—which you probably never saw. In it I will put, when I mail it, the last and best photograph of Sumner, and if you'll exchange, I'll add one of

"Yours faithfully, and ever,

"Wendell Phillips.

"Mr. G.J. Holyoake."

* * * * *

With Mr. Charles Bradlaugh I had personal relations all his life. I took the chair for him at the first public lecture he delivered. I gave him ready applause and support. At the time of what was called his "Parliamentary struggle," I was entirely with him and ready to help him. It was with great reluctance and only in defence of principle, to which I had long been committed, that I appeared as opposed to him. He claimed to represent Free Thought, with which I had been identified long before his day. My conviction was that a Free Thinker should have as much courage, consistency, and self-respect as any Apostle, or Jew, or Catholic, or Quaker. All had in turn refused to make a profession of opinion they did not hold, at the peril of death, or, as in the case of O'Connell and the Jews, at the certainty of exclusion from Parliament. They had only to take an oath, to the terms of which they could not honestly subscribe. Mr. Bradlaugh had no scruple about doing this. In the House of Commons he openly kissed the Bible, in which he did not believe—a token of reverence he did not feel. He even administered to himself the oath, which was contrary to his professed convictions. This seemed to be a reflection upon the honour of Free Thought. Had I not dissented from it, I should have been a sharer in the scandal, and Free Thought—so far as I

represented it—would have been regarded as below the Christian or Pagan level.

The key to Mr. Bradlaugh's character, which unlocks the treasure-house of his excellences and defects, and enables the reader to estimate him justly, is the perception that his one over-riding motive and ceaseless aim was the ascendancy of the right *through him*. It was this passion which inspired his best efforts, and also led to certain aberration of action. But what we have to remember now, and permanently, is that it was ascendancy of the *right* in political and theological affairs that he mainly sought for, fought for, and vindicated. It is this which will long cause his memory to be cherished.

At the time of his death I wrote honouring notices of his career in the *Bradford Observer* and elsewhere, which were reproduced in other papers. Otherwise, I found opportunity on platforms of showing my estimate of his character and public services. I had never forgotten an act of kindness he had, in an interval of goodwill, done me. When disablement and blindness came in 1876, he collected from the readers of his journal £170 towards a proposed annuity for me. It was a great pleasure to me to repay that kindness by devising means (which others neither thought of nor believed in) of adding thrice that sum to the provision being made for his survivors. It was a merit in him that devotion to pursuits of public usefulness did not, in his opinion, absolve him from keeping a financial promise, as I knew, and have heard friends who aided him testify—a virtue not universal among propagandists. No wonder the coarse environments of his early life lent imperiousness to his manners. In later years, when he was in the society of equals, where masterfulness was less possible and less necessary, he acquired courtesy and a certain dignity—the attribute of

conscious power. He was the greatest agitator, within the limits of law, who appeared in my time among the working people. Of his own initiative he incurred no legal danger, and those who followed him were not led into it. He was a daring defender of public right, and not without genius in discovering methods for its attainment. One form of genius lies in discovering developments of a principle which no one else sees. Had he lived in the first French Revolution, he had ranked with Mirabeau and Danton. Had he been with Paine in America, he had spoken "Common Sense" on platforms. He died before being able to show in Parliament the best that was in him. Though he had no College training like Professor Fawcett, Indian lawyers found that Mr. Bradlaugh had a quicker and greater grasp of Indian questions than the Professor. It was no mean distinction—it was, indeed, a distinction any man might be proud to have won—that John Stuart Mill should have left on record, in one of his latest works, his testimony to Mr. Bradlaugh's capacity, which he discerned when others did not. Like Cobbett, the soldiers' barracks did not repress Bradlaugh's invincible passion for the distinction of a political career. In the House of Commons he took, both in argument and debate, a high rank, and surpassed compeers there of a thousand times his advantages of birth and education. That from so low a station he should have risen so high, and, after reaching the very platform of his splendid ambition, he should die in the hour of his opportunity of triumph, was one of the tragedies of public life, which touched the heart of the nation, in whose eyes Mr. Bradlaugh had become a commanding figure.

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It was in connection with the controversy concerning the Oath that I received a letter from John Stuart Mill, which when published in the *Daily News*, excited much surprise. Mr. Mill was of opinion, that the oath, being made the condition of obtaining justice, ordinary persons might take it. But one who was known to disbelieve the terms of it, and had for years publicly written and spoken to that effect, had better not take it. This was the well-known Utilitarian doctrine that the consequences of an act are the justification of it. Francis Place had explained to me that Bentham's doctrine was that the sacrifice of liberty or life was justifiable only on the ground that the public gained by it. A disciple should have very strong convictions who differs from his master, and I differ with diffidence from Mr. Mill as to the propriety of carrying the Utilitarian doctrine into the domain of morals. Truth is higher than utility, and goes before it. Truth is a measure of utility, and not utility the measure of truth. Conscience is higher than consequence. We are bound first to consider what is right. There may be in some cases, reasons which justify departure from the right. But these are exceptions. The general rule is—Truth has the first claim upon us.

To take an oath when you do not believe in an avenging Deity who will enforce it, is to lie and know that you lie. This surely requires exceptional justification. It is nothing to the purpose to allege that the oath is binding upon you. The security of that are the terms of the oath. The law knows no other. To admit the terms to be unnecessary is to abolish the oath.

* * * * *

When a youth, attending lectures at the Mechanics' Institution, I soon discerned that the more eminent speakers were the clearer. They knew their subjects, were masters of the outlines, which by making bold and plain, we were instructed. Outline is the beginning of art and the charm of knowledge. Remembering this, I found no difficulty in teaching very little children to write in a week.

It is a great advantage to children to take care that their first notions are true. The primary element of truth is simplicity—with children it is their first fascination. I had only to show them that the alphabet meant no more than a line and a circle. A little child can make a "straight stroke" "and a round O."

The alphabet is made up of fifteen straight line and dozen curved line letters. The root of the fifteen straight line letters is J placed in various ways. The root of the eleven curved line letters is O or parts of O and I joined together.

A is made by two straight lines leaning against each other at the top, and a line across the middle.

H is made of two upright lines with a straight line between them.

V is made of two straight lines meeting at the bottom. If two upright lines are added to the V it becomes M.

Two V's put together make W. The letters L and T and X and Z make themselves, so easy is it to place the straight lines which compose them.

O makes itself. A short line makes it into Q. If the side of O be left open it is a C. If two half O's are joined together they make S. Half O and an upright line make D. An upright line and a half O make P. Another half added and B is made.

After a second or third time a child will understand the whole alphabet.

Such is the innate faculty of imitation and construction in children that they will put the letters together themselves when the method is made plain to them, and within a week will compose their own name and their mother's. At the same time they learn to read as well as to write. What they are told they are apt to forget, what they write they remember.

Reason is the faculty of seeing what follows as a consequence from what is, but to define distinction well is a divine gift. My one aim was to make things clear.

* * * * *

One of my suggestions to the young preachers, who had two sermons on Sunday to prepare, was that they should give all their strength to the evening discourse and arrange with their congregation to deliver the other from one of the old divines of English or Continental renown, which would inform as well as delight hearers. It would be an attraction to the outside public. Few congregations know anything of the eloquence, the happy and splendid illustrations and passages of thought to be found in the fathers of the Church of every denomination. Professor Francis William Newman, whose wide knowledge and fertility of thought had few equals in his day, told me that he should shrink from the responsibility of having to deliver a proficient and worthy discourse fifty-two times a year. Anyhow, for the average preacher, better one bright ruddy discourse, than two pale-faced sermons every Sunday.

* * * * *

Those who remained true to Chartism till the end of it are recorded in the following paragraph under the title of the "National Charter Association," which appeared in *Reynolds's Newspaper*, January 4, 1852:—

"On Wednesday evening last, the scrutineers appointed by the metropolitan localities attended at the office, 14, Southampton Street, Strand, and having inspected the votes received, gave the following as the result, in favour of the following nine:—

"Ernest Jones (who received 900 votes), Feargus O'Connor, John Arnott, T. M. Wheeler, James Grassby, John Shaw, W. J. Linton, J. J. Bezer, G. J. Holyoake.

"Messrs. J. B. O'Brien, Gerald Massey, and Arthur Trevelyan having declined to serve, the votes received on their behalf have not been recognised.

"We, the undersigned, hereby declare the nine persons first named to be duly elected to form the Executive Committee for the ensuing year.

"John Washington, City Locality.

"Edwd. John Loomes, Finsbury Locality.

"December 31, 1851."

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After I became an octogenarian, I was asked whether my years might be ascribed to my habits. I could only explain what my habits were. In the first half of my life I ate whatever came to hand, and as not enough came I easily observed moderation. But then I was disposed to be moderate on principle, having read in the *Penny Magazine*, about 1830, that Dr. Abernethy told a lady "she might eat anything eatable in moderation." In the second and later half of my life I gave heed to Carnaro, and sought to limit

each meal to the least quantity necessary for health. The limitation of quantity included liquids as well as solids, decreasing the amount of both "in relation to age and activity," as Sir Henry Thompson advised. Not thinking much of meat, I limited that to a small amount, and cereals to those that grow above ground. A tepid bath for the eye (on the recommendation of the Rev. Dr. Molesworth, of Rochdale) and a soap bath for the body every morning ends the catalogue of my habits.

My general mode of mind has been to avoid excess in food, in pleasure, in work, and in expectation. By not expecting much, I have been saved from worry if nothing came. When anything desirable did arrive, I had the double delight of satisfaction and surprise. Shakespeare's counsel—

"Be not troubled with the tide which bears
O'er thy contents its strong necessities,
But let determined things to destiny
Hold, unbewailed their way"—

ought to be part of every code of health.

The conduciveness of my habits to longevity may be seen in this. More than forty of my colleagues, all far more likely to live than myself, have long been dead. Had I been as strong as they, I also should have died as they did. Lacking their power of hastening to the end, I have lingered behind.

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For the rest—

"From my window is a glimpse of sea
Enough for me,