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Содержание

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THE CAXTONS. – PART II

CHAPTER VII

When I had reached the age of twelve, I had got to the head of the preparatory school to which I had been sent. And having thus exhausted all the oxygen of learning in that little receiver, my parents looked out for a wider range for my inspirations. During the last two years in which I had been at school, my love for study had returned; but it was a vigorous, wakeful, undreamy love, stimulated by competition, and animated by the practical desire to excel.

My father no longer sought to curb my intellectual aspirings. He had too great a reverence for scholarship not to wish me to become a scholar if possible; though he more than once said to me somewhat sadly, "Master books, but do not let them master you. Read to live, not live to read. One slave of the lamp is enough for a household; my servitude must not be a hereditary bondage."

My father looked round for a suitable academy; and the fame of Dr Herman's "Philhellenic Institute" came to his ears.

Now, this Dr Herman was the son of a German music-master, who had settled in England. He had completed his own education at the university of Bonn; but, finding learning too common a drug in that market to bring the high price at which he valued his own, and having some theories as to political freedom which attached him to England, he resolved upon setting up a school, which he designed as an "era in the history of the human mind." Dr Herman was one of the earliest of those new-fashioned authorities in education, who have, more lately, spread pretty numerously amongst us, and would have given, perhaps, a dangerous shake to the foundations of our great classical seminaries, if those last had not very wisely, though very cautiously, borrowed some of the more sensible principles which lay mixed and adulterated amongst the crotchets and chimeras of their innovating rivals and assailants.

Dr Herman had written a great many learned works against every pre-existing method of instruction: that which had made the greatest noise was upon the infamous fiction of Spelling-Books: "A more lying, roundabout, puzzle-headed delusion than that by which we CONFUSE the clear instincts of truth in our accursed systems of spelling, was never concocted by the father of falsehood." Such was the exordium of this famous treatise. "For instance, take the monosyllable Cat. What brazen forehead you must have, when you say to an infant C, A, T, – spell CAT: that is, three sounds, forming a totally opposite compound – opposite in every detail, opposite in the whole – compose a poor little monosyllable, which, if you would but say the simple truth, the child will learn to spell merely by looking at it! How can three sounds, which run thus to the ear, *see—eh—tee*, compose the sound *cat*? Don't they rather compose the sound *see-eh-té*, or *ceaty*? How can a system of education flourish that begins by so monstrous a falsehood, which the sense of hearing suffices to contradict? No wonder that the horn-book is the despair of mothers!" From this instance, the reader will perceive that Dr Herman, in his theory of education, began at the beginning! – he took the bull fairly by the horns. As for the rest, upon a broad principle of eclecticism, he had combined together every new patent invention for youthful idea-shooting. He had taken his trigger from Hofwyl; he had bought his wadding from Hamilton; he had got his copper-caps from Bell and Lancaster. The youthful idea!

he had rammed it tight! he had rammed it loose! he had rammed it with pictorial illustrations! he had rammed it with the monitorial system! he had rammed in every conceivable way, and with every imaginable ramrod; but I have mournful doubts whether he shot the youthful idea an inch farther than it did under the old mechanism of flint and steel! Nevertheless, as Dr Herman really did teach a great many things too much neglected at schools; as, besides Latin and Greek, he taught a vast variety in that vague complexity now-a-days called "useful knowledge;" as he engaged lecturers on chemistry, engineering, and natural history; as arithmetic and the elements of physical science were enforced with zeal and care; as all sorts of gymnastics were intermingled with the sports of the play-ground; – so the youthful idea, if it did not go farther, spread its shots in a wider direction; and a boy could not stay there five years without learning *something*, which is more than can be said of all schools! He learned at least to use his eyes, and his ears, and his limbs; order, cleanliness, exercise, grew into habits; and the school pleased the ladies, and satisfied the gentlemen; in a word, it thrived: and Dr Herman, at the time I speak of, numbered more than one hundred pupils. Now, when the worthy man first commenced the task of tuition, he had proclaimed the humanest abhorrence to the barbarous system of corporeal punishment. But, alas! as his school increased in numbers, he had proportionately recanted these honourable and antibirchen ideas. He had, reluctantly, perhaps, – honestly, no doubt, but with full determination, – come to the conclusion, that there are secret springs which can only be discovered by the twigs of the divining-rod; and having discovered with what comparative ease the whole mechanism of his little government, by the admission of the birch-regulator, could be carried on, so, as he grew richer, and lazier, and fatter, the Philhellenic Institute spun along as glibly as a top kept in vivacious movement by the perpetual application of the lash.

I believe that the school did not suffer in reputation from this sad apostacy on the part of the head master; on the contrary, it seemed more natural and English, – less outlandish and heretical. And it was at the zenith of its renown, when, one bright morning, with all my clothes nicely mended, and a large plumcake in my box, I was deposited at its hospitable gates.

Amongst Dr Herman's various whimsicalities, there was one to which he had adhered with more fidelity than to the anti-corporeal punishment articles of his creed; and, in fact, it was upon this that he had caused those imposing words, "Philhellenic Institute," to blaze in gilt capitals in front of his academy. He belonged to that illustrious class of scholars who are now waging war on our popular mythologies, and upsetting all the associations which the Etonians and Harrovians connect with the household names of ancient history. In a word, he sought to restore to scholastic purity the mutilated orthography of Greek appellatives. He was extremely indignant that little boys should be brought up to confound Zeus with Jupiter, Ares with Mars, Artemis with Diana – the Greek deities with the Roman; and so rigidly did he inculcate the doctrine that these two sets of personages were to be kept constantly contradistinguished from each other, that his cross-examinations kept us in eternal confusion.

"Vat," he would exclaim to some new boy fresh from some grammar-school on the Etonian system – "Vat do you mean by dranslating *Zeus* Jupiter? Is dat amatory, irascible, cloud-compelling god of Olympus, vid his eagle and his ægis, in the smallest degree resembling de grave, formal, moral Jupiter Optimus Maximus of the Roman Capitol? – a god, Master Simpkins, who would have been perfectly shocked at the idea of running after innocent Fraulein dressed up as a swan or a bull! I put dat question to you vonce for all, Master Simpkins." Master Simpkins took care to agree with the Doctor. "And how could you," resumed Dr Herman majestically, turning to some other criminal alumnus – "how could you presume to dranslate de *Ares* of Homer, sir, by de audacious vulgarism Mars? *Ares*, Master Jones, who roared as loud as ten thousand men when he was hurt, or as you vill roar if I catch you calling him Mars again! *Ares* who covered seven plectra of ground; *Ares*, the man-slayer, with the Mars or Mavors whom de Romans stole from de Sabines! Mars, de solemn and calm protector of Rome! Master Jones, Master Jones, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" – and then waxing enthusiastic, and warming more and more into German gutturals and pronunciation, the good

Doctor would lift up his hands, with two great rings on his thumbs, and exclaim – "Und Du! and dou, *Aphroditè*; dou, whose bert de Seasons velcomed! dou, who didst put Atonis into a coffer, and den tid durn him into an anemone; dou to be called *Venus* by dat snivel-nosed little Master Budderfield! Venus, who presided over Baumgartens and funerals, and nasty tinking sewers! Venus Cloacina, – O mein Gott! Come here, Master Budderfield; I must a flog you for dat; I must indeed, liddle boy!" As our Philhellenic preceptor carried his archæological purism into all Greek proper names, it was not likely that my unhappy baptismal would escape. The first time I signed my exercise, I wrote "Pisistratus Caxton" in my best round-hand. "And dey call your baba a scholar!" said the Doctor contemptuously. "Your name, sir, is Greek; and, as Greek, you vill be dood enough to write it, vith vat you call an *e* and an *o*– P, E, I, S, I, S, T, R, A, T, O, S; and you vill alway put de accent over de *i*. Vat can you expect for to come to, Master Caxton, if you don't pay de care dat is proper to your own dood name – de *e*, and de *o*, and de accent? Ach! let me see no more of your vile corruptions! Mein Gott! Pi! ven de name is Pei!"

The next time I wrote home to my father, modestly implying that I was short of cash, that a trap-bat would be acceptable, and that the favourite goddess amongst the boys (whether Greek or Roman was very immaterial) was *Diva Moneta*, I felt a glow of classical pride in signing myself, "your affectionate Peísistratos." The next post brought a sad damper to my scholastic exultation. The letter ran thus:

> "My dear Son, – I prefer my old acquaintances Thucydides and Pisistratus to Thoukudídes and Peísistratos. Horace is familiar to me, but Horatius is only known to me as Cocles. Pisistratus can play at trap-ball; but I find no authority in pure Greek to allow me to suppose that that game was known to Peísistratos. I should be too happy to send you a drachma or so, but I have no coins in my possession current at Athens at the time when Pisistratus was spelt Peísistratos. Your affectionate father, *"A. Caxton."*

Verily, here indeed was the first practical embarrassment produced by that melancholy anachronism which my father had so prophetically deplored. However, nothing like experience to prove the value of compromise in this world! Peísistratos continued to write exercises, and a second letter from Pisistratus was followed by the trap-bat.

CHAPTER VIII

I was somewhere about sixteen when, on going home for the holidays, I found my mother's brother settled among the household lares. Uncle Jack, as he was familiarly called, was a light-hearted, plausible, enthusiastic, talkative fellow, who had spent three small fortunes in trying to make a large one.

Uncle Jack was a great speculator; but in all his speculations he never affected to think of himself, – it was always the good of his fellow-creatures that he had at heart, and in this ungrateful world fellow-creatures are not to be relied upon! On coming of age, he inherited £6000 from his maternal grandfather. It seemed to him then his fellow-creatures were sadly imposed upon by their tailors. Those ninth-parts of humanity notoriously eked out their fractional existence by asking nine times too much for the clothing which civilisation, and perhaps a change of climate, render more necessary to us than to our ancestors the Picts. Out of pure philanthropy, Uncle Jack started "*a Grand National Benevolent Clothing Company*," which undertook to supply the public with inexpressibles of the best Saxon cloth at 7s. 6d. a pair; coats, superfine, £1, 18s.; and waistcoats at so much per dozen. They were all to be worked off by steam. Thus the rascally tailors were to be put down, humanity clad, and the philanthropists rewarded (but that was a secondary consideration) with a clear return of 30 per cent. In spite of the evident charitableness of this Christian design, and the irrefragable calculations upon which it was based, this company died a victim to the ignorance and unthankfulness of our fellow-creatures. And all that remained of Jack's £6000 was a fifty-fourth share in a small steam-engine, a large assortment of ready-made pantaloons, and the liabilities of the directors.

Uncle Jack disappeared, and went on his travels. The same spirit of philanthropy which characterised the speculations of his purse attended the risks of his person. Uncle Jack had a natural leaning towards all distressed communities: if any tribe, race, or nation was down in the world, Uncle Jack threw himself plump into the scale to redress the balance. Poles, Greeks, (the last were then fighting the Turks,) Mexicans, Spaniards, – Uncle Jack thrust his nose into all their squabbles! Heaven forbid I should mock thee, poor Uncle Jack! for those generous predilections towards the unfortunate; only, whenever a nation is in misfortune, there is always a job going on! The Polish cause, the Greek cause, the Mexican cause, and the Spanish cause, are necessarily mixed up with loans and subscriptions. These Continental patriots, when they take up the sword with one hand, generally contrive to thrust the other deep into their neighbours' breeches' pockets. Uncle Jack went to Greece, thence he went to Spain, thence to Mexico. No doubt he was of great service to these afflicted populations, for he came back with unanswerable proof of their gratitude in the shape of £3000. Shortly after this appeared a prospectus of the "New, Grand, National Benevolent Insurance Company, for the Industrious Classes." This invaluable document, after setting forth the immense benefits to society arising from habits of providence, and the introduction of insurance companies – proving the infamous rate of premiums exacted by the existent offices, and their inapplicability to the wants of the honest artisan, and declaring that nothing but the purest intentions of benefiting their fellow-creatures, and raising the moral tone of society, had led the directors to institute a new society, founded on the purest principles and the most moderate calculations – proceeded to demonstrate that twenty-four and a half per cent was the smallest possible return the shareholders could anticipate. The company began under the fairest auspices: an archbishop was caught as president, on the condition always that he should give nothing but his name to the society. Uncle Jack – more euphoniously designated as "the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esquire" – was honorary secretary, and the capital stated at two millions. But such was the obtuseness of the industrious classes, so little did they perceive the benefits of subscribing one-and-ninepence a-week from the age of twenty-one to fifty, in order to secure at the latter age the annuity of £18, that the company dissolved into thin air, and with it dissolved also Uncle Jack's £3000. Nothing more was then seen or heard of him

for three years. So obscure was his existence, that on the death of an aunt, who left him a small farm in Cornwall, it was necessary to advertise that "If John Jones Tibbets, Esq., would apply to Messrs Blunt and Tin, Lothbury, between the hours of ten and four, he would hear of something to his advantage." But, even as a conjuror declares that he will call the ace of spades, and the ace of spades, that you thought you had safely under your foot, turns up on the table – so with this advertisement suddenly turned up Uncle Jack. With inconceivable satisfaction did the new land-owner settle himself in his comfortable homestead. The farm, which was about two hundred acres, was in the best possible condition, and saving one or two chemical preparations, which cost Uncle Jack, upon the most scientific principles, thirty acres of buckwheat, the ears of which came up, poor things, all spotted and speckled, as if they had been inoculated with the small-pox, Uncle Jack for the first two years was a thriving man. Unluckily, however, one day Uncle Jack discovered a coal-mine in a beautiful field of swedish turnips; in another week the house was full of engineers and naturalists, and in another month appeared, in my uncle's best style, much improved by practice, a prospectus of "the Grand, National, anti-Monopoly Coal Company, instituted on behalf of the poor Householders of London, and against the Monster Monopoly of the London Coal Wharfs.

"A vein of the finest coal has been discovered on the estates of the celebrated philanthropist, John Jones Tibbets, Esq. This new mine, the Molly Wheel, having been satisfactorily tested by that eminent engineer, Giles Compass, Esq., promises an inexhaustible field to the energies of the benevolent and the wealth of the capitalist. It is calculated that the best coals may be delivered, screened, at the mouth of the Thames, for 18s. per load, yielding a profit of not less than forty-eight per cent to the shareholders. Shares, £50, to be paid in five instalments. Capital to be subscribed, one million. For shares, early application must be made to Messrs Blunt and Tin, solicitors, Lothbury."

Here, then, was something tangible for fellow-creatures to go on – there was land, there was a mine, there was coal, and there actually came shareholders and capital. Uncle Jack was so persuaded that his fortune was now to be made, and had, moreover, so great a desire to share the glory of ruining the monster monopoly of the London wharfs, that he refused a very large offer to dispose of the property altogether, remained chief shareholder, and removed to London, where he set up his carriage, and gave dinners to his fellow-directors. For no less than three years did this company flourish, having submitted the entire direction and working of the mines to that eminent engineer, Giles Compass – twenty per cent was paid regularly by that gentleman to the shareholders, and the shares were at more than cent per cent, when, one bright morning, when least expected, Giles Compass, Esq. removed himself to that wider field for genius like his, the United States; and it was discovered that the mine had for more than a year run itself into a great pit of water, and that Mr Compass had been paying the shareholders out of their own capital. My uncle had the satisfaction this time of being ruined in very good company: three doctors of divinity, two county members, a Scotch lord, and an East India director, were all in the same boat, – that boat which went down with the coal-mine into the great water pit!

It was just after this event that Uncle Jack, sanguine and light-hearted as ever, suddenly recollected his sister, Mrs Caxton; and not knowing where else to dine, thought he would repose his limbs under my father's *trabes citrea*, which the ingenious W. S. Landor opines should be translated "mahogany." You never saw a more charming man than Uncle Jack. All plump people are more popular than thin people. There is something jovial and pleasant in the sight of a round face! What conspiracy could succeed when its head was a lean and hungry-looking fellow, like Cassius? If the Roman patriots had had Uncle Jack amongst them, perhaps they would never have furnished a tragedy to Shakspeare. Uncle Jack was as plump as a partridge – not unwieldy, not corpulent, not obese, not "*vastus*," which Cicero objects to in an orator – but every crevice comfortably filled up. Like the ocean, "time wrote no wrinkles on his glassy (or brassy) brow." His natural lines were all upward curves, his smile most ingratiating, his eye so frank, even his trick of rubbing his clean well-fed English-looking hands, had something, about it coaxing and *debonnair*, something that actually

decoyed you into trusting your money into hands so prepossessing. Indeed, to him might be fully applied the expression – "Sedem animæ in extremis digitis habet;" "He had his soul's seat in his finger ends." The critics observe that few men have ever united in equal perfection the imaginative with the scientific or musing faculties. "Happy he," exclaims Schiller, "who combines the enthusiast's warmth with the worldly man's light" – light and warmth, Uncle Jack had them both. He was a perfect symphony of bewitching enthusiasm and convincing calculation. Dicæopolis in the *Acharnenses*, in presenting a gentleman called Nicharchus to the audience, observes – "He is small, I confess, but there is nothing lost in him: all is knave, that is not fool." Parodying the equivocal compliment, I may say, that though Uncle Jack was no giant, there was nothing lost in him. Whatever was not philanthropy was arithmetic, and whatever was not arithmetic was philanthropy. He would have been equally dear to Howard and to Cocker. Uncle Jack was comely, too – clear-skinned and florid, had a little mouth, with good teeth, wore no whiskers, shaved his beard as close as if it were one of his grand national companies; his hair, once somewhat sandy, was now rather grayish, which increased the respectability of his appearance, and he wore it flat at the sides and raised in a peak at the top; his organs of constructiveness and ideality were pronounced by Mr Squills to be prodigious, and those freely developed bumps gave great breadth to his forehead. Well-shaped, too, was Uncle Jack, about five feet eight, the proper height for an active man of business. He wore a black coat; but to make the nap look the fresher, he had given it the relief of gilt buttons, on which were wrought a small crown and anchor; at a distance this button looked like the king's button, and gave him the air of one who has a place about Court. He always wore a white neckcloth without starch, a frill and a diamond pin; which last furnished him with observations upon certain mines of Mexico, which he had a great but hitherto unsatisfied desire of seeing worked by a Grand National United Britons Company. His waistcoat of a morning was pale buff – of an evening, embroidered velvet; wherewith were connected sundry schemes of an "association for the improvement of native manufactures." His trousers, matutinally, were of the colour vulgarly called "blotting-paper;" and he never wore boots, which, he said, unfitted a man for exercise, but short drab gaiters and square-toed shoes. His watch-chain was garnished with a vast number of seals: each seal, indeed, represented the device of some defunct company, and they might be said to resemble the scalps of the slain, worn by the aboriginal Iroquois, concerning whom indeed he had once entertained philanthropic designs, compounded of conversion to Christianity on the principles of the English Episcopal Church, and of an advantageous exchange of beaver-skins for bibles, brandy, and gunpowder.

That Uncle Jack should win my heart was no wonder; my mother's he had always won from her earliest recollection of his having persuaded her to let her great doll (a present from her godmother) be put up to a raffle for the benefit of the chimney-sweeps. "So like him – so good!" she would often say pensively; "they paid sixpence a-piece for the raffle – twenty tickets, and the doll cost £2. Nobody was taken in, and the doll, poor thing, (it had such blue eyes!) went for a quarter of its value. But Jack said nobody could guess what good the ten shillings did to the chimney-sweeps!" Naturally enough, I say, my mother liked Uncle Jack! but my father liked him quite as well, and that was a strong proof of my uncle's powers of captivation. However, it is noticeable that when some retired scholar is once interested in an active man of the world, he is more inclined to admire him than others are. Sympathy with such a companion gratifies at once his curiosity and his indolence: he can travel with him, scheme with him, fight with him, go with him through all the adventures of which his own books speak so eloquently, and all the time never stir from his easy-chair. My father said "that it was like listening to Ulysses to hear Uncle Jack!" Uncle Jack, too, had been in Greece and Asia Minor, gone over the site of the siege of Troy, eat figs at Marathon, shot hares in the Peloponnesus, and drank three pints of brown stout at the top of the Great Pyramid.

Therefore, Uncle Jack was like a book of reference to my father. Verily at times he looked on him *as* a book, and took him down after dinner as he would a volume of Dodwell or Pausanias. In fact, I believe that scholars who never move from their cells are not the less an eminently curious, bustling,

active race, rightly understood. Even as old Burton saith of himself – "Though I live a collegiate student, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world, I hear and see what is done abroad, how others run, ride, turmoil and macerate themselves in town and country," which citation sufficeth to show that scholars are naturally the most active men of the world, only that while their heads plot with Augustus, fight with Julius, sail with Columbus, and change the face of the globe with Alexander, Attila, or Mahomet, there is a certain mysterious attraction, which our improved knowledge of mesmerism will doubtless soon explain to the satisfaction of science, between that extremer and antipodal part of the human frame, called in the vulgate "the seat of honour," and the stuffed leather of an armed-chair. Learning somehow or other sinks down to that part in which it was first driven in, and produces therein a leaden heaviness and weight, which counteract those lively emotions of the brain, that might otherwise render students too mercurial and agile for the safety of established order. I leave this conjecture to the consideration of experimentalists in the physics.

I was still more delighted than my father with Uncle Jack. He was full of amusing tricks, could conjure wonderfully, make a bunch of keys dance a hornpipe, and if ever you gave him half-a-crown, he was sure to turn it into a halfpenny. He was only unsuccessful in turning my halfpennies into half-crowns.

We took long walks together, and in the midst of his most diverting conversation my uncle was always an observer. He would stop to examine the nature of the soil, fill my pockets (not his own) with great lumps of clay, stones, and rubbish, to analyse when he got home, by the help of some chemical apparatus he had borrowed from Mr Squills. He would stand an hour at a cottage door, admiring the little girls who were straw-platting, and then walk into the nearest farm-houses, to suggest the feasibility of "a national straw-plat association." All this fertility of intellect was, alas! wasted in that "ingrata terra" into which Uncle Jack had fallen. No squire could be persuaded into the belief that his mother-stone was pregnant with minerals; no farmer talked into weaving straw-plat into a proprietary association. So, even as an ogre, having devastated the surrounding country, begins to cast a hungry eye on his own little ones, Uncle Jack's mouth, long defrauded of juicier and more legitimate morsels, began to water for a bite of my innocent father.

CHAPTER IX

At this time we were living in what may be called a very respectable style for people who made no pretence to ostentation. On the skirts of a large village, stood a square red brick house, about the date of Queen Anne. Upon the top of the house was a balustrade; why, heaven knows – for nobody, except our great tom-cat Ralph, ever walked upon the leads – but so it was, and so it often is in houses from the time of Elizabeth, yea, even to that of Victoria. This balustrade was divided by low piers, on each of which was placed a round ball. The centre of the house was distinguishable by an architrave, in the shape of a triangle, under which was a niche, probably meant for a figure, but the figure was not forthcoming. Below this was the window (encased with carved pilasters) of my dear mother's little sitting-room; and lower still, raised on a flight of six steps, was a very handsome-looking door. All the windows, with smallish panes and largish frames, were relieved with stone copings; – so that the house had an air of solidity and well-to-do-ness about it – nothing tricky on the one hand, nothing decayed on the other. The house stood a little back from the garden gates, which were large, and set between two piers surmounted with vases. Many might object, that in wet weather you had to walk some way to your carriage; but we obviated that objection by not keeping a carriage. To the right of the house the enclosure contained a little lawn, a laurel hermitage, a square pond, a modest green-house, and half-a-dozen plots of mignionette, heliotrope, roses, pinks, sweet-william, &c. To the left spread the kitchen-garden, lying screened by espaliers yielding the finest apples in the neighbourhood, and divided by three winding gravel-walks, of which the extremest was backed by a wall, whereon, as it lay full south, peaches, pears, and nectarines sunned themselves early into well-remembered flavour. This walk was appropriated to my father. Book in hand, he would, on fine days, pace to and fro, often stopping, dear man, to jot down a pencil-note, gesticulate, or soliloquise. And there, when not in his study, my mother would be sure to find him. In these deambulations, as he called them, he had generally a companion so extraordinary, that I expect to be met with a hillalu of incredulous contempt when I specify it. Nevertheless I vow and protest that it is strictly true, and no invention of an exaggerating romancer. It happened one day that my mother had coaxed Mr Caxton to walk with her to market. By the way they passed a sward of green, on which sundry little boys were engaged upon the lapidation, or stoning, of a lame duck. It seemed that the duck was to have been taken to market, when it was discovered not only to be lame, but dyspeptic; perhaps some weed had disagreed with its ganglionic apparatus, poor thing. However that be, the good-wife had declared that the duck was good for nothing; and upon the petition of her children, it had been consigned to them for a little innocent amusement, and to keep them out of harm's way. My mother declared that she never before saw her lord and master roused to such animation. He dispersed the urchins, released the duck, carried it home, kept it in a basket by the fire, fed it and physicked it till it recovered; and then it was consigned to the square pond. But lo! the duck knew its benefactor; and whenever my father appeared outside his door, it would catch sight of him, flap from the pond, gain the lawn, and hobble after him, (for it never quite recovered the use of its left leg,) till it reached the walk by the peaches; and there sometimes it would sit, gravely watching its master's deambulations; sometimes stroll by his side, and, at all events, never leave him, till, at his return home, he fed it with his own hands; and, quacking her peaceful adieus, the nymph then retired to her natural element.

With the exception of my mother's dining-room, the principal sitting-rooms – that is, the study, the dining-room, and what was emphatically called the "best drawing-room," which was only occupied on great occasions – looked south. Tall beeches, firs, poplars, and a few oaks, backed the house, and indeed surrounded it on all sides but the south; so that it was well sheltered from the winter cold and the summer heat. Our principal domestic, in dignity and station, was Mrs Primmins, who was waiting gentlewoman, housekeeper, and tyrannical dictatrix of the whole establishment. Two other maids, a gardener, and a footman composed the rest of the serving household. Save a few pasture-

fields, which he let, my father was not troubled with land. His income was derived from the interest of about £15,000, partly in the three per cents, partly on mortgage; and what with my mother and Mrs Primmins, this income always yielded enough to satisfy my father's single hobby for books, pay for my education, and entertain our neighbours, rarely, indeed, at dinner, but very often at tea. My dear mother boasted that our society was very select. It consisted chiefly of the clergyman and his family, two old maids who gave themselves great airs, a gentleman who had been in the East India service, and who lived in a large white house at the top of the hill; some half-a-dozen squires and their wives and children; Mr Squills, still a bachelor: And once a-year cards were exchanged – and dinners too – with certain aristocrats, who inspired my mother with a great deal of unnecessary awe; since she declared they were the most good-natured easy people in the world, and always stuck their cards in the most conspicuous part of the looking-glass frame over the chimney-place of the best drawing-room. Thus you perceive that our natural position was one highly creditable to us, proving the soundness of our finances and the gentility of our pedigree, of which – but more hereafter. At present I content myself with saying on that head, that even the proudest of the neighbouring squirearchs always spoke of us as a very ancient family. But all my father ever said, to evince pride of ancestry, was in honour of William Caxton, citizen and printer in the reign of Edward IV. – "Clarum et venerabile nomen!" an ancestor a man of letters might be justly vain of.

"Heus," said my father, stopping short, and lifting his eyes from the Colloquies of Erasmus, "salve multum, jucundissime."

Uncle Jack was not much of a scholar, but he knew enough Latin to answer, "Salve tantundem, mi frater."

My father smiled approvingly. "I see you comprehend true urbanity, or politeness, as we phrase it. There is an elegance in addressing the husband of your sister as brother. Erasmus commends it in his opening chapter, under the head of 'Salutandi formulæ.' And indeed," added my father thoughtfully, "there is no great difference between politeness and affection. My author here observes that it is polite to express salutation in certain minor distresses of nature. One should salute a gentleman in yawning, salute him in hiccuping, salute him in sneezing, salute him in coughing; – and that evidently because of your interest in his health; for he may dislocate his jaw in yawning, and the hiccup is often a symptom of grave disorder, and sneezing is perilous to the small blood-vessels of the head, and coughing is either a tracheal, bronchial, pulmonary, or ganglionic affection."

"Very true. The Turks always salute in sneezing, and they are a remarkably polite people," said Uncle Jack. "But, my dear brother, I was just looking with admiration at these apple-trees of yours. I never saw finer. I am a great judge of apples. I find, in talking with my sister, that you make very little profit of them. That's a pity. One might establish a cider orchard in this county. You can take your own fields in hand; you can hire more, so as to make the whole, say a hundred acres. You can plant a very extensive apple-orchard on a grand scale. I have just run through the calculations; they are quite startling. Take 40 trees per acre – that's the proper average – at 1s. 6d. per tree; 4000 trees for 100 acres £300;, labour of digging, trenching, say £10 an acre – total for 100 acres, £1000. Pave the bottoms of the holes, to prevent the tap-root striking down into the bad soil – oh, I am very close and careful, you see, in all minutiæ,! – always was – pave 'em with rubbish and stones, 6d. a hole; that, for 4000 trees the 100 acres is £100. Add the rent of the land, at 30s. an acre, £150. And how stands the total?" Here Uncle Jack proceeded rapidly ticking off the items with his fingers: —

'Trees,	£300
Labour,	1,000
Paving holes,	100
Rent,	150
	—
Total,	£1,550

That's your expense. Mark. – Now to the profit. Orchards in Kent realise £100 an acre, some even £150; but let's be moderate, say only £50 an acre, and your gross profit per year, from a capital of £1550, will be £5000. – £5000 a year. Think of that, brother Caxton. Deduct 10 per cent, or £500 a-year, for gardeners' wages, manure, &c., and the net product is £4500. Your fortune's made, man – it is made – I wish you joy!" And Uncle Jack rubbed his hands.

"Bless me, father," said eagerly the young Pisistratus, who had swallowed with ravished ears every syllable and figure of this inviting calculation, "Why, we should be as rich as Squire Rollick; and then, you know, sir, you could keep a pack of fox-hounds!"

"And buy a large library," added Uncle Jack, with more subtle knowledge of human nature as to its appropriate temptations. "There's my friend the archbishop's collection to be sold."

Slowly recovering his breath, my father gently turned his eyes from one to the other; and then, laying his left hand on my head, while with the right he held up Erasmus rebukingly to Uncle Jack, he said —

"See how easily you can sow covetousness and avidity in the youthful mind! Ah, brother!"

"You are too severe, sir. See how the dear boy hangs his head! Fie! – natural enthusiasm of his years – 'gay hope by fancy fed,' as the poet says. Why, for that fine boy's sake, you ought not to lose so certain an occasion of wealth, I may say, untold. For, observe, you will form a nursery of crabs; each year you go on grafting and enlarging your plantation, renting, nay, why not buying, more land? Gad, sir! in twenty years you might cover half the county; but say you stop short at 2000 acres, why, the net profit is £90,000 a-year. A duke's income – a duke's – and going a begging as I may say."

"But stop," said I modestly; "the trees don't grow in a year. I know when our last apple tree was planted – it is five years ago – it was then three years old, and it only bore one half bushel last autumn."

"What an intelligent lad it is! – Good head there. Oh, he'll do credit to his great fortune, brother," said Uncle Jack approvingly. "True, my boy. But in the meanwhile we could fill the ground, as they do in Kent, with gooseberries and currants, or onions and cabbages. Nevertheless, considering we are not great capitalists, I am afraid we must give up a share of our profits to diminish our outlay. So, harkye, Pisistratus – (look at him, brother – simple as he stands there, I think he's born with a silver spoon in his mouth) – harkye, now to the mysteries of speculation. Your father shall quietly buy the land, and then, presto! we will issue a prospectus, and start a company. Associations can wait five years for a return. Every year, meanwhile, increases the value of the shares. Your father takes, we say, fifty shares at £50 each, paying only an instalment of £2 a share. He sells 35 shares at cent per cent. He keeps the remaining 15, and his fortune's made all the same; only it's not quite so large as if he had kept the whole concern in his own hands. What say you now, brother Caxton? 'Visne edere pomum?' as we used to say at school."

"I don't want a shilling more than I have got," said my father, resolutely. "My wife would not love me better; my food would not nourish me more; my boy would not, in all probability, be half so hardy, or a tenth part so industrious; and – "

"But," interrupted Uncle Jack, pertinaciously, and reserving his grand argument for the last, "the good you would confer on the community – the progress given to the natural productions of your country, the wholesome beverage of cider, brought within cheap reach of the labouring classes. If it was only for your sake, should I have urged this question? should I now? is it in my character? But for the sake of the public! mankind! of our fellow-creatures! Why, sir, England could not get on if gentlemen like you had not a little philanthropy and speculation."

"Papæ!" exclaimed my father, "to think that England can't get on without turning Augustine Caxton into an apple-merchant! My dear Jack, listen. You remind me of a colloquy in this book; wait a bit – here it is —*Pamphagus and Cocles*– 'Cocles recognises his friend who had been absent for many years, by his eminent and remarkable nose. – Pamphagus says, rather irritably, that he is not ashamed of his nose. 'Ashamed of it! no, indeed,' says Cocles: 'I never saw a nose that could be put

to so many uses!' 'Ha,' says Pamphagus, (whose curiosity is aroused,) 'uses! what uses?' Whereon (*lepidissime frater!*) Cocles, with eloquence rapid as yours, runs on with a countless list of the uses to which so vast a development of the organ can be applied. 'If the cellar was deep, it could sniff up the wine like an elephant's trunk, – if the bellows were missing, it could blow the fire, – if the lamp was too glaring, it could suffice for a shade, – it would serve as a speaking-trumpet to a herald, – it could sound a signal of battle in the field, – it would do for a wedge in wood-cutting, – a spade for digging, – a scythe for mowing, – an anchor in sailing; till Pamphagus cries out, 'Lucky dog that I am! and I never knew before what a useful piece of furniture I carried about with me.'" My father paused and strove to whistle, but that effort at harmony failed him – and he added, smiling, "So much for my apple trees, brother John. Leave them to their natural destination of filling tarts and dumplings."

Uncle Jack looked a little discomposed for a moment; but he then laughed with his usual heartiness, and saw that he had not yet got to my father's blind side. I confess that my revered parent rose in my estimation after that conference; and I began to see that a man may not be quite without common-sense, though he is a scholar. Indeed, whether it was that Uncle Jack's visit acted as a gentle stimulant to his relaxed faculties, or that I, now grown older and wiser, began to see his character more clearly, I date from those summer holidays the commencement of that familiar and endearing intimacy which ever after existed between my father and myself. Often I deserted the more extensive rambles of Uncle Jack, or the greater allurements of a cricket match in the village, or a day's fishing in Squire Rollick's preserves, for a quiet stroll with my father by the old peach wall; – sometimes silent, indeed, and already musing over the future, while he was busy with the past, but amply rewarded when, suspending his lecture, he would pour forth hoards of varied learning, rendered amusing by his quaint comments, and that Socratic satire which only fell short of wit because it never passed into malice. At some moments, indeed, the vein ran into eloquence; and with some fine heroic sentiment in his old books, his stooping form rose erect, his eye flashed; and you saw that he had not been originally formed and wholly meant for the obscure seclusion in which his harmless days now wore contentedly away.

CHAPTER IX

"Egad, sir, the county is going to the dogs! Our sentiments are not represented in parliament or out of it. The County Mercury has ratted, and be hanged to it! and now we have not one newspaper in the whole shire to express the sentiments of the respectable part of the community!"

This speech was made on the occasion of one of the rare dinners given by Mr and Mrs Caxton to the grandees of the neighbourhood, and uttered by no less a person than Squire Rollick, of Rollick Hall, chairman of the quarter sessions.

I confess that I, (for I was permitted on that first occasion not only to dine with the guests, but to outstay the ladies, in virtue of my growing years, and my promise to abstain from the decanters) – I confess, I say, that I, poor innocent, was puzzled to conjecture what sudden interest in the county newspaper could cause Uncle Jack to prick up his ears like a warhorse at the sound of the drum, and rush so incontinently across the interval between Squire Rollick and himself. But the mind of that deep and truly knowing man was not to be plumbed by a chit of my age. You could not fish for the shy salmon in that pool with a crooked pin and a bobbin, as you would for minnows; or, to indulge in a more worthy illustration, you could not say of him, as St Gregory saith of the streams of Jordan, "a lamb could wade easily through that ford."

"Not a county newspaper to advocate the rights of – " here my uncle stopped, as if at a loss, and whispered in my ear, "What are his politics?" "Don't know," answered I. Uncle Jack intuitively took down from his memory the phrase most readily at hand, and added, with a nasal intonation, "the rights of our distressed fellow-creatures!"

My father scratched his eyebrow with his forefinger, as he was apt to do when doubtful; the rest of the company – a silent set – looked up.

"Fellow-creatures!" said Mr Rollick – "fellow-fiddlesticks!"

Uncle Jack was clearly in the wrong box. He drew out of it cautiously – "I mean," said he, "our *respectable* fellow-creatures;" and then suddenly it occurred to him that a "County Mercury" would naturally represent the agricultural interest, and that if Mr Rollick said that the "County Mercury ought to be hanged," he was one of those politicians who had already begun to call the agricultural interest "a Vampire." Flushed with that fancied discovery, Uncle Jack rushed on, intending to bear along with the stream, thus fortunately directed, all the "rubbish"[1] subsequently shot into Covent Garden and the Hall of Commerce.

"Yes, respectable fellow-creatures, men of capital and enterprise! For what are these country squires compared to our wealthy merchants? What is this agricultural interest that professes to be the prop of the land?"

"Professes!" cried Squire Rollick, "It is the prop of the land, and as for those manufacturing fellows who have bought up the Mercury – "

"Bought up the Mercury, have they, the villains!" cried Uncle Jack, interrupting the Squire, and now bursting into full scent – "Depend upon it, sir, it is a part of a diabolical system of buying up, which must be exposed manfully. – Yes, as I was saying, what is that agricultural interest which they desire to ruin? which they declare to be so bloated – which they call 'a vampire!' they the true blood-suckers, the venomous millocrats! Fellow-creatures, sir! I may well call distressed fellow-creatures, the members of that much suffering class of which you yourself are an ornament. What can be more deserving of our best efforts for relief, than a country gentleman like yourself, we'll say – of a nominal £5000 a-year – compelled to keep up an establishment, pay for his fox-hounds, support the whole population by contributions to the poor rates, support the whole church by tithes; all justice, jails, and prosecutions by the county rates, all thoroughfares by the highway rates – ground down by mortgages,

[1] "We talked sad rubbish when we first began," says Mr Cobden in one of his speeches.

Jews, or jointures; having to provide for younger children; enormous expenses for cutting his woods, manuring his model farm, and fattening huge oxen till every pound of flesh costs him five pounds sterling in oil-cake; and then the lawsuits necessary to protect his rights; plundered on all hands by poachers, sheep-stealers, dog-stealers, church-wardens, overseers, gardeners, gamekeepers, and that necessary rascal, his steward. If ever there was a distressed fellow-creature in the world, it is a country gentleman with a great estate."

My father evidently thought this an exquisite piece of banter; for by the corner of his mouth I saw that he chuckled inly.

Squire Rollick, who had interrupted the speech by sundry approving exclamations, particularly at the mention of poor rates, tithes, county rates, mortgages, and poachers, here pushed the bottle to Uncle Jack, and said civilly – "There's a great deal of truth in what you say, Mr Tibbets. The agricultural interest is going to ruin; and when it does, I would not give *that* for Old England!" and Mr Rollick snapped his finger and thumb. "But what is to be done – done for the county? There's the rub."

"I was just coming to that," quoth Uncle Jack. "You say that you have not a county paper that upholds your cause, and denounces your enemies."

"Not since the Whigs bought the – shire Mercury."

"Why, good heavens! Mr Rollick, how could you suppose that you will have justice done you, if at this time of day you neglect the press? The press, sir – there it is – air we breathe! What you want is a great national – no, not a national – A PROVINCIAL proprietary weekly journal, supported liberally and steadily by that mighty party whose very existence is at stake. Without such a paper, you are gone, you are dead, extinct, defunct, buried alive; *with* such a paper, well conducted, well edited by a man of the world, of education, of practical experience in agriculture and human nature, mines, corn, manure, insurances, acts of parliament, cattle shows, the state of parties, and the best interests of society – with such a man and such a paper, you will carry all before you. But it must be done by subscription, by association, by co-operation, by a grand provincial Benevolent Agricultural, Anti-innovating Society."

"Egad, sir, you are right!" said Mr Rollick, slapping his thigh; "and I'll ride over to our Lord-Lieutenant to-morrow. His eldest son ought to carry the county."

"And he will, if you encourage the press, and set up a journal," said Uncle Jack, rubbing his hands, and then gently stretching them out, and drawing them gradually together, as if he were already enclosing in that airy circle the unsuspecting guineas of the unborn association.

All happiness dwells more in the hope than the possession; and at that moment, I dare be sworn that Uncle Jack felt a livelier rapture, *circum præcordia*, warming his entrails, and diffusing throughout his whole frame of five feet eight the prophetic glow of the Magna Diva Moneta, than if he had enjoyed for ten years the actual possession of King Crœsus's privy purse.

"I thought Uncle Jack was not a Tory," said I to my father the next day.

My father, who cared nothing for politics, opened his eyes.

"Are you a Tory or a Whig, papa?"

"Um," said my father – "there's a great deal to be said on both sides of the question. You see, my boy, that Mrs Primmins has a great many moulds for our butter-pats; sometimes they come up with a crown on them, sometimes with the more popular impress of a cow. It is all very well for those who dish up the butter to print it according to their taste, or in proof of their abilities; it is enough for us to butter our bread, say grace, and pay for the dairy. Do you understand?"

"Not a bit, sir."

"Your namesake Pisistratus was wiser than you, then," said my father. "And now let us feed the duck. Where's your uncle?"

"He has borrowed Mr Squills's mare, sir, and gone with Squire Rollick to the great lord they were talking of."

"Oho!" said my father, "brother Jack is going to print his butter!"

And indeed Uncle Jack played his cards so well on this occasion, and set before the Lord-Lieutenant, with whom he had a personal interview, so fine a prospectus, and so nice a calculation, that before my holidays were over, he was installed in a very handsome office in the county town, with private apartments over it, and a salary of £500 a-year – for advocating the cause of his distressed fellow-creatures, including noblemen, squires, yeomanry, farmers, and all yearly subscribers in the New Proprietary Agricultural, Anti-innovating – shire Weekly Gazette. At the head of his newspaper Uncle Jack caused to be engraved a crown supported by a flail and a crook, with the motto "Pro rege et grege," and that was the way in which Uncle Jack printed his pats of butter.

CHAPTER X

I seemed to myself to have made a leap in life when I returned to school. I no longer felt as a boy. Uncle Jack, out of his own purse, had presented me with my first pair of Wellington boots; my mother had been coaxed into allowing me a small tail to jackets hitherto tailless; my collars, which had been wont, spaniel-like, to flap and fall about my neck, now, terrier-wise, stood erect and rampant, encompassed with a circumvallation of whalebone, buckram, and black silk. I was, in truth, nearly seventeen, and I gave myself the airs of a man. Now be it observed, that that crisis in adolescent existence wherein we first pass from Master Sisty into Mr Pisistratus, or Pisistratus Caxton, Esq. – wherein we arrogate, and with tacit concession from our elders, the long envied title of "young man" – always seems a sudden and imprompt up-shooting and elevation. We do not mark the gradual preparations thereto; we remember only one distinct period in which all the signs and symptoms burst and effervesced together; – Wellington boots, tail, stiffener, down on the upper lip, thoughts on razors, reveries on young ladies, and a new kind of sense of poetry.

I began now to read steadily, to understand what I did read, and to cast some anxious looks towards the future, with vague notions that I had a place to win in the world, and that nothing is to be won without perseverance and labour; and so I went on till I was seventeen, and at the head of the school, when I received the two letters I subjoin.

1. – From Augustine Caxton, Esq.

> "My Dear Son, – I have informed Dr Herman that you will not return to him after the approaching holidays. You are old enough now to look forward to the embraces of our beloved Alma Mater, and I think studious enough to hope for the honours she bestows on her worthier sons. You are already entered at Trinity, – and in fancy I see my youth return to me in your image. I see you wandering where the Cam steals its way through those noble gardens; and, confusing you with myself, I recall the old dreams that haunted me when the chiming bells swung over the placid waters. 'Verum secretumque *Mouseion*, quam multa dictatis, quam multa invenitis!' There, at that illustrious college, unless the race has indeed degenerated, you will measure yourself with young giants. You will see those who, in the Law, the Church, the State, or the still cloisters of Learning, are destined to become the eminent leaders of your age. To rank amongst them you are not forbidden to aspire; he who in youth 'can scorn delight, and love laborious days,' should pitch high his ambition.
>
> "Your Uncle Jack says he has done wonders with his newspaper, – though Mr Rollick grumbles, and declares it is full of theories, and that it puzzles the farmers. Uncle Jack, in reply, contends that he creates an audience, not addresses one, – and sighs that his genius is thrown away in a provincial town. In fact, he really is a very clever man, and might do much in London, I dare say. He often comes over to dine and sleep, returning the next morning. His energy is wonderful, and – contagious. Can you imagine that he has actually stirred up the flame of my vanity, by constantly poking at the bars? Metaphor apart – I find myself collecting all my notes and common-places, and wondering to see how easily they fall into method, and take shape in chapters and books. I cannot help smiling when I add, that I fancy I am going to become an author; and smiling more when I think that your Uncle Jack should have provoked me into so egregious an ambition. However, I have read some passages of my book to your mother, and she says "it is vastly fine," which is encouraging. Your mother has great good sense, though I don't mean to say that she has much learning, – which is a wonder, considering that Pic de la Mirandola was

nothing to her father. Yet he died, dear great man, and never printed a line, – while I – positively I blush to think of my temerity!

"Adieu, my son; make the best of the time that remains with you at the Philhellenic. A full mind is the true Pantheism, *plena Jovis*. Wherever there is knowledge, there is God. It is only in some corner of the brain which we leave empty, that Vice can obtain a lodging. When she knocks at your door, my son, be able to say, 'No room for your ladyship, – pass on.' – Your affectionate father,
"A. Caxton."

2. – From Mrs Caxton.

"My Dearest Sisty, – You are coming home! – My heart is so full of that thought that it seems to me as if I could not write any thing else. Dear child, you are coming home; – you have done with school, you have done with strangers, – you are our own, all our own son again! You are mine again, as you were in the cradle, the nursery, and the garden, Sisty, when we used to throw daisies at each other! You will laugh at me so, when I tell you, that as soon as I heard you were coming home for good, I crept away from the room, and went to my drawer where I keep, you know, all my treasures. There was your little cap that I worked myself, and your poor little nankeen jacket that you were so proud to throw off – oh! and many other relics of you when you were little Sisty, and I was not that cold formal 'Mother' you call me now, but dear 'Mamma.' I kissed them, Sisty, and said 'My little child is coming back to me again!' So foolish was I, I forgot all the long years that have passed, and fancied I could carry you again in my arms, and that I should again coax you to say 'God bless papa.' Well, well! I write now between laughing and crying. You cannot be what you were, but you are still my own dear son – your father's son – dearer to me than all the world – except that father.

"I am so glad, too, that you will come so soon: come while your father is really warm with his book, and while you can encourage and keep him to it. For why should he not be great and famous? Why should not all admire him as we do? You know how proud of him I always was; but I do so long to let the world know *why* I was so proud. And yet, after all, it is not only because he is so wise and learned, – but because he is so good, and has such a large noble heart. But the heart must appear in the book too, as well as the learning. For though it is full of things I don't understand, every now and then there *is* something I do understand – that seems as if that heart spoke out to all the world.

"Your uncle has undertaken to get it published; and your father is going up to town with him about it, as soon as the first volume is finished.

"All are quite well except poor Mrs Jones, who has the ague very bad indeed; Primmins has made her wear a charm for it, and Mrs Jones actually declares she is already much better. One can't deny that there may be a great deal in such things, though it seems quite against the reason. Indeed your father says, 'Why not? A charm must be accompanied by a strong wish on the part of the charmer that it may succeed, – and what is magnetism but a wish?' I don't quite comprehend this; but, like all your father says, it has more than meets the eye, I am quite sure.

"Only three weeks to the holidays, and then no more school, Sisty – no more school! I shall have your room all done freshly, and made so pretty; they are coming about it to-morrow.

"The duck is quite well, and I really don't think it is quite as lame as it was.

"God bless you, dear, dear child! – Your affectionate happy mother,
"K. C."

The interval between these letters and the morning on which I was to return home, seemed to me like one of those long, restless, yet half dreamy days which in some infant malady I had passed in a sick-bed. I went through my task-work mechanically, composed a Greek ode in farewell to the Philhellenic, which Dr Herman pronounced a *chef-d'œuvre*, and my father, to whom I sent it in triumph, returned a letter of false English with it, that parodied all my Hellenic barbarisms by imitating them in my mother tongue. However, I swallowed the leek, and consoled myself with the pleasing recollection that, after spending six years in learning to write bad Greek, I should never have any further occasion to avail myself of so precious an accomplishment.

And so came the last day. Then, alone, and in a kind of delighted melancholy, I revisited each of the old haunts. The robbers' cave we had dug one winter, and maintained, six of us, against all the police of the little kingdom. The place near the pales where I had fought my first battle. The old beech stump on which I sate to read letters from home!

With my knife, rich in six blades, (besides a cork-screw, a pen-picker, and a button-hook,) I carved my name in large capitals over my desk. Then night came, and the bell rang, and we went to our rooms. And I opened the window and looked out. I saw all the stars, and wondered which was mine – which should light to fame and fortune the manhood about to commence. Hope and Ambition were high within me; – and yet, behind them, stood Melancholy. Ah! who amongst you, readers, can now summon back all those thoughts, sweet and sad – all that untold, half-conscious regret for the past – all those vague longings for the future, which made a poet of the dullest amongst you on the last night before leaving boyhood and school for ever!

EDUCATION IN WALES

[2]That it is the duty of a wise and foreseeing government to inquire into the condition of whatever affects the well-being of the people, is almost a political truism, and may certainly be received as a political axiom. More especially, however, when the subject is one of such vital importance as education, does such an inquiry become necessary: and, in truth, the leaders of the state cannot be considered as doing their duty, unless they make themselves acquainted with the practical bearings and results of the system, whatever it may be, that exists. Not that the government of this country, until very recent periods at least, ever troubled themselves with such matters: the more direct political business of the state, the clash of parties, and the struggle for power, absorbed their whole attention; and education was left, as a matter of private and local concern, to the clergy and the gentry exclusively. The voluntary system, superinduced upon the country by the indolence or neglect of those who held the reins of authority, was allowed to remain in unaided operation as far as education was concerned; and until the establishing of National Schools, as they are commonly termed, and for some time after that event, the governments that followed each other in the dingy recesses of Downing Street cared no more for village schoolmasters, and knew no more about them, than they did about village blacksmiths. It was enough if the people went on tolerably well, and paid their taxes; whether they learned any thing at school, or whether they had schools in which any thing might be learned, was, at head-quarters, a matter of no moment. Most of the upper classes of the nation were of the same feeling – the middle classes, too, folded their arms and looked on.[3] Had it not been for the force of events, and the efforts of a few energetic men, education had been shelved, as a musty useless topic, for an indefinite period.

Now, however, in this forty-eighth year of the nineteenth century, it is viewed in a far different light. The middle classes have begun to take up the matter as they had never done before, – "purging and unsealing their long abused sight" to the manifold advantages involved in it for themselves; while the upper classes look more to how it fares in this respect with the very poor or the profligate. And so much pressed on this subject, from many quarters, is the government, that neither Lord John Russell, as long as he remains on the Treasury Bench, nor any body else, who may get there, can ever hope to avoid doing something for the education of the people.

There has been a growing sense of the importance of this subject on the part of the nation at large, which has acted on the nervous sensibilities of all occupants of office in later years; and the very force of events themselves, apart from all theoretic reasoning as to expediency or the contrary, has compelled each successive government to look after the schoolmaster, and even to send him abroad in the world, though at the risk of making him the laughing-stock of his scholars for want of due preparation.

We do not purpose to write the history of the educational movement of this realm since the middle of the eighteenth century – volumes might be compiled on the topic, and it would still remain unexhausted.

There are, however, two things which we would point out to the attention of our readers. The first is, that the constituted authorities of this country and the legislature, ever since the time of the Reformation, have acted too much upon the principle that the ecclesiastical establishments of the nation, aided by the Foundation schools of the land, not only were sufficient to attend to the moral and religious welfare of the community, but that they actually did effect this end, and that they

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[2] *Reports of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Wales, appointed by the Committee of Council on Education.* Parts I. II. III. 1847.

[3] This, it will be understood, does not apply to Scotland, – where education has been a very popular interest for nearly two centuries back.

did bring up the people in the right way; whereas we now know, that not only has the constitution of the ecclesiastical revenues and administration been lamentably unequal and ineffective, but that provisions for teaching, upon a general and effective plan, could hardly be said to exist. At all events, when the population began to increase rapidly – when the great movement of the Methodists took place in England – and later, when religious dissent not only reared its hydra head, but became encouraged in high places – the nation seemed all at once to start from its lethargy, and to inquire into what means it possessed for enlightening and civilising the humblest classes of its children; and, when it did so inquire, those means were found wanting.

Again, in these our own days, when crime is shown to be increasing in a much faster ratio than either the enormous wealth or the already great population of the country; and when legal inquirers have traced back adult crime to puerile and even infantine neglect and ignorance; when the brutality of the people shows itself at every man's door and homestead, in the burning of farming-stock or the destruction of machinery and dwelling-houses, and makes itself to be paid for in the form of constantly increasing poor-rates, – in times such as these, it behoves every man, who has any thing to dread from the insurrectionary rising of the lower classes, to look sharply around him, and to see how best the sources of the evil torrent may be dried up; where the strongest dam may be thrown across its impetuous course, and into what side-channels its blind strength may be diverted. It behoves every thoughtful lover of his country to consider well how the innate national energies of his fellow countrymen may be improved, humanised, and directed to proper objects; and how the mass of the people, instead of being dreaded as a mob of hungry, savage levellers, may come to be looked on as the broad basis and support of the whole national edifice. And this is to be effected by attending, not merely to the physical and material well-being of the people, but by giving well directed and unceasing diligence to the promotion of "true religion and sound knowledge" among them. We maintain that hitherto, and even at the present time, the public constituted means for attaining this important end have been, and are, altogether insufficient; and we further maintain, that the necessity of making some adequate provision is increasing every day, and cannot long be postponed without imminent danger to the community.

We would also beg our readers to observe that, in the case of these commissions of inquiry into the existing state of education in any given district, but especially in Wales, the commissioners had not got to look into what the existing government, or previous governments, had done, nor into how their systems acted – those governments had done nothing, and they had no system; but they rather went to see what the people, abandoned to their own resources by the state, which ought to have aided them, had been able to effect out of their own means and goodwill, and to witness the results of the voluntary and fortuitous systems which were then in full and unaided operation. Whatever causes of blame and offence the commissioners might meet with – whatever imperfections, and shortcomings, and ill doings, they might perceive – these could not so much be laid to the blame of the people, as they might in fairness be attributed to the neglect and apathy of the nation at large. It was entirely owing to the private efforts of the people in their various localities, unconnected with each other – to their desultory and varying efforts – that any thing had been done at all. It was obviously better that something should have been done rather than nothing; but the debt of gratitude for the "something" was due to the people – the blame of the "nothing" lay with the legislature and the nation at large.

It would, therefore, be highly unbecoming in such commissioners, to show any flippant petulancy in their animadversions on the generally defective results which the isolated operations of the several parishes and districts might evince. It would behove them to look on with rather a benevolent eye, and to speak with a guarded tongue concerning the evils they might witness. We think they have not altogether shown these qualifications in the Reports now before us; and after perusing them, we rise with the feeling that the commissioners seem to have thought themselves authorised to find out how far the various teachers, &c., had neglected duties imposed on them by the public, and that they had expected to find perfection pervading the country; whereas they should have anticipated

that imperfection and neglect would prove to be the rule – perfection and care the few and distant exceptions.

It is by no means so easy to inspect a school, or to find out the knowledge and the modes of thinking of young people, as might be supposed. It is not to be done by any one stalking stiffly into a school-room, giving himself the airs of a Dr Busby, and putting questions with the consequence of an examiner in the schools at Oxford. The very idea of a stranger being in the room, and much more of one authorised to examine, is enough to dislocate the thoughts of children, older and riper than village boys and girls commonly are; and the mere interruption of the usual formalities of class arrangement and class work is sufficient to break up the discipline which, in all parochial schools at least, rests upon a very precarious and doubtful basis. Much less is it possible, by a flying visit of one, or two, or three hours, to get at a true perception of what the average knowledge of children may be fairly rated at: it is only by repeated and patient inspection that the ordinary amount of work done, and knowledge gained, can be discovered. The young mind, too, does not commonly retain facts – it rather receives general impressions, and, though this is not produceable knowledge, it is, nevertheless, information, and cultivation of the mental powers, and formation of the character, not without great value. But because a child cannot answer certain questions at a certain time and place, it does not therefore follow that it is ignorant of the subject. The thoughts cannot be concentrated, the powers of the memory and of expression have not been sufficiently cultivated; the faculty of reproduction, and the method of arrangement and classification of ideas, do not exist. It is impossible for such a child to pass through the ordeal. And yet the common expression of young people, when the question they could not answer is explained for them – "Oh yes! I knew that – only I could not remember it," tells the whole truth, and reveals at once the constitution and the weakness of their minds. Examinations, unless they immediately follow the subject learnt, are not suited to young children, and may tend to give a false idea of their real acquirements. But, if to this dread of answering questions be added the awe arising from an examiner's – a strange examiner's presence, the physical impossibility of obtaining satisfactory replies is thereby confirmed. We remember it in our own case at school; in the presence of the university examiner, who periodically visited us, it was and even in the schools of adolescent life, the examiners put us many a stiff question in Plato and Aristotle at which we hung our heads and stammered out nonsense; but which, as soon as we got back to our rooms in college, came to our memory in provoking vividness.

"Obstupui, steteruntque comæ; vox faucibus hæsit;"

The commissioners seem to have hoped for unimpeachable examinations – and in almost every case they were disappointed: they could often hardly get a reply to the commonest questions. Much of this arose from their examining chiefly in subjects that were taught in a foreign language. But of this more anon.

The nature and object of this inspection of Welsh schools are sufficiently explained in the instructions from Mr Kay Shuttleworth, the secretary to the Committee of Council, which preface the first of the three goodly volumes to which these Reports extend. These instructions say: —

> "Attention was called, during the last session of parliament, to the state of education in Wales, by a motion in the house of commons, for an address to the Queen, praying her majesty 'to direct an inquiry to be made into the state of education in the principality of Wales, especially into the means afforded to the labouring classes of acquiring a knowledge of the English language.'
>
> "The secretary of state for the home department undertook on that occasion, on behalf of her majesty's late government, that such an inquiry should be instituted,

and he intimated that it should be conducted under the authority of the committee of council on education.

"The object of your commission is, to ascertain, as accurately as circumstances will permit, the existing number of schools of all descriptions, for the education of the children of the labouring classes, or of adults – the amount of attendance – the ages of the scholars – and the character of the instruction given in the schools; in order that her majesty's government and parliament may be enabled, by having these facts before them, in connexion with the wants and circumstances of the population of the principality, to consider what measures ought to be taken for the improvement of the existing means of education in Wales."

It will be perceived from this portion of the instructions, that the inquiries of the Commissioners were to be limited to the schools intended for the lower classes only; and therefore that they would have to look for the workings of the voluntary and the isolated system in its fullest extent. The further definition of the object of the Commission is thus specified: —

"The schools for the instruction of the poorer classes in Wales have chiefly been erected by private beneficence, and some have been endowed from the same source; such of them as have no permanent endowment are supported by the small payments of the poor, by collections in religious congregations, and by voluntary subscriptions.

"Their lordships cannot confer on you any absolute authority to enter into and examine schools, nor to require from any persons information respecting them which they may be unwilling to communicate.

"If no objection is made to your visit, you will personally examine, where practicable, the condition of the school, keeping in view the following particulars, as those on which it will be important to obtain correct information: – The tenure of the school, whether held under a mere temporary occupation, or secured by deed for ever, or for a term of years – the capacity of the school-room – the state of the school furniture and apparatus – the number of the children on the books – the average attendance – the organisation of the school, and the methods used – the subjects professed to be taught – the time allotted to each – the books used – whether the children are instructed in the Welsh language, or in the English, or in both – whether in each case in the grammar or not – the actual condition of their instruction on all subjects professed to be taught. You will ascertain the amount and sources of the annual income available for the necessary expenses; the number of teachers – their ages – whether trained at a normal school or at a model school – for what period, and when. At what age they commenced their vocation as teachers; their previous occupation – the salaries of each teacher – their income from school pence, and other emoluments. Whether they follow any trade, or hold any other office. Whether they have a house rent-free, a garden rent-free, fuel, or other emoluments.

"Numerous Sunday-schools have been established in Wales, and their character and tendencies should not be overlooked, in an attempt to estimate the provision for the instruction of the poor. The Sunday-school must be regarded as the most remarkable, because the most general, spontaneous effort of the zeal of Christian congregations for education. Its origin, organisation, and tendencies, are purely religious."

So far so good; the spirit of these instructions is wise and humane; we can only regret that such a commission had not been issued a century earlier. But shortly after, there follows a sentence which,

to any one tolerably well acquainted with Wales, must appear at first sight absolutely trivial, and then highly extraordinary: —

"In some parts of the country it will probably be necessary that you should avail yourselves of the services of persons possessing a knowledge of the Welsh language."

Why, of course, when Welsh is the living spoken language of three-fourths of the whole district to be examined, and when English is essentially a foreign language, imperfectly understood in those portions, – in some parts, indeed, hardly at all known, – the very least of the qualifications that we should suppose a commissioner or school inspector ought to possess, would be a good knowledge of the Welsh language. Did, then, the lords of the privy council, composing the committee of education, know so little of the country they wished to have inspected, that they thought it only "probable" that in "some parts" of the country a knowledge of Welsh would be necessary? If they had been sending travelling commissioners to the Continent to inquire into the state of public education in France or Germany, would they then have sent to the former country those who knew no other foreign language than German, and to the latter those who knew none but French? This is a regular piece of official oversight, betraying one-sided and crude views of the subject to be treated; and showing that the examination of it was begun in a hasty and somewhat inconsiderate manner. It might have been predicted that any one not thoroughly conversant with Welsh could never obtain original information for himself, but would have to speak through other people's mouths, hear with their ears, and even see with their eyes. He would never gain the confidence of the people, but would return with an imperfect, and all but a second-hand report. He would resemble the honest tar who, on his return from Cherbourg, gave it as his opinion that the French were the dullest nation on the face of the earth, since they could not speak common English. And so it has actually proved to be the case with these very Commissioners. Not only do we find the main grievance in their reports to be the ignorance of the children in the English language, but the prevalent feeling, all over Wales, is, that these gentlemen have gone out of it nearly as wise, concerning the actual knowledge of the people, as they came into it: and that, could the examinations have been conducted by them in the Welsh tongue, their reports would have assumed a very different character. What? complain of children not twelve years of age for not comprehending questions addressed to them in a foreign language? Bring a French Government inspector of schools from Paris, and set him to examine all the boarding-schools round London in the French tongue, he himself using it all the while for his questions; and then let him go home and declare that not one child in ten knew any thing about what he said to them, – and he would come near the truth; – and very like this is the result of this inspection of Welsh schools by English examiners. The Government, however, do not seem to have learnt wisdom in this respect, for they have very recently appointed, as permanent inspectors for Wales, a gentleman named Morell, and one of the authors of this very report, Mr Symons; neither of whom, we will bet a leek to a potato, can hold a conversation in Welsh.

One of the main difficulties in the way of education in Wales, if not the principal difficulty of all, results from the circumstance that the language of the principality is not that of the rest of the kingdom. To understand this difficulty fully, it must be remembered that the Welsh belong to a race of men essentially and altogether distinct from those that inhabit the lands eastward of Offa's dyke; that the peculiarities of national character which subsist among them have been only in a very small part removed by amalgamation of the two races; and that these differences are so wide, and so deeply seated, that here, as elsewhere – wherever, indeed, the Celtic and Teutonic races have been brought into contact, – a struggle and an opposition, a repulsive tendency, more or less open and active, have ever existed, and have brought about the subjugation, the inferiority, and, to a certain degree, the degradation of the former. The Saxons produced few or no results of importance by their attacks on the Welsh; the hardy mountaineers generally gave them as much as they brought; and, had they been doomed to meet with no men of sterner stuff, they would still have held their own in unbroken integrity. But the energy of the Normans, their fire and gallantry, animating and directing the slower

impulses of their Teutonic vassals, made the monarch of England at length the conquering sovereign of Wales; and, from that moment, with the transient exception of Owen Glyndwr's bright resistance, Wales not only became the conquered and suffering country, but showed all the symptoms of it, and brought forth all its fruits. The higher classes either became replaced by Anglo-Norman nobles, or imitated both their customs and their language; – many of the largest landed proprietors no longer resided in the principality; and those who did, held themselves far above their Celtic vassals in proud and domineering exclusiveness. The common people – the mass of the nation, including the petty free-holders and the remains of the conquered native nobles – formed a national party, ever opposed to their haughty masters; adhered to their national language with the greater devotion, as it was to them the only relic of their former independence; retained their ancient national customs and superstitions; and were content to turn their backs upon the progress of that nation whose power they could not throw off, though the desire to do so remained, and is not, even at the present day, extinguished. The Welsh still call themselves "the Cymry," and the English "the Saeson." They still look on the English as foreigners; and this fact alone speaks volumes as to the antagonism that still subsists between the two races. It is not our intention to go into any discussion upon the political bearings of this state of things: we will only observe, that the gentry and clergy of Wales having mainly carried on their studies in the English language, and having been anxious to do so as a mark of distinction from their humbler neighbours, not only has the Welsh language remained almost stationary since the time of the conquest, but the national mind, the intelligence of the common people, has never kept pace with that of England. Nearly all the literature and science, all the poetry, history, and belles-lettres of the English nation, have been to the Welsh totally unknown. They have never been translated; and, for that very reason, the middle classes of the country, and of course all the lower ones, are, it may be said, almost totally ignorant of them.

Another circumstance tending to this comparative isolation, is the physical formation of the country, which, by keeping the people, down to the present time, fixed to their bleak hills and extensive moorlands, and by discouraging the growth of large towns, has retained the people in a state of primitive agricultural simplicity, which, while it may make them enjoy a certain amount of happiness not inferior to that of their trade-enslaved neighbours, retards them in what we suppose to be the *summum bonum*– the march of civilisation.

The language, the feelings, the aspirations of the Welsh are different from those of the English – altogether different: and the million of inhabitants, who are of Celtic race – just like the two millions of Celts in France who retain the name of Britons; and the seven millions of the Erse in Ireland, who also differ altogether in sympathies, and to a great extent in language, from their conquerors – never will unite with the Saxon race so far as to keep pace with them in what is called "improvement" and "knowledge." This fundamental difference is alone sufficient to account for the different degrees of education in the two countries, even supposing that, after all, this difference should turn out to be less than it is actually supposed to be by her Majesty's inspectors; and it will also account for the immense preponderance of dissent in Wales, and for the pining state of the church. Ever since the time of Henry VIII., the English church has been the church of the conqueror. The conquered have been left to form their own religious creed; and, at the present moment, the Welsh adhere with all the warmth of national enthusiasm, and with all the devotion of a conquered people, to any form of worship but that which they see adopted by the upper classes – by their Anglo-Norman lords and masters. The limits of a review do not allow of our pursuing this portion of the subject to the extent we might wish; but we know that what we have here asserted is at the bottom of some of the main differences between the Welsh and the English characters; and we do not know of any means whereby these causes can be removed, except through the soothing and permuting influence of time. We appeal to the knowledge and experience of the more intelligent of the Welsh gentry for a confirmation of these views; we find ample evidence in support of them in the pages of these very reports. All through these volumes – in almost every page – there is the same complaint that the difference of language

impedes the communication of knowledge; and, indeed, we very much doubt whether any *English* parent or schoolmaster, who wished to convey all ideas of religious and secular knowledge to his children through the medium of the *Welsh* language, – to be taught them by an *Englishman*, – from the age of eight years old and upwards, would not arrive at the same negative result as the *Welshman* who makes the same experiment by means of the *English* tongue.

We may here quote the following important observations from the report of Mr Lingen – by far the most able, and the best digested of the three. And we take the opportunity of pointing out this gentleman's introductory remarks, as conveying the most valuable information which we have met with concerning the actual state of Wales, – as well as for the highly enlightened and philosophic spirit in which they are conceived.

Mr Lingen observes: —

> "My district exhibits the phenomenon of a peculiar language isolating the mass from the upper portion of society; and, as a further phenomenon, it exhibits this mass engaged upon the most opposite occupations at points not very distant from each other; being, on the one side, rude and primitive agriculturists, living poorly, and thinly scattered; on the other, smelters and miners, wantoning in plenty, and congregated in the densest accumulations. An incessant tide of immigration sets in from the former extreme to the latter, and, by perpetuating a common character in each, admits of their being contemplated under a single point of view. Whether in the country, or among the furnaces, the Welsh element is never found at the top of the social scale, nor in its own body does it exhibit much variety of gradation. In the country, the farmers are very small holders, in intelligence and capital nowise distinguished from labourers. In the works, the Welsh workman never finds his way into the office. He never becomes either clerk or agent. He may become an overseer or sub-contractor, but this does not take him out of the labouring and put him into the administering class. Equally in his new, as in his old, home, his language keeps him under the hatches, being one in which he can neither acquire nor communicate the necessary information. It is a language of old-fashioned agriculture, of theology, and of simple rustic life, while all the world about him is English.
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> "Thus his social sphere becomes one of complete isolation from all influences, save such as arise within his own order. He jealously shrinks from holding any communication with classes either superior to, or different from, himself. His superiors are content, for the most part, simply to ignore his existence in all its moral relations. He is left to live in an under world of his own, and the march of society goes so completely over his head that he is never heard of, excepting when the strange and abnormal features of a revival, or a Rebecca or Chartist outbreak, call attention to a phase of society which could produce any thing so contrary to all that we elsewhere experience.
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> "Cut off from, or limited to a purely material agency in, the practical world, his mental faculties, so far as they are not engrossed by the hardships of rustic, or the intemperance of manufacturing, life, have hitherto been exerted almost exclusively upon theological ideas. In this direction too, from causes which it is out of my province to particularise, he has moved under the same isolating destiny, and his worship, like his life, has grown different from that of the classes over him. Nor has he failed of tangible results in his chosen province of independent exertion. He has raised the buildings, and maintains the ministry of his worship over the whole face of his country, to an extent adequate to his accommodation."
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> "On the manifold evils inseparable from an ignorance of English, I found but one opinion expressed on all hands. They are too palpable, and too universally

admitted, to need particularising. Yet, if interest pleads for English, affection leans to Welsh. The one is regarded as a new friend to be acquired for profit's sake; the other as an old one, to be cherished for himself, and especially not to be deserted in his decline. Probably you could not find in the most purely Welsh parts a single parent, in whatever class, who would not have his child taught English in school; yet every characteristic development of the social life into which that same child is born – preaching – prayer-meetings – Sunday-schools – clubs – biddings – funerals – the denominational magazine (his only press), all these exhibit themselves to him in Welsh as their natural exponent, partly, it may be, from necessity, but, in some degree also, from choice. 'In the Cymreigyddion (benefit societies) it is *a rule* that no English shall be spoken.' It is true that the necessities of the world more and more force English upon the Welshman; but, whether he can speak no English, or whether he speaks it imperfectly, he finds it alike painful to be reminded of his utter, or to struggle against his partial, inability of expression. His feelings are impetuous; his imagination vivid; his ideas (on such topics as he entertains) succeed each other rapidly. Hence he is naturally voluble, often eloquent. He possesses a mastery over his own language far beyond that which the Englishman of the same degree possesses over his. A certain power of elocution (viz., to pray 'doniol,' as it is called, *i. e.*, in a gifted manner), is so universal in his class that to be without it is a sort of stigma. Hence, in speaking English, he has at once to forego the conscious power of displaying certain talents whereon he piques himself, and to exhibit himself under that peculiar form of inability which most offends his self-esteem. From all those favourite scenes of his life, therefore, which can still be transacted without English, he somewhat eagerly banishes it as an irksome imposition.

"Through no other medium than a common language can ideas become common. It is impossible to open formal sluice-gates for them from one language into another. Their circulation requires a net-work of pores too minute for analysis, too numerous for special provision. Without this net-work, the ideas come into an alien atmosphere in which they are lifeless. Direct education finds no place, when indirect education is excluded by the popular language, as it were by a wall of brass. Nor can an old and cherished language be *taught down* in schools; for so long as the children are familiar with none other, they must be educated to a considerable extent through the medium of it, even though to supersede it be the most important part of their education. Still less, out of school, can the language of lessons make head against the language of life. But schools are every day standing less alone in this contest. Along the chief lines of road, from the border counties, from the influx of English, or English-speaking labourers, into the iron and coal-fields – in short from every point of contact with modern activity, the English tongue keeps spreading, in some places rapidly, but sensibly in all. Railroads, and the fuller development of the great mineral beds, are on the eve of multiplying these points of contact. Hence the encouragement vigorously to press forward the cause of popular education in its most advanced form. Schools are not called upon to impart in a foreign, or engraft upon the ancient tongue a factitious education conceived under another set of circumstances (in either of which cases the task would be as hopeless as the end unprofitable), but to convey in a language, which is already in process of becoming the mother tongue of the country, such instruction as may put the people on a level with that position which is offered to them by the course of events. If such instruction contrasts in any points with the tendency of old ideas, such contrast will have its reflex and its justification in the visible change of surrounding circumstances."

We find the same statements amply corroborated by the evidence of Mr Symons, another of her Majesty's inspectors. He observes: —

> "The Welsh language is a vast drawback to Wales, and a manifold barrier to the moral progress and commercial prosperity of the people. It is not easy to overestimate its evil effects. It is the language of the Cymri, and anterior to that of the ancient Britons. It dissevers the people from intercourse which would greatly advance their civilisation, and bars the access of improving knowledge to their minds. As a proof of this, there is no Welsh literature worthy of the name. The only works generally read in the Welsh language are the Welsh monthly magazines, of which a list and description are given in the Appendix lettered H. They are much more talented than any other Welsh works extant, but convey, to a very limited extent, a knowledge of passing events, and are chiefly polemical and full of bitter sectarianism, and indulge a great deal in highly-coloured caricatures and personality. Nevertheless they have partially lifted the people from that perfect ignorance and utter vacuity of thought which otherwise would possess at least two-thirds of them. At the same time, these periodicals have used their monopoly as public instructors in moulding the popular mind, and confirming a natural partiality for polemics, which impedes the cultivation of a higher and more comprehensive taste and desire for general information. This has been conclusively proved by Mr Rees, the enterprising publisher at Llandovery. He commenced the publication of a periodical similar to the Penny Magazine, in the Welsh language, but lost L.200 by it in a year. This was probably too short a trial of the experiment; but it sufficiently evinces the difficulty of supplanting an established taste, by means however inoffensive.
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> "The evil of the Welsh language, as I have above stated, is obviously and fearfully great in courts of justice. The evidence given by Mr Hall (No. 37) is borne out by every account I have heard on the subject; it distorts the truth, favours fraud, and abets perjury, which is frequently practised in courts, and escapes detection through the loop-holes of interpretation. This public exhibition of successful falsehood has a disastrous effect on public morals and regard for truth. The mockery of an English trial of a Welsh criminal by a Welsh jury, addressed by counsel and judge in English, is too gross and shocking to need comment. It is nevertheless a mockery which must continue until the people are taught the English language; and that will not be done until there are efficient schools for the purpose."

The Reverend Mr Griffiths, of the Dissenting college, Brecknock, says: —

> "It (the English language) is gaining ground in the border counties, but not so fast as Englishmen are apt to suppose. Very few pulpits or Sunday-schools have changed languages within the memory of man. Until that is done, the English, however employed in ordinary matters of business, can have little effect on the formation of character. As to the desirableness of its being better taught, without entering on considerations of commerce or general literature, confessedly important as they are, perhaps you will forgive my taking an extract from the address published by the Llandovery conference" [from which the following passage may be cited]: – "'Hallowed by religion and rich with the magic of genius and associations of home, it (the Welsh language) cannot be otherwise than dear to our hearts. It has done good service in its day, and the sooner that service is acknowledged, the better for all parties concerned. If die it must, let it die fairly, peacefully, and reputably. Attached to it as we are, few would wish to postpone its euthanasy. But no sacrifice would be deemed too great to prevent its being murdered. At the best, the vanishing for ever

> of a language which has been spoken for thousands of years is a deeply touching event. There is a melancholy grandeur in the very idea, to which even its bitterest enemies cannot be wholly insensible. What, then, must the actual fact be to those who have worshipped and loved in its accents from the earliest hours of childhood, and all whose fondest recollections and hopes are bound up in its existence?'"

Mr Johnson, the third inspector, publishes a most curious list of all the books now circulating in the Welsh language. They are only 405 in number, and out of these 309 relate to religion or poetry, 50 to scientific subjects, and only the remaining 46 to general subjects. What can be done for the education of a people with such a literature? Evidently nothing, until one of these two contingencies shall take place: either that the people forsake their own language, and adopt English exclusively, or that a very considerable number of the best elementary and educational books in the English language be translated into Welsh, and the people taught in them. Neither of which contingencies are likely to fall out for many generations yet to come; though the latter is clearly possible and desirable; and the former not only impossible except in the lapse of ages, but also, for reasons that we shall advert to hereafter, highly to be deprecated even if it lay within the limits of feasibility.

We now address ourselves to the main features of the reports themselves; and shall begin by observing that each volume consists of an introductory report, followed and supported by an immense mass of detailed evidence, accounts of the examination of each school, and elaborate tables, enough to confound the diligence of the most indefatigable reader, and amply sufficient to satisfy the statistical appetites of Mr Kay Shuttleworth, the secretary of the committee, and Mr Williams, late M.P. for Coventry, in whose motion these volumes originated.

The first volume (Mr Lingen's) contains 62 pages of introductory report, and 492 of evidence and tables. The second volume, (Mr Symons's,) 68 of report, and 266 of evidence, &c.; and the third, (Mr Johnson's,) which is the volume devoted to North Wales, has also 68 of report, and 358 of evidence.

The reports of nearly all the schools, with very few and widely-scattered exceptions, run all on the same themes; the inability of the children to answer the examiner's questions, and their ignorance, bad pronunciation, bad syntax, &c., of the English language. We know for a fact, on the other hand, that the returns of the inspectors are disputed in a great number of cases by competent judges residing in or near the parishes where the examinations took place; and that the inspectors are accused of having conducted their examinations not only in an off-hand flippant manner, with much precipitancy, but with a method so decidedly English, and therefore foreign, as at once to unnerve both the children and the schoolmasters, and thus to have produced the most negative and unfavourable results possible. In a great many instances, too, the inspectors are accused of having made erroneous returns. We have been ourselves at the pains to make inquiries into these points, but for the very obvious reason of not wishing to involve ourselves in controversy, we abstain from discussing the evidence, especially with three lawyers for our antagonists: we leave this task to the Welsh local press, which has been for some time past running a-muck at them, and is disposed to devour them – reports, pens, ink, wigs, gowns, and all. We shall content ourselves with stating, that we know of one instance in which the inspector has sent in a very unfavourable report of a considerable school, which had been thoroughly and patiently examined only a few weeks before by one of the Welsh bishops, aided by some local clergymen, in the presence of a large concourse of the laity, and when the result had turned out to be highly creditable both to the teachers and the scholars. In the latter case, the children had been questioned both in Welsh and English by Welsh people, and by people whom they knew and were not afraid of. In the former, they had been examined by one of her Majesty's inspectors, learned in the law, but not in the Welsh language, nor in the art of conciliating the Welsh people. We shall take instances from each of the three reports, diving into these parliamentary folios quite at hazard, and fishing up the first returns that meet our eye: they will give some idea of the inspectors' skill, and of the condition of the schools.

Mr Lingen reports as follows of a school in the parish of Llangwnnor, Carmarthenshire.

> "I visited this school on the 24th of November; it is held in a ruinous hovel of the most squalid and miserable character, which was originally erected by the parish, but apparently by encroachment. On Sunday the Calvinistic Methodists hold a school in it; the floor is of bare earth, full of deep holes; the windows are all broken; a tattered partition of lath and plaster divides it into two unequal portions; in the larger were a few wretched benches, and a small desk for the master in one corner; in the lesser was an old door with the hasp still upon it, laid crossways upon two benches, about half a yard high, to serve for a writing-desk! Such of the scholars as write retire in pairs to this part of the room, and kneel on the ground while they write. On the floor was a heap of loose coal, and a litter of straw, paper, and all kinds of rubbish. The vicar's son informed me that he had seen eighty children in this hut. In summer the heat of it is said to be suffocating; and no wonder.
>
> "The master appeared a pains-taking and amiable man, and had a very good character given of him. He had been disabled from following his trade (that of a carpenter) by an accident. He was but indifferently acquainted with English; one of the copies set by him was 'The Jews slain Christ.' I stood by while he heard two classes – one of two little girls, and another of three little boys and a girl – read. The two first read an account of our Lord's temptation; the master asked them to spell a few words, which they did, and then to give the Welsh equivalents for several English words, which they also did; he asked no other questions. The other class read small sentences containing a repetition of the same word, *e. g.*, 'The bad do sin – wo to the bad – the bad do lie,' &c. They were utterly unable to turn such sentences into Welsh; they knew the letters (for they could point to particular words when required,) and they knew to some extent the English sound of them; they knew also the meaning of the single words (for they could give the Welsh equivalents,) but they had no idea of the sentence. With them, therefore, English reading must be (at best) a mere string of words, connected only by juxtaposition."

Mr. Symons gives the following report of a school at Llanfihangel Creiddyn, in Cardiganshire.

> "This parish contains a very good modern school-room, but it is not finished inside. There is no floor of any sort. The school, nevertheless, is of the most inferior description, devoid of method in the instruction, and of capacity in the master. During the whole of last summer the school was shut, and the room was used by the carpenters who were repairing the church. One of their benches is now used as a writing table. Few of the children remain a year; they come for a quarter or half-a-year, and then leave the school. Fourteen children were present, together with two young men who were there to learn writing. Four of the children only could read in the Testament, and the master selected the 1st chapter of Revelation for them to read in. They stammered through several verses, mispronouncing nearly every word, and which the master took some pains to correct. None of them knew the meaning, or could give the Welsh words for 'show,' 'gave,' or 'faith.' One or two only knew that of 'grace,' 'woman,' 'nurse.' Their knowledge of spelling was very limited. Of Scripture they knew next to nothing. Jesus was said to be the son of Joseph; one child only said the Son of God; another thought he was on earth now; and another said he would come again 'to increase grace,' grace meaning godliness. Three out of the five could not tell why Christ came to the earth, a penny having been offered for a correct answer. Two could not tell any one thing that Christ did, and a third said he drew water from a rock in the land of Canaan. None knew the number of

the Apostles; one never heard of them, and two could not name any of them. Christ died in Calvary, which one said was in England, and the others did not know where it was. Four could not tell the day Christ was born, or what it was called. The days of a week were guessed to be five, six, four, and seven. The days in the month twenty and fifteen, and nine could name the months. None knew the number of days in the year; and all thought the sun moved round the world. This country was said to be Cardiganshire, not Wales. Ireland one thought a town, and another a parish. England was a town, and London a country. A king was a reasonable being (creadwr rhesymnol.) Victoria is the Queen, and it is our duty to do every thing for her. In arithmetic they could do next to nothing, and failed to answer the simplest questions. I then examined the young men, promising two-pence to those who answered most correctly. They had a notion of the elements of Scripture truths. Two of them had no notion of arithmetic. The third answered easy questions, and could do sums in the simple rules. On general subjects their information was very little superior to that of the children."

And Mr Vaughan Johnson, in examining the church school of Holyhead, in the Isle of Anglesey, reports as follows: —

"*Holyhead Church School.*– A school for boys and girls, taught by a master and mistress, in separate rooms of a large building set apart for that purpose. Number of boys, 96; of girls, 47; 10 monitors are employed. Subjects taught, reading, writing, and arithmetic, the Holy Scriptures and Church catechism. Fees, 1d. per week.

"This school was examined November 9. Total number present, 117. Of these, 20 could write well on paper; 40 were able to read with ease; and 22 could repeat the Church catechism, 15 of them with accuracy. In knowledge of Holy Scripture and in arithmetic, the boys were very deficient. Scholars in the first class said that there were 18 gospels, that Bartholomew wrote one and Simon another; that Moses was the son of David. These answers were not corrected by the rest. By a lower class it was said, that Jerusalem is in heaven, and that St Paul wrote the gospel according to St Matthew; another believed it was written by Jesus Christ. The oldest boy in a large class said, that Joseph was the son of Abraham. A child about 10 years old said, that Jesus Christ was the Saviour of men; but, upon being asked 'From what did he save mankind?' replied, 'from God.'

"Having heard from the patrons that the scholars were particularly expert in arithmetic, I requested the master to exhibit his best scholars. Thirteen boys accordingly multiplied a given sum of £ *s. d.* by (25 + ½.) The process was neatly and accurately performed by every boy. I then examined the same class in arithmetic, and set each boy a distinct sum in multiplication of money. Instead of (25 + ½) I gave 5 as the number by which the several sums were to be multiplied. I allowed each boy for this simple process twice as much time as he had required for the preceding, which was far more complicated; but only two of the 13 could bring me a correct answer. This is well worthy of remark. The original sum appears to be one which they are in the habit of performing before strangers; many had copied the whole process from those next them, without understanding a single step.

"The girls were further advanced in arithmetic and in Holy Scripture. But the 2d class asserted that St Matthew was one of the prophets; that Jesus Christ is in the grave to this day; and two stated that Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary were the same person. Although these questions were put in English and in Welsh, few of

> the children could understand what they heard or read in the English language. The questions were therefore interpreted."

We should here observe that a considerable number of the examinations were conducted not by the inspectors themselves, but by persons hired by them, more or less on account of their knowledge of the Welsh language. To these we attach little or no weight, because they have not the sanction of a Government commission, nor do the persons themselves hold any official or private rank by which their capacities for conducting such examinations can be ascertained.

As a specimen of the state in which some of the peasantry are, we find Mr Lingen, while in Pembrokeshire, remarking thus: —

> "I entered two cottages, where the children were said not to be attending school. In the first I found an extremely well-spoken and intelligent girl of twelve or thirteen years old, and her brother somewhat younger. They had been to Yerbeston day-school for about a quarter, and to Molleston Sunday-school for about two years, though not for the last month. It was closed during the bad weather and short days. She read about Jesus in the Testament; but could tell me *nothing* about him except that he was called the Son of Man. She said, 'They only teach us to read; they don't tell us any of these things at the Sunday-school.'
>
> "In the other cottage I found two little children, a boy and girl, going, and having been, to no school of any kind. The girl was nursing an infant: there were two other children from home. The mother of four of them was a widow, the fifth child was apparently a pauper, billeted upon her in consideration of 5s. per week from the parish. At the time of my visit the mother was out at farm-work (winnowing), and had to be called; I could get no answer from the two children. The girl, who was the eldest, and in her ninth year, only replied to my questions by a cunning, unpleasant grin, though her face was intelligent and not ill-looking. The boy had a most villainous expression of sullen stolidity; he was mixing culm with his hands. They knew no prayers, nor who to pray to – and of course never prayed. The mother could not read nor write – 'worse luck,' as she said; her only chance of educating these children was a free-school. The entire 5s. went in food at the present high prices, and 'not enough then.'
>
> "In this same neighbourhood I asked some questions of a little boy, nearly seven, whom I met on the road. It was in vain that I tempted him with half-pence to answer; he knew nothing of Sunday – of God – of the devil – 'had heard of Jesus Christ from Jemmy Wilson,' but could give no account whatever about him; he knew neither the then day of the week, nor how many days in a week, nor months in a year; he had never been in any school; his brother and sister were going to St Issell's school. I had to repeat my questions two or three times over before they seemed to impress any thing more than his ears. The first answer *invariably* was, and it was, often repeated half a dozen times – '*What ee' say?*' and the next '*Do' know*.'"

The condition of the buildings in which the schools are commonly held in the country parishes is wretched in the extreme. Take the following brief accounts, some of which might furnish admirable sketches to a Cattermole or a Maclise: —

> "(1.) The school was held in a miserable room over the stable; it was lighted by two small glazed windows, and was very low; in one corner was a broken bench, some sacks, and a worn-out basket; another corner was boarded off for storing tiles and mortar belonging to the chapel. The furniture consisted of one small square table for the master, two larger ones for the children, and a few benches, all in a wretched state of repair. There were several panes of glass broken in the windows;

in one place paper served the place of glass, and in another a slate, to keep out wind and rain; the door was also in a very dilapidated condition. On the beams which crossed the room were a ladder and two larch poles.

"(2.) The school was held in a room built in a corner of the churchyard; it was an open-roofed room; the floor was of the bare earth, and very uneven; the room was lighted by two small glazed windows, one-third of each of which was patched up with boards. The furniture consisted of a small square table for the master, one square table for the pupils, and seven or eight benches, some of which were in good repair, and others very bad. The biers belonging to the church were placed on the beams which ran across the room. At one end of the room was a heap of coal and some rubbish, and a worn-out basket, and on one side was a new door leaning against the wall, and intended for the stable belonging to the church. The door of the schoolroom was in a very bad condition, there being large holes in it, through which cold currents of air were continually flowing."

If, however, the condition of the school-buildings is thus unsuitable, the previous education and training of the teachers is not less faulty. The subjoined extract from Mr Lingen's report is borne out by precisely similar statements from those of his coadjutors: —

"The present average age of teachers is upwards of 40 years; that at which they commenced their vocation upwards of 30; the number trained is 12·5 per cent of the whole ascertained number; the average period of training is 7·30 months; the average income is L.22, 10s. 9d. per annum; besides which, 16·1 per cent have a house rent-free. Before adopting their present profession, 6 had been assistants in schools, 3 attorneys' clerks, 1 attorney's clerk and sheriff's officer, 1 apprentice to an ironmonger, 1 assistant to a draper, 1 agent, 1 artilleryman, 1 articled clerk, 2 accountants, 1 auctioneer's clerk, 1 actuary in a savings' bank, 3 bookbinders, 1 butler, 1 barber, 1 blacksmith, 4 bonnet-makers, 2 booksellers, 1 bookkeeper, 15 commercial clerks, 3 colliers, 1 cordwainer, 7 carpenters, 1 compositor, 1 copyist, 3 cabinet-makers, 3 cooks, 1 corn-dealer, 3 druggists, 42 milliners, 20 domestic servants, 10 drapers, 4 excise-men, 61 farmers, 25 farm-servants, 1 farm-bailiff, 1 fisherman, 2 governesses, 7 grocers, 1 glover, 1 gardener, 177 at home or in school, 1 herald-chaser, 4 housekeepers, 2 hatters, 1 helper in a stable, 8 hucksters or shopkeepers, 1 iron-roller, 6 joiners, 1 knitter, 13 labourers, 4 laundresses, 1 lime-burner, 1 lay-vicar, 5 ladies'-maids, 1 lieutenant R. N., 2 land-surveyors, 22 mariners, 1 mill-wright, 108 married women, 7 ministers, 1 mechanic, 1 miner, 2 mineral agents, 5 masons, 1 mate, 1 maltster, 1 militia-man, 1 musician, 1 musical-wire-drawer, 2 nursery-maids, 1 night-schoolmaster, 1 publican's wife (separated from her husband,) 2 preparing for the church, 1 policeman, 1 pedlar, 1 publican, 1 potter, 1 purser's steward, 1 planter, 2 private tutors, 1 quarryman, 1 reed-thatcher, 28 sempstresses, 1 second master R. N., 4 soldiers, 14 shoemakers, 2 machine-weighers, 1 stonecutter, 1 serjeant of marines, 1 sawyer, 1 surgeon, 1 ship's cook, 7 tailors, 1 tailor and marine, 1 tiler, 17 widows, 4 weavers, and 60 unascertained, or having had no previous occupation.

"In connexion with the vocation of teacher, 2 follow that of assistant-overseer of roads, 6 are assistant overseers of the poor, 1 accountant, 1 assistant parish clerk, 1 bookbinder, 1 broom and clog-maker, 4 bonnet-makers, 1 sells Berlin wool, 2 are cow-keepers, 3 collectors of taxes, 1 drover (in summer,) 12 dressmakers, 1 druggist, 1 farmer, 4 grocers, 3 hucksters or shopkeepers, 1 inspector of weights and measures, 1 knitter, 2 land-surveyors (one of them is also a stonecutter,) 2 lodging-

house keepers, 1 librarian to a mechanics' institute, 16 ministers, 1 master of a workhouse, 1 matron of a lying-in hospital, 3 mat-makers, 13 preachers, 18 parish or vestry clerks (uniting in some instances the office of sexton), 1 printer and engraver, 1 porter, barber, and layer-out of the dead in a workhouse, 4 publicans, 1 registrar of marriages, 11 sempstresses, 1 shopman (on Saturdays,) 8 secretaries to benefit societies, 1 sexton, 2 shoemakers, 1 tailor, 1 teacher of modern languages, 1 turnpike man, 1 tobacconist, 1 writing-master in a grammar-school, and 9 are in receipt of parochial relief."

Upon this the inspector observes with great good sense —

"No observations of mine could heighten the contrast which facts like the above exhibit, between the actual and the proper position of a teacher. I found this office almost every where one of the least esteemed and worst remunerated; one of those vocations which serve as the sinks of all others, and which might be described as guilds of refuge; for to what other grade can the office of teacher be referred after the foregoing analysis? Is it credible that, if we took 784 shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, or any other skilled workmen, we should find them (one with another) not to have commenced their calling before 30 years of age? nor more than 47·3 per cent of them who had not previously followed some other calling nor more than 1 in every 8 who had served any apprenticeship to it, nor even this 8th man for a period much longer than half a year? The miserable pittance which they get is irregularly paid."

The pecuniary part of the question, the ways and means for supporting an efficient system of education in Wales, may be very fairly inferred from the following extract of the report on three of the most prosperous counties in the principality, corroborated as it is by similar statements and returns in other districts: —

"There is a great and general deficiency of voluntary funds for the maintenance of schools for the poor in the rural parts of South Wales. By far the most liberal contributors to such schools in England are the clergy. The following table exhibits the clerical income of the beneficed clergy in my district. I would beg to call particular attention to the average area and population of the parishes in Carmarthenshire, and to the income of the clergy in the remote hundreds of Dewisland and Kemess: —

"The poor provision which the church offers to an educated man, and the necessity of ordaining those only, for the great majority of parishes, who understand the Welsh language, are facts which bear powerfully upon the education of the country. A large portion of the Welsh clergy complete their education exclusively in Wales. The licensed grammar schools, from which they were formerly ordained, have been superseded for St David's College, Lampeter.

"Still, so far as daily education has hitherto been supported by voluntary payments, this has been mostly in connexion with the church. For, putting aside 31·1 per cent of the day-scholars as belonging to private adventure schools, and 10·9 percent for children in union workhouse and workmen's schools, there remains 39·9 per cent of the day-scholars in connexion, and 18·1 per cent not in connexion, with the church."

	Number of		Vicarages or	Number of	Total Income
Counties.	Parishes.	Rectories.	Perpetual	Glebe	of Clergy from
			Curacies.	Houses.	Benefices.
					£
Carmarthenshire,	77	16	72	26	9,974
Glamorganshire,	125	53	83	33	18,101
Pembrokeshire,	140	58	85	34	17,418
The three Counties,	342	127	240	93	45,493

	Average			Number of		Average area
	Income of			Parishes on	Average	of square
Counties	Clergy per			which the	population	miles
	Parish.			average Income	per Parish.	per Parish.
				is taken.		
	£	s.	d.			
Carmarthenshire,	119	13	0	75	1,380	12
Glamorgenshire,	153	7	11	118	1,364	6
Pembrokeshire,	129	0	5	135	255	4
The three Counties,	133	0	4	328	1,068	6

Whatever deficiencies there may be in the system of daily and secular education, much more zeal and energy is shown in the Sunday schools; the causes and objects of which are so graphically and accurately described by Mr Lingen, that we must again quote his own words: – observing that the two other reports tell the same tale exactly, only in different language —

> "The type of such Sunday schools is no more than this. A congregation meets in its chapel. It elects those whom it considers to be its most worthy members, intellectually and religiously, to act as 'teachers' to the rest, and one or more to 'superintend' the whole. Bible classes, Testament classes, and classes of such as cannot yet read, are formed. They meet once, generally from 2 to 4 P.M., sometimes in the morning also, on each Sunday. The superintendent, or one of the teachers, begins the school by prayer; they then sing; then follows the class instruction, the Bible and Testament classes reading and discussing the Scriptures, the others learning to read; school is closed in the same way as it began. Sections of the same congregation, where distance or other causes render it difficult for them to assemble in the chapel, establish similar schools elsewhere. These are called branches. The constitution throughout is purely democratic, presenting an office and some sort of title to almost every man who is able and willing to take an active part in its administration, without much reference to his social position during the other six days of the week. My returns show 11,000 voluntary teachers, with an allowance of about seven scholars to each. Whatever may be the accuracy of the numbers, I believe this relative proportion to be not far wrong. The position of teacher is coveted as a distinction, and is multiplied accordingly. It is not unfrequently the first prize to which the most proficient pupils in the parochial schools look. For them it is a step towards the office of preacher and minister. The universality of these schools, and the large proportion of the persons attending them who take part in their government, have very generally familiarised the people with some of the more ordinary terms and methods of organisation, such as *committee*, *secretary*, and so forth.
>
> "Thus, there is every thing about such institutions which can recommend them to the popular taste. They gratify that gregarious sociability which animates

the Welsh towards each other. They present the charms of office to those who, on all other occasions, are subject; and of distinction to those who have no other chance of distinguishing themselves. The topics current in them are those of the most general interest; and are treated in a mode partly didactic, partly polemical, partly rhetorical, the most universally appreciated. Finally, every man, woman, and child feels comfortably at home in them. It is all among neighbours and equals. Whatever ignorance is shown there, whatever mistakes are made, whatever strange speculations are started, there are no superiors to smile and open their eyes. Common habits of thought pervade all. They are intelligible or excusable to one another. Hence, every one that has got any thing to say is under no restraint from saying it. Whatever such Sunday-schools may be as places of instruction, they are real fields of mental activity. The Welsh working man rouses himself for them. Sunday is to him more than a day of bodily rest and devotion. It is his best chance, all the week through, of showing himself in his own character. He marks his sense of it by a suit of clothes regarded with a feeling hardly less Sabbatical than the day itself. I do not remember to have seen an adult in rags in a single Sunday school throughout the poorest districts. They always seemed to me better dressed on Sundays than the same classes in England."

As a specimen of the relative number of Sunday schools belonging to the different religious persuasions in North Wales, we will take Mr Johnson's summary, which gives the following tabular result; and which is nearly in the same proportion in the rest of the principality: —

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Church of England,	124
Baptists,	73
Calvinistic Methodists,	545
Independents,	232
Wesleyan Methodists,	183
Other Denominations,	4
	—
Total,	1161

But if we take the returns of the daily schools for the same six counties, the proportions will be found to, be greatly changed: —

DAY SCHOOLS FOR THE POOR.

	Schools.	Scholars.
Church,	269	18,732
Baptists,	0	0
Calvinistic Methodists,	3	140
Independents,	6	275
Roman Catholics,	2	55
Wesleyans,	2	285
British and Foreign,	42	4,979
Schools, not British and Foreign,	29	1,726
Workhouse Schools,	8	463
Factory,	1	30
Private adventure,	216	5,348
	—	—
Total,	578	32,033

Out of these daily schools for the poor, not less than 269, or 46½ per cent of the whole number, (to say nothing of many of the private schools,) are publicly provided by the Church; and it should be remembered that of the Dissenting Sunday schools nearly all are held in their meeting-houses, and form part and parcel of their religious system; whereas the Church Sunday school is mostly an institution apart from the church itself, and established on its own separate footing.

With regard to the funds for supporting schools, the following remarks by Mr Johnson, as applied to North Wales, are too important to be omitted. He says: —

> "It appears, from the foregoing analysis of the funds of 517 schools, that the amount annually raised by charitable contributions of the rich is (in round numbers) £5675, that raised by the poor £7000. It is important to observe the misdirection of these branches of school income, and the fatal consequences which ensue.
>
> "The wealthy classes who contribute towards education belong to the Established Church; the poor who are to be educated are Dissenters. The former will not aid in supporting neutral schools; the latter withhold their children from such as require conformity to the Established Church. The effects are seen in the co-existence of two classes of schools, both of which are rendered futile – the Church schools supported by the rich, which are thinly attended, and that by the extreme poor; and private-adventure schools, supported by the mass of the poorer classes at an exorbitant expense, and so utterly useless that nothing can account for their existence except the unhealthy division of society, which prevents the rich and poor from co-operating. The Church schools, too feebly supported by the rich to give useful education, are deprived of the support of the poor, which would have sufficed to render them efficient. Thus situated, the promoters are driven to establish premiums, clothing-clubs, and other collateral inducements, in order to overcome the scruples and reluctance of Dissenting parents. The masters, to increase their slender pittance, are induced to connive at the infringement of the rules which require conformity in religion, and allow the parents (sometimes covertly, sometimes with the consent of the promoters) to purchase exemption for a small gratuity; those who cannot afford it being compelled to conform, or expelled in case of refusal. Where, however, the rules are impartially enforced, or the parents too poor to purchase exemption, a compromise follows. The children are allowed to learn the Church catechism, and to attend church, so long as they remain at school, but are cautioned by their parents not to believe the catechism, and to return to their paternal chapels so soon as they have finished schooling. A dispensation, in fact, is given, allowing conformity in matters of religion during the period required for education, provided they allow no impression to be made upon their minds by the ritual and observances to which they conform. The desired object is attained by both parties. Outward conformity is effected for the time, and the children return in after-life to the creed and usages of their parents."

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