

Poetry and Fiction from the Friendly Societies

1860-1900

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Abstract

This thesis considers a selection of poetry and fiction written by members of England's friendly societies which appeared in various publications from 1860 to 1900. While offering opportunities for sociability, friendly societies were primarily insurance clubs which provided financial support for working people in times of need. Since the movement constituted the largest form of working-class voluntary associations in Britain during the nineteenth century, the writers' representations of the experiences and concerns of working people are significant documents of a distinct working-class group within Victorian society. Whereas the societies' public discourse tended to be guarded about their relations with the middle-classes, the writers looked at here indicate a tension between the friendly societies, the middle classes, and government agencies.

Despite the prominent role which the friendly society movement played in key aspects of working-class lives,¹ it is absent from many histories of the nineteenth century. As literary historian, Brian Maidment, notes, there is a lack of attention to writing by working people which confronts the ways in which they were subjected to middle-class dependence, surveillance, and interference.² In the context of the friendly societies' drive for autonomy from middle-class patronage and rule during this period, the compositions express a sense of collective working-class identity while recognising the interdependence of the classes. These coexisting impulses, for working-class autonomy and for social integration, are often a creative tension in the stories and poems which appropriate both high and popular literary forms and resonate with diverse cultural allusions.

The structure of the thesis is designed to illustrate how the works can be read both for their interest as imaginative compositions by a group of largely self-taught writers, and for the heightened political awareness of the friendly societies which did not permit open references to politics in their meetings or non-fiction journal articles. The Introduction is followed by a chapter on the history and ethos of the friendly societies. Chapters 2 and 3 look at the fiction through the themes of social relations, medicine and health. Chapter 4 is on poetry which demonstrates ambivalent, complex or dissatisfied relationships to labour and the proximity of death in the members' lives. The final chapter brings together some of the protest poetry where the rousing rhetoric and unashamed polemic accentuate how the writers turned to literary forms in order to foster the collective spirit of mutual support and solidarity, which were the foundations of the friendly societies.

¹ Alan Kidd, State, Society and the Poor in Nineteenth-Century England, (Basingstoke: Macmillan Press, 1999), p.122.

² Brian Maidment, The Poorhouse Fugitives: Self-taught Poets and Poetry in Victorian England, 1987, (Manchester: Carcanet, 1992), p.17.

PREFACE

The primary aim of this thesis is to consider the significance of the creative writing by members of the friendly society movement during the period 1860 to 1900. This movement constituted the largest form of working-class self-help in Britain during the nineteenth century and has been described as, 'one of the routines of working-class life'.¹ The movement acted as fictive kin for working people, offering 'social networks, conviviality, and personal and financial support at times of life crisis.'² However, despite the prominent role which these organisations played in the lives of working people, there has been little scholarship on the history of the movement in forty years.³

Alongside day to day notices, information on Government legislation, financial statements, obituaries and reports from the various branches (known as 'courts' or 'lodges'), the publications considered here contain stories and poems submitted by members. Thus, it seemed to me that these publications were significant in that they offered members the opportunity to share their creative writing with a readership drawn not only from their own class, but from a collective which represented a considerable proportion of the workforce during the period. Because of the cultural and literary importance of these publications, I

¹ Richard Hoggart, The Uses of Literacy: Aspects of Working-Class Life, (New York: Oxford University Press, 1970), p.31.

² M. Gorsky, 'The Growth and Distribution of English Friendly Societies in the early Nineteenth Century', Economic History Review, 2nd series, 51, (1998), p.507.

³ Simon Cordery, British Friendly Societies: 1750-1914, (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), p.1, referring to P.H.J.H. Gosden, The Friendly Societies in England 1815-1875, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1961).

wanted to find out how members of this influential group represented themselves and their social relations in their creative writing.

Given the absence of literary scholarship, the few books on the social history of the organisations usefully inform my discussions.⁴ I puzzled over two of social historian Trygve Tholfsen's observations which seemed to sit uneasily together. On the one hand he comments that the fiction in the friendly society journals tended to 'sentimentalise social reality and to romanticise relations between employers and employees.'⁵ On the other hand, he also states that 'despite their total commitment to consensus values, the friendly societies had by no means abdicated their critical faculties or abandoned their quest for genuine independence'⁶ and that the societies 'had no trouble distinguishing between the professions of the middle classes and their actual behaviour and attitudes.'⁷ Thus, a further question I wanted to answer was, did this source of fiction merely support consensus values, as Tholfsen suggests, and *was* the writing solely a tool to entertain and retain readers?

My investigation of this aspect of the writing is given added impetus by Cordery's recent research which identifies how the friendly societies were 'politically active,'⁸ despite their own written rules which banned discussion of politics from their meetings. He notes how many members of the friendly societies were also members of radical working-class organisations, how they funded radical printers and publishers such as Joshua Hobson, printer of the

⁴ Primarily, Cordery, 2003 and Trygve Tholfsen, Working Class Radicalism in Mid-Victorian England, (London: Croom Helm, 1976).

⁵ Tholfsen, 1976, p.292.

⁶ Tholfsen, 1976, p.293.

⁷ Tholfsen, 1976, pp.293-294.

⁸ Cordery, 2003, p.4.

Chartist Northern Star and the Owenite New Moral World, at various times, and openly supported the dock workers' strike at the end of the century. Indeed, throughout the nineteenth century, trade unions registered as friendly societies at particular times in order to evade government attention. I also felt that this interrelation of the friendly societies and some trade unions offered the opportunity to look at work by friendly society writers who were also members of a trade union, where this connection was obvious.

Another impetus for this project came from a comment by literary historian, Brian Maidment. Noting studies of working-class writing, he observes that 'none of these studies [...] have tried to read self-taught writers in relation to a persistent middle-class interest in them as an aspect of wider political and social development - especially as an aspect of class awareness.'⁹

Thus, given that literature has historically been a vehicle for mobilising political thought, or for constructing acquiescence to its overt or covert propaganda, the fiction and poetry from the societies' publications would seem to offer the unique opportunity to consider the members' creative writing for their expressions of their shared, collective experience during this period. My project sets out to open up debates on this body of work.

⁹ Brian Maidment, The Poorhouse Fugitives: Self-taught Poets and Poetry in Victorian England, 1987, (Manchester: Carcanet, 1992), p.17.

Introduction

‘..the friendly societies were an authentic expression of a working-class subculture...’¹

Fiction and poetry written by members of the friendly society movement regularly appeared in various publications,² often alongside the day to day administrative, social and financial affairs of the organisations. While the imaginative qualities of the stories and poems primarily sought to entertain members, as a diversion from the dreadful conditions in which many lived and worked, some characterisations and representations may be read as the expression of the writers’ social and cultural experiences. These may suggest a tension between preserving a class distinctiveness and bridging class divisions, while representing shared human experiences. At times, the choice of forms, images and references appears to be politically charged. However, the most cohering feature of the work is the sense of the collective spirit which the societies were designed to foster. Hence, the most satisfying context for reading their work is as a cultural record of this group.

¹ Trygve Tholfsen, Working Class Radicalism in Mid-Victorian England, (London: Croom Helm, 1976), p.294.

² While all of the fiction and the majority of the poetry has been taken from the societies’ journals, this thesis also includes a very small number of poems from sources whose precise nature remains obscure, but appear affiliated to the friendly society movement either by the writer’s stated membership, or a friendly society’s name or emblem on the source.

Since the friendly societies can be perceived as the most authentic and circumscribed body of working people, the writing can contribute to the developing category of working-class literature in the nineteenth century.

The friendly society movement and its publications are discussed in more depth in Chapter 1. However, in order to place the writing in context, the social and political climate of the period needs to be understood, as does the movement's involvement in securing a respectable reputation for working people in the face of much suspicion of their class more generally.

The friendly societies grew out of providing mutual insurance for members in return for regular payments. It became the largest self-help organisation during the nineteenth century and its membership was predominantly made up of those working men 'who insisted that all men should be treated equally regardless of class.'³ The movement developed in response to the worst effects of industrialisation and the excesses of capitalism, amid the fluctuating economies of the nineteenth century. Working people joined the friendly societies in order to make financial provision for themselves in times of need, with the opportunity of taking part in regular socialising at club nights. Certainly, the strongest characteristic of these organisations appears to have been that of co-operation, with individualism taking second place. Alan Kidd describes the movement as 'a significant community of interest in Victorian society,'⁴ noting that its membership 'dwarfed' the number of people receiving state welfare

³ Tholfsen was not referring solely to the working men of the friendly society movement, but to all of those who belonged to the many working-class organisations of the period. Tholfsen, 1976, p.157.

⁴ Alan Kidd, State, Society and the Poor in Nineteenth-Century England, (Basingstoke: Macmillan Press, 1999), p.122.

through the Poor Law or receiving support from voluntary charities. Yet, the reasons for the growth of the movement cannot be wholly attributed to the financial support it provided. Kidd argues that the growth of membership can be understood more profitably by looking for a political explanation, rather than an economic one.⁵ Not only did the societies enable working men to maintain a degree of financial independence, but as a collective, membership also offered ‘some resistance to ideological and social dominations by the middle-class.’⁶

This middle-class domination surfaced in varying forms. For instance, many mid-Victorians of all classes supported a consensus to improve the urban community in all aspects of life, and to instill in the individual, ‘moral and intellectual improvement.’⁷ However, there was disagreement over what constituted ‘improvement’, for this emerged with class-specific interpretations. The pervasive middle-class hegemony intended that ‘improvement’ should parallel social stratification, that the working classes should accept their inferior status in all aspects of their lives.⁸ Margaret Beetham describes how many of the century’s magazines and periodicals sought to ‘improve’ and inculcate workers with bourgeois values, and she suggests that through them, and their representations of social relations, grew ‘the extremely rapid formulation of a precise middle-class ideology for describing working-class cultural activity.’⁹ However, Tholfsen observes that working men were:

⁵ Kidd, 1999, p.114.

⁶ Tholfsen, 1976, pp.158-9.

⁷ Tholfsen, 1976, p.156.

⁸ Tholfsen, 1976, p.156.

⁹ Margaret Beetham, ‘Healthy Reading’, Alan J. Kidd & K.W. Roberts, eds. City, Class and Culture: Studies of Social Policy and Cultural Production in Victorian Manchester, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1985), pp.169-170.

quite aware of the operation of the class system and the working-class subculture embodied a continuing effort to resist the imposition of a narrowly middle-class version of shared ideals...¹⁰

Thus, the climate of social cohesion which ostensibly pervaded much mid-Victorian thinking was frequently fraught with conflict between social classes.¹¹ Indeed, some efforts to dictate what form any 'improvement' of working-class lives should take focused on the area of literacy. Although levels of literacy increased during the second half of the century,¹² the majority of working people, and hence, friendly society members, were self-taught, and had received little or no formal education beyond the age of twelve. Jonathan Rose notes how some educated people 'found something profoundly menacing in the efforts of working people to educate themselves and write for themselves.'¹³ Arguing that 'for centuries autodidacts had struggled to assume direction of their own intellectual lives,'¹⁴ Rose suggests that the hierarchy of the British class structure:

rested on the presumption that the lower orders lacked the moral and mental equipment necessary to play a governing role in society. By discrediting that assumption, autodidacts demolished justifications of privilege.¹⁵

Friendly society members were well aware of the dominant perception of their intellect, and it was much debated within their journals. One article, in the

¹⁰ Tholfsen, 1976, p.247.

¹¹ Tholfsen, 1976, p.156.

¹² David Vincent, *Literacy & Popular Culture: England 1750-1914*, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1989). Vincent notes that by the 1890s, less than five per cent of the English population had no literacy skills at all (following the implementation of Forster's Education Act of 1870 and compulsory school attendance as a consequence of Mundella's Act in 1880). However, levels of literacy did vary, with men often being more literate than women in industrial areas.

¹³ Jonathan Rose, *The Intellectual Life of the British Working Classes*, (New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 2001), p.20.

¹⁴ Rose, 2001, p.12.

¹⁵ Rose, 2001, pp.20-21.

Foresters' Miscellany, compares the intellectual ability of university-educated scholars to that of fellow members, 'the minnows in the ocean of thought':¹⁶

there is just the same difference between us and a thoro 'bred university scholar as there is between the pig which pokes cabbage-stumps out of the gutter in a miscellaneous and precarious fashion, and the porker which is regularly fed in its own sty...¹⁷

This writer's comparison of the self-educated with university educated scholars, demonstrates the members' engagement with contemporary debates, and the societies' use of their publications as forums for its members.

While some members of the middle classes supported the movement for increasing the literacy levels of working people, many others treated it as a serious threat to their own social position. Rose suggests that this contest 'might have been the most crucial arena of the class struggle.'¹⁸ A portion of the perceived threat stemmed from the fear that increased levels of literacy meant that working people were able to access information, which in turn promoted discussion and thought, leading to their participation in democracy;¹⁹ hence, the link between the acquisition of literacy and the acquisition of political awareness.

Even suspicion of political activity gave added impetus to the investigations of working-class organisations. Thus the friendly society movement, along with trade unions, was subject to scrutiny at times of political unrest, such as when working-class independence became a national political issue during the 1860s and 1870s. Trade union militancy, during the 'Sheffield Outrages' of 1867,

¹⁶ 'Classical Allusions', (unsigned, but possibly by John Mallinson) Foresters Miscellany, (November, 1864), p.210.

¹⁷ 'Classical Allusions', 1864, p.210.

¹⁸ Rose, 2001, p.13.

¹⁹ Vincent, 1989, pp.54-56.

inspired renewed interest in workers' organisations, as did pressure for political reform, culminating in the passage of the 1867 Reform Act which extended the franchise to all rate-paying householders. Although eighty per cent of the population was classified as 'working-class' during the last half of the nineteenth century, the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884 had failed to create a democracy.²⁰ However, the period did see the formation of mass party politics, although largely for men, and the people did acquire a sense of political identity.

For the friendly societies, this political identity was modelled by weaving a path between outward conformity and compliance to the social order, and supporting many members who were actively involved in radical working-class organisations. Earlier, during the Chartist period, the friendly societies organised local strike action by levying members for additional contributions to support families of members who were on strike. It has been suggested that 'most of the male Chartists of Halifax were Oddfellows,'²¹ and that the Oddfellows made funds available to a group of Owenites in Hampshire, and also to miners on strike in Yorkshire.²² Oddfellows also funded radical printers and publishers, such as Joshua Hobson, printer of the Chartist Northern Star and the Owenite New Moral World at various times. Furthermore, trade unions were continuing to register as friendly societies in order to evade Government attention. Indeed, from the eighteenth through to the early nineteenth century, when colliers' attempts to form trade unions were defeated by colliery owners who refused to recognise them, the

²⁰ The Reform Acts left a sizeable proportion of the male electorate unenfranchised. It was not until 1918 that enfranchisement was afforded to some women with the Representation of the People Act, although it took a further ten years for women to achieve equality regarding suffrage.

²¹ Dorothy Thompson, The Chartists: Popular Politics in the Industrial Revolution, (New York: Pantheon, 1984), p.159.

²² Thompson, 1984, p.159.

colliers formed and met as friendly societies in order to avoid the legislation of the Combination Acts.²³ In central Lancashire alone in the early part of the nineteenth century, there were some twenty-one miners' 'friendly societies'. Another famous example of militant workers using friendly society status to avoid censure were the 'Tolpuddle Martyrs', who registered themselves as the Friendly Society of Agricultural Laborers in 1834. These examples are useful as they illustrate the point that while publicly the societies' discourse served to 'protect and enhance their respectable status,'²⁴ some branches maintained and supported connections with radical working-class organisations throughout the whole of the nineteenth century, while the movement was united in openly supporting dock workers in the late 1890s. This suggests that the societies were a resource for the working classes, to be used according to changing circumstances. Being a member of a friendly society did not preclude membership of overtly radical organisations.

Some of the writing considered in this project is by individuals who were members of both a friendly society and a trade union. Many friendly societies were formed by trade unions in times of particular hardship, in order to provide financial support to their members. For example, there were many hosiery and garment trade unions which were often virtually indistinguishable at a local level from neighbouring friendly societies. Details of specific friendly society writers who had links with trade unions, are given with their biographical details in Appendix II. However, despite this interconnectedness, the focus of this project is

²³ Essentially, the Combination Laws (1780 and 1799) made it illegal for workers to unite against employers in their demands for better pay and working conditions.

²⁴ Simon Cordery, 'Friendly Societies and the Discourse of Respectability in Britain, 1825–1875', *Journal of British Studies*, 34, (January, 1995), p.48.

upon writing from the friendly societies and not the trade union movement. Any links with trade unions is noted primarily as an alert to possible readings of their work.

Political uncertainty was not the only concern for the societies' members during the period. Despite the drive to bring social and environmental factors like health and housing to the fore during the 1880s, the gulf between the rich and the poor deepened as the century progressed. Social commentator and writer, Francis Peek, criticised the failure to relieve poverty during recurring depressions. Citing demonstrations of lawlessness, Peek deemed it unsurprising that 'preachers of anarchy find an attentive audience when they denounce modern government as tyranny, and the rulers of the state as oppressors of the poor.'²⁵ In 1886, campaigner for the poor, Samuel Barnett, observed that poverty in London was increasing, and drew attention to the appalling living conditions of the poor, noting how their possessions are more often at the pawnbrokers than in the home.²⁶ He commented that against this backdrop, the preoccupation with fashionable luxury and national wealth appeared 'but cruel satire.'²⁷

In some spheres, it was feared that the franchise extension would be followed by the proletarianisation of national political culture. The 1880s also saw the United Kingdom's politics transposed into politics of Empire, whereby the British workforce came to be viewed as the raw material for a new imperial race. Both institutions and social structures came under public scrutiny at this time.

²⁵ Francis Peek, 'The Workless, The Thriftless and the Worthless', The Contemporary Review, I (1888a), 53, pp.39-52; II (1888b), 53, pp.276-285.

²⁶ S. Barnett, 'Distress in East London', The Nineteenth Century, 20 (July-December, 1886), p.680.

²⁷ Barnett, 1886, p.680.

As members of the workforce, it is pertinent that not only were the writers of the friendly societies predominantly working-class, but their intended audience was too. This is in contrast to much so called 'working-class' fiction, which was written by middle-class novelists and largely aimed at a middle-class audience. As Gill Davis states:

[f]or most writers, the 'discovery' of the East End [of London] was synonymous with the 'problem' of the East End and to be recorded in an 'objective' mode: statistics, factual description, literary naturalism, first-hand accounts of journeys into the lower depths, and so on. [...] This serves the ideological purpose of imposing meaning and reassuring the middle-class reader - drawing the curtain back, then presenting a *knowable* image; knowable through statistics of wages and living conditions, or through individual fictional types.²⁸

Supporting Davis's analysis, Gary Day observes that the representation of the working classes found in many middle-class novels and stories depicts working people as passive victims, where if justice is achieved, it is by 'fortuitous events' rather than by direct action by working-class individuals.²⁹ Day also identifies how the human status of the working classes was even less in evidence in the factory than outside it.³⁰ Consequently, since the majority of the friendly society writers were themselves working-class, and were also writing for a working-class audience, their representations of their own class, if not all classes, might reasonably offer alternative perspectives. There is a considerable body of critical work drawn from other sources of writing by working people and these may

²⁸ Gill Davies, 'Foreign Bodies: Images of the London Working Class at the end of the 19th Century', *Literature and History*, 14. (1988), pp.64-65.

²⁹ Gary Day, *Class*, (London: Routledge, 2001), p.133.

³⁰ Day, 2001, p.133.

usefully inform any discussion. Notably, Alan Kidd and K.W. Roberts³¹ have examined the representation of the working classes in Victorian fiction and its wider relation to cultural production and social policy. Gustav Klaus's³² edited collection of essays considers the relationship between socialist and mainstream fictions. While the latter's primary focus is upon bound novels, hence more expensive and less accessible to many working people, Jack Mitchell³³ argues for the importance of fiction's entertainment value in the socialist press, a medium more readily afforded by its intended audience. Mitchell also remarks on the powerful role that fiction played in promoting the socialist movement in the press. William Christmas³⁴ and Brian Maidment³⁵ have also explored the output of working-class poets, although Maidment prioritises the literary elements of the self-taught tradition, over a more political or economic interpretation.

Certainly, the difficulties of self-education cannot be under-estimated. Martha Vicinus recognises that one of the major difficulties faced by working people was to combine literary enthusiasm with political beliefs in a manner attractive to their less educated peers.³⁶ Yet, the lack of leisure time often seemed insurmountable, and working-class autobiographies describe how the desire to

³¹ Alan J.Kidd. & K.W. Roberts, eds. City, Class and Culture: Studies of Social Policy and Cultural Production in Victorian Manchester, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1985).

³² H. Gustav Klaus, The Rise of Socialist Fiction 1880-1914, (Brighton: Harvester, 1987).

³³ Jack Mitchell, 'Tendencies in Narrative Fiction in the London-based Socialist Press of the 1880s and 1890s', H. Gustav Klaus, The Rise of Socialist Fiction 1880-1914, (Brighton: Harvester, 1987).

³⁴ William Christmas, Work, Writing and the Social Order in English Plebeian Poetry, 1730-1830, (New Jersey: Associated University Presses, 2001).

³⁵ Brian Maidment, The Poorhouse Fugitives: Self-taught Poets and Poetry in Victorian England, 1987, (Manchester: Carcanet, 1992).

³⁶ Martha Vicinus, The Industrial Muse: a Study of Nineteenth Century British Working-Class Literature, (London: Croom Helm, 1974), p.107.

read or write meant foregoing meals and walking many miles to buy a book.³⁷ Often there was much opposition within the family to any literary pursuit, since time spent in reading or writing ultimately cost money in one form or another. The opposition was sometimes simply because a literary career was considered unsuitable and inappropriate for a working person.³⁸

The stories being considered in this thesis have been selected because they appear to construct alternative representations of working people and their lives, to those of the dominant bourgeois ideology. For example, the interrelation and interdependence of one social class upon another is a much mooted theme and perhaps suggests that for these writers, social and economic dependence spans class barriers. Furthermore, rather than create a revolutionary genre, or simply explore fictive worlds which ultimately maintain the status quo, the fiction reworks the social order in one or more areas, whereby protagonists or themes are used to frame and criticise the unequal relations between social groups, emphasising the hierarchical relations existing between the middle and the working classes. Rather than simply offer an economic critique of the capitalist society, the writing overall seeks to create a coherent unified political group through the writers' visions of a more equal, and moral, social order. This suggests that the writers sought to consolidate the political unity of their organisations as centre to their readers, by reinforcing their specific doctrines,

³⁷ Vicinus, 1974, p.107.

³⁸ R. Lithgow, The Life of John Critchley Prince, (Manchester: Abel Heywood, 1880), ch.1, pp.1-57 document the hostility of Prince's father to his son's intellectual and poetry writing activities.

without attracting censure. For example, both Keedy Kingston's and Charles Marshall's narratives discussed in Chapter 2 weave a course between an anti-capitalist discourse and one which depicts more equal social relations; but within the existing stratifications of society, rather than as a socialist polemic. As Engels observes:

A socialist-based novel fully achieves its purpose [...] if by conscientiously describing the real mutual relations, breaking down conventional illusions about them, it shatters the optimism of the bourgeois world, instils doubt as to the eternal character of the existing order, although the author does not offer any definite solution or does not even line up openly on any particular side.³⁹

Accordingly, the fiction may be described as socialist-based, in that the writers do not depict socialism as a desired outcome. Like stories found in the contemporary socialist press, some of the writing from the friendly societies, but by no means all of it, had the potential to inform and raise the consciousness of the working-class reader, to reinforce the ideology of the movement, and to unite and mobilise members behind the banner of the organisation, in a form that was both instructive and entertaining.

Of course, any semblance of a unified vision articulated by the writers may first express the politics of the friendly societies, rather than be representative of the concerns of working people as a whole. This is not to suggest that friendly society members felt in any way apart from their own class, more that the ideals they explored within their writing can be readily traced back to their collective identity, rather than be ascribed to their class *per se*. Additionally, to homogenise

³⁹ Friedrich Engel's letter to Minna Kautsky, (London, November 26, 1885) in John Goode, 'William Morris and the Dream of Revolution', John Lucas ed. Literature and Politics in the Nineteenth Century, (London: Methuen & Co.Ltd., 1971), pp.224-225.

the sentiments of the friendly society writers with the remainder of the working classes would require too many presumptions of agency on a small, and ultimately distinct, cohort. Even in the process of reclaiming the writing of the friendly societies as a group, caution must be exercised with regard to homogenisation and generalisation.⁴⁰

To introduce all of the creative writing found within the friendly society publications without a specific purpose would prove a wide and perhaps unmanageable project. This analysis of members' writing primarily investigates three areas of interest and concern to the movement which were intrinsic both to their survival as organisations and to the interests of individual members. These three areas are social relations, healthcare and labour.

The importance of social relations stems from the societies' involvement with both the middle classes and the working classes during the period of this thesis, offering the opportunity to examine the writers' representations of their relations with these other social groups. The societies constructed themselves as both part of, but apart from, the working classes at different times, according to their own political agendas. As mentioned, the movement tried to appear both distant from militant trade unionism, while supporting the latter in times of

⁴⁰ Perry Nodelman cautions that in the very process of deconstructing assumptions about a specific group, the use of terms such as 'outcast' or an 'outcast society' may have the effect of reinforcing such assumptions. Perry Nodelman. 'The Urge To Sameness', *Children's Literature*, 28, (2000), p.38.

protest.⁴¹ At the same time, as a collective, they were ‘brought [...] into the most direct contact with the harshest side of middle-class social attitudes,’⁴² and sought to court and free themselves from attempts by both the state and some of the middle-classes, to direct working-class lives. Representations of their social relations reflect both a connectedness and a resistance to other social groups throughout.

Analysing the creative writing in terms of healthcare is of specific interest because the friendly societies’ vital function was to fund medical care when members were ill. The societies appointed their own panel of doctors to attend to their members on a fixed-fee basis, and as such, they became employers of middle-class professionals. The contests between these two groups exposed wider issues at the heart of the Victorian class structure. Similarly, the final area being investigated, that of labour, necessarily brought the friendly society members into direct contact with the class from which they wanted independence. Thus the writers’ representations of healthcare and labour also offer the opportunity to understand their concerns.

Given the diverse and uneven records of the friendly society movement that survive,⁴³ further rationalisations have been made in order to manage this project in a coherent way. For instance, the literature of those friendly societies that had a primary purpose, other than that of mutual assurance and friendship,

⁴¹ Cordery, 1995, pp. 35–58.

⁴² Tholfsen, 1976, p.294.

⁴³ For example, many records have been disposed of since their value was not recognised, and the London Blitz destroyed vast collections. Furthermore, the originals of some of the poems discussed in this thesis have been lost since starting this project, due to flooding of the basements that they were stored in.

has been excluded. Examples are those societies that were formed within companies, and usually subsidised by them, since their concerns were generally limited to inter-company issues.⁴⁴ Similarly, societies which primarily inculcated, say, temperance values, have not been included since it was felt that works with such a narrow agenda would fall outside the scope of this project. Undoubtedly, however, they would be valuable resources for extending the argument.

The writing produced by a further self-help movement of the period, the co-operatives, will not be included in this thesis for two reasons. First, so diverse was the co-operative movement during the whole of the latter part of the century, that to have included it would not permit a balanced discussion of its work alongside that of the friendly societies. This does leave the opportunity for research into the writers of the co-operative movement, as this also remains a much neglected area. The second rationale for selecting the friendly society movement over and above that of the co-operatives is to identify and record their publications, since many that do survive are in a poor, and often deteriorating, condition.

Research into the literature and history of women-only friendly societies is still minimal. It has not been included in this project because women's friendly societies declined in the second half of the nineteenth century, as did their involvement in the movement as a whole. Segregation within the societies reflected the gendered division of labour taking place in the wider world. Although withdrawal from the workforce for the majority of working-class women was not a financial possibility, and women-only friendly societies did

⁴⁴ The Railway Friendly Societies are an example of these organisations.

continue in some form, they tended to be small, local societies, usually formed in industrial areas, possibly with few records remaining. It is often difficult to be clear about the gender of the writer within the friendly society publications as their work may be among the many poems or stories submitted anonymously, or simply with initials.

To offer a more detailed insight into the publications consulted, the nature of the friendly society movement and their publications are discussed more fully in Chapter 1. Their internal organisation and stratification are examined, as is their prominence in Victorian society. However, since these publications are pertinent to the analysis of this writing, their publishing context is outlined here.

Much of the writing for this project has been taken from either the publications of the Ancient Order of Foresters, (Foresters' Miscellany),⁴⁵ or that of the Oddfellows, (Oddfellows' Magazine). These are the journals of the two largest societies to emerge in this period, being formed from amalgamations of smaller and diverse friendly societies, and thus could reasonably be taken as representative of the movement's literature as a whole. They also include the most comprehensive collections to have survived.

Both the Oddfellows' Magazine and the Foresters' Miscellany share similar publishing histories for the period in terms of their purpose and editorship. The Foresters' Miscellany was launched as a monthly journal in March 1836. In January, 1857, the first number of the revived Oddfellows' Magazine was

⁴⁵ At times, the monthly Foresters' Miscellany was also published in bound format, as The Foresters' Miscellany and Quarterly Review. The differences between the two are in the extent of the contents, rather than in the nature of them.

published. Despite the stratification and hierarchy within the friendly societies in terms of the positions of responsibility held, the election of editors and editorial board members appears to have mirrored the democratic ethos of the organisations. Editors and editorial boards comprised members who were elected by their fellows, usually annually. They formed part of what was termed the 'Annual Movable Committee', because they were removed from their position each year while fresh elections were held. These were meritocratic organisations, with their self-governing character being one of the strongest attractions to members.⁴⁶ Speaking about the Ancient Order of Foresters, David Green comments how the approach to democracy within all spheres of the society's organisation, 'was that all lawful authority originated, with and from the Members at large.'⁴⁷ Green also cites how:

the rights of every individual member are scrupulously respected and guarded; each individual has equal rights and privileges; merit alone is the medium th[r]ough which posts of honour may be arrived at, and no artificial barriers are permitted to prevent virtue and talent from occupying their fitting station.' (Ancient Order of Foresters, 1857).⁴⁸

This egalitarian approach to all aspects of internal organisation is confirmed by the fact that many members appear to have held positions across the societies' internal hierarchies. Because of the largely democratic selection of editors, and the power of the editor to set the parameters of the literary material in accordance with the societies' overall ethos, these publications may have provided a source where the writers could be relatively free in their reference to many of their shared

⁴⁶ David Green, 'The Evolution of Friendly Societies in Britain', Institute for Economic Affairs, 1993, <http://www.caledonia.org.uk/friendlies.htm>, accessed November 2004.

⁴⁷ Green, 1993, p.7.

⁴⁸ Green, 1993, p.6.

and working-class ideals. As far as can be determined, the only evidence of editorial principles took the form of a standard disclaimer, advising that the views contained within the publications were not necessarily representative of those of the board.

However, it would seem that space *was* sometimes a key factor, and it could result in a story or poem being reproduced either in whole, or in part, or omitted altogether, often simply according to the space available. This was perhaps the case when there were regional issues produced; precedence may have been given to local authors or issues, to the exclusion of articles of more general importance, or vice versa. The impact of this is that the form or extent of a story or poem may differ from issue to issue. Because of the random and apparently inconsequential nature of these anomalies, they do not in any way appear symptomatic of editorial censorship, but need to be born in mind. Thus, while the British Library does hold two copies of the Foresters' Miscellanies, each comprising a compilation of several years of their monthly journals, the Foresters' Miscellanies consulted for this project were held at the Foresters' Heritage Trust in Southampton. As far as can be ascertained from surviving accounts, there are no records of payments being made to members for their stories or poems.

Given that much of this source of writing remains little known and with access to it restricted,⁴⁹ where possible, photocopies or digitally photographed copies of the primary texts have been included in Appendix I. Where this has not been possible due to the fragile nature of the primary sources, or because of

⁴⁹ For example, the archives of the Ancient Order of Foresters have been closed since late 2001 due to the reorganisation of the society. Oddfellows' Magazines may be consulted at the Manchester offices of the former society, by prior arrangement and within working hours.

restrictions governing access to the material, the works discussed are quoted at length.

As this source of writing has not been the subject of any previous literary criticism, choosing the most suitable methodology was challenging. Foremost, such a methodology needed to consider the writers' expressions in context with their immediate collectivity and their material world. Choices have also had to be made in the terminology used to refer to the writers as a group. While terms such as 'plebeian', or 'labouring class', 'or self-educated' do satisfy some criteria, as a whole they seemed unsatisfactory in that they can be perceived to be reductive or limiting. This can also be true for the term 'working-class' when it is applied subjectively. However, the use of this term here seeks to be objective and refers to the fact that the majority of the writers come from an occupational stratum defined by the Registrar General's categorisation of social class.⁵⁰

It could be argued that the term 'class' be taken out of the equation, that the writers be called 'friendly society writers' throughout. But the nineteenth century also saw the term 'class' take on new meanings. The social upheavals from 1780, not least the French Revolution, meant that society shifted from any sense of homogeneity to one of division, and in the nineteenth century, this

⁵⁰ The British population was first classified according to occupation and industry in 1851, with occupational sub-categories being adjusted at several points during the remainder of the century. The Registrar General's Annual Report for 1911 (published 1913) included a summary of occupations designed to represent 'social grades.' This became known as the Registrar General's category of Social Classes, and was used for collating and understanding mortality data, as well as other phenomena.

separation was seen in terms of the group's position within the productive economy.⁵¹ The valuation returns published in 1880 showed that most members of the friendly societies were engaged in manual labour,⁵² while the remaining members were non-manual workers, or from skilled, partly skilled or unskilled occupations. Thus, defining the writers as 'working-class' seeks to recognise the diversity of people from the lower occupational groupings who made up the friendly society movement, and their remarkable achievements as a group. This approach to defining 'class' also seems appropriate since many former craft and skilled workers underwent a process of de-skilling in the predominantly factory-based workforce between 1860 and 1900. Casual work, a lack of relevant skills, incidence of ill health, and old age, meant that all classes of workers could find themselves below the poverty line. Hence, as a working-class collective, the writers experienced shared economic divisions and inequalities even though they were occupied in a diverse range of trades, from labourers to artisans.⁵³ As part of this collective, the writers frequently express shared sentiments of powerlessness, exploitation and poverty; experiences which divide those who experience it from those who 'perpetrate and perpetuate it.'⁵⁴ Their creative texts will thus be considered as a positive expression of the movement's consciousness, rather than

⁵¹ Geoffrey Crossick, 'From Gentleman to the Residuum: Languages of Social Description in Victorian Britain', 'The Labour Aristocracy and Its Values: A Study of Mid-Victorian Kentish London', *Victorian Studies*, 19, 3, (March, 1976), pp.306, 310, 320, cited in Day, 2003, p.114.

⁵² For more detailed analysis of the class composition, see, P.H.J.H. Gosden, *The Friendly Societies in England 1815-1875*, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1961), p.74. For sample analysis of membership, see Eric Hopkins, *Working-Class Self-Help in Nineteenth-Century England: Responses to Industrialization*, (London: UCL Press, 1995), p.34 and registration document from a branch of the Oddfellows in Appendix III.

⁵³ While a few members attained professional standing, as members, they also shared the collective experiences and expressions of this group.

⁵⁴ Day, 2001, p.127.

as 'a diversion from politics.'⁵⁵ Ian Haywood's approach to the close reading of texts, 'to show that all such texts were embedded in the wider public debate'⁵⁶ provides the most useful exemplar. Although 'utilising a metanarrative, the ongoing campaign for the radical political transformation of Britain',⁵⁷ Haywood explains that:

While this metanarrative is not homogeneous or monolithic, it does provide a coherent context for the variety of publications which participated in the construction of an alternative intellectual and cultural tradition.⁵⁸

However, in deciding upon this approach, it is not necessary to exclude or relegate perhaps equally appropriate ones. For example, the theory derived from the so-called 'linguistic turn' has had considerable impact upon interpretations of social history. James Vernon states that :

[t]he ability to narrativize politics [...] was in a very real sense the source of power, because it created and fixed the identities of decentred subjects in ways which enabled them to make sense of the world and their role in it.⁵⁹

Thus, the linguistic turn theory does permit a focus on the discourse strategies of de-centred subjects, and opens opportunities to explore issues of agency in the writers' narrative strategies and discourse. This could equally determine an alternative approach and prove useful as a way into the texts at various points. Some writers did produce their own fictive narratives to create a centre, in order

⁵⁵ Haywood refers to Louis James's view that the rise in fiction for the working man was 'in essence, a political defeat.' Ian Haywood, The Revolution in Popular Literature: Print, Politics, and the People, 1790-1860, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2004), p.4.

⁵⁶ Haywood, 2004, p.4.

⁵⁷ Haywood, 2004, p.4.

⁵⁸ Haywood, 2004, p.4.

⁵⁹ James Vernon, 'Who's Afraid of the 'Linguistic Turn'? The Politics of Social History and Its Discontents', Social History, 19, (January 1994), 1, p.93.

to articulate and re-define the dominant representations of their class, which sought to isolate and present all working people as an homogenised and distinct sub group. By creating these narratives, the writers conveyed the movement's politics to its members and observers. However, any single approach must be in context with T.R. Burns' argument that 'the study of labour politics is deemed non-reducible to a simple teleological model, as labour politics and tactical reasoning were themselves open and contentious.'⁶⁰

It will be argued that cross-class and intra-class relations are re-negotiated within the narratives from a collective centre, and that the signifiers for the friendly society movement are invested with agency to articulate the movement's perception of social reality. Raymond Williams has observed the relationship between the rise in bourgeois power and the expansion of literary genres from the base categories of verse and prose, to include 'historical' or 'philosophical' or 'descriptive' or 'didactic' [...] writing, as well as [...] 'imaginative' or 'dramatic' or 'fictional' or 'personal' writing experience.'⁶¹ Williams argues that this expanding formation of genres held both 'clear social and historical relations between particular forms and the societies and periods in which they were originated or practised'⁶² and 'continuities of literary forms through and beyond the societies and periods to which they have such relations.'⁶³ Thus, throughout the second half of the nineteenth century and the fluctuating relations between the friendly societies and external groups, the writers of the friendly societies

⁶⁰ T.R. Burns, 'Strategy, Language and Leadership in the British Working Class Movement 1830-1875', Ph.D. thesis, (Manchester, 1993).

⁶¹ Raymond Williams, *Marxism and Literature*, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1977), pp.147-148.

⁶² Williams, 1977, pp.182-183.

⁶³ Williams, 1977, pp.182-183.

constructed the societies' political and social perspective as a unified and homogenous centre to counter bourgeois representations which de-centred working people as 'other'. In terms of Williams' cultural materialist approach, the texts will be analysed for how they reproduce and resist aspects of the dominant order, given the social and collective position of the writers.

By no means did all of the creative writing found in the friendly society publications set out to construct an alternative intellectual and cultural tradition. However, glimpses of re-worked social relations in context with the movement's ethos, rather than the viewpoint of the working classes *per se*, are evident. In the fiction, sometimes the 'alternative tradition' is evident through an exchange between characters although the plot replicates more dominant representations. For example, in a predictable tale about love between two people of different social classes,⁶⁴ the author distinguishes between the benevolent members of an 'aristocratic community', the villagers of the same locality who possess 'a strong feeling of class pride,' and those who 'hold their heads' above all local people, and for whom money determines all social relations. While the author naturalises inherent inequalities and assumptions about such issues as the unsuitability of marrying above one's class, the censure is both cross-class and intra-class. Margaret Beetham suggests that '[t]he magazine as 'text' interacts with the culture which produced it and which it produces. It is a place where meanings are contested and made'.⁶⁵ In this tale, and this is a common theme throughout, the

⁶⁴ Charles Marshall, 'Frank Newton: A Sketch of Village Life', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1878), p.34. (Appendix I, p.241).

⁶⁵ Margaret Beetham, A Magazine of Her Own? Domesticity and Desire in the Woman's Magazine, 1800-1914, (London: Routledge, 1996,) p.5.

protagonist is distinguished by his membership of a friendly society, and his relationships and actions are at all times honourable and apart from class antagonisms, while at the same time censuring the perceived faults of all classes. Thus, the 'centre' of the friendly society movement reworks 'normal' social relations.

The interconnectedness of themes across the range of work is examined along with the metaphor, imagery and symbolism used in constructing and naturalising representations of de-centred ideas and identities, such as that of an 'outsider'. Aware of wider social and political attempts to shape their identity, some writers transpose the sense of 'otherness' onto the middle and/or capital-owning classes. The representation of social structures within their work and the inversion or reconfiguration of social and power relations in terms of social class and authority may be read as the literary consciousness of the writers in their workaday worlds and as members of a collective which fought an ongoing ideological contest throughout the period with other groups. Thus, an analysis informed by the societies' negotiations and struggles with external hierarchies⁶⁶ provides the link between their 'real' histories and their fictional reconfigurations of social power relations, or demonstrations of agency.

Although it must be acknowledged that writing in a widely accepted traditional form is of itself a major achievement for those with little or no formal education, some of the poetry selected shows both an influence and an engagement with dominant contemporary poetic forms. The friendly society publications suggest that there was genuine engagement by many working people

⁶⁶ Cordery, 1995, p.35.

with literature from a wide range of writers, since poems by canonical authors such as Shakespeare, Longfellow, Milton and Shelley can be found alongside the members' own compositions. Perhaps it is not surprising therefore, that allusions to, and echoes of, the work of canonical writers can be found in their poetry. It is, however, impossible and undesirable to scan the poetry for connections with canonical writers as if to validate it. Noting how literature was an instrument of liberation for working people, Jonathan Rose remarks that many appropriated and interpreted dominant forms. For example, he cites how 'Scripture supplied a fund of imagery, allusions, parables, and quotations for the first generation of Labour Party orators,'⁶⁷ and also records how one individual, Helen Crawford:

found Communist propaganda in Scripture, [...] According to her unauthorized version, "The Lamb dumb before her shearers, represented the uncritical exploited working class." In the Book of Esther, Queen Vashti, who would not parade before her king, was "my first suffragette." For the Book of Revelation she read Revolution, and the Children of Israel who danced before the Golden Calf were obviously the running dogs of the capitalists. [...] And when she had studied the Psalms long enough, she somehow discerned there the materialist conception of history.⁶⁸

Rose also observes how 'the Bible and Bunyan [...] were both read through the same set of interchangeable frames: literal, fictional, allegorical, spiritual, political.'⁶⁹ Similarly, speaking about earlier, eighteenth-century plebeian women writers, Donna Landry observes that canonical models seem to have been a source which inspired working-class writers to produce 'a far from servile discourse...potentially more culturally critical in its implications than many later,

⁶⁷ Rose, 2001, p.106.

⁶⁸ Rose, 2001, p.106.

⁶⁹ Rose, 2001, p.106.

more 'authentic' working-class self-representations.'⁷⁰ This evidence of appropriation by working-class readers is useful when responding to some of the writing from the friendly society publications. Although religion was banned from discussion within the publications, it arguably follows that covert allusions to received ideologies could be read and interpreted by readers accordingly, in keeping with the accounts given by Rose and Landry, and particularly in view of the political activities of the societies.

This study's priority is to offer a means of access into these hitherto uncharted texts. In opening up debate about the value of these texts, it has to be acknowledged that diverse readings are possible, and that caution must be exercised in terms of the assumptions that can be made about the influence or effect of a text simply by textual examination.⁷¹ As a source of literary endeavour, it is argued that they offer an insight into aspects of a particular sector of working-class life. The writing may also add to the ongoing debates about working-class literary traditions, as well as working-class consciousness, and the questions of continuities or watersheds in the political, social, economic and cultural history of the second half of the nineteenth century.

Frustratingly, little can be gleaned about the lives of many of the writers. Certainly some, like Charles Marshall, did manage to rise to the position of secretary of his local branch of the Foresters, in Rogate, Hampshire. John

⁷⁰ Donna Landry, The Muses of Resistance: Labouring Class Women's Poetry in Britain, 1739-1796, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990), cited in Rose, 2001, p.18.

⁷¹ Rose, Jonathan, 'How Historians Study Reader Response: or What Did Jo Think of Bleak House?', J.O. Jordan & R.L. Patten, eds. Literature in the Market Place: Nineteenth-Century British Publishing and Reading Practices, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1995), p.209.

Mallinson was a card setter at a Yorkshire cotton mill. He was fortunate in that at thirteen, some of the money he earned by working there was put towards his continuing schooling by his parents, who also worked at the mill. He lived and died in the same house near the mill at Wyke, rising from working as a card setter to becoming a clerk for the company. For most of the authors, particularly the female writers, little consistent information is available. This is despite annual records surviving in some instances, and the popularity of obituaries in the publications. Biographical details are given in Appendix II of this thesis.

Having established in the first chapter the nature and prominence of the friendly society movement among nineteenth century workers, and the involvement of the societies in political debate, the second chapter will analyse fictional representations of social relations. The writers foreground issues of poverty and inequality, and expand upon their visions for social cohesion from these injustices. Representations of place can be seen to interact with wider cultural images, perceptions and social attitudes. Also, it will be argued that fictional characters serve as signifiers of and for distinct social groups. For example, working-class protagonists are often constructed as ‘outsiders’, while the perpetrators of capitalist greed and avarice are referred to in terms of professional middle-class characters, whose actions impact upon all classes. One of the writers, Keedy Kingston,⁷² depicts corrupt, middle-class character-types as ‘professors’ and ‘bankers’, that is, as key players in the processes of capital production. He identifies these middle-class figures, and not the urban poor, as

⁷² K.D. Kingston, ‘Not Gilded, But Golden’, Oddfellows’ Magazine, (May, 1884), p.12. (Appendix I, p.218).

the source of society's ills. Kingston also utilises the urban and rural environments as metaphors for the dichotomy of class and social relations. Although the use of town and country is a dominant social metaphor found in much literature,⁷³ Kingston's engagement with this theme offers a class-specific portrayal. While he interconnects all classes, the protagonist possesses the respectable, thoughtful qualities the friendly society movement as a collective sought to project. He is independent of all classes, and resists interference from middle-class representatives. Perhaps a more pointed attack on the excesses of capitalism can be found in the story of 'Old Misery, The Miser'.⁷⁴ Here, the working-class protagonist is faced with corrupt capitalism and mob rule. However, here, the writing does not serve to heighten political tension, nor does it serve to provide an explanation for social injustice, but it does direct characters and events in a manner that would perhaps engage with its intended audience.

Chapter 3 will consider the writers' representations of healthcare predominantly through their representations of the physician. The relevance of healthcare and medicine is manifold. As mentioned earlier, medical provision was fundamental to the existence of the friendly societies, and the stories offer an insight into both the internal fears and values of the organisations, and to the perception of their public role as an efficient and effective source of self-help for working people. There is obvious self-interest in the stories in favour of the friendly society system of medical support since they were the key providers of

⁷³ For example, this metaphor is discussed in Raymond Williams, The Country and The City, 1973, (London: The Hogarth Press, 1985) and Linda Nochlin, Realism, 1971, (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1991).

⁷⁴ 'Old Misery, The Miser', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1864), p.88. (Appendix I, p.235). Although unsigned, records suggest that this story was written by Charles Marshall and will be attributed to him in this thesis..

health-care for the working classes during the period, and the success of many of the societies depended upon the subscriptions they accrued for the medical cover they provided. Beyond this bias, the writers' representations address issues of surveillance of the working classes, and the conflation of medical knowledge with other forms of power and authority.

These explorations continue in the fourth and fifth chapters by considering the poetry written by both men and women. Recent publications have further demonstrated the range and diversity of verse by working people and its development during the nineteenth century. Notably, Anne Janowitz's⁷⁵ treatise draws on the work of lesser known poets of the Victorian labour movement to explore how they used lyric poetry to express their communal identity. Similarly, John Goodridge, as editor,⁷⁶ brings together previously little known primary material for such writers in a comprehensive collection of newly edited and annotated texts. Indeed, William Christmas's recent book on the poetry of labouring poets provides a particularly valuable model for reading poetry from the friendly society movement. He maintains that:

any expression of resistance or negotiation must be within the poetic forms and discourses available to the writers...[and that] the critical task is to embrace this limitation and situate [these poets] and their work within relevant cultural/historical contexts in order to come to terms with the extent of their participation in counter-hegemonic practice.⁷⁷

⁷⁵ Anne Janowitz, Lyric and Labour in the Romantic Tradition, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998).

⁷⁶ John Goodridge, gen.ed. Eighteenth Century English Labouring-Class Poets, 1700-1800, (London: Pickering & Chatto, 2003).

⁷⁷ Christmas, 2001, p.62.

The poetry selected does frequently echo the movement's own areas of interests, particularly those of labour and the sense of the writers' unity and solidarity as a group. At times, the writers make wry comparisons between their class position and their role or status as a poet; in other poems, they express social concerns, or they evoke the sense of alienation. T. Williams, for example, explores the vision of himself, as both 'poet and warrior', while Effie's poem, 'The Muse', satirically describes her own class position as before the gate - which bars her from entering not only the poet's world, but also the natural environment, which was often exalted in contemporary pastorals. J. Plummer's striking poem sets up images of labour, while perhaps alluding to the worker's unequal position in the labour force. Some writing may suggest a conflict between the writers' struggles and the ideals presented to them. For example, the promises of received wisdom may be treated ironically, in quotation marks. Using conventional symbols and metaphors, they appropriate traditional forms such as hymns or elegies, to voice their dissatisfaction.

Towards the end of the century, the focus of many poems shifts from material landscapes to psychological themes, and often there is a sense of loss. No doubt much of this sense of loss stems from the writers' awareness of many young lives cut short well before maturity. Obituaries are a regular feature in the publications, and the short span of their members' lives is a terrible reminder of the conditions in which they lived and worked. The interplay of life with death features prominently, and must reflect that the Bible was a key educational text for many, and that chapel and churchgoing was a way of life. Perhaps the protest poetry in chapter five sees the strongest expression of exclusion from the literary

and social worlds, whereby James Welsh's 'The Miner', is set literally away from both, underground.

In order to place the creative writing in context, the next chapter examines the internal organisation of the friendly societies, their publications, and their involvement in nineteenth-century culture, politics and society.

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fluctuations of the industrialised economy.³ The workers' previous source of local charitable relief was left behind in the move to the towns and in times of economic slumps, and in the absence of welfare provision, very many workers realised that they needed to help one another. The funeral insurance provided by the societies 'represented the baseline of respectability in working-class communities.'⁴ As Hopkins sums up, the friendly society movement of the nineteenth century was 'a striking example of working-class self-help at a time of great economic fluctuation and social change.'⁵

The creative writing by the friendly societies' writers conveys that poverty and the excesses of capitalism were key concerns, resulting from the writers' first-hand experiences within the new wage-labour workforce. Poverty was not simply the experience of a particular group of working people, but a regular feature of the life of almost all working families at times.⁶ While one of the largest of the societies, the Ancient Order of Foresters, did keep their subscriptions low enough to allow many low-paid, agricultural workers to join, the very lowest classes, those that lived simply from hand to mouth, could not be expected to afford even modest membership fees. Indeed, only a very small minority of this group could afford to pay even into a burial club.⁷ Despite the success of the friendly society movement, their provision could only ameliorate people's harsh living conditions,

³ Eric Hopkins, Working-Class Self-Help in Nineteenth-Century England: Responses to Industrialization, (London: UCL Press, 1995), p.2.

⁴ F.M.L. Thompson, The Rise of Respectable Society: A Social History of Victorian Britain, 1830-1900, (London: Fontana, 1988) p.200.

⁵ Hopkins, 1995, p.35.

⁶ John Foster, Class Struggle and the Industrial Revolution. Early Industrial Capitalism in Three English Towns, (London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1974), pp.96-97.

⁷ For detailed analysis of the economic stratification of the working classes in London, see Charles Booth, East London: Life and Labour of the People in London, 1889, (London: Macmillan, 1902).

rather than 'offer immunity from poverty.'⁸ Hence, friendly society members experienced the crippling effects of poverty alongside those of their class outside of the movement and Kidd argues that 'they should not be classed as separate in experience or aspiration from those who were not protected.'⁹

Successful local businessmen and tradesmen managed the majority of the societies' branches, called courts or lodges.¹⁰ These men were invariably of humble, or comparatively humble, origins and the majority had received little or nothing in the way of formal education.¹¹ Although the precise social composition of membership is disputed, and there were regional variations, during the period of this study members were predominantly working-class and male, and drawn from the local labour market.¹² As discussed in the Introduction, the valuation returns published by the Registrar in 1880 showed that most members of the registered societies were engaged in manual labour.¹³

One or more friendly societies could be found in virtually every town. The societies consisted of one of two types, either local clubs or affiliated orders. The former were usually small, independent societies while the affiliated orders had lodges throughout the country. These were nationally organised and gov-

⁸ Alan Kidd, State, Society and the Poor in Nineteenth-Century England, (Basingstoke: Macmillan Press, 1999), p.135.

⁹ Kidd, 1999, p.135.

¹⁰ For the Oddfellows, branches were known as lodges, and for the Foresters, they were referred to as courts.

¹¹ Prior to 1863 this was not always the case, when few who attained positions of responsibility or office within the societies, could be described as employees

¹² Tholfsen argues that membership comprised mainly of workers from the upper strata of the working classes, but this is not borne out by the Registrar's data of 1880 which shows that members were mainly engaged in manual labour. Kidd argues that 'it may be reasonable to conclude that [membership] extended deep into the social structure of the male working class.' Kidd, 1999, p.125.

¹³ For more detailed analysis of class composition, see P.H.J.H. Gosden, The Friendly Societies in England 1815-1875, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1961), p.74.

erned by a single rule book.¹⁴ During the first quarter of the century, the majority of the smaller, local clubs amalgamated with the affiliated orders, to the extent that after 1830 the affiliated orders became dominant.

Although the friendly society journals were not primarily literary publications, poetry and fiction were a consistent presence. As a guide, it might form only between three and ten per cent of a single publication overall, with the remaining space devoted to society business and social affairs. The format of the publications consulted for this thesis ranges from single sheets to monthly journals, to annual compilations of both.

As mentioned in the Introduction, the Foresters' Miscellany was (and still is) a journal produced by and for the society's members. Under the editorship of the then permanent secretary of the society, Samuel Shawcross, many pages were devoted to legislation affecting the role of the societies. He also introduced travel features and serialised stories, as well as detailing activities from the local friendly society courts. John Hinchliffe became editor in 1872 and in 1880, George Abbott took the editorial role for the next twenty-eight years.¹⁵ He continued to report on contemporary issues of concern to working-class members, such as the Poor Law, the incidence of tuberculosis, provision for the old and poor, as well as the admission of women into the Order. In 1886, the cover price of the Foresters' Miscellany was reduced and the format expanded to include articles on gardening and a section for young readers. Annual sales for the Foresters' Miscellany reveal that in July 1859, approximately 10,000 copies were distributed, peaking in 1892

¹⁴ The majority of surviving records are Rule books, which do not include details of the social activities of the organisations.

¹⁵ George Abbott's daughter became the first female Forester on the executive council.

at about 170,000 copies, falling back to around 124,000 copies by April, 1900.¹⁶ These figures do not include the free copies left in local libraries or at working men's institutes.

The revived Oddfellows' Magazine was first published in January 1857 with William Atkin as its editor for the subsequent three quarterly numbers. He was succeeded later in that year by C. F. Pardon, who was in turn followed, in 1862, by Charles Hardwick, who resigned in 1883. Up to this time, the magazine had cost sixpence per quarterly, but in 1883 it became a monthly, costing one penny. James Curtis became editor until his death in 1887. The journals of the larger societies were published by their own executive councils.

As much as the main function of the societies' publications served to disseminate their unified collective culture, the weekly meetings of the members offered opportunities for fellowship and a sense of belonging. Kidd observes that the lodges:

encouraged an atmosphere of social cohesion and solidarity which went beyond the simple employment of the insurance principle... [and that] the lodge structure and club rituals were further expressions of fraternalism which could transcend the principle of sickness insurance.¹⁷

Indeed, the fraternalism extended to creating a sense of unity that sought to envelop many aspects of the members' lives. They were '-a place where Political

¹⁶ These circulation figures have been calculated from the societies' available records, rather than from an official distribution source.

¹⁷ Kidd, 1999, p.116.

or Religious discussions –those banes of society- are never suffered to enter...'¹⁸

A rule book of the Royal Foresters¹⁹ states that:

No Man can be prevented from becoming a Forester on account of Religion, provided he believes in the Creator of Heaven and Earth and practises the sacred duty of morality. The object of Forestry is to unite the virtuous and good in all sects and denominations of man in the sacred bonds of brotherhood so that while wandering through the Forest of this World they may render mutual aid and assistance to each other.²⁰

The need for strong personal morality was emphasised. For example, the Ancient Order of Foresters saw its provision extend to the families of members, whether or not they themselves subscribed to the society. A pamphlet warns members:

In your domestic relationships we look to find you, if a husband, affectionate and trustful; if a father, regardful of the moral and material well-being of your children and dependents; as a son, dutiful and exemplary, and as a friend, steadfast and true. These qualities will command the admiration of mankind, and in you, as a member of our Society, they will dignify our Order, consolidate its power, and extend its benign influence.²¹

The societies fostered their respectable status by maintaining a prominent and active role in their local communities. Apart from regular weekly meetings, other opportunities for socialising took the form of annual dinners and fetes, excursions, or organising local events. Importantly, working people were offered the opportunity to take responsibility for managing their local society's branches and to achieve positions of some status, if desired, within the movement.

¹⁸ Walter G. Cooper, The Ancient Order of Foresters Friendly Society: 150 Years, 1834-1984, (Suffolk: Ancient House Press, 1984), p.4.

¹⁹ The Royal Foresters are believed to be the precursors of the Ancient Order of Foresters. The first recorded reference of their meeting is dated 29th October 1745 in Knaresborough, Yorkshire. As with much of the existing friendly society records, the connection between the two societies cannot be confirmed.

²⁰ Cooper, 1984, p.2.

²¹ A.Fisk and R. Logan, Grandfather was in the Ancient Order of Foresters, (Southampton: Ancient Order of Foresters Heritage Trust, 1994).

In keeping with the societies' wide-ranging mix of conviviality, ritual and prescriptive codes for conduct, the tenor of the societies' journals and other publications was overall one of tolerance and fraternity, promoting opportunities for leisure alongside didactic and consciousness-raising material. The journals contain a lively correspondence section, preceded by an editorial disclaimer:

[With a view of assisting in the interchange of ideas, we throw our columns open to the members for the free discussion of matters affecting the interests of the society, so long as each discussion is conducted with good feeling, reserving ourselves to the right of refusing the insertion of any communication we may deem to be of an objectionable character...ED. O.F.M.]²²

However, the journals also aired members' protests at the inequality that they had to endure. For example, Mr J. Plummer, a factory operative from Kettering:

It is high time that the employed should have a fair share of the benefits rising from the productive industry of the country, as well as the employer, and not to be obliged in his old age to finish a life of labour in a poor-law Bastile [sic], and a pauper's grave, while those for whome [sic] he has toiled hard, are allowed to dictate their own terms to the workmen, and the carrying out of their favourite dogma of unrestricted competition.²³

While Plummer's protests are considered in context with his poem in Chapter 4, his views reflect the members' dissatisfaction and awareness of their shared injustice. They direct their criticism of both Government and employers at specific issues, such as low pay, rather than articulate a general socialist dogma. This theme echoes a frequently occurring image emerging from their creative writing, namely an acceptance and commitment to their work (and their right to work), while protesting at the unequal rewards it attracted. There is also a

²² *Oddfellows' Magazine*, (December, 1884), p.244.

²³ J. Plummer, *Oddfellows' sheet* (1862).

rejection of doctrines which suggest that this inequality must be endured until after death, as part of God's plan.

Often, but by no means always, a young man would join the society when single to build up his contributions. During the nineteenth century, a man might accrue £10 or £12 in death benefits, which was a significant amount when compared to the weekly wage of a skilled artisan, which was around £1.25p. Thus the death benefit would pay for the burial and provide financial support for a few weeks until any dependents could find work. Although the Ancient Order of Foresters estimate that they had 647,077 members in 1888,²⁴ accurate returns of membership in Britain were not available until the end of the nineteenth century. This was largely due to the reluctance of the societies to keep detailed records or to register with the Government's Registrar of Friendly Societies. They feared that this data might be used to survey their activities at times of conflict with the state or the middle classes. This is discussed more fully later in this chapter. However, it is known that the century saw a huge growth in membership, from about seven thousand societies to some thirty thousand registered by the century's end.²⁵ By 1904, membership is estimated at almost six million, which was almost half of all adult males.²⁶ This recorded membership does not include women who belonged to female-only friendly societies, since this is undocumented, although it does include the very few societies that did not segregate membership by gender.

²⁴ Cooper, 1984, p.21.

²⁵ For a guide to the statistics of membership see: Hopkins, 1995, p.60.

²⁶ Cordery, 2003, p.1.

The earliest societies date from the seventeenth century, although organisations set up to provide mutuality and reciprocity may be traced back to the medieval guilds. There is still much disagreement about the precise origins of the movement. Dr. Bob James argues that, 'the state of friendly society scholarship can be gauged from the fact that reliable information relating to the largest and best known grouping of Orders before 1830 is practically non-existent.'²⁷ However, the lack of early written records is not surprising given that organised working-class groups were suspected of plotting revolution against the state, or of being instrumental in convening workers to form trade unions, which were illegal under the Combination Acts, and which were not repealed until 1824. What is known is that they are first mentioned in Parliamentary records in 1793, when the first Friendly Society Act was introduced. This Act afforded legal status to those friendly societies that registered with local magistrates, and signalled the start of Government attempts at regulating these working-class organisations.²⁸ These attempts would persist throughout the nineteenth century.

The societies' moves to free themselves from interference by the middle classes and the state surfaced during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when the Government sought to penalise working-class organisations, an attempt that was symptomatic of wider class antagonism and mistrust. The friendly societies should thus have been a target for punitive legislation that sought to suppress a potentially dangerous working class. However, the societies' declared

²⁷ Bob James, 'Problems with UK and US Odd Fellow Literature', <http://www.takver.com/history/benefit/ofshis.htm>, accessed December 2004.

²⁸ This Act for the Relief and Encouragement of Friendly Societies invoked a system of local registration, and represented the first of the Government's attempts to quantify and regulate the movement

ideals of thrift and compliance to the social order, that is their respectability, had won them the protection of middle-class patrons who interceded with Government on their behalf. The patrons, drawn from the ranks of magistrates, landowners, and clergymen, supported working-class voluntarism, arguing 'that friendly societies lowered the poor rates and rejected unrespectable behaviour, such as drunkenness, embezzlement, and trade unionism.'²⁹ Patronage afforded the societies the respectability of middle-class governance, since the assumption was that 'workers were financially prodigal and morally profligate, and therefore incapable of managing independent organisations.'³⁰

However, while not being the immediate target for punitive legislation, and despite the umbrella of respectability provided by middle-class patronage, the fear persisted among some elites that the societies were being used by radical working-class groups for inciting revolution. Response to these suspicions prompted public investigation and scrutiny of their organisations at times of specific crises, while they were subjected to general surveillance and attempts to regulate or suppress them at most other times. This suspicion was, to some extent warranted, for while the Combination Act of 1800 made trade unions illegal, friendly societies remained lawful organisations, and therefore many trade unions adopted the structure of a friendly society to disguise their union activities. This extended to their using friendly society symbols, such as mottoes and emblems, to

²⁹ Simon Cordery, 'Friendly Societies and the Discourse of Respectability in Britain, 1825–1875', *Journal of British Studies*, 34, (January, 1995), p.41.

³⁰ Cordery, 1995, pp.41-42.

deflect surveillance. Cordery concludes that often, 'friendly societies became a legal mask for trade unions.'³¹

In the friendly societies' eschewal of dependence upon the state, there was much resistance expressed by ordinary members against the prospect of state interference and surveillance of the day to day running of their lives. A letter to the editor of the *Foresters* sets out this fear, prompted by the prospect of a Royal Commission to regulate the societies' financial affairs:

and much as we prize the habit - for in England it has become a habit - of making provision against sickness and other contingencies, we would rather that that habit should cease, than such an inquisitorial system should prevail in regard to it. Indeed, we have no doubt, that if Government went thus far, it would be compelled by the force of circumstances to go further, and to take upon itself the whole business of Sick and Death Assurance. If this were done, we all know what a flood-gate would be opened for fraud and imposition on the one hand - and espionage, neglect and cruelty upon the other.³²

Historians have generally accepted that friendly societies were 'above politics', and substantiate this by reference to the organisations' surviving Rule books which banned the discussion of politics. It does seem that in their public discourse and conduct, the societies generally supported consensus values to the extent that more than any other working-class organisation, they appeared 'most in harmony with the culture as a whole.'³³ This harmony between classes is typified in the opening poem recited at some of the later meetings of the Oddfellows:

³¹ Cordery, 2003, p.54.

³² unsigned letter, *Foresters' Miscellany*, (October 1864), p.324.

³³ Tholfsen, 1976, pp.288.

Oddfellowship

Life is too short to make our stay
A scene of discord, day by day,
Or as 'tis sometimes found, alas!
A battlefield! 'twixt class and class;
No! rather let love's golden tether
Embrace and bind us all together,
And let us then, with heart and voice,
Take courage, labour, and rejoice;
That in our Order may be found
A neutral, safe, and hallow'd ground
Where all may ease, apart from strife,
The hard, harsh, grating wheels of life!

And where as brothers all may stand
With kindly, loving, helping hand,
A strong, united, noble band;
A band endow'd with heavenly powers,
To bless this chequer'd world of ours.³⁴

Although rather trite in its vocabulary and its jog-trot rhythm, this verse projects the unity and solidarity the friendly societies sought to impart to its members, and the concord between classes it ostensibly sought, a key feature which emerges in their creative writing. However, as Simon Cordery argues, this does not mean that they were not politically active. He observes that:

they pressured parliament by submitting petitions, testifying before hearings, and carving a space for their activities within Victorian culture. Friendly societies defined politics as the actions of political parties and eschewed party-political identification while fending off any attempt by the state to control them.³⁵

Thus although not party political, the societies operated as an organised pressure group, seeking to influence parliamentary committees and commissions, and

³⁴ Sam Newman, 'Oddfellowship', Oddfellows' Magazine, (April, 1886), p.155. (Appendix I, p.304).

³⁵ Cordery, 2003, pp.4-5.

thereby influence legislation that protected their interests.³⁶ They sought to defend the principle that people's needs are best served by self-help and without the need for state intervention. Tholfsen states that although they pursued consensus values, it was:

within a framework of a working-class subculture [...] not an expression of acquiescence in class rule, but an attempt to achieve a degree of emancipation from its constraints.³⁷

Tholfsen's observation provides insight into the nature of the negotiations that took place between the friendly societies and the middle classes and/or the Government. For example, one area of contest concerned the societies' practice of holding their meetings in public houses. Many middle-class observers pointed to the societies' habits of mixing financial business with the consumption of alcohol as evidence that friendly society members were immoral and incapable of governing their own affairs. As a consequence, a House of Commons Committee directed that meetings were not to be held in public houses, and that middle-class patrons retain friendly society funds in their own hands.³⁸ However, these conditions of patronage were not readily accepted by the friendly societies, not least because they were aware that meeting in public houses and the conviviality it afforded were instrumental in attracting and retaining membership. A further Bill was proposed but was dropped in the face of protest from the societies.³⁹

³⁶ Cordery, 2003, p.5.

³⁷ Tholfsen, 1976, p.288.

³⁸ In 1825, the Reverend J.T. Becher, patron of the Southwell Friendly Society, testified before a House of Commons Select Committee that 'unregulated [public house] meetings encouraged drunkenness and wasted scarce resources...[and inculcated] habits of idleness and intoxication.' Cordery, 1995, p.44.

³⁹ The 1828 bill sought to regulate the societies even further but met with protest from over one hundred metropolitan societies petitioning Parliament.

The Government was left with the paradox that whilst it acknowledged that friendly societies were respectable because they continued to submit to middle-class patronage and their activities lowered the poor rates, it also felt that the societies encouraged secrecy, drunkenness, and trade unionism. It was felt that tighter control of the organisations and their assets was required, particularly in view of the growing number of members and the substantial nature of funds involved. Further regulation followed which sought to centralise supervision of the societies, culminating in the 1846 Friendly Society Act.⁴⁰

The 1846 Act offered some protection for the societies' funds but required the societies to relinquish local control over registration. It required them to supply details of their membership to a central register, thus allowing the Government greater insight into the scale and nature of the movement. Although many smaller societies did register, the large affiliated orders refused to accept these terms of regulation, not least because the cost of registering would prove prohibitive on such a large scale. At two Select Committee hearings (in 1848 by the House of Lords and 1849 by the House of Commons), concerns of both the Government and the friendly societies were aired.⁴¹ For the Government, registration was only one matter addressed. Another was the question of the societies' 'secrecy', namely their secret signs, oaths, and rituals which gave rise to the fear that they were clandestine organisations, capable of rising against the

⁴⁰ The effect of the Act was that it took control out of the hands of the smaller, local societies in exchange for giving their funds some legal protection

⁴¹ As late as 1878, the issue of registration was still a topic aired within the friendly society journals. One article exhorts the scale of the movement, outlines the requirements of registration, and notes that the scale of funds held by the registered societies alone was £28,662,888: Urquhart A. Forbes, 'Social Notes', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1878), p.167.

State. The response from the societies was to emphasise their loyalty, and dismiss the importance of rituals for their organisations. Cordery argues that:

friendly society leaders deployed the discourse of respectability to claim independence from patrons, whether clergymen or Government bureaucrats. They [also] countered middle-class concerns by labelling public-house meetings respectable, given the constraints and expectations of working-class life.⁴²

Thus, one further important outcome of negotiations between the Government and the friendly societies was that the reference to ‘Secret Societies and Seditious Meetings and Assemblies,’ introduced in 1793 Act, was repealed.⁴³

However, Cordery observes that although at the Parliamentary hearings the societies’ leaders promised to abolish secrecy,⁴⁴ in practice, secrecy and rituals continued to play a significant role for members. The hierarchies of office within the organisations defined members and their orders as being part of a distinct and separate society. While ordinary members were called ‘brother’ or ‘sister’, higher posts held titles such as Noble Grand, or Provincial Grand Master, denoting the holder to be a local or district Chairman. Initiation ceremonies were part of the induction for new candidates. These might include candidates being ‘tested’ by combat, using swords, or being anointed with oil. The swearing of a solemn oath was almost universally practised. Usually initiation required candidates to vow to help fellow members, and not to reveal any of the secrets learned within the society to outsiders. The Ancient Order of Foresters produced lecture books, which consisted of twelve questions and answers on biblical references supporting the ritual, and also ritual books that could be used at the funeral of a member. It

⁴² Cordery, 1995, p.47.

⁴³ this was incorporated in the 1850 Friendly Societies Act

⁴⁴ Cordery, 1995, p.47.

was also usual for a member to act as a 'beadle', remaining outside while meetings proceeded, to warn of possible intrusion by 'outsiders.'⁴⁵

The ritualistic nature of the societies extended to special funeral services for members. Each member could be assured of a funeral that displayed the respectability of the deceased. Attendance by fellow members was obligatory. The procession, with members and officials of the society dressed in the regalia of the Order,⁴⁶ would stop at the regular meeting place, usually a public house, and then proceed to the graveside. Here, a non-liturgical funeral service would be read by a leading member of the society, wearing medals of office. The service emphasised the significance of the deceased's membership of the Order, to the extent that it attracted much criticism from both Government and clergy, with accusations that the societies were separate religious sects, challenging the authority of the Church.⁴⁷

Despite these concerns, the continued support of patrons in public debate did situate friendly societies within the respectable strata of Victorian society, even though patronage had declined drastically as more and more societies became self-governing.⁴⁸ The ongoing contest between society members and the middle classes over the use of public houses for society meetings came to a head when a Commons committee, again in 1849, discussed this and the societies' growing demands for autonomy. At stake was the societies' claim to respectability, and on this their future autonomy depended. Witnesses contested

⁴⁵ Cooper, 1984, pp.8-10.

⁴⁶ This could comprise of scarf, neck ribbon or sash, and carrying the emblem of the order.

⁴⁷ Cordery, 1995, p.49.

⁴⁸ At the beginning of the 1870s there were just 43,417 members of societies controlled by patrons in England and Wales, out of two million registered friendly society members –see Cordery 1995, p.45.

that the presence of alcohol was detrimental to the respectable conduct of any organisation. Yet, since many societies were founded by publicans, while others met in public houses because alternatives were either unavailable or too costly, the friendly societies' assertion that they offered respectable opportunities for fellowship and an innocent conviviality seemed to end further debate of the matter.

While the outcomes of these Committees were piecemeal in terms of registration, there was an important power-shift by Parliament in favour of the friendly societies. Firstly, it was acknowledged that the workers, and not patrons or middle class elites, controlled the large, affiliated orders. Secondly, concessions were made to register the larger affiliated societies as unitary organisations, and thus extend legal protection to them, since the 1848 Committee commented that they 'consider[ed] it advisable to increase the attachment of so numerous a body of the industrious classes to the social order.'⁴⁹

These outcomes also reflected a general softening of attitudes towards the societies. The 1850 repeal of the 1793 Act concerning the societies' 'secrecy', arguably reflected a growing awareness by the Government that to confront all aspects of the societies' social activities displayed a continued distrust, which sat uneasily with organisations that publicly declared loyalty to the Queen. Furthermore, at a time of heightened working-class militancy, the last significant Chartist rallies in Britain, and revolution on the Continent in 1848, the friendly societies declared themselves to be patriotic and loyal subjects and it was a

⁴⁹ PP, 1847-48 (H.L. 648), 16:4 (report) cited in Cordery, 1995, p.51.

measure of the respectability that the societies had acquired, that they avoided investigation at this time.

The notion of respectability engaged with an ideological contest which was at the heart of Victorian society. The importance for many working people to appear 'respectable' was complex. Since many Government agencies and middle classes felt that the working classes could not be relied upon to regulate their behaviour in any collective, appearing respectable was key to winning autonomy. Although there is no definitive interpretation of what it meant to be respectable in Victorian society, 'respectability' as a concept and tool for examining a culture or society is well-documented by historians.⁵⁰ Cordery considers that being respectable offered working people the opportunity to engage with middle-class society in terms of dress and manner to compensate for 'the manifest economic inequalities of Victorian society.'⁵¹ He also considers that it was 'a strategy employed to gain benefits from those with greater resources.'⁵² Neville Kirk notes that working-class institutions dissipated a mindset of conventional values of respectability which could be applied to changing contexts. For instance, respectability was interpreted in terms of collective class solidarity in the Chartist period, and changed to embrace the tenets of individualism as a later Victorian society also embraced these ideals.⁵³ Peter Bailey suggests that in the context of

⁵⁰ For example, although not agreeing that interpretations of respectability were class-specific, see: F.M.L. Thompson, The Rise of Respectable Society: A Social History of Victorian Britain, 1830-1900, (London: Fontana, 1988); Geoffrey Best, Mid-Victorian Britain 1851-75, 1971, (London: Fontana, 1982); Peter Bailey, 'Will the Real Bill Banks Please Stand Up?: Towards a Role Analysis of Mid-Victorian Working-Class respectability', Journal of Social History, 12, (Spring, 1979), pp.336-353.

⁵¹ Cordery, 1995, p.37.

⁵² Cordery, 1995, p.37.

⁵³ Neville Kirk, The Growth of Working Class Reformism in Mid-Victorian England, (London: Croom Helm, 1985).

shifting social relations and roles around the mid-nineteenth century, appearing respectable permitted individuals a guise which could be appropriated by them, in differing forms and in varying contexts, and according to individual social interactions.⁵⁴ Recognising the subjective nature of respectability in both cross-class and intra-class relations, Bailey concludes that 'role discontinuities' were possible.⁵⁵ Thus, for Victorians in general, and for friendly societies in particular, respectability became a generic status quo, appearing in varying forms, coloured by social relations and aspirations, and adapted according to context.

As discussed in the Introduction, being a member of a friendly society did not preclude membership of overtly radical organisations. But by constructing themselves as respectable, the societies built an important space for the working-class voice. The mix of membership suggests a vibrant, political climate to have persisted in the societies throughout the nineteenth century, regardless of their 'respectable' and 'non political' public discourse. It is this climate that forms the context for discussion of their writing, beginning with the next chapter which examines some of the members' fiction, and their representations of themselves in terms of all social classes.

⁵⁴ Bailey, 1979, p.341.

⁵⁵ Bailey, 1979, p.341.

Chapter 2

Social Relations

This chapter will examine representations of social relations found in a selection of fiction. The work is by writers who had a prominent and frequent presence within the publications, and thus could reasonably be considered to be popular with the members. The key themes which emerge in this chapter are the writers' visions of the interdependence and interrelation of all classes. It will be argued that the representations do not suggest a society where all classes are equal, but a more equal society within the existing class structure. Censure is of the excesses of capitalism, rather than of capitalism per se.

The range of fiction within the publications is diverse. Genres range from didactic tracts and semi-autobiographical reminiscences, to swashbuckling tales of adventure or romance. Few narratives fail to miss the opportunity to reinforce the respectability and moral rectitude of their characters who signify members of the friendly society movement, or to boost and retain membership. For example, overt warnings to members considering leaving friendly society membership are enclosed in the tale, 'Two January Incidents'.¹ The narrator encounters two people who have suffered because they have ignored the continuing need for financial provision in times of distress, only to suffer death and poverty as a result. Morality triumphing over greed is the key message of many tales.

¹ J.W.N., 'Two January Incidents: A Narrative of Facts', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1879), p.9. (Appendix I, p.213).

'Outward and Homeward Bound'² is a romance, in which the heroine, Grace Harding, was '[not] by any means a beauty' but possessed a 'broad fair brow, full of intelligence.'³ Her fortitude is demonstrated in her love for a young man who exchanges compassion and tolerance, for greed, avarice and drunkenness, as a result of his move away from her, to London, to pursue a career in a bank. He redeems himself by the constancy of Grace's adherence to what is good. She reminds him that, 'Prosperity is some men's greatest enemy; it seems to canker and destroy all that is good in them.'⁴

Some concerns and criticism within the fiction are more event-specific. In 'How Misery & Poverty Came to be Always On Earth',⁵ J. Redding Ware depicts two fairies and a poor, but independent, blacksmith, who refuses to charge for his labour, but instead accepts three wishes from the fairies. One fairy, Prudenza, tries to get the blacksmith to wish for a pension, but this is rejected. This story overtly refers to national debate about implementing contributory pension schemes, and the societies' resistance to compulsory deductions from people's wages for future pension provision. The societies' resistance was because they felt that the payment of adequate wages would allow people make their own provision. The interaction between the blacksmith and the fairies also conveys Ware's assessment of the shortcomings of all levels of society. The blacksmith is criticised because he fails to make a realistic charge for his labour, thus is author of his own continuing poverty. Censure of working people's passive acceptance

² W.E. Bailey, 'Outward & Homeward Bound', Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1887), p.206. (Appendix I, p.202).

³ Bailey, 1887, p.206. (Appendix I, p.202).

⁴ Bailey, 1887, p.209. (Appendix I, p.203).

⁵ J. Redding Ware, 'How Misery and Poverty came to be Always on Earth: A Fairy Tale', Oddfellows' Magazine, (June, 1885), p.241. (Appendix I, p.268).

of inequalities is conveyed by the second fairy, Mensconscia, 'the guardian of truth and plain speaking'.⁶ She is outspoken against many obvious inequalities and is cautioned by the blacksmith to 'speak not out your mind in the very next town, or of a surety they will pelt you!'⁷ Ware also censures the behaviour of some Christians in the dialogue between the two fairies. The old blacksmith's dog is petted by Prudenza who suggests that it 'looks up like a Christian!'⁸ Mensconscia retorts, 'More so than many promising Christians I have met,' which earns Prudenza's rebuke that Mensconscia should silence such 'straightforward remarks.'⁹

The friendly societies' unified centre is frequently woven into the fabric of a narrative. In 'Frank Newton',¹⁰ the protagonist upholds the local friendly society's respectability, although he is tested by the dishonourable actions of an aristocratic fellow suitor for the hand of his betrothed in an otherwise conventional tale of a 'love triangle'. Both of these interests strive to support each other in the otherwise thin plot and storyline. In 'Christmas at Bishops Langton',¹¹ the friendly societies' ethos surfaces as the poverty, yet the respectability, of the characters are accentuated. The tale depicts how a young mother and child are found in the snow outside a village and receive help from the villagers. Here, the local curate was a welcome visitor in the homes of the 'deserving and respectable poor.' Within the text of a crime adventure story,

⁶ Ware, 1885, p.243. (Appendix I, p.270).

⁷ Ware, 1885, p.244. (Appendix I, p.271).

⁸ Ware, 1885, p.242. (Appendix I, p.269).

⁹ Ware, 1885, p.242. (Appendix I, p.269).

¹⁰ Charles Marshall, 'Frank Newton: A Sketch of Village Life', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1878), p.34. (Appendix I, p.241).

¹¹ Y.S.N., 'Christmas at Bishops Langton', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1887), p.9. (Appendix I, p.284).

'The Rainy Sunday',¹² stereotypical images of good and bad characters are re-worked. The villain is 'tall, fresh-faced and bright-eyed' whereas the respectable protagonist, Slade, is a journeyman cabinet-maker, whose appearance was neither:

but there was a softness in the dark eye, a thoughtfulness on the calm brow, and an expression of self-command about the well-formed mouth that would prepossess the unbiased observer in favour of [him].¹³

The use of 'unbiased' alludes to the more usual stereotyping of handsome physical features with strong, sound principles. By redefining dominant representations of their own class, and that of other classes, often found within contemporary mainstream literature, the writers create a centre for themselves. As with Grace Harding, appearances are superficial in comparison with the respectability of the character. Many representations in the stories see the friendly society figure constructed as classless to the extent that s/he does not conform to dominant stereotypes of either the working or the middle classes. Two stories, 'Not Gilded But Golden' by Keedy Kingston,¹⁴ and 'Old Misery, The Miser',¹⁵ by Charles Marshall provide a template for analysing the treatment of social relations.

The characters in 'Not Gilded, But Golden' are types which represent distinct social groups, whose interaction is threaded through a plot of intrigue and romance. The exploited, but not entirely honest, working classes are represented by the Clicks, a family whose father is tenant landlord of a run-down inn. The Hardens symbolise a well-meaning, but essentially ignorant middle class.

¹² Anon, 'The Rainy Sunday', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (July, 1869), p.389. (Appendix I, p.291)

¹³ 'The Rainy Sunday', 1869, p.389. (Appendix I, p.291).

¹⁴ Keedy Kingston, 'Not Gilded, But Golden', *Oddfellows' Magazine*, (May, 1884), p.12. This story is in twenty five chapters, from May to December, 1884. (Appendix I, p.218)

¹⁵ Charles Marshall, 'Old Misery, The Miser', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (January, 1864), p.88. (Appendix I, p.235)

Kingston also sets up binary opposition within these two social groups. That of the 'Reverend', whose title and dress would suggest social standing and integrity, and an itinerant carver, an outsider, whose strange appearance and unknown origin might suggest negative traits to the positive ones of the Reverend.

In the opening paragraph of his story, Kingston establishes the precise topography of a social group, that of the working-class Clicks and their neglected rural habitat. It begins:

At the foot of a very steep hill about three miles from a village known as Beetsmand,¹⁶ stood a small inn. It had, no doubt, once possessed a sign, but whatever had been painted on the old post leaning towards the roadway had long since become unintelligible. The inn was a low built tenement of wood, and was fast turning to decay, but the ivy creeping over it hid many imperfections from sight. A few old trees stood in front of the dismal dwelling, and bent their boughs down towards it, and a belt of high chalk cliffs stood at the back. The roadway in front was very narrow, and on the opposite side chalk cliffs were again to be seen. This inn, being the only house of refreshment within a distance of about fifteen miles from the nearest town, occasionally had a passing visitor, but the liquors retailed were not of the most inviting description, consequently the trade done was very small.¹⁷

Anthony Clicks is first introduced outside of this decaying inn, and this demonstrates how Kingston denotes specific social groups by their environment throughout the story. Clicks has an unkempt appearance and is slow to offer service to any passing customer to the inn, but he takes 'good care to make up the

¹⁶ The name 'Beetsmand' could possibly be a compound of the surname of Nikolaas Beets (1814-1903) and the latter's pseudonym, 'Hildebrand'. Often referred to as the 'Dutch Dickens', Beets' most famous work, *Camera Obscura*, (1839) was widely reprinted, as were his collected works which were published in 1873 and 1875. In April 1883, at the time when Kingston was possibly composing 'Not Gilded But Golden', Beets was awarded the honorary degree of LL.D. at Edinburgh University.

¹⁷ Kingston, 1884, p.12. (Appendix I, p.218)

reckoning’¹⁸ when it came to calculating any customer’s bill . The father is ‘afraid to offer opposition’¹⁹ to his son and the mother is ‘unable to detect any fault in her only offspring.’²⁰ The family group parallels the middle-class family, the Hardens, yet to be introduced. What is important at this point is the rural, run-down habitat and workplace of this working-class family whose livelihood depends upon Anthony’s attempts to divert any passing trade to his inn from the roadway, by shovelling snow so as to form a barrier that could not be by-passed. Eustace Claremontly, ‘a gentleman’, is one such passer-by who is directed by the barrier of shovelled snow and forced to take shelter at the inn. There then follow accounts of Anthony Click’s attempts to extract money and possessions from Claremontly. After spending a night in the Click’s strange guest bedroom, with its four-poster bed ‘decorated with a remarkable patterned array of chintz’²¹ and ‘two or three grotesque-looking models in china which did duty for match holders,’²² Claremontly leaves the inn to continue his journey to the ‘luxuriant apartments’²³ of Hardwicke Place, the home of his betrothed and her family, the Hardens:

Mr Harden, the owner and occupier of the mansion, was looked upon by the outside world as a very fortunate man, chiefly because he was wealthy. He, however, used his riches to good ends; -he patronised many charitable institutions, looked after the wants of the poor in the surrounding districts, and withheld not the aid sought by the wayfarer.²⁴

¹⁸ Kingston, 1884, p.12. (Appendix I, p.218).

¹⁹ Kingston, 1884, p.12. (Appendix I, p.218).

²⁰ Kingston, 1884, p.12. (Appendix I, p.218).

²¹ Kingston, 1884, p.42. (Appendix I, p.223).

²² Kingston, 1884, p.42. (Appendix I, p.223).

²³ Kingston, 1884, p.72. (Appendix I, p.225).

²⁴ Kingston, 1884, p.72. (Appendix I, p.225).

By interconnecting place, persona and plot, whereby the depiction of the various exteriors and interiors suggests a paradigm of social tensions and relations, Kingston implies the interrelation and interdependence of one social class upon another. With Mr Harden, his daughters Gertrude and Mabel and Claremontly gathered in the drawing room of Hardwicke Place, the ensuing conversation reveals that the inn where Claremontly had stayed the previous night was in fact owned by the Hardens. Gertrude exclaims:

...it belongs to papa [...] You wait and see for yourself [...] we look after everybody and everything ...²⁵

Furthermore, Kingston's imagery suggests that dependence spans class barriers, rather than is hierarchically structured. He depicts all classes as economically interdependent. The Clicks of the Inn are revealed to be dependent upon the Hardens, for the Hardens own their inn. The Hardens too, become interrelated to the characters of the next chapter. This is revealed by Gertrude, when she recounts the good deeds of her sister, Mabel:

The postman brings us a lot of tracts, and these are followed up by a visit from a 'Rev. Mr Someone;' then off goes Mabel to distribute them at the cottages...²⁶

It transpires from this conversation that a 'preacher', the 'Reverend', had visited the Claremontly's house, tricked Mabel while selling her some religious tracts, and stole some of the family's possessions. This Reverend is then found in the next chapter, at No.1 Arched Alley. The sense of linear time, although somewhat

²⁵ Kingston, 1884, p.73. (Appendix I, p.226).

²⁶ Kingston, 1884, p.73. (Appendix I, p.226).

vague up to this point, is halted here by the abrupt shift in both time and place to London, and No.1 Arched Alley:

No.1, Arched Alley, was a very dilapidated building, if building it may be called. The outside of the structure was certainly composed of bricks, but time and London smoke had made them so black that they were hardly recognisable. The door did not possess the slightest adornment; the paint, once applied, had vanished years ago, and if ever there had been a knocker no one in the alley could remember seeing it...[...] No one would imagine that any inmate of Arched Alley was a tradesman, and they would perhaps as little think there were any professors to be found there, but their number for all that was legion.²⁷

While the Clicks and the Hardens are set in correspondingly poor or grand environments, according to their social class, the correlation between place and class is disrupted in the narrative's move to the city. Kingston describes the 'dilapidated' building and then observes that it would be less likely that a 'tradesman' than a 'professor' could be found there. Whereas the Clicks and Hardens were set in environments that stereotype their social class, Arched Alley and its occupants serve to blur this association. To demonstrate the effect of Kingston's strategy, Gissing's introduction to Litany Lane in his novel, The Unclassed,²⁸ invites comparison:

Litany Lane was a narrow passage, with houses on one side... There were two or three dirty little shops, but the rest were ordinary lodging houses, the front doors standing wide open as a matter of course, exhibiting a dusky passage, filthy stairs with generally a glimpse right through into the yard at the rear.²⁹

A description follows of the wretched urban working-class characters who occupy this place follows, again conflating people with place. Even in his most

²⁷ Kingston, 1887, p.74. (Appendix I, p.227).

²⁸ George Gissing, The Unclassed, 1884, (London: Ernest Benn, 1930).

²⁹ Gissing, 1884, p.95.

sympathetic portrayal of the working classes in Thyrza, the exactness of locality and sympathy of presentation is closely married with description of the occupants of the urban slums amongst 'the acrid exhalation from the shops where fried fish and boiling potatoes hissed in boiling grease.'³⁰ Such negative images of the working classes could be found in much nineteenth century literature, where they were constructed as an alien species. For instance, in Arthur Morrison's 'Jago',³¹ the urban working class were described as 'slinking forms, as of great rats'. Towards the end of the century, the naturalist novelist might appropriate Social Darwinism³² to support distinctions between the middle-class and working-class character. The point is this: no matter how sympathetically or unsympathetically the working classes are portrayed in much published nineteenth-century fiction, they form an intrinsic part of all that is negative about the urban/industrial environment. Kingston manipulates the dominant association of class and place so that corrupt, middle-class figures, the 'professors', are his occupants of the urban building, No.1 Arched Alley. The sordid and dilapidated building is paralleled to the money-extorting schemes conducted inside.

[the occupants] were bankers and in their mint all the coins of the realm, from sovereigns to sixpences, had their "portraits taken" on the shortest notice, and were turned out "wholesale, retail, and for exportation!".³³

Kingston gives the occupants urban anonymity; in particular the coiners, as 'bankers', are symbolic figures involved in the production of capital. It can only

³⁰ George Gissing, Thyrza: A Fairy Tale, 1887, (Brighton: The Harvester Press, 1974), ch.IV, p.37.

³¹ Arthur Morrison, A Child of the Jago [A novel], (London: Methuen, 1896), p.11

³² 'Social Darwinism' relates to the application of Charles Darwin's theories, such as 'adaptation' and 'survival of the fittest,' to social thought. It was used to support hierarchical social systems as natural and inevitable, if not desirable.

³³ Kingston, 1887, p.74. (Appendix I, p.227).

be speculated how far Kingston intends his imagery of 'the coins of the realm' to suggest a Marxist vision of capital production, but as the story unfolds, it emerges that the money-extorting schemes of the occupants of No.1 Arched Alley, 'the professors', exploit both the working-class Clicks and the middle-class Hardens. His focus is upon the corruption within a capitalist economy, perhaps as much as its excesses, for he intimates that acquiring 'coins of the realm' ultimately taints all social groups.

Kingston expands his description of the occupants of No.1 Arched Alley as symbolic, but corrupt figures, of dominant social groups, 'in addition to bankers, a chemist and a preacher are there too.'³⁴ It transpires that it is this very 'preacher' who calls upon the Hardens with tracts, and under the guise of doing good works, is actually robbing Mabel. The characters are all engaged in schemes to exploit the rich. Wearing recognisable attire of the professions, they gain the trust of those who judge character by appearance. It would be difficult not to read the subtext of their exchanges. Articles of value, extracted from rich people like Mabel, are brought here and rendered into new products, to be sold again back to those who can afford to buy them. A 'gold bouquet-holder' has 'sundry applications of a chisel' which 'rendered the article beyond recognition.'³⁵ The preacher bemoans that those present have the easy tasks, and that they 'don't understand the preaching business.'³⁶ He also mentions that in his work, he has to 'fight your own conscience,'³⁷ which prompts the retort, 'Conscience [...] we

³⁴ Kingston, 1887, p.74. (Appendix I, p.227).

³⁵ Kingston, 1887, p.74. (Appendix I, p.227).

³⁶ Kingston, 1887, p.76. (Appendix I, p.229).

³⁷ Kingston, 1887, p.76. (Appendix I, p.229).

don't know anything about him and we don't want to...' whereupon another concludes, 'Not until we retires from business.'³⁸

The sum of Kingston's narrative strategy is to shift the gaze from the working-class poor being representative of social problems, to portray all classes as victims of those engaged in capital exploitation and corruption. Thus, distinguishing between good and bad within all social groupings by exposing the corrupt element of the middle class well as working class figures, he re-positions friendly society members more centrally. His use of the urban/rural metaphor adds to this depiction. Observing how the city and country have always functioned in terms of a 'mythic dichotomy,'³⁹ Linda Nochlin notes that with the growth of the urban/industrial environment, the city versus country debate gained greater hold in contemporary literature, such that the:

urban environment not only became viewed as the site of all that was alien in the industrialised society, but became perceived as the very breeder of society's indifference to either communal value or individual feeling, to the extent that one became representative of the other.⁴⁰

Thus, Kingston's discourse of town and country, like that found in much literature, serves to elicit his concerns. This is also exemplified by his use of darkness and light, for he extends this metaphor to his representations of all interiors to form part of the action, rather than serve merely as backdrops for it. In turn, these interiors are intimately linked to the characters and their actions whereby representations of décor are paralleled to his characters' social standing

³⁸ Kingston, 1887, p.76. (Appendix I, p.229).

³⁹ Linda Nochlin, *Realism*, 1971, (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1991), p.150.

⁴⁰ Nochlin, 1991, p.151. However, this literary representation of the urban space must be qualified. Whilst it became a literary metaphor for all that was wrong with society, this perhaps did not recognise that for many, the urban environment offered a sense of freedom from close-knit communities and their local, social controls.

and psyche. The zoological notion of habitat applies to the sordid wretchedness of No.1 Arched Alley, whose interior is described by its 'darkness' and by its occupants' exploitative 'trades'. The genteel shabbiness of the inn's interior is contrasted to the other extreme, the opulence of Hardwicke Place and the impeccable elegance of its 'light' apartments. The shabbiness of the inn, the expensive ostentation of Hardwicke Place and the sordid interior of Arched Alley all represent and suggest three different worlds and their inhabitants. The Clicks appear trapped within their own decaying environment, where even the trees bend toward the decay.⁴¹ The occupants of No.1 Arched Alley are also locked into the processes of exploitative capital production, perpetuated by the Reverend, and although the Hardens' lives revolve around a 'light' environment, it is one that is being contaminated by the Reverend, with his associations of darkness and decay brought from No.1 Arched Alley.

Parallels of Kingston's No.1 Arched Alley are found in one form or another in much of this writing. For instance, in Thomas Williams' story, 'A Tale of the City',⁴² Richard Sharpston, a wealthy jeweller serves a similar function to the occupants of Arched Alley. He too, occupies a dilapidated building:

In a well-known street in the City of London there stood, many years ago [...] a large well-built house, whose grimy aspect was dismal to the eye. Superior to its neighbours in size and finish, it stood out in the bright and busy street like a withered tree in a leafy forest. No sign of care adorned its squalid front-all paint had vanished years ago; [...] A more suitable inhabitant could not have been found for this dirty old house...⁴³

⁴¹ Kingston, 1887, p.12. (Appendix I, p.218).

⁴² Thomas Williams, 'A Tale of the City', Foresters' Miscellany, (April, 1870), p.79. (Appendix I, p.276).

⁴³ Williams, 1870, p.79. (Appendix I, p.276).

Again, the derelict building reinforces the negative processes involved in exploitation. Similarly, Williams' jeweller, like the professors, is not engaged in honourable work or production but is obsessed with gaining wealth at the expense of others:

in the many strong drawers of the blackened counter looked sparkling jewels and glittering gold, enough to have purchased half the street. Strange were the ways and customs of the man: he sold jewels, he bought jewels, and he took jewels in pledge; and in this musty den received daily visitors of nobility and fashion. Freely and openly they came; some to purchase -and no merchant in the city could tempt their longing eyes with rarer and more costly gems; for mind you, he had long been wealthy, and could command the market -others came to sell; and some, as I have hinted, came to pawn the jewels they were loath to part with irredeemably⁴⁴

This 'musty den'⁴⁵ is the scene for these suspicious dealings, and Williams' characters, like those occupying No.1 Arched Alley, are contained in a dark and corrupt world.

Kingston's story suggests social relationships to be constituted through, and constrained by, economic realities and social pressures and perceptions. 'Not Gilded But Golden' was published at a time when the sharp divide between the East End and West End of London was synonymous with capital, either the lack of it or the profiting by it. Thus, a critique of the cash nexus society is key to its characterisation. Kingston's characters, in one way or another, stress the power of money; the wretchedness of having too little and the obsession of acquiring more, and he depicts a moral bankruptcy at the heart of a society whose wealth production stemmed from No.1 Arched Alley. The paradox is that the occupants

⁴⁴ Williams, 1870, p.80. (Appendix I, p.277).

⁴⁵ Williams, 1870, p.80. (Appendix I, p.277).

of the inn grab at the wealth of passers-by but it renders them no long-term benefit. The occupants of No.1 Arched Alley and their money extorting activities suggest a cycle of corruption of morals, wealth and religion, affecting all who come into contact. Thomas Williams' narrative also supports this vision. He points out that the jeweller manipulates his rich clients with his intimate knowledge of their own deceptions. He comments that:

It is a matter worth more than a passing thought, what curious relations frequently exist in life between some, whose outward circumstances would seem to say that no close link could probably connect them.⁴⁶

These 'curious relations' hold true for Kingston's characters of Mabel and the Reverend. Alone at Hardwicke Place, Mabel cannot bring herself to believe that the Reverend is a conman, simply because of his ostensibly elevated position in society. Kingston also suggests that Mabel's blindness to the corrupt character of the Reverend is equalled by her blindness to the causes of the poor's suffering. He implies that Mabel's visits to the local poor perpetuate, rather than relieve, their suffering. Mary Poovey describes the effect of such visits on the poor. She argues that the leaving of instructive tracts and 'the assumption that the poor should be read to and given charity belonged to a theory of improvement that rested on and reinforced the superiority of the agents administering the help.'⁴⁷ Accordingly, the symbolism of the tracts that Mabel passes on to the poor, the fact

⁴⁶ Williams, 1870, p.81. (Appendix I, p.277).

⁴⁷ Mary Poovey, Making A Social Body: British Cultural Formation 1830-1864, (Chicago & London: The University of Chicago Press, 1995), p.47.

that they were mass-produced at the heart of No.1 Arched Alley and then sold by the Reverend to Mabel, perhaps may be read as an indication of Kingston's attitude towards those religious doctrines that ultimately reinforce capitalism's values and the poor's place within society. Mabel is passing on the very tracts that she has bought from the preacher, in essence, passing on a worthless symbol of society's corruption. Kingston suggests that Mabel is blind to this and that for all her well meaning, she has been shaped by her milieu and is trapped in it. Perhaps this is why he describes the characters of the inn, Arched Alley and Hardwicke Place without overt censure, but implies that they are products of their immediate society. Hence, the figure of the travelling carver serves as a catalyst for their faults.

Kingston then makes his association of character and place more pronounced to rework the social relationships he has established, and to signify a shift in the balance of authority between the characters. The scene moves to a metaphorically neutral site, a road beyond the hedge surrounding Hardwicke Place. By re-positioning the characters, Kingston is possibly trying to remove his reader's own resistance to social parameters. Here, the hedge divides the figure of the carver and the middle-class group of the Harden sisters and Claremontly :

Mabel and Gertrude, along with Mabel's admirer, were peering over a hedge into a lane, at a travelling carver who was sitting under a tree. They engage him in conversation, and Gertrude, the less sensible of the two sisters exclaimed, 'He talks like a book...But not one of superfine binding,' she added.⁴⁸

⁴⁸ Kingston, 1887, p.106. (Appendix I, p.233).

A conversation follows as to the worthiness of admiring books because of their gorgeous covers. This conversation moves to the topic of judging people by their appearances. Gertrude asks, 'I suppose you'll admit that the rich coverings do not always cover deceit?' whereupon the carver, although unwilling to be drawn into the conversation, replies:

Readily, but deceit wrapt in wealth is not so pardonable as when it is covered in rags, because we expect great things from great appearances, but with the poor we do not look for so many virtues.⁴⁹

The carver, in the face of Gertrude's insistence, corrects Gertrude:

'You mistake me, miss', responded the workman; 'it's the rich people that are always trying to make out their poorer brethren to be all that's bad, whilst they cover their own faults with the affluence they possess.'⁵⁰

As here, Kingston is given to moralising through the interaction of his characters. This encounter illustrates how Kingston sees the gulf between the classes systemised in Victorian society. Nowhere is this made clearer than in the confrontation between the carver and Gertrude in the neutral setting of the roadway. As the conversation between the Harden sisters and the carver develops, the carver accurately identifies Gertrude's narrow vision, but his reasoning with her cannot change the way she judges an individual, and a social grouping, by their appearance. Kingston suggests that all social relations are constituted or distorted by socioeconomic divisions. Although it would be an oversimplification to generalise, this can be found across much of this fiction to a greater or lesser extent. Corruption too is passed on from one social grouping to

⁴⁹ Kingston, 1887, p.106. (Appendix I, p.233).

⁵⁰ Kingston, 1887, p.106. (Appendix I, p.233).

another. The corrupt Reverend brings worthless tracts to Mabel from the town, and in turn, Mabel's visits to the village poor to pass on these tracts reinforces the cycle of corruption and resultant inequalities. In YSN's, 'The Pauper Funeral' (1864), discussed in the next chapter,⁵¹ it is the callous doctor's visit to a poor patient which extends the cyclical impact of indifferent social relations and corruption, to issues of life and death; for poverty and disease are perpetuated by the doctor's ignorance.

Kingston depicts the gulf between the classes, and wider issues of corruption, as emanating from the centre of the city and No.1 Arched Alley. His use of the urban/rural divide echoes, whether or not intentionally, both Marx and Engels' vision that 'the bourgeoisie had subjected the country to the rule of the towns.'⁵² His characters, in different kinds of habitat, depict different social groups, and at the same time expose paradoxes and misunderstandings, so that the conscious and unconscious construction of distinctions and divisions between classes are overtly highlighted. Hence, Kingston uses the symmetry and paradox of place, (the road beyond the hedge), away from conventional social structures, to open up possibilities for exploration of social relations. It is here that the carver is able to assert his own identity and values in face of middle-class intrusion into his world. It is a place where social relations and common presumptions may be challenged. Perhaps the strength of Kingston's writing is that it illuminates a

⁵¹ Y.S.N., 'The Pauper Funeral', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1864), p.36. (Appendix I, p.280).

⁵² Raymond Williams, The Country and The City, 1973, (London: The Hogarth Press, 1985), p.303.

complex network of class relations, highlighting the friendly societies' dialogue with predominantly middle-class social concerns and discussions.

The subtext of 'Not Gilded, But Golden' progresses to expand and elucidate the singularity of 'judging a book by its cover.' At times Kingston barely disguises his critique of aspects of social relations and attitudes, at others, such challenges are implicit or perhaps unconscious, and interact with naturalised assumptions or external agendas. In terms of wider literary and cultural discourses, his representations reflect contemporary debates and power struggles. He re-forms associations of class with place to complicate contemporary constructions of an homogenised working-class. The carver resents the Hardens' intrusion into his work and he resists being drawn into conversation with them. Having established Mr Harden as a patron earlier, ('he patronised many charitable institutions,')⁵³ the carver symbolises the independent friendly society movement and their resistance to middle-class patronage. The link between the carver and the friendly society movement is later revealed when it is disclosed that the carver is known as 'The Bear,' which was the surname of the Oddfellows' Past Grand Master at that time, R.C.Bear.

Kingston criticises the actions of all classes, (for the working-class Clicks are not without many faults), and this reflects the public stance of the friendly society movement. It is only the carver, whose origin is at first unknown, and whose social class is not immediately apparent, who is able to see the faults of his

⁵³ Kingston, 1887, p.72. (Appendix I, p.225).

companions and highlight the actions of all social groups. As such, Kingston's narrative attempts to ameliorate class relations rather than to polarise them.

Kingston and his fellow writers use the 'outsider' motif to position themselves apart from any negative association with cross/intra-class behaviour. By assuming the position of outsiders with apparently disinterested social positions, they afford their characters the most authoritative platform from which to comment on political issues and from which to levy criticism. The carver, as an 'outsider' de-familiarises a situation. Such characters are in some way alienated, socially and metaphysically alone, or simply apart, from a dominant culture, thus serve as a means for depicting an alternative social reality.⁵⁴ Ostensibly, the carver represents the 'wild-man type' or 'anti-social man' whose proximity poses a threat to civil society.⁵⁵ However, his intellectual powers enable him to articulate his own course of actions in the face of hegemonic domination and here, as signifier of the friendly society movement, to challenge the middle classes and their perception of social relations. An 'outsider' figure, representing the friendly society movement, is found in many forms in the friendly societies' fictions. In Henry Owgan's narrative, 'Making The Best of It: Or Peace, Union and Goodwill',⁵⁶ the outsider is Captain Black, a former sea captain whose

⁵⁴ For example, the character of Etienne in Émile Zola's *Germinal*, (1885); Oliver in Charles Dickens' *Oliver Twist* (1837-8); Jane in Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* (1848). Similar purpose is served by the use of aliens in science fiction, to depict 'otherness'.

⁵⁵ Paul Brown, discussing Shakespeare's Caliban in 'This thing of darkness I acknowledge mine: 'The Tempest' and the Discourse of Colonialism', J. Dollimore & A. Sinfield, eds. *Political Shakespeare: Essays in Cultural Materialism*, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1994), p.52.

⁵⁶ Henry Owgan, 'Making The Best of It: or Peace, Union, and Good Will', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (January, 1864), p.9. (Appendix I, p.249).

background is little known, and who has settled in a small, sea-faring community.

Owgan describes the strange appearance of the Captain thus:

the person so addressed was a rather tall and slight but actively formed man, apparently about the age of forty-if any near guess could be formed of one so bronzed and weather-beaten-with clear dark complexion and abundant hair, still perfectly brown, which he wore in long and carefully cultivated ringlets. His costume was unmistakably nautical, consisting of long heavy boots, a red India handkerchief loosely tied upon his neck, and a couple of massive gold rings upon his hands.⁵⁷

The storyline and plot are fairly predictable; events revolve around a newly appointed clergyman, settling into a small rural sea-faring community, a thwarted love affair and unjustified accusations of crime. However, like the protagonists mentioned earlier in this chapter such as Slade, Owgan blurs traditional stereotyped characterisations. Again, physical characteristics do not denote the character's morals or behaviour. The Captain's 'strange' appearance is countered with the information that he was 'a philanthropist' who established the Friendly Society lodge and would 'do some good.'⁵⁸ Following a conversation between the Captain and the clergyman, the latter speculates:

respecting the real character of a man whose mind and manners were so strangely inconsistent with, and of a so much higher order, than his outward appearance.⁵⁹

Owgan's story confronts many of the public criticisms of the friendly societies.

His working-class characters are both respectable and honourable. It is noted that the friendly society will become 'a steady and permanent influence' within the

⁵⁷ Owgan, 1864, p.9. (Appendix I, p.249).

⁵⁸ Owgan, 1864, p.12. (Appendix I, p.251).

⁵⁹ Owgan, 1864, p.12. (Appendix I, p.251).

community.⁶⁰ Furthermore, his narrative is set within a 'respectable public house' which is frequented by a group of young men who:

were members of the same Friendly Society and 'would stand by each other to the last extremity, where they believed their help was deserved.'⁶¹

Using the outsider figures of the Carver and the Captain, both Kingston and Owgan harness negative perceptions of their own place in the socio-political order and re-present them in their narratives as central, investing them with agency and meaning. Furthermore, in turn, they de-centre popular dominant social groupings, (such as Kingston's 'Reverend'), and depict them as 'other'. Similarly, Owgan's clergyman is the 'collegian', the respectable middle class figure, but he realises that it is he who will have to change to succeed in the working-class community that he has joined:

and he began to hope that he should get on agreeably enough with his congregation, if he could only contrive to make himself intelligible to them.⁶²

The clergyman realises that it is he who will need to learn the community's language and ways, rather than they learn his. A shift perhaps takes place in the characterisation of the Captain and the clergyman. The Captain is the original outsider, but when the clergyman arrives, although he is a stock middle-class figure of any community, he finds himself on the outside of this close-knit social grouping. Like Kingston, Owgan presents the middle class clergyman as 'other' in several encounters within his narrative: two local, young girls run away from the

⁶⁰ Owgan, 1864, p.12. (Appendix I, p.251).

⁶¹ Owgan, 1864, p.11. (Appendix I, p.250).

⁶² Owgan, 1864, p.12. (Appendix I, p.251).

clergyman, startled, he assumes, because he was a stranger. He reasons that 'the ugliest animals are not the most dangerous.'⁶³ Owgan also manipulates stereotypes here; for it is not the poor and/or working-class figures that are a separate species to be studied and understood by the middle classes, but vice versa. This theme is repeated as the Captain's history unfolds, when it is revealed that he found himself aboard a pirate vessel, whose captain is 'effeminate' and 'softly spoken', with a 'gentle, musical voice,'⁶⁴ again resisting connotations of persona and social stereotypes. These allusions and metaphors substantiate the clergyman's observation of the inconsistencies between appearances and character.⁶⁵

All the protagonists in the friendly society fiction possess one or more of these qualities: a superior intellect, independence, a strong social and moral conscience. However, their class origins do differ. It emerges that in both Owgan's and Kingston's stories, the protagonists had been exiled from the middle and upper classes, having suffered a downfall in fortunes as a result of social injustice. While this fate can be widely found in contemporary literature, it sits somewhat uneasily in fiction for a working-class audience. It could signify the writers' real or articulated conformity to dominant perceptions of progress and attainment. More possibly, the characters that were once of a higher class, but have joined the labouring or working classes due to some misfortune, do reinforce the writers' themes of the interconnectedness of classes. Furthermore, this cross-class activity highlights the subjective criteria, (that is, work or appearance) that

⁶³ Owgan, 1864, p.16. (Appendix I, p.252).

⁶⁴ Owgan, 1864, p.72. (Appendix I, p.256).

⁶⁵ Owgan, 1864, p.12. (Appendix I, p.251).

ostensibly divides and distinguishes all classes. However, to give their protagonists a noble background might simply reflect a lack of originality in their writing.

The social class of the protagonist found in Charles Marshall's story, 'Old Misery, The Miser',⁶⁶ is unclear, although he does not enjoy upward social mobility as a reward for his deeds. It is not just this or the manner in which Marshall ends his narrative that distinguishes his style of writing from that of Kingston and Owgan. Marshall's writing is representative of a further range of fiction found in the journals which use more overtly confrontational representations than have been considered so far. Although sharing similar narrative strategies and motifs, alternative political positions and resolutions are mooted, and, as stated, the protagonists are not restored, nor do they ascend to, higher social positions. In Marshall's story, the motif of an outsider is again central. This time it is a youth who is the focus of the story; his character mediates between the story's images which range from the caprices of capitalism, symbolised by the old Miser, and the anger of the mob, as the portent of revolution.

A fire marks the opening scene and sets up the narrative's articulation of social unrest. The fire spreads through a factory and then a terrace of houses. A figure, sighted on the roof of a nearby house, which is also alight, turns out to be the daughter of an old miser. She had been married that day and her groom was among those perishing in the fire below. The plot follows the old miser's

⁶⁶ Marshall, 1864, p.89. (Appendix I, p.235).

subsequent loss of his newly married daughter in the fire, and his attempts to make good his misdeeds of the past:

A quantity of oil contained in the building had ignited, and the whole pile became one glowing mass. Higher and higher the flames mounted, roaring and leaping till the sky grew red, blood red, as it overhung the scene.... Suddenly on the top...on the outermost wall of the roofless building, appeared a female figure. Beneath, the flaming abyss glowed like a crater.⁶⁷

Although fires were certainly a common experience in mid nineteenth-century Britain, they were also a potent symbol of change or destruction much used in Victorian fiction.⁶⁸ 'Old Misery, The Miser' appeared during a decade when the societies were again subject to investigations by parliamentary committees and the Royal Commission on Friendly Societies. Concern focused upon the burial societies and the mismanagement of funds, but Cordery suggests that these investigations, 'also provided an opportunity for old prejudices about working-class culture [...] to re-emerge under the guise of solicitude for working people's pennies.'⁶⁹ It was also a time of economic slump, and when working-class independence was a national political issue, with incidents of trade union defiance leading to renewed interest in workers' organisations. The pressure for

⁶⁷ Marshall, 1864, p.88. (Appendix I, p.235).

⁶⁸ Rick Allen, *The Moving Pageant: a Literary Source Book on London Life 1700-1914*, (London: Routledge, 1998), p.13: Allen notes that 'the Dante revival in English Romantic and post-Romantic culture no doubt encouraged the use of inferno imagery to represent the urban environment and those trapped within it', although he suggests that 'very few writers on London subscribed to the idea of absolute perdition implied by that imagery'. He also notes that 'the inferno imagery was generally replaced with, or merged with, that of the abyss.'

⁶⁹ Simon Cordery, *British Friendly Societies: 1750-1914*, (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), p.118.

political and educational reform⁷⁰ added to the impetus of government investigations of working-class organisations.

Marshall's young protagonist appears when the fire is raging. He calls for the crowd to help. In response, a ladder is eventually fetched but an attempt to reach the girl fails as she disappears into the flames. Another spectator points to a dog on the roof, whereupon the dog's owner suddenly appears and offers a reward for its rescue. The dog's successful rescue seems to compensate the crowd for the loss of the girl, although amid recriminations from some for the slow response to the girl's plight:

When all further aid was thus rendered unavailing, and nothing remained to be done, the voices of the spectators grew imperious and many were heard to wonder why the ladder had not been reared before.⁷¹

The old Miser then appears, struggling to push his way through the crowd and, distraught, he asks why no one had attempted to save his daughter. At this point, the youth was pushed forward. A conversation then takes place between the Miser and the youth, listened to intently by the crowd. The Miser expresses his gratitude for the youth's attempts to save his daughter. The owner of the rescued dog is standing next to the Miser, 'whose child, less fortunate than the brute, had perished.'⁷² Too distressed to remain at the scene, the Miser is urged away to a nearby inn, aided by the youth. At the inn, in a room away from the peering eyes of curious onlookers who have followed them from the fire, the Miser appears to die, overcome by grief. News of his death spreads quickly to the outside crowd:

⁷⁰ The 1867 Reform Act which extended the franchise to all rate-paying householders and Forster's Education Act of 1870, which led to the creating of local school boards

⁷¹ Marshall, 1864, p.89. (Appendix I, p.235).

⁷² Marshall, 1864, p.90. (Appendix I, p.236).

And when the sad event was made known to them, they were not, as those within the room where the dead man sat in his chair like sleeping life, hushed by awe and terror. Comments were loudly and coarsely made. Rude men broke into noisy speech, and declared that the deceased ought to have died years before, and so have spared the world much wrong and misery.⁷³

Here Marshall sets up the interaction between the crowd, the youth and the Miser, as the three social signifiers of the plot. The youth arguably represents the friendly societies' stance because he inculcates values of respectability and rational action, while remaining apart from the crowd and the Miser. The crowd signifies the more militant working classes, and the Miser, the excess of capital exploitation. By using three signifiers, the distinction between not only the masses and the capital-owning class is established, but the distinction between the friendly societies and the rest of the mob (working classes) is also mooted. Shocked at the crowd's reaction and keen to escape the immediate vicinity of the inn, the youth returned to the scene of the fire:

But here also - for the news preceded him-he heard the same comment delivered with much emphasis. If he shifted his position -and that, in the working to and fro of the crowd, was unavoidable - the same words rang in his ears, reaching him from every side. And at last, the youth, without being able to obtain a plausible reason for this opinion, so seemingly universal, caught himself subscribing to the uncharitable sentiment, and echoing the remark of the crowd, that the deceased should have died years before.⁷⁴

The crowd is united in its condemnation of the Miser, and under pressure from this, the youth also begins to share their sentiments. His wavering allegiances in the face of the pressure being exerted by the crowd projects a vision whereby the

⁷³ Marshall, 1864, p.91. (Appendix I, p.236).

⁷⁴ Marshall, 1864, p.91. (Appendix I, p.236).

respectable working classes of the friendly societies could unite with the more militant of their class, to confront the excesses of capital. Hence, beneath the playing out of melodramatic events, the mysterious, anonymous figure of the youth and the Miser, and their somewhat mechanical connections as characters, dichotomise society.

The story follows a predictable course. The Miser was not dead; he had apparently swooned, and was now in bed, eagerly awaiting the youth's return. On their meeting, the Miser expresses his remorse for his past unscrupulous ways and his desire to recompense for them: "Let us be stirring," he said, "I swear I will not break my fast till I have undone what mischief I can reach to undo."⁷⁵ As in Kingston's story, the settings are merely backdrops for the characters, except where they suggest events. The tavern where the Miser 'dies' carries biblical imagery of a 'stable', where the old social order enters to become reborn into a more equal and caring political and social order.

Themes of life and death being bought or lost through the processes of exploitative capitalism are worked through. For example, the Miser, accompanied by the youth, heads for a street, described as 'the least enviable as a place of residence'⁷⁶ to visit a young, married couple, whose suffering is material as well as emotional:

In the lower room of one of the dwellings in the street, a woman, scarcely turned thirty - she should have been young at that age, but she was not - held a sickly infant in her arms, and drew nearer the window, that she might the better note what change had taken place in its features since she placed it asleep in the bed at an earlier hour of the morning:

⁷⁵ Marshall, 1864, p.94. (Appendix I, p.238).

⁷⁶ Marshall, 1864, p.94. (Appendix I, p.238).

“It will die, George,” she said, speaking softly and mournfully to her husband, who was trying to warm himself at the scanty fire in the grate.⁷⁷

The husband had been present at the fire earlier and the couple were discussing the supposed death of the Miser, when the latter arrived. It transpires that the Miser had previously wronged this couple. The father had asked the Miser for a small sum of money to save his first child’s life, but had received no help. It is the Miser who now pleads for the chance to help the baby in the woman’s arms, but only reluctantly, does the husband eventually accept his offer. The fact that the couple’s first child had died as a result of the Miser’s wrongdoing, but that he was given the opportunity to save their surviving child, elaborates on Marshall’s view that not all of the casualties of capitalist economy may be addressed, although with the obvious implication that valuable attempts may still be achieved. The Miser and the youth then depart in order that the Miser may call on other people that he has injured. Sometimes the Miser’s attempts at undoing his past wrongs are unsuccessful. On one occasion, he reaches a jail where one of his victims had died the day before, having languished there unjustly for seventeen years. Thus, he dramatises how the lives and deaths of working people are dependent upon the vagaries of a capitalist economy, and inevitably warns those who have not joined the friendly societies’ provision.

Marshall essentially articulates class conflicts rather than seeks to heighten them. He uses the inferno imagery in a manner that suggests that all classes are threatened if the working classes revolt. He employs such imagery not as an idea

⁷⁷ Marshall, 1864, p.94. (Appendix I, p.238).

of absolute perdition, but as a threat to all. The loss of the Miser's daughter, alongside the rescue of the dog, suggests that survival or death is a random, and not a rational, process. The 'red, blood red' imagery of the opening scenes is an overt portent of violence; it constructs the threat that the narrative both expresses, and then contains. Marshall's tale shares many similarities with Dickens' earlier portrayals of social unrest in both Barnaby Rudge⁷⁸ and A Tale of Two Cities.⁷⁹ While both Marshall and Dickens use fire as a threat of revolution, the differences between Dickens' portrayals and those found in Marshall's tale are interesting. Marshall's mob is not violent as the mob sometimes is in A Tale of Two Cities, (1859) and this does align with the friendly societies' non-militant image. Dickens arguably depicts revolution as justifiable, but this prospect is expressed as an alternative rather than as a solution in Marshall's narrative. Perhaps more pertinent is that it is not the aristocracy that Marshall's criticism targets, but the greedy capitalist. Since Marshall's story is set in the 1830s, he may be drawing on the social unrest which gave rise to the Chartist movement during 1830s, in order to provide a parallel with contemporary injustice. Thus, Marshall is not exciting sympathy for the mob, but offering his readers other possibilities.

The fact that Marshall's criticism is of capitalism's excesses, rather than simply of the middle classes, is also evident when comparing the Miser's character to that of the man, 'having all the appearance of a gentleman in his bearing, though shabbily dressed.'⁸⁰ Together, these characters may signify two aspects of society. If the old Miser symbolises a capitalist economy, the shabbily

⁷⁸ Charles Dickens, Barnaby Rudge, 1841, (New York: William H. Colyer, 1842).

⁷⁹ Charles Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities, 1859, (London: Cassell & Co., 1907).

⁸⁰ Marshall, 1864, p.92. (Appendix I, p.237).

dressed old 'gentleman' may symbolise an aristocracy in decline. Certainly, much of Marshall's imagery cannot be understood purely in terms of a Marxist vision, and must be put in context with the friendly society movement and the widespread surveillance and censure that it was subjected to throughout the period. Like Kingston, he does not flinch from portraying characteristics he sees as weaknesses of all classes. Furthermore, his writing certainly does not sit within polemical anarchist or socialist thought, yet the symbolic weight of the opening scenes - the 'blood red' of the fire indiscriminately consuming both property and the kin of the Miser, along with visions of the angry mob's attempt to rescue the Miser's daughter only when money is offered - pre-empt later scenes where life and death are bought at the discretion of financial considerations, as is the case with the young couple's baby.

Marshall's use of a London crowd to denote an alternative working-class perspective is significant. The city's population grew to such an extent between 1800 and 1900 that crowds were a real aspect of London life at the time. Thus the phenomenon of crowds influenced the representations of public and private spaces in some of the literature of the period, as well as notions of public life and privacy.⁸¹ In Marshall's story, the crowd is a phenomenon arising directly out of the incident of the fire - it gathers in response to the fire, and then moves away to stalk the Miser to the inn. The mob becomes a force which equals the earlier presence of the fire that has consumed life and property. George Rudé⁸² and Eric

⁸¹ John Plotz, The Crowd: British Literature & Public Politics, (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2000).

⁸²G. Rudé, The Crowd in the French Revolution, (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1959).

⁸³ Eric J. Hobsbawm, Primitive Rebels. Studies in Archaic Forms of Social Movement in the 19th and 20th Centuries, (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1959).

Hobsbawm⁸³ argue that a crowd which was socio-economically representative of the general population was a positive depiction of radicalism. Drawing on the eighteenth and nineteenth century European food and industrial riots, they argue that where there was a specific purpose, then riotous action by the disempowered may be pivotal in gaining concessions to their demands. Their protest is legitimated by recognition by both the people and hierarchies. In keeping with Rudé's and Hobsbawm's research, the mob in Marshall's tale does emerge as a unified and politicised group, censuring the Miser's previous exploitation of the people, and like the fire, the mob cannot be controlled. It is a metaphor for the militant public voice and its presence symbolises the majority psyche. Thus, assuming that Marshall's mob is allegorical for mass political agency, the youth momentarily legitimates the mob's cause for dissent, when his loyalties waver. Hence, Marshall symbolises the crowd as an alternative perspective, without overtly condoning or condemning its actions. Although the mob may be a force or a catalyst for social change, the youth moves away from it, which suggests Marshall's rejection of mob protest.⁸⁴ This more readily aligns the writing with the friendly societies' ethos of independence, and also supports the societies' public displays of respectability. Yet by offering the prospect of revolt, the writing reinforces their role as a working-class pressure group.

One further significance of Marshall's narrative may be that it appeared at the time of 'a nationwide movement to differentiate respectable, independent

⁸⁴ Further discussion of the use of the crowd or mob may be found in: Donald Richter, 'The Role of Mob Riot in Victorian Elections, 1865-1885', Victorian Studies 15:1 (September, 1971).

working men from the “rough residuum,”⁸⁵ Cordery describes how ‘Debates over the lines between respectable and rough, and between insurance and charity, flourished within the friendly society movement during this decade.’⁸⁶ Hence, the juxtaposition of the mob and the youth may not only explore the friendly societies’ position both in terms of the state and/or the middle classes, but also offer analysis of the organisations’ internal debates regarding their allegiances. For example, components of internal and external politics are found in a range of contemporary texts from the journals. In ‘The Rival Schoolmasters’⁸⁷ the societies’ debates are explored through the life of Mr Bounce, the long serving schoolmaster of a village, whose position and authority and old way of doing things, are challenged by the arrival of a young, progressive schoolmaster, Mr Trotter, who establishes a separate school. Whilst ‘easily satisfied with a glass of grog’ and ‘a pinch of snuff’ during the good times, for Bounce and his pupils there is the ever presence of poverty:

Poor fellow! you would have admired his courageous bearing of poverty; he never complained, even though on the brink of starvation, but bore it all with heroic resignation [...] He had kept the school in the village, time out of mind, without a rival; but now a new school was opened by a young man of four or five-and-twenty, which threatened the Bounce dynasty most terribly.⁸⁸

In this story, competition between the two new establishments is mainly felt by the old schoolmaster. He taunts the capabilities of his rival, culminating in a physical confrontation, whereby the old order, Mr Bounce, is the one to suffer.

⁸⁵ Cordery, 2003, p.108.

⁸⁶ Cordery, 2003, p.108.

⁸⁷ ‘The Rival Schoolmasters’, *Foresters’ Miscellany*, (October, 1867), p.406. (Appendix I, p.245). Unsigned, records suggest that this story is by J.Northey, and thus will be attributed to him throughout this thesis.

⁸⁸ Northey, 1867, p.406. (Appendix I, p.245).

Rather than gloat, Trotter has compassion and aids Bounce back to his home, where they become 'as old friends.' The new generation in the form of Bounce's daughter offers unity, and her falling in love with Trotter depicts the way forward. They marry with Bounce's blessing. It can only be speculated as to exactly what political parallels are being drawn here, if any. Given that this was written at the time of the Enfranchisement of urban working-class men, it may be that Bounce personifies a diminishing but resistant middle class in the face of political and social change, and Northey is seeking to suggest to his readers and fellow members that the way forward must be by compromise, and their acceptance of such change. Perhaps, the Bounce regime merely suggests Tory populism and/or Northey may be articulating other internal debates of the organisations, such as their rejection of patronage, (in the persona of Bounce), which raged within the friendly society movement at that time.

A further number of literary techniques are common to Marshall and Northey's writing. There is a period of disruption in both. In Marshall's story it is the fire and the old Miser's apparent 'death', whereas in Northey's narrative it is a fight which takes place between Bounce and Trotter. The result is that each is followed by a new social order. Marshall appropriates the symbolism of fire as providential and an instrument of change, as both a destructive and progressive force. In his short story, 'The Old Wiltshire Fiddler',⁸⁹ it is the symbol of fire that provokes the downward spiral for the capital owning classes. Again a symbolic outsider, the wandering fiddler is employed as a marker of otherness and

⁸⁹ Charles Marshall, 'The Old Wiltshire Fiddler', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (July, 1870), ch.1, p.204. (Appendix I, p.239).

serves to explore the writer's own issues. In 'The Old Wiltshire Fiddler', the fiddler is a man whose physical appearance was 'breaking up.'⁹⁰ The people in one of the towns that he regularly visited thought it would be the last time they would see him:

He that day reaped a richer harvest than he usually had done. Everybody gave him what they thought would be a farewell coin; and so it proved. .⁹¹

It was the Fiddler's last appearance in the town and everybody assumed that he had gone to his last resting place. However, a year or so later, the narrator chances to see the old familiar figure standing in a graveyard of a neighbouring town, long after he had thought the Fiddler to be dead. Despite the narrator's past knowledge of the Fiddler, it is only here, that they speak:

I cautiously moved toward him, and before either of us spoke I recognised the features to be those of the old Wiltshire fiddler. An almost indescribable feeling came over me, it being so strongly impressed on my mind that he was dead.⁹²

Death, or the enactment of it, is a significant event in Marshall's tales. In 'Old Misery, The Miser,' the Miser is thought to die at the inn, only for it to be found that he had swooned. When he recovers, he sets out to amend his past wrongdoings. Again, rebirth and resurrection are themes in Dickens's A Tale of Two Cities,⁹³ and like Dickens, Marshall uses the imagery of death to signify the end of old social relations, thus allowing the birth of new and more equal ones.

⁹⁰ Marshall, 1870, p.204. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹¹ Marshall, 1870, p.204. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹² Marshall, 1870, p.204. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹³ Charles Dickens, A Tale of Two Cities, 1859, (London: Cassell & Co., 1907).

As much as he uses the symbol of fire, he depicts death as the precursor of rebirth. In 'The Old Wiltshire Fiddler', this is emphasised by using a graveyard setting, as a device that is both socially-levelling, and enables free exchange between the characters.

On meeting, the old Fiddler proceeds to tell the tale of his life, but first cautions that, 'I must tell it at once, and be brief, as the time is growing late.' The significance of this urgency becomes apparent at the end of the tale. The Fiddler reveals a childhood passion for music, encouraged and developed by 'one of the best teachers in the neighbourhood.'⁹⁴ As a young man, he falls in love with the daughter of a neighbouring farmer 'who fully reciprocated [his] own feeling'.⁹⁵ However, during this happy courtship, the destruction of the home of the Fiddler and his parents by fire signals a reverse in their fortunes and his 'father was now compelled to work as a day labourer.'⁹⁶ His parents lived only a short while after, for 'the change was too great.'⁹⁷ And for the Fiddler, there follows some forty years of 'precarious' living as a wandering fiddler, until he sought 'a resting place – in the workhouse'⁹⁸ near the grave of his sweetheart Clara. The Fiddler then leaves quickly, for 'the workhouse clock struck the hour for the inmates to retire'⁹⁹ and 'placing one more coin in his hand, at the same time giving it a gentle shake,'¹⁰⁰ the narrator bade the old fiddler farewell, 'in all

⁹⁴ Marshall, 1870, p.205. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹⁵ Marshall, 1870, p.205. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹⁶ Marshall, 1870, p.205. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹⁷ Marshall, 1870, p.205. (Appendix I, p.239).

⁹⁸ Marshall, 1870, p.206. (Appendix I, p.240).

⁹⁹ Marshall, 1870, p.206. (Appendix I, p.240).

¹⁰⁰ Marshall, 1870, p.206. (Appendix I, p.240).

probability for the rest of his earthly journey.’¹⁰¹ The early and mysterious sense of urgency on the part of the Fiddler is explained when ‘the workhouse clock struck the hour for the inmates to retire.’¹⁰² Here, the workhouse clock intrudes into the conversation between the two characters, signalling the Fiddler to withdraw. This may or may not have been the intention of Marshall here, but the sense of an intruding, authoritative voice is a recurrent feature found within this body of writing and discussion of this will be looked at in later chapters.

In both of Marshall’s tales, relationships are constituted through, and constrained by, economic realities and social pressures. A fire precedes economic misfortune, which in turn leads to the characters’ decline in all other spheres, ultimately determining both health and social relations. In ‘The Old Wiltshire Fiddler’, it is the change in the Fiddler’s financial prospects that prompted the father of his fiancée to alter his opinion of the Fiddler’s suitability as a husband for his daughter, and so to end their engagement. The daughter’s health ‘soon gave way’¹⁰³ and she fell prey to consumption. Although an accomplished musician, the Fiddler became an occupant of the workhouse, and the economic loss suffered by his family led to their demise.

Marshall’s writing does not openly offer hope for a better future, but suggests a vision of what might happen if the old, unjust order does not reform. While his stories do not offer character development or unified action, in ‘Old Misery, The Miser’, the misfortune of the poor young couple derives from the

¹⁰¹ Marshall, 1870, p.206. (Appendix I, p.240).

¹⁰² Marshall, 1870, p.206. (Appendix I, p.240).

¹⁰³ Marshall, 1870, p.205. (Appendix I, p.240).

past economic actions of the Miser, as much as the latter's present suffering is the effect of his past relations with that couple. Certainly, a story purely about nineteenth-century politics might have stirred up the readers' prejudices and distracted their attention from the 'normal relations' that the fiction depicts. Thus, he does not openly seek to challenge his readers' convictions or political ideas. His characters do not die when death would mean that oppression would remain. Had Marshall allowed the Miser to die without attempting to make amends, he would be condoning political change by his use of the 'angry crowd'. Yet equally, if he allowed the Miser to reverse all of his wrongdoings, and bring about a satisfying catharsis, he could have suggested that capitalism would ultimately be reversed without any active intervention. By portraying the youth accompanying the Miser on his journeys to repair the damage that he has caused in the past, Marshall probably implies that despite many promises of reform that were uttered in public, each promise would have to be monitored to achieve actual progress.

Marshall and Kingston have no doubt accommodated their criticism within a format readily accessible to their readers. Although their stories may perhaps be considered little more than moral tales, or a throwback compared to, say, much Chartist fiction, they only loosely follow what Keating describes as standard formats of Victorian fiction.¹⁰⁴ For instance, while some aspects of 'Old Misery, The Miser' and 'Not Gilded, But Golden', fit into 'the condition of the people'¹⁰⁵ type of Victorian fiction, they do not attempt to transform the manners or habits of the working classes. Secondly, the working classes are not represented as ugly or

¹⁰⁴ P.J. Keating, The Working Classes in Victorian Fiction, 1971, (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1979), pp.24-30.

¹⁰⁵ Keating, 1971.

debased, but working-class characters are represented in sympathetic rather than insensitive terms. In Kingston's story, Anthony Click's unscrupulous behaviour is to some extent legitimated by his family's dependence on external factors, such as their reliance upon 'passing trade' and the Hardens' benevolence. The Hardens are not represented as all that is bad about the middle classes, but perhaps ignorant of social reality, or simply naïve. These representations of social relations suggest the writers' awareness of a complex class structure, rather than simply a dichotomy of class between proletariat and bourgeoisie.

Marshall's narrative may be read as a juxtaposition between the alternatives facing his friendly society - either change by the capital owning classes, or his movement's overt complicity in working-class militancy. The ending of Marshall's narrative sees the youth retire or withdraw after the Miser failed to compensate one of his victims. Perhaps for him to receive rich rewards from the Miser, or to acquire high status, would sit uneasily with Marshall's readers, for as Martha Vicinus notes of Chartist fiction, 'the difficulties of affecting change are insurmountable, and the reader will not believe in the promise of fulfilment.'¹⁰⁶ It may also be that the youth symbolises Marshall's failure to 'achieve a major confrontation between his protagonists and the social order from which they recoil.'¹⁰⁷ The reader is reminded that social conditions under the old 'Bounce' regime, whereby the working classes may 'consume grog and snuff,'¹⁰⁸ are also social conditions where the working classes are equally as

¹⁰⁶ Martha Vicinus, *The Industrial Muse: a Study of Nineteenth Century British Working-Class Literature*, (London: Croom Helm, 1974), p115.

¹⁰⁷ John Goode, 'William Morris and the Dream of Revolution', John Lucas ed. *Literature and Politics in the Nineteenth Century*, (London: Methuen & Co.Ltd., 1971),p.221.

¹⁰⁸ Northey, 1867, p.406. (Appendix I, p.245).

likely to suffer starvation. Certainly, the fictional narratives offer an alternative vision of social reality, one whereby working people are able to act independently. The themes in the creative writing relate on a wider scale to the complex interactions, pressures and disturbances of an active social history.

Working people were perhaps never as vulnerable as when ill-health prevented them from being able to work. Since the friendly societies formed the origins of formal health care provision for working people, the next chapter draws upon the writers' constructions of the physician and healthcare at a time when the working classes were regarded through a process of physiological and pathological definition. As much as mobs or crowds symbolised a growing mass identity, the interpretation of working-class bodies came to the fore in the era's political imagination.

Chapter 3

Medicine and Health Care

This chapter looks at the writers' representations of health and medical care, focusing upon their perceptions of doctor/patient relationships and the role of the physician. The stories are analysed from the writers' standpoint as patients, and also as members of the friendly society movement which provided health care, and were employers of medical practitioners. The stories' themes often reinforce the societies' wish for autonomy through expressions of resistance to medicalisation,¹ with its consequent professional dominance and need for surveillance over areas of their lives. One theme is the impact internal conflicts in the medical profession have on patients. For instance, in 'Keeping A Conscience'² the author attributes the death of a patient to the rivalries and power struggles within the medical profession. Another theme is the correlation of poverty with ill health, and this is found in 'The Pauper Funeral'³ by Y.S.N.. This tale also emphasises the 'business' which informs certain doctor/patient relationships,⁴ as well as drawing attention to contemporary issues about the role

¹ Medicalisation theory does not challenge the basis of medical knowledge, but challenges its application as a product of unequal social interactions/negotiations-ie professional determination of what counts as sickness may involve areas of life previously the concern of non-medical, lay persons.

² 'Keeping a Conscience', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (October, 1864), p.325. (Appendix I, p.207). Unsigned, records suggest that this story is by John, Hinchcliffe.

³ Y.S.N., 'The Pauper Funeral', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (January, 1864), p.37. (Appendix I, p.280).

⁴ This structuralist perspective views welfare provision as acting as an institution for social control within a capitalist economy. As a consequence, doctor/patient relationships are implicitly governed by, and concerned with, the reproduction and maintenance of capitalist social relations. Medical knowledge thereby mediates social relations, and explanations of disease may serve to reinforce existing social structures.

of women in healthcare. At the same time as emphasising the societies' desire for independence, their interconnectedness with all classes is also depicted, reinforcing their wish for more equal social relations. To place the writers' concerns and preoccupations in context, both the prevailing health issues and the friendly societies' involvement in medical provision during the period need to be understood.

The 1860s was a decade when Britain was almost under siege from infectious disease. From 1861 to 1869, an epidemic of typhus pervaded London, the Prince Consort being its most notable victim in 1861. In Lancashire, the poverty and distress resulting from the cotton famine also saw typhus sweep through the textile districts. The cholera outbreak in 1866, coupled with a virulent strain of measles, preceded an epidemic of scarlet fever in 1869 and the century's severest epidemic of smallpox began the next decade. Furthermore, despite the public health movement, the death rate and the control of disease appeared little improved, and in 1860, life expectancy for adult males averaged forty years.⁵ Ill health and poverty continued as a direct result of structural factors such as inadequate nutrition and housing.⁶ In 1871, an estimated seventy-two per cent of

Medical knowledge thereby mediates social relations, and explanations of disease may serve to reinforce existing social structures.

⁵ Supplement to the Registrar-General's 65th Report, 50. Source: Department of Health

⁶ A key issue in the sociology of health and illness is the extent to which levels of mortality and morbidity are mediated by socio-structural variables such as class. These structural theories are of major concern to issues surrounding inequalities in health, arguing that it is the structure of society that produces inequalities such as working class people suffering more ill health than their middle-class counterparts. For analysis of this approach, see R.G. Wilkinson, 'Class Mortality Differentials, Income Distribution and Trends in Poverty, 1921-1981', *Journal of Social Policy*, 18(3), (July, 1989), pp.307-35 (although outside of the period of this project, this gives the substance to this perspective); M. Whitehead, *The Health Divide*, (London: Health Education Council, 1987).

pauperism resulted from ill-health.⁷ This relationship between ill health and poverty is summed up by one member, William Norris, who calls for 'bread pills, frequently administered with results of a satisfying and drastic nature.'⁸

Yet, for much of the period from 1860 to the end of the century, medical care remained piecemeal. Major illnesses were not automatically thought to require institutional treatment – the rich were nursed at home, while the poor were sometimes afforded treatment within the workhouse infirmary or sick ward. There were a few voluntary hospitals funded by charities that catered for a small segment of the poorer sections of the sick population. The poor would have to present themselves at such a hospital bearing a letter of recommendation from a subscriber or patron. Athena Vrettos notes that in George Moore's novel, Esther Waters,⁹ 'the impoverished young heroine'¹⁰ enters the ward of a London charity hospital where the patient has no privacy; it is 'a room full of people, eight or nine young men and women, eating sweets, discussing the latest plays and shilling novels.'¹¹ Although the fact that Esther Waters did have access to public health care is a positive note, her treatment highlights the class and moral differentiation in such provision. Moore shows that Esther received medical treatment not simply because she was poor and sick, but because her devoutly Christian beliefs made her 'deserving' too. Ill health was perceived as a 'problem' not only of the poor,

⁷ Ruth G. Hodgkinson, The origins of the National Health Service. The Medical Services of the New Poor Law, 1834-1871, (London: Wellcome Medical Library, 1967).

⁸ W. Norris, extract from Journal of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors, reprinted in 1887 pamphlet of the Oddfellows.

⁹ George Moore, Esther Waters: a novel, (Edinburgh: Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., 1894) p.115, cited in Athena Vrettos, Somatic Fictions: Imagining Illness in Victorian Culture, (California: Stanford University Press, 1995), p. 7.

¹⁰ Vrettos, 1995, p.7.

¹¹ Vrettos, 1995, p.7.

but also of the poor's own making.¹² Thus, medical treatment was perceived as class-specific. Poverty and ill-health were conflated with moral debility, and the working classes were perceived as a deviant group as a whole, confirmed by their high incidence of ill health.¹³ Accounts of illness found in both medical and literary texts contributed to this perception, whereby social identities came to be constructed through the incidence of disease and contagion.¹⁴ For example, the character of the physician and the early promise of medicine are found in two major novels, Madame Bovary¹⁵ and Middlemarch.¹⁶ In both texts, social relations and cultural formations are articulated through the physician and interventionist medicine.

Hence, the health or sickness of an individual could be interpreted according to varying and subjective criteria. Cordery observes that 'friendly societies participated in the process by which a new category of individual identity, "the sick" emerged.'¹⁷ He elaborates that 'sickness is both an objective and subjective state, [whereby] subjectively sickness is the socially agreed definition of what it means to be ill.'¹⁸ Friendly societies defined sickness as the inability to work and so they paid benefits accordingly.

It was not just the incidence of ill health and disease which formed the backdrop to the fiction of the friendly societies. The period also saw bitter rivalry

¹² S. Nettleton, The Sociology of Health and Illness, (Cambridge: Polity Press, 1995), ch.2.

¹³ Eliot Freidson, Profession of Medicine: Study of the Sociology of Applied Knowledge, (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co, 1970).

¹⁴ Vrettos, 1995, pp.2-3.

¹⁵ Gustave Flaubert, Madame Bovary, 1857, trans.E.M.Aveling, (New York: Random House, 1946).

¹⁶ George Eliot, Middlemarch. A Study of Provincial Life, (Edinburgh & London: William Blackwood & Sons, 1871, 72).

¹⁷ Simon Cordery, British Friendly Societies: 1750-1914, (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), p.129.

¹⁸ Cordery, 2003. p.129.

within the medical profession between general practitioners, consultants and apothecaries, which the 1858 Medical Act hoped to ameliorate, but which persisted through much of the ensuing period. In contrast to the wrangling within the medical profession, David Green describes the extraordinary success of the friendly society movement in providing social insurance and primary medical care for almost three-quarters of manual workers by the late nineteenth century.¹⁹ Largely due to the friendly societies' success in organising affordable medical provision, the 1860s saw the start of working people who belonged to friendly societies, gaining increasing access to orthodox medical services.²⁰ This increase was in contrast to a narrowing access to skilled care for the wider population, which was a direct result of the General Medical Council's attempts to end the tripartite system²¹ of healthcare and to regulate the medical profession.²² The societies were so efficiently organised that they offered a range of medical care. This might be a system where each lodge retained a contract practitioner who would attend the societies' members as needed; alternatively, many of the larger societies provided convalescent homes solely for their members. The provision became even more sophisticated in some areas, where the societies opened and operated medical centres, each permanently staffed by medical practitioners.

¹⁹ David G. Green, Working-Class Patients and the Medical Establishment: Self-Help in Britain from the Mid-Nineteenth Century to 1948, (Hampshire: Gower Publishing, 1985), pp.1-2.

²⁰ James C. Riley, Sick Not Dead: the Health of British Workingmen during the Mortality Decline, (London: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1997), pp.49-51.

²¹ The tripartite system comprised of general practitioners, consultants and apothecaries who, to a great extent, acted independently from each other.

²² For further analysis of the medical profession, see Ivan Waddington, The Medical Profession in the Industrial Revolution, (Dublin: Gill and Macmillan Humanities Press, 1984).

Green remarks that so successful was this model of health care provision, that it 'formed the model for the early welfare state.'²³

Whether practitioners were hired to staff the friendly society medical centres, or were to be available simply when needed, the practitioners first had to satisfy the friendly society of their suitability. This entailed being interviewed by the friendly society committee, and if successful at this stage, their appointment had to then be approved by ordinary members, and their fees had to be negotiated and agreed at a competitive rate. This very process became the subject of much dissent by the medical profession²⁴ and its governing body, the General Medical Council, not least because their fees were considerably reduced in comparison with their normal charges. Yet, the doctors were often powerless to increase their charges due to the competition that they faced from newly-qualified doctors to secure such a post, and who were prepared to charge less. Importantly, aspects of the relationship between the friendly societies and medical practitioners incised the Victorian class structure, because the societies' success in organising healthcare meant that they became 'employers' of middle-class, professional men. Thus, despite doctors holding a professional status, they had to be 'employed,' and thus be subservient to, poor and/or working-class patients, because the latter were members of such a powerful group.²⁵ The medical profession made many attempts to win the ideological highground in this situation, but they were often powerless in the face of the friendly society collective.

²³ Green, 1985, p.2.

²⁴ An article in *The Order of Druids Quarterly Journal*, (January, 1890) p.15, notes the general feeling of aversion by the medical profession to what is termed 'club practice.'

²⁵ Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, 1909, pp 870-871.

In summary, the relationship between the medical profession and the friendly societies was coloured by more complex and wide ranging issues than the immediate provision of medicine. Class differentiation and interpretations of what it meant to be ill, with the ever present threat of the Poor Law for those debilitated by ill health, were also features of the interaction between the societies and the medical profession throughout much of the second half of the century.²⁶ So although the century witnessed new medical innovations and discoveries, such as anaesthesia, inoculation, routine surgical operations and the discovery of microbial infection, these were accompanied by struggles for professional and personal authority by medical practitioners, and by the friendly societies' contests to win for their collectives, both authority and independence.

Indeed, the friendly societies' ongoing call for independence and autonomy did not surface solely in the fiction. Many members were hostile to any proposal that might lead to their dependency on employer or state. For example, many were against any state provision of welfare or pensions because of the dependency these entailed, and, importantly, because they might encourage employers to pay insufficient wages for them to make their own provision. One member wrote:

He needs not charity's humbling dole
His name's kept from the pauper's roll
And what the poor laws afford.²⁷

As much as this writer confirms that dependence upon charity was eschewed, reliance upon medicines to maintain health was resisted too.

²⁶ Extensive discussion of the negotiations between the friendly societies, medical practitioners, Royal Commissions and the General Medical Council may be found in Green, 1985.

²⁷ T Buckingham, Maidstone lodge of Oddfellows' supplement, (1879).

One article encapsulates the members' views of medical treatment, and underpins representations of medical practice in their stories:

Regimen and medicine are the means by which man endeavours to preserve health and prolong life. The former embraces the proper regulation of the diet and habits of an individual; the latter regards the administration of medicines, both external and internal. In health, little or no medicine is required, and the habitual use of it is extremely prejudicial [...] It appears to us that the importance of regiminal treatment has been very much underrated by many medical as well as non-medical persons... [...] and violent medical treatment must soon be numbered among the things that were.²⁸

This article shows how the societies encouraged members to take responsibility for their own health and to cultivate a sense of well-being, and also censures what was felt to be increasing medical intervention by some of the medical profession, into areas of life previously self-managed.²⁹

Certainly, not all representations of the physician and medical treatment are harsh and critical. For example, in 'Two January Incidents', the physician is a welcome attendant in the sick room.³⁰ A friendly society visitor is visiting a sick member, Mr Harper, at the same time as the doctor is in attendance. The worry that poverty could so easily result from ill health is aired in the wife's dialogue with the doctor. The conversation between the doctor and Mrs Harper

²⁸ 'Exercise', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (January, 1865), p.348.

²⁹ During the second half of the nineteenth century, the dominant model of medicine was biomedical. This model gives primacy to a mechanical interpretation of the body, whereby explanations of disease focus on biological changes. This reductionist account of ill health was supported by the 'germ theory' of disease, which assumes that a specific, identifiable agent, such as a virus or parasite, causes every disease. As a consequence, this contemporary approach to medicine fails to acknowledge the impact of social and psychological factors on health, or to account for social inequalities that affect health. Equally, it does not recognise that lay people have their own valid interpretations and accounts of their experiences of health and illness. Thus, self-care, and care by immediate family and friends, came to be regarded as inferior to that provided by trained health professionals.

³⁰ J.W.N., 'Two January Incidents: A Narrative of Facts', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (January, 1879), p.9. (Appendix I, p.213).

foregrounds the importance of financial provision and its role in alleviating stress and so aiding recovery. Mrs Harper, the member's wife, declares, 'What a blessing a Forester's Court is to a working man when he becomes ill...' ³¹ and she also confirms her love for her husband who insured his life, which 'provided a great relief to his mind.' ³² The doctor agrees with Mrs Harper on the benefits of friendly society provision, adding:

For the mind has a wonderful influence over the body for good or evil. And many a man's life has been saved because of his having insured it...for it relieves a sick man's mind to a great extent to know that those dear to him are provided for to some extent. And many a man has gone down to the grave before he ought to have gone, because of his anxiety for his family, when he has made *no* provision for them. Sickness is bad enough to bear without the addition of anxiety and grief... However, in this case, 'tis all right. The Insurance Society may sleep quietly for the time, as our friend Harper is doing. ³³

This part of the story ends with a friendly society visitor handing over the week's sick-pay to the wife. Outside, the doctor and the friendly society visitor discuss the patient. The doctor confides that he, too, benefits from a patient's life being insured, since:

securing the sufferer's mind from harassing anxiety, is a very great help to a medical man, for grief and fretfulness are a doctor's enemies, you may be sure, inasmuch as they ensure conditions of body entirely opposite to those which assist recovery. ³⁴

Like many stories found in the friendly society publications, 'Two January Incidents' is an overt piece of propaganda in support of the friendly society movement. Yet the sickroom scene emphasises the societies' view of their equal

³¹ J.W.N., 1879, p.12. (Appendix I, p.215).

³² J.W.N., 1879, p.12. (Appendix I, p.215).

³³ J.W.N., 1879, p.12. (Appendix I, p.215).

³⁴ J.W.N., 1879, p.13. (Appendix I, p.215).

standing with the medical profession, for it depicts a network of lay support in conjunction with the doctor, but not subsumed by it. For example, the doctor is constructed as a valued, but equal, carer, along with the member's wife and the visiting friendly society member. The doctor is rarely portrayed in the journals as someone superior to the patient or lay carers. At the beginning of the story, when the friendly society visitor arrives, Mrs Harper advises the visitor that she will know how well her husband is once she has heard the doctor's opinion, 'and then I shall be better able to form my own opinion.'³⁵ Although the visitor responds, 'I dare say that the doctor will be the best judge of his condition,'³⁶ the ensuing sick-room scene sees both the doctor and the visitor each holding one of the patient's hands, symbolising connectivity rather than hierarchy.

Whereas the doctor in 'Two January Incidents' is employed by the friendly society, and thus more equal relations between patient and doctor are found, some of the friendly society stories explore medical care where relations between doctor and patient are contoured by money. In 'The Pauper Funeral',³⁷ by Y.S.N., the author describes a visit by the parish doctor to an impoverished old widow. The doctor is:

a rough, coarse man, with a dim, obtuse countenance, which indicated insensibility of heart so obviously, that you instinctively shrank from his approach [...] There was a coarse sinister grin upon his features as he entered, which showed how little he was affected by scenes of human suffering.³⁸

³⁵ J.W.N., 1879, p.11. (Appendix I, p.214).

³⁶ J.W.N., 1879, p.11. (Appendix I, p.214).

³⁷ Y.S.N., 1864, p.36. (Appendix I, p.280).

³⁸ Y.S.N., 1864, pp.38-9. (Appendix I, p.281).

The physician is little more than a caricature, and the harshness of his character is a symptom of the societies' hostility toward medical care provided through parish relief.³⁹ However, while some of the implicit antipathy on the writer's part may be simply due to the loss of income which would result if friendly society members relied on this type of care, much of the hostility is directed at the patient's vulnerability, being dependent upon the doctor's benevolence for her medical needs. By highlighting the doctor's disregard for the old widow's plight, (he prescribes remedies beyond her means), Y.S.N.'s story emphasises bio-medicine's disregard of the impact of structural factors, such as poverty and unsanitary living conditions, on health.⁴⁰

To some extent, this story follows the 'condition of the people' format of fiction that featured medicine in one or more of its forms, whether that was the physician, the sanitary inspector or, simply through representations of medical authority. In 'The Pauper Funeral', the old widow is 'in her eightieth year, [and] so curved by age and infirmity as to be almost dwarfed, and so feeble as to be all but helpless.'⁴¹ Her home is a 'hovel' once occupied by cattle. It did not have a ceiling and the one window consisted mostly of paper, the glass having been broken over the years and not replaced.⁴² The widow's bed was a straw pallet which was invaded nightly by voracious rats. Stories, such as William Gilbert's

³⁹ This medical provision was offered as charitable relief for the poor and was a constant concern for the friendly societies, primarily because of the unequal relationships patients often had to endure as recipients of charity, when at their most vulnerable. This obviously contrasted with the more equal doctor/patient relationships which their own medical provision afforded.

⁴⁰ see Thomas McKeown, The Role of Medicine: Dream, Mirage or Nemesis?, (London: Nuffield Provincial Hospitals Trust, 1976) where he demonstrates by way of historical demographic studies that the decline in mortality which has occurred in Western societies has had more to do with nutrition, hygiene and patterns of reproduction (essentially social phenomena) than it has with vaccinations, treatments or other modes of medical interventions.

⁴¹ Y.S.N., 1864, pp.36-37. (Appendix I, p.280).

⁴² Y.S.N., 1864, p.37. (Appendix I, p.280).

Dives & Lazarus⁴³, usually depict poverty-stricken aspects of working-class industrial and urban life, and often, the language reveals the author's surveillance of the working classes. Sometimes this surveillance takes the form of conflating the working-class individual with scenes of decay, and/or descriptions that consciously or unconsciously reveal the author's individual and social pathology. A later example is George Gissing's use of grotesque images and extreme human situations to sensationalise aspects of working-class characters in Workers in the Dawn.⁴⁴ For example:

Out of the very depths of human depravity bubbled up the foulest miasmata which the rottenness of the human heart can breed, usurping the dominion of the pure air of heaven, stifling a whole city with their infernal reek. [...] Here was a dense, surging crowd around the doors of such a house, surrounding two men who had been flung bodily forth by half a dozen policemen, and who now wallowed in the filth of the gutter, rending each other with tooth and nail, till one of them was carried off insensible or dead. Here rushed along the street a band of women, raving mad with drink and the passions it had aroused, rendering the gift of speech a hideous curse by the language they yelled aloud. Here were children, all but naked, wrangling and fighting for the possession of a jug of liquor which they had somehow procured. [...] Here was poverty cheating poverty of its last pence; here was garbage sold for meat and poison for bread; from every hole and corner of the street and its foul alleys peered vice and crime.⁴⁵

This was written at a time when Gissing's allegiances to the working classes were faltering, and demonstrates the possible conflicts in the portrayal of working people by those from a different class. These images of the poor are

⁴³ Although sympathetic to their plight, Gilbert's descriptions contain implicit moral judgements of the poor. For example, describing a home of the poor, he observes 'That dirty, disreputable look of squalid poverty was over it'. W. Gilbert, Dives and Lazarus: or the Adventures of an Obscure Medical Man in a Low Neighbourhood, 1858, (New York: Doubleday, Page & Co., 1912), p.30.

⁴⁴ George Gissing, Workers in the Dawn, 1880, (Brighton: The Harvester Press, 1985).

⁴⁵ Gissing, 1880, part 1, ch.v, p.73.

unsympathetic and hostile. However, the narrative of 'The Pauper Funeral' invites sympathy for the old woman. The social pathology lies in the writer's surveillance of the physician; his large silver watch and his great insensitivity to his patient, depict both economic superiority and social indifference. While the physician cannot be expected to cure poverty, his prescriptions of whiskey are beyond the old widow's means, with the implication that poverty is somehow her personal failing.

The nature of the physician's visit also highlights the friendly societies' concern at intrusion in their affairs. The brusque indifference of the physician and the contrast of his manners to those of the old widow in her own home, points to the sense of contagion by the intrusion and intervention of the middle classes into the friendly societies' own sphere. This sense of interference is seen in Kingston's 'Not Gilded But Golden', where the carver is persistently accosted and questioned by the young women of the local manor house while he tries to continue with his own business. This intrusion echoes and inverts the more usual Victorian fear of contagion coming from the working classes. For example, debate which originally stemmed from concern over the increasing incidence of syphilis in middle-class families, escalated to 'theories of moral contagion arising from the proximity of the different classes in the midst of the crowd.'⁴⁶ Vrettos cites Dickens' famous example of this sense of contagion found in Bleak House⁴⁷ and argues that Krook's "spontaneous combustion" - the dispersal of his body over the bricks and alleyways of London - [was] Dickens's metaphor for the workings

⁴⁶ Vrettos, 1995, pp.7-8.

⁴⁷ Charles Dickens, Bleak House, 1856, (London: Dent, 1907).

of all disease; that is -an explosion of the private body into the public domain.’⁴⁸ Although disease was not solely a class-specific experience, fictional working-class characters were often the implied carriers, like Jo in Bleak House.⁴⁹

This sense of contagion is further heightened in ‘The Pauper Funeral’ by depicting the old widow with cholera. Mary Poovey observes that contemporary reporting of the incidence of cholera drew ‘all of society’s problems into a single conceptual cluster.’⁵⁰ For two aspects of the social issues and the public approach to this disease need to be stressed. First, cholera was endemic throughout much of the century and its incidence instigated a detailed surveillance of proletarian conditions. The social differences and inequalities that emerged from the resulting data, in particular the deprivation of the urban poor, formed the basis for reform. Yet, two conflicting hypotheses sought to account for the incidence of cholera. The miasma theory held that the poor sanitation and poor hygiene of the working classes lay at the root of the disease, and this theory was sanctioned by leading state physicians.⁵¹ By re-ordering working people’s lives, it was felt that the disease would be eradicated. This theory gained favour arguably because it legitimated the need for state surveillance and control of the population.⁵² Medical surveillance was just part of the wider surveillance of the working classes, not only on the streets, but within their places of entertainment, such as music halls and public houses. Carolyn Steedman suggests that the 1860s

⁴⁸ Vrettos, 1995, p.5.

⁴⁹ Vrettos, 1995, pp.6-7.

⁵⁰ Mary Poovey, Making A Social Body: British Cultural Formation 1830-1864, (Chicago & London: The University of Chicago Press, 1995), p.58.

⁵¹ for a detailed analysis of the social significance of disease in the period, see: Bruce Haley. The Healthy Body and Victorian Culture, (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1978).

⁵² see Poovey, 1995, ch.6. This theory was discredited by John Snow’s bacterial hypothesis, see: Kari S. McLeod, ‘Our Sense of Snow: The Myth of John Snow in Medical Geography’, Social Sciences and Medicine, 50, (2000), 923-935.

and early 1870s witnessed such fervour for observing and inspecting working people's lives that even senior police officers supported the argument that the homes of the poor should be inspected by the police for cleanliness and against overcrowding.⁵³ Poovey, too, observes how a member of the medical establishment, (J.P. Kay), used:

such rhetoric [that helped] assimilate the politicised violence of laborers and trade unionists to the violence of cholera, thereby displacing arguments [...] that the root of the problem was the inequitable distribution of economic resources'.⁵⁴

By utilising the incidence of cholera, Y.S.N. depicts the physician as the site of, and representative of, a wider social disease. It is the physician who brings the disease of professional ignorance or class-specific indifference, to the old widow's home. Certainly, this may also voice another strand of growing fears within Victorian society, namely the suspicion that physicians may be behind the spread of disease. Such suspicions were aired publicly, fuelled by the fear that cholera was being spread especially to provide medical trainees and dissectionists with more corpses.

In spite of the predictable narrative and the doctor's possibly far-fetched brusqueness, this short story is also interesting for the interaction between the physician and the visitor. 'The Pauper Funeral' was written at a time when the struggles for professional and personal authority by medical practitioners, meant that attempts to regulate the medical profession led to the marginalisation of 'non qualified' practitioners, such as women midwives and lay health workers. Only those people with professionally recognised training were able to register as

⁵³ Carolyn Steedman, Policing the Victorian Community: the Formation of English Provincial Police Forces, 1856-1880, (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1984).

⁵⁴ Poovey, 1995, pp.59-60.

physicians and this advantaged men, since women were largely excluded from access to this training. Thus, the discriminatory registration process effectively contributed to the rise in power of the male-dominated orthodox medical profession. As a consequence, female counterparts of the medical profession, such as sanitary workers and midwives, became marginalised, while the profession of doctors gained a high status. This inequality was resisted and challenged during the 1860s and 1870s by the Female Medical Society and the Obstetrical Association of Midwives. Hence, as much as interpretations of health were class specific, what constituted a health 'professional' was gender specific.

Y.S.N., possibly a female sanitary inspector, explores these contemporary questions regarding the role of women in health care in her story. The dialogue between the doctor and the visitor in the old widow's home codifies the wider power struggles between lay workers and physicians. The female visitor, who is the narrator, had gone to the old widow's home with the intent of offering any help that could be obtained. The physician prescribes whiskey for the old widow, among other things, and charges the visitor to obtain them on behalf of the widow. The narrator replies, "I shall, sir [...] though I have not much faith in the prescription."⁵⁵ The physician scorns: "What should *you* know about it? -A she-doctor, I suppose. Ye had better leave this, ma'am, to men."⁵⁶ The physician had ignored the woman visitor until he makes the derisory retort of 'she-doctor'. He is presented as didactic and misogynous, emphasised by his use of such terms as

⁵⁵ Y.S.N., 1864, p.39. (Appendix I, p.281).

⁵⁶ Y.S.N., 1864, p.39. (Appendix I, p.281).

'mother' when addressing the old widow, and accusing the latter of relying upon 'old wives' tales' when she protests that she is very ill.

This misogyny within medical practice surfaced in many forms. By questioning the physician's prescription, the female visitor had thereby questioned his authority. Much resistance to women gaining medical power focused on a woman's perceived lack of 'visual authority', namely that childbirth precluded women from abstract reasoning and the sentiment of justice, as well as rendering them intellectually and emotionally incapable of serious study.⁵⁷ Vrettos notes the link between visual authority and patriarchal dominance of medicine, whereby 'the doctor's vision was a crucial symbolic territory.'⁵⁸ Harriot Hunt, a physician, challenged this dominance by calling for women to be present at dissections, maintaining that 'women's eyes become stronger the more they are allowed to see.'⁵⁹ She argued that:

to transfer the power of clinical vision to female physicians was to purge medicine of its patriarchal authority over women's bodies and to disrupt traditional associations between femininity and passive, limited, or obstructed forms of viewing.⁶⁰

Thus, these concerns about women in medical practice may be discerned in 'The Pauper Funeral' when Y.S.N. empowers the female lay visitor, not the physician, with visual authority. She foregrounds the old widow's poverty as a key determinant of the quality of her life and her death. Overtly and covertly her

⁵⁷ For a history of women in medicine, see: Enid Hester Chataway Moberley Bell, Storming the Citadel. The Rise of the Woman Doctor [With special reference to Elizabeth Blackwell, Elizabeth Garrett Anderson and Sophia Jex-Blake], (London: Constable & Co., 1953).

⁵⁸ Vrettos, 1995, p.91.

⁵⁹ Vrettos, 1995, p.95.

⁶⁰ Vrettos, 1995, p.95.

frailty and lack of means are presented to the physician, but he ignores this successively. The widow states that she cannot walk, but the physician rejects her complaints. Oblivious of the old widow's poverty-stricken home which he has entered, he prescribes treatment that is obviously beyond her means. His insistence ends with his blaming the widow and then her visitor, for not adhering to his prescription. He effectively passes responsibility for her condition back to the patient, thereby being seen to discharge his own role. Here, the physician is not a privileged interpreter of the working-class body, but constructs a prescription that is not tailored to the real disease, that of poverty. His prescriptions are superfluous and inappropriate in the face of such poverty and his harsh approach perpetrates indifference to those reliant upon him. So, as well as seeking to foster new arguments for a more feminine model of health care, Y.S.N. ultimately uses the female narrator as the authoritative observer and interpreter of the old widow's living conditions. It is her lack of 'faith in the prescription'⁶¹ that counters the dominance of the physician over the lives of both working-class patients, and women.

Finally, perhaps an off-hand reference at the end of Y.S.N.'s tale gives a further inkling of the author's criticism of the delineation between lay and professional medical workers. She reduces the physician's status to that of his having 'purchased a diploma somewhere,'⁶² and on informing the physician of the old widow's death, she requests he notifies the 'parish authorities,' highlighting the fact that the doctor was in the employ of the parish.⁶³

⁶¹ Y.S.N., 1864, p.39. (Appendix I, p.281).

⁶² Y.S.N., 1864, p.41. (Appendix I, p.282).

⁶³ Y.S.N., 1864, p.41. (Appendix I, p.282).

While Y.S.N.'s tale is overtly biased in favour of the friendly societies' own provision of medical care, members also argued that the quality of medicines prescribed under this arrangement was superior too. One member notes that friendly society members:

are no longer under that despotic system from which sprang the everlasting "magenta and water" which did them no earthly good, and from whence also they were continually hearing the remark, "what can you expect for a penny a week."⁶⁴

The 'penny a week' was the cost to the parish for providing medical charity, and the 'magenta and water' was a widely prescribed concoction which members felt held few medical benefits, but was primarily dispensed to justify the parish doctor's consultation fee. Also, as mentioned earlier, members were urged to take some responsibility for their own fitness since the dominant biomedical model's emphasis on prescribing medicines to treat ailments was regarded with some suspicion. This suspicion was two-fold, both over the effectiveness and safety of the substances prescribed, and also the requirement of the individual to submit to the superiority of medical knowledge and thus relinquish control over his/her own well-being. These tensions are expressed in 'Keeping A Conscience'.⁶⁵ This story draws attention to the detrimental effects that the over-prescribing of medicines has on a patient, as well as the disastrous consequences that the conflicts within the medical profession has on one who falls victim to its professional power struggles, jealousies and ambitions. Nevertheless, the narrative invites support for the role of a physician, depicting him becoming powerless

⁶⁴ Foresters' Miscellany, (April, 1881), pp.400-401.

⁶⁵ John Hinchcliffe, 'Keeping A Conscience', Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1864), p.325.

within his own profession in the face of its medical hierarchy and the 'business' of medicine. Furthermore, as much as 'Two January Incidents' depicts the connectedness between the friendly society, the patient and the doctor, Hinchcliffe's manipulation of the interplay between professional interests and the interests of the patient, also implies that the outcome of conflict between these groups affects all classes.

The plot of 'Keeping a Conscience' is the struggle of a young and dedicated physician who is trying to establish a living in an area which is already dominated by an indifferent surgeon who frequents public houses and consumes large amounts of alcohol to court favour with prospective clients. To a great extent the story is a temperance tale, and its warning against the over-prescribing of stimulants reflects the concerns of the mass temperance movement of the nineteenth century which sought a ban on the sale of alcohol.⁶⁶ However, Hinchcliffe's tale also serves as a caution against the over zealous prescription of narcotics. It opens with a young wife, Jessy, waiting at a window for her husband's return:

It was a rough winter night. The wind, in long heavy blasts, swept a wild moorland tract in the north of England, and rushed down upon a little town that lay just over the edge of the moor, with a fury that soon cleared the steep ill-paved streets of all passengers but such as were compelled to face its rage.⁶⁷

⁶⁶ This movement succeeded in restricting the sale of alcohol with the introduction of The Intoxicating Liquor (Licensing) Bill of 1872. By the end of the nineteenth century, there were many temperance clubs and societies which offered friendly society benefits. For example, railway temperance societies flourished in response to fears of potential accidents caused by drunken railway workers

⁶⁷ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.325. (Appendix I, p.207).

The husband approaches and stops to gaze for a moment at his wife's anxious face. Then entering the house, the narrator describes the comfort of the room:

Yes! comfortable - that was the word for the meal and the room. It was very plainly furnished - a round centre-table, a few cane chairs, a well stocked book-case, full crimson curtains, now drawn closely over the one wide window, and a hearth whose bright fender and irons multiplied the dancing light of the glowing fire, and gleamed o'er the neat checked carpet.⁶⁸

The husband's name is Walter and it transpires that he was a young physician who had earlier been given the news that his application to become the parish surgeon had been turned down. Further into the text, Walter and his wife sit and discuss the day's events. Walter expresses his concern that the surgeon who had been elected to the parish in preference to him was one who spent much of his time cultivating undesirable social connections and drinking heavily. Then a sound coming from outside disturbs them. It is Walter's Uncle Smithson, and they 'met their unexpected visitor on the threshold with many words of greeting, mingled with a surprise they could not check.'⁶⁹ Their surprise was because Smithson, also a physician, had been to a consultation at a neighbouring town, when it was assumed by those who knew him, that he had retired:

For Dr Smithson had suddenly given up practice some years before, no one knew why, though as he wrote extensively on medical subjects, it became gradually the general opinion that he wanted to devote himself to the literature of his profession. His skill was undoubted, but he refused all applications, though his means were far from ample.⁷⁰

⁶⁸ Hinchcliffe, 1864, pp.325-6. (Appendix I, pp.207-208).

⁶⁹ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.327. (Appendix I, p.208).

⁷⁰ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.328. (Appendix I, p.209).

It was explained that, only ‘At the urgent solicitation of an old personal friend, that Dr Smithson had attended this evening’s consultation.’⁷¹ A description follows of their visitor:

Dr Smithson was a small thin man, with an anxious nervous expression of countenance. He was bald, his high forehead was furrowed with deep lines of care, rather than age, and an agitated twitching of the mouth told a tale of irresolution that the clear grey eyes contradicted. There was evidently a contest in his nature.⁷²

The cause of the contest evident in Smithson’s demeanour emerges as Jessy proceeds to describe to their visitor her husband’s disappointment at not securing election as the parish physician, and also of his feelings that such a post could only be procured by sacrificing both his moral and ethical principles. This news was met by Dr Smithson with silence and then:

He fell into a deep reverie, which neither Jessy nor Walter disturbed by a single word. This reverie was eventually broken by their uncle asking, “You find keeping a conscience expensive, no doubt, but you must not flag, for if you do not cling to a conscience as a friend, it will cling to you as an enemy.” A sigh so heavy followed the words, and the speaker after a while resumed, saying, “I’ll open a page of my experience for you, a page I had thought closed for ever- and if you are halting irresolute as to your course, what I have to tell may be useful.”⁷³

Dr Smithson recounts why he gave up his prospects of a successful career and ‘sunk in the prime of [his] life into a mere recluse.’⁷⁴ He continued:

Among my patients was the family of a merchant, one of those delightful households that remind one of a better world.⁷⁵

⁷¹ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.328. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷² Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.328. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷³ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.328. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷⁴ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.328. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷⁵ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.328. (Appendix I, p.209).

Detailed description follows of the family, the Morrells, and a romantic connection between Dr Smithson and Mrs Morrell's unmarried sister, Maria, is also implied. After knowing the family for some time, a freak accident results in an injury to Mrs Morrell's knee, which 'threatened serious consequences.'⁷⁶ Dr Smithson called in a celebrated surgeon to consult on this case:

C.____, the celebrated surgeon was my coadjutor in the treatment of the case. Though he was consulted at a very early stage, his skill was baffled and there was no hope of saving the limb. When amputation was resolved on, I trembled for the result, for Mrs Morrell's constitution had been weakened by the many demands her family had made on it.⁷⁷

The story then censures the seemingly unchecked dispensing of stimulants, as well as criticising the medical profession which stifles the concerns of one lower down in its hierarchy. Dr Smithson observes that although the patient bore the operation with 'fortitude,'⁷⁸ that he and his colleagues:

resorted, both before and after the operation, to stimulants, to sustain nature, as we say. I knew that women were often the victims of medical advice, but, coward that I was, I yielded my judgment, stifled my convictions. The potion was taken daily in all innocence by the patient until such time as she found it indispensable.⁷⁹

The patient's condition deteriorated, but then:

in a fitful way she began to mend. Narcotics as well as stimulants were freely administered...[...] The effects of the stimulants were such that the patient alternately clung to life for her children's sake and at other times, her soul soared heavenward.⁸⁰

⁷⁶ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.329. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷⁷ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.329. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷⁸ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.329. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁷⁹ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.329. (Appendix I, p.209).

⁸⁰ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.329. (Appendix I, p.209).

On one visit, Dr Smithson found Mrs Morrell in a state of 'strange incoherence'.⁸¹ He advised a change of environment, suggesting that she go to a cottage that her husband had taken on the banks of a river, with woods about it. The next visit found her still agitated and it transpired that the nurse had been administering stimulants freely. Dr Smithson declared that 'in vain I tried to reduce the dose',⁸² and that he would have 'given my right arm to have undone the injury that stimulants, scientifically prescribed, were doing to both mind and body.'⁸³ Dr Smithson also called in a further colleague physician and expressed his concerns, but he also dismissed Dr Smithson's plea that the dose of stimulants be reduced.

Dr Smithson's growing concern about Mrs Morrell was justified. On a visit, and finding her missing from her sick room, he and Mrs Morrell's husband and her sister, Maria, searched the house and garden until their attention was drawn to a well at the bottom of the garden:

Even in the darkness of night, [Maria] found that the cover of the well, placed there as a precaution against accident to the children, had been removed, and by the brink Maria's feet were entangled in some obstacle. She lifted it in her hands, and by the feel she knew it was Mrs Morrell's Angola shawl! The maid servants, aroused by the cries, and after what seemed to the distracted sister a dreadful delay, brought lanterns to the well, and there in its depths, to their amazement as well as horror, lay, in the stillness of death, the well-known form.⁸⁴

The family is distraught and the narrative elaborates on their consequent despair.

Soon afterwards, Maria too dies, through 'losing her mind.' Dr Smithson relates

⁸¹ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.330. (Appendix I, p.210).

⁸² Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.330. (Appendix I, p.210).

⁸³ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.330. (Appendix I, p.210).

⁸⁴ Hinchcliffe, 1864, pp.331-32. (Appendix I, pp.210-211).

the effects upon himself. 'I gave up my practice, and went abroad as you remember.'⁸⁵ Jessy interrupted, "But no-one blamed you, uncle."⁸⁶ Smithson replied:

No; but my own conscience blamed me. For a time I was a wanderer. I visited the most famous hospitals in Europe, and gave myself up to study. I rallied, and wrote, as you know - not, I trust, without benefit to science; but the practical part of the noble art for which I was trained has been to me a dead letter from that time. Perhaps in this I have been wrong.⁸⁷

'Keeping a Conscience' is a lens for reading the themes and traditions of the political, social and economic implications of Hinchcliffe's subject. For the most part, the text reveals the author's focus on the social and moral responsibilities of the physician. The death scene is crucial. Mrs Morrell was the hub of a social and family network - that is, she was someone's mother, wife, sister, friend and neighbour. Hinchcliffe sets this vision against that of Dr Smithson gazing down at her corpse, depicting the doctor's helplessness in the face of the patient who has become the victim of the failings of medical practice.

Furthermore, the characters of Walter and Smithson represent the polarisations in the practice of medicine. First, Hinchcliffe depicts the life of Walter, a newly qualified young surgeon, at the bottom of medicine's hierarchy. We are informed that Walter is an orphan who became the charge of his uncle, Dr Smithson. The use of an orphan figure as a literary device often symbolises a character's isolation from society. Writing about the child orphan, Melanie Kimball suggests that:

⁸⁵ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.333. (Appendix I, p.211).

⁸⁶ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.333. (Appendix I, p.211).

⁸⁷ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.333. (Appendix I, p.211).

the figure embodies the hope for future growth and change, and this is observed through the character's development. The character is a blank canvas with no conflicting background to interfere with their creative direction...[but] the same orphaning which allows fictional writers freedom of expression, generates a never-ending nightmare of unanswered questions for the orphans themselves.⁸⁸

The character of Walter reflects Kimball's vision of the orphan figure being a blank canvas. His first appearance in the story is as a solitary figure, a traveller and his unanswered questions surface as Walter listens to Smithson's account. The latter's character fulfils the parental guide who encourages Walter to make the best of an unfortunate situation in his life and Walter's response is to utter enlightened phrases, such as the need to make medical care available to the poor as well as the wealthy, while noting that in order to treat the poor, one must gain the favours of the rich and influential. Dr Smithson is one who is further up the medical hierarchy but who has been injured by its practices. Thus medicine is represented within a social network of both physicians and patients, as a microcosm of the medical society. The other representations of the medical profession are the indifferent great surgeon C_____ and the colleague Smithson called upon in desperation when he saw Mrs Morrell's health was declining due to the very prescription of her doctors. The 'stimulants' which destroyed both the patient and ultimately her physician, may be read as the tangible effects of intervention, and the method of their being dispensed, as both destructive and symbolic of corruptions within the medical profession and wider societal pressures and inequalities.

⁸⁸ Melanie A. Kimball, 'From Folktales to Fiction: Orphan Characters in Children's Literature', <http://www.highbeam.com/library>, accessed November 2004

Hinchcliffe's portrayal of the medical hierarchy and its practices connects with nineteenth-century realist novels that revert to physicians articulating the early promise of medicine,⁸⁹ as does the character of Walter with his determination to champion the health of the poor. This notion of the promise of medicine is developed through the character of Dr Smithson, who becomes the attentive physician to his patients and enjoys a social as well as professional relationship with them. Parallels may be drawn between the structure of the story and that of Madame Bovary, published some seven years prior. The amputation of a leg in both texts precedes the decline of all the characters involved. In 'Keeping a Conscience', the accident sees Mrs Morrell falter between life and death according to the treatments she is alternatively given. Finally, medicine in the form of surgery, cures the ailment but kills the body; it has become what Smithson calls 'the destructive art of healing.'⁹⁰ Hinchcliffe also reinforces the interconnectedness of all classes, as did the writers in Chapter 2, by the fact that Mrs Morrell is a middle-class patient, and this in some ways adds to the cautionary vision he sets up. Were he to focus upon a poor patient, then the drama perhaps would be too obvious and inflammatory, and reduce his writing to a two-sided, class-based confrontation. By using the middle-class figure of Mrs Morrell, Hinchcliffe is expressing the potential for destruction faced by all social groups, both from the inappropriate prescription of drugs, and from potentially conflicting interests among those in the medical profession.

⁸⁹ for example, Honoré de Balzac, Scènes de la vie de campagne; Le médecin de campagne, 1833; George Eliot, Middlemarch, A Study of Provincial Life, 1871, 72.

⁹⁰ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.332. (Appendix I, p.211).

The censure found in both Y.S.N.'s and Hinchcliffe's stories is symbolic of the concerns expressed by these writers over the perceived *business* of medicine, whereby they felt that medical practitioners gained an ideological stronghold in defining their individual and social bodies. Dr Smithson extolled the necessity of retaining moral values, that is, 'keeping a conscience', and thereby expresses a desire for an ideal 'medical' society, yet many directions and many options are presented in his search for his professional and moral identity. For Dr Smithson and his wanderings through Europe after the death of Mrs Morrell, none of the choices seem worthy, nor provide a solid foundation, from which he can rebuild his existence. Smithson's encounters with those of his own profession lead him to write the literature of medicine, for he states that its practice had become 'a dead letter.'⁹¹

By examining the fictional narratives of the friendly society writers as a component of cultural history, the ways in which the writers engage with, and resist, popular assumptions about their identities, emerge. Indeed, it is the symbolic force of medicine in the context of Victorian culture that suggests why health and disease were popular subjects for fiction writers in the nineteenth century, and the ideological purposes these served. Victorian medical texts expounded medical knowledge not only as a scientific venture, but as the key to unlock most aspects of the human condition.⁹² Vrettos suggests that:

the ways in which people talked about health and disease are not only issues of medical history, but also forms of cultural fiction making, providing a set of collective stories middle-class Victorians told about their social and material and relations.⁹³

⁹¹ Hinchcliffe, 1864, p.333. (Appendix I, p.211).

⁹² Vrettos, 1995, p.3.

⁹³ Vrettos, 1995, p.3.

The friendly society writers also provide 'a set of collective stories', but from a working person's perspective. They appropriate the normative role of medicine to represent their own views of physical and social reality, in a climate where medicine increasingly assumed the status of defining human potentials, powers and prohibitions. This power encompassed deciding which literary genres were suitable for males and females, and defining and fixing gendered roles. Thus, the friendly society writers' portrayals of the physician and poverty may be perceived as their negotiation to reshape traditional constructions of authority, and like Y.S.N.'s female health visitor, to question Victorian concepts of class, gender and their relationship to power. Although the characters and textual narratives in both 'Keeping a Conscience' and 'The Pauper Funeral' share the values and fates of much contemporary fiction, they also make some resistance to dominant ideologies. For these writers, the boundaries of the medical profession might be considered as the outcome of socio-political struggles rather than being based entirely on scientific knowledge.

Having looked at the writers' representations of surveillance and intrusion within the wider context of the Victorian programme of progressive statism, the next section moves on from their fiction to their poetry. The writers' articulation of their lowly place within the labour market, and their own place as individuals within an industrial economy, are explored.

Chapter 4

Poetry

Labour, Identity and Death

The popularity of poetry in the friendly society publications is suggested by the frequency with which members' poetry appeared, often alongside the work of Shakespeare, Thomas Holloway, George Milner, Edwin Shute, Milton, Byron, and Shelley. The inclusion of canonical authors reflects the members' earnest endeavour and engagement with what Jonathan Rose describes as 'the passionate pursuit of knowledge'¹ in the period. Again, the focus of this chapter is upon the writers' expressions which reflect the nature of the friendly society movement, notably their position within the labour market and their place in the social order. While landscapes are prominent motifs within this range of work, the poems do not neatly fit into a single linear tradition from the major working-class predecessors, Stephen Duck and John Clare, through to Joseph Skipsey at the end of the century. The poems are textured with allusions from many sources, both literary and lived. It will be argued that some poems suggest a tension between the writers' pride in their labour, while censuring its poor rewards. Furthermore, while the focus of many poems is ostensibly upon leisure and the writers' escape from labour, their poems are explored for a link between 'the exploitation and

¹ Jonathan Rose, The Intellectual Life of the British Working Classes, (New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 2001), p.4.

oppression of nature and the exploitation and oppression of the lower classes of society.’² Perhaps the overriding voice that emerges from this body of poetry is the communitarian ‘we’, namely that the friendly society’s unified centre is either implicitly or explicitly expressed, ‘as a site for insisting upon the connections amongst persons above the assertion of the inwardness of a single subject.’³

Altogether, the publications do contain a diverse range of the members’ poems. Many are amateur versifying, maybe hailing the seasons or celebrating the spiritual warmth of Christmas. Perhaps the most frequent theme that emerges from the majority of their poetry is the writers’ sense of unity and belonging to a collective. For example, typical poems call for solidarity, and largely follow the form of ‘United Efforts,’ by J H Eccles, whose rousing six stanzas assert the necessity for collective effort:

WHY idly stand, and live alone,
My brother, day by day –
Is there not work for willing hands
Upon the world’s highway ?
Oh yes! my good and faithful friend,
There’s work for me and you ;
And what can labour not attain,
When men are firm and true ?

United efforts build the ship
That ploughs the stormy main ;
By many hands the decks are mann’d,
And thus great ends they gain.
United efforts form the bridge
That spans the road and stream-
O’er which the pond’rous engine speeds
By giant power of steam.

² Bridget Keegan, ‘Lambs to the Slaughter: Leisure and Laboring-Class Poetry’, *Romanticism on the Net*, No.27, 2002, <http://www.erudit.org/revue/ron/2002/v/n27/006562ar.html>.

³ Anne Janowitz, *Lyric and Labour in the Romantic Tradition*, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1998), p. 8.

“What need have I to join the cause ?”
You sometimes hear men say,
As if there was no place for them
Upon the great highway ;
Yet 'tis but want of earnest thought
That prompts them thus to speak :
There's need of each and every one
Who man's advancement seek.

The woodsmen of the olden times
Found need of friendly aid,
When hunger'd and athirst they roamed
Beneath the forest shade ;
And though but rude their thoughts and ways,
And oft in feudal strife,
By unity they raised themselves
To social forms of life.

The brave old woodsman loved his clan,
And lived not all alone,
But met in forms of brotherhood,
Around the altar stone ;
And there the groundwork first was laid,
And first was form'd the plan-
'Twas in the ancient forest nooks
Progression first began.

And on and on, through centuries fled,
The work hath still progress'd,
While generations wiser grown,
Their happy fate have bless'd.
Then why stand idly on the road,
My brother, day by day,
While there is work for willing hands
Upon the world's highway ?⁴

Eccles' calls for solidarity and brotherhood clearly identify the ethos of the friendly society movement. The positive tone of this poem draws on a collective history to offer strength to the movement's contemporary brotherhood, to 'form the bridge/That spans the road and stream-'. This sense of history links the

⁴ J H .Eccles, 'United Efforts', Foresters' Miscellany, (September, 1865), p.469. (Appendix I, p.299).

members of the Ancient Order of Foresters to their possible (although not substantiated) origins as 'woodsmen' who loved [their] 'clan' and this vision offers a united, communitarian past to members in their otherwise often isolated industrialised lives. Many of the friendly societies gave themselves names which implied that they had enjoyed a long history, but this had little basis. The purpose of this practice was to engender an image of historical permanence which was important to their success. More importantly, it is suggested that the implied historical links 'helped to preserve stability in English society.'⁵

Their predecessors' meetings 'in forms of brotherhood/Around the altar stone' legitimates the societies' modern social gatherings and rituals, where the sense of brotherhood continued. Eccles' address focuses on existing friendly society members, with just a short reference to dissenters, "What need have I to join the cause?/You sometimes hear men say.' By contrast, William Heaton's poem, 'Brotherly Love' makes a wider appeal, this time for cross-class unity as well as for the positive prospects of brotherhood:

Brotherly Love

This world would be a world of love,
If each one acted as a brother ;
Life's bitter weeds would soon be gone,
If men would feel for one another.
The golden calf would quickly fall,
Which causes so much grief and sadness ;
While right would triumph over might,
And fill the earth with joy and gladness.

⁵ Robert E. Veto, 'The "Friendly Societies" and the Fabian Society as Mechanisms for Gradualism in Industrial Era Britain', Summer 2000, http://www.umassd.edu/ir/rveto/friendly_societies.htm. accessed November, 2004.

This world would be a world of love,
If man were measured by the standard
Of that great instrument – the mind ;
Too oft by wealth and folly slandered.
Merit would meet its due reward,
While growing hopes would not be stunted ;
Man's actions would outweigh his words,
And wrong with right would be confronted.

This world would be a world of love,
If candour governed every action ;
If man would sympathize with man,
Instead of bowing down to faction.
Labour would meet its just reward,
While each to each would act with kindness;
The sword would rest beside the spear,
Forgetful of each other's blindness.

This world would be a world of love,
And peace flow through it like a river,
If that dread enemy, termed war,
Would not two kindred nations sever,
Joy, universal joy, would crown
The good and wise of every station,
While golden words and famous deeds
Would be the glory of our nation.⁶

While Heaton's wish is for 'the world' to be united as brothers, his tone is perhaps more accusing than that of Eccles, since he alludes to contemporary inequalities by calling for a time when 'Labour' and 'merit' would meet its just reward and when people would be judged by ... 'that great instrument – the mind.' His reference to war in the final stanza could have had multiple associations in 1864, which was a turbulent time. He may be addressing the riots in Ireland, the war between Denmark-Germany-Austria, the American Civil war, or even the 'war' at home between employers and employees.

⁶ W. M. Heaton, 'Brotherly Love', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1864), p.145. (Appendix I, p.302).

Heaton's vision of brotherhood was actively shared among friendly society members, and the death of a prominent member was occasion for eulogising the deceased, often in verse. One such verse is titled, 'Lines, Sacred to the Memory of John Roach - Boiler-Maker Late of Manchester: A Son of Labour - a True Democrat - a Firm Friend - a Determined Advocate - an Unpaid Patriot - a Pure Philanthropist - and AN HONEST MAN!' and takes eight verses to praise the deceased, who 'inspire[d] the humble muse to try the stream'.⁷

While Stott's lines were obviously penned for a specific occasion, a number of the other selected poems show an influence by, and engagement with, the poetic forms they enjoyed. As stated in the Introduction, many working people were aware of the uses of literature, and it was noted how they appropriated and interpreted dominant forms for their own purposes.⁸ In this context, it is perhaps possible to discern, in some of the poems, a thread of resistance to the exploitation of their labour (rather than to labour itself). Whether or not their poetry was intentionally political, the recurrent themes do suggest that the writers were often able to express their experiences in conventional pastoral or anti-pastoral images. For example, the Introduction to this thesis mentions a Mr. J. Plummer, a factory operative from Kettering, who attacks the poor rewards for labour endured by working people. Given his antagonism towards this injustice, could it be that the energetic images of labour in his poem contrast with the inadequate rewards for the worker, the 'lowly

⁷ B. Stott, 'Lines to the sacred Memory of John Roach'. Although very poor quality copy, it seems that Stott was a member of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, possibly Lodge 5,511. Single sheet, circa 1880. (Appendix I, p.307).

⁸ Rose, 2001, p.106.

homes in the byeways dim/ Where the sun scarce smiles on the poor man's door', and thus operate as muted criticism?:

From the glowing forge, where the red sparks fly
And the anvil bright with the loud stroke rings;
From the rich cornfields where the lark soars high,
And the ripe ears fall as the reaper sings.

From the swift-paced looms, where the weaver's skill
Into fabrics gay, bids the soft threads twine,
From the crowded halls of the storied mill,
Where the toilers' brows with the workdew shine.

From the workshop's dust, from the factory grim,
Where the engines pant with a muffled roar;
From the lowly homes in the byeways dim,
Where the sun scarce smiles on the poor man's door-

From the deep, dark mine, from the green hill side,
From the cool, soft shade of the leafy grove;
In your brawny strength, in your stalwart pick,
With your toil-stained hands and your hearts of love

As weary peasant, who at evening close
Gladly lays down his daily load of toil
And in the land of dreams shakes gently off
His heaven appointed burden.⁹

The visions of rural industry, 'the glowing forge,/And the anvil bright' sit easily with the pastoral landscape of cornfields, larks and the reaper, and suggest the writer's pleasure in labour itself. In the first two lines of the second stanza, the setting is ambiguous. It is not clear whether it is a rural weaver that 'bids the soft threads twine' or whether the worker has moved, in place and time, to 'the crowded halls of the storied mill.' Yet this stanza does link the pre-industrial to the industrial landscape. Also, there is the irony of 'workdew' having supplanted

⁹ John Plummer, untitled poem, possibly produced for a garment & staymakers' society, a trade friendly society. (1861). Plummer was believed to also be a member of the Oddfellows friendly society.

nature's dew in the industrialised landscape. The third stanza continues a removal from the natural world, with images of the 'workshop's dust' and the 'factory grim', where 'engines', rather than plough-horses, 'pant'. There is a sense of growing darkness and enclosure, which continues as the sequence moves to the centre of the poem, and the heart of the industrialised landscape, where the lowly home of the worker is found.

Is it possible that the anapaestic rhythm of Plummer's stanzas imparts the mechanical, cyclical pace of labour? This rhythm persists throughout the sequence until the final two stanzas, where the alternate rhyming scheme falters. Here, the movement of the journey is halted and the final stanza sees these visions of industrial landscapes, peopled by labourers, buffered into a resolution that appears consolatory and heaven ordained. The use of 'His heaven appointed burden' may suggest Plummer's positive perception of work, and that he does not question the labourer's place in the social order, but is merely criticising the scant reward for this labour. While this conclusion would have reinforced the respectability of the friendly society member in the eyes of observers, and most probably would sit comfortably with some of the friendly society's church-going members, the change of rhythm and imagery might also render the final stanza bathetic. William Christmas notes Stephen Duck's use of Sisyphus in The Thresher's Labour, and how this image 'serves [...] as polite reference point...'¹⁰ Plummer's image of labour being 'heaven appointed' may similarly question the Church's and

¹⁰ William Christmas, Work, Writing and the Social Order in English Plebeian Poetry, 1730-1830, (New Jersey: Associated University Presses, 2001), p.84.

society's bait of heavenly rewards to justify or to compensate for earth's lack of them for working people.

While Plummer seems to both affirm and undermine the solace of Heavenly rest, his poem is of a unified workforce, engaged in wide-ranging forms of labour. Referring to Stephen Duck's, The Thresher's Labour, Christmas argues that:

work is shown to have lasting psychological effects that the worker cannot simply escape from when the day is ended. Though ostensibly removed from work, [...] the work is not so easily removed from the laborer...[...] Duck realizes a sense of hopeless inevitability with regard to labor.'¹¹

Taking Christmas's analysis, the cyclical inevitability of work and sleep in Plummer's poem may also be read as a protest against the exploitative labour processes. Plummer's poem seems to have a stronger edge when taking into account his outspoken attacks on the scant rewards for days spent labouring. It would not be unreasonable to place his work in the history of working people who wrote poetry to articulate their fight for social and economic justice.¹² As in Plummer's poem, the ambiguous endings of other poems may suggest the writers' problematic relationship with their labour. The tension between an ideal and their experience is indicated in these poems' absence of closure or resolution.

Many of the friendly society poems evoke moments of longed-for leisure away from their workaday worlds. For example, in this untitled poem, the blue-bell symbolises a yearning for the peace of the natural environment:

¹¹ Christmas, 2001, pp.83-84.

¹² Martha Vicinus, The Industrial Muse: a Study of Nineteenth Century British Working-Class Literature, (London: Croom Helm, 1974), p.1.

Away ! Away ! From my noisy loom,
In fancy I go where wild flowers bloom,
Transported, as if by magic spell,
In sight of thy graceful, nodding plume,
Fairy Blue-bell !

Again I see the sunny beam
Over the white foam sparkle and gleam,
Where the turbulent waters swell ;
There in beauty grows, beside the stream,
The bright Blue-bell !

In fancy, I hear the cooling breeze,
With its gentle rustling through the trees,
Where happy birds contented dwell ;
And the drowsy humming of the bees
The chorus swell.

Over rustic bridge, through damp morass,
The well-known landmarks I, dreaming,
pass,
Farther down to you bonnie dell,
Where thou did'st wave 'mid the quivering grass,
This morn, Blue-bell !

Short-lived thy beauty, alas ! sweet flow'r;
Was it wrong to pluck thee from thy bower
And kindred, who loved thee well,
To beguile, from the passing hour,
Mine own, Blue-bell ?

In lifting my heart above Earth's strife,
To the Land where Death no more is rife
(Of fadeless flow'rs thy blossoms tell),
Not vainly spent thy fair young life,
My sweet Blue-bell !¹³

Although rather linguistically trite and sentimental, the use of 'In fancy' echoes John Keats's use of the term in 'Ode to a Nightingale'¹⁴ where he recalls a

¹³ Effie, 'The Blue Bell', (circa 1860/62). May have been produced for a friendly society in Elland and a garment workers' association. Original lost in flood at archives. (Appendix I, p.300).

¹⁴ John Keats 'Ode to a Nightingale' composed 1819, 1st pub. 1820. D. Enright, (ed) 'Ode to a Nightingale' and other poems/John Keats, (London: Michael O'Mara, 2002).

brief escape from an intolerable period of suffering. Keats is transported by his imagination, only returning when his 'fancy' fails. Thus for Effie too, the mental escape is from her 'noisy loom'. The contrived repetition of 'Blue Bell' and the sequenced scenic descriptions invoke the poet's journey over the countryside, leading to a possible solution or resolution in the final stanza. Here, the journey ends as she confronts her own mortality and possibly, the only escape she can foresee, 'In lifting my heart above Earth's strife/To the Land where Death no more is rife.' When she asks, 'was it wrong to pluck thee from thy bower/ And kindred, who loved thee well', she is comparing the bluebell's removal from its natural environment with her own removal to her industrial loom. Her 'young life' is compared to that of the blue bell and the final pathetic image is of 'fadeless flowers' which suggest that the bluebell's life is 'not vainly spent', but that her own life will be.

Although Effie's real or metaphorical journey is into a rural idyll, it is set up in opposition to the opening images of being at her loom. While the journey offers an escape, it is from, and in reaction to, her working life. While Emily Bronte used the symbol of the blue bell to express her longing to return to her home,¹⁵ for Effie, it projects a sense of alienation and separation from her natural world. The oppositions between her industrial 'noisy loom' and a pastoral idyll, present the conflict between systems of industry and commerce and the humanising and consolatory effects of literature, especially poetry.¹⁶ Like Effie's

¹⁵ 'The Bluebell', lines 45-48, p.99, C.W. Hatfield, ed. The Complete Poems of Emily Jane Brontë, (New York: Columbia University Press, 1941), pp.97-99.

¹⁶ Raymond Williams suggests that pastoral and industrial contrasts are a dominant structural device, which indicate a mode of perceiving in early accounts of the industrial city. Raymond

'Bluebell', Ruth Wills' poem, 'The Summer Sea', published in 1862, engages with the contemporary drive for the pursuit of leisure:

Summer Sea

When summer days were longest,
And Nature's face most fair,
We sought for health and pleasure
Afar from daily care,
We turned our backs on labour,
Our hands and brains were free;
We went to dwell with Leisure
Beside the Summer Sea
O, the golden Leisure,
The precious, prized Leisure,
The cheery, welcome Leisure,
Beside the Summer Sea.

'Twas pleasant, sitting, strolling,
Upon the sun-warmed sand,
With faces all turned seaward,
And losing thought of land;
To rest or roam at pleasure
In perfect liberty,
How sweet to dwell with Leisure
Beside the Summer Sea.
O, the blessed Leisure,
The needed, God-sent Leisure,
The brief, but glorious Leisure,
Beside the Summer Sea.¹⁷

The sequence is that of an outward journey, with a pause for recollection, and then the return journey. The repetition of 'Leisure' is like a mantra, culminating in the final stanza whereby representations of escape become a vision of Leisure, as 'god-sent'. Although the rhyming is restricted and the rhythm rather a jog-trot, there is something of Shelley's desire to imbue familiar and well-defined

Williams, *The Country and The City*, 1973, (London: The Hogarth Press, 1985), particularly introduction and ch.5.

¹⁷ Ruth Wills, 'Summer Sea', (circa 1861). (Appendix I, p.310). This was possibly produced for a trade friendly society, the Circular Framework Knitters' Society.

abstractions such as Liberty and Freedom with a mythic importance. Leisure, as the signifier for freedom, is articulated in opposition to labour, as the seascape reflects back to the world of work. By equating the brief vision of escape into nature purely as a metaphor for being free, Wills is more interested in juxtaposing the sense of freedom with incarceration, rather than in the ethereal qualities of the natural world. The imagery of 'sitting, strolling on the sun-warmed sand' points to opposite states of being, when 'hands and brains' are not free, and when 'backs' had to be engaged in labour. There is the sense that Wills occupies two worlds, and that in moments of leisure, the worker mentally, cannot leave the world of work.¹⁸

Furthermore, the mantra-like use of 'Bluebell' and 'Leisure' may be read as signposts, emphasising the writers' brief absence from the world of work, which has become their norm. Describing literary responses to the industrialised cities and the overwhelming stress which such an environment could bring to the individual, Raymond Williams observes that 'its people were often seen in a single way: as a crowd, as 'masses' or as a 'workforce.'¹⁹ He cites George Gissing's observations of London in the 1880s and his description of the crowds, 'a predictable movement[...] has replaced the sense of randomness and variety ...And the people are then seen through their general condition: the majority had to leave to wend stablewards.'²⁰ In this context, Wills replaces the sense of spontaneity and relaxation of a day spent away from factory discipline, with the predictable movement of what her industrialised life has become; even in a

¹⁸ Christmas, 2001, pp.83-84.

¹⁹ Williams, 1973, p.222.

²⁰ Williams, 1973, p.223.

moment of a brief escape, she knows that she has to 'wend stablewards.' This reading is further supported by Brian Maidment's view that 'escape' into both the countryside and into introspection is also constantly shadowed by 'the unspoken, yet invariably implied, presence of the city', that is, their world of labour.²¹ Thus, industrial labour becomes an assault on all aspects of their private lives, and ultimately on the individual's sense of self, rendering the word 'Leisure' ironic.²²

Put in context, after 1850, the growth of 'respectable' leisure pursuits for the working class was encouraged by the middle-class desire to stabilise society from the prospect of working-class unrest, as well as to address the unacceptable level of health endured by the urban poor. Yet for workers in the new industries, lack of free time was a major constraint upon any prospect of leisure. This was not helped by the increasing restrictions to their access to land following the enclosures, further highlighting a sense of entrapment within the industrial processes.

Perhaps Wills felt alienated from her work-a-day world, but not from her fellow worker. As in Eccles' poem 'United Efforts', the plural 'we' of Wills' poem stresses the collective experience. Again, this shows the sense of unity that the friendly society movement seems to have afforded its members. Writing about the significance of poetry for the Chartist movement, Anne Janowitz usefully notes that:

Poetry was both a flattering mirror to a movement-in-formation, offering conventions for group identity, and a social matrix within

²¹ Maidment, 1985, p.150.

²² Maidment, 1985, p.150.

which people could discover themselves as belonging to an on-going set of traditions, goals, and expectations.²³

Whereas Eccles's poem does embrace the group identity of the friendly society movement, other writers within the group's social matrix express their identities by collective rejection of popular perceptions. For example, 'The Age of Gold,' by Ruth Wills, unsettles the role of the poet as privileged interpreter of their lives:

The Age of Gold

POET, away with thy golden age,
'Tis a myth, 'tis a shadow, a dream of thine own ;
I find not its record on chronicled page,
It lives in thy dream-haunted fancy alone.

No era of time hath been wholly dark,
Each age hath been blest by some stray beams from
heaven,
But none standeth out with such radiant mark
As to warrant the worship thou often hast given.²⁴

It also undercuts any implication of a classless homogeneity. The ironic title, 'The Age of Gold', alludes to the cash-based, industrialised society, and a pastoral ideal of a 'Golden Age' - one where democracy and equality may one day be restored. Wills' poem takes the form of a mock epistle to her contemporary poets, criticising their grand vision of the world. The notion of a poet's 'dream haunted fancy' suggests that the 'golden age' is merely a reflection of the contemporary poets' own imagined identity and place in society, rather than having an external existence. Her elevated language, such as 'thy' and 'chronicled', parodies the

²³ Janowitz, 1998, p.8.

²⁴ Ruth Wills, 'The Age of Gold', (circa 1861). This was possibly produced for a trade friendly society, the Circular Framework Knitters' Society. (Appendix I, p.311).

outworn rhetoric she censures. Similarly, she mocks suggestions of complicity with her contemporary poets' vision, by the sequential use of first and second person pronouns, ie 'I' and 'thy', to distinguish her own view of humanity and society. Like the anti-pastoral poets George Crabbe and Stephen Duck, Wills distinguishes between poetic vision and the material world and her distancing from their unified vision perhaps suggests her own sense of distance from the literary and social worlds. She calls attention to the limitations of contemporary poetry as a force in the face of economic and cultural determinants. Like Wills, Effie too parodies the role of the muse. She must find her own creativity, outside of the 'shady wood and stream':

Muse

Alas, my Muse ! no more thy theme
Shall be of shady wood and stream !
One morn I sought the pleasant grove,
Where I was wont at will to rove-
With bolt and bar, oh, hapless fate !
An unknown hand had closed the gate.

Along the old familiar way
Fain would my willing footsteps stray :
In vain I gaze with wistful eyes,
While memories dear and bright arise,
To mock my grief with visions fair
Of dewy mead and wild flowers rare !

Here have I heard gay warblers sing
Their welcome carols to the spring ;
Here found the first sweet primrose pale ;
'Twas in this dear secluded vale
My Muse its first faint utterance spoke-
My silent heart to song awoke !

I thought once more, 'mid roses bright,
To cull the fairest red and white,
Entwining all with careless art,
To cheer a patient sufferer's heart :
Their brightness might long hours beguile,
My sweet reward her loving smile.

'Tis always thus ; in silent grief
I turn away-earth's joys how brief!
In vain for me wild roses bloom ;
I may not breathe their sweet perfume ;
With bolt and bar, oh hapless fate !
An unknown hand still holds the gate.²⁵

Effie's imagery unites the physical restrictions to her access to the countryside, with the social exclusions that face her as a working-class poet. If the gate is locked to the countryside, she claims that she cannot enter the realm that inspires her to write poetry, 'this dear secluded vale/My Muse its first faint utterance spoke.' Outside the gate, she recalls what she has lost, 'In vain I gaze with wistful eyes/While memories dear and bright arise.' The 'unknown hand' of the final line juxtaposes the 'bolt and bar' of the gate that prevents her access to the land, with the symbolic restrictions that symbolise her workaday life, the 'bolt and bar' of the loom at which she works. For Effie, it is not just an isolated and physical incident of exclusion, for she confirms that, 'Tis always thus.' Hence, the state of exclusion is both permanent and wide ranging, reflecting her awareness of her position in society, and her dissatisfaction with the inequalities and restrictions that had to be endured because of it.

²⁵ Effie, 'The Muse', circa 1860/62. (Appendix I, p.301). May have been produced for a friendly society in Elland and a garment workers' association. Original lost in flood at archives.

It may be that in Effie's 'Muse', both the restrictions she feels because of her class, and those as a woman, vie almost equally to restrict her access to the public domain. Susan Zlotnick's observations of Fanny Forrester's work could also apply to Effie's poem. Zlotnick considers whether Forrester's poetry can be read as:

a rhetorical effort to make a poetic identity, or more precisely, to construct a poetic identity out of the constituent elements of her social identity. Twice removed –by class and gender- from the center of the English poetic tradition to which she aspires ...²⁶

In this context, Effie's parody of the Muse extends to her isolation as a woman from the centre of literature, and perhaps the 'unknown hand' is not only a middle-class one, but possibly a male one too.

Some of Wills' critique of the privileged place of the poet may relate to the fact that many of the poems refer to the difficulties of snatching time to write, since the demands of their working days meant that many resorted to writing at night. In T. Williams's poem, 'Changeable' the poet becomes a night worker:

Changeable

When weary nature sinks to rest,
And rosy Sol drowns in the west,
And when the silence of the grave,
Rests on the world of cold blue wave;
When dew falls unobserved apace,
Like tears bedewing nature's face;
Oh! then I feel as if my soul,
Would fain dissolve and join the whole.
And to oblivion float away,
Where melancholy holds her sway.

²⁶ Susan Zlotnick, 'Lowly Bards & Incomplete Lyres – Fanny Forrester and the Construction of a Working-Class Woman's Poetic Identity', *Victorian Poetry*, 36 (Spring, 1998), 1, 18.

But when the morning sun doth glow,
And nature waketh bright below,
When modest daisies scan the sky,
With tears of gladness in each eye,
When rows of pearls, and diamonds rare,
Hang on each thorn, and hawthorn fair,
When with sweet notes on airy wings,
From unimpaired throats, the welkin rings,
Oh! Then my soul swift takes her flight,
And blendeth with the love and light.

But when the cloud hangs overhead,
Where thunder storms are born and bred,
Or when the lightning cleaves the sky,
Or when the whirlwind passes by,
When cataracts roar, and spout, and splash,
When all seems one tremendous crash,
To battle then. I'm nerved and bound.
My foes by millions strew the ground.
It is not I, 'tis nature burns,
I'm poet and warrior all in turns.²⁷

There is a connectedness between the poet and nature's cycle. The first stanza depicts all-consuming decline. Images of 'sinking' and 'the grave' find the author too, 'fain to dissolve and join the whole', while the second stanza is regenerative, for as 'the sun doth glow/And nature waketh bright below', so his 'soul swift takes her flight.' Similarly, 'tears bedewing nature's face' become 'tears of gladness' in each eye. The final stanza sees the connectedness become empowering. Williams describes thunder storms as 'born and bred.' Although ostensibly a colloquialism, this could also distinguish natural thunder storms from those that are 'bred' (ie. conflicts that arise from artificial social divisions and inequalities), and would predicate the final four lines where the individual becomes, in the face of threatening, stormy conditions, both 'poet and warrior.'

²⁷ T. Williams, 'Changeable', Foresters Miscellany, (April 1870), p.78. (Appendix I, p.309).

This ambiguity could allude to Wordsworth's 'Happy Warrior' – engaged not in arms, but in social reform, bearing in mind that Williams was an active trade unionist as well as member of the friendly society movement. The mood, imagery and diction of the poem often struggle, not least due to the awkward hyperbaton, 'diamonds rare' and 'hawthorn fair.' Similarly, the dawn chorus is stretched into, 'When with sweet notes on airy wings/From unimpaired throats, the welkin rings'. Williams' use of 'rosy Sol' in the first stanza, becomes 'the sun' in the second. Whether this implies a more powerfully destructive, god-like force in the first instance is unclear, although this would sit awkwardly with the equally strong, powerful images in the second stanza. However, images of Phoebus and the sun in the first and second stanzas, are countered with that of Thor in the final one, where the writer gains strength in more turbulent periods. The progress of the poem culminates in an image of Keatsian wish-fulfilment as it moves from 'melancholy' in the first stanza, to the 'poet and warrior' in the final stanza.

The effects of the impersonal processes of industrialisation are frequently transmuted into a sense of loss. Visions of the Romantic pastoral are countered with a material realism. For example, in the poem, 'The Notch in the Tree', the poet acknowledges that although the pastoral idyll may once have given an individual solace or inspiration, this has now gone:

The Notch in the Tree

Ah long loved spot, I visit thee
But not, as once, without a care;
My favourite bower again I see,
And all the past seems present there.

Oh what a little scene is this
We flutter like the flies of Spring
And seeking Summer's transient bliss
Are snatched while on the sportive wing.²⁸

This poem echoes Thomas Gray's 'Ode on the Spring' (1748) in which Gray's 'insect youth' (line 25) become the 'flies' of Spring (line 26). Both poems use the term 'sportive' when alluding to the youth and both contemplate how man's life is led and ends. In 'The Notch in the Tree', the initial private felicity of that 'long loved spot' is intruded upon by contemplation of the tension between the short life of humankind and the unpredictable and ironic transience of life itself; the 'notch' of the title suggesting the impact of human life in proportion to a tree.

The sentiments expressed in 'The Notch in the Tree' are often repeated. In Peter Burn's 'Lilies Of The Valley',²⁹ there is an acknowledgement that once the landscape did bring solace, 'There was a time ye lilies spake', but life's events overtook and diminished this: 'My lot has been the common lot-/To find that love abideth not,/But nestles in the skies.' This sense of dissatisfaction or dislocation is amplified by many writers and cannot be defined by any chronological reference to timelines. It is as evident in poetry written at mid century, as it is in that written at the end of the period. It is explored here in the following poem,

²⁸ Anon, 'The Notch', Foresters' Miscellany, (July, 1865) p.421.

²⁹ Peter Burn, 'Lilies of the Valley', Oddfellows' Magazine, (July, 1879), p.142.

'Again', which plays with the sense of being cut off from both a past and a future: confused, they 'are not the same/ oh never, never more.' The physical landscape has become one that is hostile; the vision of waves that once 'sang' but which now 'beat' the shore:

Again

Oh sweet and fair ! oh rich and rare !
That day so long ago,
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow,
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore ;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
For ever, evermore.

Oh fit and few ! oh tried and true !
The friends who met that day,
Each one the other's spirit knew ;
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore ;
We said, ' Such days shall come again
For ever, evermore..' ³⁰

The initial hope in the early stanzas, that 'suns will shine and waves will sing/ for ever more,' shifts in the third and final stanzas to a psychological landscape:

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past ;
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like-unlike-evermore,

³⁰ Anon, 'Again' Foresters' Miscellany, (July 1869), p.397. (Appendix I, p.312).

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone
And marred the harmony.
' The past is ours, not yours,' they said,
' The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh! never, never more ! '

Any continuity between their past and present becomes fractured, and an ensuing loss sees the communal 'we' become dissipated, dislocated from the physical environment. The poet describes how the people's own 'past' has been taken, "the past is ours, not yours," they said.' This sense of dislocation from their own sense of identity and place is then blurred with an image of the real landscape, one where 'the waves beat the shore'; but even these waves are 'like the same' but 'are not the same,' for whilst they once 'sang' on the shore, they now 'beat' upon it. The mix of the past, present and future tenses completes this sense of dislocation from a past when the 'suns' shone.

Another important feature of 'Again' is the dialogue between the first and second voices. The use of quoted phrases within poems was fairly standard poetic practice, but can also be read in context with the history of the friendly societies' struggles to resist intrusion and dominance. Sometimes the quotation marks within their poems are a device for distancing themselves from received wisdom. The technique might reflect the writers' resistance to what is being said, or highlight an issue of concern. In 'Again', for example, the second voice, ('they') is claiming the collective experience of the past which the poet expresses, "The past is ours, not yours," they said': this mysterious 'they' is in conflict with the

writer. Similarly, Henry Owgan's ³¹ poem, 'January' on one level describes a hostile landscape, with the reassurance and consolation that there was "a soul of good" in all this ill:

January

Stern January, like a giant, now hath come.
Trampling with marble feet on everything;
Yet, though the tortured forests create and swing,
And sturdiest bushes to the snow succumb,
And th' unsheltered beasts are cold and numb,
And bats for warmth close to each other cling,
And e'en the well housed feel the frost's sharp sting
And the warp'd streams are paralysed and dumb;

There is "a soul of good" in all this ill;
For, 'midst the weather's havoc and turmoil,
Calm nature is at work beneath the soil,
Tempering the 'stubborn glebe' for ploughs to till,
And nursing half formed flowers in Spring to rise
From their death cells and look up to the skies

Owgan catalogues the disaster and suffering in the physical landscape, the downside of winter's effects: that of January's 'trampling' with 'marble feet'; of 'tortured forests', and the 'sturdiest bushes' succumbing to winter. The second stanza may be a justification for this suffering. Yet, by enclosing 'a soul of good' in speech marks, maybe, as in 'Again', this voice is in conflict with the poet. Furthermore, the use of 'stubborn glebe' could symbolise an alternative perspective. Whilst it may comment on and support Thomas Gray's use of the phrase in his 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard' (1751) and thus his acceptance of working-class compliance, equally, it could allude to Shelley's use

³¹ H.Owgan, 'January', Foresters' Miscellany, (January 1864), p.48.

of the phrase in *Queen Mab* (1813), and his revolutionary vision of a regenerated world:

The drones of the community; they feed
On the mechanic's labor; the starved hind
For them compels the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvests; ...

If this latter reading is favoured, then visions of 'half formed flowers' rising from their 'death cells' to 'look up to the skies' suggests suffering rather than any sense of hope; 'half formed' being imagery of retarded growth. This interpretation may extend to the image of the working classes 'rising up,' from their 'cells', as a portent of revolution or social change, rather than being consolatory. Whatever was intended by Owgan, the ambiguity might have allowed his fellow members alternative readings.

Although the political intent of these poems is open to debate, many poems do urge the reader to bide their time, possibly from taking retaliatory action. For example, in a poem titled, 'True Nobility', the message is that 'Our part is to work and to wait' and asserts that, 'For he who is honest is noble/ Whatever his fortune or birth.'³² This call supports the argument that the friendly societies acted as a safety-valve for working people.³³ By engaging with such a unified and powerful collective, it is suggested that their self-help ethos mirrored the gradualism which allowed England to avoid the revolutionary climate of Europe, by involving the members in public debate, and taking them 'beyond their

³² Anon, 'True Nobility', *The Order of Druids Quarterly Journal*, (October, 1891), p.191.

³³ Robert E. Veto, 'The "Friendly Societies" and the Fabian Society as Mechanisms for Gradualism in Industrial Era Britain', Summer, 2000, http://www.umassd.edu/ir/rveto/friendly_societies.htm., accessed November, 2004.

immediate mill-level or even town-level.’³⁴ E. Williams’ poem, ‘To The Quaking Grass’ expresses similar calls for patience:

To The Quaking Grass

Quivering with timorous doubts and fears,
When not a foe in sight appears,
How like art thou to my poor life!
The summer insect fluttering by,
Prompts thee to yield the tremulous sigh,
With apprehension rife.

The glittering drops of pearly dew
Which deck thy stalk, oppress thee too,
With weight beyond thy strength to bear;
As honours bow the head of worth,
In deep humility to earth,
Beneath increase of care.

But yet though feeble, thou art wise,
And in thy wisdom, safety lies,
Far from the fury of the blast
Meek cowering to thy humble bed,
Thou stoapest low thy pensile head,
Until the storm has passed.³⁵

Williams, a working man from Bristol, depicts his own life as that of the ‘quaking grass’ which reacts with fear to even the passing of summer flies. Yet he says that even a blade of grass, ‘cowering to [its] humble bed’ is wise to wait until ‘the storm has passed.’ Williams sees the self initially posited as an autonomous reflexive, ‘stooping’. Although at first this suggests little agency, the final line shows that this is a temporary situation, one which is adopted ‘until the ‘storm has passed.’ Thus, Williams’ verse serves as a caution to his fellow members to bide

³⁴ Veto, 2000.

³⁵ E. Williams, ‘Quaking Grass’, Foresters’ Miscellany, (October, 1887), p.92.

their time. As discussed, the friendly societies did not 'cower' during the period of this project, but their approach was one of apparent consensus and compliance, while they negotiated their own agendas.

The majority of poems do reflect the writers' sense that they are writing for a considerable audience, in terms of the societies' presence in the period. Robert Leighton considers the place of the individual in terms of 'the wheels of history.' The opening stanza mimics the whimsical observations of an individual's progress through the urban landscape. The solitary progress is initially rewarding, a 'sweet yoke':

Solitude

How sweet the yoke of chosen solitude
With the allurements of the town, and
To take or leave according to the mood,
How easy to withstand.

We let the buskind stage spend its wit,
The panorama of the streets go by,
The orator declaim unheard, and sit
At home in lonely joy.

But solitude afar from all that moves
The wheels of history; the hearts of men,
Beyond the range of life's accustomed grooves,
How hard the yoke is then!

We do not live, but longingly exist
Upon the combustion of the heart.³⁶

His appeal is for unity. The opening imagery marries an easy, Biblical vision of the 'yoke'³⁷ with the gentle sense of freedom and pleasure to be found within the urban landscape, where solitude, is 'sweet.' He shifts from using the collective pronoun, 'we', (to indicate solitary individuals) in the second stanza, to a

³⁶ Robert Leighton, 'Solitude', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (April, 1870), p.76.

³⁷ Matthew 11:29-30: Take my yoke upon you and learn from me, for I am gentle and humble in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light"

universal, collective 'we' in the final stanza, since the solitary 'we' finds the 'yoke' hard. Here, it is only 'upon the combustion of the heart,' 'combustion' implying love, that one is afforded the opportunity to 'live' as opposed to 'longingly exist.' Perhaps Leighton may also be distinguishing between those who enjoy 'chosen solitude' from those historically isolated; those who live beyond 'life's accustomed grooves,' emphasising all the more the need for solidarity.

Unlike Leighton's urban landscape, some of the poetry explores a dystopic panorama, expressing images of uncertainty and tension. These images may reflect the concerns within the movement in the 1880s that changes in the organisation and structure of friendly societies were needed to stem the spectre of insolvency. Such concerns were exacerbated by public fears that malingering was endemic among friendly society members, due to the safety net that insurance provided in times of ill-health.³⁸ As discussed in Chapter 1, the awareness by both the state and the friendly societies that more universal provision was needed in the face of widespread poverty, brought with it the realisation that the movement would not continue in its existing form. This necessarily brought anxieties for members who relied upon its provision and who drew strength from their association with such a powerful group. Perhaps it is this tension that may be found in the destructive iconography of a poem, 'Pontypridd',³⁹ written by Edward Spawton in 1887. Its themes are of the individual being consumed, or vulnerable to, predatory forces, 'Shadows of Death fly here and there/Despair comes swooping by/Horror wrapped in mantle of fear/Drowns the voice of

³⁸ Simon Cordery, *British Friendly Societies: 1750-1914*, (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), p.150.

³⁹ Edward Spawton, 'Pontypridd', *Oddfellows Magazine*, (January 1877), p.271.

hopeful cry.' This sense of doom is countered in the final stanza by the assertion, 'But Courage and Science again and again/Are storming each stronghold dim.'⁴⁰

The uncertainties expressed in 'Pontypridd' are also found in Spawton's later poem, 'A Lonely Path' (1893), which also contains a fin de siècle, apocalyptic vision, but one which is left unresolved. Comparisons may be made with W.B.Yeats' 'The Eternal Moods' (1899) in the sense that perpetual elemental forces encompass and permeate human beings:

A Lonely Path

I wandered on – all else save this was still.
And as I strayed the gloom denser grew,
'till sense of feeling took the sense of sight,
As, when the dungeon's space enclosed, the mind
O'comes the body with dark dismay –
And finds instinctive knowledge to afright...

Spawton removes the senses from the persona by immediately setting up a solitary physical journey, 'I wandered on – all else save this was still'. Then, the use of 'strayed' and 'gloom' removes the natural focal pointers until the third line where there is a transition from the physical to the mental world, 'till sense of feeling took the sense of sight', and where the mind 'O'comes the body with dark dismay.' This sense of descent or loss is accentuated by the imagery of the human moving according to 'instinctive knowledge', where actions cannot be controlled by reason gleaned from awareness or familiarity of surroundings. The vision of solitude is devoid of comfort, or of resolution, and there is an implicit radical counter-dialogue to the solitary amble found in the first stanza of William

⁴⁰ Edward Spawton, 'A Lonely Path', Oddfellows' Magazine, (January 1893), p.271.

Wordsworth's 'Daffodils; Or, I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud' (1804). The hesitation in the pace of Spawton's poem heightens the mood of the work; the sense of moving forward, losing 'sense of sight', then moving on to a state of entrapment. It may be that the lack of a physical landscape in Spawton's verse, or simply the absence of any physical referent points, reflects the artificial landscape of one whose life is spent within an unnatural, industrialised or urban environment. The Shelleyan impulse toward the heavenly is reversed. The complicated sentence structure of Spawton's verse, adds to the sense of hesitation and uncertainty, however unintentional that might have been.

Spawton's future is explored in terms of fear and uncertainty, and these motifs can be found in this poetry throughout the second half of the century, and may reflect the precarious existence of many members' lives. Written at the end of the century, Spawton's poem contains many widely recorded concerns of the *fin de siècle*. The recurring motifs found within this body of poetry reflect the dark moods of late Victorian poetry, negotiating with the prospects of degeneration, cultural or racial. E.P. Thompson suggests that:

the best and most honest literature at the end of the nineteenth century is marked by a profound disillusion, a searching for private reassurance, limited personal objectives, in the midst of a hostile environment.⁴¹

The environment in 'The Orange Tree', published in 1878, is flushed with a strange ripeness, where the future portends horizons of 'Fear and Joy', but 'dimly mark[ed]':

⁴¹ E.P. Thompson, William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary, (London: Lawrence and Wishart, 1955), p.763.

THE ORANGE TREE

THE man lies darkling in the boy,
The Future dimly marks its morn :
Flushed with strange ripeness, Fear and Joy,
Which fit our later life, are born.

The boy springs brightening in the man,
Frolics, at times, as years before,
Runs gay and wild, as once he ran,
Breathes the free life of days of yore.

Happy the boy in manlike thought,
Happy the man in boylike play ;
Heart unto heart for ever wrought,
Our earliest and our latest day !

Thus dark-bright trees by tropic floods
Mingle the coming with the old ;
The deep-hued fruitage shades the buds-
The bud lies white amid the gold.⁴²

The vision of the poem is cyclical and the connectedness between man and boy encapsulates the friendly societies' vision of the interdependence of all people: 'the man lies darkling in the boy' as much as the 'boy springs brightening in the man.' The poem ends with the vision of 'tropic floods,' which tempers any sense of growth with fear as well as joy. The alternate rhyme scheme adds a sense of regularity and inevitability to what is being said. The selective use of capital letters, 'Future, Fear, Joy,' are focal signposts and the whole form flows from a sense of birth, through to that of life spent in a strange landscape, ending in the final stanza with regression, or progress, back to a beginning, 'the bud.' All imagery returns to the knowledge that the child is the father of the man, as much

⁴² 'The Orange Tree', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1878), p.293. (Appendix I, p.315).

as the man is father of the child, a theme much aired through the societies' emphasis on family responsibility and duty.

The cyclical vision of the 'Orange Tree' extends and contrasts with the range of poetry on death. These poems are reminders of death's ever-immediate proximity to their lives, and the climate of religious understanding.⁴³ Most friendly societies aimed to provide funeral benefits for its members, such was the fear of a pauper's funeral. All friendly society members could expect a prominent member, as well as many ordinary fellow members, of their local branch to attend their funeral. The importance and ritual of this ceremony aimed to ensure that working people did not suffer the indignities in death that they had so often endured in life. Importantly, the society's own non-liturgical funeral service was read at the graveside to distinguish that the deceased was member of a distinct collective.

As mentioned previously, this non-liturgical funeral service attracted much criticism and censure from both the middle classes and the Church. This was in a climate where religious doctrines were under scrutiny. The publication in 1860 of seven essays on religion⁴⁴ covering topics such as the Biblical researches of the German critics, the evidences of Christianity, religious thought in England, and the cosmology of Genesis, engendered widespread outrage. Appearing one year after Darwin's Origins of the Species (1859), the essays challenged Biblical history. One, by Benjamin Jowett, titled 'On the Interpretation of Scripture',

⁴³ For Victorian approaches to death see two books by Michael Wheeler: Heaven, Hell, and the Victorians, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994); Death and the Future Life in Victorian Literature and Theology, (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1990).

⁴⁴ See: Victor Shea and William Whitla, Essays and Reviews: the 1860 Text and its Reading, (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1999).

argued, amongst other things, that the Bible should be read like any other book, namely that it should be read for the authors' original meaning within their own context. The impact of these essays paralleled widespread thinking among many other Victorian intellectuals. These questions about religion perhaps gave added authority to the friendly society poets, who use the depiction of death and its ceremonies to appraise the conditions of their lives.

Many writers, but by no means all, unsettle the elegy's conventional consolation of an 'other worldly' existence after death, despite being religious in the 'church/chapel going' sense. Others, more typically, contain visions of a heaven, or the sense of an afterlife, which frequently offer release from human suffering, rather than as a spiritual goal. The churchyard is often the place from which to look out to the living and society, and the inequalities that existed. This reflects the wider preoccupation with social issues towards the end of the century.⁴⁵ Criticism is levelled at religious doctrines that preach acceptance of the writers' unequal place in society, and occasional vehement attacks on the institution of the Church can be found. For example, a poem written in 1850, but which appeared in an 1865 publication, was written by a William Whitmore to his local Reverend:

Priest! Wilt thou, in this ripening age, restore
Old outworn, monkish customs, and by strict
Routine of prayerful services, addict
The poor thy church's shrine to bend before?
Thine is a hopeless task! Since Monkery bore
All-powerful sway, the book, steam, commerce, thought,
Have amongst us wondrous transformations wrought:
Usage of the past befit no more

⁴⁵ Gertrude Himmelfarb, Poverty and Compassion: the Moral Imagination of the Late Victorians, (New York: Knopf, 1991), pp.4-5.

Hear'st not, on every hand, the anthem swell
Of work-devotion, though with pain and care
Commingle? Rest assured, the ancient spell
Of priestly might, for age is broken! Spare
Thy thriftless pains; for hark! The factory bell
Is more imperative than thy call to prayer!⁴⁶

While the allusion to high Anglican reforms may serve as the opening subject of the first two lines, the whole poem moves to compare churchgoing, if not religion, to the dominance of industrial progress. Not just industrial progress, but 'thought' has relegated, 'Thy church's shrine' so that it will no longer 'addict' the poor. For 'The factory bell/ Is more imperative than thy call to prayer.' Whether the writer regrets the dominance of the 'factory bell' over the 'church's shrine' can only be guessed at, but he points to the gap between the religious rituals and the lives of the poor. In general, the writers did not reject religious faith, but they tried to articulate their own versions of a religion that encompassed the working classes too.

Much poetry moves out from the churchyard, or graveside, to the living world that has been left, exploring social divisions and inequality. There is an absence of an 'other-worldly' existence in some of the poetry found, as in the following poem by Thomas Hind:

⁴⁶ William Whitmore, 'Priest', (1865). Whitmore was a member of the Oddfellows friendly society, but this poem appears to have been produced for a Leicester trade friendly society and originally appeared in a periodical, 'The Leicestershire Movement; or, voices from the frame and the factory, the field and the rail', (Leicester, 1850).

THE SNOWDROP

I come in bright angelic robes array'd,
To bloom in garden or in woodland's shade ;
I come in Nature's brightest, gentlest form,
And bow my head in either calm or storm.

I come, an emblem of sweet Spring's return,
And sing in silence, Winter's nearly gone.
I come the border'd gravel walk to grace,
And in the field or meadow find a place.

I come to deck the statesman's marble hall,
Alike I bloom beside the cottage wall ;
I shed my lustre on the palace ground,
And on the meanest peasant's plot I'm found.

I come to glitter on the hill's green top,
And in the vale is seen my silver cup ;
As pearls upon the garlands fair I shine,
And oft my nature's said to be divine.

I hang my drooping head o'er mould'ring clay,
In form I weep for man that's passed away ;
And there in mourning attitude I grow
Where some fair form in death's cold arms lies low.

I preach to all, whilst on the grave I mourn-
"From dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return."⁴⁷

The snowdrop is a favoured symbol of life for these poets. It is symbolic of the fragility of the human form. Hind draws this image through into the last stanza, closing with the line which was read at many funeral services.⁴⁸ Here, this line reinforces the levelling effects of death more than it extends to any sense of a

⁴⁷ Thomas Hind, 'The Snowdrop', Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1867), p.92. (Appendix I, p.303).

⁴⁸ 'the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return'.—Genesis 3:19. Importantly, this line did not necessarily form a part of the non-liturgical friendly society funeral service.

heaven. As much as the fiction reworks representations of all classes, Hind's images are not class-specific and may be read as both consolatory and political. The snowdrop is a classless symbol since it lives both with the wealthy and on 'the meanest peasant's plot'. It is an arbiter between life and death and stands as an observer, 'on the grave'. The natural form of the flower may be likened to the adopted pose of the mourners, and perhaps urges the reader to look back from the graveside to the living, to consider the way their lives are spent. The sense of loss here is universal, with the loss being that of human understanding. This imagery certainly reinforces the friendly societies' calls for a more equal society, and the writers' expressions of a shared humanity.

Indeed, one symbol of the inequality endured by working people was that of the workhouse. Discussion of this institution and its penalties was prolific throughout the friendly society journals and publications. The consensus was that the workhouse was a further weapon in the middle-class armoury to punish the poor. However, the staff of specific institutions were sometimes commended for their attempts to ameliorate otherwise dreadful conditions.⁴⁹ In Charles Marshall's poem, 'The Pauper's Funeral', the workhouse is treated as if it were a site for the production of pauper's corpses. Marshall often attacked the hated place, no doubt also as a warning to those members of the friendly societies who were thinking about stopping their subscriptions. In his poem, he depicts the low social position of the working classes being perpetuated in the very processes of burial. At first his image of the pauper is genderless, a being whose only status is

⁴⁹ For example, see reference to the staff of a workhouse in 'Frank Newton: A Sketch of Village Life', (*Foresters' Miscellany*, (January, 1878), p.35. (Appendix 1, p.241).

that of poverty inflicted by the regime of the workhouse system. His bleak vision is of the corpse being brought straight from the workhouse and 'laid in the mould' not so much to be buried, but to be disposed of, or of being cast out:

The Pauper's Funeral

Into the churchyard a pauper is borne
Brought from the workhouse and laid in the mould,
Not from friends nor from home, by death was she torne,
The world to the pauper is silent and cold.
Her ashes will mingle with those of the great,
No more will she feel the neglect or the scorn
Of those who live on in the splendour of State.
Death levels distinctions, the daisies will bloom
The wind passes oft and the robin will sing
As sweet o'er the grave, as the rich marble tomb
Wherein lies at rest, the prince or the king.⁵⁰

The starkness of the pauper's burial is in contrast to the grand Victorian death ceremonies of the churchyard. The frequent monosyllables and the sombre rhythm mimic a death toll and march: although the tone is elegiac, the voice does not pay tribute to the individual being buried, but speaks to the living, to 'those who live on in the splendour of State.' With disarming simplicity, Marshall points out how the treatment of the pauper at their death is a continuation of a pauper's treatment in life: 'The *world* to the pauper is silent and cold' [my emphasis]. At the same time, the graveyard and death level social distinctions: 'No more will she feel the neglect or the scorn.'

⁵⁰ Charles Marshall, 'The Pauper's Funeral', appeared in St Crispin (The Boot & Shoemaker) Journal, (January, 1869), p.11. Marshall was secretary of the Rogate Branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters friendly society.

Death poetry for these writers tends not to eulogise a specific individual. The poems instead reflect the shared sense of suffering for those left behind. Maybe the futility and strife of the deceased's own life also explains why some of the poetry does not overstate the sense of loss from a world that holds much suffering. Often, life appears to be little more than a brief or temporary reprieve from death. For example, the image of snow encapsulates life's hardships and brevity:

Under The Snow

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies:
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

Sweet little dimpled chin, how she would dance!
Dear little laughing eyes, how she would smile!
Still are her tiny feet now, and her glance
Beams not on me for a weary long while.
"Dead"! do my neighbours say? Death is a dream;
In the mid Maytime she went out to play;
Daily I see her by meadow and stream,
Couch'd 'mid the golden cups, sunny as they.

Weep, my eyes, scalding tears, weep, weep, weep;
Bleed, my soul; throb, my heart, heavy with pain !
When shall my tender one wake from her sleep ?
When shall I gaze on my beauty again ?

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies;
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.⁵¹

Although death is no more than 'a dream', the final stanza acknowledges that death silences 'for ever.' Perhaps there is a hint of a world-weary scepticism that sits alongside the poet's religious beliefs. This theme of death being no more real

⁵¹Anon, 'Under The Snow', Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1869), p.284. (Appendix I, p.316).

than life, and 'living' meaning being kept alive in memory alone, is explored more overtly in 'Dead':

Dead

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die." – *Campbell*

Dead? No! thou'rt living yet-
For, while fond memory holds thee thus,
And love we give not to the dead
Is thine, thou still art one of us;
Not dead till we forget.

Living, but far away;
Distance divides our hearts from thee-
But Time shall bring thee here again,
And brighter than all dreams shall be
That one glad meeting day.

Alas! not so thou'rt dead!
For it was sadly dear to me
To think thy spirit might be near;
From Earth's restraining bands set free,
Yet here, by memory led.

"Sweet could our hearts be known
Now, by some keener sympathy."
Such my first thoughts when thou wert gone;
But soon the fancy ceased to be:
We felt thy soul was flown.

Dead? No! thou'rt living yet-
Distant, but we shall meet again,
And heart be read by faithful heart,
When Love more closely draws her chain
Round hearts for ever met.⁵²

The use of the vernacular generally makes no pretensions to elegiac formality or to grandeur. While the substance of this poem is perhaps little more than a series

⁵²Anon, 'Dead', *Foresters' Miscellany*, (April, 1865), p.459. (Appendix I, p.313).

of images loosely based on awkward, familiar clichés, there is an ambiguity between a religious vision of death and a secular one, affording varying interpretations of the meaning of resurrection and the after-life. For example, while there is the sense of a future where the living and the dead 'shall meet again,' there is also a sense of vagueness about the nature of such a reunion, for the wish that, 'Time shall bring thee here again' inverts the more usual vision of the dead ascending to a heaven, perhaps accentuating the writer's spiritual rather than religious beliefs. Although this poem is less successful than, say, that of Williams or Marshall, its emotional appeal cannot be doubted, and its content and form were popular amongst these writers, as can be gauged from how very frequently such work appears.

By no means did all of the poetry shun an 'other worldly' vision. Millicent Langton's religious beliefs do offset the daily grind of her life to a great extent, giving it both perspective and purpose. Millicent Langton is recorded as describing her life as 'one of constant toil, morning to evening,' and for a great portion of the time, 'amid the monstrous din of machinery.' She remarked that, 'I have thus been deprived of the benefits of a liberal education.'⁵³ Birth and death so often quickly followed each other and this is reflected in her poem about a visit to a child's grave:

To A Snowdrop, found on an Infant's Grave

Welcome lovely flower, sweet snowdrop,
Bending down thy tiny head;
Where infant form lies sleeping,
O'er the cradle of the dead.

⁵³ Millicent Langton, Musings of the Work-Room, (Leicester, London: 1865), preface.

Harbinger of laughing hours,
Come to cheer the drooping heart;
Light the stricken cheek of sorrow,
Bid each phantom shade depart.

Tell of fruits and flowers now hidden,
In the bosom of the earth ;
Smiling, bursting into being,
'Mid a new creation's birth.

Woodbine climbing up the casement,
Sending forth a fragrance sweet ;
And the meek-eyed modest daisy,
Standing humbly at its feet.

Lily blooming in the valley ;
Rosebuds peeping through the bower,
Cowslips, jessamine, and bluebells,
Kissed by gentle summer showers.

Orchards groaning 'neath their burdens ;
Waving fields of golden corn ;
Notes of spirit-stirring music,
Waking up the dewy morn.

Hopes of weary hearts reviving ;
Faith, which penetrates the tomb ;
Tells of summer hours undying,
And of flowers which ever bloom.

Of a new creation dawning,
When the dead their bonds shall break ;
Bodies glorified, immortal,
From their long, long sleep awake.⁵⁴

The poem celebrates the proximity of nature continuing to grow amongst the dead, where images of the snowdrop and the baby are paralleled as metaphor for each other; the foetal pose of the snowdrop is mirrored below, 'Where infant form lies sleeping.' The dead child shares the same place as the snowdrop's 'birth.'

Alliteration of 'sweet snowdrop' projects the atmosphere of a hushed visit to a

⁵⁴ Millicent Langton, 'To A Snowdrop, found on an Infant's Grave', Lancashire tailors or garment workers' friendly society pamphlet, (circa 1866). This poem also appears in Musings of the Work-Room, (London, 1865).

nursery to check on a sleeping child. There is the vision of 'sweet' life above the 'cradle of the dead,' and the silence of the dead infant, 'sleeping' below. Oppositions are presented as natural, rather than melancholic. The ubiquitousness of death in life is a recurrent theme in Langton's work. She counters the loss of life with the hope of 'a new creation dawning.' The presence of overtly religious poetry in the friendly societies' publications, alongside verse which shuns any visions of an afterlife, confirms the diversity of the membership which assembled under the unified banner of the movement.

If any homogeneity could be found in this body of poetry, it is the articulation of a collective spirit and shared experience. The poets build up the solidarity which was integral to the ethos of the friendly societies in the face of life's adversities. Although not often sophisticated in a literary way, they draw upon the dichotomy between rural idealisations and growing industrialisation common in this period. For example, Wills' poem, 'The Golden Age' shuns rhetoric of grand, universal progress and 'The Notch in the Tree' suggests that passing time has eroded, rather than enriched, the writers' lives. Or maybe the writers' visions simply foreground the daily work cycle that their life has become, as in Plummer's poem. Effie's 'Bluebell' and Wills' 'Summer Sea' ostensibly recall or construct a rural idyll, or an excursion, but both are written in the knowledge that their escapes must ultimately see them 'wend stablewards.' Although their work-a-day worlds are not always overtly recorded, they are writing from, and are thus contained within, the daily cycle of labour. Often, a rural idyll offers its own form of oppression, rather than solace, as expressed in Williams' poem, 'Changeable'. Similarly, the

'Notch in the Tree' and 'Again', also suggest that any physical retreat or escape to nature may be a form of regression, or at best, futile.

As noted, the communitarian 'we' is predominant in much of this poetry, although towards the end of the century, 'I' becomes the more dominant pronoun. In terms of the history of the friendly society movement, the last two decades of the century were the period when the responsibility for providing support for working people in the form of pensions and medical care, began to shift from the societies' private domain to that of the State. It may be that this shift to the individual speaker parallels the 'voluntaristic identity' that Anne Janowitz suggests:

offered the means for choosing positions of solidarity [...]. This movement pushed liberalism to accommodate aspects of a community vision of society, and put pressure on it to make sense of the developing self-consciousness of the 'new unionism' and working-class self-organisation in the 1880s and 1890s.⁵⁵

The poems discussed are characterised by mixed feelings about work and other hardships which typified their lives. Poetry allows them to express and to explore some of their inner conflicts and tensions and to invoke concepts which they do not know how to, or do not dare to, express directly. Sometimes, there is the impression that writing poetry is an end in itself, a source of release and pleasure. By contrast, the small, but distinct group of protest poetry discussed in the next chapter, is the most public of all of the texts. The poets want to reach an audience, desirous of stirring up the collective spirit.

⁵⁵ Janowitz, 1998, pp.31-32.

Chapter 5
Poetry
Unity and Protest

This final chapter examines a range of radical poetry which appeared in the friendly society publications in the late Victorian era (1880 to 1900), and where the form's inherent public address demonstrates the more militantly collective spirit of the organisations. It will be argued that the majority of the poetry in this chapter does not defuse frustrations, but foregrounds them. All of the poems spread a sense of solidarity and communality, and the content is humanitarian and outspoken.

The late 1880s and 1890s witnessed the move to more radical politics, with the rise of New Unionism and the formation of the Independent Labour Party in 1893. It was also a period when uncertainties about Britain's future prosperity surfaced.. The rise of Germany and the U.S.A. as trading rivals led to a sense of crisis, although this was not wholly supported by economic indicators. Any widespread sense of insecurity was likely to have emanated from a *perceived* threat to Britain's dominance, rather than an actual one, and this reformulated into a desire to defend the British Empire. Rhetoric of Empire, as a cornerstone of Tory Democracy, sought to unite the classes under a flagship of imperial pride.¹ For the friendly societies, any sense of malaise was perhaps more justified. The success of the organisations often proved, ironically, to be the downfall of many of the smaller societies, because although an increased membership base meant

¹ An account of this may be found in Francois Bédarida , A Social History of England 1851-1990, 2nd ed. (London: Routledge, 1991), pp.99-109.

more revenue in the form of membership fees, it was also correlated to a greater increase in expenditure in benefits. In particular, expenditure on pensions increased considerably due to the lower mortality rates.

The prospect of insolvency, although not always actually absent, loomed ever more during this period. Added to this, the friendly society movement saw competition from members leaving to join specific trade unions. The sociability offered by the societies also became just one of many possible options for leisure pursuits. In the face of this, many societies cut back, or even cancelled, hitherto annual social events, with competition coming from the music halls, or the popularity of watching local football teams play.²

However, the friendly societies continued to be politically active. In 1897, London's India Docks Company launched a compulsory friendly society scheme for workers, whereby failure to join meant the loss of the workers' jobs. Yet this company friendly society (or shop-club society) gave the employer, rather than its worker-members, control over its administration. The London India Docks Company declared that it was forming the society to end 'malingering.' The response by the friendly society movement was considerable. They joined dock workers in demonstrating against the company society and spearheaded a campaign to the Home Office to make this type of society illegal, taking part in demonstrations and protest meetings. However, as the new century arrived, and in the face of the growing inability of the societies to cater for a population that experienced increasing levels of sickness, and lower levels of mortality, their call

² Simon Cordery, British Friendly Societies: 1750-1914, (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), p.136.

for a ban on shop-club societies faltered when it became evident that only the state could mobilise sufficient resources to cater for the people. Yet Cordery argues that these events at the end of the century:

stripped away the fiction of the friendly societies as apolitical...Though they claimed to stand above politics, the societies were devoutly and habitually engaged in political activism. Banning political discussions from club nights [...]should not blind us to their long-term involvement in the national political arena, as it seems to have done.³

As British socialism gained some momentum in the early 1880s, poets were among the many artists and writers who became involved with the socialist movement. As a consequence of their involvement, poetry could be found alongside reports of industrial unrest in the socialist periodicals of the time.⁴ William Morris's Chants for Socialists (1884) and The Pilgrims of Hope (1885) and Edward Carpenter's Towards Democracy (1883–1903) articulated the hope for a socialist future. Ruth Livesey⁵ describes how both men were actively engaged in supporting socialist organisations, creating a high profile link between aesthetic expression and socialism from the early 1880s.⁶ Livesey also notes that at:

gatherings of the Socialist League and within the Labour Church movement popular in the north of England, socialist verse in hymn metre was sung to familiar airs from Christian worship...in some cases the singers were invited to appreciate this re-scripting as an explicit piece of socialist commentary.'⁷

³ Cordery, 2003, p.154-5.

⁴ i.e. The Commonweal or Today. Ruth Livesey, 2004, 'Socialism and Victorian Poetry: Politics, Revolution, Rebellion & Protest', <http://www.literature-compass.com/viewpoint>.

⁵ Livesey, 2004.

⁶ Livesey, 2004.

⁷ Livesey, 2004.

Again, this evidence of working people adapting doctrines or literature to articulate their own political identities, in tandem with the wider political climate, informs the reading of the more radical poetry found within these organisations' publications. Some work was written for a specific occasion, or surfaced in response to a particular protest and was frequently revived in one form or another as the need arose, like this verse by Thor Coles:

An Elegy (National Insurance is as dead as Queen Anne)

The Canon's scheme is dead and gone,
No patriot could approve it.
And if in case it came full blown,
'Twould take a power to move it.

In English hearts, it ne'er would float,
Had it been set in motion.
And like a leaky craft or boat
'Twould sink ere't reached mid ocean⁸

The 'Canon' is Canon Blackley who devised a plan in 1878 for the compulsory purchase of pensions. This plan was met with great hostility in the friendly society journals - a key argument being that it was wrong in principle to make compulsory deductions from an individual's wages.

The specific business areas of the organisations were often encapsulated into forms that resembled those found in the popular street Broadsides. The following two are typical. The first one attacks the medical profession:

When any sick to me apply,
I physics, bleeds and swets 'em
If after that they choose to die,
What's that to me? - I lets 'em.⁹

⁸ Thor Coles, 'An Elegy (National Insurance is as Dead as Queen Anne)', Oddfellows' Magazine, (October, 1885).

⁹ Anon, 'When any sick to me apply', possibly Oddfellows' sheet, (January, 1885).

The incidence of low wages meant that the members were still kept in poverty, even when in work. This concern was often expressed in verse, like this one by G.H., who was a labourer and then a travelling carpenter:

Stitching with maniac haste
To gain a scanty meal
That I could live on what many waste,
I far too keenly feel.¹⁰

Much poetry called for action that would directly benefit all humankind. Tom Coales suggests that a neighbour is one who is found everywhere, in all places and people:

Thy Neighbour

Thy neighbour ? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless ;
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim ;
Whom hunger sends from door to door-
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the weary man
Whose years are at their brim ;
But low with sickness, care, and pain-
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour ? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem ;
Widows and orphans helpless left-
Go thou and comfort them.

Thy neighbour ? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave-
Go thou and ransom him.

¹⁰ G.H., 'Stitching with maniac haste', Ancient Order of Foresters' pamphlet, (circa 1884).

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favoured than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbour born,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh ! pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery-
Go share thy lot with him.¹¹

This type of versifying was popular in the journals because its sentiments were 'adapted' to reflect more closely the friendly societies' own inclusive ethos, and to instil this sense of shared purpose and focus to members. The response to the opening question of who is a neighbour, affirms the friendly societies' ethos of collectivity and mutuality, where all members are 'neighbours' to be helped in times of need. The themes of the fifth stanza are much-found. They criticise justification of working-class suffering on earth because of the rewards that await them in an after-life. The call to 'ransom him' articulates a radical vision of holding the worker (and hence his labour) to ransom until a better reward is offered.

Typical of the poetry which combined overt protest with calls for unity is 'Capital and Labour.' This poem was read at a meeting of the Boiler Makers' Society and a local branch of a friendly society:

¹¹ Tom Coales, 'Thy Neighbour', Oddfellows' Magazine, (October, 1886), p.346. (Appendix I, pp.297-298).

Capital and Labour

Firm and fast in closest bond,
Stand we one and all ;
In compactest Union strong,
Who apart would fall ;
Onward is our noble aim,
To upraise the workman's fame,
Diligence and skill,
And by thrifty store laid by,
Stave we off the needy's cry,
In the day of ill.

Blind mistake and harsh mistrust,
'Gainst us raise a few;
But we'll prove their slanderous dust,
Utterly untrue ;
For when food and fuel were high, ...
And our dames for their supply
Asked for a trifle more,
Then, by whom we all respect,
Our just want was duly met,
And the case was o'er.

Capital and Labour seem
By our Maker joined ;
Are they not like giant twins
In the world of mind ?
What can Labour do alone ?
Grind its nose against the stone,
Turn a gristless mill !
What can Capital indeed
By itself ? But hoard its seed,
Eat a golden pill. (4th stanza)

But 'tis true that Capital
All the risk must run,
Like a ship exposed to all
Winds beneath the sun ;
Feels the first trade's ebb and flow,
Most keen competition know,
So 'tis just and meet,
Labour should co-operate,
And to help with all their might
Masters to compete. (7th stanza)

In this age of enterprise
We must never lag,
When within our port there flies
Every nation's flag ;
Nor permit to meet his eye,
Who so keenly could decry,
German, Frank, or Russ ;
What has been exposed too far,
Trades disputes and social jar,
In the midst of us. (8th / final stanza)¹²

Although the rhyme scheme of the eight stanzas is uneven and the language is awkward, the imagery reinforces not only the unified stance of the societies, but also their interconnectedness with 'Capital'. Perhaps the strongest censure here is the 'slandorous dust' found in the second stanza, but this reference to a specific dispute is mitigated by the prospect of co-operation and cohesion with the 'Masters'. This poem is more specifically trade orientated and offers a rare glimpse, in terms of the friendly society publications, of the common ground between the trade unions and the friendly societies, in the face of industrial disputes and international competition. Importantly, it distinguishes between the members' calls for responsibility in the reciprocal relationships between employers and employees, as opposed to visions of socialism.

Towards the end of the century, a stronger sense of anger is found in a selection of the poetry. M. Moor's verse rejects Thor Coles' images of 'patriots' and 'English hearts':

¹² 'Capital & Labour', Public dinner of Boiler Makers' and Hull South Friendly Society, pamphlet 1872 (Appendix I, p.314).

I have heard of freedom. Men say
Her name is on British ground.
To sweeten the toil of the passing day
To brighten life's dull round.
Yet she is but little else to me
Than an empty, meaningless sound.¹³

The personification of freedom as an absent companion adds weight to the writer's personal expression of despair, thus making 'her' absence felt all the more keenly. As mentioned, much of the later poetry echoes this writer's stance. It perhaps reflects the loss of individual control over the friendly societies' domain as it began to be absorbed by the state. Alternatively, it may solely express scepticism about public life.

Moor's anger is forcefully voiced in the poetry of miner, James Welsh. The militant tone of much of Welsh's poetry reflects the friendly societies' more public militancy in the final years of the nineteenth century, and their support for striking trade unionists, as discussed in Chapter 1. His writing probably drew added strength from the growth of the Socialist movements of the time, and more particularly, from the emergence of the Independent Labour Party, which he was to join later. Welsh combines personal anger and social injustice with a literary method at once accessible and profound, marrying social and economic systems with the mining landscape, as in his poem, 'Labour':

Labour

Born to the thorn and the rod
With only the dreams of sublime,
Where life like a storm shod god
Romps down the halls of time;
Bright gleam the stars in the sky,

¹³ M. Moor, 'I have heard of freedom, men say', possibly produced for Cirencester Friendly Society, circa 1898.

Sweet is the wind on the moor,
Grovel I must and pass by
To die, 'mid the slime and the hoar

I know not the sweets of the rose,
Bend, grind and labour I must,
Wind 'mong the pines never blows
For me – only wild storms of lust,
Surge through my big hulking frame,
(Love for me was never meant,)
Braised by their force and their flame,
Tamed only when they are spent.

Robbed of the laurels of life
Robbed of the power to enjoy
Robbed of desire to employ
Ideals and efforts and dreams
Tastes that are almost divine
Giving the poet his themes,
Ah!, what a heritage mine-

Conceived in the mine and the murk
Born in the slut¹⁴ and the slime
Rocked in the tempest of work
Fed on the garbage and grime.
Lasted thro' the dungeons of life
Like sins thro' the horrors of hell
Stabbed by the storm like a knife-
Curse on the things that I tell!

Brute-lust and self rule my lot,
Ideals for me can't exist.
Fancy with me cannot float
Where gods by the angels are kissed;
Braised in a hell upon earth
Scorched in a hell when I die
I should have sought better by birth
When calling to life passing by.¹⁵

¹⁴ The precise meaning for the word 'slut' in this context can only be guessed at. 'Sluther' was an early (c1900) Scottish term for any wet or slimy substance, mud, mire, or filth. Also, a 'slut' was a rag which had been greased, usually with animal fat, and this was used as a candle, one of the original ways of providing light in coal mines before the development of tallow lamps. The word 'slut' is also used in a slightly different version of this poem which appeared in Welsh's later collection of poems, James C. Welsh, *Songs of a Miner*, (London: Herbert Jenkins Limited, 1917), pp.72-74.

¹⁵ James Welsh, Nottingham branch of Oddfellows, 'Labour' pamphlet, c1900.

For Welsh, there is no freedom of will. One is, '*born* to the thorn and the rod.' Such a life is predestined to be lived and to end, 'mid the slime and the hoar.' Welsh's speaker is perhaps parodying Satan. In the Miltonesque hell of his world, perdition is a result of birth rather than circumstance. For example, Milton's Satan was:

Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire, (I.33-48)

In Welsh's imagery, his speaker does not descend to hell, nor does he escape it, for he is 'conceived' and lives there, in 'the dungeons of life'. The sublime powerful forces of nature capture and merge the miner's human form with the subterranean landscape. Even lust is not accompanied by love, 'Love for me was never meant,' but lust too, becomes a quickly spent force. The speaker has been, 'Robbed of the power to enjoy.' There is no journey to a Garden of Eden. The physical body is a victim of a world of brutality, and the spiritual self is reduced to one where, 'Ideals [for me] can't exist.' The mind is not a temporal site imbued with a spiritual love for the world, but reduced to its physical output, 'a big hulking frame' where 'Brute-lust and self rule my lot.'

Welsh's poem neither appeals for help nor does it call for action; its images are ones of degradation and oppression. His ironic reference to his own environment and inspiration, that of 'slime and hoar', are contrasted to those which give a 'poet his themes' in the third stanza, and which he has been 'robbed of.' The poem's strategy is realised through the interrelation between its title and the imagery of being 'conceived', 'born' and 'labour[ing]' amongst the slut and

the slime. Images of 'laurels' are a play on words between those found in nature, and material rewards. The irony of the penultimate line, 'I should have sought better by birth' alludes to hegemonic domination, knowing the impossibility of 'seeking' better by 'birth.' Unlike, say, Plummer's poem, Welsh censures the dreadful nature of his work, rather than simply its poor rewards. His anger takes a more specific focus in this next poem. Here, he relates coal, as the product of his labour, back to those who consume it:

THE MINER

Down in the deep, sunless murk,
Guiltless of laughter and mirth,
Playing an epic of work,
Here in the guts of the earth ;
That which was forests of trees-
Flowers of the ages long gone,
Come we to hive-human bees-
Honey of gold for the drone.

You who in comfort and ease
Sit by your fireside and mourn,
Torn by imagined disease,
Know ye 'tis life that ye burn ;
Life in the lives of strong men
Crude with the task of their toil,
Work that's a prayer full of pain
Prayed to the gods of the soil.

Prayers that are curses and groans,
Agonies moulded in tears,
Pictures in jettest of tones
Paint we to portray our years ;
Hope of the ages we know
Only in times of our dreams...
Masters, why should it be so ?
Why should life prosper your schemes ?

We've fashioned your fabric of dreams,
Built by the gold of our blood.
Passions we spill as Life streams
And roars to its rim in full flood ;

We'll laugh at the threats of your god,
We'll yet mock the things that you tell,
Death cannot equal Life's load,
We'll live a Utopia in Hell.

You've built from our lives your success,
Ye swear now 'tis war to the knife,
Your progress is shaped to oppress,
Ye spare neither children nor wife ;
The gold ye have set for your crown
We'll melt in the streams of your blood,
By the god that ye worship and own
We'll whelm all your schemes in its flood.

Down in the deep, sunless murk,
Guiltless of laughter and mirth,
Playing an epic of work,
Here in the guts of the earth ;
Hell has no terrors for men
Born to forbear with such load,
Scorn we its promise of pain
And laugh in the face of your god. ¹⁶

Again, confinement in an underground Miltonesque hell is narrated through a vision of the sublime. The mine becomes a site for the realization and rising up of human potential, 'in the guts of the earth/Hell has no terrors for men'. The irony of the opening images is in the counter-pastoral, antonymic rural scene of, 'That which was forests of trees-'. The trees of the subterranean forest are now coal, the pastoral landscape is subverted into a dystopic world where the 'Pictures [are] in jettest of tones'. His creativity is reduced to 'Playing an epic of work' amid the 'sunless murk.' The hegemonic relationship between the worker and the 'drone' is imbued with visions of exploitation and oppression; the miners have become 'human bees' to 'hive/honey of gold for the drone.' This imagery is extended in

¹⁶ James Welsh, 'The Miner', Oddfellows pamphlet, c1900. (Appendix I, p.308).

the second stanza with the charge to those that burn the coal, 'Know ye 'tis life that ye burn.' This assessment of hegemonic relations is escalated by the shift from the 'drone' of the first stanza, to 'Masters' in the third stanza. Although the metaphor for 'gold' becomes a little vague - it starts as 'honey' in the first stanza and becomes 'fabric' in the fourth - this does not detract from the intense voice of Welsh's poem, nor its rich and powerful metaphor.

Tommy Armstrong, also a miner, wrote ballads during the 1880s and 1890s. Martha Vicinus comments that Armstrong's works 'are closer in feeling to the protest songs of an earlier generation.'¹⁷ She argues that one of Armstrong's songs, in contrast to the songs written during the 1844 strike, articulates 'a sense of self-pride that the candymen cannot destroy.'¹⁸ This sense of self-pride is implicit in Welsh's poems. His tone reflects authority and confidence in his collective class position, to the extent that he challenges the 'Masters' with the threat that, 'The gold ye have set for your crown /We'll melt in the streams of your blood.' The final stanza repeats the visions of suffering of the first stanza, but charges it with an uncompromising threat to his exploiters to 'laugh in the face of your god' since, 'Death cannot equal Life's load'. Thus, Welsh does not identify with a higher cause, which Vicinus observes to be present in the writing of miners during the first half of the century.¹⁹ An active trade unionist, Welsh declared that, 'Miner I am, poet I may be - but let not the world think there is a

¹⁷ Martha Vicinus, The Industrial Muse: a Study of Nineteenth Century British Working-Class Literature, (London: Croom Helm, 1974), pp.220-221.

¹⁸ candymen were rag-and-bone merchants hired to help with evictions from company-owned housing during a strike -Vicinus, 1974, p.220.

¹⁹ Vicinus, 1974, p.62.

virtue in the combination.'²⁰ Perhaps Welsh felt that the increasingly organised working classes did not now need this religious imagery to give them the courage to pursue social justice. He was anxious that his writing received recognition for its working-class culture, its politics and economics. Obviously, coming from a mining family, the history of the miners' struggles would have been part of his education, and he was active within the trade union movement from an early age.

The vision of collective and united action in Welsh's poems is found in varying forms. Many of the poems appearing during this period leave no doubt as to their purpose, such as the following poem by W.S.Rennie:

Lines to the Zurich Congress

Ye comrades bravely toiling through the turmoil of the years,
See, at last, the sacred cause ye spread in every land appears;
The toilers of the nations, with a grand accord through all,
Uprise to smite oppression down and bid their tyrants fall.

Through immemorial darkness, now the sunbeams burst their way.
The dreary night dispels, and lo! the dawning of the day ;
And the glow of freedom's morning, from the nations evermore,
Scatters all the sullen shadows and the bitter strifes of yore.

No barriers shall divide them when the tyrant's vain commands
Shall not rouse the poor to smite the poor, and stain the smiling lands.
The onward sweep of progress halts not for the great of earth;
They may hug their gods unheeding till they perish in their mirth

The patient, deathless Right shall mount her own imperial throne,
And bid her hosts of every clime to march relentless on,
Till want, and woe, and fraud, and hoary shackles of the past
Are dead and done and crushed to earth, and men are free at last.

To live the lives that seers dreamed, in harmony sublime,
Unknown upon the face of earth since e'er the birth of time,
Oh, fair and free the world will be, and glad its harvests then
For the neighbourhood and brotherhood of all the race of men!²¹

²⁰ James Welsh, 'Labour', 1900.

²¹ W.S. Rennie, 'Lines to the Zurich Congress', 1894. (Appendix 1, p.306). Possibly produced for a local friendly society, the poem's title relates to one of the many annual conferences for

The pluralistic address delivers an uncensored vision of social action. Images of oppressors 'hug[ging] their gods unheeding' projects the poet's vision of how the world could change in the face of united working-class uprising. The poem is also populist in its address, directed to an international audience who shared a long history of injustice. The somewhat awkward composition does not detract from the writer's anticipation of successful, collective achievement. Also written in 1894, by Cameron, the following poem demonstrates melodrama, pathos and declamatory energy:

Freedom

Daring thoughts to-day are moving in the world's uneasy breast.
And her fitful hopes are streaming with an ominous unrest;
Now a vague suspense is brooding over court and mart and slum,
And the Czars and Kings are dreading that their day of doom has come,
For the world upheaves for freedom and she will not strive in vain,
As of old when racial hatred darkened all her heart and brain.
The estranging bars are falling from her children ever more,
'Till the foremen turn to brothers, knowing neither rich nor poor;
Sharing all the gifts of science and her wonders manifold;
All the glory of her triumphs over nature's want and cold;
Sharing each in her revealing of the wonders near and far,
All the sparkle of the shell and all the splendour of the star...

So the *poet* sheds his glamour, but the miserable poor
Have no share in winter's glory, but for them disasters sure,
But the sordid, slushy alley, and the broken mouldy stair,
The dripping roofs and cheerless streets, their ugly homes are bare.
They know how little children, in the weird December light,
Shiver round their empty grates, and how their mothers in affright,
Shun the drunken wretch who sought him, from his frenzy of despair,
Refuge in the deadly gin shop, till he left his manhood there,

workers' movements were held in Zurich during the last decade of the nineteenth century, typically to discuss Socialism and the protection and advancement of working people.

Oh, the hapless sires that infant lips so vainly ask for bread.
While the shameless idlers riot in the wealth their hands have made.
Ah; the human souls that sink to gulfs that hold them ever more
When the winter's icy spectre brings starvation to the poor.²²

The poet identifies himself with the suffering poor. For Cameron, poetry is to do with oppression, and not pastoral idylls: what can the 'miserable poor' know of winter's glory. The address is populist, accentuated by rhyming couplets. His reference to a poet 'shed'[ding] his glamour contrasts a poet's idealised vision of winter to the misery winter brings to the poor. This reference may also allude to the involvement of many well known poets in the socialist movement of the time. The lack of metaphors enhances the contrast between the images of the first stanza and that of the last, the shift from a national vision to a local, domestic one. It is unashamedly polemical, and its sentiments are designed to appeal to the shared experiences of a working-class collective, as its intended audience.

While reflecting the era's socialist movements more closely, it would be difficult to argue that the friendly societies envisaged (or indeed, wanted) socialism as a future prospect, despite their writers' most radical verse. Although the incidence of this protest poetry is small, its significance is in the historical sweep of the narrative, and the sense in which exploitation is the product of a long history of injustice. This gives the poetry both a sense of seriousness and a sense of purpose. It also points to the writers' view of poetry as a trans-historical discourse on national matters.

²² W.N. Cameron, in W.N. Cameron & W.S. Rennie, 1894. Possibly produced for a local friendly society. (Appendix 1, p.296).

Conclusion

The little researched area of the friendly society movement prompted this project while the work of historians Simon Cordery and Trygve Tholfsen were the most relevant to the task of sifting and evaluating it. Both historians identified the tension between the societies' public discourse, which appeared to support the mid-Victorian 'consensus,' and the societies' 'conscious and responsible decision not to surrender to middle-class values.'¹ They also argued that the friendly societies were engaged in an ideological contest to gain independence from both the state and middle-class supervision, and that they were 'politically active,'² and this approach was applied to the creative writing, which has been selected for its implicit political edge. While Tholfsen's dismissal of the publications' fiction as merely 'sentimentalizing social reality and romanticizing relations between employers and employees,'³ may apply to some of the work, much of the material that has been examined here, as has been seen, engages with the political tension identified by these historians.

It may be that such writing is significant not only for its touches of literary skill, but also for the articulation of its authors' place in society. Certainly, being able to write imaginatively at all is notable, given the demands of the

¹ Simon Cordery, 'Friendly Societies and the Discourse of Respectability in Britain, 1825–1875', *Journal of British Studies*, 34, (January, 1995), pp.40-41.

² Simon Cordery, *British Friendly Societies: 1750-1914*, (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2003), p.4.

³ Trygve Tholfsen, *Working Class Radicalism in Mid-Victorian England*, (London: Croom Helm, 1976), p.292.

members' working lives. As for merely supporting consensus values, their writing suggests a tension between establishing a balance between artistic form and expression of their movement's position in Victorian society. For example, the young protagonist in Charles Marshall's story, 'Old Misery, The Miser', is the mouthpiece for the author, carrying the moral dilemma of condoning or condemning the 'mob's' actions, or supporting the miser's attempts to make good his past wrongs. He does not conform to the character-type that Jonathan Rose observes in novels, namely that the working classes may be represented as many things, but not thoughtful.⁴ The portrayal of the working person as rational and thoughtful may be seen not only in Marshall's writing, but also in Kingston's, 'Not Gilded, But Golden' where it is the carver who challenges the middle-class Hardens' negative summary of working people. Kingston's story also represents the organisations' wish that they be allowed to work independently, without intrusion into their lives. He also depicts the interrelation of all classes through work, and the cycle of dependency this entails for all social groups, but importantly, without one group being subsumed by another. Sometimes, the political and social messages in their fiction may appear to be confined by the societies' desire to present a 'respectable' face to the ever vigilant observers of their organisations during the period. The political consciousness that these writers sought to engender, however couched, would affirm their organisations' continual exposé of their members' vulnerability and their struggle, as did John Hinchliffe's depiction of the medical hierarchy and its impact on all classes.

⁴ Rose, Jonathan, The Intellectual Life of the British Working Classes, (New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 2001), p.398.

The focus on medical provision highlighted working people's resistance to their health and welfare being constructed without regard to the impact of structural factors upon their lives, such as extreme poverty. This response may be viewed as a locus of State intervention into this previously self-managed area of people's lives, a debate that is current today. Their perceptions may also suggest how health and disease, and health or sickness-related behaviour, may have fitted in with the everyday pattern of their lives. The relationship between biomedicine and individual accounts of health is, of course, ongoing.

Apart from constructing sequences in their stories to reinforce their own respectability, the absence of overt class bias (as opposed to censure of the excesses of capitalism) in their fiction may serve to mediate between their own political thinking and that of their working-class readers; they thereby sought to awaken or heighten the latter's political awareness rather than use literature to increase social tension. In places, they amalgamate and re-present class conflict in ways which counteract the negative stereotyping of their class and which explore the potential for change. The most common feature of the writing is the emphasis on collective interests above individual ones; additionally, it stresses the reciprocal responsibilities of capital and labour.

The poetry too, frequently speaks in a collective voice. The poets' subjects range from wry comparisons of their own class position in context with their lives as poets, to contemporary social concerns of inequality and injustice, and to the sense of alienation wrought by their newly industrialised lives. For instance, Ruth Wills's, 'Age of Gold', questions the universal visions of poetry, whilst Williams juggles with his vision of himself, as both 'poet and warrior.' Effie's poem, 'The

Muse', questions her exclusion from not only the poet's world, but also her enforced exclusion from the natural environment. James Welsh's sense of exclusion from the natural world may be a metaphor for varying degrees of entrapment. There was a certain shift towards the end of the century; perhaps this indicates that there was an increasing sense of alienation, and this was considered through E. Spawton's expression of dystopic, psychological landscapes.

This feeling of alienation or isolation may not have resulted solely from top-down power structures by any means, for the respectability that the friendly societies sought to achieve for their working-class members as individuals, was undermined on many fronts, not least by the contemporary fictional representations of working people. In the writing of Arthur Morrison's, A Child of the Jago⁵ Morrison's representations of the working classes added to earlier negative stereotypical images of working people. These counteract the image of sobriety and responsibility which these organisations worked to develop, and the reworking of such negative images surfaces in their writing. As such, their writing adds to the literary histories of that time.

On a wider scale, their fiction intercedes and adds to contemporary fictional representations of working people's place in a nation where the population was being increasingly represented as an aggregate. It engages with many naturalised assumptions or external agendas and contradictions that are characteristic of the complexities of Victorian society. For example, the writers expose attempts to conflate their identities with social problems, legitimating

⁵ Arthur Morrison, A Child of the Jago [A novel], (London: Methuen, 1896).

surveillance and ultimately intervention into their lives, both within contemporary literature and in the public sphere.

However, as with any other historical source, the writing contains inherent distortions and biases. Certainly, the writers are not entirely representative of their organisations' membership, if only because they are unusually articulate. Furthermore, the obvious bias in favour of collectivism is to be expected given that the essence of the organisations *was* co-operation rather than individual striving. However, having said this, in many ways it seems likely that the writing is representative of the outlook of a large proportion of working people, since the membership was made up of people who could see that help could only come from their own class at that time, and only through financial support. This bias can also be mitigated by the fact that the majority of writers were not prominent members of these organisations. Although Tom Coales achieved the position of Provincial Grand Master, and Charles Marshall did rise to the position of secretary of his local branch, many others held no position at all. As such, they would have little vested interest in promoting the aims of the organisations above their own.

Other limitations of this thesis stem from locating sources that are representative of what is ultimately a large body of writing. For example, the two main friendly societies alone, the Oddfellows and Ancient Order of Foresters, produced monthly and/or quarterly publications throughout the greater part of the century, and there were regional variations among these. Furthermore, the extent of loose leaf extracts of others friendly societies' publications can only be guessed at, since many record offices have some local friendly society material. Also,

some friendly societies which still exist, but have become commercial assurance organisations, may possibly have further holdings in their possession. This has necessarily meant being selective. Some individual writers deserve a complete study of their own, as no doubt do some who do not appear in this project at all. Certainly future research could experiment with a different sample or approach. For instance, selecting writing by women only might provide a fascinating, but equally substantial investigation, where a critical feminist approach might allow for wider readings. But as mentioned in the Introduction, this would be more fruitful if taken from an earlier period when women-only friendly societies, or friendly societies where women played an active role, were more plentiful than in the period of this project. Having said this, it may be that other organisations that were formed with a specifically feminist agenda, such as The Women's Co-operative Guild, founded in 1883 as a female mutual improvement association, would possibly prove to be a valuable source of writing by working-class women during this period. However, since the majority of the friendly societies were formed to protect the position of the working class individual in relation to the harsh conditions that prevailed for both men and women, social relations between classes, rather than specifically gender relations, were considered to be paramount for this study.

A further limitation of this study is that by considering their work from a cultural materialist stance, there is the danger of merely constructing an alternative identity for the writers, by applying the very tools of a cultural pedagogy that the writers sought to challenge. However, perhaps only by being incorporated into the debates centring on literature, values, attitudes and moral

and social distinctions of the period can their writing challenge ways in which norms are contested. We must presume that the writers wanted their imaginative writing to be read for its own value, without the focus of attention being merely upon them and their lowly positions within society.

The organisations were undoubtedly successful in setting out to provide for a large number of working people in the absence of any wide-ranging state provision during a period when both the economy and also political tensions fluctuated quite drastically. Against this background, the very characteristics of class-consciousness and solidarity that united these writers were also the characteristics that isolated them from a middle class public who feared and mistrusted their demands for better wages and working conditions. Choosing to represent their class position in the context of these external forces, both fictionally and within the conventions of the literary establishment, the writers suggest an intellectual as well as a political command of their relationship to both literature and to the state. To dismiss the creative writing without first considering its potential for agency⁶, would leave the writers marginalised and outside of literary discussions and histories, which is, without question, what they sought to redress in all aspects of their lives.

⁶ Here, 'agency' is used in the Marxist sense, that is, as the positive and creative act/power of an individual.

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CHAPTER I.

It is a perfect morning in May, one of those days of cloudless beauty so rare in this changeable climate of ours. The spring has been cold and backward, and it seemed as if the long winter had got on him a hold of the earth, that it defied all the feeble attempts of the young spring to dislodge him. But to-day the grim tyrant has received his death-blow and slinks away, while spring laughs merrily at his discomfiture. It is a day which makes all living things creep out into the warmth and light, and rejoice in very existence. The warm breath of summer is in the air, bursting the apple-buds and opening the pretty flowers, which seem as if awakening with a yawn from their long winter sleep. The birds sing as if they would burst their throats in their vocal rivalry. The cows lie peacefully under the budding elms, lazily showing the curl with an air of sentimentous satisfaction, and staring dreamily at the big black crows around them, who, dressed in their glossiest black, are busy digging for worms. The solar sloop, with many a blast of maternal solicitude, have some difficulty in looking after their frolicsome charges, whose tails vibrate ecstatically as they leap and gambol for pure merriment; while the sun looks down upon the glad earth with a smile of bland approval.

But he seems to shine with especial satisfaction upon a certain old-fashioned country garden, as, indeed, well he might. It was one of those delightful gardens, now, alas! so rare, in which a hundred quaint old perfumes mingled; where the modest but useful mint and sage found a place, as well as the gaily tulip and stately lily. It was inclosed by tall brick walls, which were covered with closely-pruned fruit trees, its trim walks edged with box; here and there, at the corners of the walks, and in front of the old red-brick Fitzrobian house, several shrubs cut into all manner of curious and fantastic shapes—here a peacock, there a crutching lion,—while a perfect grove of lilacs made the air heavy with their exquisite perfume.

"Why, Gile, you have not put those tulips where I told you to after all."

"No, Miss. I thought as how they'd look better here."

"Dear, dear; what an obstinate old man you are to be sure!" How shall I describe Grace Harting as she stands there, browed in hand, in garden gloves and brown holland apron, with her broad-brimmed garden hat slipping her face? What is more difficult than to convey to the mind of even an intelligent reader some real mental picture of the human form divine? Not that Grace was by any means a beauty, her features were too irregular for that, and yet their very irregularity lent a peculiar charm. The mouth was too large for perfect beauty, but it was none the less lovely on that account, and was, indeed, a very bewitching sort of mouth; especially so when it parted into a smile proverbial among her friends for its sweetness, revealing teeth which defied criticism. But this in a mere conjuring with descriptions, a chattering on the brink unworthy of a man and a historian; so I will proceed to catalogue my heroine's personal appearance for the benefit of my proverbially gentle readers.

Grace Harting, then, was a fair type of the comely English maiden. Eyes of a rich hazel brows looked at you with a quiet intensity of gaze, before which all things impure slunk away ashamed; and which, together with the tender curves of the mouth, revealed depths of true womanly affection. Her glossy brown hair, shining golden where the sun lights lovingly upon it, is loosely coiled beneath the large straw-hat which frames her face as in a picture. A broad fair brow, full of intelligence; while the cheeks have a hollow in them telling of grief and trouble beyond her years, for Grace is motherless. No, it is not a perfect face, scarcely even a beautiful face; but it is eminently one of those faces upon which one likes to look, remembered with delight and a fidelity of detail, when more perfect features are forgotten. Was it not that Lytton who divided womankind into women who can love—love in earnest, faithfully; and women who cannot, who are incapable of any love,—unless it be for themselves? Grace was prominent in the former class.

Giles, always glad of an opportunity to rest, has been leaning upon his spade, regarding his young mistress with quiet approval, as she gathers her spring merriness. But Giles, like all gardeners, is an ascetic; and it is quite peculiarly that he speaks, throwing down his spade and approaching her.

"Now, I do declare, Miss! If you 'ave'n't been an' gathered them late polyanthus as I war a leavin' for seed! It's not a bit o' good trying to keep anythin' you allus goes an' gathers it." And snuffing discontentedly he resumes his spade.

"Oh you tire some old man, just as if there were not plenty left! What a tyrant you are, Giles! Give over grubbing now, do. How is your rheumatism this morning?"

"Well it be rather better this mornin', it be. That tierce stuff as you give me did it a most a good."

Giles was quite a character in his way. He was a queer crusty old fellow, full of schemes and plans, opinionated to the last degree, but passionately devoted to his mistress. Not that he would even own to that weakness, being in the habit of delivering scathing denunciations upon—"them women." He rather prided himself upon concealing his devotion to Grace under cover of ill-humour, which, however, especially meted under her winning smiles and presence. If, on some occasion of especial sentiment, he relapsed into a "my dear," he carefully endeavoured to efface the impression of tenderness by unusual gruffness and rudeness. He was, he used to say, a "Fisopher"; and was looked up to with much veneration for his learning, achievements, and knowledge of life—having once lived for six months in London—at the village schoolhouse.

"Well, now, don't you think you were a silly old man not to use the liniment before? Confess, Giles, you don't *always* know best."

"I'm not again' to confess anythin' o' the sort. Now then, you young dog; harem-scarum you're a jumping to. Ah he could keep a garden tidy wif such walk like deesent folk?"

Giles certainly had some ground for complaint, for a handsome young fellow came running down the long path and cleared an intervening bed with a flying leap, which, however, had but an inch or two to spare.

"I'm surely did not think, Grace," panted the youth, "that old crusty wig would admit any such thing?"

That his transparent wig passed for a fine head of hair.

"(Indeed, Harold, how you make me jump! that of breath again, you are always running. When shall you cease to be Harold Harfoot?)"

"Why, next week, when all being well, I shall be Harold Harfoot, club-hopper, country host, farmer's boy no longer; but Mr. Harold Boulgers, Bankers' clerk, London!"

"Never."

"Yes, it has come to pass at last, and next week I go."

Harold Boulgers looks a fine handsome lad as he stands there talking eagerly, flushed and excited, scarce looking his mistress's years. His is a winning hand-thick clustering curls of chestnut brown, and a many open smile full of easy confidence; for life has been pretty much of a holiday to him as yet. But to the careful physiognomist there is a look of weakness and indigestion about the mouth, a lack of settled character which betrays the look of strength. But still his is a face full of promise, and he is a very winning lad, the joy and pride of his mother's heart—even if she is sometimes a little anxious as to his future; while all the village, except Giles, whom he loves to tease, has a good word for Harold Boulgers.

Grace has turned slightly from him as he talks to her, with a wistful expression in her eyes.

"But what does your father say to your going away?" she asks, breaking her long silence. "He had not his heart upon your being a farmer, and, in time, taking his place."

"Well, at first, as you know, he would not hear of it, but he had to come round, and when this situation was offered to me, my mother persuaded him."

"Poor mother!" sighed Grace, softly realising the self-sacrifice involved. "Yes, that is just like you, Grace. Of course it is awfully good of the water, but then I do think it is 'poor me,' as well. It was no use their trying to keep me at home, continued the lad impudently, "I am not cut out for a farmer. I hate the slow, tedious, uneventful life; plod, plod, plod, day in day out; just like a stupid old cart-horse. I hate this sleepy hum-drum village, where nothing ever happens, nor ever will. I want to go out into the world amongst men, to use my wits and brain in competition. I want to be amongst markets and exchanges, where money passes quickly and in large quantities. Oh! I am sick of all this; waving his hand comprehensively, "I want life, real life, not mere existence."

"Have you grown so tired of us then, Harold?" she asks, with a slight quiver in her voice, "that you are so anxious to leave us?"

"Tired of you? Why, of course not—that is what my mother always says. I have simply grown too large for the old nest, too old for the leading strings, that is all. I feel fully grown and stogged now, and want to use my wings, to walk alone a little."

"Poor little bird!"

"Now you are laughing at me, Grace! You would not have me *always* stop at home; it would not be good for me. Byron would never have written 'Child Harold' if he had stopped at home."

"No, perhaps not; it is natural, I suppose. And yet Burns was a ploughman, and Wordsworth was content with a cottage home among the lakes. It will seem strange to think of Lamplough without you," she added plaintively.

"And what is this wonderful situation you are offered?"

"Now don't you make fun, Miss Grace; it is a splendid opening, I can tell you. Many a young fellow would jump at the chance of being in the 'London and Counties' Bank. Look at their branches up and down the country. Why, I should bet the head manager in London gets ten thousand a year! Fancy that! And if I work hard, what is to prevent my becoming a manager?"

Very handsome the lad looked, as they paced up and down the garden, with his eager face and confident eyes. Success seemed assured, almost easy.

"Then fancy living in London, too, there is life if you like; why anything is possible in London!"

"And you are really and truly going, Harold?" she asks, slightly compressing those firm lips.

"Yes, I go next Monday, the day after to-morrow. Father gave his consent yesterday. I would not tell you till I was quite certain. This time next month I shall have fairly got my foot upon the bottom rung of the ladder of fortune."

"I hope so, I am sure. Shall you always be so confident, Harold?" and then, continuing hastily to divert the criticism in his face, "Some day, when the great fortune is made, you will come driving a grand carriage and pair through Lamplough, and I shall be partaking in our front garden, in my old broom hat and garden-apron and gloves; and you will go rattling past in a cloud of dust, and when I drop you a lowly curtsy you will say to yourself—"

"I wonder who that old woman is? Secured to fancy she know me too."

"Oh, Grace! how can you talk such nonsense?" he asked warmly, putting his hand, brotherly-wise, on her shoulder, "you know I could never forget you!"

"Are you quite sure, sir? Not even when you are the Bank Manager—perhaps even Lord Mayor of London?"

"All right, young lady," he laughs gaily. "I mean to make my way some how. You see, some day I will be a rich man, and then I will buy the Old Hall, and you and your husband must come and stay with me."

"Thank you, kindly, sir!—curtseying low. "What a boy you are for dreaming, giving yourself wealth and me a husband all in one breath. You know very well I have determined to be an old maid."

"Rubbish! You will be no old maid, in spite of all your prudish and proper ways. As to dreaming, where is the harm if you turn your dreams into realities? Once in London the world is open before me, and all things are

possible. You see if my dreams do not come true. Some day I will be a rich man—perhaps even a baronet, who knows?"

"Oh, Harrie! You foolish boy; where will you stop? You are counting your chickens before the very eggs are laid. Why, even the rooks at the Hall are laughing at you; listen to them."

And then, laying her hand, in frank sisterly fashion, within his arm, while the mortification tides out of her eyes, leaving them reverent and serious, she addressed a woman. "I hope all will come to pass that is good for you, Harold. Prosperity is some men's greatest enemy; it seems to canker and destroy all that is good in them."

"No you think that riches would spoil me?" he asks petulantly. "You must think very poorly of me, Grace."

"No, I do not; but I cannot forget what is the fate of those who 'make haste to be rich.' Do you remember what Tennyson says:—

"How'er it be, it seems to me,

The only noble to be good;

And simple faith than Norman blood."

"Dear little Puritan," he answers affectionately, touched by her earnestness; "how you do love to preach to me. You seem to think London spells perdition."

"No, I don't, Harold; but I think I know better than you seem to what temptations you will be amongst. You are young and impetuous, easily led to good or evil; but no temptation can harm you if, by God's help, you are honest and true."

"All right, old lady," he answers gaily, not caring to show how much he is moved. "We will see if we cannot please you somehow. Now that is quite enough preaching for one day. Come with me home, my mother wants to see you."

They saunter leisurely through the village's one street, every stone and shrub of which is an old familiar friend. The children are pouring out of the National School—little rosy-cheeked, white-pinafored girls, and brown sturdy-looking archers, whose curly pony pockets bulge out with all manner of strange boyish treasures. One flaxen-haired little maiden of six runs up to Grace, and shyly offers her a bunch of early crab-apple blossom. At the corner, against the village pump—which is still massed in straw and sucking its usual winter's overcoat—his usual post of observation, is lounging Billy Kilger, the village idiot, enjoying the bright spring sunshine. He is overcome with laughter at seeing the "pretty lady," as he calls her, a laughter generally ending in tears—as on this occasion.

"Well, Billy," she says to him, kindly, "what a beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss," he answers delightedly, half crying and half laughing, and twisting his hat in his hands, "there be quite a lot o' lambs now, miss."

This ready answer is too much for poor Billy's gravity; he lays his head affectionately upon the handle of his old friend the pump, and they leave him there, laughing and crying at his ease.

The sun is flicking the pretty little village, with its tiled and thatched roofs, on many of which the snowy pigeons mate and coo; the windmill on the hill behind is turning gravely round, on business intent; the tender green of the young fir-trees contrasts deliciously with the dead-brown bracken and the grey rocks; the rooks murmur alambrouly in the distance; and the vane on the church-steeple glitters brightly in the sun as the light breezes play with it—what a picture the pretty little village makes in the glad spring sunshine! But to Harold these old familiar sights have lost their charm, the gold within his reach has turned to dross; while his eyes are fixed upon the gilt of the horizon. Here might he live a life of simple, healthful happiness, with an assured place in the hearts of those around him, in comfort if not in plenty. But, ambition has laid her hand upon him, and so he is leaving his old familiar surroundings; even now the mills are being unfurled and the capstan manned, and so, like some baroque, fair to see and full of promise, he ventures into unknown waters, being "Outward Bound."

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER II.

ALMOST the first lesson learned by Harold Rodgers in the great city was that he must unlearn much that he had previously learned. Nurtured in a village, accustomed to the society of ladies, his susceptibilities received many a rude shock; while he speedily realised the truth that nowhere can one be so lonely as in a crowded city. The change of occupation and the confinement, together with the excitement of his new life and duties, at first bore down upon him heavily, so that he was only too thankful to get to his rooms in the evening and rest. At first, too, he made no friends, and it required all his manhood to keep back the hot tears at some particularly malicious jest, *appreso rivi*, or biting sarcasm. But his natural spirit of good-humour and good-fellowship soon conquered the critics of the bank in which he was placed, and he speedily became hail-fellow-well-met not only with his fellow clerks but with other young men in a similar position. Gradually he began to cast the slough, as he called it, of rusticity, and emerge the regular "city-man;" neat, natty, and spruce, with top-hat, black suit, and immaculate linen. But it was not only in his outward man that the change in his life was apparent. Expressions and thoughts which he had been brought up to regard as sacred he found were the subjects of ridicule and caustic mirth. The remark, which at first seemed blasphemous, speedily ceased to excite dislike and repulsion, and he found himself laughing at its epigram or wit without noticing its profanity. Easily led and excited by emulation, he learned the easy lesson of scoffing at religion as sentiment, church-going as a waste of time, and ridiculing the simple faith he had learned at his mother's knee. His assiduity in his duties made him well spoken of by his superiors, and fortune smiled upon him; but in those rare moments of introspection and clearer vision which come to all of us, Harold Rodgers knew that his feet were treading the primrose path of dalliance, whose ways lead not to sobriety and truth.

He had spent his summer holiday at home, where he was graciously inclined towards Grace, but heartily preferred his old rustic friends. Many were the confidences that Grace and Harold's mother had together about "their boy," as they affectionately called him. Mrs. Rodgers, with the insight of a woman and a mother, had seen the secret which Grace had fastidiously locked within her own bosom, namely, that she loved Harold with the heartfelt, self-sacrificing love of a woman to whom love was an instinct and a passion. And so these two good women lived but in their affection for the boy, and seeing that his greatest danger lay in his careless confidence in his own strength.

At his summer visit, his three months' life in London had but served to brighten him up and make a man of him, and watchful as mother and friend were, they could as yet detect no stain upon his character; but when he returned to spend Christmas with them, the hearts of both of them sank within them as they exchanged meaning glances. He was even more gentlemanly than before, studiously polite to ladies, but the old frank affection had gone—it was out of fashion to be fond of one's mother. He went to church to oblige his mother, but grieved her to the heart by his so-called witticisms upon the good old Vicar's Christmas sermon. He swore at the servants, drank more than was good for him, and in a hundred ways demonstrated to his anxious mother the change that had come over him.

To Grace, while always polite, he was still more altered, or rather he showed it more frankly. His talk was all of theatres, and other nightly amusements of a still more doubtful character. He was now, he told her, a man of the world, which conviction he endeavoured to bring home to her in a hundred different ways which wrung her heart. The brief days allotted him speedily flew by, and when again he departed it was with a curious feeling of relief and anguish that they bade him good-bye.

Strange that he should be so blind, leaving the substance to pursue the shadow, and totally oblivious of the rich wealth of affection shining on him out of Grace's eyes. And so, for a prolonged season, he departed out of their sight.

His letters, once so constant and frequent, long and closely written, now were intermittent and short and unsatisfactory, and written as if the duty were an irksome one.

On his next visit home, which did not take place till the following Christmas, the still handsome features but too plainly declared the life he had been living. He no longer boasted of riches to be gained and honours to be won, and it was evident that he had largely lost the favour he once had in the eyes of his chiefs. This time, regardless of the grief he caused his mother, and the sharp reproof of his father, he refused to go to the church with them, while his vacant seat seemed to stare at his poor mother all the service through.

As the little congregation streamed out at the close of the morning's service, Harold stood outside the porch, smoking a cigar, and regardless of the many disapproving looks directed at him. Raising his hat to Grace, he walked home with her through the meadows, now crisp and hard with frost. Could he not see the look of yearning love and anxiety in her eyes, that he rattled on in that slipshod, irrevocable way of his fast London life, his acquaintance with low burlesque actresses and dancers, and their midnight orgies, so unbefitting the peaceful Sabbath morning, and the ears of that pure gentlewoman at his side.

Grace saw with a sigh that remonstrance and affection were thrown away upon him; he must "gauge his own gait," and learn the bitter lessons of experience. At last, misled by her continued silence into the belief that he was being unusually entertaining, he repeated to her some story whose wit failed to redeem its grossness. With a calmness which she was far from feeling inwardly, Grace refused to allow him to accompany her further, and left him without another word, leaving the young gentleman considerably ashamed, notwithstanding his city polish.

How many fearful conversations did the two loving women have when their boy had gone back to London? They had been drawn so closely together by their common trouble that Mrs. Rodgers regarded Grace as a daughter, while Grace had insensibly gilded into the habit of calling her "mother."

"You must not give me, dear mother," she said to her one day, after the incident recorded. "I cannot think that my prayers will go unanswered. I have a feeling here," laying her hand upon her heart, "that some day his love will be mine, and that some day we shall be happy—so happy together."

"Ah! Grace, he is not worthy of such love as yours."

"Perhaps not now, mother dear, but some day he will see how foolish he has been, and he will rise purified and strengthened out of the fire."

And so it was, that the greater trial the affection of mother and friend received, the more their hearts went out toward the wandering, prodigal son.

CHAPTER III.

It was the common remark in the bank in which Harold was, that young Rodgers "was going to the bad"; and more than one remonstrated kindly with the young man, asking him to their homes, and endeavouring to draw him back from the downward path he was so rapidly treading. The younger clerks in the bank, to do them justice, were not responsible for the later and more acute stages of this Rake's progression. Harold had got into a bad set—a gambling, drinking, fast-living set. They were young gentlemen, in birth and education at least, and most of them had more money to play with than Harold. The spirit of rivalry and emulation in him would not suffer him to allow himself to be eclipsed, and he was thus led into expenses he could ill afford. This, of course, meant running further and further into debt; but as yet he had incurred nothing more serious than dunning letters and angry creditors.

One evening, Harold, with two other young men, was invited to supper at the house of a Mrs. Devnish, a third-rate beauty, with the manners of a stage courtesan, which seemed to these infatuated young men the same of polished wit and bearing. Mrs. Devnish was, however, simply a decoy duck. She was far too experienced to carry intrigue to any incriminating extent; the real danger was not with her, but with her husband. Col. Devnish, as he called himself, though he was very reticent as to position and achievements in the army, was, briefly, a rook. Ostensibly he lived on his half-pay and his wife's money. In reality, the couple lived upon credit and the gallant colonel's wife—that is, his superior skill in billiards and his successful cheating at cards. The poor fly, its wings entangled in the sticky meshes of the spider's web, has a hundred times more chance of coming off victor with the spider than had these silly pigeons with their relentless rook.

It is a very old story, happening every day; there is no need to describe it in detail. All readers of "Vanity Fair" are well acquainted with the comedy—or ought we not rather to call it the tragedy?—of "The Rook and the Pigeon."

They sat down to cards as the serious business of the evening, after having had a *recherché* little supper (the pastrycook's bill was never "settled") and hearing some pretty French songs, with their pretty love phrases, sung to the company, but at Harold, with a pointedness so flattering as to give him a delicious thrill of gratified vanity.

They began to play what for sixpenny points; but this was ended as slow, and was changed for *solo* whist. Harold's luck was surely, he thought, in the accompaniment, as he turned from the lady's admiring but besotted orbs to count his gains, which amounted to some fourteen pounds.

A fresh bottle of whisky and the conviction above-mentioned, together with a manly desire to be foremost among his fellows as a man-about-town and a *bon vivant*, prompted Harold to suggest chicken hazard. The Colonel, like the generous gentleman that he was, was the only one who demurred. It was, he said, such a game of luck, merely to lose money at. No, no; let them be content with—say Napoleon. But one gentleman, with thickened utterance, counsel him of being afraid to lose his money, at which, of course, the gallant Colonel was compelled to swallow his objection, for was not his honour at stake? No gentleman should say he was afraid to lose his money.

And so they played chicken hazard and brag, which, though they are American amusements, are surely inventions of the Devil, having neither skill nor ingenuity to recommend them. How it all happened Harold could never quite explain, his head throbbing so violently the next morning. He had a confused recollection of someone who was himself and yet who was not himself, smoking and drinking with everyone in turn, perfectly squeezing the head of the Colonel's lady under the table, losing his money, and having his word being a great deal more worth than those highly prized but flimsy pieces of paper. He had a confused notion that he had wanted to wash out an imagined insult in the landlord's "heart's best blood," that the Colonel interfered and made a "pence with honour" between them; whereupon he (Harold) declared that he was his truest friend, and it would afford him the greatest delight to lay down his life for his friend, "as David did for Jonathan—*don't* know!"

He was lying on the sofa in his little sitting-room next morning, feeling wretchedly ill in mind and body, having despatched a letter to the bank, regretting "that a severe bilious attack made it impossible for him to attend to his duties," when the Colonel was announced, looking cool and prim, as usual, and, to quote his own poetic expression, "as fresh as paint."

"Well, my boy, how are you? Ha, ha, ha! God the 'Jip' this morning. I can plainly see. Oh, that's nothing; a J. and S. (Sunday and soda, allow me to explain for the benefit of the uninitiated) will soon pull you together. Don't you trouble to move. I just run in to remind you that I hold L.O.U.'s of yours for £73 18s. 6d., which you promised to pay next Monday. You were so precious groggy that I thought—ha, ha, ha!—it might have slipped your memory. Of course, I can rely upon the ready—*debits of honour, you know.*"

"Oh! of course I shall keep my word, Colonel Devnish, you may rely upon that," said Harold with a pitiful assumption of dignity; and the gallant Colonel withdrew, with many friendly expressions, tender messages from his lady, and advice as to the best remedy for the "Jip."

All as he felt, it was impossible for Harold to lie still, so he went out to see his friends, in the hope of borrowing the money to redeem his honourable debts. But poor Harold had been marked as "going to the bad" too long for this to be possible among his so-called friends, and his pride and shame prevented his applying to those who might have assisted him.

He wondered wearily on the Monday evening, as he received his own L.O.U.—so shakingly scrawled—from the Colonel, in his little bison parlour, with many assurances of the Colonel's conviction that he would "turn up trumps," whether the hell of the burning fire, depicted in an old wood-cut illustration to Dante's *Inferno*, the delight of his childish days, was one-half so hard to bear as the hell in his own bosom.

Next morning a sharp summons to appear before the manager of the bank greeted him, and with blue lips but a passive face he went into the presence of his superior. He had taken the money from his cash drawer, trusting to the chapter of accidents to replace it before the loss should be detected. But his dissipated habits, together with his being so deeply in debt, had occasioned strict watch to be kept over him, and the thief had been discovered that same evening.

To the stern but kindly old gentleman Harold laid bare his past life, with its temptations and falls, and implored, for the sake of his parents, that he should be simply dismissed; but the discipline of the bank had to be maintained, a police officer was sent for, and Harold was charged with embezzlement, and lodged in the Mansion House Police Station. Stunned and crushed, to Harold in his cell the night seemed but a hideous nightmare from which he should awaken with a shudder of relief. At length the long night, every minute of which seemed a month, wore itself away, and he had to go before the stipendiary magistrate. His youth and position, and the fact it was his first indiscretion, together with the wish of the bank authorities not to press the case, procured him the light sentence of three months with hard labour; and Harold Hodgers stepped out of the dock, closely guarded, into the prison van to be conveyed to goal, a common felon.

CHAPTER IV.

It is remarkable the amount of vicarious suffering that there is in the world, sin not only recoiling upon the head of the sinner himself, but involving those nearest and dearest to him. Over the scene at home, when Harold's letter arrived announcing his fall and disgrace, and full of the bitterest self-reproach and regret at the trouble and shame he had brought upon his parents, we draw the veil. It is too sacred for our interference. But it would have been some consolation to poor Harold, expiating his offences in bitter shame and sorrow, had he known that not one word of reproach fell from the living lips at home. What is there that a mother's love cannot excuse? No mention was made of the shame he had brought upon them, of the village gossip, of the disregarded warnings and loving hints; but loving ingenuity found a hundred excuses:—he was so young and knew an little of the world and its wicked ways; was so truthful, so easily led, and quick to believe in a stranger's truth and honesty.

And Grace, though more reticent, in secret cried out in longing after her love. Oh, that she had the right to be near him, to comfort him, to pillow his poor aching head upon her loving breast, while she cried with the poet—

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!
Though the herd should forsake thee, thy shelter is here."

And when, his term of imprisonment completed, Harold returned home, overcome with shame, stealing back under the shelter of night, walking the last ten miles on foot, so that no one should know of his return, the welcome

he received, the sobbing cry with which his mother drew him to her breast, as if to defend him from all the world, sweet as it was, but gave greater poignancy to his grief.

And there arose a great strife and emulation amongst them all as to who should make the most of him, and shield him from the slightest touch of scorn, the mere thought of which was a constant agony to him. If he had performed some grandly heroic deed, almost laying down his life for another, and had been won by ceaseless nursing from the very jaws of death, they could not have been more gentle, more loving, more thoughtful and assiduous in their attention. Until he used to cry out, overcome by their loving kindness.

"Mother, Grace, Father, for God's sake scold me, reproach me, tell me I have blasted your name and ruined your happiness, spurn me from you—or I think my heart will break!"

But time is a great healer, and the old familiar quiet home life, with its peaceful round of duties, the kindly faces of his old friends, the evening prayer, the gentle influence of nature, and the outdoor work and exercise of farm-life—for he could not long be idle—all these soothed him and healed him, and made a man of him again. The fall could never be forgotten, but it ceased to be so prominently before his mind; it seemed as if his youth lay dead and gone behind him, its careless gaiety never again to return. But his sorrow—a sorrow tightly born will always do, and in, indeed, the divinely appointed end of sorrow—has purged him and purified him, has taught him his own weakness, has made him thoughtful and earnest; and so, like the fabled Phoenix, he arises from the fires of affliction, saddened but ennobled, a wiser and a better man.

In all this Grace had perhaps the greatest hand. To her he gradually unfolded the whole foolish history of his weakness and sin; partly because of her infinite sympathy and that "motherliness" which was so soothing and restful, and partly because that with her he did not feel so keenly that sense of having brought about shame and suffering through his own folly, which he did with his mother. It was Grace who soothed him and healed him, it was Grace who pointed out to him gently and lovingly where he had failed and where to look for help and guidance; and to Harold also seemed as an angel of mercy with healing in her wings, a being of another world, living here below but for the good of others.

Some women,—most women, would have been jealous of her influence, but not so Mrs. Rodgers. And so it came to pass that Harold and Grace were thrown much into each other's company through the long winter months.

It was impossible to know Grace, know something of the inner life of that sweet spirit, and not to love her; at least so Harold thought. And the thought that he had alienated himself from her love was the bitterest fruit of all of his sad unloving. In his self-depair and shame he could not see the infinite love for him which shone out of the truthful depths of her brown eyes. He knew her gentle nature, so full of pity and tenderness for the troubled and the erring, and he thought that this feeling alone prompted all her sympathy and affection. She seemed too pure to be lightly approached by such as he, and as to love, marriage, it would be a profanation to ask Grace to become the wife of a man who had been in good.

The situation was abundantly clear to Mrs. Rodgers, but, like a wise woman, she held her peace, feeling sure that these two hearts would eventually come together, and had better do so in their own time and way.

The year went on in its determined plodding way, and winter again was giving place to spring. Again, nature like history was repeating herself, and was unfolding the glad panorama of the spring sights and sounds,—the bleating lambs, the fragrant apple trees, the rapidly greening elms. And as Harold came down the garden path of Mr. Harding's house, where the primroses and the polyanthus nod a friendly greeting, he finds Grace standing as she stood that day when our story opened, with her brown holland apron and gardening hat; and for a moment it seems as if the past years had been but an ugly dream. Never had she looked so beautiful to him before, as he felt with a sharp pang that the day was at hand when he might not even gaze upon her.

"I have come to tell you first, after my mother, my good news. Congratulate me, Grace, I am going to Australia!"

"To Australia!" she said, with white lips, falling back a step or two, to Ann—

"Why, what is the matter, Grace, you look so white?"

"Do I? It is very foolish of me, I do not feel very strong this morning." "It is my fault, I told you so stupidly. Come and sit down in the arbour. I could not have told you before," he continues, when they are seated, "for I did not know myself till this morning. My uncle George, who is a large sheep farmer in Australia, has written,—this is his letter—to ask me to go out to him. He speaks in glowing terms of the life and climate; and my cousin, his only son, having died, he feels lonely and wants me to take my cousin's place. It is just the very thing I should like. And there, where no one knows me, I should be able to throw off this horrible suspicion which haunts me, that everyone I meet is whispering under his breathe—'Gael-bird—got three months for stealing.'"

"I have lost my old happy confidence, but I would make a fresh start out there; and, God helping me, I would strive to deserve success."

He is talking so busily and earnestly that he does not observe his companion's face, neither does he detect the forced calm of her voice as she says—

"Have you quite made up your mind to go?"

"Oh yes. My uncle wants me to go as soon as possible, so I shall sail next month!"

"They both fall into thought, and there is silence for a while.

"Do you remember, Grace, that morning in this garden three years ago when I was going to London? What a vain-glorious boaster I was! Do you remember how you laughed at me then?"

She made a movement of dissent, but could not trust herself to speak.

"Yes, I know now how very ridiculous I was. It is very different now—very; my eyes have opened painfully."

There is another long pause, and Grace's eyes will fill with tears as she looks across the garden, seeing nothing, while Harold traces geometrical patterns on the gravel with his stick.

"I don't know what I shall do without you, Grace," he says at length, earnestly, "you have been as an angel of light to me. I shall not very easily forget our long walks and talks together, and I will try to always act as if you were by my side. Grace, if ever I am a good man once more, it will be all your doing. There! now I have made you cry; what a brute I am!"

"You must try and be a good man for a better reason than that," she answers brokenly.

Again there is a prolonged silence, broken this time by Grace.

"Harold" (surely he must detect the entreaty in her voice), "Harold, need I need you—go?"

"Why, what a question! Do you not see what a splendid opening it is? You ought to be glad for me to go."

How blind he must be, she thinks; but Harold cannot dream that Grace can love him. And yet her manner seems strange, and her face is averted; and, as he catches a glimpse of her tear-stained cheek, a wild hope clutches at his heart-strings, making him wince as if with pain. Can it be that she does love him, after all?

"Grace, dear Grace, tell me, why do you not wish me to go?"

And he takes her hands in his, and gently but firmly draws her face towards him, while there is an eager look in his eyes. With one swift, appealing, timid look into his eyes, she hides her face upon his shoulder as she murmurs—

"Because—Harold—I—love you so!"

And so, after sorrow and tears and much wandering, her faithful love has its reward, and these two hearts become one, to be parted again only by death. And the ship which had gone forth so gallantly, though it had been through many a storm, and had been well nigh lost upon more than one rock, now lifted its great gaily once more, and spread its white sails to the wind, while there was the sound of music and rejoicing on board, as the flags fluttered and the streamers flew, for now she was "Homeward Bound."

WILLIAM E. BAILEY.

purportism in disguise: and much as we prize the habit—for in England it has become a habit—of making provision against sickness and other contingencies, we would rather that that habit should cease, than that such an inquisitorial system should prevail in regard to it. Indeed, we have no doubt, that if Government went thus far, it would be compelled by the force of circumstances to go further, and to take upon itself the whole business of Sick and Death Assurance. If this were done, we all know what a flood-gate would be opened for fraud and imposition on the one hand—and espionage, neglect, and cruelty on the other. The vicious and the lazy would be always sick—the cunning and plausible schemer would prey upon the funds accumulated for the relief of the truly necessitous—and heartburns, hatred, and disgust, would be the inevitable result.

THE FORESTER.

(For Music.)

Come, let us join in harmony,
And each assistance lend,
To sing of the worthy Forester,
A brother and a friend.
One who, in days of sad distress,
When clouds of darkness low'r,
Can cheer the lonely path of life,
And soothe affliction's hour.

Chorus.—Then a cheer for the worthy Forester,
No matter who he may be—
Who joins his hand with the social band,
For a noble man is he.

To lend our aid in time of need,
Should ever be our plan:
The motto of the Forester,
The duty of the man.
And who so well can take his part
As he who loves the cause—
And holds in strict adherence still
His orders and his laws?

Then a cheer, &c.

In peaceful bonds united,
In honour and in truth,
To stand still by each other,
Alike in age and youth.
When health and strength decline—
The footsteps feeble grow—
To raise the drooping spirit,
And give the mind repose.

Then a cheer, &c.

J. H. SCOTT.

KEEPING A CONSCIENCE

It was a rough winter night. The wind, in long heavy blasts, swept a wild overland blast in the north of England, and rushed down upon a little town that lay just over the edge of the moor, with a fury that soon scared the sleep ill-paid streets of all passengers but such as were compelled to face its rage. The sign-boards of the various public-houses cracked as they swung threateningly over the causeway, and here and there hanging doors, and the hard barking of defiant dogs, filled the elementary hull of the wind, that seemed to sink and swell like billows round the houses. But from many a window came a gleam of light that told of bright fireside and cozy rooms, where the howling of the wind without only increased the sense of comfort within. A solitary horseman rode at a brisk trot over the moor—his sure-footed steed evidently accustomed both to rough riding and rough roads. The traveller is expected; for at the low-window of a lonely house on the outskirts of the town, a lady is holding back the curtain, and looking over the paddock in front towards the wild path that leads from the water moors. How lovely the slender form at the window looks, standing in the crimson gleam reflected from a bright fire and lamp shading their rays on the red curtain, which her white hand holds aside with such unconscious grace! No wonder that the horseman reins up a moment before he approaches the friendly gate, and, wild as the night is, casts his eyes on the charming picture that stands, in all its nymph-like grace, clearly defined before him. But the curtain is hastily dropped, and in a moment after, the outer door has opened, and a voice, distinct as its bell-like clearness, even amid the roaring of the blast, calls, "Walter! dear Walter! why do you not make haste? Here, Tom; here's your master—he's quick! How it blows!"

"Yes, rebel!" said the horseman, as he leaped down; "and why could you not stay patiently within, like a wise woman, you little feather-brain?"

"No such thing, Walter. If I were a feather-brain, I should be blown away to-night, instead of which, here I am."

As this was said, there was a little leap forward, into arms that, sooth to say, seemed to expect the burden, and to bear it into the house gaily enough.

"Is this the way, Mistress Jessy, you receive your tired husband, and give him his tolls, saury helpmate that you are—helpless, I think I must say."

"Helpless! Say such a word if you dare, in the presence of this little fire. This kettle, sir, sings a loud denial from the hob, and the tea and tea are warm in their defence of your helpful wife. Your very fingers are ready to fly in your face at such an aspersion."

As the little laughing wife uttered those words, her busy hands were arranging the tea-table: while Walter, as she called him, was throwing out his chair, and preparing to do honour to the comfortable evening meal.

Yes: comfortable—that was the word for the good and the room. It

was very plainly furnished—a round centre-table, a few cane chairs, a well-stocked book-case, full crimson curtains, now drawn closely over the one wide window, and a hearth whose bright fender and irons multiplied the dancing light of the glowing fire, and glauced o'er the neat checked carpet. A work basket on a side table, two vases filled with wax flowers, under glass shades, on the mantel-piece, told of woman's hand and taste. Some fine Crayon drawings were the only decoration of the walls, except the certificate of a surgeon, that, framed and glazed, occupied a recess by the fire-place. How many rooms, all gilding and glitter, French polish and drapery, looked less pleasant and home-like, than this little parlour! Cleanliness and neatness, those embellishments of life to high and low, were there in all their freshness and order; and the young couple who flanked the clear fire, with the tea-table between them, would have graced any dwelling, however stately. Walter was tall, dark, at the first view, grave-looking—but the light that lay in the clear depths of his hazel eyes, the waving hair that fell off in sable masses from his broad, white forehead, and the pleasant curve of the mouth, all aided the expression that played like light and shade on a mountain side; over his somewhat strongly-marked features, and sombre black brows. Some determination, and good humour, were blended in that face, and a world of love flashed in his glances, as he looked at the blue-eyed, auburn-tressed, blooming little fairy, who was pouring out his tea, and who, from the crown of her graceful head, to the sole of her saucy bit of a foot, was so dainty, delicate, arch, and provoking, that she amply justified the tender and triumphant glance her husband bent upon her. And yet, as the meal went on, Jessy was conscious of a something—perhaps the precience of her love had divined it before his coming—a something that troubled her husband that night more, than usual. She saw it lingering behind the flashes of his loving glance; she heard it in the tones of his voice, like a sigh struggling to break in upon its music; and when the tea things were removed, and the fire stirred for a rousing blaze, Jessy sat herself on a hassock that brought her head close to her husband's knee, and taking one of his long brown hands in both hers, without looking up, said—

"What is it, Walter—any new disaster—tell me, dear!"

"Oh, nothing new," replied Walter, coughing down a sigh, nervously. Then after a pause, through his shut teeth he added, half abstractedly,

"It's tough work, Jessy, my girl! rowing against wind and tide—tough work. But I am not going to give in, though." He released his hand from Jessy's clasp, and smote it down on the table with a thump, and then, as if apologetically, he laid it tenderly on her head. The blue eyes looked brightly up from under the shadow of the pent-house hand, and Jessy said—

"Give in, indeed! Never. Faint heart never won fair lady."

"Ah, my Jessy, that's true; but Fortune is more fickle than fair, and often an unprincipled jade to boot. She's harder to win honestly than a certain fair lady I know of."

"Hush! heretic, rebel, mutineer—what shall I call you? It's not true;" yet she added, after a little pause, "and you know every one says a medical man cannot get a practice in a day."

"No, Jessy; but we have been here two years, and we are farther off than at first."

"Oh, Walter; and the poor people are always coming to you, and—"

"And the rich, Jessy? they desert me; and I would bide my time, little wife, but you make a coward of me."

"I! Why, Walter—now, that's not fair. I may make a brave man braver—a strong man stronger—but a coward! No, that I shall never make you. If being true, and honest, and faithful to principle, is not the way to success, why it's not we that are ruined, it's the world."

"Well, Jessy, and if so, it amounts to the same thing."

"No, Walter. People who have health and youth, and honesty and talent, are not, and cannot be ruined. That's the best capital, I've heard you say twenty times; and depend on it, Walter, that Mr. Treboosy will be found out; for although people take drink freely themselves, they do not like a drinking doctor."

"They like his prescriptions, my Jessy! and this very day I have lost my election as parish surgeon. Mr. Accrid, the distiller, and Gullem, the vintner, were at the board, and the guardians decided on re-instating Treboosy."

A flush was on Jessy's cheek, and a tear in her eye, for she knew that the appointment of parish surgeon, though involving great labour and poor pay, was of the utmost importance to her husband, as it brought his professional skill into repute and aided him in getting a practice—so that by these tidings even her buoyant spirits were checked, and, still caressing her husband's hand, she was silent, wondering, meanwhile, that people should trust their own lives, and mourning that the poor who could not help themselves should be trusted to the care of a man noted for intemperance, and of whose neglect and cruelty to his pauper patients she had heard soul-harrowing details. Ah! Jessy had yet to learn that the world is very lenient to those whose vices are popular, so long as those vices only injure the poor; and she had equally to learn, that virtue, if it condemns the practice of the majority, is sure to engender malice. Her husband's determination to live soberly, and to give sober remedies to his patients, was the hindrance to his success. He neither would drink with them, nor sanction their drinking. People who wanted the flimsy pretext of medical prescription to quiet their consciences—ladies who desired to quote their doctor as advising port or sherry, bottled porter, or a dash of spirits now and then, were annoyed at the young surgeon, and soon returned to that kind, good soul, Treboosy—who, poor fellow, was no one's enemy but his own.

The reverie of the young couple was disturbed by the sound of a horse's gallop, that, in the lull of the wind, seemed to be approaching near. "Called out on such a night, Walter," was the sentence hardly out of Jessy's lips, when they heard a well-known voice shouting, "Here, Jack, take my horse. Is Mr. Elton within?"

"Why it's Uncle Smithson, Jessy, come to see us at last, and on such a night as this." Without a moment's delay both husband and wife hastened into the passage, and met their unexpected visitor on the threshold with many words of greeting, mingled with a surprise they could not check.

In a little time he was divested of all his wraps, and seated cozily in the snug seat Walter had just vacated, with his feet resting on the hassock that had served for Jessie's perch, and while he refreshed himself with tea, the young couple learned that their relative, who was a physician, had been called into a consultation at a neighbouring town, and preferred taking a bed at his nephew's to riding fifteen miles across the moor to his own house on such a night.

Walter Elton was almost as much surprised to hear that his uncle had been at a consultation as he had been to see him in his house that night. For Dr. Smithson had suddenly given up practice some years before, no one knew why, though as he wrote extensively on medical subjects, it became gradually the general opinion that he wanted to devote himself to the literature of his profession. His skill was undoubted, but he refused all applications, though his means were far from ample. He it was who had brought up his orphan nephew, Walter Elton, and had implanted the strict temperance principle which the young surgeon so fully carried out—as yet, it must be owned, to his professional injury. At the urgent solicitation of an old personal friend, Dr. Smithson had attended this evening's consultation, and was now making brief, but keen inquiries about his young relative's prospects, and hearing the reluctantly expressed fears as to ultimate success which Walter could not suppress.

Dr. Smithson was a small, thin man, with an anxious nervous expression of countenance. He was bald, his high forehead was furrowed with deep lines of care, rather than age, and an agitated twitching of the mouth told a tale of irresolution that the clear gray eyes contradicted. There was evidently a contest in his nature. His reason clear, prompting him to firmness; his feelings acute, betraying him to weakness. He heard his nephew's discouraging statement with a disturbed look, and then fell into a deep reverie, which neither Jessie nor Walter disturbed by a single word. At length, rousing himself, he looked from one to the other and said: "You find keeping a conscience expensive, no doubt; but you must not flag, for if you do not cling to conscience as a friend, it will cling to you as an enemy." A sigh, so heavy that little Jessie looked scared, followed the words, and the speaker after a while resumed, saying, "I'll open a page of my experience for you,—a page I had thought closed for ever—and if you are halting irresolute as to your course, what I have to tell may be useful. You know, Walter, that I was in practice at Mill-Regis for many years; but you do not know why I gave up my prospects of a successful career in an honourable profession, and snak in the prime of my life into a mere recluse. Well, you shall hear. Among my patients was the family of a merchant, one of those delightful households that remind one of a better world. Mr. and Mrs. Morrell, Miss Digby, Mrs. Morrell's sister, and a lovely group of well-trained children, comprised the family. If ever there was a perfectly happy home in this world, it was theirs. The father, though a keen business man, was God-fearing, and full of tender and wise consideration in his family. Mrs. Morrell and her sister were not only very cultivated, but very gifted women. It had been an early marriage of the heads of the household—Mrs. Morrell was not more than thirty when her seventh child was born, her husband was some four years older, her sister five years younger. I

became the friend as well as physician of this family. I may add, though that concerns no one but myself, that I had hopes—Maria Digby inspired them—of being their relative." Uncle Smithson paused a moment here, to swallow down a sigh, and continued—"You must not think these women lived for themselves and their own homestead only. They were the friends of the poor in the best sense—they helped them to help themselves. In the schools, by the bed of sickness and death, amid the daily struggles of decent industry, there were Mrs. Morrell and Maria, instructing, comforting, aiding; and though gratitude is very rare, yet I am bound to say, that the names of my friends were rarely uttered without a blessing. It was considered a public calamity in the town of Mill-Regis when Mrs. Morrell met with an accident that injured the knee-joint, and threatened serious consequences. You know the fame of C.—, the celebrated surgeon; he was my coadjutor in the treatment of the case. Though he was consulted at a very early stage, his skill was baffled, and there was no hope of saving the limb. When amputation was resolved on, I trembled for the result, for Mrs. Morrell's constitution had been weakened by the many demands her numerous family had made on it. Though but a young woman, she had not the elasticity of youth, and we resorted, both before and after the operation, to stimulants, to sustain nature, as we said. She bore the amputation with the fortitude women pre-eminently show in operations, but I confess I had my doubts about the regimen prescribed for my patient. I had misgivings that the nature of these stimulants, so freely ordered by the faculty, had never been sufficiently studied. They are a convenient and popular prescription, but I was conscious that a fit of illness, or a prolonged attendance on the sick, often brought on the worst of all maladies—intemperance. I knew that women were often the victims of medical advice, but, coward that I was, I yielded my judgment, stifled my convictions. The luxurious, delicious, deceptive potion was taken daily, in all innocence, by Mrs. Morrell, and soon looked for with eagerness; relished, relied on, found indispensable. For two months she lay in imminent peril; then in a fitful way she began to mend. She was fearfully harassed with neuralgic pains. Narcotics as well as stimulants were freely administered. She bore her sufferings with patient sweetness, and her fine mind long surmounted the horrors both of her malady and her medicines. Oh! to think of her clinging to life for her children's sake—willing to suffer and to try all things if she might be restored, mutilated cripple as she was, to train the little group, whose pictures hung round the room to feast her eyes when she was for weeks too weak to have them brought to her. And yet, though the mother's heart-strings were pulled earthward by little hands, there were times when the soul soared heavenward, and with an unflinching tongue she could say, 'Not my will, but Thine be done.'

"Her sister's love and care were so constant that her health began to suffer. I had placed an experienced nurse with Mrs. Morrell from the commencement of her illness; and as the more urgent symptoms abated, Mrs. Digby gave her attention more fully to the three children who were at home—the four eldest having been placed at school. Things were in this state when calling as was my custom the last thing at night, I was

startled by a strange incoherence in Mrs. Morrell's manner. She had been weeping bitterly, and appeared all at once to feel how helpless she had become, and must ever remain. No person in health can, perhaps, estimate the anguish with which a young and beautiful woman, beloved and admired, finds herself suddenly an object of pity, maimed, and dependent for life. I tried to comfort her, but she resented my consolences; and I left her with the thought her fine temper and spirit were both worn by her trials, and that it would be advisable to remove her as soon as possible to a cottage Mr. Morrell had taken on the banks of Mill-Regis river, three miles south of the town. In about three weeks from the evening in question, on a splendid July day, the invalid was removed to her pleasant retreat, where the river flowed peacefully before the cottage, and deep woods in the rear extended for miles. I was satisfied with the immediate effects of this change, though I never saw again the look of resignation that had been so affecting in the early stages of her illness. She became abstracted, melancholy, querulous; and I was startled by Maria asking me one day, whether such continued potions of strong drink as the nurse administered could be either necessary or safe. I found, on inquiry, that my original prescription had been doubled in quantity. In vain I tried to reduce the dose. Sleeplessness and terrible neuralgia were the sufferer, or deep despondency threatened to settle down upon her. I would have given my right arm to have undone the injury that stimulants, scientifically prescribed, were doing to both mind and body. I called in a medical friend, experienced in disease of the brain, and he treated my fears lightly, and, above all things, protested against any reduction of either sedatives or stimulants. Uneasy, and apprehending I knew not what, I redoubled my attention, and as summer waned into autumn, I became convinced that the nurse was not a safe person to administer stimulants, either as medicine or beverage.

"I communicated my dissatisfaction to Mr. Morrell, who was at the time at his counting house at Mill-Regis. He went immediately to the cottage, deliberating how to effect the removal of the nurse without agitating his wife. To his great relief Mrs. Morrell made a complaint that the nurse talked to her in the night and prevented her sleeping, and proposed that the woman's bed should be removed to the adjoining room. As this seemed to meet the difficulty half-way, and to be a preliminary that would lead soon to the dismissal of the nurse, my friend assented to the plan, and left his wife's sofa considerably relieved. He then looked in upon his children, who were with Miss Digby in the nursery. Pressing business compelled him to return and pass the night at Mill-Regis, and when he parted from his wife he remembered afterwards that she called him back and said—'Edward, dear! forgive me all the trouble I have caused you.'

"'Forgive! that's a wrong word,' he answered, 'and so is trouble.'"
 "'Never mind, Edward,' she insisted, 'let me say the words once more, forgive me, dear!'

"He humoured her request, for the tears were brimming her eyes, and they parted—ah! never to meet again!

"Mrs. Morrell's apartments were two parlours on the left hand side of the little entrance hall. They were convenient, as she could be carried

from her bed to the sofa in the sitting room more easily than up and down a staircase; and it was settled the nurse that night should remove her chair-bed into the front parlour, and Mrs. Morrell, alluding to herself, expressed a hope that 'she should have rest and quiet that night.' She insisted on the folding doors between the rooms being closed, and a table put against them, and when the nurse urged that she must come to give the patient medicine in the night, Mrs. Morrell said—'Come at five o'clock, I will not take it earlier.'

"Maria, as was her wont, read and prayed at her sister's bedside; thought her unusually composed, and without any misgiving, left her for the night, merely telling the nurse aside to go into her room about one o'clock, but not to speak to the invalid unless the latter spoke.

"It was a rainy night, and the back windows were beaten with heavy showers. Once Maria woke, and thought she heard a cracking sound. She slipped out on the landing, looked over the stairs, and saw the nurse returning from the bed-room along the passage to the front parlour. Miss Digby did not speak, but looking at her watch by the twilight, she saw it was one o'clock. Pleased with this proof of the nurse's vigilance, she retired to rest, and slept soundly for three hours, when she was woken by a loud shriek. She sat up—the cry was repeated; her name was called frantically by the nurse. To leap out of bed, throw a dressing-gown round her, and rush down stairs, was the work of a moment. All was darkness. The nurse had risen to visit her patient, and on entering the room was startled to find her night-light extinguished. Returning to fetch her own candle, as tremblingly she re-entered the chamber, a strong gust of wind blew it out. She called to her mistress, and rushing forward past the foot of the bed, the drifting rain dashed upon her face from the open window. Her scream of horror and wild call had brought Maria to the room, who instantly laid her hands upon the bed—it was empty!

"'What have you done with my sister?' was the momentary cry; for, as she afterwards explained, the helplessness of the invalid was so complete—she had never yet been able to use a crutch, and was carried about like an infant—that the idea of her moving of herself never entered her mind. Fearing she knew not what, Maria went back to her room, procured a light, and returned to the bewildered nurse, still demanding, 'Where is my sister—what have you done with her?'

"She was not in the room; and, looking from the window, the fitful moonlight struggling through a wild wrack of clouds, showed them nothing but the wet garden gale. To leap down from the window, and run along the path, followed by the shrieking nurse, was Maria's first impulse. No voice replied to their calls, and a terrible instinct led her to a well at the very bottom of the long garden. Even in the darkness of the night, she found that the cover of the well, placed there as a precaution against accident to the children, had been removed, and by the brink Maria's feet were entangled in some obstacle. She lifted it in her hands, and by the feel she knew it was Mrs. Morrell's Angola shawl! The maid servants, aroused by the cries, after what seemed to the distracted sister a dreadful delay, brought lanterns to the well, and there in its depths, to

their amazement as well as horror, lay, in the stillness of death, the well-known form. It was a shock that might well madden the brain of the beholder; and a panic seized Maria, so that, involuntarily wrapping the wet shawl she had found over her dressing-gown, she fled, with bare feet and head, through the woods that intervened between the cottage and Mill-Regis, and never stopped till she fell senseless at her brother's door. A policeman who saw her fall, and recognized her, roused the household. In a few minutes the tidings of some terrible catastrophe spread. Mr. Morrell, followed by many friends, I among the number, hastened to the cottage. Meanwhile, help had been procured, and two labouring men had succeeded in bringing up the corpse. When I entered the house, and passed through to the garden, not knowing what to expect, the cold glimmer of early dawn showed me a ghastly sight—Mrs. Morrell, her drenched clothes so tightly fastened and bound round her, that all doubts as to her dying by her own hands was removed, lay on the little lawn—her children's play-place! The husband, pale as a spectre, was kneeling on the wet grass, embracing the marble-looking form, and mingling cries of agony with terms of endearment. A voice within me, as I approached that prostrate form—that frenzied husband—said, "This is your work. Ah! Walter and Jessie, you may start and say 'No.' I tell you both what my soul tells me, strong drink disorganised the fibrous fabric of that brain, and laid it in ruins. And I,—fool that I was,—I ordered that strong drink. She might have rallied well; or, at all events, she might have died a death her family could have remembered without horror—a death in which God's hand was seen and revered, and for that accursed remedy. Remedy, forsooth! The science that upholds such a remedy may well be called 'the destructive art of healing.'"

Heavy drops of perspiration rolled down Dr. Smithson's face as he spoke, and a painful silence followed, which Walter broke by saying abstractedly, "It is the most singular suicide I ever heard of, in the weak state you describe."

"Yes; it was a preternatural effort, the result of stimulants. She had dropped from the window, and crawled three hundred yards down the garden path to the well, and, more strangely still, had lifted the heavy cover, which was a man's work—poor thing! her hands were bruised with the effort, and her clothes torn and dabbled, though the care with which she had secured her attire showed that instincts of modesty and neatness had survived her reason."

"What became of the family?"

"Ah, don't ask me," replied Dr. Smithson, with a groan, "that was not the only death. Maria, the good true-hearted sister, never recovered the shock; what with the fright and the exposure to the weather, a rheumatic fever came on. No serious apprehensions were entertained, but the disease attacked the heart, and in five weeks after, all that was mortal of that gentle creature shared the grave of her poor sister. Morrell disposed of his business, and took his motherless children to America, where I hear he lives a secluded life, stricken beyond the help of man. For me, too, that night was a crisis. Tortured by remorse, haunted by the pale face of the victim and the upbraiding eyes of Maria, who had always remonstrated against the use of stimulants, my nerves

were shaken, my confidence gone; I gave up my practice, and went abroad, as you remember."

"But no one ever blamed you, uncle."

"No; but my own conscience blamed me. For a time I was a wanderer. I visited the most famous hospitals in Europe, and gave myself up to study. I rallied, and wrote, as you know,—not, I trust, without benefit to science; but the practical part of the noble art for which I was trained has been to me a dead letter from that time. Perhaps in this I have been wrong. I do not set myself up to you, Walter, as an example—nay, I am a warning. Let me charge you never to pander to the diseased appetite or the common prejudice, by recklessly prescribing these dangerous and insidious drinks. The moral effects of medicines, the formation of bad habits, ought not to be lost sight of by the medical philosopher. He should be the friend of his patients. Oh! Walter, I was the enemy of mine, and where I most wanted to be as a friend and brother."

"Dear sir," interposed Jessie, as she ventured to take the hand that Dr. Smithson had pressed to his brow, and clasp it in hers,—“we were talking when you came in of Walter's determination to abide by temperance principles in his treatment of patients; and though we were a little low-spirited at the difficulties the tastes and customs of society present, your warning of to-night will confirm Walter, I am sure."

"It ought," said Walter, "unless I mean to degenerate into one of those mercenary wretches who gloat on a patient's sufferings for the sake of his gold. My enemy, Treboosy, may act as he pleases; I'll pursue the sober course."

"Treboosy; what of him?" said Dr. Smithson.

"Oh, only the board of guardians to-day said I was crotchety with my temperance, and elected him their medical officer."

"Well, if they did, he'll not be able to accept the post. The police are by this time after him. His career has been long and reckless, but it's over. I was called in by my old friend, Farmer Sutton, of the Grange, who begged me to see his housekeeper, and meet Dr. Quicksett. The poor woman was dying, and from poison. Treboosy, from his own surgery, sent her a lotion, and labelled it as a dose in his own handwriting. He had been dining with some choice spirits at the Fountain—, a fiery fountain, slipped home for a few minutes, to see about some prescriptions; his young man was out, and the muddle-headed fellow made this fatal blunder. This is the third awkward case in Treboosy's practice in a few months. The others were neglected, and he managed to get over them, but this is palpable. I am amazed, not only at the want of caution, but of compunction in these tipplers; but public indignation is aroused, and all the distillers and vintners in the district will not be able to screen a wretch who has long had the curses of the poor on his murderous practice. So if Treboosy has been your obstacle, Walter, that is removed. But I warn you by the failure of others, whatever be the cost, 'keep a conscience.'"

The young surgeon made the promise, not merely to his uncle, but to his own soul in the sight of God; and though old toppers talked of his whims, and young tipplers would have liked to drink genteelly by medical

advice, and therefore were for a time evil to him, his skill, promptness, and real kindness gradually won him the patronage of the rich, in addition to that which he had long had—the blessing of the poor.

CHANGES IN THE MEANING OF ENGLISH WORDS.

ANY person whose reading has been restricted to the literary productions of the present century, or to those of the last which maintain a present popularity, will, on turning up some old volume of an ancient date, be likely to be struck with a number of words which are wholly unfamiliar to him, as well as with many that seem to be used in a sense to which he has not been accustomed. If he is not prepared to understand that many words still in use have undergone important changes of meaning, he will often be perplexed by the apparently odd manner in which they are employed by former writers, and as a consequence, he will be apt to misconstruct what those writers may happen to be stating. It may, therefore, be some small service to several of our readers, if we devote a short article to the consideration of some of these curious alterations, and so give them, in a brief compass, the benefit of researches into which they may have neither time nor opportunity to enter. Any little increase of correct knowledge is always an advantage; and perhaps there is no department of knowledge of greater importance to us generally, than that of our native language.

We will begin with a word that has departed widely from its primitive signification—the word “miscreant,” by which we now understand a person of excessive moral delinquency. Readers of Shakespeare may remember that in Henry VI., the noble Talbot addresses Joan of Arc by this strongly offensive term, and many may have regarded it as a piece of coarse invective, very unlike to what a chivalrous soldier would have uttered, and may have thought the worse of Shakespeare’s taste for putting it into Talbot’s mouth. But a “miscreant” in Shakespeare’s time had nothing of the meaning which it has at present. It meant, in rightly the articles of the Catholic faith. And this was indeed the constant charge which the English brought against poor Joan—namely, that she was a denier in occult magical arts, a witch, a sorceress, in secret communion with the Evil One; and as such, had fallen wholly from the faith. It is this which Talbot means when he calls her a “miscreant,” and not what we should now understand by the expression.

In like manner, whenever the word “influence” occurs in our English poetry, down to comparatively a modern date, there is always more or less remote allusion to the “planetary influences” supposed to be exercised by the heavenly luminaries upon mankind. “How many a passing,

says Archbishop Trench, “starts into new life and beauty and fullness of action, when this is present with us; even Milton’s

“Store of India, whose bright eyes
Hain influence.”

As spectators of the tournament, gain something when we regard them—and using this language, he intended we should—as the luminaries of his lower sphere, shedding by their propitious presence strength and cheer-into the hearts of their knights.”

As in this last instance, it will often happen that although we do not fall into any actual misunderstanding, and although the word even in its present acceptance yields a convenient and even a correct sense, still through ignorance of its past history and the force it once possessed, we still miss a great part of its significance. For example, a cowardly fragment of a soldier in one of Beaumont and Fletcher’s plays describes the treatment he received on being found out as an impostor:—“They hang me up,” says he, “by the heels, and beat me with hazel sticks, &c. &c. that the whole kingdom took notice of me for a *buffet*, whipped &c. &c.” Here in the word *buffet*, which now means confounded, or discomfited in one’s objects, there is an allusion to something further—namely, to a custom appertaining to the days of chivalry, according to which a perfjured or recreant knight was either in person, or more commonly in effigy, hung up by his heels, his sentence blotted, his spear broken, and he himself, or his effigy, made the mark and subject of all manner of indignities. Such an one was said to have been “buffeted.” Twice in Spenser recreant knights are so dealt with. Probably when Beaumont and Fletcher write, men were not so remote from the days of chivalry, but that this custom was still fresh in their minds; and hence the words above quoted would have conveyed to them a much more expressive meaning than they do to us at the present date.

There are several passages in the authorized version of the Scriptures, by which those who are not aware of the changes that have taken place during the last two hundred and fifty years in our language, can hardly fail of being to a certain extent misled as to the intention of the translators; or if they are better acquainted with Greek than with early English, they may be inclined to ascribe to these translators an incorrect reading of the original. “When for instance, St. Paul teaches that if any widow hath children or nephews, she is not to be chargeable to the Church, but these are to requite their parents and support them (1 Tim., v. 4), it must seem strange that ‘orphans’ should be here brought in; while a reference to the original makes manifest that the difficulty is not here, but in our version. From this also it is removed, so soon as we know that ‘orphans,’ like the Latin ‘nepotes,’ meant at the time when it is a version was made, grandchildren and other lineal descendants; being employed by Hecker, by Shakespeare, and by the other writers of the Elizabethan period.”

In another place, in the Acts of the Apostles, it is said, “We took up our carriage and went up to Jerusalem,” (xvi. 12.) A modern objector might say that this was actually impossible; inasmuch as between Caesarea, the place of starting, and Jerusalem, there was no road but a

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE 23RD CLAUSE OF THE
POOR LAW AMENDMENT ACT.

The following is an extract from the address of Mr T. W. Mellor, M.P., to his constituents at Ashton-under-Lyne, on Thursday evening, November 22nd, as it appeared in the *Ashton Reporter* of the following Saturday.—“It appears that I have been requested to make some allusion to the clause in the Poor Law Amendment Act, known as the 23rd clause. Well, the object of that clause was this. It was found from practical experience that there were many cases wherein the greatest amount of fraud was practised. I will give you one case to show the necessity of something being done, and I will ask you as ratepayers and as members of Friendly Societies to consider this case. The clause is the 23rd which I am alluding to, and that is the clause which has been referred to as being so objectionable. Now this is the case of a woman in the union in which I reside in Wales. This woman received 6s. 6d. a week for a period of five years and upwards. After her death it was found that she had left between £100 and £500 placed out at interest on mortgage on a chapel and house at Rhyl. The parish recovered for one year only, £14, but she had received the sum of £10. Now I would ask whether we, as guardians of the public purse, should not have some power to recoup the ratepayers, because we must bear this in mind that there are tight lines drawn between those who receive rates and those constrained to pay them, and in our dealings generally on public questions we must do all we can in order to deal equitably with both sides. (Hear, hear.) Now, here is another case. An old man, covered with rags and dirt, was taken into the Invercreek Poor-house from Portobello, but at his house were found deposit receipts for upwards of £250. A year and a half ago two old women were taken into the same poor-house, and were found to be possessed of £120. Now, I ask you whether or not it is not necessary that these people should contribute to their maintenance, or they should be maintained at the ratepayers' expense, and some distant relative come in afterwards and carry away the money that that man had saved and hoarded. (Shame.) Now, I assure you that I have no disposition whatever to deal in any way that would prejudice or injure Friendly Societies (Hear, hear.) And I think that before this I have shown indications to those of my friends among you, especially upon the Burial and Sick Societies Bill, brought in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer three years ago, I believe. Well, now, I have this to say, that if the Friendly Societies will point to me any means whereby this clause can be so modified that it will not oppress the Friendly Societies, or even if they can show me they are affected by that clause so as to damage their prospects, I for one will undertake to move this, that that clause be expunged from the Bill. (Cheers.) I have had communications from all parts, because—I will make a clean breast of it—I am the author of the clause, and these are my justifications for doing it, and my object is to have the permissive power to do these things if it were necessary; and I cannot believe, and do not believe, that there are any Boards of Guardians in this country, that would go and deal with these funds and leave the family outside to apply for relief. It is contrary to English feeling and I cannot believe it. My pledge I now give to-night, and it is the first pledge I have ever given to my constituents. (Laughter.) I spoke to the President of the Poor Law Board last year in regard to it, and I explained it by showing him by these papers the different reasons which had led me to urge it upon his attention. He was most reluctant to accept it, but it was forced upon him one night in the House of Commons. I proposed it and was supported generally in the House. This case I read to show them the necessity of something being done and that especially this sort of case should be corrected and properly dealt with, and therefore it got unanimous support. The Bill was passed without a division. I hope this statement will be accepted as a satisfactory one. I cannot promise more, I cannot undertake to do more, and therefore it rests now with the Friendly Societies themselves through their lawyer or representative, whoever he may be, to show how, and by what means this clause may be amended or corrected in some way if not repealed altogether. (Hear, hear.)”

TWO JANUARY INCIDENTS:
A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

CHAPTER I.
THE WOODWARD'S ADVICE.

“Halloo! Jim; what on earth is the matter? that you're going ahead at that rate. Walking for a wager, eh? Or has something extraordinary happened, to make you tramp like that?”

“O! there's nothing the matter, my friend; at least, not with me. I am on my way to visit a sick member of the Court, and as I have another matter to attend to, after I return, I wish to lose no time, you see. And besides that, 'tis too cold to creep along like a fellow driving snails before him; don't you think so?”

“Well, it is *cold*; there's no mistake about that. This sharp wind nearly blows through and through a fellow. I was just thinking to myself, as you came up, that I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering. So I had a mind to drop in somewhere and have something to warm me. What do you say? Will you just have one glass?”

“Not now, thanks; I cannot stay, really,” he continued, seeing his friend was about to press him further to do so, “for, as I told you, I have business to attend to, directly. Besides, I'm not at all cold myself, for this walk keeps my blood in circulation, and makes me feel quite comfortable, as far as the weather is concerned. And, by the bye, I have a note for you. Here it is. Will you walk on a little way with me? it will warm you, too, and we can have a chat as we go on, you know.”

“Well, I don't mind going a little way, Jim, for old acquaintance sake, like. Oh, I see this note, as you call it, is a notice to pay up my contribution to the Court, or else I shall be suspended from all benefits. But,” he continued, after a moment's pause, “I don't think that it matters to me. I think I shan't pay any more; I don't see the use of it to me. You know I am in capital health, and always have been. I should'n't have joined a club at all, if it hadn't been for my wife. She persuaded me to do so.”

“And quite right of her, too,” said Matthews. “For if sickness should overtake you, of course your wife would suffer as well as you, when your earnings stopped. And then, too, think of the little ones. How would you like the thought of being laid on a bed of sickness. (Like poor Harper, whom I am on my way to see now,) and leaving your wife and children destitute, or dependent on that miserable pit-tance of one and ninepence per week each, that is nicknamed ‘parochial relief.’ Surely, Ned, you wouldn't like your little ones to be starved on that while you were unable to support them. And, judging from my own experience, I suppose you can hardly save a great sum out of your earnings. I know I can't, at any rate.”

“Well, that's all right enough, Jim. Of course, 'tis very little a working man can save. And, of course, too, no man who loves his children would like to think they were kept in perpetual hunger, and

his wife brow-beaten by a "Relieving Officer," or a set of guardians of their own pockets. But what then? You know I never had a day's real illness in my life; and to all appearance I am not likely to be ill yet. Then what need have I to pay to a club?"

"My dear fellow, no man can be sure he will retain his health for a week. And unless one joins a club while he is well, he cannot have the benefits when he becomes sick, or when an accident happens to him. Then if it is so desirable for a man to join while his health is good, surely it is very unwise for one like you, that is a free or full member, to *leave* a Society. Suppose an epidemic breaks out in your part of the town, and seizes you among the rest—and you cannot be sure it will not; or, suppose you break a leg, say, for instance, would't your Court be useful to you, do you think? Twelve shillings a week, you know, would be better than nothing to 'keep the wolf from the door,' as they say. And then, too, there would be the doctor, free of further charge to you, and you know there is scarcely a single thing that grows like a doctor's bill, unless it be a lawyer's."

Turner laughed heartily at this, for it seemed to him the most unlikely thing in the world that he should require assistance from the Court, or the doctor either. "Bless my life, Matthews," he exclaimed, "I think you should have been a lawyer yourself, instead of a Woodward; for with proper training you would make a capital special pleader."

"Well, old friend, at any rate," said Matthews, "I hope you will consider what I have just said, for the sake of your family; and I am sure your wife will be quite as glad for you to continue your membership, as she was for you to join the Court at first."

"I am sure I am very much obliged for your well-meant advice, Jim; but, as I said before, I don't see that it matters to one so healthy as I am. Oh, I understand what you would say more," he continued, smiling, as he saw his friend was about to make a further remark. "But, you see, with all due respect to you and the rest, still I don't think 'tis worth my while to pay to keep up the funds for others. That's about the long and the short of it now."

"I am very sorry to hear you say this, Edward; and I only hope your good health may long continue. Still, my advice is, continue your membership. Perhaps you'll be glad of it some day. No person knows."

"Thanks to you all the same, Jim. I know you mean well; but you see with my health I *have no luck* with the club, like poor Tom Harper, you know. And besides, I intend to leave this town shortly, to better myself, so I shall be too far off for you to call on me if I get my shins cracked."

"My dear fellow, I hope you will not get a 'crack,' as you call it," replied Matthews, "but a Forester can find friends in Foresters, and receive his sick-pay, almost anywhere now; so distance from *your own* Court would matter little. Well, I must say good-bye for the time; and I hope you'll take my advice, Ned."

"You're a Forester at heart, and no mistake," said Turner.

"But you see I can't look at the thing through your spectacles. However, thanks, good day." And the friends parted, Matthews continuing his walk at increased speed, to make up for lost time.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF SICKNESS.

A gentle double knock at the street door, was answered by a young woman, whose countenance indicated intense grief and anxiety.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Harper; how are you to-day? You look quite fatigued and sad."

"I am rather fatigued, Mrs. Matthews, I must say; but I am very well else, thank you. How are you? for I think you look paler than usual."

"O! perhaps walking quickly has made me rather pale; but I am quite well, thank God. How is your husband to-day—I hope he is not worse?"

"I can hardly tell you. The doctor is with him, and I expect to hear *his* opinion about poor Harper's state, directly, and then I shall be better able to form my own opinion. He has been dreadfully ill indeed, to-day."

"I'm very sorry to hear that. However, I dare say the doctor will be the best judge of his condition. Has he been here very long?"

"Oh, no. He had only just arrived when you turned the street corner just now. Stay a moment, please; I think he calls me," and going to the foot of the stairs, she asked, in low tones, "Did you call me, please, doctor?"

"Yes," that gentleman replied. "Your husband fancies he heard some voice he knows. If any one wishes to see him, you may let the person come up. But quietly, please; he cannot bear much noise yet."

"Will you go up-stairs, Mr. Matthews?" said the anxious wife. "My husband knows your voice, and wishes to see you."

Very quietly the Woodward ascended the stairs, and entered the sick man's room, where the doctor sat holding the wrist of his patient, and watching the hands of the timepiece.

"How d'you do, Matthews?" said the doctor. "I suppose you share the general anxiety about your friend here, eh?"

"Certainly, I do, doctor. I hope he is improving;" and, taking Harper's wasted hand within his own, he asked, "How do you feel to-day, my friend?"

"I hope I'm better," said the sick man languidly. "I'm glad you have called, for it does one good to see an old friend now and then;" and he made a feeble attempt to shake his visitor's hand, while a sickly smile brightened his features. But, being overcome with even this slight exertion, he closed his eyes, and lay back on the pillow to recover himself, his friend still holding his hand.

After a slight pause, Harper continued, "What do you think of

me, now, Jim? A man is a poor, feeble creature when sickness takes him; isn't he? Three months—ago—I could—lift a man—off the ground—at arm's length,—you know. And to-day—I could hardly—lift my cup—to my mouth. Dear me,—talking only—a minute—has tired me." And he sighed heavily.

"Never mind, Thomas," said the Woodward, "Don't exert yourself too much. Do as Doctor Freeman tells you; and I hope you'll soon be all right again."

"Yes," said the doctor, "he must keep quite for a few days longer. The worst is over. And if he takes proper care, and does as I advise him, he may hope to be about again shortly, weak though he is now. But he has just got over the crisis of his complaint, and so must be kept quiet for the time. Only he was very anxious to see you for a few minutes, and as anxiety is bad for a man in his condition, I consented for you to come up. Much mental anxiety might do him much mischief now."

"My dear doctor," said the sick man, "I am not troubled in mind. —I know you physic me right. My wife tends me—like a baby—you know,—and keeps the house quiet,—when I can't bear noise. My friend Matthews,—and others—call to see me—when they can,—and are very kind. You see I am well cared for, doctor,—and have little to be anxious about,—for one sick, you know." And the poor fellow's eyes filled with tears, as he looked his gratitude to the doctor, his wife, and his friend.

Mrs. Harper smiled at him between her tears, which she was unable entirely to conceal. "What a blessing Forester's Court is to a working man when he becomes ill," she said, addressing Matthews and the doctor. "I'm sure I don't know what we should have done had it not been for the club. But," she continued, in an under tone, while she looked at her husband with affectionate admiration, "My poor man was always thoughtful for me and the little ones. When our first child was born, he said he should do his best to prepare for a rainy day." And so he insured his life at once. And I do believe, though he never talks about it, that the thought of having secured something for us, proved a great relief to his mind. But I hope I shall never want it."

"Come, come," said Dr. Freeman, in little more than a whisper, "never mind business now. You'll not require what you allude to for this time, if you take care of my patient. Still," he said, turning to Matthews, "there is a great deal in what Mrs. Harper says, after all. For the mind has a wonderful influence over the body for good or evil. And many a man's life I believe has been saved because of his having insured it, like friend Harper has done; for it relieves a sick man's mind to a great extent, to know that those dear to him are provided for to some extent. And many a man has gone down to the grave before he ought to have gone, because of his anxiety for his family, when he has made no provision for them. Sickness is bad enough to bear without the addition of anxiety and grief. However, in this case, 'tis all right; the Insurance Society may sleep quietly for the time, as our friend Harper is doing. We

have talked him to sleep, you see, as well as a parson could do. So we had better leave him, quietly."

And so all three quitted the sick-room on tip-toe. And the Woodward having handed the week's sick-pay to Mrs. Harper, he and the doctor bade her good day, and left the house together.

CHAPTER III.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I am glad you think the danger has passed for Brother Harper," said Matthews, when they had reached the open air.—"He seems to have had a sharp attack, doctor. Don't you think so?"

"I do, certainly. But in the first place you see, on the other hand, Harper has a good constitution. Secondly, pardon my saying he has been promptly and carefully attended to. Thirdly, he has full confidence in me as his medical adviser. Fourthly, he has an excellent nurse in his wife, and has had every wish anticipated, so as to leave him no time to fret. And fifthly, there is that fortunate circumstance we mentioned just now—his life being insured would secure a sufficient sum to enable his wife (if she became a widow) to commence some business for her support and her children's. And the thought of this, securing the sufferer's mind from harrassing anxiety, is a very great help to a medical man; for grief and fretfulness are a doctor's enemies, you may be sure, inasmuch as they ensure conditions of body entirely opposite to those which assist recovery."

"You said, doctor, that the third help in Harper's case was his full confidence in his medical attendant. From this and a previous remark, I conclude that you think such confidence so important that your chance of successfully treating a patient would be small without it."

"I do think so; and so much depends on this confidence that I believe if it were possible for a medical man to have two patients at the same time, of the same age, the same temperament and constitution; having the same disease to the same extent; partaking of the same medicine and nutrition in equal quantities, but with this *sole* difference between them, that one of them had full confidence in his doctor, while the other had none, then the possibility,—nay, in a virulent disease, the *probability* is, that the first would recover and the other would die."

"Then, Doctor, if the mind has such an influence over the body, I suppose it might have been true that the great Reformer, when told of the rejoicing of his enemies at the prospect of his speedy decease, said, 'I shall not die, but live,' &c., and at once began to recover."

"There is no doubt about it. Now, I'll tell you an instance or two I have known of the effect of the mind on the body. There was a commercial traveller, of rather a nervous temperament, who was on friendly terms with a fellow student of mine, in our college days; and my friend being then as full of frolic as a kitten

or a monkey, determined to experiment on the Commercial, who, by the bye, was a native of some part of Germany, and never entirely mastered the English pronunciation. Well, my friend met the young traveller, one Monday morning as he was preparing to depart on his rounds; and after the usual salutations and remarks about the weather, Vernon stopped short and looked intently at his countenance.

"My dear fellow," he said, "What's the matter with you, you look really ill?"

"Do I, old friend?" said the German, laughing. "Den looks are deceptive, for I am not at all ill."

"You may depend *you are ill*, my friend," said Vernon, "for I never saw you look so pale and hollow-eyed. Something is the matter, you may rely on it. And I strongly advise you not to start to-day. Leave your journey till to-morrow; for it may be serious if you become worse on the road you know."

"At this the young man began to look really pale, while my friend put on a more serious air. "Do you *indeed* think I am not well?" he asked.

"Certainly I do" was the answer. "Now take my advice, and don't go to-day."

"Vell, now you remind me, mine friend, I did feel shust a leetle bit queer this morning."

"A little bit!" said Vernon. "You are very ill, and likely to be worse, from your looks."

"Sho you tink I'm very mwel, do you? Den I'll shust lie down a leetle while, I tink."

"The wisest thing you can do," said the embryo man of medicine,—"lie down at once, and I'll bring you a draught presently."

"Tanks, mine vriend," he replied, "I hope you'll cure me soon, for I want to go mine rounds."

"All right, Franz, I'll fit you up soon," said Vernon. And he bounded into my room and laughed immoderately, while I joined in the fun. They we rolled some treacle and bread with a dash of bitters and licorice, into the form of pills, nearly filled a small phial with water, adding a small quantity of brandy, and merely flavoured it with cinnamon, and a drop or two of essence of peppermint, by way of variety, and duly labelled phial and box. "Two teaspoonsfull of the mixture to be taken every forty minutes," and "two pills every six hours." Most innocent physio.

"Never did a patient seem more exhausted in one hour than poor Franz did. He took his medicines with scrupulous punctuality, and in the evening my friend called again to see him, and duly examined his tongue, felt his pulse, and inquired into his symptoms.

"Franz watched my friend's face so anxiously, during the process, that he had the greatest difficulty to restrain his risibility. However, in a few moments, he declared his patient to be much better, telling him at the same time that he must be very careful not to catch a fresh cold, for fear of a relapse, and congratulating him on his not having gone on his rounds, to be laid up among strangers.

"I tank you, mine good friend," said Franz, "I feel better now. You vill make von fine doctor," Meester Vernon. Your pheeseck is like do magic. I say so,—dare now; and the patient cast a smile of gratitude and admiration on his benefactor.

"To make short of it, however, Vernon called again early the next morning to make inquiry. Franz was in bed, and of course his doctor visited him immediately. "My dear fellow," said he, "you look like a new man, comparatively. You are all right now, and may go your rounds to-day, if you like. Only take care of the cold, and don't allow your stomach to become empty, this frosty weather; then you're safe as possible."

"O, how I tank you, Meester Vernon, for your curing me so soon. Vot shall I pay you?"

"I shall not take a penny, old fellow, from a friend like you. Not a word, now; I shall take nothing. This is New Year's Day. If you start now, you will be back again on Old Christmas Day, and then we'll have a supper together, and invite my fellow-student. Good day, and a pleasant journey to you;" and he held his hand towards the Commercial, who grasped it fervently. "Good day, mine friend, I'll be mit you on dat day. All right."

"In due time Old Christmas day arrived, and so did we; and a jolly supper we had. Never was a health drunk more heartily than Vernon's. The young German, in proposing it, alluded to his late indisposition. "I got up," said he, "to go on mine business. I felt shust von leetle beet queer; dat's all. Noting more. Meester Vernon came. He said 'Franz, you're bad, sehr krank,' and I ras bad. I went to bed. Meester Vernon brought medicine. I took it. I ras better; he said so, and I felt it. He came again. He said, 'Franz, you're *vel*.' And I ras *vel*. *Dare now*; no doctor in Eengland, nor in mine own country, could beat dat! Could he? Here's to de very long health and de big success of our Meester Vernon!"

"You should have heard the roars of laughter that followed that speech. It would have done you as much good as a dose of *real* medicine; for a good laugh is one of the best things in the world, and as the old proverb says, 'draws a nail out of your coffin.'"

And the merry doctor laughed himself, at the recollection of that new year's freak.

"Then," said our friend, the Woodward, "the mind does exert great influence over the body in that case. I have heard of fevers, cholera, and other diseases being caught, from fear; and of a Frenchman, who died on fancying he was being bled to death. But I hardly thought it could be true."

"It is quite possible, I can assure you," said the doctor. "The great secret of success in charms, as they are called, is the influence of the mind, in placing implicit confidence in the efficacy of the charms. The mind does much to kill or to cure. Now I'll tell you of two opposite cases that have occurred during my practice. Two men who were employed at the same establishment, and who, by the bye, were well known to the Court Secretary, were taken ill—

not both at the same time, however. One of them, whom I will call Peter, was a man apparently sound, and in the prime of life. He was high-spirited, and sensitive to a great degree. He was wrongfully summoned before the Magistrates, and fined. The Mayor of his town, in declaring the decision of the Bench, reprimanded him severely, before the whole audience. He paid the fine, and returned home in a very dejected state of mind, saying that he should never be able to hold up his head again in his native town. He caught a slight cold; soon took his bed, and sank rapidly. His spirits were broken, and he declared that he should die. In spite of a good constitution, and good nursing and medicine, he was soon at death's door. All the doctors in England could not have saved him. He died before he had any business to die, leaving a widow and family; and that only because he had not the courage to live. The other man had a weaker constitution, and ultimately became consumptive. But he resisted the disease, fighting it, as it were, inch by inch, and lived for years, attending to his duties till within a very short time of his death, which only occurred after his lungs were almost entirely destroyed. A man of less resolution and firmness of mind would have died of such a disease long before he did."

"Now these are only instances among many that could be mentioned, showing that duration of life as well as health and disease, and consequently the welfare and prosperity of your Courts, and other similar societies, are, to a great degree, dependent on the condition of mind."

CHAPTER IV.

THE INCIDENT AT THE STATION.

In less than nine months after the occurrence related in the first chapter, Edward Turner was laid on a bed of sickness, and more than four months of suffering was experienced before he could resume his occupation. In the meantime his family became reduced to great straits, as the little savings of years were soon expended. Well may the Word of Sacred Writ say—"Let not the strong man glory in his strength." But Turner and his wife were too proud to ask for charity, or to inform their friends that they had no means of support. Bitterly did the sick man regret his not having followed Matthews' good advice while his health continued sound. For the weekly sick-allowance from the Court would have provided bread, and a few comforts for the invalid, at any rate.

As it was, however, the unhappy man's recovery was greatly retarded by his grief at the thought of his hungry little ones, and the sadness depicted in his uncomplaining wife's countenance, as she tenderly nursed him.

"Let me once get strong again," he said, "and I'll rejoin the Order as quickly as I can."

As Turner approached convalescence, his good wife would often leave him to the care of a kind neighbour, while she absented herself on the plea of having some affairs to attend to at a distance.

* * * * *
The bleak wind whistled through the entrances of the Bristol Railway Station, and the ground was hard and slippery from a severe frost. Quickly and eagerly passed the numerous travellers into and from the station, each intent, apparently, on nothing else so much as on protecting himself or herself from the biting cold.

Sundry ill-clad, and some almost shoeless lads, offered pipe-lights for sale at every turn, while the members of the "shoe-black brigade" persistently requested employment; and others solicited permission to carry each and every portable article borne by persons in the crowd, all of whom seemed to be in haste.

At one entrance stood a dejected-looking man, imploring each passer-by to purchase some light toy, or a box of fuses, but apparently with little success. For, as is commonly the case, the wants of the very poor passed unheeded by those not pinched by want and hunger themselves.

One traveller loitered, as if looking for some person expected to arrive, while he observed, without seeming to do so, the ill-success of the eager vendor. Something in her countenance told of suffering and privation.

He passed by her slowly, and was implored to purchase. "No, thank you," he replied, "I don't smoke, or require any toy, to-day."

"But please, sir, won't you buy some trifle for your children, or a friend's. I am anxious to sell something, but nobody wants to buy, this frosty weather."

"I dare say your trade is dull, for it is too cold for people to stop, in general; and I should think it is hardly worth your while to stand shivering here for the little you seem to sell to-day."

It was evident that the poor woman with difficulty restrained her tears, as she replied. "But, sir, I *must* try to earn a little, though I am nearly frozen; for I have a sick husband and three hungry children at home. Oh *this* is hard. What we shall do to get through this winter I don't know, sir;" and she turned off to offer her wares to others, to hide her emotion.

The stranger left her abruptly, but soon returned, carrying a parcel carefully tied. "Will you oblige me by taking this to your little ones? I hope they'll enjoy it as a New Year's gift and a harbinger of better times."

The poor woman took the provision, and tears flowed copiously down her cheeks. Her gratitude and astonishment prevented her saying more than "Thank you, sir!" And before she could further recover her power of speech, the stranger was gone.

The grateful mother immediately took the present to her home, and thanked God, who had so opportunely sent relief for her little ones, when all seemed so gloomy.

And all that January day the stranger transacted his business with that feeling of gladness which only the consciousness of having sympathised with the suffering or the distressed can afford to a generous mind.

"Not Gilded, but Golden."

BY KERRY KINGSTON.

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD TOLL HOUSE," "ALONG BYE-WAYS AND HEDGES,"
"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

At the foot of a very steep hill, about three miles from a village known as Beetsmand, stood a small inn. It had, no doubt, once possessed a sign, but whatever had been painted on the old post leaning towards the roadway had long since become unintelligible. The inn was a low-built tenement of wood, and was fast turning to decay, but the ivy creeping over it hid many imperfections from sight. A few old trees stood in front of the dismal dwelling, and bent their boughs down towards it, and a belt of high chalk cliffs stood at the back. The roadway in front was very narrow, and on the opposite side chalk cliffs again were to be seen. This inn, being the only house of refreshment within a distance of about fifteen miles from the nearest town, occasionally had a passing visitor, but the liquors retailed were not of the most inviting description, consequently the trade done was very small.

The inmates were three in number—an old man, whose whitened hair and furrowed cheeks proclaimed the allotted term of years to frail humanity to have nearly run out; an old dame, his partner, over whose head the winter of age was fast descending; and their son, a rough-looking fellow, fully grown to man's estate. This said son, Antony Clicks, had the appearance and manners of what might be termed a bushranger. His hair had not made the acquaintance of those useful articles called brushes for a number of years, and his whiskers had become as entangled as the covering of his head. He always wore a thick wrapper of one particular pattern and colour around his throat, and as he seldom saw strangers he was not very particular as to the style of his clothing. Being the only offspring, he had always had his own way and done as he liked; his old father was afraid to offer opposition, and his mother failed to detect any faults in her only child. If a customer came to the inn perhaps Antony would condescend to wait upon him, perhaps not, but he always took good care to "make up the reckoning," and to find out all about his customer before he left.

The snow was falling fast, and Antony busily employed himself in the roadway opposite the inn in sweeping the snow so as to form a barrier that could not be passed. He well knew which way travellers would come who would be compelled to put up at the inn, and therefore he worked the harder. He reared up a formidable blockade in time, and beat the snow together with his spade, then surveyed it with a malicious chuckle. He pulled the wrapper round his throat a little tighter, and then slouched indoors. The cat happened to be sitting on the table as he passed, and received a slap from Antony's snowy cap.

"We shall have company to-night, dad," exclaimed the son, as he seated himself in the little back room, which was dimly lighted with a solitary candle.

"What makes you so sure, Antony, my boy?" responded the old man, blowing a heavy cloud of smoke across the room from his long pipe.

"The cliff's extended, dad, *that's* why, and the snow keeps all on falling."

"Ah! Antony," said old Clicks, again clouding the room, and shaking his snowy locks, "I don't like this game of yours. I never did it, and trade was better then; besides, it gets us a bad name."

"That's just it, dad; that's just it. If we ain't got no trade we must make it; and as to name, where can you find the man as will say that Antony Clicks's

has got a foul mark on it! None dare do it, or else the well would have him." Here Antony thumped his heavy fist on the slender table, which made the glasses on the shelves tremble. "Now, dad, lets you and I have a game at cards. It's no use your saying no, nor shaking your head like that; I'm going to play, and so are you. Mother, bring us some beer. Now, here's the cards; and now, my ancient, just you play a little more careful to-night, and none o' your cheating like you did last time when I turned my back for a minute."

He laid the cards down, pointed the old man to the table, got a short pipe, took a long drink from the large stone mug containing the beer he had called for, and then sat himself opposite his father. The cards were cut, and the old man stated it was his first deal.

"How do you make that out? Cheating already? We'll call it mine for a change anyhow," said Antony.

Old Clicks had long since found out the advisability of keeping quiet now his son had so long had his own wilful way; so with accustomed resignation he nodded assent.

"Now, governor, lead off."

"Ten," began the old man.

"Two tens; that's two to me," said Antony.

But old Clicks happened to have another card of like value, and triumphantly played it.

"Why did'nt you say what you'd got?" demanded his son. "You know I hate cheating."

Away puffed old Clicks at his pipe, leaving Antony to mark the scores.

Again the cards were dealt round, and Antony laid his on the table whilst he took another drink of the beer. Then he walked outside the inn, and as the snow had accumulated on the ground the broom and spade were again called into use. Once more he went in, and seated himself at the table.

"Halloa, dad; here, come on, I'm sure it ain't cold to-night; getting so close to the fire. You should take a turn outside—that 'ud warm you. Oh, leave off that head-shaking, and play on."

The old man chanced to hold some good cards, and perhaps it was more luck than management that caused him to make a good score.

"I might 'ave been sure I couldn't trust you," said Antony; "but I'll have you yet." He shuffled away at the cards, dealt them out, but suddenly stretched his head as far as he could towards the door, then started up, for sure enough he heard the sound of horses' feet outside. He threw the cards over to his father, exclaiming, "Here, dad, clear away sharp, for it don't look nice or respectable to see an old man like you trying to bounce a youngster like me out of his ha'pence afore a stranger."

"Halloa, there," shouted a voice from outside.

"All right, we're a-coming," replied Antony in no small voice, as he motioned to his father to stow away the cards. When he thought everything was ready to his liking, he walked outside, and innocently asked, "Where are you? It's so precious dark, I can't see."

The stranger urged his horse up nearer to the inn door, jumped from his saddle, handed the reins to Antony, asking as he did so, "What place do you call this, my man?"

"Beetsmand, sir, is the name of the village, and this is the inn. You'll find good accommodation both for yourself and horse; nice snug parlour for you, and good stable for the steed; and we're very quiet sort o' people, sir."

With this cut and dried speech Antony waved his hand as an intimation for the stranger to walk inside, while he proceeded towards a small shed used to store the fire logs, which would have to serve as a stable now for want of any other larger building.

As the stranger entered Mrs. Clicks arose from her accustomed seat in the

chimney corner, and wheeled a massive old square built armchair towards the fire, then curtsied to her visitor, and "hoped he would be comfortable;" whilst old Clicks was just visible behind a cloud of smoke, touching a silvery ringlet hanging over his wrinkled forehead with the forefinger of his left hand.

The stranger glanced round the room, and no doubt wondered wherever he had got to. The feeble light emitted from the solitary candle standing upon the high mantelshelf enabled him to discern the contents of the apartment but imperfectly. His long coat almost touching the ground was thickly coated with snow, and his furry travelling cap, drawn down to protect his ears, had also obtained a thick layer of the "spotless white;" and as his beard was also thickly plastered with the cold gift of Nature he looked not unlike the plaster representations of old Father Christmas. The ever-ready Antony was quickly in from the stable, and at once proceeded to help the guest to take off his big coat. Antony took the coat to the door to shake the snow off. "Rough night, sir," said Mr. Clicks, jun., violently shaking the garment. "Snow's as thick on't as can be." More violent shaking followed, and this had the effect of bringing a small packet from one of the pockets to the ground. Antony continued to shake the coat, and as he did so he pushed the fallen treasure under the door mat with his foot; then he turned inside the parlour, and hung the coat up on a nail in the wall.

The stranger had in the meantime seated himself in the big chair, and Antony now came forward to take off his boots.

"Wait a bit, my man," said the stranger, as Antony made a vigorous clutch at the articles. "Wait until I loosen the straps."

Antony's eyes glistened as he saw the silver buckles, and reckoned that he had now landed a big fish.

Old Clicks had been quietly puffing away at his pipe, but now removed it from his mouth, and issued the usual cloud, remarking, "You'll find Antony a very handy chap, sir." Then he had another puff, and continued, "but he's got——"

His son turned sharply round, and gave the venerable parent such a look that the speech remained unfinished.

The boots were removed, and placed in the corner of the room.

"Is my horse all right, Antony?"

"Right as a trivet, sir. I understands horses."

"He's a very handy chap," again remarked the father, "only he's got a——"

The young man alluded to happened to be behind the big chair, and this time he shook his fist towards the venerable speaker, and as the argument thus manifested was sufficiently conclusive for the old gentleman, he contented himself by finishing the interrupted speech with again saying, "a very handy chap."

Antony produced some warm drink for the visitor, and then amused himself by lounging over the back of the big chair and speculating upon the worth of the rings upon his visitor's fingers, and the probable total he could make the bill for lodging, &c., come to. The visitor dozed off to sleep, therefore the handy attendant had the more opportunity of scrutinising him, and just as Antony was about to form an opinion of the stranger from a front view the occupant of the chair opened his eyes, and called for his boots to be brought.

"I'll see to the horse, sir. You must be tired," pleaded Antony.

"He's used to horses," chimed in old Clicks—"Almost born in the stable, and although I say it, you'll find him a handy chap, only he's got a crooked arm."

This last shot was too much for the filial affection of the heir to the house of Clicks, and he being near the silver-buckled boots raised one as tho' about to hurl it at the offender, but the stranger turned round in time to stop such a proceeding.

"Hey! Antony, what are you doing?"

"Just a-looking to see if there's any snow on 'em, sir, that's all," replied the young man.

Antony took an old lantern, and a rusty key, and proceeded to the stable, wherefrom he returned in a short space of time, remarking that the horse "appeared to know he was well cared for, and that he could 'tend to 'em better than any man breathing."

The old dame exhausted the store of her slender pantry to adorn the table for an evening meal, and bedtime duly arriving, Antony volunteered to show the stranger to his room.

(To be continued.)

The Montefiore Commemoration.

BY P. G. BEAR, P.G.

NOVEMBER 8th, 1883, must henceforth assuredly rank as the most memorable day in the history of Ramsgate. The occasion was unique in all respects, for where could be found an individual, like Sir Moses Montefiore, who by Almighty blessing had been spared in health and vigour to continue into the 100th year of life, the noble and self-sacrificing work of promoting in many lands the happiness and welfare of his fellow creatures.

In unanimity it was a model meeting. The local committee formed comprised the names of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Duke of Cambridge, Earls Sydney and Granville, the Deans of Canterbury and Windsor, Lord Brabourne, &c., whilst as a representative of the working classes, Mr. F. E. Hewett's (the delegate of the Ramsgate Oddfellows' Lodge) name was included.

Ramsgate is not prone to public processions and display, lacking, as it does, the nucleus of "mayor and corporation;" but this deficiency in no wise detracted from the success of the procession organised for this occasion, and which formed about two miles long on a line of road at the west of the town, and wended its way by the grandly decorated route (to and from East Cliff Lodge) of nearly four miles distance. Conspicuous in the procession were the members of the Isle of Thanet Lodge, bearing banners, &c., headed by their deputation (P.G. Bear, P.G. Hewett, and Per. Sec. Acock) with engrossed address, the District being represented by Prov. G.M. Bro. Sandwell and C. S. Millard.

On arriving at East Cliff Lodge various deputations assembled in the library. Each and all had a cordial reception, the kind and encouraging words of "the worthy host" to the deputations testifying to his mental vigour.

Below is the text of the address of the Isle of Thanet Lodge, which was presented by P.G. Bear, senior member of the lodge:—

"The Loyal Isle of Thanet Lodge, No. 5,511 of the Independent Order of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, Ramsgate.

"To SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, BART., J.P.—The members of the Loyal Isle of Thanet Lodge of Oddfellows, Manchester Unity, in general meeting assembled, unanimously desire hereby to give formal expression of their sincere and boundless joy upon the occasion of your entering on the hundredth year of your life.

"Permit us, dear Sir Moses, sincerely to offer our heartfelt congratulations on this happy event. We humbly pray that your valuable life may be prolonged with health, happiness, and every blessing.

"United as we are under the banners of 'Friendship, Love, and Truth,' 'Faith, Hope, and Charity,' we yield to none in high appreciation of your long and noble services on behalf of the suffering and oppressed.

"Be assured, dear Sir Moses, these words of ours can only feebly express the gratitude of our hearts.

"R. C. BEAR, P.G.

"FRED. E. S. HEWITT, P.G.

"A. W. ACOCK, Secretary."

"Not Gilded, but Golden."

BY KEEDY KINGSTON.

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD TOLL HOUSE," "ALONG BYE-WAYS AND HEDGES,"
"IT'S AN ILL-WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.

"THERE!" exclaimed Antony, as he placed the candle on a small table near the window in the bedroom. "I think you'll agree with me, that a snugger room couldn't be found no where. Directly you wakes you look out of this windy, and you'll see the most lovely country in the world. That bed is the softest and the comfortablest you can have; I've slept there many a night, and so I ought to know." The stranger, no doubt, thought he was not in a position to refute the assertion, and therefore said nothing.

Antony walked downstairs. First of all he stopped at the door mat, and picked up the fallen packet, which he put carefully in his pocket, then he sat down in the big chair, and thus accosted his venerable father:—

"Now look here, gov'nor; you keep those fine speeches of yours to yourself; there's no occasion for you to interfere. I know what I'm up to, and can manage without your help; so leave off."

"He's a decent sort," began his father.

"All the more reason you should keep quiet. We don't get a customer every night, and if it hadn't been for me we shouldn't have had him," responded Antony.

Old Clicks dropped the argument.

Antony took the light from the shelf, and placed it on the table, fumbled in his pocket and brought forth the packet, which proved to be a pocket-book. This he opened, took out some letters and read them in turn, then replaced them; took out some cards, handed one to his father, saying, "Look, that's his name—Eustace Claremontly;" put them back again, and drew forth a larger card, on which he found the portrait of a lady. Antony drew the candle closer to him, opened his eyes as wide as he could, looked more earnestly, rubbed his dirty coarse hands across his forehead, and exclaimed, "Well, that is a face and no mistake, I could look at that for hours."

The room door upstairs was opened, and the stranger called "Antony."

"Coming, sir, coming," exclaimed he, as he bundled the portrait into the book, which he laid upon the table.

As Antony left the room Old Clicks thought his time had now arrived, so he took the book and its contents in hand; but the old man's eyes were too dim to notice the letter he dropped on the floor as he raised the pocket-book.

Antony returned, snatched the article from his father's hands, gave his venerable parent anything but a benediction, and then rushed upstairs with the stranger's overcoat, placing the book in the breast pocket as he went. He sat in the old chair again on his return, but did not notice the letter on the floor until some time after his parents had retired to rest.

"That pottering old nuisance," ejaculated Antony, as he picked up the letter. "Just as though he couldn't ask me for anything he wanted to know, instead of meddling with other people's things. He's always prying into what don't concern him." During the while he turned the envelope over and over, and noticing it had not been opened, he wondered what was in it. "Of course, everything goes wrong. There's my pipe up in that chap's room. Never mind, here's dad's; that'll do," and accordingly he took up the old

gentleman's long clay; but as the size was not to his liking, he broke the stem down to a suitable length. From the shelf he took down a tin quart can, filled it nearly full of water, and placed it on the fire. He lounged back in the big chair enjoying his pipe until the water boiled, then he placed the can on the table, and laid the envelope over the steam. In a little time the vapour had moistened the fastening of the wrapper, and Antony carefully opened the envelope and unfolded its contents, which he prepared to read after snuffing the candle. As he held the opened letter in his hand he could not refrain from exclaiming, "I've stolen a march on the old man now, and shan't let him know it."

Carefully he perused every word of the epistle, then read it again and again; then, apparently satisfied, he stuck the envelope down after enclosing the letter; but the thought came to him as to the disposal of the same. He couldn't put it in the coat-pocket, for the coat was upstairs; it wouldn't do to place it on the shelf as though left by the postman, because no one could possibly know where the owner was staying for the night. However, he thought he would put it somewhere for to-night, and chance all about to-morrow. First he looked at the teapot, but that wouldn't suit; then he looked at the big boots with the silver buckles, but that idea was quickly passed by. Once again he thought of his father, but not very affectionately, and that didn't forward him. He walked across the room, and looking on the sideboard saw a few books lying there, and taking up the top one, which was an old hymnal, he concluded he might safely deposit the letter inside its cover, as "no one reads that."

Antony was now quite at ease, and as the hour was getting late, he prepared for a night's rest on the hearthrug, taking one of the stranger's topboots for a pillow.

CHAPTER III.

THE bedroom occupied by Eustace Claremontly was something of a curiosity in its way, therefore a description of it may not be unacceptable. An old four-poster occupies quite two-thirds of the apartment, and this necessary piece of furniture is decorated with a remarkable patterned array of chints—in fact, one might safely say that Solomon in all his glory never had anything to come up to these long curtains and hangings, and perhaps he didn't wish to have. Then there were two very old rush-bottomed chairs, and a small deal table beneath the leadened-sashed, diamond-paned window. In front of the fireplace stood a screen, blocking up the fire grating, and on the screen were pasted various pictures cut from penny illustrated periodicals, and papers of like character, both ornamental and useful. In the first place they served to hide the dirty canvas, making the blocking look more pleasing to the eye than it otherwise might; and in the next place keeping out the wind, which would otherwise have poured through the coarse texture. On the mantelshelf stood a few chimney ornaments. There were two or three grotesque-looking models in china, which did duty for match holders. There were two highly-polished hoofs of horses, a small fancy cardboard box, a few frames containing what were meant to be portraits, no doubt of some of the members of the Clicks family—heads cut out of black paper and pasted on a white ground. At one end of the shelf there stood an old ink bottle with a piece of ivy stuck in it, and at the corresponding corner was a broken saucer containing a dirty clay pipe. The wall was adorned with an old engraving, representing a poor sufferer with his hands clutching hold of the arms of a substantial-looking chair in which he was seated, whilst reeling backwards was a melancholy-looking individual with long hair, spectacles, high collar, knee breeches, and low shoes, holding in his hands a pair of tongs, with between them what was

meant to represent a tooth. Next to this valuable engraving hung a collection of butterflies and moths, but the specimens had remained exposed for such a length of time that each insect now looked of the same hue and description as its neighbour. Down by the place where a fender would be deposited stood a pair of boots, of extraordinary size and manufacture, possibly purchased by weight.

All these attractions had as yet been unnoticed by the occupant of the room, who was seated by the scant table gazing intently on the portrait which some little time previously had been favoured by the admiring glances of Mr. Clicks, jun. Antony had not allowed the visitor a very large piece of candle, and gradually the slender luminary burnt itself less and less until a flicker and a sudden flare proclaimed its life was spent. Being in a strange place and without a light is anything but comfortable, but after travelling a good distance man is apt to feel tired, and can generally manage under the circumstances to enjoy a long sleep—at any rate, such was the case with the visitor at the inn.

Antony was awake long before daybreak and out, clearing away the embankment he had made during the previous evening. Spade and pick were in constant requisition, and lump after lump of the battered snow was thrown aside. The labourer frequently went indoors to revive his energies with a dose of what was there known as "London porter," and the task of hewing down the ridge was in due time accomplished. Antony next proceeded to the stable, and got the horse already saddled for its master, for he feared the stranger might want to pay the place of shelter a visit, and perform the work himself. The animal's feet seemed to have especial attraction to Antony; he surveyed each one in turn, looking intently at the shoes, and going so far as to try which particular piece of steel could be removed the easiest, for he much disliked parting with his customer so soon. However, he refrained from putting his theory into practice in this case, but wandered round and round the horse as though he were of opinion that it was part of his duty towards himself to do a something to cause Mr. Claremontly to stay a longer period at Chalky Corner than he intended to at present. It was too late to physic the horse, and even were it not, Antony had no decoction (excepting that supplied by the brewers, and adulterated by himself) wherewith to prescribe for the animal, therefore his thoughts on this score were in vain. He viewed the harness and had some few thoughts of dissecting various portions of it, but then the strictures might be made good enough for a short journey, and he might be unable to persuade his guest to believe that the rats had eaten the saddle, so he decided to leave that alone and make a virtue of necessity, or rather compulsion. Having come to this determination it was surprising to see with what an air of satisfaction he viewed the result of his grooming, and with what care he examined his charge to see that everything was as it should be. He even went so far as to rub the animal down with the neck wrapper he valued and wore so much, and finished off the polish with an application from the furry cap, no doubt fully intending to remember these little attentions when presenting the bill of charges for payment to the visitor, and perhaps thinking they would in some measure compensate the horse for the scanty supply of provender.

Antony had his visitor's bill made out before the stranger had partaken of the modest breakfast placed before him, but the various items he had put down had taken a deal of time to consider over, and at last the sum total reached such figures as clearly proclaimed that "the most reasonable charges" were not known at this establishment. Antony partook of the meal with his visitor, and occasionally tried to enter into conversation, but the latter personage did not feel inclined to talk, beyond asking whatever information he wished to gain.

"How far is it to Hardwicke Place, Antony?" asked the stranger, as he proceeded to buckle up his boots, ready for another journey.

"Not Gilded, but Golden."

BY KERRY KINGSTON.

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD TOLL HOUSE," "ALONG BYE-WAYS AND HEDGES,"
"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

As Eustace Claremontly proceeded on his journey, he recognised the old familiar landmarks. On either side something or the other attracted his attention, and called up the memories of the past. Here he noticed an old stile, on which, when a boy, he had sat and carved his name; there in another place he noticed the old trysting tree, where many a happy meeting had taken place; and, as he turned round a bend in the lane, the high tower of the old church he knew so well reared its majestic form before him. He urged his horse gently forward, and before many minutes had elapsed he halted in front of the sacred edifice. The church was a substantial old building of huge stones and flints. The front was almost covered with ivy, the windows and doorway only being left uncovered by the verdant mantle. The old dial, or clock face, was almost hid, but the worthy churchwardens had given it a coating of bright blue paint, and had caused the figures to be fresh gilt, and so old Father Time's tale-bearer now peeped out from its leafy framework with something near approaching impudence.

It was some few years since Eustace had gazed upon the old place, therefore he lingered. How many times had he trodden the paved flooring and admired the beautiful stained windows—how frequently had he read the inscriptions carved upon the tablets placed by loving hands upon the sacred walls—and how often had he listened to the tones of the grand old organ chanting the hymns of praise and peace! All these thoughts crowded upon him, and made him resolve to taste those sweet sounds again at no very remote period.

The chiming of the old bells told him that he must not linger, therefore a hasty but fond look at the sacred edifice was given, and the road taken once again towards Hardwicke Place.

The horse, as though conscious of his master's mission, trotted gaily along, and although the distance travelled had been great, still the animal's strength tired not, neither did his pace falter. Many a cheerful pat was administered to the arched neck of the faithful steed, and these friendly greetings performed results not to be attained by the use of spur and whip; the animal recognised the authority of its master at all times, and had learned to obey through the medium of gentleness and kindness.

A cheerful gallop down the lane leading from the main road brought Eustace within sight of Hardwicke Place, and before many minutes had elapsed the horse was led into decent quarters, whilst its owner proceeded to one of the luxuriant apartments of the hall.

Mr. Harden, the owner and occupier of the mansion, was looked upon by the outside world as a very fortunate man, chiefly because he was wealthy. He, however, used his riches to good ends;—he patronised many charitable institutions, looked after the wants of the poor in the surrounding districts, and withheld not the aid sought by the wayfarer.

His family consisted of his two daughters, Mabel and Gertrude. Both young ladies were possessed of some amount of personal beauty; but whilst Mabel

was the type of serene quietude and goodliness, her sister Gertrude bespoke by her features a nature of coquettish pride and flirtation; but perhaps some excuse could be made, as Gertrude was the younger of the two, and had been petted somewhat during her childhood.

Mabel would frequently visit the villagers, and present the needy with some substantial token of her good nature towards the relief of their sufferings; but her sister, although she would frequently walk part of the distance with her, would not enter the cottages of the poor, because she used to say, "Mabel can talk to them in the manner they seem to like, but I don't know how to preach!" The arrangement was to the mutual satisfaction of the sisters, for Mabel preferred being alone on such occasions. She aimed not at having her good deeds carved on stone in letters of gold, but chose rather the better part of knowing good had been done without the laudation of all empty vanity.

Upon the arrival of Eustace Claremontly, Mabel was seated at the piano, singing a ballad called "Sunshine and Shade" (the words of the song comparing the different phases of life with the glories of pure effulgence and the beauties of undisturbed repose); her sister was studying the latest publication and plates relating to those important articles of female attire—dresses and bonnets—for she could perceive more beauty in these things than in comparisons with nature, however poetic; and Mr. Harden was fully enjoying the sweet theme of the ballad expressed by the harmonious voice of his eldest daughter. Perhaps he thought of the shadows forming around his fading light; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the good deeds he had wrought in his lifetime, although not now crying out for recognition, would remain hereafter as finger-posts pointing out the paths of pleasantness to those that follow.

Mabel had just concluded the first verse of her song when Eustace was announced, and Gertrude had fully made up her mind that it was very requisite she should have a new bonnet.

Eustace was an old friend, and received a cordial welcome. Gertrude chatted away, and hardly allowed anyone else to say much for some little time. She wanted to know where Eustace had lately been staying, and where he had just come from, and received prompt answers in each case.

"So you stopped at 'Chalky Corner' last night, did you?" exclaimed Gertrude; "ain't it a queer old tumble-down place?"

"Well, it certainly is a queer place as you term it, Gertrude," replied Eustace; "but I don't know much about the tumble-down propensity."

"Don't you really? Well, I do, you see. It belongs to papa, so of course we know all about it," added Gertrude. "Perhaps, though, you don't mean the same place as I do. I mean the inn near Beetsmand kept by Mark Clicks."

"Yes, yes, that's the one, Gertrude," replied Eustace.

The young lady, however, brought a small portfolio and taking a drawing therefrom, handed it to the visitor, saying, "That's the place I mean."

Eustace looked at it, and proclaimed the picture a faithful copy.

"That's Mabel's sketch. You don't know how clever she is, Eustace."

A quiet remonstrance from Mabel only served to loose Gertrude's tongue the more.

"You wait and see for yourself," added the younger sister. "We look after everybody and everything—sometimes hold quite a levée one way or the other. The postman brings us a lot of tracts, and these are followed up by a visit from a 'Rev. Mr. Someone;' then off goes Mabel to distribute them at the cottages, and—well, you'll see for yourself."

Mabel remained very quiet, as though enjoying a flow of thought that she did not wish disturbed, and Eustace gradually found himself intently thinking of her. The pieces of music lying on the table were slowly turned over one

by one by Mabel as though she were looking for a particular copy, and Eustace held his hand towards her receiving the copies she placed on one side.

Mr. Harden had been watching his eldest daughter. He had noticed the roses mantle the cheeks that had before been pale, and he rejoiced to believe that Mabel found more than a friend in Eustace Claremontly.

"Are not you going to sing again, Mabel?" asked her father.

"If you wish me to, father dear," she replied.

"Are you fond of music, Eustace?" questioned Mabel.

"Very fond of it indeed," was the reply. "Music and books I look upon as two of the best companions a man can have. Each has a voice peculiarly its own; the first raises thoughts that no tongue can translate, and no imagination realise; and the second gives language that enriches both heart and mind. One builds up a glorious theme of indescribable beauty; the other lays the foundation of true wealth."

Gertrude was astonished at his sentimentality, as she termed it, and asked how long he had turned philosopher.

CHAPTER V.

No. 1, Arched Alley, was a very dilapidated building, if building it may be called. The outside of the structure was certainly composed of bricks, but time and London smoke had made them so black that they were hardly recognisable. The door did not possess the slightest adornment; the paint once applied had vanished years ago, and if ever there had been a knocker no one in the alley could remember seeing it. There was a hole in the centre of the door, from which protruded a piece of rope with a large knot at the end; this was the means whereby people in the alley gained admission to No. 1.

It is surprising how many people can live in one small house when they feel so inclined, and in this instance might be found five different families, if such a classification can be given to a number of individuals occupying different rooms. The people downstairs were separated by the flight of steep steps commencing close at the street door, and terminating in a misty darkness a little way towards the low roof. At the top of the steps are three small rooms. Let us turn to the right. One single window lights the apartment, the air is almost unbearable, and a large fire burns within a brick casement wherein a stove once was placed. The furniture consists of a long table and a form; on the former are placed the wreck of a pewter measure and sundry little articles resembling moulds, and upon the form are seated two men, repulsive in appearance and singular in costume. No one would imagine that any inmate of Arched Alley was a tradesman, and they would perhaps as little think there were any professors to be found there, but their number for all that was legion.

Even from the old crone at the far end, down to the little children with scanty clothing playing in the gutter, could be found "professors." But the two men at No. 1 were the greatest professors—in fact, they were bankers, and in their mint all the coins of the realm, from sovereigns to sixpences, had their "portraits taken" on the shortest notice, and were turned out "wholesale, retail, and for exportation!" In the room adjoining, four professors are at work, but they prefer choice workmanship to striking metals—they deal in gems and jewellery. In one corner sits a man with a small lathe in front of him, and by his side is placed a box containing gems of "the first water," made from coloured glass, pieces of china, sealing wax, and various chemical compositions. The "chemist" occupies a seat near the window, and whilst busy making blood stoucs, pearls, opals, corals, rubies, &c., he sings for the amusement of his comrades, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," although both words and tune were greatly at variance with the original setting. Next in

order comes the "artist," who makes the designs before his fellow-workmen take them in hand to give the jewellery the finishing touch. Thus they worked together, each contributing his share of labour before the article was ready for the vendor to deal with. Sometimes they only turned out imitations, but at others they transposed stones, taking out real and inserting false ones, or what they termed "duffers." Sometimes articles, such as silver spoons, cups, candlesticks, &c., the proceeds of other "professors'" labours, were brought into the "manufactory," and then they were quickly put into the crucible, and turned into various ornaments. Still, for all this scheming and contriving, these men were miserably poor; their profits were by no means enormous, as the outside men—the vendors—got the "pull."

A fifth man enters the room. He is dressed in a suit of fine black cloth, wears a beaver hat with a respectable broadcloth band upon it, a white cravat, and a pair of black kid gloves. In one hand he carries a bundle of tracts, and in the other a black leather bag. He walks up to the table, places the tracts and bag carefully upon it, and refreshes himself with a long drink from a stone bottle of vast capacity before saying a word. Then he takes off his hat, carefully tucks his gloves in the lining of the beaver, and removes his venerable-looking white wig. A vast change has now taken place in the individual's appearance. Before thus divesting himself he might have applied for a donation on behalf of the "poor blacks," or the "sick and wounded," with some chance of obtaining it; but now he might have a closer connection with the dark-skinned gentlemen, without giving himself very much trouble, if his whereabouts were known to the police!

"What luck, parson?" asked the chemist, leaving off in his song, and turning round towards the last comer.

"Fair—pretty fair," replied the person addressed, as he proceeded to remove his white tie and put it with the tracts into his coat pocket. "Look for yourself; you don't want any key to undo locks!"

"Not quite," replied the chemist, making a knowing movement with his fingers, and then proceeding to manipulate with the fastening of the bag. The other men left off work to examine the newly-acquired treasures.

"That'll do," said the chemist, as he took from the bag a gold bouquet-holder. Then he had to insert both hands into the bag to bring out something more bulky. "Now that's what I call a picter," he exclaimed, showing a finely-chased silver cup. "Where did you find this, my worthy?"

"Never mind where he found 'em," growled the designer; "shove 'em in the pot at once;" and he proceeded to carry his words into action, muttering as he did so, "dead men tell no lies, Bill."

Bill quite coincided with his mate's opinion, but the man at the lathe saw better use might be made of the bouquet-holder, and therefore transferred it to his bench, where sundry applications of a chisel rendered the article beyond recognition.

The distributor of the tracts once more had recourse to the stone bottle.

"How did you find bis'nis?" asked Bill, between the hammering.

"Oh, the 'black man' is dying out, so afore I start again I must invent a fresh advocate for charity, and people think the 'sick and wounded' ought to be well by this time. At the place where I landed that big cup there were two young ladies; one cried over my narrative about the poor blacks, and the other went to find something for the sick and wounded, and I found the cup in between the acts, as the saying is."

"It's a jolly good land," said the chemist.

"It's a fortun'," remarked the man at the lathe.

"Beats coining," added the designer.

"Wait a bit," interposed the fender; "don't be in such a hurry. It's cost a lot to get. You know you can't always get what you want on your first

visit. You chaps don't understand the preaching business. It's all very well to sit here and speculate what a thing is worth, but when you have the working for it, it's a different matter. A man can't cry at every house he goes to, unless he fortifies himself first, and then he must go hungry for a long time, and this ruins his constitution, otherwise he don't look half miserable enough to touch people's pockets. It ain't fine words he wants, nor pity, but its the 'chink' he bankers after."

"Quite right," said the chemist, handing the stone bottle round; "but we don't want a sermon."

"No, but I wants to teach you how to handle the net, 'cause I'm getting pretty well known, and some one else ought to take a turn to keep up success."

"Right again," vociferated the chemist; "every one to his trade. Look here, could you turn out a gem like that?" Here he handed to the clerical professor a brooch set with various stones, which looked to all appearances a fine specimen of handiwork and value. "A man as possesses tongue don't, as a rule, have much else. It would puzzle you for a year to make a thing like that. It's made from part of an oyster shell, and a piece of a green medicine bottle, and the rim of a candlestick—that's what we call work. Look at the gold—feel the weight—and say if it air't natural. We've got a preparation we prints the brass with, and now can defy all the hakey fortes in a doctor's shop."

"It's very good," replied the linguist; "but in this sort of work you gets mechanical, and goes by regular rules and measurements; whereas in my branch it's a study for everlasting. You has to give a lead, watch how the bite takes, and then follow up; then you must set up yourself as a pattern of morality; cram yourself with all sorts of touching anectaldotes and passages from good books; and always have a tear ready in both eyes—and that wants working, sometimes with a pin—then again you has to fight your own conscience."

"Conscience," derisively replied the chemist, "we don't know anything about him, and we don't want to, do we, Bill?"

"Not until we retires from bis'ness," replied that gentleman.

"Well," responded the wearer of the white tie, "I think as I possess all the qualities so needful to my branch, and you'd be up a tree without me, I ought to share more of the profits than what I do. I has the hardest work. Don't you see, if I was only once to swear, all the fat would be in the fire, so to speak, and all my education wasted."

The man at the lathe left off work and joined in the argument. "He thought," he said, "it would be a pity for the cleric to be taken off his beat, especially as he seemed so well cut out for his job, so let the question of shares be so settled that we shan't have any more dispute about 'em."

The bottle of beer was passed round again, and its magic influences assisted in making satisfactory arrangements with regard to "profits," and when this question was definitely settled, the "man of education" said he did not wish to be disturbed whilst he endeavoured to learn all the choice extracts contained within the bundle of tracts he had recently purchased.

But his studies were to be of very short duration, for hurried footsteps up the miserable staircase declared something of importance had occurred, and before the inmates of the room had time to hide away all their criminating evidence the door was flung violently open.

(To be continued.)

MATTER AND STYLE.—Like good writing or good speaking, its value (pictorial art) depends primarily on its matter, and on its manner only so far as it best sets forth and impresses the matter.—*Jno. Ruskin.*

"Not Gilded, but Golden."

BY KEDDY KINGSTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE OLD TOLL HOUSE," "ALONG BYE-WAYS AND HEDGES,"
"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WINTER, with all its dismal associations with regard to Nature, had passed, and Spring with all its virgin beauty had arrived. The leaves on the trees were daily increasing their magnitude, and the verdant mantle of earth became daily more and more delightful to look upon. As the gentle breezes whispered o'er the fields they seemed to carry with them a hymn of praise from Nature newly awakened, and the little feathered songsters soaring high towards the clouds seemed to take up the theme and re-echo the grateful strain. The Park adjoining Hardwicke Place was pretty beyond description, for therein could be seen the mighty oaks that had braved many winters, the rich chestnuts just breaking into bloom, the gigantic elms lifting their haughty heads to heaven, and the gentle willows that drooped their branches over the clear stream running through the Park. By the side of the crystal water was a rustic seat, and Mabel frequently spent many pleasant hours seated there. She loved to watch the water carrying the leaves upon its glittering surface, and gazed after them as they flowed one by one from her sight. She used to throw a flower in sometimes, calling it a wish, and speculated upon its passing a certain point as to whether her desire would be fulfilled or not. She loved Nature, and could always discern a voice of beauty and truth in all her gentle gifts. From the simple blade of grass to the magnificent queen of roses, from the modest buttercup to the lordly dahlia, from the wild clover of the hedge to the princely wheat, and from the insignificant daisy to the fragrant honeysuckle, she could perceive that each had a mission to fulfil, each had a song to sing, a theme to recite, a lesson to teach, a beauty to manifest, and a blessing to bestow.

Beside the pleasant stream sat Mabel and Eustace. The old, old tale, was again repeated. Fresh castles were raised in the air, and pretty pictures of future happiness were depicted. "Look," said Eustace, pointing to a willow tree not far from where they were seated—"Look, Mabel, at that old willow tree, how silently and tenderly it seems to bend over that fair lily floating on the rippling stream; see how it stretches its loving arms towards the fair flower, as though sheltering it from the passing wind. How gaily the lily dances upon the water—and see, the wind now rustles the leaves hanging from the branches of the tree. Cannot you imagine they are holding sweet converse together? The lily seems to laugh at the old tree, whilst the tree bends its boughs towards the sweet blossom of Nature and tries with its outstretched arms to embrace it. Were you that lily, Mabel, and I the willow, my boughs should bend down and shelter you from every rude blast, and my leaves should touch the sweet flower beneath, imprinting thereon the kiss of true love. The old tree has stood upon the bank longer than the lily has played upon the water, and the fair flower will fade long before life leaves the old tree; all the beauty of the blossom, all its quiet glory, all its magnificent purity, will, alas,

soon vanish, and the old lover will be left to mourn and weep alone over its bereavement. Poor fragment of Nature, how well I can enter into what your feelings would then be, and how you would continually weep for your lost love; but were I to magnify your leaves a thousandfold, and call each leaf a tear, even then you could not possess half the sorrow my heart would were I bereft of my beautiful flower—Mabel."

"Eustace, dear Eustace," softly whispered Mabel, "You do not know me as I am, otherwise you would think differently."

"Nay, Mabel; have not I known you from a child? Did not I then love you with childish simplicity? Did not I love you with all the fiery nature of youth? Why should not I now love you with the strong love of a man?"

"Because there are many better than me," replied the maiden.

"Not to my way of thinking, Mabel darling."

"I thought you had almost forgotten me, Eustace. You have been away such a long time it seems."

"The time has appeared as ages to me," replied Eustace; "every day seemed to be carrying me further from you, but forgetfulness has been a stranger to me."

"Strangers frequently become acquaintances," added Mabel.

"Fear not, darling," replied Eustace. "So long as memory retains her throne, and the feeble stream of life flows, so long will I remember you with pure affection."

"Many like promises have been made, Eustace dear, but have too soon been forgotten."

"Perhaps, Mabel, at the time they were made the true worth of the fair one had not been discovered. You know human nature is not unlike the various minerals and stones to be found in the bosom of Mother Earth. There are some real gems, and even in these are hidden virtues; virtues that require the earnest gaze of the searcher, and their beauty becomes the more apparent as they are the more closely scrutinised; there are other gems which only dazzle the eye with their glitterings—they are valuable because of their splendour. Then the reverse picture presents to us the tinselled gems; they glitter and shine like the real jewels, but it is all mere outward show, there is no truth in them, they are mere mockery, and upon close inspection their utter worthlessness and deceit becomes apparent."

"I fear there are too many of the latter representatives," replied Mabel; "but even the most pure amongst us is not free from empty vanity."

The conversation was here interrupted by the appearance of Gertrude, who came running up to her sister quite out of breath. "Do come, do come at once," said Gertrude excitedly; "here's such a queer fright outside in the lane. I've just been taking stock of him; but you come and see for yourselves." The party walked over to the hedge dividing the park from the outside lane, and cautiously peeping through the bushes, observed a man seated on a stool placed under the shade of a big chestnut tree. He wore an old felt hat of rusty brown colour, with the brim turned down well over his face; his coat had evidently seen its best days; the material looked like velvet, but it had been so much worn that both colour and material could not be named with any degree of accuracy; and this garment was adorned with a good display of large pearl buttons. The coverings of his legs were made of leather, and his boots were evidently manufactured before the process was thoroughly understood. Perhaps the gem of his habiliment might be designated the tie he wore—it consisted of something like unravelled rope more than anything else, with every strand a different length and colour; whilst carefully placed in the centre was an ornament of a shape indescribable and of a nature somewhat suspicious.

This remnant of the past sat with one leg crossing the other; he bent his

head down very low as he leaned over an immense piece of very hard wood which he firmly grasped in his left hand. The timber had various devices carved upon it; in one place a hideous monster, with wings and wide open mouth, occupied a prominent position; in another, a crafty serpent twined itself around a group of objects; and thus conceivable and inconceivable things crowded on and on, up and down, and nearly all over the inexplicable article held by the human vice.

The man held in his right hand a small but very sharp penknife, which he quickly and skilfully applied to a portion of the carvings. Twitch—twitch—twitch—went the knife, and yet no perceptible progress was made with the work in hand.

A small crowd of farm labourers had gathered round the workman, and this seemed to displease him, for he occasionally looked up from his work to exclaim, "Do go away; what is there to see? Only an old man and a piece of wood!" Then faster seemed to twitch the knife, as though the holder begrudged the time he had spent in trying to persuade the onlookers not to wait.

Gertrude could no longer keep quiet, and remarked to her sister, "I should like to know what he's doing," quite loud enough for the workman to hear the voice. Once more he looked up, and exhorted the bystanders "to go away," at the same time assuring them there was nothing to see. Then he somewhat reluctantly closed his little knife, and deposited it in one of the commodious pockets of his ancient coat, and began preparing to take his departure. The bystanders took the hint and proceeded down the lane, leaving the carver to follow. As the carver turned round to take up his seat, he saw the two young ladies and Eustace looking over the hedge towards him.

"Don't go away, old friend," said Mabel, in a tone displaying she really meant what she said.

"No, don't," added Gertrude; "my sister, I know, wants to find out all about you, and then you'll get her sympathy."

"Be quiet, Gertrude," said Mabel, tapping her sister gently on the shoulder.

"Well, Mabel, we all know what a good Samaritan you are; but it's a good job I'm not like you, or we should hold a levée of beggars every day here," replied Gertrude.

"I'm not a beggar," disdainfully answered the carver, as he looked towards the younger sister.

"Now, I didn't say you were," retorted Gertrude, "and you mustn't get cross, or my sister will preach you a sermon about meekness or something of the sort, and I dare say there's many things you'd prefer to that."

The old man pulled his hat over his forehead more, and began to move, but Mabel persuaded him to stay.

"Don't take any notice of what she is saying, friend, her tongue is always running so fast," exclaimed Mabel; then she added, as she turned to her sister, "I wish you would go away, Gertrude; you are a tiresome girl."

"Then I shall just stop to tease you, Mabel." Mabel unheeded her sister's reply, but requested the carver to show her his work.

"It's too heavy for your gentle hands, fair lady," replied he, stretching the wood towards her, "but you can look at it while I hold it."

"How very beautiful!" exclaimed Mabel, inspecting the carving. "Is this all your work?"

"Yes, my lady."

"How long did it take you?"

"About sixteen years."

"Oh," said Gertrude, "only fancy that. I wonder what pa would say if I took a quarter that time over my woolwork."

"Hold your tongue, Gertrude," commanded her sister.

"When will it be finished?" asked Gertrude.

"That I am unable to answer," replied the workman.

"What is it supposed to be?" enquired Mabel.

"It's now supposed to represent a javelin staff," replied the carver, "as carried by the javelin men of olden times. It is carved out of a solid piece of walnut wood, which is now many years old. It used to be one of the bed stocks in Warwick Castle. Many a tale could this old timber narrate, and a history of voluminous interest belongs to it. Many a royal personage has it helped to support; and many a warrior has rested himself upon its staunch appurtenances. It has adorned the palaces of kings; the hall of the brave; and the cell of the monk; but now it contents itself with a corner in the wanderer's casual room. For sixteen years have I carried it about, and worked at it with this little knife; hours, days, aye years have rolled on, and I have still laboured at the work you now see. To me it possesses a value untold. All the wealth of this country would not tempt me to part with this staff until my task is done; for the time-honoured wood deserves to reap a fitting reward.

When I look at the different carvings they remind me of times gone by, and of the various circumstances attending that same time;—and thus the history of my life becomes engraven upon this old piece of wood." So saying, he hugged the staff in his arms as though each recollection endeared him the more to his work.

When the narrative was ended, Gertrude exclaimed, "He talks like a book."

"And a good one too," replied Mabel.

"But not one of superfine binding," said Gertrude.

"Those who only admire books because of their gorgeous covers," added the carver scornfully, "show not only poor taste but piteous ignorance. There's many a good book with paltry and dirty covers; and many a bad one decked in gold; but before we either praise or condemn we should search earnestly to find their true worth, or utter worthlessness. It is likewise with people; many are dressed in rags, and yet the rags may cover greater wealth than lies beneath the gaudy dress of the rich and proud. One may cover true treasures; the other only mock jewels."

"But," said Gertrude, "I suppose you'll admit that the rich coverings do not always cover deceit?"

"Readily, but deceit wrapt in wealth is not so pardonable as when it is covered in rags, because we expect great things from great appearances, but with the poor we do not look for so many virtues."

"Don't you think it possible then for the poor to be possessed of good qualities?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes," said the carver, "and I often find poor people more contented than the rich and proud. He who can look his fellow creature in the face, and scorns a dishonest action, is more entitled to be called rich than he who tries to make himself appear better than everyone else, and stoops to vice."

"That's just where you poor people always make the mistake," replied Gertrude petulantly, "every one with good clothes ain't vicious."

"You mistake me, miss," responded the workman; "it's the rich people that are always trying to make out their poorer brethren to be all that's bad, whilst they cover their own faults with the affluence they possess."

"You're awfully hard upon us, old boy," said Gertrude. "I shall get my sister to argue with you. Here, Mabel."

Mabel and Eustace had been quietly conversing together during the time that Gertrude had been talking to the carver, but now both of them turned their attention to the man in the lane.

Gertrude again took up the conversation.

"I say, old friend, as my sister calls you, what's your name? Do tell me, then I shan't forget you."

"I am known as 'The Bear,'" was the carver's reply.

"The Bear," shouted Gertrude, in astonishment; "what a horrid name! And I suppose that is the ragged staff. I see the joke," added the maiden, as she laughed heartily.

"Why do you do that work?" asked Mabel.

"I'll tell you some other time, miss," replied the carver.

"No, tell us now," said Gertrude. "I'm dying to know; besides, you're such a good book, you know."

"But not one of superfine binding," retorted the man.

"Never mind that," replied Gertrude, "Mabel will bind you afresh; won't you, Mabel?"

"I'm not going to promise anything," replied Mabel.

The workman had now shouldered his staff, and promised to call some other time, but Mabel extended her hand, and bade him partake of the offering she made. The man pulled his hat well down over his face, expressed his thanks, and journeyed onwards.

"I say, Mr. Bear," shouted Gertrude, as the man proceeded down the lane, "just you think over what I've said, and don't be so hard on us when you come again, then I shall say you're a good book with gilded leaves."

Mabel remarked to her sister that she thought the workman to be a sensible man, and, added she, "I take quite an interest in him; it's evident he has seen better days."

"No doubt, Mabel; poor people always say that."

"Why, Gertrude, it hardly requires two eyes to see that. If he is somewhat surly, it's only rough usage by the world that makes him so."

"But I say, Mabel, ain't he an old fright?"

"I never judge people by their looks," replied Mabel.

"We've had a specimen of that," said Gertrude; "otherwise that man with the tracts would not have taken your bouquet holder."

"Now, Gertrude, it's not right for you to say he took it, when there's no proof of such being the case."

"No proof, Mabel!" exclaimed Gertrude in surprise—"no proof! Well, it was on the table when he came, and it had vanished when he had gone. I don't know what more proof you want."

"That's not sufficient evidence to me," replied Mabel; "because I have no recollection of seeing it as you say."

"That's the worst of you, Mabel; every one is a saint in your eyes excepting poor me; and now you've added another to your catalogue in old grizzly bear."

"Don't talk like that, Gertrude; no doubt he has good reasons for not telling his name," remarks Mabel.

"Yes," said Gertrude; "perhaps done something to shame it."

"Or something too good for it," interposed Mabel; "it's as fair to argue one way as the other."

"You mean, Mabel, one way suits you better than the other."

"Poor man," exclaimed Mabel; "what a curious life to lead; fancy, what years of toil!"

"Well, I think he's an old stupid," said Gertrude.

"There we differ," responded her sister.

"And as usual," added Gertrude.

"Here's pa coming," said Mabel, as her father advanced towards them.

"I wonder what he'll say about your new acquaintance, Mabel?"

"Don't mention it yet, Gertrude, until we know more about the strange man."

Mr. Harden now joined the party, and, taking Eustace by the arm, told him he had something of importance to converse upon with him.

(To be continued.)

cowards, out of the way, I say." And he darted forwards, elbowing his way towards the building.

As this incident did not take place unnoticed, some movement was occasioned in the crowd, which was becoming worked up to a feverish pitch of excitement. The fire had spread to the adjoining houses, and was raging with unabated fury; the smoke, however, was carried by the wind in a direction opposite to that towards which all eyes, with an irresistible impulse, were directed. A cry of joy broke from the assembled multitude, when they beheld a lofty ladder slowly reared against the tottering wall. But it reached only to the windows of the third floor, and there was the height of another beyond it.

Surprise grew fearful now. Some of the boldest amongst them, having the hint thus given, began to devise plans of assistance, and a few grew desperate at the idea of leaving a fellow-creature, young and newly married, to perish in a manner so truly terrible. The ladder was lowered, and another of smaller dimensions lashed securely to its top. Again it was reared, and this time with greater caution. But a shout of horror burst from the multitude. The female had disappeared.

She had fallen, in fact, into the flames raging within the building, and where humanity shrinks from following her in her awful fate. When all further aid was thus repudied unavailing, and nothing remained to be done, the voices of the spectators grew imperious, and many were heard to wonder why the ladder had not been reared before, some even muttering that a stir ought to be made about it, and that it should be by no means pushed up; others there were who loudly announced their firm desire to have hazarded their lives, as if they were worthless, in the poor lady's behalf—only the pressure of the crowd withheld them. But one voice near the centre of the throng was loud above the rest.

"I say," it exclaimed, "and I'll hold to it, that this young man was the first that offered help."

"Who was I who?" cried another voice, equally loud, but in accents that made the hearers tremble. "Let me see him—I'm her father—let me see him."

The multitude gave way, with suspended breath, leaving room for the speaker to pass. Eager faces peered inquisitively into his, as he pushed his way along, but they instantly drew back in fear, so terrible was the agony depicted on his countenance. The crowd was so dense that it was no easy thing, with all goodwill on their part, to elbow through them—for the passage that had been momentarily opened, closed again from the effects of the distant pressure. But the speaker persisted in his efforts, and raised his voice more loudly as the delay increased.

"Why look you all?" he cried, "she was my child—my child—a bride this morning, and now swallowed by the flames. There was not one amongst you but that youth would stir a step to save her, though every hair on her head should have brought gold to her preserver."

Just at this juncture, and as a seasonable interruption to the old man's wailings, the roof of the adjoining building fell in, and at the same time the engines, having at length been fully supplied with water, began to play vigorously. Another incident for a time diverted the attention of the crowd. When the dust and smoke had in some measure cleared off,

OLD MISERY, THE MISER.

At the beginning of January, 183—, and at an early hour in the evening, a fire broke out on the premises of a floor-cloth manufactory, situated in the immediate environs of London. A quantity of oil contained in the building had ignited, and the whole pile became one glowing mass. Higher and higher the flames mounted, roaring and leaping till the sky grew red, blood-red, as it overhung the scene. Dense volumes of smoke rolled off, filling the upper air. Crowds of people, making the engine-drivers furious, blocked up every street and avenue. The firemen, homed in on all sides, were busily endeavouring to force their way. Females shrieked, men swore loudly—the firemen swearing loudest of all. And still the throng increased, thousands hurrying up from all sides and filling every thoroughfare conducting to the spot. But a few paces from the flaming pile was a store where saltpetre was kept, and this intelligence was speedily circulated amongst the lookers-on. The wind having commenced blowing slightly, the fire soon communicated with the store, and the utmost alarm was now manifested. A terrace of large houses adjoined the latter building, and the flames were widening rapidly. Water too was difficult to be obtained, for the weather was so severe as to have frozen all the pipes, and scarcely an engine could be worked. In the meantime the flames held on their course unchecked, and two of the houses adjoining the saltpetre store were already kindled. Three now—for the curling fire ran along the roofs exultingly. Ladders were reared against the windows, even those at the furthest end of the terrace, and therefore remotest from the danger. Piles of household furniture grew up suddenly in the street. Fathers, with insane looks, poured forth a profusion of orders, that were drowned in the tumult. Servants ran hither and thither. Dogs howled, children screamed, women fainted. Confusion became confounded.

As the fire spread along the terrace, there was one house that attracted universal notice. The flames ascending from the saltpetre warehouse, brilliant as they were, and their hues were gorgeous, did not serve to distract the uniform attention riveted on this building. It seemed from the street a glowing, gutted pile, and yet individuals could be described in the various apartments, running to and fro. They disappeared presently, and the roof fell in, sending up one vast cloud of dust and smoke, that for some moments obscured the whole scene.

Suddenly on the top—yes, on the very top—on the outermost wall of the roofless building, appeared a female figure. Beneath, the flaming abyss glowed like a crater. In the imagination of the spectators, the crumbling sides had begun to rock. Every breath seemed hushed, and to the stunning noise, an awful calm had succeeded.

Immediately a voice was heard to exclaim that a wedding had taken place in that fated house, on that day, and it was speedily reported that this was none other than the bride herself, who thus appealed with frantic gestures for their aid.

"Stand aside there! will no one help her?" cried the musical voice of a youth from a quarter where the pressure was less dense. "Cowards,

a little dog was discovered on the window-sill of the third story. The terrified animal howled pitifully, for its feet were scorched by the heat of the bricks and the burning wood.

"Ten pounds," cried a voice from amongst the throng, "ten pounds to him who will save that dog."

There was a movement in the crowd. Numbers were eager to obtain the proffered reward. What compassion in the former instance had failed to accomplish, cupidity was now in a fair way to achieve.

"I'll double it rather than lose him," exclaimed the owner of the animal, "twenty pounds—twenty pounds if my dog is saved."

"D'ye hear that?" shouted the old man whose daughter had fallen a victim to the flames. "D'ye hear that?" he cried, furiously—"twenty pounds for a dog! where's my child?"

"This is he you wanted," observed a bystander, pushing forward the youth whose tender of assistance had before attracted attention. The crowd fell back in a circle round the old man and the young stranger. Conferring amongst themselves respecting the age of the latter, the beholders were unanimous in opinion that he was scarcely turned eighteen, which indeed was the fact. The wretched father seized his hand with a frenzied gesture, and exclaimed—

"God bless you, lad—God bless you! I don't distinguish you clearly, for my sight is dim. I can't weep—I wish I could. I'm an old man, as you see. She was my only child, and her husband is dead too—crushed in attempting to save her."

In the meantime the dog had been rescued by some adventurous individual, though not without contention on the part of others. The owner, whose whole concern seemed engrossed by the animal, edged his way from amongst the multitude, and took up a position by his wretched neighbour, whose child, less fortunate than the brute, had perished. The youth continued to support the bereaved parent. Consolation was useless, and he did not attempt it.

"Take him hence," said one of the bystanders, addressing the young men, and pointing to his wretched companion. "Take him out o' sight of this, and out o' hearing of it."

"Tis good advice, at all events," replied the youth, and he prostrated upon the old man to suffer himself to be led away.

"Oh, my child—my child—you are taking me from my child!" In accents such as these he poured forth his anguish as they walked along. Several of the crowd, impelled by curiosity, had detached themselves from the main throng and followed them. To escape them, the youth entered the first inn they reached, and led his companion to a quiet room, from which the multitude of spectators was, of course, excluded. There he seated him, well nigh sinking, into a chair, and bathed his temples and his hands with vinegar.

Suddenly—after the lapse of half an hour, during which interval the sufferer had betrayed no consciousness of the loss he had sustained, or of the events that had taken place—he sprang from his seat and darted towards the door. It was locked to prevent intrusion, and offered resistance to his efforts to throw it open.

"Why do you keep me here?" he cried, wildly. "They are murdering

my child for the sake of the gold I have given her. Let me go. The sight of her father will daunt them."

The youth endeavoured to lead him back. The landlord's daughter, who had accompanied them into the apartment, clung to his arm.

"Speak to my father to prepare him a bed," she said, her eyes filling with tears. "He must sleep—sleep is the only thing for him."

"That's her voice," cried the wretched man, looking helplessly at the speaker. "She would speak so always—always kind—always gentle."

They led him to a chair. He no longer resisted them.

"Yes," he murmured, "she would speak so always."

And this he continued to repeat in a whisper barely audible, till his assistants thought he had dropped asleep. The girl, drawing near to dispose his head, which had fallen on his breast, more comfortably, gazed steadily in his face. Her features changed suddenly, and she signed to the youth to approach. Immediately afterwards they opened the door, and spread the tidings of the old man's death.

Amidst the confusion that ensued—the room being on the instant well nigh filled with awe-stricken people,—the youth withdrew and regained the street. He was instantly beset by the crowd, and overwhelmed with queries as to what had taken place. And when the sad event was made known to them, they were not, as those within the room where the dead man sat in his chair like sleeping life, hushed by awe and terror. Comments were loudly and coarsely made. Kude men broke into noisy speech, and, to the youth's astonishment, declared that the deceased ought to have died years before, and so have spared the world much wrong and misery.

Unprompted by curiosity, a question rose to his lips, but he did not utter it, for he wished to escape all further contact with the rough people that surrounded him. Seeing the fire still raging among the houses on the terrace, he rushed forward, and in a few minutes was mingling in the commotion that prevailed on the spot of the conflagration. But here also—for the news preceded him—he heard the same comment delivered with much emphasis. If he shifted his position—and that, in the working to and fro of the crowd, was unavoidable—the same words rang in his ears, reaching him from every side. And at last, the youth, without being able to obtain a plausible reason for this opinion, so seemingly universal, caught himself subscribing to the uncharitable sentiment, and echoing the remark of the crowd, that the deceased should have died years before.

The wherefore remained a mystery. When he found himself alone in his chamber he sat down, and strove to rid his recollection of all discordant images connected with the scene he had so recently witnessed, that he might reflect on that alone. The deceased ought to have died years ago! A vindictive feeling, roused by some real or suspected injury, might have given rise to such a comment, if it had been uttered by two or three persons only; but published thus openly by a multitude—what was he to think of it? What harm had the dead man in his lifetime wrought? What deep wrong had he committed? He had asked that question of the speakers who were loudest in the proclamation of the verdict, but he had obtained no answer—nothing but a repetition of the words. He

had sought for any possible solution to the enigma, but could gather none. He remembered that no show of dislike was manifested towards the deceased while he went among the crowd, wailing for his daughter; but whether that forbearance was due to ignorance of his name and person at that time, or arose from commingled feelings of awe and involuntary respect—awe at the terrible fate of the young bride, and respect for the father's agony of soul—agony so great, that it might well stifle all censorious speech, however deserved, he could not determine.

He visited the still smoking ruins at an early hour the next morning. Though all danger was over, two or three of the smaller engines yet kept their station—a corresponding number of firemen lounging guard upon them. A fresh concourse of spectators had assembled, to whom the erection of a barricade of planks around the site of the destroyed property, under the superintendence of the police, was a source of vast interest. The ravages of the fire had been very great. Besides the floor-cloth manufactory and saltpetre store, five houses on the terrace had been wholly or partially destroyed. Here, also, while mingling with the crowd and surveying the scene of destruction, the cry of the preceding night fell dimly, yet, in spite of himself, convincingly upon his ears—*he ought to have died years before!*

He was resolved to fathom the mystery, and for that purpose accosted a man having all the appearance of a gentleman in his bearing, though shabbily dressed—one who had seen better days, as the phrase goes. "What did it mean?" he asked. The sudden excitement betrayed by this individual was singular to witness. He did not reply, however, but moved impatiently away.

A romance, certainly, but an uneasy one. The youth, forcing through the crowd, made the best of his way to the inn where he had left the dead man on the previous night. The landlord's daughter was in the bar. She no sooner saw him than she uttered an exclamation of joy.

"I was afraid that we should not see you again, sir," she said: "you are so much wanted up stairs."

"I—wanted? Who wants me?"

"The old gentleman that we thought was dead last night: but you took your leave in such a hurry that you did not learn it was but a swoon!"

The youth gave a bound forward. The delight that he experienced—the old man being a stranger to him—was unaccountable. Surprise was quite a secondary feeling.

"Is he stirring yet?" he inquired.

"No—but he will see you directly," was the reply. "He did nothing but ask after you. If they tell the truth about him, he has led a wicked life."

"Ha! I have heard something of that! What has he done? Who is he?"

"Don't you know, sir? He's Old Misery, the miser."

"Old Misery! I never heard of such a person!"

"Why, I thought all London had heard of Old Misery."

"I never have, I assure you! But I will not be inquisitive about him. He wishes to see me, you say?"

"Yes."

The youth presently found himself in the sleeping apartment occupied by the object of his interest—not yet awake. Placing a chair by the bedside, he seated himself, and contemplated the pinched features of the slumbering man.

The sleeper was turned sixty-five, or a year or two nearer seventy, perhaps. His thin straggling grey hair should have won respect, the youth thought; and would have won it, he doubted not, if the life of him for whom it pleaded had not been of a complexion to make age, in an individual case, dishonourable. The lines that were deepened in the forehead, the brow, corrugated even in slumber, the wizen cheeks, the thin bloodless lips, the angularity of the countenance, at general view, were far from pleasing, and showed to more disadvantage on the sleeper's pillow than when distorted by grief on the preceding night. The old man started, not thoroughly awake, but catching at the skirts of the dream that was leaving him. Raising himself in the bed, and staring about him as if dimly comprehending the presence of some great calamity, but uncertain of its nature, his eyes encountered the youth. Then memory concentrated all her strength upon the late event, and he fell back sobbing, with his face buried in the pillow.

But this first burst of feeling once controlled, he was enabled to talk calmly of what had taken place, and to view it as a deserved retribution for a life, and a long life too, of huge misdeed. "Confidence," he said to his young companion, "that I have not deserved from any living being—not even from her who should have risen from her bridal bed this morning, I place in you." He continued to speak, and the youth listened in sorrow—in amazement—in affright! The history so narrated was, alas! a too common one—a miser's, an usurer's—aggravated perhaps in some of its details, but only the history of a grinding usurer at the worst; of a man who had bent his knee at the shrine of the golden idol, and eaten the bread of orphans to that end. Nothing more.

But if there was little that was strange in the history, there was much that was strange in the feeling that dictated its disclosures. Ay, there was that which was very strange. There was—be it not lightly spoken of, nor treated with incredulity—repentance; and there was deep overwhelming remorse also. Many times as the speaker proceeded, he bowed his head, and wept in very agony. Who can despair of the greatest criminal, when a miser, and a devourer of widows' houses, has repented? "Let us be stirring," he said. "I swear I will not break my fast till I have undone what mischief I can reach to undo."

"But your health, sir," pleaded the youth, "requires that you should not go abroad on this raw morning, without having taken some nourishment: a cup of tea—a roll. Let me order them."

He attempted to hold out, but yielded presently to the youth's persuasion; saying, as he did so, that he was well-tutored, and needed to be schooled in all things now. A cab being provided for them at the door, and the old man having partaken of a very slight breakfast, and given the driver his directions, they set forward, avoiding the street in which the scenes of the last night had occurred, and so they came at last to Millbank, where they alighted.

There are many obscure localities frowned upon by the convict prison

in this neighbourhood; but the least enviable as a place of residence is — street. The old man and his young companion having bade the driver await them, went in search of it. It was found with little difficulty. But let us precede them by a few minutes.

In the lower room of one of the dwellings in the street, a woman, scarcely turned thirty—she should have been young at that age, but she was not—held a sickly infant in her arms, and drew nearer the window, that she might the better note what change had taken place in its features since she placed it asleep in the bed at an earlier hour of the morning.

“It will die, George,” she said, speaking softly and mournfully to her husband, who was trying to warm himself at the scanty fire in the grate. “It has altered greatly. I can’t weep for it, George. God is very good to take it to himself. It will know no want—no suffering with Him.”

But she did weep bitterly, as only a mother who holds her dying infant in her arms can weep. The man approached her, and bent over the baby also. But he neither spoke nor wept.

“Did you say that she was really burnt to death, George?” said his wife, presently; “and her father dead—so awfully sudden! Well, well, God sends his judgments.”

“Not judgments, Mary,” replied the man mildly; “we have censured hard, presumptuous people—religious folk as they style themselves—for using that expression. Dead they both are! I heard of the fire last night, and went to see the ruins before you were up this morning. As for the poor girl, she had married her yesterday to a man of his own choosing—not of hers; and from all I gathered about the match, I believe she would rather have gone to her grave than to the altar with him yesterday.”

“And he is dead too?”

“Yes. The roof fell in upon him, as he was trying to save the wife he had purchased. Well—I wish it hadn’t happened, and that the old man had lived to repent; but God knows best, and will deal more mercifully with him than he dealt with ourselves and others. Hist! there’s a knocking.”

The man went to the door and opened it. He reeled back with surprise, stunned with surprise, but advanced in an instant, and raised his arms to drive away his visitors.

“Spencer, hear me,” pleaded the old man, “don’t be violent—don’t; you have a right to be, I know; but hear me—”

The man within the room—the father of the dying baby—uttered a frightful oath, and seized the door to shut it in the speaker’s face.

“You had best hear him,” said our friend, the youth; “you had indeed,” and looking narrowly at the man’s threatening countenance, he recognised with emotion the individual he had accosted on the scene of the conflagration in the morning.

The wife, still holding the sick infant, approached her husband, and entreated him to give way. Her words prevailed, and he fell back, sullenly enough though, from the threshold. The old man and the youth entered.

“I am a changed man, Spencer; I am indeed,” said the usurer. “I never should have changed though, but for last night. Desperate diseases

require desperate remedies, they say, and mine has been desperate enough, God knows.”

He paused awhile, struggling with his feelings, and continued:

“I am come to ask your forgiveness for all that has passed between us, and to make reparation for the ruin I have wrought. Don’t be harsh with me. Don’t repulse me as I have repulsed you, many’s the wicked time. I have money, as you know; you shall yet be a rich man, Spencer; though only in your just position, were you to hold up your head with the wealthiest and proudest.”

“Money?” sneered the man he addressed; “yes, that is your panacea for all evils; I know it. But will money bring back the child that lies rotting in his grave, and who died of no disease but that of want and cold? You know that I came to you and begged for a trifle of money to get him what was necessary to save his life, and you refused me, and drove me from your door. Will money,” continued the man, savagely, taking the infant from its mother’s arms, “spare me this child either? No; not if you emptied the Bank of England at my feet.”

“Don’t be hard with me, Spencer,” he cried; “for the love of God show that mercy to me which I denied to you. We may save that child yet. If money can command science enough to save him, he shall live to comfort ye both for many a long year. For the child that’s gone—and for my child that’s gone—”

He sank back into the youth’s arms, murmuring through his tears, — “forgive me, Spencer, forgive me.”

“As I hope to be forgiven, I do,” replied the man.

In less than ten minutes after this scene, the usurer and his companion were again seated in the cab, and the driver was urging his horses towards the Fleet Prison.

“The man I am going to release has been confined seventeen years,” said the usurer. “Don’t look at me so. I am human now, whatever I might have been. He borrowed money of me. I thought his security good, but it turned out otherwise. The man was honest, I believe, and would have paid me if he could; but there never was a chance of that. I put him in the Fleet seventeen years ago this winter.”

“And he has never been at large in all that time?” cried the youth, amazed and horror-stricken.

“Never! He had no friends to do anything for him. He lived on the poor side of the prison, as it is called, and must have been more than half starved during the whole time he has been there; but, please God, he shall be a rich man yet.”

“Here we are,” shouted the driver. “Shall I ring the bell, sir?”

They got out, and when the gate was opened, the usurer desired to be shown into the waiting-room, and that Henry Abbott might be brought to speak to him.

“Henry Abbott?” exclaimed the man addressed; “you’re too late to speak to him. He died yesterday.”

With much difficulty they got the old man into the cab, and drove back to the inn they had first quitted.

The usurer died about a year afterwards.

The youth—but we will be silent about him. Our tale is told.

replied, "No, sir; no." In a few minutes I brought to his mind a little circumstance that once occurred to him when standing before my own door playing on his fiddle. The poor old man's face brightened up, and he seemed to be filled with an emotion that those alone can understand who have studied deeply the book of human nature. After some little conversation, I told him I had ever felt an interest in him, and should like to be made acquainted with a little of his life's history, if he would not object to tell it me. "Certainly not, certainly not," replied the old man, "if it will not be tiring for you to listen to; but I must tell it at once, and be brief, as the time is growing late." He then related what I here note down. "You see," said he, "yon cottage beside the tall elm trees I formerly, hard by, stood a somewhat large farm-house, a large barn, stables, &c., and all necessary buildings for a farm comprising from three to four hundred acres. My father was the occupier, and had carried on the farm a considerable number of years. In that farm-house I was born, and there passed my happy childhood. When quite a boy, almost as soon as I was sent to school, I had a passion for music, and my father did not fail to procure for me one of the best teachers in the neighbourhood. On the old fiddle I still have here I learned to play, and with it made more progress than any other kind of learning. Scarce had I grown to be a young man when I fell deeply in love with a young lady, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer—Clara Hartwell by name—and who fully reciprocated my own feelings. Clara was a good singer, and fond of exercising her vocal abilities. Often we used to stroll on the spring and summer evenings in our father's fields—I with my fiddle, and Clara singing. How delightfully the time passed you may imagine; but this was not to be of long duration. One night, just after harvest, when all the corn was in stack, my father's whole produce was destroyed by fire. Barns, ricks, and even the house, were burned to the ground; and all, we had reason to believe, was the work of an incendiary. What with a heavy loss my father had a little before sustained through having become bondsman for a brother, and his whole property which had now been destroyed by fire, uninsured, he was a ruined man. It is needless for me to enter further (said he) into my father and mother's history, any more than to say we went to live in a small cottage, and my father was now compelled to work as a day labourer. Neither of them lived more than five years; the change was too great. Mr. Hartwell objected to my corresponding any longer with Clara, although we often met by stealth; still hope gradually vanished of our ever becoming man and wife. Clara's health soon gave way, and in a few months she fell a prey to the dire disease—consumption. I soon after took to the road as a wandering minstrel, and upwards of forty years followed that precarious way of living. At length, however, my health and strength failed, and when I was last in the town of K—— I was on my way home—if home I can call it—to seek a resting-place in the workhouse. There I have been settled now some time. Still I love my old fiddle, which, as I said, is the one

THE OLD WILTSHIRE FIDDLER.

CHAPTER I.

ITSOULARY about once in three months, for a period covering many years, might have been seen a man playing on a violin in the streets of the little town of K——. No one seemed to know anything about him more than he was called by the greater part of the inhabitants "The Wiltshire Fiddler." But even how he gained that epithet few, if any, could tell. He was a man bearing an air of one who had moved in a better sphere of society than that in which he was now spending his days. He was also a superior player on his instrument; in short, his whole soul seemed, when playing, to be centred in his fiddle, and he was aiming to tell the world the depth of his passion in the tones he brought from its strings. The wonder was how he came to be a lonely travelling minstrel. I invariably gave him some pence, as did most of my neighbours; and when he had played the town through, he passed on his way, to be no more heard of till he came round again. Some few years before his final disappearance he had been "breaking up." His gait became feeble; his eyes sunk into their sockets; his cheeks grew hollow; his hair silvery grey; and altogether his appearance told he was fast "putting on the old man." The last time he came he was listened to with more attention than he ever before had been. All thought it would be his last time. He that day reaped a richer harvest than he usually had done. Every body gave him what they thought would be a farwell coin; and so it proved. Time rolled on: the Wiltshire fiddler was gone no one knew where, but it was generally thought to his long last peaceful home beneath the daisied church-yard sod. Some three or four years rolled by, and his memory began to wear out, as the memory of all departed will wear out. "The saddest grave that ever tears kept green must some day sink into a common level with the world, then over it runs a road."

CHAPTER II.

One bright evening in spring time I ventured to stroll into a little churchyard in the neighbourhood of Salisbury, as I invariably do in places that are strange to me, to gaze at the tomb-stones and read the various epitaphs inscribed to those who have "gone before." I had looked over the greater part of them when I came near the old yew tree, beneath which were some graves, where over one I saw an old man bending. I stood quietly and watched him rise. He then stooped and picked up a bag, which I at once thought contained some musical instrument. I cautiously moved toward him, and before either of us spoke I recognised the features to be those of the old Wiltshire fiddler. An almost indescribable feeling came over me, it being so strongly impressed on my mind that he was dead. I, however, ventured to speak to him. I told him I remembered him well, and asked him if he remembered me, to which question he

on which I learned to play, and the one which Clara used to sing to, and the same instrument was with me through all my travels. Here it is (said he) as he lifted the bag, and here is the grave of my ever-loved Clara. Often I steal from the workhouse and sit alone by it, and think of the goodness of God in calling her early from this world of sin and sorrow." As he spoke his utterance became choked. The workhouse clock struck the hour for inmates to retire. I placed one more coin in his hand, at the same time giving it a gentle shake, and then bade him farewell, in all probability for the rest of his earthly journey.

C. M., Court 4217.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

MY GOODWYN'S BARNBY.

Give me the hand that is kind, warm, and ready ;
 Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady ;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me ;
 Give me its grasp, that I may believe thee.
 Soft is the palm of the delicate woman ;
 Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman ;
 Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.
 Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has harmed not another ;
 Give me the hand that has never forsaken it ;
 Give me the grasp that I may adore it.
 Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden ;
 Horry the hand of the workman or artisan ;
 Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.
 Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty ;
 Free as the breeze and unshackled by party ;
 Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
 Give me the true of the vine of the summer.
 Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has wronged not another ;
 Soft palm or hard hand it matters not—never !
 Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

WAR.—The following, from Miss Lavigne's "Silvia," is just now peculiarly applicable:—"When I look at this beautiful world in which nothing is half so beautiful as its creatures, and when I think of war, my heart fails me. Mothers watch and pray by cradles, men give a lifetime to learn how to teach a child, the boy survives dangerous illness, and passes through fiery temptations to reach a noble manhood, and yet the thrust of a sword, the shot of a gun, may end in one moment all that has been suffered and done to make a man. In time of peace his violent and wrongful death is a fearful event. All society is, then, conjured against the murderer, and even his death is felt throughout a nation. With war this changes. Then man is destroyed, not in secret places, not by stealth, not by single numbers, but with the sun looking down, in broad plains chosen for that purpose, and by thousands, and tens of thousands."

THE ROYAL PULL AT THE BELL.

THESE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in council as well as wit, said that, under the circumstances, "he could."

"I could be as brief as my breath, answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look up to a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pitfalls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead. The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal smile, and to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed over his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed from it into each room which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my hand on the rope," said the king, fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over the first difficulties, and to-morrow—

On the morrow as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighbouring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed: "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart.

"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which, in England, has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name—"there I have never found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the latter in a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again:—

"Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

in the following day he thirly... ..

Young Mr. Wheatear, to say nothing more, may be well styled an "Agricultural back." He is one of the leaders at Dearbridge market, and invariably takes the chair at the market dinner, held at the Blue Deer, in that town, and being in general ready with his purse he is of course held up as being a "right sort of fellow." Ho keeps his hunter, which he rides in such style that he is often taken to be the proprietor of the hounds. This, of course, pleases him much. The Misses Wheatear are different from each other, Eliza being very plain, and yet very vain of her personal appearance. True, she has had two or three suitors in the course of fifteen years or so, but not feeling them "good enough," shunned them till she has now in all probability become an outsider to the married state, by being what is generally termed "on the shelf," and is to all appearance likely to die an old maid. Helen is younger but not prepossessing in appearance, and seeks her pleasure from any channel whence she thinks it may be gained in a womanly and honourable manner. She is ever ready to tend the poor in sickness, and does not object to stay and sit beside a sick bed all night, and do her best in any possible way she can. In short one of her highest aims is to soothe the sick and sorrowing, and alleviate distress. Unlike her sister she is not haunted by a feeling of display for finery in dress, but likes everything as she says, "plain and becoming." Some time ago Mr. Wheatear took it into his head to hide the farm building by planting trees around, and leaving the house to stand out in bold relief. In this Eliza thoroughly concurred, but Helen said, "If you do so, father, the cack will still be heard to crow, the thrashers' flail will be heard at work, and it will then be as well known to be a farmstead as now." Still Mr. Wheatear was determined, and trees were planted around, but to his regret almost all of them soon died, and the farm buildings stood out as prominent as ever. But we will pass on to the village, where the first building that meets the eye is the workhouse. Of course everything here is about "square." The master and mistress have passed middle life, and their utmost aim is to make the inmates as comfortable as they can in their position, and seeing, feeling and knowing that many who inhabit these wintry houses, especially the aged, numbers of whom have been used to occupy different and brighter spheres in society, but from various changes of circumstances have drifted to the workhouse to end their days, and in the case of the married, some having been united it may be threescore years and upwards, and pecuniaries brought up large families respectably, and have now become separated by the "iron hand" of the law, without any fault whatever of their own. To the master and mistress of Brook Hampton workhouse, and those who are similarly placed and endeavour to make all in their charge as comfortable as possible, we say, from the bottom of our hearts, "God speed."

Not far from the workhouse stands a detached villa, with a flower garden carefully tended in front, the house altogether showing itself to be one of neatness and comfort. On the door is a brass-plate bearing the following inscription: "Dr. Mudd, Surgeon." Now Dr.

FRANK NEWTON:

A SKETCH OF VILLAGES IN AGR.

By the Author of the "The Old Willshire Fiddler," "Six Weeks on Trump," "Almanack," &c., &c.

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their humble joys and devious obscurity,
Nor grandeur bear with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."

If I were asked which was the prettiest English village I had ever set foot in I should without hesitation say Brook Hampton. This favourite village of mine is situate in Sussex, immediately beneath one of the most lofty of the South Downs, and is in every respect a model village, save one, and that one is certainly a drawback. But I will say a few words about its advantages before I tell my readers of things I dislike in it. I have already said it stands at the foot of one of what we may fairly call our Southern mountains, and commands a most lovely Northern aspect. The air is salubrious, and in consequence is often resorted to by invalids. In the distance may be seen five or six princely homesteads. One gentleman has racing stables, another a pack of foxhounds, a third a pack of harricots, consequently there is no lack of sport for those who delight in hunting. The upper class also do all they can to promote good will from the industrial portion of the community around. They establish working men's reading rooms, and assist them in getting up amateur entertainments during the winter months. A piano-forte can be always had from the Grange, whilst one of the young ladies there, plays well on the harp, and does not object to bring it to the school when an entertainment is on, and play a solo, or it may be accompany the village harness maker or carpenter in a song. This, of course, brings popularity, and the inhabitants are ready at all times to assist them in any little office they wish. In summer time Brook Hampton has its cricket club, and this is well supported by owners of broad acres around, and as a rule, when a match is to be played, some one or more of them join in the game, and if the match be an out one, they do not object to ride with the players on an omnibus, or any other conveyance, that may be engaged for the occasion. Of course this renders the male portion of the aristocratic community popular, so that altogether things in these respects are in good order. But unpleasant as it may be we must now come to its drawback, and this we may say arises almost if not entirely from a strong feeling of class pride amongst the inhabitants of the village themselves. About 200 yards on the West side of the village in close proximity to the turnpike road, stands the Manor Farm House and farm buildings. The occupants consists of the farmer, Mr. Wheatear, his wife and family, one son and two daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Wheatear are somewhat advanced in life, still they hold their heads above the local boarding schoolmaster and mistress, doctor, tradespeople, or any government officer, of which there are three or four in the neighbourhood.

'Frank Newton' pages 36 and 37 not present

was necessary to produce happiness in this world. Consequently Helen dared not name her fondness for Frank Newton to her father or mother, as Mr. Wheatcar had often managed to "hook" Farquhar Gibson, a young country squire, and take him to the home, entertaining him in the best style, and this solely for the sake of bringing about an engagement between Helen and him. Mr. Gibson's friends were known to be rich, keeping their livery servants, and were in such a position as to be upheld as "gentle-folk." Still Helen cared not at all for Farquhar, and to use her own words "would not mind if she never met him again." Her thoughts were ever of Frank Newton, and letters were written and conveyed backward and forward to each other. At length one day Mr. Wheatcar (suspecting something was going on wrong with Helen) picked up a letter on the stairs, which she had unfortunately dropped, in which she informed Frank Newton that her father had given her hand to Farquhar Gibson, and informed her it was only for her to fix the marriage day.

Mr. Wheatcar at once summoned Helen to his room, and after threats of every kind which he felt tempted to carry out his views, he dismissed her, to feed on her own bitter thoughts. Evening came, and Farquhar Gibson came, but Helen had retired to bed, and Mr. Wheatcar not feeling satisfied with the result of his tyranny told him that Helen had suddenly been taken very ill, and wished him to convey her love, and would feel flattered with his company the next evening. Helen got little or no sleep during that night, and the next morning managed to write and tell Frank Newton the whole sad story.

Frank read the communication with feelings none but those who have experienced a similar situation can describe, but after a few hours resolved to write a farewell epistle to Helen, telling her that he should leave Brook Hampton that day, as he felt sure her mind would ever be in the most unhappy state if he remained near, and that if she did not marry Farquhar Gibson, the consequences would be worse than if she married himself, concluding his note by wishing her the greatest happiness attainable by mortals on earth, and afterwards by angels in heaven. On despatching this, Frank Newton fitted himself for a journey to, he scarce knew where; in short, to use the words of an eminent statesman, "To take a leap in the dark." Soon he bade farewell to a few of his friends and was gone.

The epistle received from Frank was almost a death blow to Helen Wheatcar. The reading it she became hysterical, and laid for hours unconscious of what was going on around her. Soon she fell into a fever and was given over by the doctors. Time, however, rolled on, and Helen gradually became better. Every attention was paid her, even by her father, as he felt he was the cause of her illness, which he deemed a misfortune. Yet that she should marry Farquhar Gibson was ever uppermost in his mind, and after six months Helen in sadness made up her mind to become his bride. The ceremony was soon carried out, and the nuptial party made a

society, we are sorry to say, like many others of its class, drifting into nothingness. There was a time when they possessed a goodly sum of money, which could be counted by hundreds, and all things connected with it seemed to flourish. Still, as it ever will be, increasing age brought increasing sickness, and with such a rule as the following, which figures last in their category of rules, it must be evident that sooner or later nothing short of bankruptcy must end their careers:—"Should a member propose any alteration in the foregoing rules, he shall immediately be expelled." And although the greater part of the members have enjoyed a long life this is a rule strictly adhered to. Surely there is no arriving at years of discretion by some persons however long life may be given them.

At the Golden Lion, a branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters was opened about eight years ago, and the books now contain names of upwards of a hundred members. The Court is in a most flourishing condition and it seems to be almost, if not quite, the only place in Brook Hampton where class feeling and pride are forgotten. Beside having a good number of working members there are several honorary members, who take great interest in the well-being of the Court, and are ever ready to tender advice in any way that may be required. And as unlike the Old Fighting Cocks' club, they are ever ready to alter their rules, and frame them differently where improvement is necessary, we have no doubt but the Court will live and flourish through ages to come.

In order to carry on our story in a plain, straight forward, intelligible manner, we must now return to the Wheatcar family. The Chief Ranger of the Foresters' Court was a young man engaged in the building trades, and whose name we give, Frank Newton, had on two or three occasions been thrown promiscuously in company with Helen Wheatcar, and for her began to feel a strong attachment. Still knowing the position of the family, he felt he must not encourage such a feeling in his breast. On the other hand Helen felt equally struck with the attractions of Frank Newton, and soon, as love will out, it did out, and soft words were spoken whenever they could by stealth meet, for should the story of their probable engagement be known, the village would be in a fever of gossip. At the same time Winifred Carpenter, the young clergyman felt a fervent but secret attachment for Helen Wheatcar. Still knowing years must elapse, he exercised all his powers of self-denial and ultimately conquered his feelings of love, without ever bronching the subject to her. Yet often would he offer up a prayer for her future welfare and happiness from the depth of his heart, and long after he had left home and entered on his duties, when writing he never failed to make kindly enquiries for the welfare of Helen Wheatcar.

It had ever been the aspiration of Mr. Wheatcar (Helen's father) to marry his family, as he termed it, well, paying little or no regard for the suitability of their companions for life, providing there was plenty of money, as his idea was money would ever bring all that

*This is a rule already adhered to by the members of an old benefit society in the village in which the writer resides.

tour on the continent in order to spend the (so called) honey moon, and at the same time recruit Mrs. Gibson's health, as much as possible. Soon after their return Helen, having so often heard Frank Newton speak of the vast amount of good accomplished by the Foresters, endeavoured to persuade her husband to join them. The idea he at first scouted, but afterwards consented, and the ceremony of initiating Farquhar Gibson as a member of Court "Stability" was carried out.

* * * * *

Ten years have rolled away since the preceding events occurred, and as usual in every ten years of the world's history changes have taken place, nationally and locally. From the neighbourhood of Brook Hampton many have gone to their long last homes, and, of course, others have risen up and taken their places. 'T' Wheatear family still live, save one, and she has gone to the better land, dying an "old maid." The son still lives with his father and mother, but circumstances are altered. They reside in a small farm house, and use a farm about one-fourth of the size of the Manor Farm, things having gone wrong with them almost the whole of the time since Helen's marriage to Farquhar Gibson, and should not a change soon take place, it is evident Mr. Wheatear will figure in the bankruptcy list. Dr. Mudd still lives, and since we before wrote of him, has gained considerable notoriety, having performed several skilful surgical operations on unfortunate persons who were severely injured by two railway accidents near Brook Hampton. He certainly looks a little older than he did ten years ago, still we do not otherwise see material difference. He now keeps an assistant, so that it will at once be seen his practice has very much increased. He also keeps a pony and trap, and servant, who wears a gold band round his hat, and large brass buttons on his coat, which passes very well as Dr. Mudd's livery. His flower garden is tumbled if possible with more care than before, and altogether the appearance of the establishment externally as well as internally, shows signs of comfort and prosperity. We feel it our duty before dismissing Mr. Mudd's name from our paper, to wish him long life, continued prosperity and happiness, for not only is he as attentive as ever, to his patients, both private, club and parish, but he is ever ready to do his utmost for the advancement of the interests of Forestry, and never fails to cast his vote into the treasury, if a subscription be set on foot at any time for the benefit of a deserving Brother, or for the assistance of a widow who is suffering privation from pecuniary or any other circumstance.

Timothy Dock is yet living and has an increased family as well as an increased trade.

Gilbert Threadingham also lives, but from the fact of his having become a Forester, and bearing out its principles, we believe he has thrown off a good deal of the pride which formerly existed in him. He is one of the leading Brothers of the Court, and is, in short, a hard working member, and only at the last Court meeting he was

elected Secretary in place of a Brother who had on the previous meeting night tendered his resignation.

Wilson Savill, the barber, has left the neighbourhood, and established himself in the "Modern Babylon."

Mr. Parweight has managed by means of a "windfall," through the death of a relative, to purchase the house and premises wherein he resides. He, too, is doing an increased business; as, indeed, it seems all the tradespeople of Brook Hampton are doing.

Two plain stones in the church-yard show the last resting places of Harrison Carpenter and his wife Grace, their daughter, resided with them till the time of their death, and was shortly afterwards married to a Liverpool merchant. (Of Winifred we shall yet hear in the sequel of our story.)

* * * * *

Three years have passed, and at the cemetery adjacent to the little town of Driffingdale, in the North of England, on a bright Spring afternoon, was seen a funeral train slowly winding its way toward an open grave, the chief mourner being the widow of deceased, and two children, a boy and a girl, apparently about the ages of eight and ten years. Some two or three couples of relatives were also in attendance, and these were succeeded by a number of Foresters, the deceased having been one of their fraternity. On their arrival at the grave the solemn and beautiful service used by the Church of England at the burial of the dead, was continued till ended. The rector of the parish had been absent, gone to Italy for some weeks on account of failing health, and a clerical friend had come from some distance to officiate in his last sad rite. The service had been concluded and the Forestry address read, the chief mourners were taking a last sad look into the grave, upon the coffin of the one whom they had finally deposited in his last earthly resting place, when as the clergyman turned away he recognised the face of Mrs. Gibson—himself being no other than the Rev. Winifred Carpenter. Mrs. Gibson, too, recognised his features, and such an admixture of feeling that moment brought to her breast, it is scarce possible to describe. They at once shook hands, and a few words, unutterable to others, passed, when the clergyman turned away and left the grave. And yet was another standing by with the deepest emotion, that the park can well up in the heart. This one had joined in the Foresters' procession, and was no other than Frank Newton.

To Mrs. Gibson Frank did not then speak, but allowed her and her friends to pass out of the hallowed ground. In the evening of the same day he ascertained how long the late Mr. Gibson and his family had been resident in the neighbourhood (he himself living at Harford, a small town about three miles distant.) Frank Newton retired to rest that night but sleep was foreign to his eyes, and he did nothing but think how best to introduce himself to Mrs. Gibson. At length after a week or two had passed by, he could stay no longer, he called on her, and on being ushered into her presence she at once knew him, and in a moment a flood of tears streamed

down her cheeks. After growing a little comelier Mrs. Gibson told Mr. Newton how her husband treated her very kindly the first two or three years after their marriage, but soon he took to drinking habits, and had money in horse racing and gambling generally. Thus things went on from bad to worse, till his means became entirely exhausted. In the mean time five children had been born to them, three of whom also had been taken away from the troubles of this life. The two only were living whom he had seen by the grave side of their father. A trifling weekly pitance had been allowed her by her father-in-law, whilst her own father had done his best for her, which was but small, as he had become reduced in circumstances, and they had come to Driffield, where as they thought they were unknown to any one, and where she now had thought of procuring a livelihood for herself and children by her needle. Mr. Newton told her how he came to Hartford soon after leaving Brook Hampton, and starting in business as a builder, became a most successful man, and was now worth a considerable sum of money, and standing high in position. Scarcely had he told his tale when who should call but the Rev. Winfred Carpenter, as he promised the widowed one to do when standing by her husband's grave. A recognition between himself and Mr. Newton was at once effected, and after a short time the rector of Barkfold (for such he now was), told the story of his life, how he had been inducted to the living of Barkfold seven years, he had been married five years, had three children, and lived most happily with his wife and little ones. Mr. Newton was invited to the Rectory, as was also the widow of the late Parquhar Gibson. Both after a time called, and saw Mrs. Carpenter, who made them quite welcome. A year or so had only elapsed before the old flame of love was strongly revived in the breasts of the widow and Mr. Newton, and a little later on the local papers announced the marriage at Barkfold Church by the rector, the Rev. Winfred Carpenter, Frank Newton, Esq., to Helen Gibson. A sumptuous wedding breakfast was displayed at the Rectory, where a few of the rector's friends, and some of Mr. Newton's, were present, and in the course of the day the newly married couple left for a short wedding tour, and on their return settled down most happily. Mr. Newton has promised Mrs. Newton, although her father shunned him when young, he should hold him in the highest respect, and come what may he should never want.

He is also a most kind and affectionate father to the two children, and we sincerely trust their lives will now be one long unbroken chain of happiness.

CHARLES MARSHALL.

South Western District.
Court 4217.

with his senior and more experienced rival; but Mr. Bounce would not hear of it,—in fact, he did all in his power to make the young man unhappy by circulating slanders against him. This combative, persecuting spirit of Mr. Bounce soon generated a like feeling in the breast of the young schoolmaster; and at last he fairly set about beating Bounce with his own weapons. At first Blinker had a decided advantage over Joseph Trotter, the experience of the world and unblushing audacity and self-conceit that he possessed proving formidable auxiliaries in the game he pursued. In spite, however, of all that Bounce said or did, Joe's school continued to increase. This was gall and wormwood to the aristocratic Bounce; he could not brook the idea of losing his pupils on any account, but their going to his hated rival almost drove him mad. His wife and family dreaded his appearance at the close of the day, or at meal times. He was scowling in the fullest sense of the word—"ready," as one of the junior branches said, "to swallow any one that looked at him."

Mr. Bounce occasionally paid the "Rising Sun" a visit, and would sometimes (though very rarely) regale a private and select company, consisting of half-a-dozen friends, with a song, comic or sentimental. Now Mr. Bounce was occasionally poetical, and had once or twice had a song inserted in the "poet's corner" of the county paper, which stamped the indelible impression on his mind that he was a poet. Mr. Bounce was sitting in the parlour of the "Rising Sun" with four gentlemen, having a bit of fireside chat as they smoked their pipes and sipped their grog.

"Well," said Bounce, "I have nothing particular to say against the youth. He may be all very well, for anything I know; but it takes an experienced man to manage children, not one who is little more than a child himself."

"Nay, Mr. Bounce, I cannot agree with you there. In whatever other points Mr. Trotter may be deficient, I think he is old enough. Why, bless you, he's four-and-twenty, at the very least."

"What of that?" replied Mr. Bounce, smugly. "Do you pretend to be a better judge in such matters than I am? You don't know what qualifications are necessary in a schoolmaster."

"Don't I?" replied the person addressed; "Well, I think I know this—if Mr. Trotter is not a man now, he never will be."

"No more he ever will be, Mr. Smith—never! and I wonder to hear such a man as you taking the part of a dreaming, drivelling creature like Trotter. You ought to have more sense."

"Well, perhaps I ought; but it appears I haven't. What a pity it is that sense is so unequally divided!"

"It is to be regretted," said Mr. B., musingly.

"Mr. Trotter is a very good penman, I am told," remarked Mr. Bounce, speaking for the first time.

"With ignorant people he may be so considered; but not among those who understand anything about penmanship."

"This is a specimen of his writings," said Mr. B.; "I think it very good—and he showed the company a piece of paper as he spoke. And I think so too," said Mr. Smith, after examining it.

THE RIVAL SCHOOLMASTERS.

The village of —— is much the same, perhaps, as other villages; but nevertheless, a short description of it may not be uninteresting. Entering it at the west end, the first thing that attracts your attention is a wooden mill, standing on the left-hand side, on a piece of rising ground. You can scarcely fail to observe its decaying appearance; it looks as if it meant to fall to pieces without asking the proprietor's leave, and has quite lost its perpendicular, leading one to suppose that Time, in one of his envious humours, had given it a kick. A little farther on is a large house, in front of which is a piece of enclosed ground, which young ladies of romantic ideas, and young gentlemen brought up in cities, would call a garden. Desolation seems to have cast its withering hand over it; in fact, the whole aspect is so dreary, that one would think the sun had never looked at it since a garden had been attempted. Half-a-dozen steps or so will bring you to the church and church-yard; and opposite the sacred edifice is a public-house, known as the "Rising Sun"—though there is nothing emblematical in the sign, as far as I can see, for where such places came one soon to rise, they make ten thousand to fall, both morally and physically. Opposite the drunkard's clystherium is a house of somewhat sad aspect, which speaks of by-gone respectability. Before the door you see the remains of an apple tree, that long ago gave up the idea of growing. Large wooden pillars, that at one time made the entrance look noble and aristocratic, are now disfigured and unsightly. Industries in every description-of-mischief-sort-of-boys, have carved characters on them which they (the boys, not the pillars) considered passable specimens of Roman capitals, but which are, in fact, much better imitations of Chinese characters or something more mysterious. But we are quite forgetting that we have another end in view. However this is not a bad point to stop at, especially as our hero lives in the house we have attempted to describe.

Blinker Bounce was a schoolmaster of about forty years of age, and rather respectable in appearance. He had a superabundant share of self-confidence and self-conceit, and self everything. He loved a glass of grog, a pipe of tobacco, and a pinch of snuff; indeed, so great was his liking to the latter article, that it procured for him the name of "snuffy Bounce." After all, he was a good sort of soul when you understood his humour; but if you crossed him in what he said or did, he was something else, of course! Poor fellow! you would have admired his courageous bearing of poverty; he never complained, even though on the brink of starvation, but bore it all with heroic resignation. His private character was better than his public one, for he had a look-at-and-admire-me sort of way in public that was rather annoying. He had kept the school in the village, time out of mind, without a rival; but now a new school was opened by a young man of four or five-and-twenty, which threatened the Bounce dynasty dreadfully. He was of unassuming manners, and knew but little of the ways of the world. He appeared anxious to be on peaceable terms

"It's very good indeed," chimed in a young man, as he stretched out his neck to look over the shoulders of the rest.

"So you pretend to be a judge?" said Mr. B., addressing the last speaker. "Well, I have done! I wonder what the world is coming to! Gentleman, I wish you all good evening." So saying, Mr. Bounce left the room.

After leaving the "Rising Sun" he directed his steps towards home; and, as he walked thither, he grew quite ferocious as he thought over what had just passed in the parlour. Such conduct from those whom he had set down as tried friends! Did they suppose him a fool! It looked like it. But he'd let them know he was no fool—that he would. He arrived at his own door, and entered the house with a bang that shook the whole building, and made the inmates feel quite nervous.

"Supper!" said he, laconically, as he sat down on a rickety chair.

"Yes, father; it will be ready almost directly," answered his daughter, a blooming girl of seventeen or thereabouts.

"Almost directly!" said her father; "I want it *now*. What do you mean by not having supper ready at the proper time?"

Poor girl, she had been busy enough all day. It was washing-day, and her mother was sick. Mr. B. never thought of this, but began pushing, driving, and kicking everything that happened to be near him; and having kicked as many things as he chose, he kicked himself into bed.

It was morning, and the schoolmaster had breakfasted, and was on his way to his schoolroom, when he met a little boy who had formerly been under his care, but was now one of Joseph Trotter's pupils.

"So you go to Trotter's school, do you, Jim?" said Mr. B. to the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Then I'll tell you what you must do when you get to school this morning. Give my compliments to your master, and ask him if he can count his fingers." Mr. B. then left the boy to soliloquise on the spirit of teachers in general, and that of Binker Bounce in particular.

* * * * *

Joseph Trotter sat in the midst of his scholars, when a disturbance arose at the end of the room.

"This way, Brown and Bell!" he called out, "What are you making so much noise about? Hold out!"

The boy trembled, and at last he said, "Please, sir, Smith was telling us a story."

"This way, Smith!" Smith came forward, hanging down his head.

"So you've been telling tales instead of minding your work! One you tell me the tale that made Brown and Bell laugh?"

Smith hesitated.

"Come, I insist upon knowing what you were laughing about."

"Please, sir," said the boy, "this morning, when I was coming to school, I met Mr. Bounce, and he asked me if I came to your school, and when I replied that I did, he told me to give you his compliments, and ask you if you could count your fingers."

"Is this the truth you have told me? and was that what made you laugh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, I suppose you thought Mr. Bounce very funny in sending such a message?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"What did you think, then?"

"I thought him very foolish."

"That will do: you may go to your seat."

Joseph was vexed to think that he should be persecuted through the medium of his scholars; but he did not show his vexation, although he felt almost ready to go and knock off the head of the insulting schoolmaster.

A day or two after, the following rhyme, written in text-hand on a sheet of foolscap, was stuck up in a conspicuous part of the village:—

"This opportunity I take

A great fact to announce—

No progress will the children make

Who're sent to Binker Bounce!

"For he who with much arrogance,

And puffed-up vain pretences,

Tried his importance to enhance,

Has lately lost his senses!"

The public laid the authorship at Joseph's door; but he never acknowledged the verse. Nevertheless, they had the effect which the writer evidently desired—they set folks laughing at Mr. Bounce, which made him almost frantic, and frightened his family nearly out of their wits. He knocked his scholars down, and then boxed their ears for falling; threw a book at the head of one who was saying his thought as he worked his sum; and performed all manner of extravagances.

Mr. B. B. dismissed his pupils as soon as school-time had expired; and then, after having done as much mischief as he could, he sat down to study the most effectual plan of injuring Joseph Trotter. He soon settled the subject in his mind, and then locked up his schoolroom and went off home.

At the east end of the village stood Joseph's schoolroom, and leading from it to a farm-house was a narrow lane of about a quarter of a mile in length. Now Joseph had the teaching of the farmer's children, and occasionally called in to have a chat with him. One night as he was returning down this lane he heard a rustling in the hedge, and a moment after felt himself seized by the collar and thrown on the ground. He was up in an instant, and then saw that his assailant was Binker Bounce.

Mr. B. B. was in the act of raising his hand to strike him in the face, at the same time referring to the rhymes that had offended him, when Joseph, to protect himself, seized him by the uplifted arm, and asked him what he meant.

"Haven't I told you what I mean? I mean to punish your insolence!" he saying, he gave his arm a vigorous tug, reeled backwards with the effort, and fell to the ground. He seemed stunned by the fall, and

did not attempt to rise; so Joseph lifted him up, and found that his head was bleeding profusely. "Oh, my head!" groaned Mr. B.

"Allow me to assist you to walk home," said Joseph, as he wrapped a handkerchief over the wound. Blinker Bounce was thoroughly subdued, and walked home with Joseph Trotter as though they were the most affectionate friends. Poor Joe was rather astonished at the change that had come over his rival, but he said nothing on the subject; it was not the proper time.

When they reached home, Blinker insisted that Joseph should go in with him; and so Joe, not being one of those who harbour spite, went in and saw his wound dressed. Mrs. Bounce and her daughter were mute with astonishment; when they saw the young schoolmaster enter, they could scarcely believe their eyes; they thought they must be dreaming. But there was the veritable piece of flesh, blood, and bones, known in the village as Joseph Trotter, and so they put it in their catalogue of remarkable things as they dressed the wound in Mr. B.'s head. How and where the accident occurred were made plain to their bewildered faculties; and Joseph, after a pleasant half-hour's chat, prepared to take his leave. Miss B. would light him along the passage and open the creaking door, which, she said, could not be done by any but those who were used to it. Joe glanced at her as she did so, and thought she was by no means a bad-looking girl. That nasty, self-willed lock, it wouldn't open, do all she would; so Joe put his hand over her shoulder to help her, and somehow took hold of her head instead. It was very easy to make such a mistake: the door opened, and out went Joe. He paused on the steps and looked towards the old apple tree, as he said, "I wonder if Miss B. is engaged?" and then went off to his lodgings, tumbled into bed, and went to sleep. Mr. B. couldn't attend school the following day, which circumstance gave great pleasure to some of his vagrant pupils.

Two days have passed, and Joseph is in Mr. B.'s dwelling.

Mr. B. is addressing Mr. T.

"I expect you'll forget and forgive. I know I have wronged you; I have slandered you, and endeavoured to injure you in every possible way; 'twas selfishness that prompted me. Can you forgive me?"

"I can and do."

"Then we are friends!" said Mr. B., as he shook hands with Mr. T. More conversation ensued; but as it in no way belongs to our history, we leave it out. After staying about an hour, Joseph thought it time to be going.

"How do you do, Miss B.?" said he, as he passed the kitchen and saw her busily engaged.

"Thank you, Joseph—that is, Mr. Trotter, I mean—I'm very well; are you going?"

"Yes."

How cold that "Yes" sounded, and yet he did not mean it so; he wished to add "dear" love, "enchanting creature," or something of that kind; but he couldn't manage it, he was too nervous.

Miss Bounce must go and open that old rusty lock; he was sure he couldn't do it, so it was of no use trying.

"I don't think you'll ever learn," remarked Miss; "it's an aggravating door." She applied her pretty fingers to the key, but it was stiffer than ever; so Joseph must needs take hold of the handle. One hand couldn't open it. What an awkward fellow that Joe was! Instead of taking hold of the handle he let it fall to the ground. Now, perhaps he was in a hurry to get out; perhaps he was frightened; but whether he was so or not, we cannot tell; but this is certain, he got his arm round Margaret's neck, and really—shall we tell? Perhaps it is not exactly right to tell such things—but he kissed her once, twice, thrice; and at every interval Margaret said—"Oh! for shame;" and then, after the kissing and scuffling were over, the door which had so effectually resisted all the efforts made to open it, now opened with the greatest ease, and Joseph bounced out and marched off to his lodgings. That door must have been a very extraordinary one, don't you think so, reader? Did you ever know such a door? Now don't laugh, if you please.

Whether love be blind, as some have asserted, we know not; it, however, is quite certain that love kept Joe wide awake on this night; he couldn't get into a sound sleep, do what he would. We must leave him awake now, though, and tell the reader what is going on in other quarters. After Joe took his departure, Margaret hurried into the kitchen and recommenced her work, and in two minutes looked as if she had never left off.

"Margaret," said her mother, "your father wants you to dress his wound; go to him, dear, and I'll finish the bit of work you are busy with."

"Oh, no, never mind that, mother, I'll soon dress my father's wound, and then I'll finish the work myself. I would much rather do so. I know you are not well enough yet to be able to bustle about."

Margaret left the room and went to her father.

"Did you let Mr. Trotter out?" said he.

"I did, father."

"He's a very nice man is Mr. Trotter, don't you think he is?"

"Yes, as far as appearance goes he is a—nice, good-looking—man, so, I mean sensible man."

"So he is, my girl; oh! my head, it aches terribly."

"I dare say it does, father; but I hope it will soon be better; indeed, I'm sure it will," she continued, as she carefully dressed the wound. And having done so, she left the room and proceeded to her bed.

The reader will be kind enough to imagine that six months have passed away, and he may also imagine what has passed between Mr. T. and Miss B.; how he has written no end of love-sonnets and acrostics; how he has whispered sentimental nothings in her ear; in short, and in fact, how he has wooed and won her. All this and much more we may imagine, if such be his disposition, and then proceed with us.

Mr. Bounce was smoking his pipe by the fireside when Mr. Trotter was announced.

"How d'ye do, Mr. T.? I hope you're well."

"Quite well, I thank you; how are you?"

"Oh, such the same as usual, and that's well, you know."
 "We are about," returned Joseph, "which is just what I desire
 I want a bit of private conversation with you."
 "I'm all attention; go on."
 "I will not attempt in a roundabout way to tell you what I want.
 I'll come to the point at once. I wish to marry your daughter
 Margaret; are you agreeable that I should do so?"
 "My friend, if any daughter is willing, I cannot object, for I am
 satisfied that you'll make her a good husband; but we must call the
 old lady in, and let her say a word in the business."
 Mrs. Bence was called in, and said what she had to say in a very
 affecting manner; the only fault—if fault it might be called—being
 that she used too many words.

A few weeks afterwards, the following notice appeared in the
 County Herald:—
 Married, at—Church, on the 16th inst., Mr. Joseph Treiler to Margaret,
 eldest daughter of Mr. Bunker Bence.

Two years have passed away, and brought about many changes.
 A stranger than was a very remarkable one in connection with the
 village schoolmaster. They who had at one time been what the
 people call "debated enemies"—on the principle, I suppose, that two of a
 trade can never by any possibility agree—were now co-partners in
 instructing the children of the village. Yes, they taught, in one school-
 room, and were as firm and attached friends as one could wish to see.
 They were successful, and found that in imparting instruction, as well
 as in many other cases, two heads are better than one.

A Temperance Sermon.—Judge Ray, an American temperance lecturer, in one
 of his efforts got off the following:—"All of those who in youth acquire a habit of
 drinking whisky, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. So
 one can see whisky for years in moderation. If there is a person in the audience
 before me whose own experience disputes this, let him make it known; I will
 account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken." A tall, large man
 and folding his arms in a dignified manner across his breast, said: "I offer myself
 as one whose own experience contradicts your statement." "Are you a moderate
 drinker?" said the Judge. "I am." "How long have you drunk in moderation?"
 "Forty years." "And were never intoxicated?" "Never." "Well," resumed
 the Judge, scanning his subject closely from head to foot, "you are a regular man.
 Yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story.
 A colored man, with a loaf of bread and flask of whisky, sat down to dine by the
 bank of a clear stream. In breaking bread, some of the crumbs dropped into the
 water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance
 suggested to the story the idea of dipping the bread in the whisky and throwing it
 to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, because drunk
 and feasted helplessly on the water. In this way he easily caught a great number.
 But in the stream was a large fish very unlike the rest; it pecked freely of the
 bread and whisky, but with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the
 drabber to take it. He resolved to have it at all hazards, that he might have the
 same and secure. He procured a net, and after much effort caught it, carried it to a
 colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the
 wretched creature, and then said: "Banksie, I an certain's dis case. The fish is a
 water-bird; it hasn't got any brains." In other words," added the Judge, "whisky
 affects only the brain, and, of course, those having none may drink without injury."

ON THE NECESSITY OF CAPITAL IN SECURING
 STABILITY.

It is becoming the fashion amongst Gentils that have accumulated a few
 hundred pounds, to set about the picaresque task of consuming it without
 first ascertaining the relative amount of future assets and liabilities. It
 is the fashion, also, to dignify this proceeding with the appellation of
 "justice to the present members"—as though any action could, with
 propriety, be termed just which has for its consequence the dispersion of
 funds accumulated for the express purpose of meeting the increased
 liabilities that will sooner or later accrue. It may be useful, therefore,
 to re-open the question regarding so-called "surplus capital," by stating
 the theory on which it is founded, and by illustrating the subject with
 such recent experience as may be within reach. It is the more necessary
 to do so, inasmuch as some numbers in large Districts entertain the
 notion that it is the younger men who form the bulk of claimants on
 both the sickness fund and death fund. If the experience of such a large
 aggregate can be so mis-read, and the natural laws affecting human life
 so misunderstood, what must be the case in small Districts, where the
 experience is necessarily limited, and correspondingly liable to fluctuation?
 If there was any force in the notion alluded to, the logical conclusion
 would be, that the general law fixing the minimum age of candidates
 should be extended, and the minimum age increased by several years.
 According to ordinary perceptions, it seems strange that a man of 30
 should be considered a more eligible candidate for admission than a man
 of 20, each being equally subject to a thorough medical examination;
 and this is the substance of the notion entertained. It is certainly
 probable that a given number of men of 30 may have sounder constitu-
 tions than an equal number of men of 20, inasmuch as the former have
 survived themselves strong enough to pass through probably more than
 one additional crisis; nevertheless, if a general average be taken, the
 younger men will be found to experience less sickness in a series of years.
 The question to be asked—"where do you find your healthy men of 30
 who are old and upwards, if the men of 20 are so dangerously unnumbered?"
 The answer is utterly indefinite and unsatisfactory.

That, then, are the general principles affecting the establishment and
 continuance of sickness and death funds? By digesting the actual
 experience of a large society like that of the Manchester Unity, as was
 done years ago by Mr. Kaciliffe; or the experience of a number of
 societies like that operated upon by Mr. Fialson in 1853, it is proved
 that the average age of a given number of men at a certain
 period will be sick every year. 2. That as men advance in years,
 the greater their average liability to sickness becomes. 3. That the
 majority will die before attaining an advanced middle age, leaving a
 certain percentage to fall gradually into the increasing feebleness of a
 declining old age. These principles affect the two funds in
 opposite directions—length of life tests the stability of the sickness fund
 and steadily increasing amount of sickness from youth to age; shortness

8 *Alleged Illegal Expenditure of Management Funds.*

room is understood to be defrayed if a certain quantity of liquor is consumed by the members. These are also remnants of an old system which are being fast "used up." It is easy to see how the system arose; and it is also as clear, that wherever services are to be recompensed, or the use of a room compensated for, it is better for all concerned that these should be done directly, and by money payments. Where this is done, the items are a legitimate expense of management which no one can gainsay or find fault with—except it should happen that extravagance in this direction is manifested, such as that exhibited by the annual statement of the Royal Liver Society, wherein the expenses of management are shown to be nearly 40 per cent. of the entire receipts! Should the legitimate management charges of any Forsters' Friendly Society reach such an enormous proportion as this, it would be time for either the REGISTRAR or somebody to point out and annul it upon the alarming fact. Of this, however, we have no fear.

The commotion and consternation that has been raised in some few of the existing Friendly Societies, where the old custom of remuneration in-kind has not been got rid of, or in a more numerous class of cases, where certain charges for special objects have hitherto been defrayed either out of the general Benefit Fund or the Management Fund, can be easily and effectually allayed. The members have only to look the matter fairly in the face, and bring to their aid the dictates of prudence and common sense, and the end is attained. Let them apply a few simple and correct principles of government and management, and they will speedily rid themselves of the imputation of illegal expenditure which Mr. TIDD PRATT now alleges against them. Let them

I.—In all cases where services are remunerated, provide that this be done by distinct money payments.

II.—In all cases where recompense for the use of a Court-room has to be made, make it direct—by money payment.

These are legitimate items of management expense—chargeable, and chargeable *only*, to the Management Fund. Of course those to whom these money payments are made, can do what they please with them when they have them. Let the members in the cases we have specified, further provide

III.—A *Special Fund* for common objects of benevolence or enjoyment, other than what *strictly* appertain to the management of the general Benefit Fund. And

IV.—Determining that whatever there is of feasting or other *personal* enjoyment in connection with their Societies, shall be paid for by those only who partake.

Let the members but act on these simple principles, and they need fear neither Mr. TIDD PRATT nor the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. And their moral standing before the country at large will thereby be greatly enhanced—for they will have purged themselves from what are now almost the only matters of reproach, which their enemies and pretended friends are not slow to cast in their teeth.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT:

OR PEACE, UNION, AND GOOD-WILL.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

PART I.

"THAT is just the sort of place I have been wishing to go to," said the Rev. Horace Walton, throwing aside a long letter, which he had read over attentively from end to end. "In my presence—addition—knocked up by a long course of reading, and *blasé* of all the frivolous amusements of fashionable life—it is precisely the kind of variety to restore and tune up my nerves. I may as well go down there at once."

Mr. Walton was a very young clergyman, who had recently graduated in double honours, and had only a few days previously been ordained and nominated to a curacy, with the solemn responsibility of which he was duly and conscientiously impressed. The letter which had suggested his soliloquy contained a full-length portrait of the village of Sandling, on the southern coast, and was written by a friend who had resided there, and described it as a most primitive and unsophisticated spot, where the inhabitants had never been waked up by railroad or telegraph, and merely sought to extract a toil-won livelihood from salt-water fishing, and the cultivation of that sort of ungrateful soil that generally underlies majestic and savagely-picturesque scenery.

"It will just suit me for the present. I want to rest, and fall into a natural course of life: to get away from all old associations and some old acquaintances, and to metamorphose myself into—in fact, into a regular parson; for there's no use in doing things by halves." And this resolution was the more laudable and necessary, as the young gentleman who thus commended with himself, was not only highly accomplished, intellectually, but possessed those personal recommendations which make a young man a favourite in society, and frequently tempt him to live faster than may be beneficial to his health and his fortunes.

His preparations were soon completed; for the heels of a single man are proverbially light; and omitting all the details of a day's journey, we shall merely say that he arrived on a fine clear evening in March, at the cross-roads where the stage coach set him down, and from which a short walk, in company with a boy who bore his luggage, brought him to the summit of a gently-sloping hill, on the sea-side of which the village of Sandling was built, in a very straggling and irregular, but a very picturesque fashion.

On that evening, as he stood above the little colony of clean cottages, loosely clustered here and there, and looked down over the sleeping water that lay outside—in which the moon, like a gigantic pearl, and every star in the purple and cloudless sky, like so many flashing diamonds, were reflected, as if the crystal floor and the crystal roof were one unbroken surface—he felt almost as if it would be the breaking of some strong and fascinating charm to seek the shelter of any other roof that night. But

then he was tired, chilly, and hungry. How miserably precise these physical wants of ours are! He was reminded by the white smoke that sailed slowly straight upward, by the lights glimmering in the windows, and still more by the fresh brine-scented air that fluttered around him, that poetry had better be postponed to some more convenient season. The only establishment that seemed to promise the shelter he required—for it was then too late to intrude upon his predecessor—was a rather spacious and respectable public-house, situated down near the beach, brilliantly whitewashed, presenting a high-pitched roof of faded and moss-grown tiles, and two prominent bay windows below, and appealing loudly to public notice through bottled liquids of various brilliant and seductive colours. Mr. Wilton not being exactly in clerical costume, and appearing merely in the guise of an ordinary traveller, was informed by a lady of large dimensions, in a black silk dress, a high complexion, a gold chain and long coral ear-rings, that he could be accommodated with a bedroom; and was in the meantime led into a back parlour, where the guests already assembled politely moved him into an arm-chair by the fire. The company, who were furnished each with a long pipe, and a smaller or larger allowance of beer, according to their several capacities, were at first not very distinguishable through the stagnant cloud of tobacco smoke that floated lazily above their heads—for the knowledge of patent ventilators had not yet radiated so far from the theatre of the Polytechnic—but appeared, as soon as they became more visible, to be young men, and all fine athletic, well-made fellows, with sun-burnt faces, broad shoulders, and darker hair than one generally meets among that class of Englishmen. The conversation, whatever it may have been, was interrupted by the arrival of a *distingué*-looking stranger; but was just beginning to flow again in detached sentences, like the slow preparatory snorts of a locomotive, when the arrival of another guest threw a fresh and strong infusion of new life into the spirits of the company, who stood up with extended hands and kindling eyes to welcome Captain Black. The person so addressed was a rather tall and slight but actively formed man, apparently about the age of forty—if any near guess could be formed of one so bronzed and weather-bent—with clear dark complexion and abundant hair, still perfectly brown, which he wore in long and carefully cultivated ringlets. His costume was unmistakably nautical, consisting of a long thick hino jacket, long heavy boots, a red India handkerchief loosely tied upon his neck, and a couple of massive gold rings upon his hands, which were more delicate in form and texture than might be expected. After he had ordered some tea, upon which the young clergyman was also regaling himself, the Captain inquired—without addressing himself to any one in particular—if James Wilson had been seen down in the village lately?

"No, Captain," replied a young man at the other side of the room, who was enjoying himself in his shirt sleeves, and displayed a formidable pair of arms crossed on his breast; "he has not been abroad anywhere for the whole week past: not since Robin disappeared."

"He takes it to heart," he said, observed another; "and so do all of 'em, of course—the old woman and Hatty and the other girls. And they've been all slaying at home together, to keep each other up."

"The best way to do it, too," said the clergyman, who felt that he ought to be beginning to take some interest in the troubles of his parishioners, "whenever they are. There is nothing equal to the mutual affections of home when people are in sorrow for any cause. Home then becomes a sort of sanctuary—a religion, which surpasses all others for consolation."

"No doubt, sir," said the Captain; "and the want of a comfortable, peaceable, attractive home in some corner of this wide world, drives many a man, and many a woman too, to destruction. When a man has no definite object to work for, no place to call his own, nobody to care for him, he soon comes to care nothing about himself, and very little about anybody else. I believe complete and utter solitude, the silence of a desert, is preferable to the moral isolation of one who feels himself alone amid a crowd, and envies the companionship which he sees others enjoying," and then he threw himself back, balancing his chair on two legs, till his head rested against the wainscot, and breathing a suppressed sigh, puffed a long slender column of smoke up to the ceiling.

"I wonder where Robin is hiding himself," said another young man, "for nobody can make it out. I hope he won't shirk the trial; for I'm certain sure he's innocent."

"Jotham!" said another guest, a fat sly-looking man, who spoke with that sort of precise articulation that indicates habitual caution. "Father! Was not the man's watch and money found in his pocket? I promise you he won't face his trial for it."

"The watch was found as you say," observed the Captain, "but no money. And I venture to say he will come forward to stand his trial."

"Well, Captain, you know best," said the fat man. "And even suppose it was found with him, Captain," continued the young man, "the money as well as the old skillet of a watch, 'tis no proof to condemn a fellow. Things like that have been put on innocent men before now. I've read about 'em often. I know Robin is innocent, and I'll maintain it against any man; 'twill come out yet who's guilty."

"I believe Robin is innocent," replied the Captain; "but I'm not so sure that the real culprit will ever be discovered."

The fat man smiled placidly but incredulously; and after some further conversation on other subjects, the guests began to drop off one by one, until the clergyman was left alone with the Captain, who drew his chair to the other side of the fire, and evinced a disposition to become friendly.

"These young men," said Mr. Walton, "seem very anxious about some friend who has fallen into trouble."

"The case is rather a peculiar one, sir," replied the Captain, "for things of the kind are very unusual here, and these young men, you must know, are all members of the same Friendly Society, and would stand by each other to the last extremity, where they believed their help was deserved. You have heard some of the particulars; and as to the absence of the accused, he has left the neighbourhood until his trial comes on; for he could not bear the idea of being about here while under suspicion. By the way, I believe I have the pleasure of speaking to the Rev. Mr. Walton."

The clergyman bowed assent.

"I thought it must be so," continued the other, "as your predecessor is leaving immediately. I am glad, sir, to make your acquaintance so early. My house you will easily find, and will gratify me by using it as your own at any time. You will find this place, I hope, rather an interesting sphere of duty; these people are rather excitable and warm-hearted, but used to be addicted to little personal and family quarrels; until I established a Branch Lodge of a Friendly Society here, which will do some good, I expect, in various ways, after the first impulse of enthusiasm cools down into a steady and permanent influence. Do you smoke, Mr. Walton?" he added—"I need scarcely ask a university man that question, I suppose,"—presenting at the same time, his cigar-case, the contents of which were of so rare a quality, that, although Mr. Walton had resolved to discontinue smoking, the temptation for once proved too strong for his resolution.

Shortly afterwards the Captain took his departure, leaving the young clergyman to his ingenious conjectures respecting the real character of a man whose mind and manners were so strangely inconsistent with, and of a so much higher order than his outward appearance.

Left alone, Mr. Walton soon retired to rest, and falling asleep the moment he became horizontal, remained unconscious till a late hour in the morning, when he found the sunshino streaming cheerfully into the room, and lighting up the sea that trembled and flashed under the warm rays. On the rough bench within view of his window, was a most picturesque scene of jolly and innocent gaiety, which formed the moving line of the landscape. Seated there on the large water-worn stones, in a variety of natural and consequently graceful attitudes, were a number of young women, all more or less pretty, and set off to considerable advantage by a simplicity and ease of costume, that would have satisfied the eye of an artist more effectually than all the disguises of fashionable millinery; all these, looking like so many Moreids, with their bare arms and loosely-flowing or carelessly looped-up hair, and heads variously furrowed with many-coloured kerchiefs, were engaged in the primeval occupation of mending the nets that had been somewhat damaged in the last fishing expedition; keeping up at the same time, that ceaseless ringing of musical voices, that always prevails where any considerable number of young women are assembled; while on board the little fleet of boats that lay moored to the shore close by, were a few young men who contributed their small share to the conversation, and were evidently getting the worst of it in the way of repartee, as is generally the case in any such trial of skill between the sexes. The scene altogether was a refreshing novelty to the collegian, in contrast with the *enfonoyes* of his life for some time previously, and he began to hope that he should get on agreeably enough with his congregation, if he could only contrive to make himself intelligible to them.

Within the next three or four days, however, he began to feel himself tongue-tied, though he would scarcely make the humiliating confession even to himself; because the truth is, that although we may court solitude now and then, in our more savage or philosophic moods, we find that it loses all its charm from the moment when it becomes compulsory. He had felt the Shink's Head and taken his things. He had made the

acquaintance of the clerk and sexton. He had called on Captain Black, and learned that he would be absent for some days. His looks had not yet followed him, and nobody had visited him, or, with the exception of the Captain, offered him any hospitality, except two elderly unmarried ladies who invited him one evening to tea and water-cresses. In fact he had come as near as possible to being tired of lounging about the beach in the sunshine—that is, if one could ever grow really tired of the eternal freshures and endless variety of the sea-side; and his last resource was an exploring expedition inland, especially as he had once or twice observed some histories, authentic or mythical, associated with them. Passing up, accordingly, along the main central street and over the old hunch-backed bridge at its upper end, he discovered that the road was crossed just beyond it by a broad uneven pathway which ran parallel, in both directions, with the bank of a transparent stream that stole down with a quiet sleepy murmur to the sea, under the chequered and flickering shadows of trees of various kinds, that dipped their languid boughs here and there into the cool water. Taking that branch of the path that promised to lead on into the country, and towards the crumbling shell of a long-forgotten church, he proceeded some distance under a continuous bowyer that opened at intervals upon some effective bits of scenery, the poetry of which had not been then—as it has been since—marred by blocks of *papier-mache* semi-detached villas; for no enterprising builders, with their stone-and-mortar mania, had yet invaded and desecrated and vulgarised one of the last retreats where nature tried to linger in this country.

Suddenly, as he emerged from the long aisle of leaves that had overhung him since he left the bridge, the view and the stream expanded; and just at that moment he came within sight of two ladies, in plain morning dresses, standing by a narrow gateway that opened on the river from what seemed to be a small pasture lawn. He had scarcely time to observe that they were young—scarcely full-grown—that they were then dangerously attractive in figure and feature, and promised to be, in a few years, more so—when they retreated abruptly, and apparently in some dismay, as if he were some dangerous animal escaped from a menagerie; and, drawing the gate close behind them, hastened away like startled fawns. The suddenness of the view and the disappearance took him a little by surprise. He had not been accustomed to be regarded as a strange visitor from civilized regions, so near their home. He felt that, in any case, there was one fact certain—they had but slight cause to be afraid of him; for in sentiment and disposition he was a knight-errant, worthy to live in a more chivalrous age than this, and ready (few men more ready) if occasion called him, to do battle to the best of his ability, in defence of any such. To this effect he was thinking, almost indignantly, of the fair Hamadryads whom he had unwillingly scared away, to their evident inconvenience and his own great disappointment, when he found himself approaching another human being of a very different aspect, but little less welcome in that beautiful wilderness. This second apparition was in the form of an elderly gentleman, in a suit of grey tweed, and

"Just as," continued the landlord, "they ran away from me last, when first they saw me—just little wild birds! I don't blame their hearts! If they only knew how much they enhanced the scene in my eyes, and how little they had to fear from such an old cinder! But they forgot, or perhaps never reflected, that the ugliest animals are not the most dangerous. Well! where was I? Yes! the other end by such the truest heart of the two, is the only son of these honest people here—Robert Wilson, or Robin, as he is more generally called. Hatty herself trusted and, I am sure, liked him better than the other, naturally, for he is more open the animal level on which she has always stood herself; while the conventional distance between her and Terry, may have suggested to her some doubt of his real intentions. That motive, however, would have been unavailing—we see that it generally is in such cases; for love, like the grave and a prison, levels all distinctions—if her heart or her fancy, or whatever it is that suggests one in such circumstances, had not given the preference to Wilson; and her choice, I believe, is judicious for many reasons. For some time the rivalry went on peaceably to all appearance, and the young lady herself, with commendable reserve, refrained from any decisive demonstration in favour of either; though she might by doing otherwise, have provoked some mischief. Talk of wild beasts! What wild beast had ever so fierce and bloodily-minded as a man when jealousy, like Aaron's, ran, and set up all other passions? An accident at length brought matters to a crisis. Terry having no special occupation to interfere with his movements, had more time to watch his opportunities than Wilson, who was always busy about the farm. He used constantly to place himself in her way about on the beach, and in other places where it was her business to walk out with the children. These attentions presented an appearance which she would rather have avoided; but as they could not be said to be rude or offensive, she could only reply with the most frigid civility when he addressed her. Wilson, on the other hand, whenever he met her—which was scarcely more often than every Sunday—was civil, serious, and respectful, tried nothing in the way of soft nonsense; and used to go back to his work, content to live during the week on the remembrance of that one happy hour and the anticipation of the next, just like a hunter (I think) that lays in a week's provisions at one meal. Well! as I was saying, an accident brought the affair to an open collision. It happened one evening, some two months ago, that Robin Wilson went to a meeting of the fraternity to which he belongs, and to which by the way I also belong, and was returning from the Shark's Head at a late hour, when as he approached the bridge at the upper end of the village, his pace was quickened by hearing a feminine voice, that at all times exercised a strange influence upon him, somewhat elevated in indignant remembrance. The fact was, that Terry was following and addressing some very important declarations to Hatty, who chanced to have come out on some errand. Wilson rushed at once to the rescue, and without waiting for warning or explanation, seized Terry by the neck and flung him to the ground, so violently that he was unable to recover himself immediately, and could only threaten wickedly and fiercely, as Hatty and his rival went away together, that they should meet again, and that Wilson should long remember the meeting. From that moment, of course, an

inexplicable enmity, undisturbed and vigilant, grew up between the young men. Wilson was elated by the preference shown to him, and waited with the most stolid composure for the promised retaliation. Terry disappeared for some days, and when he showed himself again—which was at the Shark's Head—repeated his threats again—which

"As that position the affair needed for some weeks, until the whole neighbourhood was thrown into the wildest amazement and consternation by the arrest of Wilson for the robbery, attended with violence, of a man who travels through this country periodically, selling soft goods and Drummond's jewelry, and was known to have a considerable sum of money in a small way, about him. It seemed almost incredible to all who knew him. Everybody knew, and I know, that he was innocent, and that there must be some diabolical mystery at work; but there was the evidence, plain, conclusive, and unmanageable. A small bowie-knife, which he acknowledged to be his, was found beside the wounded man, evidently dropped from the hand or the pocket of the assailant. The man's watch also was found on Wilson when he was arrested; but the singular and inexplicable feature of the case is, that the money had altogether disappeared. Wilson himself was unable to explain away the appearance against him. He was bewildered. He could only assert that he was innocent, and that was all. There was no getting over it, you know. Of course he was committed for trial, and was bailed out by his father and Captain Black. Still I may possibly be of some use to him. Though it is not my circuit, I shall undertake his defence myself, because he assured me, in a manner which places it beyond all doubt, of his innocence—I believe I mentioned that we are members of the same fraternity—and because something may come out on the trial, as it does sometimes happen, to implicate the real culprit, and clear the suspect one. You may probably be inclined to ask me, why I associate these events together—the rivalry and the indictment. I have no proof that they are connected; but I have my suspicions, and a sort of internal conviction, which I cannot explain, that they are cause and effect."

Just then they were interrupted by one of the girls, who came to announce to them that tea was ready. They had scarcely joined the rest of the company, when the elder Mr. Wilson rose up to the door, and dismounting slowly, walked with an abstracted air into the room, where he greeted the two gentlemen respectfully, and subsided into an arm-chair which one of his daughters drew forward out of a corner, while the other asked him to remove the external defences in which he was enveloped. More attention could not possibly have been bestowed on him, if the strong man had been a cripple. To various questions respecting the matter, which he had gone some distance to visit that day, he replied in monosyllables, which seemed oppressively heavy and unmanageable, until Mrs. Wilson came to the rescue, by reminding the girls that her father was tired; and in fact, he infected the whole family so deeply with his own dejection, that Mr. Knight bore all the unalleviated weight of the conversation on his own able frame; but even to him it was impossible to send more than a slender and occasional gleam through the mist and mists that hung over them like a shroud. Hatty especially, who, whenever any remark provoked a faint but irrefragable smile round the table,

would sink by a sort of reaction into a deeper gloom than before. She seemed, however, from some cause, to be the chief object of the attention of the whole family, as if they were all mourning for some loved one, dead and gone away for ever; and though their own sorrow was still green and fresh, they recognised her grief as greater still. What claim she had upon their sympathy one could not easily conjecture, who judged by the general average of mankind, who look with more or less of resentment upon those who may be—no matter how innocently—the cause of their suffering.

At length the old man left the table, and threw himself on a sofa that lay along by the fire-place. "My poor boy," he said, "I wonder where he is to-night," and would have added something more, but his voice trembled, and he paused, as if afraid to trust himself to the emotion.

"Safe enough, I promise you, and happy enough too, except for not being here," said a strange voice; and looking in the direction of the sound they saw Captain Black standing in the doorway. He had come so far unobserved, because in country houses of that, and even of a higher class, the outer door generally stands open, except in very rough weather.

The Captain was enthusiastically received, and throwing his snuff-box and great coat in a heap into a corner, shook hands all round, and took possession of the space opened for him in the circle round the fire.

"We're lucky to-night," observed the old lady, with some approach to cheerfulness in her tone; "we have two visitors, and 'tis seldom that any one comes to see us now."

"Wait a little while," said the Captain, "when summer comes the swallows will be back again." As he spoke, and while the eyes of all were fixed on him, it was observed by Mr. Walton alone that he passed something into Hatty's hand, which she held concealed for a moment, and then deposited in one of those mysterious crypts which the feminine costume of modern times supplies for various little secret and diplomatic purposes. After that, the conversation tripped along with an animation which the Captain's arrival seemed to have infused into it, until supper—as plentiful as the dinner—was introduced, when somebody asked,—
"where is Hatty?" and to the utter dismay and wonderment of the whole family, it was discovered that not only was she not to be found in or about the house, but that a bounnet and a heavy shawl of hers were also absent. Presently the whole company, with the exception of Mr. Walton, were dispersed in all directions, in search of the truant; and as the probability of their re-assembling within any reasonable time seemed rather remote, he set fire to one of the Captain's cigars, and took French leave. In order to have the benefit of the moonlight on his way, he took the high road in preference to the shaded path, and speedily arrived in the neighbourhood of the ruined church, standing up white, black, and ghastly, like any other skeleton, and surrounded by its old deeply-furrowed grave yard. While he paused a moment to enjoy the effects of the picture, he was held to the spot by one of the most unaccountable sights that had ever prompted him to doubt the evidence of his own eyes. Out of the ground, and within the breached and open walls of the old building, the form of a man rose about half way, as if some tenant of the grave, undecided whether he would take a walk upon this

upper world, were looking round to-ascertain if circumstances were favourable. Not believing at all firmly in the supernatural, and urged by curiosity, he stepped over the enclosure, and as he advanced to the spot, the form sank again, and nothing was there when he came but the flat stones, with their worn-out inscriptions, under which the dead were sleeping. Disappointed, and more amazed than at first, he returned to the road, when the welcome sound of a rapid living human footfall fell upon his ear; and in a few seconds he was overtaken by Captain Black, of whom he enquired if the search for Hatty had been successful. The Captain replied in the negative, and was about to listen attentively to the history of the apparition, when a wild, horrible scream, issuing from the ruin, rent the air, and made their blood run cold.

"'Tis a woman's voice," said the Captain, "come back!"

Hastening to the chancel floor, they found the body of a woman lying apparently dead, upon the grave-stones, and raising her face to the moon-light, recognised the missing Hatty, not dead, but in a swoon.

(To be continued).

SABBATH BELLS.

WHAT are those sounds I hear,
Soft in the distance pealing,
Into this lonely solitude—into my spirit stealing?

O, they are the Sabbath bells,
From tower and steeple ringing
Their cheerful call to worship God—to church his people ringing.

In formal ears they tell
The hour of church convening,
But to the earnest worshipper they have a deeper meaning.

To them those Sabbath bells
Impart a gospel gladness
That floats the Sabbath Pharisee, and mocks his solemn sadness.

Like the old Christmas chimes,
They still repeat the story;
How God the Father sent his Son to lead us home to glory.

Even city Armb's tell
How 'neath the sky's blue ceiling,
The joyous Sabbath bells awake a gush of purer feeling.

The while yon' spires to heaven
Point with uplifted fingers,
These pealing Sabbath bells no less are God's love message-bringers.

Light borne upon the breeze,
They come on wings of sweetness,
Like God's own voice, they fill my soul with holy Sabbath sweetness.

Why do those Sabbath bells
Thus stir within my bosom
The love I bear to man and beast—to bird, and bee, and blossom?

Things brautious every where,
In love are sweetly blended,
And kindred are to human thoughts, though seldom comprehended.

They cease, those Sabbath bells!
Their echoes faint are dying,
Yet Fancy deems she hears the sound of bells in heaven replying.

Thus through the fleshy veil
That round the soul enfoldeth,
The glory of our future life, the inner eye beholdeth.

in England or elsewhere, are held to their allegiance by their investments. It is well that Mr. GLADSTONE has given time for a thorough examination of the whole question; and we recommend all to make that examination without party bias or class jealousy; and, above all without any suspicion of the honest statesman with whom the plan for Government Assurance has originated. For ourselves, we frankly avow the conclusion after full consideration, that the working-men conductors and managers of the REAL Friendly Societies in the kingdom, have nothing to fear from the establishment of the Government plan.

Whatever may be the dread felt by the traders in Minor Assurance, as to the possible effects of Mr. GLADSTONE'S measure on their "business," should that measure become law, the great Orders of Friendly Societies, such as the Foresters, the Odd-fellows, and kindred associations, founded and conducted principally by working-men, by and for themselves, have no need to entertain or exhibit any unmanly alarm. The measure, in our opinion, can in no wise injuriously affect these Orders; while the discussion which the proposal has excited, and will yet still cause, cannot but tend to their good. By means of that discussion, light will be thrown upon the whole question of minor Assurance; and the honest-minded conductors of the class of Friendly Societies we allude to will thereby be enabled to detect the weak places and deficiencies in their respective organisations and policies. These remedied, and the societies thereby rendered stable and enduring, because EQUAL in means to every engagement undertaken, they will have no reason to fear the competition of the Government Insurance Offices, even should there be one in every street of a town, or every lane of a village. Reasons for these conclusions we shall endeavour to show on a futuro occasion.

In reference to the subject of the foregoing article, the following well-timed and most judicious communication from Mr. SYMONS, secretary to the London United District A.O.F., has been published in some of the London dailies:

"Sir,—As Secretary to the London United District of the Ancient Order of Foresters, allow me through your columns to show that the remarks made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot apply to this society.

"It consists of 2,000 members, residing in all parts of England, divided into Districts, the London United District consisting of 41,000 members. The various branches belonging to that District pay a certain sum per quarter to the District Fund for the insurance of the members payable at death, so that the liability is thrown over the whole District, and not upon any branch. The other moneys received from the members are retained by the branches, and treated, to meet claims in case of sickness.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer in his remarks observed that 13 or 14 per cent. upon the income was a fair sum for management expenses. The income of the District for the last quarter was £4,492 8s. 11d., the management expenses for the same period £177 12s. 3d., being about 4 per cent. only.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer also stated that any society that had been 14 years in existence should have assets exceeding the annual income to be in a safe position. In the London United District Fund of this society the present annual income is £17,000; the assets, £34,000. In the sick fund of the various branches, the annual income is £42,000; the assets, £100,000.

"He also observed that in many Friendly Societies half of the lives assured were those of children and young persons. This society does not admit members under 18 years of age, nor exceeding 40.

"Reference was also made in Friendly Societies as to the exclusion of members through non-payment. I submit we are more liberal on this point than the Government would be disposed to be, because if any of our members are unable through distress to keep up their payments, the branches have a distress gift fund, from which the contributions of such members are paid; and should any member require further aid, he applies to the District, which has the power to award him a sum not exceeding ten guineas.

"I could say much more, but I fear I must not trespass further upon your space. I must, however, observe in conclusion, with reference to the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that he received a deputation from two of the largest of the Friendly Societies, who appealed to him not to interfere, that he must have been wrongly informed, as the Oddfellows and Foresters are the two largest, and the deputation was not from them.

"16, Essex-street, Strand, March 16."

"J. S."

MAKING THE BEST OF IT:

OR PEACE, UNION, AND GOODWILL.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

PART II.

THE next morning Mr. Walton was lingering over a late breakfast and a four-days-old newspaper, when Captain Black was announced, and was immediately entered the room behind the messenger who brought up his name.

"It occurred to me," said the Captain, "that as we were both of us up so late last night, you might like to take a few hours' cruise in my little cutter. The day promises to be fine outside, and there's a nice fresh breeze."

"Thank you," said the clergyman, "it is just the sort of thing I would like, to-day."

"I am not altogether disinterested, though, in the invitation," continued the Captain; "you ate the first man I have met for a long time, Mr. Walton, with whom I can converse in a way to remind me of those days when I was so much more happy than I can ever be again, that they seem almost an illusion of the memory. Still, there is a melancholy satisfaction in recalling them. It feels like reading over the lovers' letters of long-past years, when the ink is brown and the paper yellow, and the hand that traced the fading lines has turned to dust."

"The satisfaction, then, I assure you, is mutual," replied Mr. Walton, "for although my reminiscences have not yet much of the charm of distance, I find that the future, for some time to come, is likely to be more agreeable than I expected; but I was anxious to ask you, as I came away before you this morning, if that young woman gave any explanation of that strange misadventure in the churchyard?"

"Why, yes," said the Captain, "but nothing very satisfactory, though it is all that she knows. It is just this: I handed her a letter from young Wilson, unobserved by the rest, for he wishes nobody whatever to know where he is at present. She left the room for the purpose of reading it alone; and when she had struck a light, taking up what she supposed to be the letter she had just laid down—but what was really another laid on the table by some unknown agency—she read an invitation, apparently written and signed by Wilson, that she would come and meet him in the churchyard. Arriving there and waiting a few minutes, she saw a man, as you did, seeming to rise out of the ground, and the idea of something supernatural, suggested by the time and place, overpowered her nerves, she uttered that awful scream that brought us back. Young Percy, I suspect, is at the bottom of the affair, and I mean to get there too."

Setting out together, they stepped into a small skiff, which the Captain dexterously sculled across the little harbour to the verge of a wooded hill which enclosed and sheltered the water from the east winds. Thence

they followed a winding path through the tall trees, passing sometimes between natural fences of tangled underwood, and sometimes emerging into open and sheltered spaces, such as the fairies might have chosen to dance on. It was a picturesque and wild-grown forest in miniature; and after threading these maze paths they came suddenly down upon a little cove, where a tidy and saucy-looking cutter yacht lay gracefully at anchor. Rounding up three men who lay smoking drowsily on deck, the Captain got under weigh, and in a few minutes after was steering out to sea, the miniature ship bending to a light fluttering breeze, and her four white sails glittering in the sunshine; while along the outer horizon there glowed and flashed a long streak of golden fire too bright for the eye to bear. How the time went by, or what distance separated them from the misty outlines of the land, Mr. Walton never thought of calculating, until the Captain proposed that they should have some dinner. The cabin, and in fact the whole vessel, was furnished in a style that indicated not only the command of ample means, but the correct taste that employs such resources with the most telling effect. When the repast was ended they returned to the deck.

"This is the only little enjoyment," said the Captain, "that I have left to me now in this tiresome world. The wrongs that I have suffered, the sorrows that have left their scars upon me, have almost made me an outlaw. I have never been tempted until now to tell my story to anybody. I don't know why the wish forces itself upon me now, except from a desire that you should understand me: but—no matter! You must, of course, have perceived before now, that I am not, or rather, that I have not always been what I appear. During the early years of my life I certainly looked forward, not unreasonably, to being in a very different position by this time. I was left an orphan at a very helpless age; so young, indeed, that I have only the most shadowy and dream-like remembrance of my parents. I was brought up by an uncle, and with the prospect of inheriting his very considerable property, being his nearest relative: at the same time he was perfectly free to dispose of the reversion in any way he pleased, as there was no entail. I was sent to an aristocratic school, and from that to college, where I went through rather respectably. On the occasions of my periodical home visits I generally met a cousin of mine, not quite so nearly related to my uncle, however, as I was. He was invited there, I believe, principally to keep me company; but never was a more pitiable mistake committed, as I suspected then, and had reason enough to know afterwards, for no two lads could be more completely uncongenial; and that natural repulsion resulted in the two great misfortunes that withered up every hope of my life. He was impenetrably stupid at any sort of book learning, but was gifted instead, with all that low, treacherous cunning and cold-blooded cruelty that always makes a dunce so dangerous as an enemy or a rival. His chief delight was in abominable practical jokes, and in torturing any living thing of which he was not afraid; and in antagonism with such a character, the higher qualities of the intellect and the heart have but little chance in the common transactions of life. He also had the advantage over me of being rather well-looking, and as strong as a mule. Altogether, his ways and his presence were a perpetual nuisance to me.

I fore-saw that, sooner or later, it must come to an open quarrel between us; and I confess that I prepared myself for it by secretly taking lessons from a prizefighter, so that I should be able to meet his superior strength with the resources of science. It came at last. One day I had dressed myself carefully for a dinner party a few miles off. I went into the stable yard to look after a tilbury, in which I was to drive to my destination. He was there, lounging about in his old clothes, as usual, throwing stones at the dogs and the pigeons; and I saw a sort of smile on his face that boded mischief.

"You're a very heavy swell, to day, George," he said, walking round me at some distance, "you're a tremendous swell! Some of the ladies will run away with you this evening"; and I observed that he held an egg in his hand, which he raised in a menacing attitude, more, perhaps, to enjoy my nervousness about my clothes than for any more definite purpose.

"If you do, Charley," I said, "I'll pitch into you, and leave you some marks, too!" Scorning the threat more than I expected, he did actually throw the egg, which I very narrowly escaped, and then fulfilled my promise. I beat him, if not to his heart's content, certainly to my own; and after some short delay drove off to the party.

"From that day he was, of course, my implacable and most vigilant and restless enemy; and in his peculiar mode of warfare—even if I had sought, which I really did not, to keep the quarrel alive—I was no match for him. For I could neither forge letters nor tell lies; nor, in short, in any way supplant any man. He worked on, however, secretly and most effectually, for after my uncle's death I was astounded by the discovery that he had left every pound of his property to him. I shall never forget the fellow's look of triumphant malice on that occasion, any more than another expression of a different sort which I once afterwards saw upon his face. I went back to college, which was then my only home. I entered the medical school; and at the end of three years, during which I lived and paid my way by playing the flute in disguise through the streets at night, I took my degree as a physician, and set up for practice. About the same time, too, I married a young lady to whom I had been attached in rather a romantic way for some time. She had been always much admired for her beauty, which was the quality that attracted me. Among her other admirers, by the way, one of the most ardent was my cousin: but he never would have married her—he had not heart or truth enough. I, however, poor as I was, raised her to a much higher social position than she held originally: imagining, as a man naturally would who had not tried the experiment, that an ignorant and humbly-born girl would be proportionately affectionate and respectful, and somewhat grateful, in fact, to a gentleman who made her his wife. I know now that in all such instances the effect is very much the reverse. In my case the girl thought that she should become a grand lady all at once, and when she found that I was only struggling with the world, having no faith in the future or in me, and forgetting that my poverty was in some measure the result of my fidelity to her—for it had been turned to account in poisoning my uncle's mind against me—she actually began to meet me with reproaches and almost with contempt, and then my life at home became very wretched. It happened also that my cousin—by what

means I never could discover—had kept up his acquaintance with her after she was married, and his wealth and the fast and showy style in which he lived, dazzled the poor shallow and thoughtless creature. Vain and heartless, she began to regret all that she had lost by postponing him to me.

"Well, sir, to be brief, returning home one afternoon from a patient's house, where I had been detained since the preceding day, I found that she was gone—gone away for ever! gone with him! Fancy the hell that burned within me that day: insulted, robbed, dishonoured, ruined! From that day I have never had a home.

"A trusty servant had the presence of mind to follow their carriage some distance, to ascertain what direction they had taken, and was able to guide me. I had a strong, young, fast-trotting horse in my stable. I was in the saddle the next moment,—not to bring her back; no, no! but to square accounts with him. I should have mentioned that I was residing then in a midland city, and that they had taken the road to London. As I urged my horse through the streets and out into the country, going about sixteen miles an hour, my thoughts travelling faster still and my blood boiling, and all around me a whirling, maddening, misty chaos. I saw nothing; heard nothing but that yellow carriage in the distance, which I was gasping to overtake, and straining my eyes to get a sight of. At last—after what interval of time or space I never knew—a turn in the road brought it into view some mile or two in advance, toiling slowly up the side of a hill. I had him at last! Pulling up for a minute or two, as my horse was rather blown, and trembling all over through nervous impatience and a wild storm of various passions, bending forward in the saddle, I patted his neck, and with a touch of my heel sent him on again. We were alongside them. I called to the driver to stop, and springing to the ground, seized the horses' heads, and in spite of his exertions to drive them over me, backed them into a ditch. I tore open the door. They were there together. What she did or said I know not. I saw only him, shrinking and cowering into a corner. My hand was on his throat: a strong pull, such as a man infuriated to yandness alone can give, and he was beside me on the road. The tempest that was raging within me gave me more than my natural strength. Then it was such a relief—like the opening of a safety valve—to rain upon him blow after blow with hand and whip, until bleeding and senseless he fell to the earth. Whether I received any blows from him I am, to this moment, not aware. Certainly I never felt any. I have, however, some indistinct and cloudy impression of having heard shrieks and lamentations and entreaties in a female voice; but beyond that I observed and know nothing. My horse in the meantime was quietly browsing on the briar leaves in the ditch. Slowly and sadly I returned home, thanking heaven that in my haste I had forgotten to bring a weapon of any sort; otherwise I should inevitably have taken his life. How they pursued their journey after that, I never heard; nor have I ever seen her since.

"Still, the sense of the desolation they had brought upon me, came over me heavy and crushing, when I reached the home which I must leave for ever; for I could not remain there a mark for sneers and pity

and scandal, even if I had any definite object to work for. In a fit of reckless misery I sold off everything, sent away my servants, and wandered forth, without knowing or caring whither. Chance directed me to a scaport on the south coast, and there I staid, doing nothing but brooding morbidly over my wrongs and misfortunes, until my money ran short, when I took an appointment as surgeon on board a large merchant ship, bound for the West Indies,—not sorry to remove myself for ever from a country in which I had suffered so much. It was in one of the last years of the Peninsular War, and the seas were somewhat insecure at that time, as I soon learned practically; for we had not been many days from sight of land, when a pirate, that had been hovering suspiciously about us for some time, brought us to one morning, and boarded us; not without a sharp struggle though, for we were well armed, and gave them more trouble than they looked for. Forgetting my proper duties, I took part in the fray, until my assistance was urgently required by some of the wounded; and before I had sufficiently attended to their wants, we were all prisoners. I was removed with some others on board the pirate, and having received a cut on the head, which I did not at first notice, was accommodated with a sofa in the Captain's cabin, where I lay stupified, after binding up the wound myself with a handkerchief. In the course of the following night the Captain came to see me, and an interesting sight I must have been, with my face clotted all over with blood and surmounted by a white turban. He remained some time with me, apparently interested in some way, and complimented me on the resistance I had made as an amateur; and I certainly never saw a man with less of the dare-devil either in manner or appearance. He was a slight effeminate-looking man, with light silky hair, soft eyes, and a gentle musical voice. We had many conversations after that, in which he gave me his history. It was ill-treatment and outrage also that had driven him to be an outlaw. As our acquaintance progressed, we became most familiar and congenial friends, and he would often bitterly lament the sort of life to which he had condemned himself, and the necessity of ruling a company of rough savages, with whom he had not one sentiment or instinct in common. For some years, indeed, until I fell in his way, he had no one with whom he could interchange a thought. It was not long after we met, that he was meditating an attack upon a rich freight which he followed up the coast of Africa, and seemed, I thought, unusually nervous and anxious to postpone the assault as long as possible; but the crew were growing impatient and discontented, and he was obliged to go at it at once. Some hours before the attack, he called me into his cabin, and we sat down face to face.

"Black," said he—that name! I assumed when I went to sea, and have kept it since—"Black," said he, "you will think me weak and superstitious, perhaps I am, but I feel plainly that I shall not survive this action. I am not sorry, only I should like to spend some years in peace. Well, no matter now! Here are these papers and this little parcel: you will survive me; you are the only friend I have, and you must promise me, that on the very earliest opportunity, you will deliver them as they are directed. You will also, in case I am shot or cut down, take command of this schooner. In self-defence you will have to do so, for no one of

these men is able to control the rest; they would murder each other and you too.

"Though I affected to regard his presentiment as a mere fancy, I suspected after all that he was right, for his features were that peculiar expression which the experienced can sometimes detect in those who are soon to die; and I have never known that mysterious warning to be deceptive, which whispers to one, in some unaccountable way, that his end is near. Well, sir, we took the prize, overhauled everything valuable, and sent her adrift; but poor Lapierre was mortally wounded. I took him below in my arms, but he had only power to say the one word '*Remember*'; when his head drooped heavily, and he was gone! From that moment all was anarchy and violence on board the schooner. The next morning I called them all together, and made a speech, urging them to elect a captain, and leaving the choice to themselves. Every man, accordingly, wrote a name on a slip of paper, and threw it into the boatswain's hat; and that gentleman, after examining the ballot, flung the empty hat enthusiastically into the air, and called for 'three cheers for Captain Black!' I then acquainted them with my predecessor's wishes, of which I had previously said nothing. It was a most strange and unnatural position for me. I felt somewhat like a man put into the saddle to ride a steed-chase, who had never been on horseback before—I, a member of a profession, the function of which is to minister to human suffering, alone upon the wide ocean!—alone with a sort of menagerie of fierce wild animals in human shape, and with no ostensible object but to lead them on to murder and robbery! Sometimes I doubted, almost seriously, if I were actually the same man still; or, if all the early years of my life had not been an illusion or a dream—sometimes in my sorrow and indignation, I shed tears like a child. At last I resolved that I would stand it no longer—that I would steer for some English port, and have done with it. I made it known accordingly, that I had a commission—a dying request—to execute for Captain Lapierre, and that we must make for land. During the interval, however, evil passions were fermenting within me, whispering to me the history of the outrages I had suffered, and prompting me to plans of vengeance which I too readily entertained; probably because I was alone and had nothing to distract my thoughts from them. My feelings, in short, were made up of contempt for my own vindictiveness, and an instinctive reluctance to submit passively to my wrongs; and the latter sentiment was a sleepless and haunting fiend that would not let me rest. We ran into Southampton with the Spanish flag flying; and after fulfilling poor Lapierre's commissions, I was wandering listlessly about the town, and staring around me, here and there—it had been so long since I was in any civilised place—when I was startled by hearing my real name pronounced by a voice near me, and turning round inconsiderately, saw a former servant of mine, who had recognized me through a disguise of very much the same fashion as I wear now. 'If you don't want to be known, sir,' said he, 'you may safely rely on me; I spoke only because I was glad to see you.' 'Well,' I said, 'do you know anything about that lady and gentleman? what has become of them?'—'Yes, sir, he deserted her soon after; and she almost broke her heart, not for his sake, but yours, and for all the misfortune she brought on

you and herself. She took a situation in the family where I am now. He fell into bad health, and he's going now to Madeira, to try to recover himself; the ship that he's going in is here.'—'And when does he start?'—'In about a week, sir.' Seeming quite indifferent to the information, and taking leave of the man, I passed on. Within half-an-hour, my plans were all arranged. I went to my crew, and talked to them seriously for some time; I reminded them that we were all rich enough to pass our remaining days in peace and safety, and advised them all to settle down quietly somewhere, in any profitable occupations they might severally choose. Some agreed readily enough, some said that they were alone in the world, and never had and never could have any!—'Yes; and some had come to regard the whole world as one great many-headed and many-handed enemy.

"Eventually, they were all content to obey me, and to settle on land, if they might only live near each other; and I promised to guide their movements to that end as soon as I should return from a voyage which I was going to make on private business. They insisted on accompanying me, and I assented, on condition that there should be no fighting, except it should be necessary in self-defence. The vessel in which my enemy was embarking was the property of a wine merchant, going to bring home a cargo; and he and two other invalids were accommodated with berths. We put to sea some hours after she weighed anchor, and kept her in view out into the blue water. Following him as I did, I could not say that I had any definite object. I meant to punish him in some way; but how, I really did not know. I wished and dreaded at the same time to have him somehow in my power. The wish was gratified sooner than I expected. We kept the ship in view—the *Ariadne*, she was called—by shortening sail on the schooner, until we were about half-way, when one night, as I was looking at her through the glass, I remarked to one of my men who stood near me that I thought she showed more smoke than ought to come from a caboose. There was some unusual movement, too, on deck. He took the glass, and after looking at her for some time, turned round and said: 'she's on fire, sir!'—'Well, then,' I said, 'get all hands ready to help her. Steady! they may get it under; wait till she blazes up.' Presently the smoke began to show a tinge of red; soon after, the flames shot up, creeping and curling along the rigging; and then a puff of white smoke from a port-hole, and the report of a gun rolled undulating through the air. The blaze rose higher and broader, casting a glare upon the waters all round, and a flickering glow of crimson and yellow on the sky. A fire at sea, sir, is a splendid study for an artist, if one could see it apart from the horror and peril of the scene. 'Now,' I said, 'cut with the boats, for we can't run the schooner alongside.' It was all done quickly and silently. Three of us went in each boat. You may imagine how we were welcomed. I stood up and spoke. 'Be steady,' I said, 'and you are all safe, as they came crowding in eager and imploring haste and terror to the bulwarks. 'Are there any ladies on board?'—'No, but three invalids.' 'Well, then, send them down first, and hold on, as I threw up a coil of rope, 'not so many at once, or you'll swamp us; there's time enough. I'm the Captain of the schooner beyond'; and as I looked back to my own craft, just emerging from the gloom into the

circle of red light, she looked like some phantom ship coming with a warning of death instead of a promise of safety. I saw him, pale and ghastly through terror, handed down with the two others into the boat which I steered. The other brought some half dozen of the crew. Another turn back and forward, and we had them all safe. The Captain was the last man to leave the wreck; and the next minute a bright flame flared up with a wild, unnatural light, and with a heavy plunge forward, the mass of fire was sucked down hissing into the deep. Then all was darkness, doubly black by the sudden transition, and the long swelling waves rolled on as if that tall ship had never been! So it is on land, too. When a tragedy in real life is acted—and there are no tragedies half so tragic on the stage—the victims go down, and are seen and heard of no more. The rushing waves of business and pleasure close over the scene, and the next day all is forgotten.

"We had then, of course, no special destination; but I thought it as well to go on to Madeira, and land them. That night, however, I visited the invalids, and made them as comfortable as I could, for the schooner was very nicely fitted up inside. My enemy was in my own cabin. I sat by him, and spoke to him a good while. The tones of my voice seemed to startle him a little now and then, but he was very far from recognising me. I was totally changed in appearance, and the circumstances and the scene were so different from any in which we had met before. You will say that such a thing is impossible, and that such instances of forgetfulness are to be found only in novels. But suffering, and a total and all-pervading revolution in the mode of life, change us all more than time. Through such disguises we see those only whom we really love or hate with all our hearts.

"There is one thing that never changes, except the heart—that is the voice; but it is not every ear that is sufficiently sensitive to the small differences of tones and sounds, to recognise even that, and to feel the accents of a voice long known and long unheard, carrying the memory back across long and many-coloured years, and waking up old thoughts and associations out of their graves. I saw that he was in a very miserable condition, but recoverable by care. He had evidently lived very fast. Animal tissues and membranes could not have stood it much longer. I almost took pity on him, though I knew that he would have none for me or any other human being; and I resolved to have some explanation with him.

"One night, when we were alone and safe from interruption, and he was speaking of his chances of recovery, 'I believe,' I said, 'from what I have seen in my time, that there is even in this world punishment for the guilty, in terror and remorse, if in no other way. They suffer what they inflict, though they can never indemnify their victims; sometimes enough, one would think, to render any punishment in the next world unnecessary.'—'I have never wronged any man,' he said, confidently.—'You,' I answered, 'I have always known that you are a coward. Do not add to the rest a miserable, transparent falsehood.'—'Good heaven!' he gasped, 'who can you be?'—'Do you not remember me?' I said, hissing my name in his ear. The fear, the bewilderment, the look of utter despair with which he raised his eyes to mine, before he sank back-

ward with a low moan of agony, was a thing to be neither forgotten nor described. He looked as if he expected that moment to be his last: so true it is that 'cowards die many times before their death, the valiant never taste of death but once.' 'Don't be afraid,' I said, 'I shall do you no harm. If I meant it, you might have been sharks' meat before now.'—'Mercy, George,' he continued, evidently not trusting me, 'as you hope for mercy in heaven!'—'Do you hope,' I said, 'for mercy in heaven? How much mercy did you show me? Listen to me; you made me penniless, homeless, desolate, reckless—you made me almost a criminal and an outlaw! What do you deserve from me?'—'I know,' he answered, 'that I deserve only your heaviest vengeance; I poisoned your uncle's mind against you. I did worse than that too; but ...: mercy on me, I'll compensate you.'—'Compensate me?' I said; 'you miserable wretch! how can you compensate me for all my lost years and blighted hopes: all my life darkened?'—'I know all that,' he replied, 'but I'll do all I can. I'll give you back your uncle's property. I'll keep only what I have of my own. I'll transfer it all when we get ashore.'—'It is but too little to offer me, but it is all you have to give,' I said; 'for my real losses no human being can compensate me. But I cannot trust you, you know; I should be the veriest simpleton if I did, and you would yourself laugh in my face for my credulity. Whatever you do must be done now, before witnesses; and you shall confess before them that you have wronged me. Here you are in my power. Observe what a crew I have! Why, if I were to tell them our history, not even I could prevent them walking you out on a plank!'—

"The next morning, I asked the Captain of the Ariadne to witness our proceedings, telling him as much of the circumstances as was necessary; when he informed me that one of the other gentlemen was a lawyer, and would see everything done in proper form. It was so arranged, accordingly, and when we arrived at Funchal, the remuneration we received from all parties concerned, made the voyage rather a profitable speculation. When I came back, and had taken possession of my property, I renewed my proposal to my crew, and settled them around this out-of-the-way little place. They are, all of them who survive, peaceable fishermen; and most of the young people you see here are their sons and daughters. You will observe traces of foreign blood in them too, for my shipmates were of various nations—French, Spanish, Irish, and a Mulatto or two. I am tolerably independent at present—rich in fact, but I am unhappy, lonely and desolate. My only amusement is running over to France, and the Channel Islands, now and then."

"You seem," said Mr. Walton, "to be very popular and influential here; it is only natural that you should."

"Well," said the Captain, carelessly, "I am useful to them sometimes, I believe, having nothing to do for myself—*aliena negotia curam, excusatus propriis*, as Horace says—and after all, I believe the majority of human beings are scarcely worth the trouble of serving. It is not every wild beast that is grateful for having a thorn extracted from its foot; even if it were not in general too dangerous to risk the experiment."

It was then verging towards evening; and the Captain gave orders to put about and steer for home.

reflecting that all which has been advanced in relation to provision for sickness applies with full force to a like provision for death and superannuation, and also to a separate and distinct provision to be made for the mortality of members' wives.

It cannot be necessary to dwell upon the dangerous, nay ruinous, fallacy of attempting to provide for different benefits for all ages in a lump sum by any means but contributions; the attempt to balance this by the imposition of increased entrance fees, according to age, is most futile and deceptive. And yet it is not the less evident that even for the most necessary and important changes to be just and generous, they must be adopted slowly and after careful thought. The older members of the Society acted according to the best information they possessed at the time; and it would be indeed hard and ungenerous to make them suffer in the decline of life for mistakes of which those who have gone before them, whom they have supported in sickness and interred at death, have reaped the benefit in themselves or their survivors.

Your Order is vast, daily extending and increasing in numbers, respectability, and intelligence; and seeing the efforts that have been made to place the Institution on a sure foundation, economically and financially, I am satisfied that any mode which may be originated within the Society or suggested from without, which may tend to develop its prosperity and increase its stability, will be cheerfully adopted. With this confidence, I most strongly recommend that, whether by the increase of the number of members of individual Courts, or by the union of one, two, or more Courts, completely or partially, where the numbers are small, every opportunity should be taken for increasing the number over which the average of a fund may extend; for it is necessary to be borne in mind, that in the doctrine of averages there is no principle more clearly ascertained than that financial safety is increased in the ratio of the number over which those averages extend, and can be made to apply. For example: a Society of 1,000 members may be absolutely safe, while one of 500 will only be relatively so, while one of 50 may have no safety at all.

If the principle of District funds, so wisely and generally adopted by the Order for allowances at death, could be extended to a provision for sickness and superannuation, it would be an important step in advance.

I cannot conclude this Report without having stress upon the fact that the Tables which accompany it have been submitted to Mr. FINKLHORN, and, as will be seen by the certificate annexed, have received his full sanction and approval. That a gentleman of such vast experience, with an European reputation for Actuarial knowledge and judgment, has given them his voucher, adds not a little to their value, and enables me with far greater confidence to submit them to your judgment.

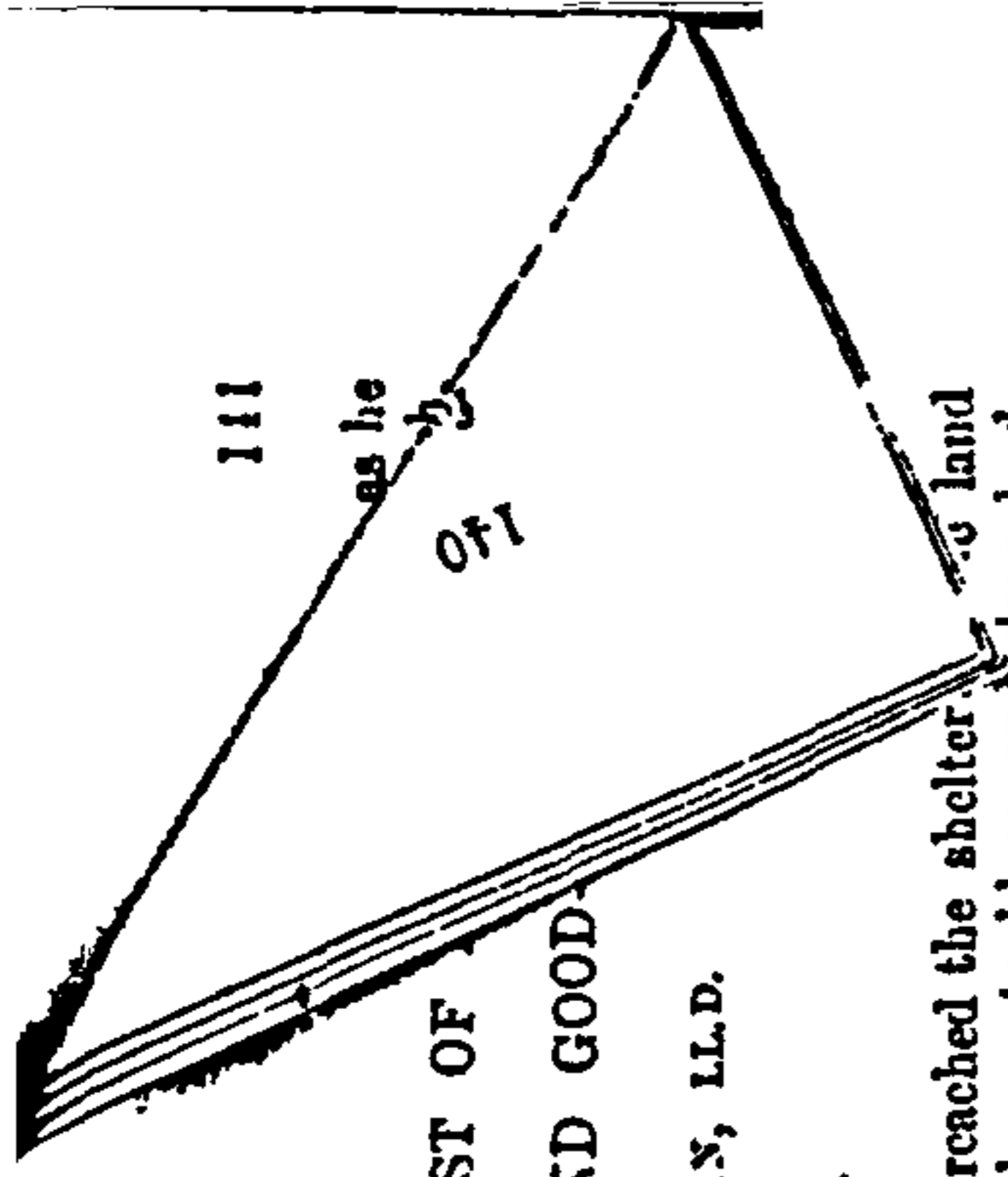
The Tables and examples have been drawn with the strictest possible attention to the nature and wants of the Order, in the trust that wherever adopted they will be found to answer the end you had in view in requesting me to frame them. There is one course in regard to them, I beg again to urge upon those who use them—and I doubt not that it would tend to the satisfaction of those who adopt it; that is, that a valuation of each fund should be made every five or ten years by competent authority, with a view to equalising the contributions by the experience of the subscribers. Submitting the Tables, abstracts, and examples to your judgment, I beg to subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

W. M. NELSON.

LEEDS, June 1st, 1854.

GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES AND ASSURANCES BILL.—Several new clauses have been added to this bill by the select committee. No annuity exceeding £50 a year is to be granted to any one person, and no life assurances are to be for more than £100 on the death of any one person, or to be made by or on behalf of a person under 16 or over 60. In case of default or desire to surrender a policy after payment of five years' premiums, the National Debt Commissioners are to pay to the party beneficially interested a sum not less than one-third of the premiums paid, or, if he prefer it, grant a paid-up policy or an immediate or deferred life annuity equivalent in value to the sum that would have been returned. Policies of assurance may be assigned after five years' premiums have been paid, but the National Debt Commissioners are not to be affected by notice of any trust. Regulations may be made for receiving and making payments at the post-offices or the savings banks. Fresh tables for annuities and assurances are to be constructed. If payment of a policy is refused by the Commissioners proceedings may be taken against them in a County Court.



MAKING THE BEST OF OUR PEACE, UNION, AND GOOD

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

PART III.

BEFORE the Captain and Mr. Walton reached the sheltering land that evening, a shrill and chilly wind began to blow, and dark lead-coloured clouds to roll up from the horizon. They had scarcely brought the cutter to her moorings when it threatened to become a regular tempest. The ground-swell that had announced its coming broke into white waves, and the fishing boats came scudding in to the beach, like so many frightened sea-birds. As the night grew darker, the attention of the villagers was attracted to a large square-rigged vessel, suffering severely from the weather in the channel outside, and evidently unable to beat off the land, against the gale which blew violently from the south-west. On the beach, in front of the Shark's Head, was collected a knot of men, all more or less weather-wise and skilful in nautical affairs, inquiring various predictions respecting the fate and prospects of the ship, which was already known to contain a number of emigrants bound for the United States. At intervals she tacked off, but invariably and inevitably came back again nearly to the same spot; while every stretch seemed only to bring her nearer to the shallow bar which fenced the mouth of the little harbour against large vessels, and over which the waves were tumbling and roaring furiously. It was an hour or two of the most intense and breathless anxiety, until at length—dragging the anchor, which as a last resource had been dropped into comparatively shallow water—she drifted in upon the bar, rolling over almost on her beam ends, with a crash that was distinctly heard ashore.

Among the spectators happened to be Mr. Walton and Mr. Knight, to whom the scene was an exciting novelty, and Captain Black, to whom it might be supposed to be tolerably familiar. These three were standing together, when the Captain said, aloud:—"Come, boys, we must save them if we can; 'tis too much to see people drowned within a few yards of land"; and immediately led the way round to the point of the shore nearest to the wreck. The others followed, Mr. Walton wondering much that a man who had but a few hours before expressed so much contempt for the whole human race, should take so much trouble to save any of them from destruction. It was plain that no boat could come sufficiently near to be of any service, and when that point was decided by a hasty consultation, the Captain, to the amazement of all, deliberately throwing aside hat and coat and boots, plunged boldly into the white foam. The cheers that followed him, while fighting his way through the surf and climbing into the chains, might have almost given any man supernatural strength; until, coming forward on the bulwarks with a coil of rope, he threw it high into the air, and called in a voice that rose above the roar of wind and water, to "belay on shore." There were

strong and willing hands to attach it firmly to a post, used for mooring boats; and when that perilous communication was established, the more active of the passengers began, one by one, to come across to land. When this had been going on for some time, the Captain was observed preparing to make the hazardous passage with a woman in his arms. It seemed that he was speaking some words of encouragement, and placing her arms round him in such a manner as to leave his free, slowly and steadily, amid the flaring and uncertain light of a few torches, he got out on the rope, and was successfully approaching the land with his burden, when a long white-crested curling wave, like some resistless and malicious enemy, rose with a fierce scream across his slender path; and while he held on with the immense strength which he was known to possess, swept her away before it. Tossing a moment, until he could see where he was, he plunged again, in search of her, into the angry surf; and some seconds, that seemed so many hours, passed before his appearance on the surface was greeted with another wild cry of applause. The spectators, in their eagerness, ran down to the water's edge, and some even so far into the sea that they were nearly washed away, to catch a nearer view of the determined struggle for life. At frequent intervals his head and hands were visible on the crest of some rolling mountain, and then sank from view again. At length he was driven by the waves near enough to be seized by some half-dozen of strong arms, and drawn to land, where he lay exhausted on the ground, with the woman, now insensible and motionless, beside him. For his sake she was taken up gently, and borne to the nearest cottage, while he followed the procession, having speedily recovered from the effects of his exertion, and shaking off the friendly hands that would have supported him. In the house to which she was taken, all the care that could be lavished on her, and all the restoratives that could be thought of were freely given; but it was all in vain. She had received, apparently some fatal injury. Once only, she raised her eyes to his, as he stood fixed and statue-like beside her, and unreturned some entreaty for forgiveness.

"Yes, yes," he said; "and may Heaven forgive you as freely as I do now, for all the ruin you have brought upon us both." Then her heavy eyes rolled for a moment, and closed again; a quivering tremor passed across her features, then a long sigh. She sank lower, if possible, than before; and it was all past! Speaking some slow and inaudible words, he moved aside the long dripping hair from her forehead, gazing intently upon the face of the dead; and then dropping his arms passively by his sides, turned away, and wandered out into the darkness.

Through the mystery that made all this unintelligible to the spectators, they could only conjecture that she was some one very near and dear to him—long lost, perhaps, and found accidentally among those emigrants. None of them ever knew exactly who she was, except Mr. Walton, and he not until the third day after, when Captain Black waited on him, to request his attendance on the following morning to read the burial service.

"I shall be there, of course," said the clergyman. "The lady seemed to have been known to you before. Pardon me—I say so, not through any idle curiosity, but because you evidently feel the melancholy event very acutely."

"I do feel it very sharply," replied the Captain. "She was once very dear to me—she was my wife once. By a strange accident, I found her on board that wreck; and though she had forfeited all claim to my name and protection, I could not leave her there to die. I would have saved her life—yes! I would have kept her from want, and the accidents and scorn and cruelty of the world, while she lived; but more than that, as a man and a gentleman, I could not have done. She suffered in this world for her offences, and I hope she is happy, for God, I believe, is more merciful than man."

"Few would have gone so far in forgiveness," observed the clergyman. "I know that," said the Captain; "one's instinct kicks against forgiveness in such a case. But we all relent when we are distressed by death, and it is often too late then."

The next morning, just after dawn—for the Captain wished to avoid any preventible publicity—a coffin, borne by four men, and followed by a solitary mourner, wound its way to the old church yard; and when the humble grave was piled over it, the last and only friend of the dead stood beside it with downcast eyes and folded arms, until the clergyman, taking him gently by the arm, led him away. But the emotion under which he seemed to be almost conversing with the occupant of that grave, was soon past, and when they reached the village all the traces of sorrow and agitation had disappeared. These strange appearances were canvassed for some days in whispered guesses, and were then forgotten in the more engrossing interest of other events that shortly succeeded.

In the meantime, and among other attentions which he was beginning to receive from the few who formed the upper class of his parishioners, Mr. Walton was visited, with most imposing formality, by Mrs. Percy, who came with her daughters in a ponderous old carriage, which was rolled out only on very solemn and ceremonious occasions. She came to beg his indulgence for the seeming neglect of Mr. Percy, for whom she pleaded as an invalid, and to press upon him an invitation to dinner, which was to be merely in their usual plain and homely style. She hoped he would waive all ceremony. The young ladies—the same whom Mr. Walton had put to flight a few days previously, for which he apologised, much to their confusion—were silent and timid; but Mrs. Percy, who exhibited with considerable affection all the easy and graceful self-possession of a woman of fashion, amply compensated the reserve and awkwardness of her daughters. She spoke of the Court and other high life in London as things with which she was, once at least, familiar. She lamented the habitual absence of the rich and aristocratic rector, with whom also she seemed to be on terms of intimacy; and hoped Mr. Walton would be able to exist in so very dreary a place, where a sense of duty alone urged her to remain. Mr. Percy's health requiring such a residence. And lastly, she wondered childishly, as she looked round on the book-cases at all the formidable things Mr. Walton must have read, and expressed a playful horror of the ancient classics. Mr. Walton, on his part, as soon as he could find an opportunity, hoped that duty would reconcile him also to a sojourn in Sandling, and was glad to foresee that the effort was not likely to involve very much self-denial; and finally accepted the invitation, soon after which the visitors took their leave, and the stupendous equi-

page, was dragged away by two very ill-matched and untrimmed horses. As he approached his destination on the specified evening, Mr. Walton was somewhat taken aback at the discovery that, what seemed at a distance a respectable mansion, presented, to a nearer view, many deplorable symptoms of far-gone decay, which a few cheap and timely repairs might have effectually arrested. It reminded him of the treacherously-tempting apples on the shores of the Dead Sea, or of those objects of human ambition that beckon and lure us on, until weary, spent, and disenchanted, we pause on the spot from which they had smiled their fascination, and find all the glory melted away into grey twilight.

On his arrival he was shown into a spacious and much faded drawing room, where he enjoyed an opportunity of hearing, whether he would or not, the lively excitement which his presence seemed to have awakened in the establishment, the running to and fro along the echoing corridors, and in the next room, unfortunately, the tones of peevish and mutually exasperating voices, unmistakably engaged in that peculiarly domestic recreation popularly called "nagging." With the actual words of the dialogue he was not, of course, edified, because in such trials of skill, the perfection of the performance, next to the selection of the most groundless and irrational absurdities, is to utter the most bitter and intolerable taunts in the softest accents. He was, accordingly, not enlightened as to the special subject of debate; until at length, a masculine voice, no longer obedient to control, enquired rather audibly, "why the mischief did you ask him, then?" which seemed to close the conversation, for the next innocent the door was opened, and Mrs. Percy sailed gracefully and majestically into the room, slightly flushed in complexion, carefully made up in an evening costume a little obsolete in fashion, but rather *decollété*, and still exhibiting some appreciable traces of a beauty that must at one time have been the next thing to irresistible. She was followed by the two young ladies whom he had already seen, and a third, whom she led forward, and presented in due form, as "my eldest daughter, Mr. Walton." In his time, short as it was, he had seen many and various phases of beauty; he was, in fact, somewhat *blasé* of all such witchcraft. But now he was actually startled. It was something so utterly different from all his past experience. It was not so much the long golden hair, the delicate tints of pink and white, the perfectly chiselled features, the figure round and slender as a Corinthian column, or the deep blue eyes that rose so slowly to meet his—as the expression that animated and glowed through all these, an expression which he could only define as conveying a tone of pensive sadness. At that moment, courtesy, of course, restricted him to a passing glance, and his attention was called away to Mr. Percy, who hobbled into the room, the miserable wreck of what had once been a handsome man. Then the two young men made their appearance, after an interval; and looking round on the whole family, Mr. Walton admitted to himself that they possessed among them more personal beauty than he had ever seen elsewhere in the same number of persons. He felt also, by some mysterious presentiment, that his fate from that hour must be influenced, for good or evil, by that girl who sat there as unconscious and indifferent as if an ocean rolled between them. Presently a knock on the outer door gave warning of another visitor. Mrs. Percy raised and screamed

slightly, and subeiding into subdued hysterics, inquired piteously:—"What is that?"

"Somebody you have asked to dinner, I suppose," said Mr. Percy, as quietly as if hysterics were at all an unusual demonstration in that house,—"and the next moment Mr. Knight made his salaam inside the door."

What the dinner was like, Mr. Walton could no more have told, when it was over, than if he had spent the whole evening at home. He certainly heard—but indistinctly as in a dream—Mr. Percy disparaging and apologising for everything on the table, and anathematizing his wine-merchant. He saw too—but in that imperfect way in which one, intent upon some engrossing object, takes cognizance of something in motion beside his direct line of vision—such evidences as frowns and signals and whispers, that the ceremony was not progressing with that smoothness which results from a completeness of arrangements; and he might—if he had looked round at all—have detected the occasional intrusion of a woman servant, who had not given the necessary attention to her toilette, since she had been in the close vicinity of the kitchen fire. To the young men he had scarcely an opportunity of speaking, as they took leave of absence very early; and while Mr. Knight was talking to everybody all round, the other guest had no eye or ear for anything but Arabella Percy, and the soft murmuring tones of her voice, though he addressed her but seldom, and with that tremulous nervousness with which a man always approaches a woman who makes a strong and deep impression on him. At length it was over, and he went away, unconsciously contrasting the uneasy efforts he had witnessed, with the cheerful, simple, abundant, free-and-easy hospitality of the humble Wilsons. The night was fine—a clear, lustrous, starlit night—and the two dinner guests, not caring to wait for an evening party that ensued, walked on for some time together in silence, until Mr. Walton hazarded some remark on the unsatisfactory aspect of the entertainment.

"Yes," said Mr. Knight, "it is not a comfortable place to go to. They are an unhappy family. I pity those young people from my heart. Those girls and boys have no home, in fact. Their mother is one of those brainless beauties, who always drive their husbands to recklessness and ruin—those women who carry on into mature years the silly affectations and caprices that made them *pitiquant* and interesting in their youth, and the same unmanageable temper soured by the absence of the flattery that was once their daily food. When a woman ceases to be attractive, she ought to be no longer frivolous—but there's little use in saying what anybody *ought* to do."

"'Tis a pity!" said Mr. Walton; "they are a handsome family!"

"What's that?" said the lawyer, smiling, "a pity they're handsome! Well! I know that's not what you mean, but 'tis true for all that. I don't believe in beauty. From what I have seen of the world, beauty—that is, mere perfection of form and colour—is not exactly what I would pick out of Pandora's box. It is very fleeting—*fluxa atque fragilis*—and the drawbacks with which it is associated become aggravated by its departure."

When they had just passed the old church, Mr. Knight would allow his friend to accompany him no farther; and the latter had scarcely turned back, when he encountered Captain Black.

"Oh! Mr. Walton, well not! I was wishing to see you—you remember," said the Captain, abruptly, "the strange puzzle that mystified us here the other night—I have got inside of it, in both senses. Come with me, and I'll enlighten you."

A few steps, and they were standing upon the old chancel floor, that lay paved with grave-stones, between the broken and massive walls, that seemed, in the gloom, tall hedges of ivy; and advanced to the spot where they had found Fatty Lake lying insensible, that night.

"Here, now," said the Captain, shoving aside one of the heavy flags, and disclosing a deep hole in the earth, black with impenetrable darkness. Taking the clergyman by the hand, he then led him down some steps, which at that hour were invisible from above, and replacing the stone over their heads, shut them both down into a forgotten crypt of the ancient building. Pausing a moment, while he lighted a taper, he held it up so that it shone upon the dripping arches all round; and then proceeded slowly along a narrow corridor that seemed interminable to Mr. Walton, until at last, they felt the air in motion. The taper was suddenly blown out, and they emerged from the long cavern, through a narrow outlet overgrown with briars and ivy, and stood but a short distance from the house which Mr. Walton had left scarcely an hour before.

"Now, all round us here," said the Captain, "and cropping up, here and there, through the green turf, are the buried foundations of some large building, which, I conjecture, has been a religious house, having that secret communication with the old church. The whole affair is now explained. I have ascertained, also, that young Wilson is innocent of that assault; only I fear it may be hard to prove it, without exposing the real culprit, which I am most unwilling to do."

The day of Robert Wilson's trial—like all other dreaded and momentous days—arrived at last. The assize town was some twenty miles distant; and, during the evening and night preceding, and all the early hours of that morning, all the available conveyances in and about Sandling, of all grades of respectability, from phaetons and gigs down to donkey-carts, were pressed into the service of his many friends, anxious to see and hear with their own eyes and ears, how it would fare between him and the law; and the interest which they would in any case have felt, was naturally intensified by their ignorance of his "local habitation" during the interval, not less than by the perilous aspect of the circumstantial evidence against him, their firm persuasion of his innocence, and their curiosity as to the manner of its vindication. When he took his place in the dock, in the midst of the crowded court, calm and pale, and sensitively avoiding the looks and salutations of his friends, the full building was as silent as a tomb, so that the most confidential whisper around the table could be plainly heard. At length these ominous and formal preparations, which aggravated suspense into such horrible torture, and made the heart swell up almost to suffocation, were all completed. The Judge had taken his seat, and seemed totally absorbed in the contents of a newspaper; and a hard-featured elderly gentleman—whose very human sympathy seemed to have been dried out of him long ago, and who evidently regarded as a mere matter of routine any pain he might inflict upon others, under the protection of that wig and gown—rose up

carelessly, and looked round on the assembly with a pair of eyes that seemed to scree him as offensive weapons, not less than organs of vision; on this gentleman devolved the duty of conducting the case for the prosecution, which he did with a superfluity of exaggerated language, diversified with one or two scraps of Latin, which he so invariably introduced into every speech, that each repetition forced an irrepressible smile from his learned brethren. He dwelt, at considerably more than full length, upon the gratuitous criminality of a young man, who was reproached as having been carefully and morally brought up—whether it was actually so, or not, he neither knew nor cared; but, if such was the case, it only cast a blacker dye upon the crime which had placed him in that dock—the criminality, he repeated, of a young man, who wanted for nothing—that much at least was certain—waylaying and robbing of his laboriously earned and slowly accumulated little savings, a poor travelling dealer; and after having, by brute force, overcome his resistance, leaving him there to die, for any thing he knew or cared. He was sorry—he did not care who did or did not believe him—he was sorry that such a thing had been done in a district which, thanks to the influence of a practical philanthropist, enjoyed some reputation for the primitive and patriarchal innocence of its inhabitants; but it was only the more necessary, for that reason, that a memorable example should be set, and an impressive warning be administered. He was not troubled by any doubts that the respectable and intelligent jury, whom he saw before him, would conscientiously and ably perform their duty; but, while he was certain of that, he felt that it might not be altogether unnecessary to caution them and all others, who had to decide critical cases—*qui de rebus dubiis consultant*—against allowing their gentler feelings to sway them, and permitting their hearts to be softened by the appeal which he presumed would be made by his learned brother on the other side, on the ground of the prisoner being an only son, and his alleged and apparent previous good conduct. He was sure they would be deaf to any such romantic nonsense. There were, he understood, a large number of the prisoner's friends in court. He was glad of it; for he hoped that the result would be a solemn and impressive and salutary warning to them all.

The witnesses for the prosecution were then called.

Benjamin Grubb, P.O., was sworn, and deposed, that from information he received, he went to the Shark's Head at a late hour on the night of the robbery, or rather, at an early hour the next morning. He saw there Joseph Tramp, the pedlar, who was suffering from certain wounds and bruises inflicted by some person whom he described, and by whom he had been knocked down and beaten, and robbed of his money and his watch. From that and other information which he received subsequently, he proceeded, soon after daylight, to the residence of the prisoner, whom he found in his bed, and took him into custody. He found in his possession a silver watch, which Tramp identified as the one he had lost. The watch was in the pocket of a light-grey jacket, which he heard that the prisoner was seen wearing the evening before. A button had been torn away, and Tramp had brought in his hand from the scene of the struggle a button of the same pattern. He had himself gone, with another officer, to the place where the assault had been committed, and

scandalised officials were unable to suppress. The judge, as soon as he could make himself audible, ordered the court to be cleared, in which, however, he was most promptly obeyed, for everybody was only too anxious to leave.

Robin Wilson was immediately dragged out of the dock, almost before it could be opened, and taken through the hall and along the street,—whether he would or not—on the shoulders of his friends; and it was very narrowly, and only by making himself invisible in some mysterious way, that his counsel escaped a similar demonstration of enthusiasm. There was great rejoicing also, that night in Sandling, and an unusually full and uproarious assemblage in the parlours of the Shark's Head; and the discussion of the merits of the several actors in the scene was at its height, when the appearance of Captain Black, though it added to the excitement, certainly suppressed its manifestations to some extent. It happened, besides, just as he entered the principal room, that young Wilson was in the act of bringing down his clenched hand, emphatically, on the table, and promising himself and the others that he would never rest or abandon the effort until he should discover who it was that had involved him in so much danger and disgrace.

"You'll do no such foolish thing, Robin," said the Captain; "it is enough for you to be acquitted, and that everybody knows you are innocent. The guilty will be discovered without your help. Time is the best of all detectives."

Wilson was silent at once. The Captain then sought out the old man, and requested the possession of the small pocket knife, which was readily surrendered, and lastly, made a similar and equally successful request of the landlady, respecting the franc piece. And having thus possessed himself of those two important items of evidence, for the supposed purpose of preventing any further active hostilities, recommended all present to forget the whole affair as soon as possible, and went away.

The excitements of that memorable day, however, were not got over, for in about half-an-hour afterwards, when the visitors were beginning to disperse, the Captain rushed back into the house, bearing the apparently lifeless body of a young woman, which, as well as himself, seemed to have come that moment out of the water. When she was laid before the fire, and the room cleared, with the help of Mrs. Potts and her assistants, and under the Captain's directions, the usual restoratives were applied, and after many alternations of hope and despair, were eventually successful. The first symptom of returning consciousness was a fit of long hysterical convulsive sobs, after which she stared wildly about her, and asked where she was. When told that she was safe, and among friends, and that she would be carefully and kindly treated, she said they were all very good, but that she could not feel thankful for her preservation. She had no wish to live longer. She had intended to destroy herself. It was very kind of the gentleman to take her out of the water, but she was in such a position that she could not and would not live.

(To be continued.)

found a small bowie-knife, which the prisoner acknowledged to be his property. He found no money on the prisoner, or in the room where he arrested him, except a very small sum in sixpences. This evidence was confirmed in every particular by Tramp himself; and the prisoner's friends seemed to have taken leave of their last hope, when Mr. Knight rose to address the court. It was not his intention, he said, to resort to any such sentimental appeal as his learned friend had so kindly suggested. He was generally in the habit of taking a course of his own, and must decline being guided even by his learned friend. That course, in the present instance, would be to bring forward such evidence as would, he believed, establish the prisoner's innocence. His learned friend could not possibly have more confidence in the jury than he had, and it was for that reason, among the rest, that he had no fear of the result.

James Wilson deposed that he was the prisoner's father. His son had returned home that night and retired to rest before ten o'clock, a full hour and half before the assault. Had never known him to leave the house in the course of the night after going to bed. Could not swear that he had not done so on that particular night; was tolerably certain, however, that he had not. Had not seen his son since he was arrested, until he saw him in the dock. Observed some things which he thought remarkable at that time. Heard his dogs barking that night. Came down stairs to his son's room, and found the window looking out on the garden, open; supposed he forgot to shut it. Found a small pocket-knife in the room, the next day, which did not belong to his son. Could not tell how it came there. Supposed he did not steal it. Was told it did not belong to the pedlar, either.

Mrs. Mary Potts was called and sworn. Was the proprietor of the Shark's Head. Recollected the night of the assault, when Tramp was brought in wounded. On the second evening after that, she received, among the silver paid in at the bar, a French coin; it was a franc piece. She took it for a shilling, and did not notice the difference till next day. It was identified by Tramp, as part of the sum of which he had been robbed. Could not say from whom she received it. Certainly not from Wilson, for he was not there.

Mr. Knight then proceeded, very deliberately, to take the evidence to pieces. He urged the manifest inconsistency of believing that the same person who had so cautiously and successfully put the money out of sight—granting, just for argument's sake, that he had taken it—would leave a watch stolen at the same time loose in his pocket. He reminded his hearers also of the impossibility of his having ever had the franc piece in his possession, and insinuated that the real culprit, to whom the small knife possibly belonged, might have something to do with the barking of the dogs. He laid those inferences before them, as men of common sense, without any rhetorical embellishments, and then left the matter in their hands.

The last hint administered by Mr. Knight seemed to have decided the case; for, as the judge was preparing to sum up, the foreman of the jury stood forward and said it was unnecessary for his lordship to take any trouble; and in answer to the usual question, the verdict of "not guilty" was received with a storm of applause, which all the efforts of the much

right that the author of those Tables should have an opportunity to vindicate the positions he has taken, and to remark on the objections which have been raised; and for ourselves we confess to a preference that, so far as we are concerned, the discussion should wait until we have the whole of Mr. NELSON'S case before us, that we may be the better able to steer clear, in any criticisms we may offer, of injustices either to that gentleman or to those who differ with him and the conclusions he has arrived at. We doubt not but on Mr. NELSON'S return to England,—for he at present is on the Continent,—he will address himself to the subject: as the question is with him one of too serious a nature, and he has done too much in the way of arousing the managers and members of Benefit Societies to the paramount necessity of *ADVQUATE MEANS for benefits assured*, to shrink from the discussion that has arisen, or to abate an almost unceasing effort, on his part, to place the Assurance Associations of working men on a firm and enduring basis. The discussion is one of that nature, that terminates as it may, either in the establishment of the soundness of Mr. NELSON'S Tables or of any others that may be substituted, it *must do good, ISCALCULABLE GOOD*: and it is of that nature also, that it will not suffer from the delay on our part which arises from the causes above specified.

Here, then, for the present we leave that question, and, in conclusion, commend the principal acts of the Halifax High Court to the attention of the Brotherhood at large, convinced that the more deeply these acts are considered and examined, the more calculated for the benefit and advantage of the Order at large they will appear to be. In judging of all efforts of this nature, however, we must remember that *PRACTICE* is

“The rugged threshold of perfection—
The finishing-master—
Precept's better half.”

WHO IS THE GOOD SAMARITAN?

Who is the good Samaritan?
Ask not the proud and high,
Who with a cold, unfeeling look
Would pass the mourner by.
It is not he who seeks to know
The sufferings of another:
The callous and unfeeling heart
Owns not the name of brother.

Who is the good Samaritan?
Ask not the worldly elf,
Whose narrow views of human life
Are centred in himself:
Who bows his knee at Mammon's shrine,
In apathy and blindness,
And never feels one single throb
Of sympathy or kindness.

Who is the good Samaritan?
Ask of the kindly heart;
The humble and the dutiful,
Who sets a faithful part;
He who with loving sympathy,
Would raise the heart from sadness,
And make the smiling earth rejoice
With wide-spread joy and gladness.

Who is the good Samaritan?
Ask him who leads his aid
To soothe another in distress,
When sick and lowly laid.
The good and pure in heart alone
Can feel for one another;
And he 's the good Samaritan
Who helps his suffering brother.

J. H. FORBES.

MAKING THE BEST OF IT: OR PEACE, UNION, AND GOOD-WILL.

BY HENRY OWGAN, LL.D.

PART. IV.

It will require no very severe stretch of the reader's imagination to suppose some four or five weeks to have passed over the several actors in this history, since the conclusion of the preceding chapter; more especially as three months have gone by since he read it. During that interval, however, several events took place which altered very considerably the relative positions of the parties most personally concerned. For instance, Robert Wilson and Hatty were, through the agency of Mr. Walton, “made happy,” which is a poetical expression signifying merely that they were married. Mr. Walton, too, at the same time became a rather frequent and regular visitor at Mr. Percy's; and so content did everybody seem with these periodical meetings, that the younger ladies were now so far from taking flight at his approach that they used actually to run to meet him, and talk themselves out of breath in the first ten minutes of every visit. Mrs. Percy was most patronising to the young clergyman, and overwhelmed him with sad reminiscences of the fact “light of other days,” and lamentations over the universal degeneracy of all things present. Miss Percy, alone, was apathetic as at first, though she now and then fixed those large, dark blue eyes upon him, and addressed him with some remark or inquiry that awakened a faint and subtle suspicion that she felt some interest in him. She used to make his heart flutter, but she was repulsively chilly—gentle and courteous enough, but in spite of that deep, soft, murmuring, haunting voice, as cold as Spitzbergen. It happened also, by some strange vicissitude, that Captain Black and Mr. Knight, who had not at first seemed particularly congenial, went about together very constantly, and had long conferences, apparently on some secret and important business; and on one occasion made a voyage to France, where they remained more than a week, after which Mr. Knight took his final departure from the village.

With Mr. Walton, of course, the Captain maintained his friendly relations; and as the days grow longer, and the weather more genial, the yacht was in constant service for short cruises about the neighbouring parts of the coast. One evening, in one of his unceremonious visits, it happened that the Captain found the young clergyman in a most painful state of abstraction, seeming scarcely to hear or understand any of the most common observations, and surrounded by a chaos of books and papers, and a demigogon of personal costume which appeared to typify some corresponding intermal state of confusion. He had evidently been combing his hair with his fingers, for it stood out from his head at all possible angles, and there were evidences that some very bitter vexation had actually drawn tears from those wild and swollen eyes.

"Excuse me, Walton," said the Captain, for they used by this time, to address each other in the most familiar style. "You know I am not illly curious, and if I transgress in making questions, my motive is, at least, not impertinent. You are painfully agitated—what does it mean?"

"I am a most unmitigated fool, I believe," said the clergyman, throwing away a book which he had *not* been reading, and crushing up in his hand some notes of a sermon. "You have given me the history of your adventures without reserve, and surely I may with the same freedom tell you mine. I am very unhappy just now, and see but little prospect of ever being otherwise. When I came here, quitting the society of all my old and congenial friends—changing all the habits and the whole *entourage* of my life—my apprehension was that I should merely vegetate, without anything to awaken even a strong feeling of existence. I was strangely mistaken! To be brief, I went to spend an evening with the Percys; and though I had up to that time, passed safely through a good deal of feminine society, more or less attractive, I was from that hour no longer a free man. You will laugh at me when I tell you that I actually fell in love—a thing which generally commands, and probably deserves, less sympathy even than the tooth-ache. Have you ever seen that girl? Well, Captain, I would give all that I hope ever to possess, to feel the same sense of free and careless liberty that I enjoyed two months ago—to be able to tear this unfortunate infatuation out of my heart, and cast it away, like a weed, to wither with the roots uppermost. She is so beautiful, so gentle,—but so cold and passionless! If I had only known that I—but no matter, now. I made my confession and my offer—I was refused, quietly and contemptuously!"

"The fool!" said the Captain; "on what possible ground could she refuse you?"

"On what ground?" replied the other; "just this, that I am not celebrated, and exalted, and rich; not rich enough to raise my eyes so high. It seems that her mother requires, at the least, a title of some sort, as an equivalent for so much beauty."

"How like them!" said the captain. "I could have almost foretold all that, if you had made me a confidant at first."

"I must go away, Black," said the lover, starting up abruptly, and pacing restlessly to and fro. "I must go somewhere into the midst of some busy and stirring excitement. But they don't know me! With this head and this hand I shall yet place myself on such a height that, even in their eyes, the balance shall hang the other way. They shall find that they are mistaken."

"That tune goes merrily," replied the Captain; "I like to hear a man talk like that. I felt that too, one time; but I am no example. It is almost a pity to console you, but I will, even at the risk of damping your ambition. Sit down and listen to me. I shall tell you another history—a short one. An acquaintance of mine, young, rich, handsome, and heartless—and therefore more likely to be a favourite with the other sex than men with sentiments and emotions like yours and mine—in the heyday of his vigour and passion, met, in an evil hour, the counterpart of your enslaver. Never were two women more alike. There were the same blue eyes, that looked as if there was some smouldering fire—

though there was none—behind them; the same faultlessly statuesque features, such as it seemed that no low malignant passion could ever distort; the same golden hair—in short, as I said, the counterpart of this fair fascination of yours. *He* was not rejected, for he was rich. He was readily accepted, and for her sake he abandoned to scorn and destitution a soul dearer, the woman who had, for him, made such sacrifices as he should, if he were a true man, have stowed between her and the world to the very death. And yet she was well avenged by her rival. Well, Walton, that petted and flattered, that gentle and soft-voiced beauty, whose presence could bewilder the strongest brain that ever examined a Lullaby, became that man's wife; and from the end of the first fortnight of the partnership she has made his life a burning and a withering hell up on this earth. His first torture was the constant enumeration of all the splendid matches of which she might have made a choice, if she had not been a fool. She who at first seemed scarcely energetic enough to speak audibly, proved, after a while, that she could talk long and bitterly enough to make one's blood boil, or one's heart sink in despair. She has seldom been actually violent; but her whole married life has been one long worrying whine of unmanageable peevishness. That man is often walked the streets and roads all night, in dread of knocking for admittance at his own door. Once or twice he has had pieces of glass and skin torn from his hands and face, and still, even to this day, is stronger seeing them together would be easily misled into the belief that she is still the same gentle low-voiced woman that had won his heart; first, and might easily, indeed, have won any man's heart. But, you may ask me, what has all this to do with your affair. Just this much:—it is quite conclusive enough, I should say. The woman whom I have been describing to you is your Arabella's mother. If that girl had accepted you, Walton, I should have felt it a duty, in common gentlemanly kindness, to give you a reasonable warning. You may naturally think it impossible that she should ever sour into a Xanthippe; but no man can know a woman's temper until she is married. She does not, until then, know it herself; and these tendencies are hereditary. You wonder, probably, why or how I know these people so well, having never seen me there, and certainly having never heard them speak of me; but, I have more cause than any other human being to know them. The cause you shall know fully without much further delay. In fact, I have here to-day principally to ask you to be present at an interview which must take place to-morrow at their house, between them and me—the best interview, I trust, for which occasion shall ever arise. I'll tell you, too, what you must do, in the mean time; you must come away with me now—up to my place—and stay with me till then. You are not fit to be trusted with your own disposal in your present condition. You are not yet fully aware of the value of the lucky and blessed escape you have had. Go now and dress yourself. I'll amuse myself with this Soliloquy while you're getting ready."

"With all the docility of a man who felt he was in the hands of a perfectly competent superior, the clergyman proceeded to obey, and in a few minutes they left the house together. All that evening the Captain reasoned quietly and convincingly with his guest, until he almost satisfied

him that, dreaming as he did about one woman, and that woman unwilling to encourage him, he was scarcely more rational than those monomaniacs who devote all their lives to the cultivation of a black rose or a yellow tulip; that "the world was all before him where to choose"; and that, elsewhere, he would surely find beauty and perfume enough—love for the heart and sympathy for the mind. The next day, about one o'clock, the two friends, accompanied by a young lady, who exhibited a startling family likeness to Mrs. Robert Wilson, proceeded to the rendezvous at Mr. Percy's, and requested to see him; and when at length he made his appearance, followed by Mrs. Percy and their eldest son—who both recognised the clergyman courteously—he sank helplessly into a chair, and raising his hands in an attitude of deprecation as if in view of some horrible ordeal, he ejaculated, with a painful effort, the name "George Percy!"

"Hush, sir," said the Captain, sternly, standing erect with folded arms—and it was curious to observe the vast physical difference between two men of nearly the same age—"utter no such name as that to me! My name was George Percy; you have robbed me even of that—even of my name. You have blighted it with so much insult and dishonour, that I can never stoop to take it up. Let it be forgotten, lest it should serve as a bridge across the gulf that you have dug between us! And now to business."

"Captain Black," said Mrs. Percy, with an expression of malignant scorn crossing her lips, "allow me to ask what business you can possibly have with my husband and my son?"

"That, madam," he answered, "is precisely what I am going to explain. What has already passed between you and me, Charles Percy," he continued, "is past. It is rather with your son than you that I have now to deal. I have brought my friend Mr. Walton with me, because, wanting a witness as a security against accidents, I believe a clergyman is the most competent. To begin, then—you, Edward Percy, are guilty of the assault and robbery for which Robert Wilson was tried and narrowly acquitted."

"Me?" said the accused, starting forward.

"My son?" exclaimed his mother.

"Even so," answered the Captain; "here is a portion of the evidence, the rest shall be forthcoming, if required. This little knife you dropped in Robert Wilson's bedroom on the night when you entered it through the window, to disguise yourself in his clothes for the purpose of casting suspicion upon him. Mean and cowardly as your father, you used the money which you seized, and left a worthless watch to complete, as you supposed, the evidence against him. Stay! I can prove that, too. This franc piece I myself paid to the pedlar that very day, and the night after, you paid it away at the Shark's Head. Now, Charles Percy, it is in my power to make your son a convict," he continued, while they all listened with downcast eyes, not daring even to look round upon each other's faces,— "but what is now passing in this room shall never be spoken outside that door, if the conditions which I dictate are fulfilled. I am rather more generous than you would be, if our positions were reversed. Here is a young lady whom he has deeply and cruelly wronged for having

trusted him too fondly—so cruelly, that she would have thrown away a life which he made worthless. If he does her justice, I will spare him."

"No, sir," exclaimed Mrs. Percy, "my son shall not be compelled by any idle threats to marry this person. Stand forward, Edward, and speak out your defiance like a man."

"It may be, madam," replied the Captain, very gently, "that compulsion is unnecessary; but if he refuses, I assure you that he shall be in custody of the law within an hour."

"I am ready, Lucy, to marry you," said the young man, advancing towards her, and taking his place beside her; "I never meant to wrong you."

"'Tis outrageous, Dr. Percy: 'tis monstrous! 'tis a vile conspiracy, and I will defeat it!" exclaimed his mother, sweeping out of the room, and banging the door behind her.

"All right, so far," continued the Captain, "but I have something to explain, for I wish to satisfy everyone concerned, if possible. This lady, Miss Lake, is one of two sisters, who were left, some twenty years ago, in care of an humble and faithful person by their parents, who were then leaving this country for India, and who made provision for their maintenance during their absence, which they expected would be short. Their motive for that arrangement is unknown; but, unfortunately, both parents died in a few months after their arrival. Their agent at home, having paid the specified stipend for some time, eventually discontinued the instalments, and was heard of no more. Notwithstanding that, they were kindly protected by the persons to whom they were entrusted, until the circumstances became known to a wealthy and benevolent lady in this neighbourhood, who provided for their education and other wants. At length, and very recently, some papers, which quite accidentally fell into my possession, supplied a clue to their identity, which Mr. Knight and I followed up until we ascertained all the particulars. One of the most important items of this information is the fact that these young ladies are entitled to an inheritance of some ten thousand pounds, which we have secured for them." As the Captain was just uttering this last sentence, the door was opened softly, and Mrs. Percy, gliding noiselessly into the room, resumed her place.

"The elder sister," he continued, "is now Mrs. Robert Wilson; and that family richly deserve their good fortune, for they befriended her when she was deserted by all others. She also has had some reason, and her husband still more, to complain of Mr. Edward Percy's attentions; as for instance, the practical and very silly joke of the subterranean passage to the old crypt, which might have ended seriously, foolish as it was."

"Well, well," said Mrs. Percy, "the aspect of the affair is so totally altered, that I certainly—that is,—forgive me, my dear"—advancing toward Lucy and kissing her affectionately. I could not, of course, have known who you were; I wish you every happiness!"

"What is the meaning of this?" said Mr. Percy, raising his head from his hands, and looking round stupidly on the faces, until at last he fixed his eyes vacantly on the Captain—"I don't understand it. You come here, George, and bring my son a wife with a fortune!"

"Strange as it may seem to you," answered the other, "that is the case."

"You are an unaccountable man," he continued, rising from his chair, "but you must excuse me, I must retire, I am not well,"—and tottering toward the door, he left them to conclude their conference without him.

"I have two other conditions to impose," continued the Captain, whom no persuasion could induce to take a chair,—"to which I presume nobody will object. In the first place, the pedlar must be indemnified—he need not know by whom; and secondly, all angry and vindictive feeling must cease between the husbands of two sisters. My only wish in this matter has been to make four young persons happy, or as nearly so as I can. If I were as vindictive as many persons may probably expect that, as a matter of honour, I ought to be, I might have left them all to their fate. They might have suffered very sorely, all of them, but for me. It is the next thing to being happy myself; and of that I have craved, for many a long year, to have any hope in this world. Now, Mr. Walton," he said, turning to the astonished clergyman, "the paper which I place in your hands is a special licence for the marriage of this lady and gentleman. They will, at my request, dispense with bridal dresses, and all the other conventional nonsense, and you will be good enough to unite them most remorselessly. They say that sailors can tie the fastest knots, but I back the persons against them any day."

When the ceremony was completed, "Allow me, Mrs. Percy," resumed the indefatigable Captain, to place these little mementos in your hands"—giving her the knife and the franc piece. "Use them mercifully, or put them into the fire, according to your own taste and fancy."

In gratification of any further natural curiosity on the part of the reader, it will be sufficient to add that the two families, thenceforth, lived on the most friendly terms; that Mr. Percy died soon after his son's marriage; that Dr. Percy, *alias* Captain Black, whom the whole village regarded with affectionate gratitude for services, great and small, to everybody around him, lived many years in the enjoyment of a power as absolute, within those limits, as any Emperor's in Europe; and lastly, that Mr. Walton, though he seemed eventually to be cured of that wound in his heart, achieved a very high position in the Church, and never exposed himself to the risk of a second rejection; while the lady to whom he is indebted for the blessings of celibacy is still Miss Percy, and has, by this time, attained an age which renders it improbable that she will ever be addressed by any other name.

WEAR A SMILE.—Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be cribbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by frogs and toads. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words, and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

SOBRIETY CLUES.

"A certain Miss Adeline Cooper, a lady taking great interest in the poor of the lower parts of Westminster, succeeded in establishing a Coasting Club in Brick Lane. It was to be organised on the same liberal footing as the Pall Mall Club—every member having the right to a voice in the framing or altering of the rules for its government. A number of rules had already been decided on, when the question was raised whether beer should be sold on the premises? Here poor Miss Cooper was in a state of great trepidation, her club consisting of 120 members, 25 being teetotalers, and 95 drinking men. On the night appointed for considering the question, the chairman put it to the meeting. The first speaker was a drinking man, in the full, even fullest acceptation of the term.

"Now, I'll tell you what my opinion about this is," he said—"I ain't a teetotaler, nor I don't intend being one, that's more; and when I want a glass of beer, I intend having it, if I can afford to pay for it. But as matters at present stand, if I want a pint of beer, I can go to the public-house for it; and if I want to get away from beer,—and I very often do—I can come here. Now, if beer is sold here, I don't see the difference between this and a public-house, and I shall hold up my hand against it!" And, to Miss Cooper's intense satisfaction, the remaining 94 drinking men followed the speaker's example, and beer is not allowed to be sold in their club."—*Cornhill Magazine, April, 1852.*

IT HAPPENED to be present during this debate, and I listened with admiration and respect to the manly, honest tone in which the speaker gave utterance to his opinion, showing genuine good sense, and an innate spirit of uprightness prevailing over long-indulged habits of intemperance. I knew just such another man. He was a Scotchman, whose leading traits of character were sternness and power. Yet his somewhat rough exterior was but a slight covering for the wilkiness of his kindly nature. The dark shadow of his life was drink. He was a skilful mechanic, and earned good wages, which were nearly all spent at the beer-shop, leaving his wife and family in a miserable state of poverty. His wife was a clever, industrious, patient woman; but, enduring as she was, she was rendered hopeless and depressed by her husband's unhappy failing. Many bitter tears did it cost the poor creature, as she toiled for her half-starved children. But whether Scotch, Irish, or English, this is an every-day story in the pages of life's history. However, our great oracle of Stratford-on-Avon tells us "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken," &c.

Graham's watchword, I am pleased to say, was "Onward, onward!" James was a favorite of mine, and I marked with interest his subsequent career. He became a member of a working-man's club, which assembled in a large airy room, well lighted, and warmed in winter by a good fire. There, too, was a liberal supply of books, on a vast variety of subjects, treating of science, the fine arts, and of literature,—works on engineering, architecture, ship building, agriculture, horticulture, music, painting, poetry. Periodicals were also provided, and some tales of fiction made their inviting appearance among them. No writings on controversial theology were to be found there, but the Word of God, the golden volume of Christian salvation, occupied a good space on its shelves. The

How Misery and Poverty came to be always on Earth:

A Fairy Tale.

BY J. REDDING WARE.

THE Fairies Mensconsia and Prudenza were on their way to pay their respects to the Fairy Hardesia, who was expiring at the deplorably early age (for a fairy) of scarcely two thousand years. Some accident in the arrangements made at her birth had resulted in this premature dissolution—literally dissolution, for, as all the world knows, when at last a fairy does go, she dissolves into thin air. It seems that if a fairy dies in the odour of an even temper, she dissolves into healthy breezes and freshening winds, while if she departs in a condition of fury, she joins the ignoble army of ague fogs and marsh mists, preferably taking up her residence in the Roman Campagna, and there maliciously killing mere human mortals by the thousand.

The Fairy Prudenza is always the first to prepare and start to pay her final respects to an expiring fairy-mortal, and as Mensconsia is her elder cousin, she generally stirs about this upright creature when the court of Oberon and Titania (these two are now frightfully old themselves) are about to go into necessary mourning. Neither fairy was attractive by her dress, and indeed their costumes were not calculated or trained to throw dust in the eyes of the passers-by, as giving an idea of great wealth which they did not possess. Mensconsia never has been rich, except in happiness, and the bestowing of the same. Prudenza, on the contrary, has always been well off, but she has never devoted her fairy life to the acquisition of wealth.

The two fairies were travelling, with great precaution, upon two steady white mules. Mensconsia, with that rectitude of hers, sat bolt upright in the saddle, and observed calmly before her. Prudenza, on the contrary, looked about a good deal, and kept at least one eye more or less upon everything.

"Bless me," said Prudenza suddenly, "you have lost a shoe!"

"I shall walk upright and straight forward, gossip, nevertheless," said Mensconsia.

"I mean that your mule has lost a shoe."

"You are wrong, Prudenza—the mule had nothing to do with it. The shoe has lost itself."

"Anyhow, the shoe is gone, and you must have another, or your mule will fall lame, and then, perhaps, we shall not reach our sister's vanishment in time. Tut, tut! Why we cannot have our usual privilege of going anywhere in next to no time, when it is a question of a fairy's dispersion, I do not know! Shoe you must have."

"Do you not think it is necessary in the first place to find a farrier?"

At this moment the ring of iron upon anvil struck the ears of the two fairies, and Prudenza cried, "Thank Oberon—here is a shoer!"

The most miserable dog of a dog ever seen came out from the forge to meet them, his tail trailing dolefully, and his head down like a detected thief with a scalding conscience.

"Ho! smith!" shouts Prudenza.

The slow ping of the hammer halted, and out there came the dolefullest blacksmith ever beheld.

"Bless me," said Prudenza, "this man is a complete kill-joy."

"What is your name?" asked Mensconsia.

"Miserrimo," said the man in a sad voice, looking about him—"generally called for short, Misery; and this is my poor dog Jack Poverty. Where Poverty is you wont find Misery far away, my mistresses. We stick to each other, we do, and we are the only friends we have in the world."

The dog almost wagged his poor stump of a tail. But he thought worse of it, and once more he hid that appendage.

"I thought blacksmiths were rather jolly fellows than otherwise—I imagined that the world spoilt them!" urged Mensconschia.

"The world has not spoilt me," said Misery. "Perhaps I am out of it too much."

"Does your dog snap?" asked Prudenza.

"He very rarely has anything to snap at. But I have known him to admire a bone. You don't look very rich yourselves, you two!" said the blacksmith in a pitying voice, for somehow the miserable are always ready to pity their equals.

"We have enough, anyhow, to pay for a new shoe," said Prudenza, who generally did most of the talking when she and Mensconschia were travelling together—the last-named fairy having such an unhappy knack of speaking out in plain language that the world in general did not like it.

"Allow me to help you out of your saddles," said the lean blacksmith.

"Poor man," whispered Prudenza to her companion. "His ribs felt like a gridiron as he lifted me down."

"Something must be done for him," whispered Mensconschia.

So the two fairies marched into the smithy and sat them down upon a remarkably hard plank, which was the bed Miserrimo and Poverty shared together, and the smith prepared to shoe the mule.

"Why does your honest dog lick your hands, Misery?" asked Mensconschia.

"Because he is an honest dog, I suppose," said the blacksmith.

Poverty now came and laid his muzzle upon Mensconschia's knee, and gazed up into her face with—oh! such a woeful expression.

"Bless the dog," said the Fairy Prudenza. "He looks up like a Christian!"

"More so than many promising Christians I have met," said Mensconschia.

"Hus-s-sh!" whispered Prudenza, "there is another of your stupidly, straightforward remarks. Really, if I were not so often near you to pull you up, there is no knowing what would become of you!"

"I always do speak my mind!"

"You do, indeed," replied Prudenza ruefully, and caressing the dog, who very rarely allowed these attentions on the part of his master's customers.

"Done," suddenly said Miserrimo, as though accepting a wager, but really referring to the new shoe.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Mensconschia, with a start.

"Nothing," said the smith.

"Nothing?" interrogated the two fairies with one accord.

"Nothing!"

"Ho! ho! no wonder there is never a bone for your dog, Jack Poverty, if that is the price you charge for your work; take care, honest Misery, you may be only vain, while you think you are kind and good. He who gives his work away, when he can justly claim a fair price for it, is more a fool, perhaps, than an honest man!"

"Hush, hush, sister," said Prudenza, in quite a tone of irritation, "you are so fatally outspoken. My good man"—this to Misery—"we are not much to look at! If you want show you must call upon our cousins Scintilla and Grandiosa. But though we travel in this plain way, we do not go footbare. We can afford to pay for our shoes, and even our mules. So, pray tell us, what is an honest price for your work?"

Meanwhile Mensconschia had said to herself, "Now, here is a good fellow

who is so poor that he can afford to be generous. How few there are of his kind. Upon the word of an upright and conscientious fairy, he must be rewarded."

So thereupon turning to the honest blacksmith (who, having sat down to wipe away the perspiration on his forehead found Poverty's head in his lap in a moment), Mensconscia said—

"We are more important than we seem, my good man!"

"Are you?" said Misery, bluntly; "then you are very different from most of the world's folk, for they generally appear of far more importance than they really are!"

"We are fairies on our travels," said she.

"My dear sir," added Prudenza, "allow me to present you to the Fairy Mensconscia, the guardian of truth and plain-speaking!"

Honest Misery had found his feet very suddenly upon hearing of the fine company inside his smithy. But as he had nothing to be afraid of he did not shake in his shoes, or rather he would not have done so had he possessed this much understanding. As a fact, he went through the world barefoot. In truth, he found the use of his tongue in a moment.

"Madam," said he, "if you have any regard for your poor neck go not into the next town, for they hate plain-speaking, while they look upon fibbing as something next door to daily bread.

"Ha!" says Mensconscia, "many an honest loaf has a bad neighbour. Allow me to present my dear sister, and court cousin, the Fairy Prudenza. She is of great help to me. She saves me from many a scrape by throwing in a good word for me when I have said what it seems is a bad one for myself."

"I am very glad to know you," said Prudenza. "Accept this hint from me—always take a fair price for straight work, or when your customer comes a second time and finds he has to pay after being let off scot free on the first occasion, he will never oblige you with a third visit. Yet another suggestion. Think twice 'ere you open your mouth once, and three times out of four shut it again, without an observation."

"I am sure, my ladies," said Misery, his face lighting up for a moment with a wan smile, "I am very proud to have the honour of meeting your ladyships, and I hope whenever you are passing this way, if ever you do, that you will just give me and Jack Poverty here a smile apiece."

"And is that all you ask for?" said Mensconscia, with a gentle smile.

"Faith," says the simple smith, "all I want is work."

"All you should want is to be paid for it."

"Well, well," continued the Fairy Mensconscia, who had that power of bestowing gifts which was denied to the Fairy Prudenza, "I am determined that you shall be rewarded. I grant you any three wishes that you may utter. Speak!"

"Now," whispered Prudenza, going up to the blacksmith, "do think before you speak, and speak with care. If I were you, the first thing I would ask for would be a neat pension."

"Three wishes, hey?" asked Misery, not in the least flustered, good honest man.

"Pension," whispered Prudenza.

But good Misery began to laugh the laugh of an honest man.

"First I wish," said he, "that whoever sits in my old wooden chair there in the corner, may not be able to get out of it again without my permission."

"So," said Mensconscia. "What is your second wish?"

"Pension, pension," whispered Prudenza, pulling the smith's leather apron.

"There is nothing nicer than a well-conditioned pension."

"Do leave me alone, your ladyship," said the smith, who hated to be bothered when he was thinking out a thought.

A moment, and again he indulged in a thoroughly hearty laugh, and observed,—

"For my second wish, my lady, I desire that all those who climb into my fine old walnut tree may stop there until I allow them to come down again."

"So," said Mensconscia gravely, "and what is your third wish?"

"Pray, pray do not forget the lasting value of a neat pension," whispered the Fairy Prudenza. "A pension is always so good a thing to fall back upon."

"Have I no arms, Madam Prue?" asks the blacksmith. "Let the pension go hang. See, your ladyship" (this to Mensconscia), "here is my old leather purse, as empty of money as a miser's heart of love and charity. For my third wish I desire that whatever goes into the purse shall never get out again while I choose that it shall remain."

"So I promise," said the Fairy Mensconscia, "and now perhaps you will be good enough to hoist me carefully upon that mule of mine. You are the drollest man in the whole world; but I am acquainted with a good many princes who, if they knew all, would thoroughly envy you, and be very happy to change hearts with you, Miserrimo."

"The gods forbid," cried the smith. "At least let me call my own heart my own—it is about all I've got."

"Good night," said the fairies, "and better luck."

"Good night," sang the smith. "But pray your highness" (this to Mensconscia), "speak not out your mind in the very next town, or of a surety they will pelt you!"

Then he added to the humbler fairy, "Madame Prudenza, if your friend opens her mouth too wide, gallop the mules. Even a fairy could not gallop a mule and have a word to say at the same time. Once more, ladies, a fair good night."

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

[With a view of assisting in the interchange of ideas, we throw our columns open to the members for the free discussion of matters affecting the interests of the society, so long as such discussion is conducted with good feeling, reserving to ourselves the right of refusing the insertion of any communication we may deem to be of an objectionable character. It must, however, be understood that by inserting such correspondence we are not of necessity pledged to the adoption of the writer's ideas. The name of the writer must be given us in full, not for publication unless requested, but in proof of good faith.—ED. O. F. M.]

THOUGHTS OF MANY MEMBERS.

To the Editor of the Oddfellows' Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—If the letter which appeared in the May number of the Magazine afford any clue to the feeling throughout the Order, it is apparent that the time has arrived for some reform, and that some steps ought to be taken to make the office of N.G. a more honourable position than it is under the present conditions by which it is attained. I cannot understand why any objection can be raised, especially by experienced officers, to my suggestion that all the minor offices should be passed before a member can be qualified for such a responsible position. Of course I do not mean by this that he should fill the offices of both right and left hand supporter of each chair before he becomes eligible, but I do mean that he should fill one for each, and this after he has passed the offices of guardian, warden, and conductor. This would ensure practical experience. Let us look at the question sensibly, and not senti-

How Misery and Poverty came to be always on Earth:

A Fairy Tale.

BY J. REDDING WARE.

SOME months passed, and Misery was no richer than he had been, when all the world suddenly appeared to desert the road which passed by his door, and never a sound was heard on the anvil. His coal had run out, thieves had stolen his horseshoes and his hammer, while his bellows ripped themselves up in an unprecedented manner, and the chimney tumbled in on the forge, leaving a great "O" in the ceiling.

So as Misery sat astride on his anvil (even that was mysteriously notched), and as he divided his last bit of black bread with shivering Jack Poverty—for the first time since the visits of the two fairies he regretted his three wishes, and sincerely repented his rejection of the Fairy Prudenza's suggestion touching a neat pension.

Gradually Misery's eyes wandered to an old rope which was swinging from a most convenient rafter, high up in the forge.

"There would be quite enough rope for us both," he said, looking at what remained of the two of them, and running his hands over his own bony arms.

It was at this point that there came a very sharp rap at the door—an uncivil rap, in fact. But the knocker at least waited for permission to enter. Not the knocker on the door, but the one *at* it.

"You can come in," said the easy-going blacksmith, without in any way disarranging himself.

Up flew the latch, and in came a huge humpback and a little aged man. They were in partnership—that is to say, the little man had a large hump.

"Humph! You appear to be rather a bit down in your poor mouth," said the new arrival grimly.

"Not many a bit has been in my mouth, or down my throat for some time past—that's for you, whoever you are! Know that I was rich, and now I am poor. Anything the matter?"

For the visitor suddenly knotted himself, while his ugly face became as wrinkled as a winter apple on the wane.

"Nothing, nothing," said the visitor. "It is only my way of making merry. You will pardon me making merry. It is too much of a joke—you, rich! why you never had enough to buy the lease of a pig-stye."

"But I had as much as I wanted," said Misery, "and no man can be richer than content."

"Pooh! As far as that goes, I can make you as rich as the sea is deep," said the crooked visitor, who limped dreadfully when he took a step.

"Upon my word, I should like to taste riches and see what is their flavour. Pray, are you a fairy? I had two of the sort here some time ago. You don't look much like one, to be sure!"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the visitor, turning to quite a pale parchment tint. "I hate that kind of joke. No, no. I'm a djin!"

"Are you, indeed—it is not a taking name; and what is a djin?"

"I keep the treasures of the earth, and you can have what you want—on one simple condition."

"What is your simple condition?"

"You must become mine at the end of ten years—you, and all that is yours."

"Dog included!"

"Yes, and then Misery and Poverty will be off the face of the earth for ever."

"Done," said the smith. "Whither shall we direct ourselves at the end of ten years?"

"I'll make a call here."

"You'll find me at home."

"When you want money open an old leather purse you have. You will find it fairly full. Good night."

"Good night—mind the mounting stone at the corner. It is bad in the dark to meet with it."

"Thanks."

But Misery never dreamed of quitting the smithy. He had as much money as he wanted—and that was not much. He drank, ate, sang, day and night, and then began again next morning. Meanwhile he shoed any horse at the price of exactly nothing, and was perhaps the most popular man in the district—always excepting with the other blacksmiths.

All the world (of course excepting those blacksmiths) now found Misery a capital fellow. But, alas! ten years soon pass, and one remarkably fine morning the hump and the djin made their appearance, and claimed the end of the bargain.

"Pray sit down in my old chair," said the blacksmith, when he had shown the djin into the smithy. "You must be fatigued—you have come such a long way to reach up here. No doubt, too, you would like a little refreshing nourishment. I have a superior ham in cut, and the beer is strong enough to keep up the walls of Jericho."

"Sir, you are vastly polite," said the djin. "I will avail myself of your offer, and sit down. Doubtless you have perceived that I go a little limp."

"Yes, you do hobble. Here is the chair."

"Thank you; and now for your refreshment."

Thereupon Misery went to his forge, and very quickly brought a heavy bar of iron to a white heat; then turning with this gleaming wand, he said to the djin—

"Business before pleasure—pray let us square accounts!"

And thereupon he fell upon the djin and beat him dreadfully, so that from being merely black, he became black and blue.

"This is exceedingly bad manners," said the djin, trying to get out of the chair, whence, according to the first of Misery's three wishes granted him by the Fairy Mensconscia, he was unable to move.

"I am completely nailed," said the djin. "Let me go."

"I prefer to let go myself," said Misery, still describing with his iron bar curves which came to an end on the djin's body and limbs.

"You have no breeding whatever," said the djin.

Meanwhile the dog, Jack Poverty, barked himself pretty well off his four poor feet.

"Let me go!"

The smith worked harder.

"Let me go, and I'll grant you an extra!"

"Well, come—that's civil. Ten years though, and on exactly the same terms as upon the last occasion when I had the honour of a visit from you."

"Done," said the djin.

"So am I," said the smith, dropping the iron.

"Done, and done for," observed the djin, making off, and rubbing himself all over dreadfully as he started.

Misery's joy began again, and went on. But, alas, when you are happy, ten years are but a few jumps, and it seemed the proverbial "next to no time" when

upon another remarkably fine morning, quite a host of djinlets or djins of a minor condition made their appearance with a warrant of attorney from the master-djin for the immediate delivery of the goods once more become due.

For one moment the good soul thought himself lost. But Misery must necessarily be full of contrivances, and he thought of the second wish. The first was now of no value, for you can scarcely ask twenty gentlemen to be seated in one chair.

Again, with all the goodwill in the world, no twenty gentlemen could. So Misery said :—

"I am sorry your principal is absent. Is he not well?"

"He suffers from frequent toothache," said he who appeared to be quite the leading foreman. "We have not much time to spare—will you kindly be packing?"

"You must want a little rest after your long journey. My walnut tree is in full bearing. Will you have a crack with me?"

"You are vastly civil, I protest," said the former, making a high shouldered-bow. "Boys"—this to the djinkins. "Up you swarm!"

This they did, very easily, and they had their crack. But, as you know, when they wanted to come down again, it was a horse of quite another colour. The Fairy Mensconscia had granted, as a second wish, that he who went up into the walnut tree could never leave it again without the permission of the blacksmith himself.

Misery explained the state of things to the conclave, who examined grimly each the expression of his neighbour's countenance.

"I see the night is coming on," said Misery. "These October evenings are given to being chilly, and I am afraid you are habituated to warmish quarters, but I assure you I will not hand up even a scrap of matting."

They stood it until three o'clock in the morning, when a smart shower, of shudderingly penetrative chilliness, compelled the djin's representative, delegated with full power, to offer Misery another ten years' jollification under the same terms as those previously granted.

Another ten years fled with frightful rapidity, and on another fine morning, even more remarkable than the other two, the djin and all his army of workers arrived, with the view of taking possession of Miserimo and Poverty at last.

This frightful visitation did for a moment completely overcome Misery. But remembering the third wish accorded by the Fairy Mensconscia, nor forgetting that even supernatural personages are not superior to vanity, he determined to make a fight for freedom.

"Good day, Majesty," said Misery. "I'm concluded now. You know the chair, and your people are not ignorant of my walnut tree. I am prepared, and I trust you will find me a willing subject. But I have one regret. I have always thought you the very cleverest of super-mortals. But, bless me—you are *not*! The princes of the air are far more adroit."

"Indeed," says the djin. "I am not aware that my cousins are my conquerors."

"Yes," replied Misery. "For instance, the Erl-King who, as you know, is certainly your equal, to say the least one can for him, actually coiled himself up in my old leather purse the other day when he called—and blew down half the smithy."

"Not get into your old purse?" said the djin. "My good fellow—I could do that lot on my head. Hold open!"

In he went, the smith pulled the string, and the djin was once more completely conquered.

"You are not clever enough to get out," said the smith.

He was right again.

"Gentlemen," said Misery, "Good day—a pleasant journey to you. Your principal stops with me!"

"Hang you," bawls the djin, in a very small voice from the depths of the purse. "Take another ten years, and let me out of this!"

"Well no," says Misery. "I'm getting ancient; my wants are few; porridge is my delight in these later days, and I have enough money left to buy up all the oatmeal in bonnie Scotland. I have got you, and I'll keep you, and the world shall be all the better for Misery. Gentlemen of the Guard-royal—good day."

"Did you ever?" said several of the Guard-royal.

"Never," replied the rest of the Guard-royal.

And they went.

Now the great djin in those days was completely an incarnate wickedness. It was he who prompted sleeping men to waking crimes.

But the djin being baulked, and no longer in circulation, the world became intolerably good. People who had borrowed money actually returned it; heirs no longer wished the old people dead; wives never even thought of deceiving their husbands; judges were continually having white pairs of gloves given to them; and even the boys gave up robbing orchards.

The world became bored to death with goodness, and authors began to write histories of all the delightful vices which were then merely memories of the past.

"My good man—I never meant you to upset the entire World of Society," cried the Fairy Mensconscia, who had arrived with a crash, to Misery.

"Madam—what do you mean?"

"You are boring the whole world with goody-goodness. Everybody is dying of sheer mental imbecility. Do let that unfortunate djin out of that wretched old leather purse, or the earth will be unpeopled!"

"Madam—I am yours to command, but not before I have got my ten years as before."

"Take twenty," said the djin.

"Done," said Misery.

Out he came. The djin brought Misery a ringing slap in the face, and hurried off in great haste, once more to set the whole world by the ears.

Society recovered its tone in a fortnight.

But, alas! as years went on Misery found that age and life do not agree, so he called in a medical man (who never missed a patient), and Misery was dead within a short week—Poverty, who with imprudent curiosity tasted the doctor's drugs, going out at the same time.

So Misery and Poverty started in the spirit for Fairyland. There knocking at the door, and it being opened, by chance Mensconscia was passing, and saw him.

"Don't let that man and his dog in," said she. "He would set us all awry before a week was out."

So Misery and Poverty tramped down to the River Styx, paid an obolus each, and were ferried across.

The King Djin happened to be strolling that way, and the moment he saw his old enemy he bawled out to the boatman.

"Here—chevy me that fellow and his dog back quick to the human mortals. I should have to abdicate in a month if ever he got his foot in here."

"Well Jack Poverty," says weary old Misery; "it seems we must stay upon earth."

And upon earth they have tarried—too fatally.

So now you know how it is that Misery and Poverty are ever to be found amongst us human mortals. Unless there is some very great change, they will Never, Never leave us.

A Good Word for Winter.

thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a embred generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness," quotha! That's just it; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog and makes you see things as they are; I thank him for it. The truth is, between ourselves, I have a very good opinion of the whole family, who always welcome me without making me feel as if I were too much of a poor relation. There ought to be some kind of distance, never so little, you know, to give the true relief. They are as good company, the worst of them, as any I know, and I am not a little flattered by a condescension from any one of them; but I happen to hold Winter's retainer this time, and, like an honest advocate, am bound to make as good a showing as I can for him, even if it cost a few slurs upon the rest of the household.

CHANGEABLE.

When weary nature sinks to rest,
And busy day draws in the west,
And when the silence of the grave,
Breaks on the world of cold blue wave;
When dew falls unobserved upon,
I like to see believing nature's face;
Oh! then I feel as if my soul,
Would fain dissolve and join the whole,
And to oblivion float away,
Where melancholy holds her sway.

But when the morning sun doth glow,
And nature wakes to bright below,
When morn'g dawns upon the sky,
With tears of gladness in each eye,
When suns of pearls and diamonds rare,
Hang on each thorn, and hawthen fair,
When with sweet notes on airy wings,
From unimpair'd throats, the welkin rings,
Oh! then my soul awakes to her flight,
And blends with the love and light.

But when the cloud banks overcast,
When thunder storms are born and bred,
Or when the lightning cleaves the sky,
Or when the whirlwind passes by,
When cataracts roar, and spray, and splash,
When all seems one tremendous crash,
To battle then I'm hurled and bound,
My feet by millions strew the ground,
It is not I, 'tis nature hurra,
I'm poet and warrior all in turn.

T. WILLIAMS,
Court Poet, No. 2328.

A TALE OF THE CITY. 6

It is a well-known street in the City of London there stood, many years ago, and, for all I know, may be standing there still, a large well-built house, whose grimy aspect was disqual to the eye. Superior to its neighbours in size and finish, it stood out in the bright and busy street like a withered tree in a leafy forest. No sign of care adorned its squallid front—all paint had vanished years ago; the plaster was broken and weather-stained; and the window-panes, which still remained unbroken, were effectually muffled with dirt. Blank woods flourished on the window-sills and in the gutters, and even by the sides of the two broken steps that led to the shop, itself a pattern of unchecked decay. In it a long dark counter, lined with drawers, extended from a window that had been originally large, but now much reduced by interior boarding. This counter might once have been painted, or, probably, polished. Who can say? Its only coating now was dirt, varnished with grease. Dust was the prevailing atmosphere. Dust obscured the window and defiled the walls; it lay in thick wreaths on the floor, and clung to the ceiling, where it hid the elaborate fretting, and plugged the rich fantastic cornice. Furniture there was none; save that behind the counter a broken chair was propped, whilst against the opposite wall rested a long cushioned seat, on which the weariest customer would not venture to repose.

The rest of the building was dustier and dingier still, every nook and corner of it, except one room. What was the condition of that unknown mysterious chamber? Did it match with the rest of the dusky mansion—a rare abode for rats and mice and spiders? Was it a great reservoir of dust, from whence the rest of the building was supplied? or was it, as some supposed, an apartment of strange and costly beauty, jealously guarded, and secretly visited by its eccentric possessor? Various, in truth, were the tales that were told among the neighbouring gossips; for the folk of those days, unlike our neighbours now, used to trouble themselves much about matters that did not concern them, and related many an awful story of that haunted chamber, which they made the scene of more than one exciting murder, and considerably peopled with one or two choice spirits.

The room in question looked upon the street; but the street could hardly have been said to look upon it, for no mortal eye could pierce the crust which wind, and dust, and rain had fastened on the window-panes. Its door had not been opened for forty long years.

A more suitable inhabitant could not have been found for this dirty old house than the dirty old man who dwelt in it. His god-fathers and godmothers, at his baptism, had given him the names of Richard Sharpston, but he was better known under his misanthropic name of "Pier-te Dick." He was

to describe him. But do not fancy he was more slovenly in his garb and habits; be not so unjust as to think of him simply soiled,—ah, not peace to his ashes!—he was downright genuinely dirty. Save in the colour of his hair, he was like the despairing lover in the song, who

“— hired an airy garter
Near her dwelling-place,
Grew a beard of fiercest carrot,
Never washed his face.”

he was moulded, doubtless, in the human form divine, but slight, indeed, were the traces of divinity that marked his outward man. There the unmitigated mortal appeared; and dust as he was, to dust he had returned before his time.

Sharpston was a jeweller, money-lender, and miser. Little token of his trade appeared in the narrow, half-glazed window of his darkened shop; but in the many strong drawers of the blackened counter looked sparkling jewels and glittering gold, enough to have purchased half the street. Strange were the ways and customs of the man: he sold jewels, he bought jewels, and he took jewels in pledge; and in this musty den received daily visitors of nobility and fashion. Freely and openly they came; some to purchase—and no merchant in the city could tempt their longing eyes with rarer and more costly gems; for, mind you, he had long been wealthy, and could command the market—others came to sell; and some, as I have hinted, came to pawn the jewels they were loath to part with irredeemably.

The old jeweller was secret, trustworthy, and liberal in his dealings, no doubt from policy; so that when a certain lady experienced a temporary and ridiculous difficulty in opening the heart and pocket of her husband, or when her ladyship had lost at cards more than her pin-money or the doctrine of chances warranted, she quietly slipped into her pocket her set of diamonds, or those matchless emeralds,—her wedding gift, or, if she needed but a trifling loan, perhaps the chain that he had brought her from Constantinople the summer she gave him her likeness; then she drove off to the well-known house, before whose very door the carriage boldly stopped, for was she not going to purchase, and Richard was the vogue, though dirty. She was sure of her object. Sharpston would take the glittering baubles in his yellow hand, hold them before his keen old eye, advance more than she could obtain elsewhere, and lock up the casket in his dingy sanctum.

There every drawer had, from time to time, been laden with these golden spoils of the noble and the wealthy; for Dick had no dealings with the poor, no drawers for articles of trifling value or spurious worth—all his treasures must be rich and real.

But he not only bought and sold his precious ware; he would let them out for a whole season—for a month, a week, a single night.

In this species of dealing, it is true, his terms were somewhat exorbitant; but then the water of his diamonds was so pure, his gold so fine, and the fashion of his trinkets so graceful and rare, that a buckish youth of moderate means, who did not care to be

seen in an everlasting buckle or an eternal chain, deemed a pleasing variety in his jewellery not too dearly purchased at a somewhat expensive charge. Moreover, the merchant kept up an ever changing variety in his articles; and as he always sent to some distant market the revived bijouterie of his fashionable but embarrassed friends, it followed as a happy consequence, that Mrs. A. could safely borrow a gem without any fear that Lady B. might recognise it as her first admirer's gift, which she had lately sold to Dirty-Dick, while its case lay still fondly treasured in her ladyship's repertoire of love-tokens.

It is a matter worth more than a passing thought, what curious relations frequently exist in life bet. 'n some, whose outward circumstances would seem to say that no close link could probably connect them.

What an ugly story the old domestic might tell of her mistress's former years! Could not the obscure and drudging lawyer render a queer account of his noble client? Does not the homely physician lock up in his medicine-chest the most dreaded secret of his most courtly patient? Could he not, any day, flush with shame the cheeks, and flood with bitter tears the eyes, that perhaps forget to see him in society? And so with our money-getting friend. Many a proud and high-born dame has confided her woes, her household griefs, her pressing little wants, to the stooping ear of this despised old man, many a fair name has been saved by his timely gold; many a fair bosom has heaved beneath a sparkling gem, that was in reality the property of Dirty-Dick.

But how had all this come to pass? How had such a being as this, with all his wealth, become the confidant of noble lords and courtly dames? How was it, above all, that the manners of the man had always been suited to his high born customers, and his conversation delighted their fastidious fancies as much as his gold relieved their wants?

You are not to suppose that the poor old man had been always the miserable creature already described. Strange indeed in its kind, and very humbling in its lesson, was the contrast between the beginning and the end of that blighted life. Who that now saw the wretched miser in his dusty lair, careless of everything on earth or in heaven, except the amassing of gold, which to him was most truly worthless; could have recognised the gay, wild youth, who, fifty years before, had issued forth to sun his manhood in the world of pleasure? Ah! then his eyes were bright, and his locks were glossy, laughter hung upon his tongue, and the whole spirit of youth burst forth in joyous revelry. “Costly his habit as his purse could buy.”

Crimson silks and purple velvets, the fashion of the day, clad those limbs so shrunken now; and brilliant rings adorned the white fingers, that now more resembled the talons of a bird of prey. He would have been open to the criticism of the Frau Hiimmelhahn, mentioned in Longfellow's “Hyperion,” who thought Paul Fleming had a rakish look because his hair curl'd, and pronounced his

gloves "a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man." He was redolent, in those days, of dainty scaps, and delicate powders, and essences whose names I cannot tell, but, doubtless, they were as fragrant as Frangipanni, and as suggestive as Kiss-me-quick.

Richard Sharpston was the only child of a London merchant, who lived at a period when merchants dwelt in the city where they made their wealth. Villas near town were then unknown, West End terraces had not been built, the surferous hum of the railway had never been heard, nor had excursion trains as yet decimated the seekers of pleasure. City merchants, no matter how great their wealth, lived in the city, inhabiting large, solid, richly-built mansions, of which many still survive, but are humbled into counting-houses, warehouses, and banks. There they entertained their friends with hospitalities which, if not as refreshingly pungent as more modern banquets, were at least as munificent and cordial.

There is a melancholy interest attached to buildings which have become reduced in their circumstances, and have fallen in their position in life. Ivy-covered ruins are notoriously picturesque and suggestive to the moralist, but quite as fanciful a train of thought may be suggested, by a building which is ruined, not in its fabric but in its uses. Is not this felt when wandering through some lofty mansion, whose fretted ceilings and broken carvings are desolate mementos of its palmy days? Imagination peoples again with statesmen and nobles the panelled rooms where cockney clerks hang up their cloaks and scribble; or in the great state hall, where the oaken planks are now laden with bales of merchandise, gallants and beauties, whose charms have long since mouldered into dust, tread once more the measure of some courtly dance, or sigh their lone-whispers through the stuccoed galleries.

Master Richard, while of tender years, became an orphan, and was adopted by a bachelor uncle, a wealthy jeweller, who promised to make him his heir. They lived together in the house described at the commencement of this history, but then a richly furnished, pleasant abode. The old man loved the boy; lavished money on his education, and when he had arrived at man's estate, sent him forth, with a well-stocked purse, to travel, that he might complete his education and take his pleasure. Richard was then a handsome, well-formed youth, kindly natured and of good abilities, but of too indolent a temperament ever to cut much of a figure in the world. So he took his pleasure and his ease; studied books a little, and men and manners a little more, made the acquaintance of fine ladies who pleased his vanity, but could not touch his heart, and of fine gentlemen who were not suitable companions to the merchant's nephew. For, after a time, his uncle, who found age beginning to sap his vigour, summoned home his nephew to superintend the business which supplied his wealth, and was the pride of the old man's heart, Richard came at once, and with a good grace entered on his duties: but it must be confessed that the abandoning of habits which he liked, and the giving up his time which he did not like, tried pretty deeply the case-loving young gentleman, who

wined considerably beneath his task, and pined not a little at the change of life. Still he had consolations—gay company, fine clothes, handsome horses, and a purse well filled. One more was wanting and it came.

Among the city belles who at that day reigned and lavished their smiles or inflicted their frowns on their admirers, none was more comely and winning than Richard's own cousin, Mistress Dorothy Cathcart. She was extremely beautiful, full of youthful grace, and of a sprightliness that was akin to wit; and if, as was said, she was somewhat vain, given to coquetry, and abundantly sensible of her own merits, who could not find an excuse for the flattered child. Certain it is, that, however unpopular she may have been with her own sex, she had countless adorers of the other; even Richard Sharpston, so cool to the blandishments of foreign dames, was vanquished at sight by the charming Dorothy. Whether it was owing to his handsome person, or his polished manners, or his uncle's reputed wealth, or to the opportunities cousinship affords—and they are sometimes no small element in a contested courtship—it quickly came to pass that Master Dick gave the go-bye to his rivals, many of whom soon afterwards joined the opposite party, and pronounced Dorothy heartless and vain, with very slender pretensions to good looks.

Those were very happy days for Richard. His pulses were quickened with a joy he had never felt before; a brighter hue had stolen on his life, and he loved the fair young girl very dearly indeed. Dorothy, for her part, was very fond of Richard. If her nature was not capable of such deep and undivided love as his, surely that was no fault of her's; she did her best, and was fonder of her betrothed than of any one else in the world—except herself. It happened that, at the time of which we write, it was the custom for young scions of nobility, to leave now and then their own peculiar sphere, and grow intimate with the families and the seats of the merchants of the city. They would dissipate and gamble with their sons, and, flirting with their daughters, they used to turn their heads and steal their hearts.

Among the adepts in this species of amiable robbery, Henry, Earl of Storrville was pre-eminently skilful, the most accomplished and most profigate of those busy idlers. He had known young Sharpston in the city of Vienna, and made use of him in the city of London. Dick introduced him to his uncle, who felt no small satisfaction in entertaining his nephew's fashionable acquaintance. His Lordship became intimate at the Merchant's house, where, in an evil hour, he met his city friend's affianced wife.

Richard, proud of his sweetheart, and proud of his friend, presented them to each other, and was subsequently lectured by Dorothy, who vowed she would not have the acquaintance of so wicked a man, earnestly entreated Richard to renounce his companionship, and never lost an opportunity of throwing her eyes at him. As for my lord, his course was soon decided. Dorothy was too lovely a prize to be foregone.

Truth to his friend was too small an impediment to embarrass a man of such refined taste. So it came to pass that, after a few more meetings, the lady discovered that the poor young Earl had been shamefully slandered, and that, at all events, as the friend of Richard, it was her duty to tolerate and, if possible improve him. Therefore during evening walks, or country rides, or in the pleasant parties on the river, Dorothy and the gay young Lord were constant companions, while Richard found himself either hooked to some of the party who simply bored him, or supporting the steps of his feeble relative. And when, after a long summer's day, during which she had not given him twenty words, nor walked for two minutes by his side; the poor fellow would offer a gentle remonstrance, my little lady would pout, and say it was unkind, and undeserved!—Dear Richard knew how much more she loved him than anyone else, but what could she do? he would not wish her to be rude; and then on the very next occasion it was just the same thing again.

At length the matter came to such a pass, that Richard became seriously offended; and even the old uncle, whose experience in similar affairs had not been great, opened his eyes and grew alarmed; for he had set his heart on his nephew's happiness, and on the union of the two great houses of Sharpston and Cathcart. Hints, remonstrances, and lectures were in vain; the lady was too spoiled and too wilful to be sookled into being good. At last there was a grand scene, and the matter was settled. Dorothy sobbed and vowed she was the most injured and the fondest maiden that had ever been affianced to an unreasonably jealous lover. Richard was silent, and sulky, and proud. My Lord of Storrville was non-chalant and haughty, and thought to carry matters with a very high hand; but old Ned Sharpston and old Will Cathcart were determined and stiff, and if one was choleric the other was cool. So between them it was settled that Lord Storrville should never enter either of their doors again; that the wedding should take place at the end of a month; and that in the meantime, Miss Dorothy should live in that seclusion that became her for her sins. Well, days passed on. Richard and Dorothy had kissed and were friends, and all went smooth again. But how did it happen that every day, when Richard had left her, the maiden stole, with hurried steps, to the long garden which sloped from her father's dwelling to the river, and that there a handsome form, which was not her bridegroom's, met her with eager haste? Ah! Richard, my poor youth, I fear she was throwing in your eyes some of the dust that was afterwards to gather so thickly around you.

The wedding-day drew near—two week more would bring it. In the meantime, Richard's fond old uncle was preparing a grand banquet for the bride and her people. This feast was to take place a few days before the marriage. The old man was happy as a child. His finest silver was to grace the board, the most delicate dainties should coax the palates of the guests, and the choicest wines should sparkle. Above all, Richard was, for the first time, to take his

place at the head of the table, as from that day forth he was to rule as the master of the house. But who may say when he shall feast, or when he shall sorrow? The chamber was decked, and the table arrayed, but the guests, though willing, never came, and the banquet never was eaten. On the very morning of that day a pale and hurried messenger ran up,—avoided Richard and sought his uncle.

It was quickly told—no feasting now; no wedding next week; no joy; no bride—she had gone, gone from her faithful, honest love, and, deceiving and deceived, fled to a fate that needs not be told.

The light of life had gone out for Richard. Mechanically he took his uncle's place, for disgrace and sorrow had laid the old man in his grave, but the zest of existence had past away. He had loved her, not passionately, for that was not his nature, but with a fond and undivided affection, and when she was gone there was nothing more to care for.

And now the innate indolence of his nature was evoked; he grew listless and apathetic. Careless at first in his dress and person, he soon became slovenly, and by degrees—disgusting. Indifferent to the pleasures and amenities of life, the pursuit of gain occupied his time and mind, and the love of it seized possession of his soul. His heart never turned to a second love, though many a city belle would gladly have consulted the deserted lover, who was so handsome and so rich.

Nor was the amount of attention he was fated to endure by any means trifling, until at length increasing years and dirt rendered him less attractive, and relieved him from their importunities. Thus his days and years sped on, busied as I have already told you. He still lived in the home that once was so happy and bright, but the dwelling showed symptoms of neglect and ruin almost as quickly as its owner, at last they both reach the plight in which the commencement of my story found them.

Do not despise him. True, he was a wretched, graceless miser; but he was faithful to those who trusted him, and did not oppress the poor; and if his life was dreary and worthless, remember it had been wasted by a woman's faithlessness. Pity him!

At length he died. They buried him, and swept his house. They routed the spiders, and invaded the mysterious chamber.

The mystery was over now. In a spacious room a long table was spread, as if for a banquet, and onken chairs, with leather drapery, awaited guests who for forty years had never come. Silver goblets, from which they should have quaffed bright wine to pleasant toasts, were now receptacles for dust and cobwebs. Before one chair there lay a faded ribbon, which had once been blue, and bound flowers for her who would not come to claim them. They had crumbled into powder long ago; but there still remained a little golden ring, which it would have been better for her if she had blessed and worn.

be all but helpless. Her breath came from her in short gasps, as if her lungs had no longer room to play, and her articulation was consequently so obstructed, that to a stranger she was scarcely intelligible. Her eye was dim and glazed, while the lid, flaccid and shrivelled, almost covered the dull orb, beneath which it peered through the narrow opening with that lack-lustre expression so peculiar to age, on which the hand of infirmity has laid its last burthen.

The hovel—for such it was—occupied by this bereaved woman had been originally erected for cattle. The walls were of mud, rising about five feet above the earth, surrounded by a narrow thatched roof, double the height of the walls, and so “overpatched” by ill-practised hands, as, like the clothes of Otway’s hag, and no less of the poor old inmate, to speak “variety of wretchedness.” Within, the naked straw—for there was no ceiling—was covered with cobwebs, so heavy with dust as to be nearly detached from the thatch; and those strong incrustations engendered in damp localities, where foul and fetid exhalations continually form the most noxious deposits, which had, no doubt, in this den of suffering poverty, been the gradual accumulation of years. From them there was perpetually disengaged a pungent vapour, which considerably impeded the respiration, and imparted so nauseous a smell that it was a positive penalty to remain, even for a few minutes, beneath the roof of this miserable habitation. A small window—inserted when the shed was converted into what the proprietor, with the plausible discretion of a parochial landlord, termed a cottage—was nearly covered with paper, in order to supply the panes of glass which the rude winds, or the rudiments of the neighbouring hamlet, had wantonly broken. This aperture called a window, was about two feet square, and had been originally glazed from the fragments of a worn-out cucumber frame, purchased in the post town by the liberal owner of the widow’s tenement at the time of its erection. There was scarcely space enough for the admission of fresh air—thus, the atmosphere within was at all times stagnant and unwholesome. The floor, originally paved with broken bricks, had sunk into innumerable hollows, so as to render any footing unaccustomed to its numerous inequalities extremely insecure. In one corner of the miserable apartment was a straw pallet, placed upon the floor, and covered with a tattered rug. Across this was laid a long oaken staff, with which the aged creature used nightly to scare the rats, when they invaded her frequently sleepless pillow. These voracious creatures were the only companions of her nightly solitude; and she was obliged to suspend from one of the cross-beams that supported the roof, her small modicum of meal, in order to secure it from their nocturnal depredations.

For this hovel the wretched tenant paid ninepence a week out of the half-crown allowed by the parish, leaving one shilling and ninepence for clothes and maintenance. She had no other resources; and yet, so rooted was her aversion to the confinement of a workhouse, that she preferred struggling with the severest privations, contriving to live on this pittance, her chief food being meal and potatoes. Her beverage consisted almost entirely of the leaves of tea which had been twice infused—once, by the mistress of one of the few families which had servants in the neighbour-

THE PAUPER FUNERAL.

Around the country poor there is no object which appeals so touchingly to our commiseration as the aged widow. She is often alone in the world, a solitary and silent sufferer, where the eye of compassion seldom reaches her retreat, and the hand of charity doles out but a parsimonious bounty. The groans of her misery pass unheard or unheeded, and she lingers out the painful remnant of a wretched life under the tyranny of age, parish legislation, while struggling beneath the crushing burthen of helplessness, and want. To her the world is a dungeon, surmounted by gorgeous pinnacles and towers, the glories of which she is unable to reach; but while she sees their splendours afar off, all within her sphere of action is gloom and desolation. Surrounded by an atmosphere of blighting poverty, her ear assailed by the hum of busy life—busy in crime, and teeming with the seeds of death—she looks in vain for sympathy from those whose bosoms are estranged by misery, but too commonly hardened in sin. To her there appears neither ebb nor flow in the turbid stream of Time. It seems stagnant and dark with woe. No ray of joyous light falls on it, but the bitters of misery are infused with poisonous prevalence, until the noxious draught mingles fatally with the springs of existence, and stops the languid current from that mysterious fountain. Friendless and forlorn, she lives unpitied and dies unregretted. If she has children, they are at too great a distance to perform their filial duties round the bed of an aged mother. They are too scantily supplied from the paradise of enjoyment, to cast any flowers upon the barren path of her pilgrimage. The wheels of Time move sullenly along, clogged with the accumulating weight of their own cares, and these too frequently render them insensible to the severer sufferings of those who claim their sympathy. They behold not the writhings of a decrepit and deserted parent; they hear not her sighs; they witness not her lamentations. She is desolate and alone. She basks in the sunshine, but it warms her not: it does but mock her misery. The frost of winter is within the well, and the waters of life are congealing at the spring. The tempest roars over her dwelling of mud and straw, as if to drown the sighs she is perpetually heaving at the dismal uniformity of her lot.

During a residence of two years in the country, I was an eye-witness to much of the wretchedness endured by this bereaved class of our fellow-creatures, and of a poor widow more especially, whose character interested me much, from the unremitting patience with which she submitted to a lot of protracted and unrelieved privation. I will endeavour to trace a few of the very sombre shadows of her most disastrous course, pursuing the sorrowful detail of her last moments, and what immediately followed. I was in the habit of visiting her two or three times a week, during the term of my residence in her neighbourhood; and, though my means were on too narrow a scale to admit of my doing much, I did not, therefore, withhold the little I could spare from a store so straitened as scarcely to suffice for my own most frugal wants.

The object of my so limited bounty was in her eightieth year, so curved by age and infirmity as to be almost dwarfed, and so feeble as to

hood, and secondly by those servants, who, when they had obtained all they could from them by repeated applications of boiling water, bestowed them upon the widow as an acknowledged luxury. These desecrated tea-leaves the grateful creature stewed, day after day, swallowing the diluted dainty infusion with an expressed satisfaction and relish that would have amazed a modern sycophant, and have forced a cry of wonder from the sternest of those ancient simpletons who gloried in privation as their summum bonum, and in physical evil as the consummation of human excellence. As I have already said, her daily food was meal and a few potatoes—when she could get them. Beyond what casual charity supplied—and this was extremely little—these were her only nutriment. And yet she daily blessed God for his mercies, with a feeling and fervour that has often melted my heart, while it probed my conscience. There was nothing counterfeit in her submission to the divine infliction: it was radical and sincere. Her trial was a sore one, yet she did not repine; for under every pang of her bereavement she rose from it but the more assured that there was treasure laid up for her in another and a better world.

The term of her pilgrimage was now rapidly verging towards its close. The solemn warning of death had been already given, in her daily increasing weakness, which reduced her frame to a state of pitiable prostration.

One morning I entered her dismal dwelling, and found her stretched upon the hard, comfortless bed—on which she had scarcely, for years, passed a night of uninterrupted repose—apparently in the last stage of her wretched life. She had been attacked, the day previously, with cholera, and it had left her so feeble that she could with difficulty move her almost fleshless limbs. As soon, however, as I entered she managed to raise herself from the hard pallet on which she was lying, and having welcomed my presence with her usual benediction of "God bless you," began to repeat one of Watts's hymns, with a pathos and fervour that surprised me. The tears trickled copiously down her grimed and channelled cheeks, as she poured out this hushed effusion, and talked of God's mercy in a languid whisper, but with visible earnestness, as if she had been one of the most distinguished of his creatures. "What a blessing," she observed, with the same oppressed utterance, "that the God of all mercy has turned my heart to himself; for I am happy, even in the midst of this worldly misery. It has been, however, no world of misery to me; for though my path is straitened, it is, nevertheless, the Christian's path—and that is a narrow one—to the paradise of saints. My body has suffered; but having no sore upon my conscience, my mind has been generally at rest. I can die without repining, though I 'rejoice with trembling.'"

During this melancholy interview the parish doctor entered. This was his first visit since her terrible attack on the previous day. He was a rough, coarse man, with a dim, obtuse countenance, which indicated insensibility of heart so obviously, that you instinctively shrank from his approach. He seemed hale and hearty, though past the prime of life; but the clownish turn of his frame and his vulgar freedom of address at once showed that he was no longer mindful of the "rock

whence he was hewed, or the hole of the pit whence he was digged." His intensely black, greasy hair, and sallow complexion; his dark, glaring eyes, peering from under a pair of galled lids, on which the lashes no longer consented to grow; his full, purple lips, scaled, cracked, and fencd with a double row of broad yellow teeth; his large ungainly figure, arrayed in a suit of dingy black, added to his harsh provincial accent, altogether fixed on the mind of the beholder, at the first glance, an impression of obdurate insensibility and callous indifference. There was a coarse sinister grin upon his features as he entered, which showed how little he was affected by scenes of human suffering. Passing close by where I was seated—upon an inverted pail, there being no chair among the poor widow's household stuff—he took no notice whatever of my presence, but walked hurriedly up to the tattered bed upon which his miserable patient lay, and said, in a quick, harsh tone:—"Well, mother, how are you," at the same time grasping her wrist, and counting her pulse by a large silver watch that ticked almost as loud as a Dutch clock. The poor sufferer opened her languid eyes, and after she had with difficulty cleared her throat of the phlegm through which her breath whizzed with a difficulty painful to hear, replied, in a subdued, husky whisper:—

"Badly, sir—very badly. I have no strength. I can but poorly breathe. My old limbs ache. There is not an inch of me that doesn't suffer."

"To be sure not," he answered, "how should there? Why, you have been sick enough to kill a horse! and remember, old bodies can't expect to have the strength of young ones."

"No, indeed, sir. I look not for that. I hope I ain't impatient. Man is born to trouble, and I have proved it. Yet I don't repine. His will be done, who tempers the weather to the shorn lamb!"

"Aye, this is all very well. Old wives' fables, hey. But ye're better—a good deal better than I expected to find ye; for I thought to have found ye gone to yer long home. But ye'll do yet. Cheer up, old lady, and prepare for a beefsteak to-morrow. Meanwhile, get some gruel, and take it for your supper, with a tablespoon-full of whiskey in it. There's nothing like yer warm whiskey for a weak stomach—hey." And, with a suppressed laugh, he tapped his exhausted patient on the shoulder with his riding-whip. "Don't forget the whiskey."

"Lord help me, sir," exclaimed the poor woman with an extraordinary effort. "how can I to get whiskey, or even gruel, with one-and-ninence a week to feed and clothe me?"

"Get it I can't you ask your friend there? People don't visit sick beds for nothing. 'Tis an expensive hobby, aint it, ma'am? Ye'll get the patient what I recommend, hey?"

"I shall, sir," said I, "though I have not much faith in the prescription."

"What should you know about it?—a she-doctor, I suppose. Ye had better leave this, ma'am, to men." Then turning to the dying widow, he said sharply, "come to me to-morrow morning, and I'll give ye some stuff to strengthen ye."

"Alas!" she exclaimed, scarcely now able to articulate, "I cannot even crawl along my room, much more walk up to your honour's house."

"Ah, but you must stir yourself, woman. Walking will do you good. 'Twill make the slingish blood bound."

"That's all past, now. I shall never walk again. My account is summed up."

"Tut, ye must walk, or if you can't, why crawl, for ye must come to me. I can't waste my precious time in running after old bodics who are unable to look after themselves. Yer in charge of the parish, and ye must get some of yer patrons to stamp down a little more brass for better attendance. 'Till ye do, ye must come to me, or ye 'll get no physic. A doctor of medicine can't afford, on parish allowance, to run after every crone that has the cholick, and no money to cure it. I say ye must come to me, or ye 'll see no doctor—mind that. I have come once, and as it is, shan't get a clear shilling for my visit. Time is money, and I must contrive to bring profit out of it in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence. Take yer gruel, mind; and don't forget the whiskey—if ye can get it." Saying this, he turned upon his heel and quitted the cottage; but after a few moments returning to the door, bowed out—"mind ye don't neglect to see me to-morrow at my house, and bring a bottle with ye for the physic, or if ye han't a bottle, bring a bladder." Retreating once more from the scene of misery, I heard him "whistling as he went, for want of thought." It were charity to assume this, as a thoughtless man is over better than an insensible one.

Alas! for the poor, when they are unfortunate enough to be committed to "the tender mercies" of the parish doctor! How often do they fall victims to the neglect of this mercenary functionary! I believe thousands in this so-called happy country die yearly of sheer neglect. God forbid I should place all parish apothecaries in the same category, but from my own knowledge, I have no hesitation in saying that there are some among them who are anything but an honour to the Christian name.

I lost no time in preparing the gruel, as soon as the man of drugs had given me the benefit of his absence; and pouring some brandy into it, which I thought preferable to whiskey, notwithstanding the physician's fiat, presented it to the unhappy sufferer, who was now groaning with agony. She could only take a few spoonfuls. I was induced to stay the longer in this homely dwelling, as the dying woman had no regular attendant. A neighbour came in occasionally to see how she went on, but having herself a large family to look after, she could not devote much of her time to the requirements of the aged widow. The invalid having rallied a little after taking the brandy, I quitted her to make one or two visits of a similar kind, which was my daily practice during my residence in this wretched neighbourhood. There were several old women in a condition scarcely less helpless, with no better allowance from the parish; and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could supply the necessities of nature from their miserable pittance. Disense is so closely allied to extreme poverty, that death frequently cuts off the sufferer without the assuagement which is commonly found at this solemn hour of visitation, and thus many die unpitied and unknown, but to a few of the bereaved community by whom they are surrounded, under the sad severities of their visitation.

Before the following morning the poor widow was a corpse. She

presented a dreadful spectacle. Her features had been so disfigured by rats that she was scarcely recognisable. I repaired to the house of the doctor, the parish M.D., for he had purchased a diploma somewhere, and those letters followed his name on a large metal plate upon the door of his surgery.

"Well," he said, as I stood before his counter, while a dull smile dilated his large ulcered lips—"well, how's the old woman?"

"Dead, sir."

"Ah! I fussed as much; she hadn't a leg to stand on. Well, be-twixt ye and myself, the parish won't grieve. These old folks are a serious incumbrance."

"The incumbrance, then, has been removed. The sufferer is now a saint in heaven."

"No; d'ye think so? D'ye imagine these old gossips find such snug quarters when they're stuffed into the churchyard? The parson tells us such things, but you know parsons are paid for preaching, and pretty stoutly are we taxed for the humbug, eh?"

"Perhaps, sir, you'll apprise the parish authorities of the death, and how attentive you, their stipendiary physician, were to the dying woman's wants."

"What d'ye mean?"

"Precisely what I say. A good morning and a better conscience to you." So saying, I left the "regular practitioner" to his reflections.

The breath was scarcely out of the poor widow's body when the parish authorities sent a coffin maker to measure it for the grave.

On the following day the corpse was put into the rough unsightly coffin, and screwed down. Upon the cover the initials of the widow's name were rudely traced in black paint, with her age, seventy-nine years, in figures that would have disgraced the junior form of a national school. The unfeeling manner in which the parish undertaker put the body into its homely receptacle, preparatory to its consignment to its kindred dust, disgusted me beyond measure. He turned it into the rough elm case as if it had been a lump of carrion. I expostulated. He looked unutterable indignation, but did not venture to express it, performing, however, the remainder of his sad office with more decency and apparent respect for the dead. When he had finished he quitted the cottage without uttering a word.

At an early hour next day two old men were sent from the Union, clad in the badges of their social bondage, with a small cart drawn by a miserable lean ass, which had pastured on the common, to convey the corpse to the churchyard. The thin shaggy beast was scarcely better than a living skeleton. The coffin was placed in this rude hearse, and drawn to the southern entrance of the burial ground, followed by half a dozen ragged children screaming and bellowing with unconscious indolence, and occasionally lifting up their young voices in the coarsest language. Meanwhile the parish clerk, who united in his own person the two offices of clerk and sexton, had engaged four men from a field hard by to quit their work for half an hour, with consent of their employer, who was one of the overseers, and bear the body into church, whence it was to be shortly conveyed to its final resting place upon

The Pauper Funeral.

earth. No sooner had the funeral procession, if it might be so termed, reached the "place of graves," than the four labourers in their smock-socks, unbleached, tattered, and filthy, their faces, hands and feet begrimed with clay, took the corpse from the cart in which it had been deposited, and placed it upon their shoulders, when a ragged pall was thrown over it, covering them to the waist. They then moved onward, preceded by the minister, towards the main entrance of the church. Not a single mourner followed. The children, however, somewhat awed by the ecclesiastical habit of the clergyman, became silent, but immediately rushed to the side of the grave.

No relative or friend followed the deceased. The coffin-maker preceded the four bearers, and they, with the parson and clerk, formed the whole of the procession—the two old men from the Union having retired from the churchyard gate as soon as they had resigned their charge into the custody of those who had undertaken, for the small remuneration of a shilling a head, to bear it to its final destination.

When the coffin was placed upon the tressels, the four burly labourers sat beside it, squalid with mud, listening with listless apathy to the thin squeaking voice of the minister, who read with affected solemnity, the imposing service for the dead. It was in truth a pitiable sight. I was present, and never did I witness anything so appallingly sorrowful. Nothing could be more cold than the manner in which the service was delivered. The indifference of every one engaged myself, formed the entire of the bearers, the clerk—and these, including myself, formed the entire congregation—seemed to have caught the feeling of the clergyman, being alike insensible to the solemn act they were severally assembled in God's house to perform. The former, with their soiled faces and tattered attire, looked more like the grim ministers of death, than sober rustics taking part in the obsequies of a poor neighbour. They were seated close by the coffin, and one of them rested his arms on it, gaping round upon the pillars and ceiling of the sacred edifice, as if it were the first time he had been within the walls of a church. The clerk gabbled over that beautiful psalm selected for this solemn occasion, with such indecent haste, that no one could mistake how little interest he took in what was going on.

In due time the corpse was again placed upon the shoulders of the bearers and borne to the grave, beside which it was laid on two ragged ropes, that appeared as if they had been similarly employed for several past generations. The grave was nearly half filled with water, which was baled out by the clerk before the clergyman could proceed. So loose was the soil above, that a plank had been fixed on both sides with staves across, to prevent the earth from falling in. When the body was ready to be lowered, the staves and planks were removed; but scarcely had this been accomplished, than a large body of clay rolled from either side with a dull heavy splash into the bottom of the pit, nearly half filling it. A portion of this was removed with much difficulty, and after considerable delay, the body was hurriedly dropped upon the remaining mass. Even then the upper part of the coffin reached to within half-a-yard of the surface. The confusion and busy indifference of the parties engaged, during the whole scene, made so painful an impression, that my heart recoiled with indignation and disgust. The unseemly impatience of the

Christmas.

minister was no less offensive than the utter absence of feeling displayed by his subordinate in office and the four men who had been hired to shill a head at the parish cost, to perform a Christian duty.

The remainder of the service, after the body had been committed—"earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"—was hurried over with unbecoming rapidity; and after a few weeks, the lonely spot where the widow had been interred, under circumstances so harrowing to a sympathetic heart, had been trampled flat by the arklins of the village school, and there no longer remained any memorial of her upon earth.

CHRISTMAS.

THOUGH the aged year carries the cloud on his wings,

And the breath of his nostril makes yellow the leaves,
Who would not rejoice with the joy that he brings,

And shout for the triumph his presence achieves?

Though the blossoms and flowers have for coffins their bowers,

And Hebe laments that they were not immortal;

Though Time's an Otello, that kisses and kills,

Yet Mirth is the watchman who waits by his portal.

The minutes may speed like the fleet battle steed,

But they trample not down all the smart where they run;

No! the world hath High Priests of the good Christmas creed,

Who offer burnt-offer at the altar of fun.

Then shout for the pleasures of Christmas—shout!

Which in love with the heart makes the poor man a lord;

If he hath no gold chalice to push wine about,

Yet the juice of the brown apple gladdens his board.

The time of gay Christmas is no time at all,

For time makes us aged, and Christmas makes young;

Even lips that are old half forget they are cold,

And with warm ones salute where the mistletoe's hung.

A trace to salt tears when the white berries come!

In a prison shut Grief, with its flood-making weather;—

The Christmas was sent as the dying year's drum,

To call all the troops of affection together.

"I suspect everything in habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon a deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crime to any. Give a child the habit of scarcely regarding truth; of carefully respecting the property of others; of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe, as of lying, cheating, or stealing."—*Lord Brougham.*

members, the District should charge an annual contribution of 1s. 6d. for every present member. The contributions for the funeral benefits of members' wives would have to be calculated in like manner from Table J and Table S, Nelson's Tables of Mortality. These calculations have been simplified by their embodiment into the two Tables 13 and 14, which were adopted at the last J.L.C.M.; therefore, all Districts with funds working according to the foregoing method of apportionment, may use these Tables to arrive at the fair future payments for the full benefit, minus present reserves and their future earnings, but all Districts with no funds should calculate their contributions by those Tables as the present average age of the members of each Court, because, although a member may have been in a Court twenty or thirty years, and may have been paying adequately to his Court all that time, if the Court has not paid adequately to the District during that period (which it cannot have done or the reserves would be in the District Fund), it must hold reserves which should have been paid, and which it is absolutely necessary to transfer to the District, either in our lump sum or by means of enhanced contributions.

Now, I think I may fairly conclude I have endeavoured to show the ends to be kept in view in adopting a method of application, the requirements necessary to secure those ends, and the initial steps of applying the new system, including the apportionment of existing funds, and the determination of the rates of graduated contributions necessary—where there are and where there are not existing funds. In conclusion, without dictating, I must state deliberately that I am of opinion that the grand feature necessary to make the method I have advocated "the best" method, is that the H.C.M. should make the system universal by making its adoption compulsory and placing the application "in the hands of the F.C. as well as the District. The adoption of graduated contributions will neither be thorough, complete, nor far-reaching until it is made compulsory by the H.C.M., but I sincerely hope that many Districts will voluntarily adopt and apply the Tables 13 and 14, prepared by Mr. Nelson and passed by the Leicester J.C.M. The scales are all that can be desired both by Courts and Districts. They provide the rates of contributions for single members, or for members and wives. They show the payment necessary for every age from eighteen to fifty for any benefit from £1 and upwards. The rates are separate and specific, there is no grumping from twenty to twenty-five and so on, and they are prepared to suit either Rural, Town, or City Districts. The adoption of these Tables on the lines already laid down must lead to a good and sound method, because the adoption of them involves the adoption of the soundest principles of assurance. They are based upon sound data. They would secure equality and fairness to all members, at the same time providing adequacy of funds to the District. They would ensure the stability of the District Funds by enabling fair proportions to be saved in the early period of the life of the assured. They would credit Courts and members with the advantages of locality and favourable conditions to longevity. They equitably graduate the payments proportionately to probable life. They are based on the safe and proper application of the laws of average. They place the assets, as well as the liabilities, in the proper hands, and throw the onus of earnings upon the fund, which has been credited with the interest in the calculation of the contributions; therefore, I contend that it is to the advantage of Districts and every one concerned, voluntarily to adopt and to apply, on the plan suggested, the application of graduated contributions to Courts for re-assurances of former benefits for present members. I have endeavoured to show the application of the same to secure the application of the vital principles of assurance, and I hope the questions of expediency with a few will not be allowed to interfere with the interests of the many. I do not for one moment expect that all existing difficulties will be dealt with in practice quite as easily as I have dealt with them in theory, but I am confident that every difficulty can be and will be dealt with fairly and satisfactorily if Districts will only be determined to apply a system of graduated contributions in a manner as shadowed forth in this paper. If that be done, it will secure to District Funds the advantages with which I set out, viz.—Equality, Adequacy, and Economy.

V. H. WILKINS.

Christmas at Bishops Langton.

By the Author of "Scattered Seeds," "My Fellowship in Water," "Leaves for the Little Ones," etc.

A bitter biting wind and no mistake, rather difficult to stem against, particularly if you were struggling to protect yourself from the fast falling snow, by keeping an umbrella open as you crossed over the High Street of Bishops Langton to that awkward corner which divided the Lesser Alms Houses from the Tenements in Eastern Row. It was Christmas Eve, and so there were plenty of people about, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather; for it was a busy day with the Clergy, as well as church decorators, district visitors, and the shop people. District visitors are a race apart from the ordinary run of womankind, accustomed to brave the elements as an essential in their daily work, and also to dress suitably, for mud, or slush, or snow. Ladies who always live in silk stockings and bonnets to match, are quite another race of beings—a more fragile "evolution"; but "it takes all sorts to make a world."

Little Mrs. Ansted being a district visitor, and having, of course, "nothing on to spoil," after fighting some time with her umbrella, which had been three times turned inside out, and had nearly wrenched her arms from their sockets, succumbed ignominiously as she approached the Tenements, put her umbrella down, and submitted to the downpour of the pure white flakes with perfect good humour. She was just then a walking embodiment of so many pounds of beef, loaves of bread, and packets of grocery, in the shape of "tickets," entrusted to her by the senior Curate of the grand old Parish Church—one of the chief ornaments—the Church, not the Curate—of the ancient town and borough of Bishops Langton. Four people in the Lesser Alms Houses had to be called upon, because their "visiting lady" had gone away to Devonshire; then Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Bramly, of the "Tenements," were to have new warm shawls—being old and rheumatic—from the Vicar, who had no wife to look after such matters; and as Mrs. Ansted managed his Mothers' Meetings, at which the two inseparables were always present, and as it was only "a little out of her way," why of course, that energetic and amiable lady, was quite willing to be the bearer of his gifts.

It was somewhat early in the afternoon for a "dish of tea," but the two old cronies were preparing for that movable feast. "Just to keep the cold out, you see, Mum, when Mrs. Ansted, somewhat breathless with her rapid ascent of thirty stone stairs, reached Mrs. Perry's room.

"Now, to be sure that is kind of the Vicar, and him so much to think on; and kind of you too, Mum, to come out such a day as this; but then, to be sure, you allus is a tramping about. Mrs. Bramly and me 's been a watching of yer all along that High Street, and we was afraid as you'd slip, wasn't we dear? Now dozy sit down and ave a cup of tea; it's a bit early, but it'll warm ye, for sure."

"My good friends, I haven't a moment! There are the decorations at St. Alban's Mission Chapel not nearly finished, I'm afraid, for you see I have had to run away from my post for other work, and I don't know how much the young ladies have done for me. Good-bye! a merry Christmas to you; or, I should say, a happy one! No news, I suppose, Mrs. Perry?"

"No, Ma'am, never a word."

"Well, don't lose heart, or hope; anyway, I'm glad the 'hewvritus' is so much better."

And with a cheery smile and kindly nod, the little lady closed the door, and hurried, as fast as two very small feet would take her, down the thirty steps, and out once more into the snow, towards her own particular "district," with more "tickets" for distribution. That occupation over, she made the best of her way across a bit of open field, where the snow had drifted into rather thick masses, to the little District Mission Chapel, where her services as decorator were always in request.

The chapel of St. Alban had originally been more of a school-room, with a small chancel screened off on working-days, and Mothers' Meetings, Quarterly Teas, Penny Readings, had been held in it for the benefit of the very

poor, and formerly neglected population, in that outlying district, attached to the Parish Church. During the incumbency of the present Vicar of Bishops Langton, the Rev. Lovell Burnaby, and his most hard-working senior Curate (there were six connected with the Parish Church), a Workman's Institute and Club Room had been built very near the chapel, and also a large room for all those purposes to which the chapel had once been devoted.

Much to Mrs. Ansted's satisfaction, there had been a grand "function," and a real live Bishop to consecrate the building, in which she had from the first taken most special interest. There was quite a nice little dwelling-house attached, once the residence of the Parish Church Choir-master and two of his pupils, but the Choir-master had emigrated, leaving some of his furniture behind, and the Vicar had not yet decided to what use he should turn those recently vacated rooms.

There were two resident care-takers, a man and his wife, who did the cleaning-up, and prepared the chapel for services, put out tables for the meetings, boiled the water for tea, &c., but the Burtons only felt themselves "temporary" in charge, as there were "expectations" which might result in their leaving the neighbourhood.

The decorators had not been idle during Mrs. Ansted's prolonged absence: the walls of the little building looked bright with evergreen-wreaths and Christmas texts, on scrolls, and boards covered with Turkey-red, and bordered with holly. The warden, Mrs. Ansted's special department, was still awaiting her finishing touches; but Grace Barlow, the Curate's sister, now on a visit to him and a general favourite with his "people," rich or poor, had been filling the "pockets" and "tins" with flowers and evergreens. The long holly wreaths bright with berries had been completed, and Austin Burnaby, the Vicar's son, a very tall and efficient helper in "putting up" the ladies' work, had just nailed the longest wreath at the top of the woodwork of the screen, as Mrs. Ansted entered. A few young ladies were devoting themselves to the windows at the western end, and the Curate's wife, with her usual assistant, Miss Low, had made the East end of the little church look brighter than usual, it being a grand year for berries, and the gifts of flowers, from the St. Alban's congregation having been more abundant, than was often the case at that season. The Lectern and the Choir-desk, Mrs. Ansted's latest addition to the "church properties," needed very little more decorating to make them look as "festive" as the Rev. Edgar Barlow could wish.

The senior Curate was deservedly a most "popular man," in the best sense of that much-abused word; welcome alike in joy or sorrow, in the homes of the deserving and respectable poor; whilst even the very undecorating, the persistent drunkard and evil-doer, the total abstainer from Church or Chapel services, "Hain't nothin' agin 'im, and to be sure he meant well, did parson." Indeed, to please him, many had been led by his genial, hearty sympathy in their troubles and trials, to make some effort at improvement; his visits to the sick were like a ray of sunshine, for he had the gift of saying just enough to cheer and comfort; yet it must be owned that disappointments, where least expected, were of only too frequent occurrence. One who had from its first organisation filled a very important post in the St. Alban's Mission work, had proved utterly unworthy of the trust, which for years had been reposed in him, hence ungratefully for most abundant kindness, shown to himself and family by clergy and laity alike. But on this present Christmas Eve all thoughts of sorrow were banished, as Mr. Barlow, after duly acknowledging the successful labours of his devoted workers, stood talking a little apart with his sister.

She was telling him of a certain Willow Betts, who had been greatly disappointed in not seeing him that afternoon—"She had made for sure he would call, knowing that she were that bad with a 'catholic' in each eye and the 'population' in her 'art' worse again." She often "dropped with her 'art'" as one of her complaints, poor soul.

"And how came you to be at Willow Betts', Grace? I thought you were safe under shelter here all day; it was not wise with your delicacy of cheek. What will Aunt Arthelia say if you take fresh cold; she'll not trust you with us again."

"Oh! I was well cared for: the Vicar drove me round, dear, on his way to the station to meet his mother. He could not stop to read Mrs. Betts the letter he gave me, from her sailor boy, Ben, and I thought Margaret was more tired, also more wanted here than I. The dear old woman is so happy, notwithstanding her eyes and her heart; for Ben hopes to get paid off in time to be with her for dinner to-morrow, and has sent her such a beautiful warm cloak. I wish you'd just look in upon her."

"I must be off at once then, as I take the five o'clock service, and as I have just had a little money-gift for coal, shall enter an extra allowance for some of the 'mothers,' and probably look in at the Tenements, so you and Maggie had better not wait dinner for me."

"Then can't you stop and have a cup of tea, Edgar? I quite forgot," exclaimed Mrs. Barlow anxiously, "that some has been kept hot for you in the other room. I'm so sorry, but you see the decorations—"

"Yes, my dear, I know, but I haven't a minute more just now. Don't be long yourself; I'll overtake you by the first lamp at Moore's shop if I can. I expect you'll be glad of my arm up those steps; certainly a cup of tea would have been refreshing though, but I can't wait."

"Don't look so distressed at your omission, Maggie!" said her sister-in-law, laughing; "you may be quite sure his Reverence has been well cared for. Whilst you were busy at the West window, Mrs. Ansted carried her Pastor and Master off to 'talk district' in the other room, and his creature comforts were doubtless properly looked after; weren't they now, Mrs. Ansted?"

"Of course, my dear, I made him finish the bread and butter, and gave him an excellent cup of tea."

"I've a splendid idea, Mrs. Ansted," exclaimed Austin Burnaby. "You ought to have the vacant rooms in the Mission House; you could make them your headquarters, you know, for all District work, and then give the clergy a cup of tea, or breakfast, or any other ment that would be a saving of time to them, when they come here for services, &c. Get some pet girl out of your district, to train as your factotum here, you know. Don't you think it would suit you?"

"Very well indeed!" was the little lady's laughing rejoinder. "I could look after all the church properties, and if I slept here, say from Saturday till Monday, need not miss any of the services on account of weather."

"And desert your Parish Church entirely? That would never do," said Mrs. Barlow. "But come, my friends, we must not stand admiring our handiwork any longer; those of us who are going there now, for the Christmas Eve service, I mean; and Mrs. Burton will be glad to get rid of us and finish her sweeping. You had better lower the gas. Come, Grace, there's the church bell beginning."

"Don't wait, Maggie; I have forgotten my waterproof: it's in the Mission Room."

"I'll fetch it, Miss Barlow; I am going to relight Mrs. Ansted's lantern. We'll follow Mrs. Barlow almost directly, if you go on with Miss Low and the others."

Grace and Mrs. Ansted stood together within the porch. The air seemed warmer than it had been, and the snow fell far less thickly, and there was very little wind. "Did you hear that funny noise, Mrs. Ansted," exclaimed her companion suddenly. "What could it be?"

"The wind down the chimneys most likely, my dear. Those two open fire-places are a great trial to me," she added, laughing; "they make the church still too like a room for my taste."

"I here it is again—not a loud noise, but a sort of moan. It seems to me to come from near the shed in the cricket-field."

"Most like them, Miss, it'll be Mrs. Betts' dog," remarked Mrs. Burton, still busy with broom and shovel. "I've driven it away once, and it often do stop near that shed; it's customed to be there when cricket's on, I s'pose, but I can't abide to 'ear a dog 'owling. It alius reminds me of a hen my poor father was brought 'ome with a broken leg—our dog did 'owl 'ow! that night and no mistake; and Mrs. Betts' dog means bad news, I'm a'most afraid."

"Nonsense, nonsense, woman!" said Mrs. Ansted briskly; "we won't

think of anything to-night but the 'good tidings' which Christmas brings. My dear, let's step inside again," she smiled to Grace, who was perceptibly shivering, "or you'll be catching one of your bad colds. What can Mr. Austin be so long about! it's that tireless lantern perhaps needs a fresh wick. All the others have gone on, dear: I'm sorry to give the trouble, but I can't get along that terrible bad bit of road by Paradise Row, such a night as this, in total obscurity."

"Are you not coming with us, then?" inquired Grace, somewhat anxiously. "Well, not I find now I come to stand still, that I'm rather more tired than I fancied, and there's the early service here to-morrow, I don't want to miss that besides, there is not much time left for the walk, and I could not hurry along as you young folks can."

"I don't altogether like it, Maggie," observed the Rev. Mr. Barlow, as, having rejoined his wife, the two were somewhat in advance of the rest of the St. Alban's party.

"Don't quite like what, dear?"

"Why, you see, the Vicar makes a great fuss with Grace, and we are all to dine at the Vicarage to-morrow with old Mrs. Burdaby, and there is no doubt that, in college phraseology, Austin is 'spoons' upon Grace."

"And pray, Sir, are they not admirably suited for each other, and haven't they known each other long before either the Vicar or we came to Bishops Langton?"

"All perfectly true, my dear; but suppose the Vicar, good man, has no notion of what other people can see plainly enough. Old Mrs. Betts—not that she is so very old after all, by the way—well, even she has been talking of it, and asking when it's to be; and if the Vicar were to think we were trying—"

"Snuff and nonsense, Mr. Barlow; your Vicar is a sensible man, and as he does not seem likely to marry again, depend upon it, as he cannot get his mother to settle here, he would be glad of anybody, as sweet and bright as dear Grace, for a companion. For us it will, or, I should say, would, be delightful to have her living in Bishops Langton, instead of coming only for an occasional visit, when that eccentric old Aunt Arabella of yours will spare her."

"Well, I must leave you here and make for the vestry. I suppose it will all come right somehow," he smiled cheerily; "only, Meg, don't you stir a finger in the matter."

Mrs. Barlow was no match-maker, but in this case she could not help having a very decided hope that it *might* come about. She waited till the organ had commenced, in expectation of being joined by the young people; but, as they failed to put in an appearance, moved to her usual seat, thinking it very probable that her sister-in-law had been prudent enough to go home and rest, and that she should find her comfortably seated in her favourite rocking-chair by the drawing-room fire. Having arrived at which conclusion, she dismissed all anxiety from her mind, and entered heartily into the service, pausing for a time at its conclusion to listen to the organist's selections from *The Messiah* and to compare the work of the decorators with that in which she had just been herself engaged.

It was a spacious and beautiful building, rich in historical associations, containing, however, but a very few actual relics of the past, for only a short time back nearly the whole of the edifice had been burnt to the ground. Valuable brasses, spared by Cromwell and his fanatical followers, had then melted away. A few of the many monuments, erected to sundry prelates and benefactors of the town in its palmyr days of episcopal residence, still remained in a mutilated condition, "unrestored" at the time the fabric was rebuilt. Their neglected "remains" is a trait reproach to the townspeople who worshipped in the Church, and profited by the noted Grammar School, Home of Rest for the Aged Poor, and other beneficent institutions which still testify to the liberality of one of the bishops once resident in the old Palace adjoining the Church. Portions of this same palace and a fine chapel, which might be restored with advantage, still stand. Antiquarians and archeologists delight in the venerable ivy-grown fabric, the interior of which boasts of grand oak staircases and

other relics in the inhabited parts. A lofty guard-room, a banquet hall, with sundry quaint and picturesque little rooms, may be inspected by the courtesy of the present residents. The townspeople themselves show but little interest in the old Palace estate, and have already suffered a large portion of it to be desecrated with rows and rows of bow-windowed villa residences, containing "lodgings for single men," as a means of supporting the unlimited olive branches, possessed by the householder. The fish-ponds, once well stocked with carp, have disappeared. The goodly timber of those well-wooded grounds has been felled. The old entrance archway, under which the Bishop, with his lordly retinue of mounted followers, was wont to pass in his journeyings to and fro, still remains; but that, too, is said to be sentenced to "disolution," although Queen Bess herself once rode beneath it when royally entertained by the prelate then "in residence."

Just now, the service over, Mr. Barlow is making his way towards that same archway, crossing a most ill-lighted and ill-kept by-road, where snow-balling is being rigorously carried on, near the lamp in a large storeyard, by certain butchers' and grocers' "young gentlemen," who are evidently not in a hurry to deliver their goods, and finish their last rounds. The reverend gentleman comes in for a ball or two as he hurries by, but his thoughts are so much centred upon the subject of coats that he gives no heed to the missiles.

Once in the Tenements, Mr. Barlow made his way to Mrs. Perry's room; but as his tapping at the door elicited no response, he opened it gently. There was but a glimmer of light from a very tiny fire, and no sign of the old lady.

"Not in bed yet, surely, Mrs. Perry?" No reply to the query. Just then the sound of voices reminded him that Mrs. Bramly's room being opposite, the friends were most likely together. His rap at that door proved more satisfactory. "Come in, come in, whoever you are!" cried Mrs. Bramly.

"Why, to be sure, Mr. Barlow? Well, sir, you must excuse my being so free like. I never thought of you. We are in luck's way for visitors this Christmas Eve; such a many as we've had; only with all you've 'ad to do, and that bit of a cough of yours—beggin' yer pardon, sir—I'm dubious whether we order to be glad to see you."

"Oh I sir, now don't say that, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Perry, who was a very matter-of-fact person, and thought Mr. Barlow's feelings might be hurt. "Why, we're always glad to see you, Sir."

"Particularly if I come to tell you that your Christmas joints are on their way, and that I have ordered you each a nice sack of coals, but they cannot be delivered to-night."

"Oh I and thanks, Sir; they'll come in just as 'andy next week; you see we saves our coals a bit between us; no and Mrs. Bramly. I spends a part of the day with her and lets out my fire; it's more cheerful looking into the street from the front room there, and we sits here together a most erenin', and we was talking, as we most ways do, of the old days, afore Miss Eva was married, and I was nurse and she housekeeper up at the Hall. Lor, it seems just like the other day when my poor Wallie got his first little place, and then rose and rose because he was so clever and so 'ansome, till Mister Ambrose he took him to furrin parts with him, and didn't he look the gentleman when he come back. Lor, his old mother didn't know him! I wasn't so book larned as he—never could manage that—but I was grand at my needle, and made some of Miss Eva's wedding things, whilst pretty Jessie—"

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Barlow, compelled to interrupt the reminiscences, with which he was perfectly familiar. "Although your fire is so comfortable, and you look so cozy together, I'm afraid I must run away to some of the others, now. I only want to know if you have had any Christmas letter?"

"No, Sir, and it's just three years since Jessie sent her last Christmas present, that pretty handkercher, with 'her love to dear mother,' as she always did, but no word of Wallie, I'm afraid he's gone to the bad altogether. I did warn her aginast him, when I saw he was a comin' after her. He was older, you see, Sir, but he wasn't steady after them 'furrin parts,' he got above me, Sir, that's what he did; and Jessie had allus been superior like, and with her pretty face and quiet ways she looked quite the lady, she did; and, lor, all the things he used to promise her if she'd only say 'yes,' and then she did, more a the pity."

A very loud rap at the door, resulting in a scream from the startled narrator, and the entrance of Austin Burnaby, brought Mrs. Perry's reminiscences to an abrupt conclusion.

"What is it, Burnaby? Do you want me?" Inquired the Curate, rising hastily.

"No, I think not, if I can persuade Mrs. Bramly to go back with me, and stay the night at St. Alban's Mission House; Mrs. Ansted named Mrs. Johnson, but she seems bad with her leg, and Mrs. Bramly is, I know, a capital nurse."

"But, dear me, what's the matter, lad; no accident—my sister?" inquired Mr. Barlow, in some agitation.

"Your sister and Mrs. Ansted are both in open rebellion, and quarrelling with each other also—resolved upon staying the night to look after some one we have found in the cricket field, not quite snowed up, but she had lost her way, poor soul, and fell with a baby in her arms, hurting her foot, and so with Mrs. Burton's help we have knocked up accommodation for her in the vacant rooms. There's a delicate looking girl with her—they're not ordinary tramps, but the poor thing is too exhausted and in too much pain to say much."

Mrs. Bramly, who was accustomed to such sudden summonses, now professed herself ready to accompany Austin Burnaby; but this arrangement was overruled by the Curate, who announced his intention of himself going with her and fetching his sister home; and "I'll call at Dr. Lynn's, perhaps he had better see the patient."

"I met Lester, and sent him; but I would really rather go back with you, as there may be something wanted from the Rectory," urged Austin.

"I'll send some one if there is, it is not very late yet, but certainly past your dinner hour, so I would advise your going home; remember Mrs. Burnaby may be anxious about you, if your father is not, and perhaps, as you pass my house, you won't mind leaving a message that my sister and I will be home soon. Margaret will be worrying dreadfully, I expect, unless any news has reached her."

"Your sister dispatched one of the Burtons for some things which she thought Mrs. Barlow could supply, and explained what detained her."

In a few minutes the three had taken their departure, leaving poor Mrs. Perry in bewilderment and solitude. Her thoughts had travelled back so completely to the past, that, as she afterward expressed it, she felt "all of a twitter, and dazed like," and she'd agone herself if she'd had her wits about her, that she would, only with that "brownitus" of hers she didn't do much nursing in the winter, and it might have been bad for her, the night being so cold." As it was, she stirred up the fire to a more cheerful blaze, drew her rocking-chair closer to it, and began to try and take in the facts narrated, and to consider what a mercy the poor thing, with a baby and all, pretty dear, had been discovered; and she'd want to know all about it from Mrs. Bramly, and she did hope the old lady's liver wouldn't be the worst, but then, to be sure, she wasn't a going aloof. Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Bramly, in common with other elderly occupants of the Tenements, were much given to discussing their respective ailments; each listened to the other with wonderful patience, as details of former illnesses would be given, with the greatest minuteness as to varying symptoms and change of remedy. "Ah well, I never!" or a "To be sure!" testifying to the auditor's interest in narratives pretty well known by heart. Mrs. Bramly's chief ailment, as stated by the Parish doctor, was "a sluggish liver." She seemed greatly rejoiced at having a really definite possession in the way of infirmity, as a set-off to her friend's chronic "brownitus" and Mrs. Betts' "popelation," which, as has already been stated, caused her often "to drop with her art." When, however, Mrs. Bramly gave her version of the doctor's opinion of her case to the "visiting lady," the latter found it a difficult matter to preserve her gravity.

"Suffer pain, Ma'am? Yes, that I do, but you see it's all 'counted for nicely now—couldn't but be pain when as, the doctor say, I have a sluggish liver—then nasty slimy black things you see, Miss, goes a crawl'in' and a crawl'in' and a twistin' about my liver and inside me, and that's what gives the pain;

but it's a comfort in a sorter way to know what it is, and the doctor 'opes to do me good—s'pose I swallowed 'em in the fruit I ate when I was a girl, in the country. I was main fond of fruit in them times, that I was."

A bright cheery Christmas morning—all the bells in Bishops Langton Parish Church ringing in the "good tidings," merrily, and echoing bells, from sundry other Churches in that ancient town, responding musically. The air was clear and frosty, blue sky above, crisp snow beneath the feet of the many, wending their way to Church and Chapel. Some parts of the streets had been swept, but if the sun gathered strength there would be plenty of city slush ere night. Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Bramly, arm-in-arm for safety's sake, left the Tenements in good time, to secure their usual seats and have a good look at the decorations. Mrs. Bramly professed to be only a little bit tired—had had a fairish night as to naps, and was full of particulars of the discovery of the poor "rug woman," leaning against the shed in the cricket field, moaning with the pain of her foot and exhaustion. A girl of twelve or so, with pretty blue eyes and flaxen hair just like a doll, had made her way to the Mission Room to try and obtain help, guided by the lights in that building, just as Austin entered it in search of Miss Barlow's cloak.

Some trouble, which Mrs. Bramly did not rightly remember, had come upon them suddenly. Husband had deserted her—or turned them out of their home—that was months back. Since then the mother had been laid up in hospital for weeks—on her way South.

"But how came she to be lost in the snow here?"

"Seems they have some friends or relatives she thought of hunting up—the mother is such a gentle-spoken thing to be sure—looks worn and thin like, but they're not tramps at all, quite a better kind, you may tell by their clothes and way of talking. They'd come by train from Leicester, and then she took a fancy to finding her way on foot, poor soul, thinking she'd only a few yards to walk. The folks she wanted wasn't living where they used to."

"But they are in Bishops Langton?"

"Oh aye, sure enough, think she must have lived here once, for you see she talked of a many that's dead and gone; but we'll learn more about her if you've a mind to go and hear their carols in the chapel, this afternoon. I did half promise to step in and see how she be getting along, and we mostly walks together, don't us?" said Mrs. Bramly, with some excitement in her voice, and a quick, anxious look at her old friend, which, however, was quite lost upon the object of it—at that moment absorbed in rubbing the snow off her shoes, on to the church door-mat.

The old couple stood for a few moments, commenting to each other in loud whispers upon the beauty of the decorations. "It do look pretty, that it do,"—the verdict pronounced by one and echoed by the other—and then, as the congregation began to assemble early, made their way to the seats which custom had assigned them, immediately below the pulpit. It must be owned that Mrs. Bramly had some difficulty in keeping her thoughts concentrated upon the service that Christmas morning, hearty and joyous though it was, being in possession of a secret—knowing that a great joy, not unmingled with sorrow, was awaiting the old friend so reverently kneeling beside her.

"Decoration Days," as they termed the Church Festivals, were specially attractive to the inhabitants of the streets and alleys which formed the district of St. Alban. The extra singing and cheerful hymns may possibly have had a certain influence upon some of the occasional worshippers, but of those who scarcely ever attended services in church, chapel, or theatre, it might be said that they came "to see," rather than to worship or to hear; as when the little Church looked bright with flowers, or holly wreaths, the people who never otherwise entered its doors were sure to crowd in.

This Christmas morning formed no exception to the rule, although evening services were most popular—naturally, where the ladies of the household cook the dinner, and the gentlemen remain in bed till mid-day, resting after their six days' work.

Service over, kindly greetings and good wishes were exchanged amongst friends. Mr. Barlow, his wife and sister, Mrs. Ansted and others, went about

enough those personally known to them, as the congregation slowly dispersed, to wish a merry Christmas and inquire after those at home. Mrs. Betts, in her nice warm cloak, with her stalwart sailor son to lean upon, was not afraid of "dropping with the population in her art," and, for a while at least, forgot the presence of the two "catholics."

Mrs. Betts "boy him," as she and others were wont to call him, was a tall bearded man, with a pleasant, kindly face, not exactly handsome, but with a great pair of honest eyes, that could face either friend or foe, without flinching. The Barlow and many others gave him a hearty welcome, and his mother was not a little proud of the interest his appearance evidently excited. It was a sad trial to her when, after many years of steady opposition to his wishes, she found that nothing but a sea-faring life would suit him, and, but for Mr. Barlow's reasoning with her on the subject, she might still have thwarted him in her selfish longing to have him always near her.

Then, for his part, loved his mother dearly, and, ever since the one wish of his heart had been gratified, showed by his affection and care for her how much he appreciated the sacrifice she had made, yet even he could not realize the extent of it. Although one to sit and brood much over the sorrows of her life, and they were many, Mrs. Betts was not so given to talk about them to others. To be sure, she was a native of Bishop Langton; so one there had known her as a girl, during all those weary years when she had been in constant attendance upon an invalid mother, weak alike in body and mind. Only as a middle-aged woman, as she felt herself to be at five-and-thirty, had she been free to marry the man she had loved, and who had waited so patiently for her, for such long, long years. It was on a Christmas morning that he and she had stood together in Yarmouth Parish Church, and left it man and wife to settle in a little cottage of their own at Gorleston. They were not poorly off then: he was joint owner with a brother much younger than himself, of a fishing-smack, one of the many engaged in the porrie which beset the Deep Sea fishermen—dangers and difficulties and temptations of which we are only now beginning to know a little. Mrs. Betts' husband was good and kind to her. She never saw him the worse for his "glass," but she knew that in convivial moments he was somewhat too liberal in treating others, at least she thought it a pity that he should be quite so generous; but they were very happy together. Then came a little baby girl—very delicate and fragile, it is true, but perhaps all the dearer—to gladden their hearts; but the weeks and months of her husband's absence were always times of anxiety, to one no longer blessed with the hopefulness and buoyancy of youth. Also, her brother-in-law became a burthen and a trial, specially as he sinned their home with them. He was constantly getting into what he succinctly called "a quandary," and as constantly appealing, and not in vain, to his brother to get him out of it again; and if money sufficed for that result, the appeal was rarely made in vain. "Brother Jim," however, went on promising to turn over a new leaf, and made no effort to "turn it," he got mixed up with a "bad lot," and soon contracted the easily acquired habit of spending considerably more than his earnings. This state of things could not continue without some protest on Mrs. Betts' part, and very reluctantly her husband threatened Jim with a diminution of partnership, and also with ejection from the home, his conduct was rendering so far from a happy one. He often entered it very much the worse for his glass, either in sullen or quarrelsome moods, and the delicate child of three would start and tremble at the sound of Uncle Jim's rough voice. Only a week after Don's birth, in his drunken rage at her fear of him, he had given the child a blow which had well nigh killed her, and brought on an illness which lasted for weeks. This circumstance had one good result: through the influence of the doctor attending the poor little girl, Jim was induced to go to a Temperance lecture at Yarmouth—quite a novelty in those days—and eventually signed the pledge. A few happy weeks followed; all was once more harmony in the Betts' home, and feeling stronger and brighter than she had done for months, with her baby in her arms and little Katie twirling by her side, holding on to "Mammy's gown," the happy wife and mother walked down to Gorleston pier with lightened heart to see the boats put off and wave a last good-bye as she prayed, "God speed you both and give you good luck together!"

"Aye, eye, my lass, that will be never fear!" was the husband's chirry response that October evening, as they melted away in company with some dozen other smacks, of the dark blue fleet.

Three weeks later, and Mrs. Betts with her little ones is again at the head of Gorleston Pier, waiting—as some others are—"to see the boats come in." It is such a pretty sight that excursionists over "for the day," to Yarmouth, often cross to Gorleston just to watch them home. A neighbour of Mrs. Betts', also with a child in her arms, is amongst the few now to be seen, besides a sailor or two at the pier-head. There is a lady who has come all the way from Norwich not to miss the sight, and she wonders at the hush and quiet of the low standing there. There has been, to be sure, a tremendous storm in Norwich and the neighbourhood: trees blown down in rows—uprooted—torn away from wonderful depths; chimney stacks have tottered and fallen, and there has been danger lurking in the streets for unconscious pedestrians. But some days had elapsed since then, and there was no thought of "sorrow upon the sea," so calm, and still—bright in the light of the sun, not yet below the horizon. Some boats begin to come in, and the man at the pier-head calls out to each as it passes, and answers come back of loss sustained in nets, or spars, or other gear; still, the lady pacing the pier does not realize what has happened. She sees two women standing together, each with an infant in her arms, occasionally exchanging a few words in a low tone and watching—watching anxiously as boat after boat sails slowly in. One child she notices has bare feet, and looks pinched with cold; but the mother's gaze is fixed seaward, and she scarcely heeds the whimpering child, though pressing it closely to her breast. Moved by some undefined impulse, the stranger, young and girlish, but in deepest mourning, draws near to the two whom she has been watching with a growing interest, and pointing to the little bare feet; then touching them, she draws the mother's attention to them. They are soon wrapped up in the woman's shawl, as she says in reply to the lady's question, as to whether there is anything the matter, and what they are waiting for—

"We are waiting, lady, for my husband's boat, the 'Yarmouth Lass'—he is the skipper, and I essie here, my neighbour, has two brothers aboard her. We've been up all night, lady, neither couldn't sleep for the wind and the dread—there has been a terrible storm, you see." She shivered, and caught her breath with a sob, and the little girl, whose chill limbs were clasped in one of her arms, began to cry. It was cold standing there, but the women would not stir from the spot.

Just then the elder woman exclaimed, "There's the 'Skylark' coming in, for sure she'll bring us word." As the smack rounded the pier a sailor, leaning over, exchanged a few words with the skipper.

"What does he say? What news of the 'Yarmouth Lass'?"—the anguish of that look and tone would be a life-long memory—a half-second of silence, and then came the sad and solemn answer back

"If ye're bid, now it's all hands' end."

A wild burst of weeping from both women—then the elder with a great effort at self-control, cried quietly, just articulating the words—"My man, my man, that was no good to me, and poor Jim, ah! people little think of the dangers"—and then, as the thought of her loss came back to her, another burst of tears, and again an effort, doubtless for her lady's sake, to control her emotion.

One of the sailors who had been watching her furtively all the time, came forward and placed his rough hand kindly on the shoulder of the shivering, trembling woman, "I knew it, Jenny lass, last night; but I would not tell ye."

"Aye, did ye then? But ye might ha' felt me; I would rather ye had told me." It was a heart-rending scene, the visitor from Norwich drew near to speak a few kindly words: "My poor sister, I can feel for you. Look at me, I am as young as you, and I too am a widow. My husband died as suddenly on land as yours at sea, and both are in God's hands, and he is love—you know that?"

"Aye, I do; but oh! it's hard, it's hard."

Though making but a brief stay with an old school-fellow, after her recent heavy loss, Mrs. Thorpe contrived to visit Gorleston more than once, and through her friend's brother—the Rev. Edgar Barlow—remembered saluta-

tial assistance to Mrs. Betts during the long and fatal illness of her little girl. After this additional sorrow, she was easily persuaded to leave Gorton, more particularly as she was anxious to remove Ben from all possibility of being influenced to follow his father's calling. Mrs. Thorpe, having plenty of means and no family, put Ben to school, and helped his mother to obtain a situation as a nurse in her neighbourhood; when, some few years later, to Grace Barlow's extreme satisfaction, her old schoolfellow became her sister-in-law and settled at Bishops Langton. Mrs. Betts was not very long in establishing herself in the same town. Her broken health rendered her unfit for any very onerous duties, but she found enough employment in engagements by the day, till an unexpected annuity enabled her to rent the little cottage in Prospect Place, in which she and Ben are spending this happy Christmas Day. A very comfortable dinner they had together, in their small but cheerful sitting-room, full of all kinds of curiosities in the way of portraits of royal personages, paper flowers, and crystallised—looking rather like preserved fruits from a celebrated West End establishment. Little cupboards against the walls contained treasures in glass and china, very much rubbish with a few things which "a collector" would covet amongst them—all of value to the owner, and each with a history of its own, mostly connected with that past to which allusion has been made. Ben and she have plenty to talk about, over their substantial dinner, and then, as Mrs. Betts thinks she'll be the better for a nap, as a neighbour or two may drop in for tea, her son suggests turning out with his pipe, and having a look round the old place.

"Well, father, did you think I was never coming back? I'm sorry to be so late, but—"

"I suppose, my son, you were at 'The Acacias,' and did not know how time was going? (Tranny has been asking for you; she has scarcely seen you, you know," was the Vicar's rejoinder.

"Indeed I was not with the Barlows; in fact, the Rev. Edgar seemed rather inclined to snub me this morning. I can't imagine why. No; I have been at St. Alban's, partly to hear the carol singing and partly to have a long chat with our invalid guest; and do come into the drawing-room; I see Granny already seated in state, with her best cap, &c., and I will tell you all I have found out. Who do you think that delicate-looking woman turns out to be? Why, dear old Mrs. Perry's daughter-in-law! You should have seen the meeting between them, and her delight in her two grandchildren! I left her with the baby in her arms, and that pretty flaxen-haired girl nestling at her feet!"

"Is it anybody I have known at all about, Lovell?" inquired Mrs. Burnaby. "You may remember young Mrs. Perry's mother, as a very fashionable milliner and dressmaker in Robertson Street. She had been left a widow in very sad circumstances, and had herself always associated with gentlefolks; but having no gift for teaching, and considerable taste in the matter of feminine attire, she left all her old friends and settled here, about the time that we visited the Langtons at the Hall. The fact is impressed upon my memory, because at Eva's wedding I noticed a very pretty girl in the housekeeper's room, and Mrs. Langton said she was a protégée of hers, and often came up to do any special work, and was also a favourite of Mrs. Perry, their old nurse, and then she told me the history. Besides, I more than once met Walter Perry, who did not bear a very good character, lurking about the place when she chanced to be there. When I came to settle here, I found Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Bramly, once housekeeper at the Hall, living under the same roof, and the Langtons asked me to show them some little kindness. And so that pretty child has returned a widow with two children!"

"No, father. Her husband has left her—gone off. She does not know where, but neighbours told her he had left England; and now she has supported herself and the two children; but she is not quite destitute, I find. Some lady in Leicester has been a good friend to her, and taken care of savings from time to time, and that was why she went to Leicester, where she knocked up; but the lady had gone abroad suddenly, and her house being for the present shut up, the poor thing had her journey for nothing, and is altogether badly

off just now. Mrs. Barlow and Mrs. Ansted have been talking her case over—"

"And, doubtless, will find some way of helping her; meantime she may as well occupy those vacant rooms, if they can be made comfortable for her. But come, my son, we must prepare for our visitors. I think Mrs. Ansted is just driving in."

"How lovely the trees look with the sparkling snow upon them, don't they, mother? You'll entertain our friend for a moment or two, if I should be detained, as I have some orders to give to Barnos."

A very happy party they were that evening at the Vicarage, and Grace Barlow was especially gratified by Mrs. Burnaby's cordial greeting and kindly manner. The Vicar was no less friendly, and once made a jesting remark of treating her quite "as a daughter of the house," in asking her to preside over the tea-table, with Austin to assist her. It was a happy Christmas indeed to others besides Mrs. Betts and the Perry family, and Austin found an opportunity of inquiring if the Rev. Edgar Barlow had any personal objection to him as a brother-in-law, the Vicar being quite willing to put up the banns!

Four years have passed, and it is once more Christmas Day, and the congregations are dispersing to their homes from the churches in Bishops Langton; but Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Bramly have not occupied that seat beneath the pulpit, so long associated with them. Mrs. Bramly had a stroke last summer, and passed away without much suffering, and old Mrs. Perry has never quite got over the loss of her daily companionship. She is an inmate of one of the Almshouses now—rarely able to leave her bed from other ailments in addition to the 'brownitis'; but she is well looked after by that tall, gentle-mannered girl who calls her grandmother. "Clever with her books" from a child, and having had good teaching herself, she is now a most useful assistant to the mistress of the Parish Church Schools—only two or three minutes' walk from Grannie's are those large buildings—but recently erected. Her mother still lives in the Mission House, which has been made in part a training home for servants, and a refuge for young girls out of place, with no home of their own to go to. Mrs. Walter Perry is a handsome matronly woman, with plenty of energy and decision of character. She exercises a wholesome influence over the young people who come under her care, and is greatly beloved by them. Her dressmaking capabilities are occasionally in request, and she has a weekly class of instruction in the arts of cutting-out and making-up, for those seeking situations as ladies' maids, but not skilled in that essential part of their duty.

The people of Bishops Langton have been very kind to the deserted wife, in the days when her need of sympathy and helpful kindness were greatest. The four years have been fraught with blessings, for which she is not ungrateful; and with a full heart she has "given thanks" on this Christmas morning, for the mercies bestowed upon her. She and her daughter pause on their way from the Parish Church for a chat at the Almshouses, and find the old lady seated close to a cheerful fire, instead of being in bed as usual.

"Ah! I was wanting to see you, dearie, to wish you a merry Christmas, and also to ask you if you had seen young Betts—the sailor, you know—not that he is so young neither, in church. Mrs. Wills, she's been in, and says she's sure he was there—she's a sailor—but, for, one sailor's as like another as can be. Did you see him, Nellie child?"

"No, Grannie, that I didn't, but he might be there for all that. To be sure it was on a Christmas Day he came once before; the very Christmas we came here. I remember seeing him in St. Alban's Church that morning, and of course he helped Mr. Austin to carry mother down those awkward stairs to her carol. Her foot was bad."

"Ay, ay. I mind it all, lassie; just you run home, dear, and mother'll stay a bit with me, wait you. The dinner went spail, I dare say. Oh! I've had a swim, I couldn't wait, and I don't take much, you see—just a taste of the beer and peeling to know as it is Christmas Day."

She rambled on, as she often did, talking more to herself, and apparently

"I Wish You a Happy New Year."

forgetting the companion sitting quietly beside her. All at once she roused herself—

"I knew there was something as I wanted to tell you—there's a letter somewhere on the chimney, come last night; I couldn't read it myself. Just you see to it, and tell us what's inside, and who it's from. Have you got it?"

"Yes, mother."

"Why, whatever is it, child? What makes you look so sad of a sudden? Is it—"

"Yes—yes, it is—it's from Walter."

The old woman was trembling violently—

"I had a feeling as something 'out of the common were going to happen—is he well, dearie? and is he coming home?"

"He is well, dear old mother, and he has come home to be a better son and husband, please God, than in the years gone by," said a voice in the doorway, and the next moment husband and wife, mother and son were reunited in a loving embrace.

And Walter Perry kept his word. His hair is white, and he looks even older than he is, for hard work following upon an intemperate life have told upon him; but he has learned to save, and having earned good wages with a sheep farmer out in Australia, he has brought home a comfortable little sum to fall back upon, when times are bad and work slack, or illness puts a stop to fresh earnings.

Mrs. Ansted, active as ever, will have to assist the Vicar in finding a suitable successor to Mrs. Walter Perry, whose husband intends renting a little cottage with a nice bit of garden ground, just out of the town; and there he may perhaps succeed in persuading his mother to join them. But her days are well-nigh numbered, and she is little likely to bear removal from the Almshouses. Mrs. Betta has also ended her suffering life. Her son and Walter Perry came to know each other in Australia, and were in the same ship returning home, and thus Walter heard all the news of his wife and family, and knew where to look for them on his return.

The Karlova may often be seen in Bishop's Langton, as they drive a very pretty pony carriage, and live but a few miles away. Mr. Karlow being Incumbent of a neighbouring parish. And living happily with her father-in-law, in the old vicarage house, Mrs. Austin Burnaby has never regretted having given an affirmative answer to the important question asked, someone affirmed under a mistletoe bough on that Christmas Day, more than four years ago. Y. S. N.

"I WISH YOU A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

"Come, let us be merry for once;

In truth, we've been mournful too long;

And you, my dear friends, for the nonce,

Assist an old bard in his song.

If I falter or waver the least,

Do you, like a silver bell clear,

Ring out, as it were for a feast,

"I wish you a happy New Year!"

"And thou, my dear brother and friend,

Whose worth I lack words to express,

Mayst thou to a far distant end

Still find it thy blessing to bless;

May the sun of prosperity bright

Keep thee from adversity clear,

And leave us to sing with delight,

"I wish you a happy New Year!"

"Ye sons of affliction and grief—

Hard parents are they, I've no doubt—

May the hand of quick-coming relief

Sponge all your sad memories out;

And, lifting you up from the dust,

Give you robes of rejoicing to wear,

And make you to sing, as I must,

"I wish you a happy New Year!"

The Scroll of Ironout.

BRO. SAMUEL HUDSON, P.H.C.R.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

BRO. SAMUEL HUDSON, the late High Chief Ranger of the Order, though now resident in Leicester, is a Yorkshireman by birth and breeding. His father was a native of Keighley and his mother of Alverthorpe, close to Wakefield, both in the shire of broad acres. It was in Alverthorpe that Bro. Hudson was born on October 7th, 1840.

From Alverthorpe he was taken when a child to Pontefract, not so far away, where he obtained the rudiments of knowledge in the National School. Then at eleven years of age, he and his parents removed to Castleford, a few miles from Pontefract, and his residence there probably influenced considerably his future career. Here he went for three years to a private school, kept by Mr. Wm. Hirst. Castleford is a little inland port on the Aire, which can be reached by small vessels from the Ouse and Humber. By some means Bro. Hudson imbibed a love for the sea, a not uncommon occurrence amongst youths of his then age. After much entreaty his parents consented, and, at the age of fourteen years, he embarked on board the "billyboy" *Cosmopolite* of Goole, a class of vessel built like a Dutch galliot, not now often met with. He was two years in that vessel, and during the third year he served in two other "billyboys," and then in a "fruiter" that went to St. Michael's in the Azores to fetch oranges. After this he was bound apprentice for three years to a shipowner in Wapping, and served on board the brig *Loisa*. During his term of apprenticeship he voyaged up the Mediterranean to the island of Corfu in the Adriatic, to Fernando Po, to the Cape of Hope, and to Quebec. At the expiration of his term, he was appointed second mate of the *Loisa*, but left her at Montreal by permission of the Captain, to take the position of mate on the barque *Falcon*, in the place of the mate who had gone to hospital and died there. This was his last voyage, for on his return to England Bro. Hudson, finding his parents had gone to live at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, determined to settle on shore in the same place. To show the dangers and vicissitudes of his early life, it may be mentioned that, amongst other narrow escapes, the vessel in which Bro. Hudson sailed to the Mediterranean was totally dismantled off Cape St. Vincent. Another time when in Table Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope, where he lay three months, his vessel lost all her three anchors, and just as one that had been sent from shore was made fast to the windlass the ship drifted under the bows of another vessel, and was saved from going on shore and being broken up. But his most remarkable escape was at Montreal. As stated, he there changed from the *Loisa* to the *Falcon*. On her return voyage from Montreal the *Loisa* was lost in the Atlantic, and never heard of afterwards.

When Bro. Hudson went to Kettering, being then about twenty-one years of age, he bound himself to serve for two years to learn the art and mystery of shoemaking. In that business he has since been engaged. At the end of his two years servitude he had an offer of a situation in Leicester as manager of a boot-upper manufactory, which offer was accepted. Bro. Hudson has been a resident in Leicester since that date; and after some time passed in the service of other people, he began business as a boot manufacturer, first with a partner, but now—at Kiggrave on the outskirts of Leicester—on his own account.

Bro. Hudson's first connection with Forestry was in 1863, by his initiation into Court Forestry, No. 2488. From the first night he took an interest in Forestry, and within twelve months was made Sub-Chief, following up by being elected Chief Ranger. In 1870 he was appointed a Trustee of his Court, a position he yet holds. After good work in his Court, he was brought more prominently into notice in the District by first being Treasurer, and afterwards Secretary to the Foresters' Demonstration Committee. At the first District Meeting he attended, in 1873, he was appointed one of the District Auditors.

Another writer in a Scotch journal says:—

There is another phase of the question bearing upon Friendly Societies of equal, if not of more importance than the individual distress relieved by their declarations of failure—either would may be said to characterize the condition of the aggregate. The physical suffering of the individual might be readily overcome. We might see for all who are unfortunate in the ordinary law made provisions. If you refer to society in the case of your own household—say an elderly and feeble creature have done our duty. That would dispose of the personal part of it, supplying the materialities of modern philosophy had so penetrated the hearts and minds of our citizens as to induce them to act upon this declaration, and feel that it was enough. But even then we are thrown headlong into the arms of a difficulty which modernity itself must recognize. The moral wrong, aggravated by failing beneficent societies is not confined to the individual sufferer or his family. It extends to all who are brought into contact with his case, or who hear of it. In the face of his misfortune, sympathies become the proper rule of his amongst them. It is in sufficient strength, to provide for emergency, or the necessary feelings of age, youth and strength. "What's the good of savings, when we see no better in the end than if we had spent the money and enjoyed ourselves with it? We get some good out of it that way: we get none the other." The result of such an argument must seriously affect the pockets of every taxpayer; and hence the necessity for a thorough reformation of the system on which Friendly Societies are conducted becomes one in which every landlord has a pressing and direct interest.

The remedies proposed by the last writer we have quoted from, are well worthy of the most serious attention on the part of all concerned in the good management and complete success of the *real* Benefit Societies of the kingdom. We subjoin his proposals:—

The remedy for the abuses of which we complain is clear enough, and the difficulty in the way of its achievement are not of a nature to render a vigorous attack on them impracticable or futile. First, a Register who must register every society which complies with certain incomplete conditions, is an anomaly, and should either be removed, or intrusted with the power of placing his veto upon the formation of any society whose tables were fraudulent or even doubtful. As present Mr. Tidd's bill has nothing to do with the completion of a society's conditions; hence the conditions on which they are registered are incomplete, and an association is permitted to start with the apparent sanction of Parliament, while the inevitable result of its false basis of action must be ruin sooner or later to the last subscribers connected with it. The Register himself enquires annually, in his reports of this kind, "Second, existing societies should undergo a thorough investigation as to the relative position of their funds and tables. The return once admitted for as much as closed, and what assets they possess divided amongst the subscribers in proportion to their payments. And third, it should be made impossible in the future for any society to be started which was not perfectly sound in its tables of mortality and general arrangements. This is a sweeping reform, we are aware—but nothing short of this will effect a cure for the evil which exists so badly for remedy. Subscribers would probably find that they had something more to pay than formerly for the insurance of the same benefits, but they would be certain to obtain them. The experience of management—and there lies the real germ of the trouble—would be reduced by the very necessity of keeping subscriptions at a certain level, and that would limit the increase considerably. Fraud would be much more easily detected, and, therefore, more easily punished. For these advantages there are few members of those associations who would not willingly endure some present inconveniences.

Investigation first, so as to bring into high relief the evils which have to be exposed or guarded against; and then the remedies for admitted or latent defects—remedies full, complete, adequate, and effective. Such is the course which will have to be pursued.

THE RAINY SUNDAY.

WHAT a boon to thousands is a fine Sunday! Thousands win, living by daily toil, on no other day may wander forth to breathe the pure air of heaven, and gaze on the fresh sweet face of nature.

It is Sunday afternoon, and the sun is shining brightly. How covered is the common with quickly moving forms; how populous the breezy downs and thronged the green lanes; how light the echoing laughter and cheerful the faces of the rural-pleasure seekers. The artisan, whose days are spent among the roar of furnaces, or the whirling of mighty wheels, leads forth his little ones into the quiet country, to sport over the fresh green grass, while his wife follows with their youngest born, a pleased smile playing over her pale features; and, perhaps, by her side an aged parent. The spruce shopkeeper, too, is there, with his well-dressed wife, enjoying their weekly holiday. And his dapper assistant, accompanied by the young dressmaker, are wandering over the sunny hills.

And in the lanes stroll happy lovers and young wedded couples yet happier than they, climbing the grassy banks, and looking over the fragrant hedge-rows at the ripening wheat, waving in the breeze like a golden sea, or pausing before the little cottage gardens, and fully deciding, were a country life theirs, which would be their choice. But among all this heart-beat light, no smile was more joyous, than that of the young and beautiful Agnes Reeves, as she loitered beneath a sparkling streamlet with her companion, a rather handsome young man.

While they were engaged gathering field-flowers a young man, following the same path, overtook them. He was neither so tall, so fresh-colored, nor so bright-eyed as Agnes' companion; but there was a softness in the dark eye, a thoughtfulness on the calm brow, and an expression of self-command about the well-formed mouth, that would possess the unbiased observer in favour of Henry Slade. It was evident by his start, and the flush that mounted to his pale brow, that the rencontre was unexpected, and, perhaps, not altogether indifferent to him. But he passed by quickly with merely a bow to Agnes, and disengaging the little book in his hand, two or three of whose leaves were acquired by small sprigs of plants.

"Now, that's a man I despise," said Greyling, as he shook the water from the lilies, and presented them to Agnes.

"And why?" said Agnes, innocently.

"Because he pretends to know everything, and I don't believe he knows a bit more than other people."

"How satirical you are," said Agnes, who had long known Slade, and reckoned him; and, though she knew it not, even the object of his silent yet devoted affection. But the shrewd Greyling was too powerful a rival for the quiet and diffident Slade; and Agnes soon evinced a preference for the former that induced her more timid-minded suitor to withdraw. And yet Agnes' young imagination and

her vanity were more excited than her heart touched by the obsequious attentions of the young grocer's assistant, who shone a bright star in his narrow hemisphere; so that to have won his heart was esteemed the greatest triumph which Agnes Reeves' beauty could achieve.

"And what do you think he is going to do with the herbs in that book? Why make simples of them, himself the greatest simple among them. He had much better stick to his glue!" and he laughed at his own wit, for Slade was a journeyman cabinet-maker.

"But how do you know?" inquired Agnes.

"Why, Bob Hunt told me. Bob's a clever fellow, and knows more than half the Mechanics' Institute men in the city."

Chatting on this way, they arrived at the door of Agnes' mother, a widow who kept a small lace shop, in which her daughter assisted. A happy and careless life had Agnes always led, untrammelled by a single sorrow, for her father had died ere she was old enough to grieve for his loss; and she was the only child of a mother who almost idolised her; while their circumstances, though humble, were comparatively easy. This buoyant and shadowless spirit it was, perhaps, that made her prefer the society of the gay, frivolous, and thoughtless Greyling to that of the more serious and unobtrusive Slade.

The week passed on with its toils, its trials, and its cares, and again the dawn of the Sabbath broke over the sky. But now no gleaming sunbeams greeted the opening eyes of they who had reckoned on the coming day's excursion. The rain came down in torrents, the wind swept with angry roar above the houses, and rushed fitfully along the almost empty streets, while the homeless beggar and the masterless dog sought shelter beneath the archways from the pelting rain and the chilling blast. But amid all this depression and discomfort there was one cheerful sound, the echoing church bells that proclaimed the coming hour of prayer.

Great was the disappointment of the sons and daughters of toil; greater than the rich, who have six days for amusement, can conceive. Notwithstanding the rain, Agnes and her mother had gone to church in the morning; and when dinner was over, Agnes, dressed most becomingly, placed herself by the window to await the arrival of Greyling.

The hour came and went by; but though many steps passed the widow's door, none stopped there. Another hour crept on; still they were alone, and Agnes began to grow impatient.

"I cannot think what detains him," she remarked; "he promised to be here early. To be sure it was to walk; but though he cannot walk, he might at least have come to see us, mother."

"I think so, too, my dear," replied Mrs. Reeves, quietly, looking up from the Bible she was reading.

Agnes resolved to emulate her mother's patience, and, to while away the time, looked round for a book. But Agnes was not fond of reading; that spring of varying, yet constant delight was a sealed fountain to her senses. She had never opened a book since she left school, and now the only one that she could find was an old English

reader. But that had been so often read from necessity, that it seemed impossible to peruse it from choice.

At last another hour dragged its weary length along, and Agnes was fairly indignant at Greyling, and wearied of her own society. Suddenly resolving to rid herself of the last-named burden, and that if the better now came he should not find her awaiting him, Agnes observed to her mother she thought of going for an hour to see Mrs. Naylor, who lived a few doors down the street.

"Very well, my dear," replied the easy-tempered woman, "only take care not to get your feet wet, and remember to be back in time for tea."

"Oh! is it not a miserable long day?" said Agnes, as in compliance with Mrs. Naylor's invitation, she lay aside her bonnet and shawl.

"Well, it is a very bad day," replied Naylor, "but as we have had so many fine Sundays we must not complain. And I've been reading all the afternoon to Mary and the children, and we did not find the day long, did we, Mary?"

"No, indeed, I thought the book so very interesting," said Mrs. Naylor.

"Pray, don't let me interrupt you," said Agnes faintly, for she had come for an hour's "chat," and now expected to be bored.

"Well, then, I'll read on," said Naylor, cheerfully; it will at least be better than gossiping about our neighbours, and I am afraid none of us are good enough to talk all the afternoon of what we have heard at church."

The book was an interesting one, detailing the difficulties, privations, and contrivances of a party of early settlers in America, and the success that infinitely blessed their endeavours; and interspersed were short descriptions of the scenery and productions of the country through which they were passing, and accounts of the natives they encountered.

Mrs. Naylor and her older children listened in absorbed silence, and Agnes at first was politely attentive; but after a short time, to her own surprise, she found herself taking an interest in the relation, which gradually increased to such a degree, that when at length there was a knock at the door, and little Ellen Naylor rose to open it, she felt the interruption unwelcome, which at the beginning she would have hailed as a relief.

The new visitor proved to be Henry Slade. He entered with a smile, but at the unexpected sight of Agnes, hesitated and became visibly embarrassed. For Slade was ever a shy man, and consciousness respecting his still unchanged feelings for Agnes made him doubly so in her presence. But Naylor, divining the cause of his confusion, good-naturedly made a diversion by offering a chair near himself, and entering into conversation. Slade's errand was soon told; he had come to return a borrowed volume on natural history.

Then, after a time, the little book with the "simples" was produced, and proved to be an elementary treatise on botany; and when the plants and botanical specimens were exhibited, Agnes'

indignation at the assurance and ignorance of the lover whose neglect had offended her, was complete; for the first time she saw him in something like his true colours. Yet after her first feelings of anger at Greyling for uttering such falsehoods, and shame at herself for crediting them, she listened with the greatest interest to the conversation of Naylor and Slade. To her uncalloused mind, it was as though a new light had burst upon her sight, and a new world displayed before her eyes, and her mother's tea hour was some time just ere she thought of rising to depart.

But this Mrs. Naylor would not hear of; Mr. Slade was going to stay to tea, she said, and so must Agnes.

Agnes pleaded her mother's expiring plea.

"Jint Naylor shall go and persuade her to come down."

"I will go," said Slade, quickly: "I have not seen Mrs. Reeves for a long time. I will endeavour to bring her back with me."

"No, there's a good fellow," said Naylor, as Slade took his hat. Agnes said nothing, she was too much astonished; for Slade had scarce spoken to her since he came in, though he had glanced at her frequently. But Agnes was too much accustomed to be looked at to think anything of that, and this eagerness to retain her society fairly took her by surprise.

In a few minutes Slade returned, accompanied by Mrs. Reeves, with whom he was a great favourite.

The evening passed quickly away. Naylor, whose memory was good, and manner of relating the gems of his reading agreeable, was full of pleasant conversation and witty anecdote; friends were never in his house reduced to the necessity of gossip to kill time; and Slade, his shyness once overcome, seconded him ably.

And then the conversation took such a pleasing and instructive turn, and Naylor showed himself in such a new light, that Agnes thought that rainy Sunday about the pleasantest she had ever spent; and went home to dream, not of Greyling and his delinquencies, but of Naylor and Slade, and the many new ideas their conversation had aroused in her mind. She awoke next morning with a full recollection of the past night, and the echo of Slade's measured tones vibrating in her ears.

But how had Greyling passed his rainy Sunday? He was awoke early by the wind roaring down the chimney, and the rain dashing against the window-panes, as though to arouse the sluggish within—for on Sundays Greyling rarely rose before eleven. "What was the use of people rising early when they were not obliged to be used to say, 'unless they wanted to go to church, which *he* never did.'" And now he awoke, but it was only to grumble and complain, and then he again lay down, to endeavour to while away in sleep some of the laggard hours. At dinner time he rose, battered over it as long as possible, then lounged to the window, and looked dully at the weeping skies. Then he thought of Agnes Reeves, and sighed.

"Precious dull work to sit all the afternoon with two women. I think I'll go to Job Hunt's, and see what he's up to."

And to Job Hunt's he accordingly went. He found Hunt just preparing to go out, and inquired his destination.

"Why, I am just going down to Tom Barton's, to hear what's going on," said Hunt: "Tom always knows all the news of the neighbourhood. Will you come?"

Greyling was, in his own words, "perfectly agreeable"—a fortunate circumstance, if others shared his opinion; and the two young men started for the house of Barton, who was assistant to a rather next door to the shop in which Greyling and Hunt were employed.

They found him they sought leaning just inside his open doorway, with his coat off, and a long clay pipe in his mouth. He was a married man, and had long laid aside the staidness which distinguished his friends. Barton received them cordially and ushered them into the little parlour, where Mrs. Barton, a well-dressed woman, with a fair, unmeaning face, sat reading half a newspaper, while her two youngest children squabbled noisily for the sole possession of a wooden horse, and the eldest was endeavouring to spell out the column of accidents in the other half of the journal.

"Is that this week's paper, Mrs. Barton?" said Greyling, about an hour after their arrival, when they had satisfactorily settled the affairs of divers of their neighbours. "Is there any news in it?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Barton, "a great deal—there has been such a horrible murder. That's what I like of this paper, it always gives a full account of the murders."

"Oh, do read it—I'm so fond of a murder!" exclaimed Hunt, rubbing his hands gleefully.

Greyling accordingly read a detailed account of one of those atrocious crimes that ever and anon degrade humanity by showing what a monster man may become under the influence of evil passions.

During the recital Mrs. Barton frequently exclaimed:—"How horrible!" "how shocking!" "what an inhuman wretch!" "what an unmanly villain!" &c., never considering for a moment whether it was not unwomanly in her to listen, when it might be avoided, to tales of violence and bloodshed.

"I think that was a more horrible murder, some years ago, of Clive's," said Hunt.

"What was it?" said Mrs. Barton.

And the fearful tale was told, and was but the precursor of many others, at which a shudder would come over the frames of the hearers, until even Mrs. Barton's love of the horrible was satisfied. Then the conversation diverged to murder and robbery, and then to simple robbery, a subject in which Mrs. Barton took little interest; therefore she strolled to the back door to look out at the weather, and the children followed. There were back verandahs all along the row, and her next neighbour happening to look out at the same time, she and Mrs. Barton passed the next two hours very pleasantly, if not profitably, in wondering and guessing, not always charitably, at the means by which some of their acquaintances had brought up large families creditably upon small incomes, and in communicating on all the little flirtations, and enjoying the "jests" and the "wher-fors" of all the fallings-out and makings-up among the young people of the

neighbourhood—for if people have not worthy subjects of conversation they are sure to find unworthy ones.

Many, strange, and wild, were the tales told during that interval in Barton's little parlour, of bold and daring robberies on whose perpetrators even time had shed no light, and of others who would have escaped unsuspected but for their own confessions. And then the conversation diverged to the facility with which robberies might often be committed if people were to try.

"Now, for instance," said Hunt, "nothing could be easier than for any one to rob our till."

"Yes, for you who are in the shop," said Barton, laughing; "and nothing easier than to be suspected afterwards."

"No, indeed, my dear fellow; nothing of the sort," interrupted Hunt, and he proceeded to describe a part about the shop door where the fastenings were defective, and an entrance might with little difficulty be made; adding, laughingly, that at times it would be worth somebody's while, if they only knew it, for that their "governor" left the money in the till all the week till Saturday night.

"A very foolish thing for him to do," said Barton; "now there's mine, he takes it out every evening."

Here Mrs. Barton entered to make tea, of which the two guests partook; and not till the midnight hour was striking did they take their departure, having spent, to their notions, a pleasant Sunday for a rainy one.

Again the week rolled on its usual course; Greyling and Hunt waited on Mr. Turner's customers; Greyling tried to look handsome, and Hunt did his best to be witty, with much about their usual success. At length it was Saturday, the busiest day in the week, and the two young men were early on their post. They entered, as usual, by the private door, and immediately opened the shop; but great was the confusion and consternation that ensued. The shop had been entered and robbed since the previous evening; all the money in the till was taken, and also some packets of the best tea, and other fine groceries of small bulk. The police were at once called in, and every search and inquiry made. The mode of the thieves' entry was readily discovered: it was by the door, and some sharp instrument had evidently been used to facilitate it. The till was broken open, and so was the desk, and the shop was in considerable disorder; but no indication of who were the perpetrators was to be found; still the police expressed hopes that they should yet be able to trace the offenders, and Mr. Turner offered a reward for their discovery.

Again it was Sunday, and the flowers were glowing, and the water glancing beneath the sun's bright rays, and at the accustomed hour, arrayed in his very best, Greyling set forth for the abode of Agnes Rivers. He had knocked, and Agnes had just submitted him, and there was a bright smile on his lips as he gaily accosted her, when a stranger came up the steps.

"Thomas Greyling?" he said.

"Well," replied Greyling, coolly.

"I arrest you on a charge of robbery," said the stranger, throwing open his overcoat, and discovering his police uniform beneath.

Agnes uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror.

"I'm perfectly innocent," said Greyling boldly, though he changed colour, "and I defy you to prove to the contrary."

"That I leave to others," said the policeman quickly, "all I require at present is that you accompany me to the police office, and I hope you will go quietly."

Greyling hesitated a moment. "Oh, yes, certainly," he said.

And with a bow he left the house, accompanied by his unwished-for escort, leaving Agnes perfectly bewildered. She had awaited Greyling's visit that day in no kindly spirit, for he had greatly sunk in her estimation since they had last met, and his unalashed smiling entrance was not in his favour. But this unexpected charge and capture in her very presence, thought she could not understand to what they referred, nor for a moment suspected Greyling might be guilty, shocked and alarmed her.

We must now tell her suspicion of being concerned in the robbery of his master's shop chanced to fall on Greyling. On Sunday morning a poor wretchedly-clad young man stood reading the placard offering £25 for information that should lead to the conviction of those who had perpetrated the robbery on Mr. Turner. He turned away; a policeman was passing at the moment, whom he stopped, telling him he thought he could give him the requisite information.

The youth's story was a clear one. He was a bricklayer's labourer, and in consequence of his master having finished an extensive work on which he had been engaged, he, with several others, had been discharged; since then he had earned a precarious subsistence by going errands and doing odd jobs. On Friday a person had engaged him to do a job at some distance: he was late on his return, and feeling weary, had sat down on a door-step to rest, and there fallen asleep. When he awoke it was long past midnight, and he was about to proceed home, when suddenly three men issued from the door of an opposite shop, and closed it very cautiously. A gas-light was burning above the door, and he distinctly saw the name of Turner over the shop in gilt letters, as well as the persons of the men, one of whom was tall, with prominent features, and a bright colour; another rather small and slender, with a swaggering walk, and whiskers very forward on his chin; while the third was dark and stout, rolled a pipe in his walk, and carried a shining weapon or instrument in his hand. He admitted that he thought at the moment that they had committed a robbery, but had no sufficient motive to follow them, as he was alone, and they were three men, and probably armed.

The two first descriptions bore so close a resemblance to those of Mr. Turner's two shopmen, and the third to that of his next neighbour's assistant, that they were immediately apprehended, and their dwellings ordered to be searched. When the policeman called at the abode of Greyling, he learned that he had just gone out, and was directed to Mrs. Reeves.

The evidence against them at the preliminary examination was very clear and conclusive. The black-larver's labourer identified all of them without hesitation. Some of the missing property had been found in the possession of each, as well as a considerable sum of money in gold, silver, and notes, which last Mr. Turner, from knowing the numbers, could swear to having put in his desk, as well as an instrument capable of opening the door, which they were suspected of having left partially unfastened. The landladies of neither Greyling nor Hunt could tell at what hour they returned home, as they had passed, and were rarely in at the time the families retired to rest. On Friday night they were out.

On this evidence they were committed, tried, and convicted, without even the jury leaving the box; for they had nothing to say in their own defence. The sentence was transportation for seven years. Thus did men who possessed a respectable station, and every requisite, as well as most of the comforts of life, reduce themselves by their own act to the miserable and ignominious condition of felons. Yet on the morning of that rainy Sunday they had arisen without any especial thought of evil. But all they valued in life was the glare and the glitter, the ease and the enjoyment, which cannot suffice for the happiness even of those who may lawfully indulge them. They regarded not the wants of the immortal soul, nor heeded the cultivation of the mind. And they now learned, by the sad teachings of experience, that unprofitable conversation sometimes lead to evil; for fill they discussed the case with which such an act could be committed, the thought of robbery had never occurred to them. But their minds were ill-regulated, their love of show and pleasure was great, and we have seen how readily they fell before temptation.

Till the law of the land proclaimed Greyling guilty, Agnes Reeves fully believed him innocent. She could not realise such guilt in the man she knew so well, though now she could perceive he was vain, ignorant, and boastful; and for those reasons, if for no others, she had resolved never to unite her lot in life with his.

We have said that her imagination and girlish vanity had been more interested than her heart, or it might be she had been less ready to perceive his defects, less resolute in casting him off. Yet though she had determined to discard him, it was very difficult to believe he could be so utterly unworthy, and she clung as long as she could to the thought that he was guiltless. But the evidence against Greyling allowed no doubts to linger in her mind; and when the sentence that rendered him a convict was pronounced, nothing could exceed her horror, regret, and shame. Horror at the act, sincere regret for Greyling's fate, and deep and lasting shame that her name should ever have been mentioned or thought of in connection with his. Yet, mingled with this was another feeling, more deep and fervent than had ever before thrilled her heart—that of thankfulness that the mist had been swept away ere she had precipitated herself into the abyss on whose brink she unconsciously had stood.

Greyling had not trod the land of his banishment many months, ere the heart and hand of Agnes Reeves were plighted to Henry Blake, who had loved her even when he withdrew before the pretensions of his showy rival. But Agnes had now learned to distinguish between show and worth; and she regarded the sedate yet cheerful and unpretending Blake, in his plain suit of black, with an affection and confidence such as the gay-mannered and gaily-clad Greyling had failed to inspire. And many a time, during the happy and well-spent days that followed, had Agnes cause to remember the Rainy Sunday.

AGAIN!

Oh sweet and fair! oh rich and rare!
That day so long ago,
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow,
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore;
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
For ever, evermore.

Oh fit and few! oh tried and true!
The friends who met that day,
Each one the other's spirit knew;
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore;
We said, 'Such days shall come again
For ever, evermore.'

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast,
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like—unlike—evermore,

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discord in an undertone
And marred the harmony.
'The past is ours, not yours,' they said,
'The waves that beat the shore',
Though like the same, are not the same,
Oh! never, never more!

Freedom.

Daring thoughts to-day are surging in the world's
narrow lanes,
And her stifled hopes are streaming with an ominous
current;
Now a vague impulse is bounding over coast and
moor and dale,
And the Czar and Kings are dreaming that their day
of doom has come,
For the world upheaves for freedom and she will not
strive in vain,
As of old when racial hatred darkened all her heart
and brain.
The estranging bars are falling from her children
overmoor,
Till the foremen turn to brothers, knowing neither
rich nor poor;
Sharing all the gifts of science and her wonders
unfolding;
All the glory of her triumphs over nature's want and
will;
Sharing each in her revealing of the wonders near and
far,
All the sparkle of the shell and all the splendour of
the star.

So the prettiest his glamour, but the miserable poor
have no share in winter's glory, but for them disasters
are,
But the cordial, slushy alley, and the broken, icy
stair,
The dripping roofs and cheerless streets, their ugly
houses and bare.
They know how little children, in the weird December
shiver round their empty grates, and how their
mothers in affright
Shun the drunken wretch who sought, from his
frenzy of despair,
Refuge in the dandy gin-shop, till he left his mask
there.
Oh, the hapless ones that infant lips so vainly ask for
bread,
While the shameless killers riot in the wealth their
hands have made;
Ah, the human souls that sink to gulls that hold their
overmoor,
When the winter's icy spectre brings starvation to the

W.N.C.

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SHEFFIELD.—With deep regret we record the death, on August 18, of **Br James Cowlshaw**, of the Briton's Reformation Lodge. He was born in the pe of the Manor Castle, which castle descended from the Lovetots to the Lor Farnival, and passed from them to the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, a subsequently to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, in whose family the lordst of the manor is still vested. Associated with the castle in its later hist and fortunes was the Manor House, a summer residence of the Talbc situated on the Lark Hill, a commanding eminence overlooking the to of Sheffield, and a rich, diversified tract of country beyond. The cas and the Manor House are for ever identified with the memory of M. Queen of Scots. Here Mary became the envy of her sex, surpassing most accomplished in the elegance and fluency of her language, the gr and loveliness of her movements, and the charm of her whole manner i behaviour; for here she spent about fourteen years of her unhappy lif prisoner within their precincts. It was very near this place that Ja Cowlshaw was born. His father was a member of the Wesleyan Metho Society, and all his children are members of the Methodist Society. was also highly esteemed as a local preacher. He was born and brow up in humble circumstances, and was apprenticed to forge blades for i knives, but had ultimately to forsake his trade and seek employment at Manor Colliery. The proprietors were not long before they saw in hi most valuable servant, and they appointed him as overseer of their yard. was a modest, unassuming, unpretentious man, was highly respected most warmly appreciated by all the Manor people, and he leaves behind a little host of Cowlshaws to carry on the work their respected fathe gloriously commenced. At the conclusion of the religious funeral service, Grand Master of the District (W. R. Storey) was prepared to read the (fellows' service, but, having failed to give the required notice, it could ne read; but the Manor singers sang a most consolatory hymn.

Thy Neighbour.

ADAPTED BY P.F.G.M. COALES, STONY STRATFORD DISTRICT.

- Thy neighbour? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart, or burning brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.
- Thy neighbour? 'Tis the fainting poor
Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and comfort him.
- Thy neighbour? 'Tis the weary man
Whose years are at their brim;
But low with sickness, care, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.
- Thy neighbour? 'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widows and orphans helpless left—
Go thou and comfort them.
- Thy neighbour? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave—
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
 Less favoured than thine own,
 Remember 'tis thy neighbour born,
 Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh! pass not, pass not heedless by,
 Perhaps thou canst redeem
 The breaking heart from misery—
 Go share thy lot with him.

The "Oddfellows' Magazine" at the Free Libraries, &c.

OUR Magazine is now placed regularly on the tables of the following Free Libraries, &c.:-

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| " Co-op. Reading-room. | Working Men's Club. |
| Ashford (Liberal Club). | Kidderminster. |
| Ashton-under-Lyne [room]. | Leeds. |
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GOOD AND EVIL.—Good in this world cannot be done without evil. Evil is but the shadow that inseparably accompanies good. You may have a world without shadow; but it must be a world without light—a mere dim, twilight world. If you would deepen the intensity of the light, you must be content to bring into deeper blackness and more distinct and definite outline the shade that accompanies it.

UNITED EFFORTS.

WHY idly stand, and live alone,
My brother, day by day—
Is there not work for willing hands
Upon the world's highway ?
Oh yes ! my good and faithful friend,
There's work for me and you ;
And what can labour not attain,
When men are firm and true ?

United efforts build the ship
That ploughs the stormy main ;
By many hands the decks are mann'd,
And thus great ends they gain.
United efforts form the bridge
That spans the road and stream—
O'er which the ponderous engine speeds
By giant power of steam.

“ What need have I to join the cause ? ”
You sometimes hear men say,
As if there was no place for them
Upon the great highway ;
Yet 'tis but want of earnest thought
That prompts them thus to speak :
There's need of each and every one
Who man's advancement seek.

The woodsmen of the olden times
Found need of friendly aid,
When hunger'd and athirst they roamed
Beneath the forest shade ;
And though but rude their thoughts and ways,
And oft in feudal strife,
By unity they raised themselves
To social forms of life.

The brave old woodsman loved his clan,
And lived not all alone,
But met in forms of brotherhood,
Around the altar stone ;
And there the groundwork first was laid,
And first was form'd the plan—
'Twas in the ancient forest nooks
Progression first began.

And on and on, through centuries fled,
The work hath still progress'd,
While generations wiser grown,
Their happy fate have bless'd.
Then why stand idly on the road,
My brother, day by day,
While there is work for willing hands
Upon the world's highway ?

J. H. ECCLES, *Court 116, Leeds.*

I came from my noisy loom,
 To where wild flowers bloom,
 As if by magic spell,
 By graceful nodding plume,
 My Blue-bell!
 The sunny beam
 Its foam sparkle and gleam,
 Turbulent waters swell:
 I grow, beside the stream,
 The bright Blue-bell!
 I hear the cooling breeze,
 Rustle rustling through the
 Happy birds contented dwell;
 The low hummings of the bees
 The chorus swell.

Over rustic bridge, through damp morass,
 The well-known landmarks I, dreaming,

pass,
 Farther down to yon bonnie dell,
 Where thou did'st wave 'mid the quiver-
 ing grass,
 This morn, Blue-bell!

Short-lived thy beauty, alas! sweet flow'r:
 Was it wrong to pluck thee from thy bower
 And kindred, who loved thee well,
 To beguile, from the passing hour,
 Mine own, Blue-bell?

In lifting my heart above Earth's strife,
 To the Land where Death no more is rife
 (Of fadeless flow'rs thy blossoms tell),
 Not vainly spent thy fair young life,
 My sweet Blue-bell!

Elie

Poem only extracted and reproduced due to poor quality of original

Alas, my Muse! no more thy theme
Shall be of shady wood and stream!
One morn I sought the pleasant grove,
Where I was wont at will to rove—
With bolt and bar, oh, hapless fate!
An unknown hand had closed the gate.

Along the old familiar way
Fain would my willing footsteps stray:
In vain I gaze with wistful eyes,
While memories dear and bright arise,
To mock my grief with visions fair
Of dewy mead and wild flowers rare!

Here have I heard gay warblers sing
Their welcome carols to the spring;
Here found the first sweet primrose pale
'Twas in this dear secluded vale
My Muse its first faint utterance
My silent heart to song awoke!

I sought once more, 'mid roses
To cull the fairest red and white,
Intwining all with careless art,
To cheer a patient sufferer's heart,
Their brightness might long hours
By sweet reward her loving smile

'Tis always thus: in silent grief
I turn away—earth's joys how brief
In vain for me wild roses bloom;
I may not breathe their sweet perfume
With bolt and bar, oh, hapless fate!
An unknown hand still holds the

F. 186

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Such representations as these prove the jealousy which exists towards England among the middle classes in Paris. Having travelled much in France, we have often met with much of the same spirit, though, to do justice to the national politeness, never offensively expressed. Perhaps, after all, this may arise from a sense of inferiority in extent of manufactures and commerce, and in speculations, which demand large supplies of floating capital. The extension of commerce and development of the national resources under the present regime may modify the prejudices against England; but time alone can eradicate them. We do not, however, admire the French nation the less. They are a great and interesting people; interesting from the geographical position of the country they occupy, from the recollections of their past history, and from the weight and influence they exert on the destinies of the civilised world. London and Paris are, by common consent, the two capitals par excellence—the twin emporiums of all that modern civilisation can produce. The great mass of our countrymen are sincere well-wishers for the prosperity of France. And from the British shores, this wish for the welfare of this great nation, and the removal of all remaining prejudice against England, is by none more fervently breathed than by our humble selves.

BROTHERLY LOVE.

This world would be a world of love,
 If each one acted as a brother:
 Life's bitter weeds would soon be gone,
 If men would feel for one another.
 The golden calf would quickly fall,
 Which causes so much grief and sadness;
 While right would triumph over might,
 And fill the earth with joy and gladness.

This world would be a world of love,
 If man were measured by the standard
 Of that great instrument—the mind:
 Too oft by wealth and folly slandered,
 Merit would meet its due reward,
 While growing hopes would not be stunted;
 Man's actions would outweigh his words,
 And wrong with right would be confronted.

This world would be a world of love,
 If candour governed every action:
 If man would sympathize with man,
 Instead of bowing down to faction.
 Labour would meet its just reward,
 While each to each would act with kindness;
 The sword would rest beside the spear,
 Forgetful of each other's blindness.

This world would be a world of love,
 And peace flow through it like a river,
 If that dread enemy, termed war,
 Would not two kindred nations sever.
 Joy, universal joy, would crown
 The good and wise of every station,
 While golden words and famous deeds
 Would be the glory of our nation.

WM. HEATON,
 COURT 459, Luddenden.

In conclusion, it must be added that, much as the intellect may be exercised, suffer from the incursions of time, and care, of profitless passions or unrestrained inclinations, nothing but mental aberration can ensue, or destroy the awakened and cultured sympathies of the heart. The more, indeed they are exercised, the more fit are they for further exercise.

There is no illusion connected with the happiness they promote.—In human gratitude, earthly success now influences the unselfish in their endeavours to assist and relieve. Their reward is simply the consciousness of having acted in accordance with the sublime requirements of a divine duty—a conviction which, if truly entertained in all its simplicity and magnitude of meaning, is sufficient to console in every trial, sustain in every affliction, and bless and exalt the lot which is, by its own estimation, the most unenviable and despised.

THE SNOWDROP.

I come in bright angelic robes array'd,
To bloom in garden or in woodland's shade :
I come in Nature's brightest, gentlest form,
And bow my head in either calm or storm.

I come, an emblem of sweet Spring's return,
And sing in silence, Winter's nearly gone.
I come the border'd gravel walk to grace,
And in the field or meadow find a place.

I come to deck the statesman's marble hall,
Alike I bloom beside the cottage wall ;
I shed my lustre on the palace ground,
And on the meanest peasant's plot I'm found.

I come to glitter on the hill's green top,
And in the vale is seen my silver cup ;
As pearls upon the garlands fair I shine,
And oft my nature's said to be divine.

I hang my drooping head o'er mould'ring clay,
In form I weep for man that's pass'd away ;
And there in mourning attitude I grow
Where some fair form in death's cold arms lies low.

I preach to all, whilst on the grave I rest—
" From dust thou art, to dust shalt thou be rest."

Tues. H. C. 1841

For
The great
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Printed off-centre, with some of the
lines missing

To a Snowdrop, found on an Iul

WELCOME lovely flower, sweet and
Bending down thy tiny head;
Where the infant form lies sleeping
O'er the cradle of the dead.

Harbinger of laughing hours,
Come to cheer the drooping heart;
Light the stricken cheek of sorrow,
Bid each phantom shade depart.

Tell of fruits and flowers now hidden,
In the bosom of the earth;
Smiling, bursting into being,
'Mid a new creation's birth.

Woodbine climbing up the casement,
Sending forth a fragrance sweet;
And the meek-eyed modest daisy,
Standing humbly at its feet.

Lily blooming in the valley;
Roses peeping through the bow
Cowslip, jessamine, and blue-bells,
Kissed by gentle summer showers.

Orchards groaning 'neath their burdens;
Waving fields of golden corn;
Notes of spirit-stirring music,
Waking up the dewy morn.

Hopes of weary hearts reviving;
Faith, which penetrates the tomb;
Tells of summer hours unlying,
And of flowers which ever bloom.

Of a new creation dawning,
When the dead their bonds shall break;
Bodies glorified, immortal,
From their long, long sleep awake.

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Grand Master of the Order, Bro. J. J. Stockall, Prov. G.M. W. H. Johnson, Prov. D.G.M. Joseph Gammon, P.P.G.M. Robert Danvers, C.S. P.P.G.M.'s Stocker, Palmer, Cook, Taylor, Diprose, and Sandon, Past Grands George Whyard, Henry Reysa, and many others of the Craven and Sir William Wallace Lodges. The service was beautifully and impressively read by the Rev. William Jones, after which D.G.M. J. J. Stockall read with great clearness the Oddfellows' Funeral Service. We cannot better conclude this short account than say an honest man has now gone to his rest. [A personal friendship with Bro. Hatfield, commencing when in 1851 the *Editor* was a member of the Craven Lodge, and continuous until the time of his death, enables us to endorse all that our Bro. J. D. has written.—Ed. O.F.M.]

Oddfellowship.

Life is too short to make our stay
 A scene of discord, day by day,
 Or as 'tis sometimes found, alas!
 A battlefield! 'twixt class and class;
 No! rather let love's golden tether
 Embrace and bind us all together,
 And let us then, with heart and voice,
 Take courage, labour, and rejoice;
 That in our Order may be found
 A neutral, safe, and hallow'd ground
 Where all may ease, apart from strife,
 The hard, harsh, grating wheels of life!
 And where as brothers all may stand
 With kindly, loving, helping hand,
 A strong, united, noble band;
 A band endow'd with heavenly powers,
 To bless this chequer'd world of ours.

Norwich, April, 1886.

SAM NEWMAN.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES OF LIFE.—The following rules for practical life were given by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter of advice to his namesake, Thomas Jefferson Smith, in 1825: 1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. 2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself. 3. Never spend your money before you have it. 4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap. 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold. 6. We never repent of having eaten too little. 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. 8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened? 9. Take things always by their smooth handles. 10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.—*anon.*

Lines to the Zurich Congress.

Ye comrades bravely toiling through the turmoil of the years.

See, at last, the sacred cause ye spread in every land appears;

The toilers of the nations, with a grand accord through all,
Uprise to smite oppression down and bid their tyrants fall.

Through immemorial darkness, now the sunbeams burst
their way.

The dreary night dispels, and lo! the dawning of the day;
And the glow of freedom's morning, from the nations evermore,
Scatters all the sullen shadows and the bitter stripes of yore.

No barriers shall divide them when the tyrants' vain commands
Shall not rouse the poor to smite the poor, and stain the
smiling lands.

The onward sweep of progress halts not for the great of earth;
They may hug their gods unheeding till they perish in their
mirth.

The patient, deathless Right shall mount her own imperial
throne.

And bid her hosts of every clime to march relentless on,
Till want, and woe, and fraud, and hoary shackles of the past
Are dead and done and crushed to earth, and men are free
at last

To live the lives that seem dreamed, in harmony sublime,
Unknown upon the face of earth since e'er the birth of time,
Oh, fair and free the world will be, and glad its harvests then
For the neighbourhood and brotherhood of all the race of
men!

W.S.R.



LINES

Entered to the Memory of

JOHN ROACH,

BOILER MAKER LATE OF MANCHESTER.

A SON OF LABOR & THE PEOPLE - A HUMANITY
TERMINED ABOVE THE USUAL REEL
A PURE PRINCIPLES - AND

AN HONEST MAN!

[The following text is extremely faint and illegible due to the poor print quality of the original document.]

BENJAMIN STOTT.

1888

Printed by G. J. ...

THE MINER

Down in the deep, unseen work,
Guiltless of laughter and wrath,
Playing an epic of work,
Here in the guts of the earth,
That which was forests of trees—
Flowers of the ages long gone,
Came we to live—human born—
Honey of gold for the drone.

You who in comfort and ease
Sit by your friends and mourn,
Torn by imagined diseases,
Know ye 'tis life that ye burn,
Life in the lives of strong men
Crude with the task of their toil,
Work that's a prayer full of pain
Prayed to the gods of the soil.

Prayers that are curses and groans,
Agony moulded in tears,
Pictures in jettison of tears
Faint we to portray our years,
Hope of the ages we know
Only in times of our dreams . . .
Masters, why should it be so?
Why should life prosper your schemes?

We've fashioned your fabric of dreams,
Built by the gold of our blood,
Poisons we spill as Life streams
And roars to its run in full flood;
We laugh at the threats of your god,
We'll yet mark the things that you tell,
Death cannot equal Life's hand,
We'll live a Utopia on Hell.

You've built from our lives your nations,
Ye swear now 'tis war to the knife,
Your progress is shaped in agonies,
Ye spare neither children nor wife;
The gold ye have not for your crimes
We'll melt in the streams of your blood,
By the god that ye worship and own
We'll whittle all your nations in its blood.

Down in the deep, unseen work,
Guiltless of laughter and wrath,
Playing an epic of work,
Here in the guts of the earth;
Hell has no terrors for men
Born to fortune with such load,
Score we its promise of pain
And laugh in the face of your god.

Poem only extracted and reproduced due to poor quality of original

thoroughly honest fellow, with no nonsense in him and tolerating none in you, which is a great comfort in the long run. He is not what they call a genial critic; but bring a real man along with you, and you will find there is a crabbed generosity about the old cynic that you would not exchange for all the creamy concessions of Autumn. "Seasons of mists and mellow fruitfulness," quotha! That's just it; Winter soon blows your head clear of fog and makes you see things as they are; I thank him for it. The truth is, between ourselves, I have a very good opinion of the whole family, who always welcome me without making me feel as if I were too much of a poor relation. There ought to be some kind of distance, never so little, you know, to give the true relish. They are as good company, the worst of them, as any I know, and I am not a little flattered by a condescension from any one of them; but I happen to hold Winter's retainer this time, and, like an honest advocate, am bound to make as good a showing as I can for him, even if it cast a few slurs upon the rest of the household.

: CHANGEABLE.

When weary nature sinks to rest,
 And rosy Sol drowns in the west,
 And when the silence of the grave,
 Lies on the world of cold blue wave;
 When dews fall unobserved apace,
 Like tears bedewing nature's face;
 Oh! then I feel as if my soul,
 Would fain dissolve and join the whole,
 And to oblivion float away,
 Where melancholy holds her sway.

But when the morning sun doth glow,
 And nature waketh bright below,
 When modest daisies scan the sky,
 With tears of gladness in each eye,
 When rows of pearls, and diamonds rare,
 Hang on each thorn, and hawthorn fair,
 When with sweet notes on airy wings,
 From unimpaired throats, the welkin rings,
 Oh! then my soul swift takes her flight,
 And blendeth with the love and light.

But when the cloud hangs overhead,
 Where thunder storms are born and bred,
 Or when the lightning cleaves the sky,
 Or when the whirlwind passes by,
 When cataracts roar, and spout, and splash,
 When all seems one tremendous crash,
 To battle then I'm nerved and bound,
 My foes by millions strew the ground,
 It is not I, 'tis nature burns,
 I'm poet and warrior all in turns.

T. WILLIAMS,
 Court Ynysydarren, No. 3338.

The Summer Sea.

When summer days were longest,
And Nature's face most fair,
We sought for health and pleasure
Afar from daily care.
We turned our backs on labour,
Our heads and brains were free ;
We went to dwell with Leisure
Beside the Summer Sea.
O, the golden Leisure,
The precious, pristine Leisure,
The cheery, welcome Leisure,
Beside the Summer Sea.

Twas pleasant, sitting, strolling,
Upon the sun-warmed sand,
With faces all turned seaward,
And losing thought of land ;
To rest or roam at pleasure
In perfect liberty,
How sweet to dwell with Leisure
Beside the Summer Sea.
O, the blessed Leisure,
The needed, God-sent Leisure,
The brief, yet glorious Leisure,
Beside the Summer Sea.

Poem only extracted and reproduced due to poor quality of original

The Age of Gold.

Part, away with thy golden age,
'Tis a myth, 'tis a shadow, a dream of thine own;
I find not its record on chronicled page,
It lives in thy dream-haunted fancy alone.

No era of time hath been wholly dark,
Each age hath been blest by some stray beams from
heaven,
But none standeth out with such radiant mark
As to warrant the worship thou often hast given.

Greyling had not trod the land of his banishment many months, ere the heart and hand of Agnes Reeves were plighted to Henry Slade, who had loved her even when he withdrew before the pretensions of his showy rival. But Agnes had now learned to distinguish between show and worth; and she regarded the sedate yet cheerful and unpretending Slade, in his plain suit of black, with an affection and confidence such as the gay-mannered and gaily-clad Greyling had failed to inspire. And many a time, during the happy and well-spent days that followed, had Agnes cause to remember the Rainy Sunday.

AGAIN!

Oh sweet and fair! oh rich and rare!
 That day so long ago,
 The autumn sunshine everywhere,
 The heather all aglow,
 The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
 The waves sang on the shore;
 Such suns will shine, such waves will sing,
 For ever, evermore.

Oh fit and few! oh tried and true!
 The friends who met that day,
 Each one the other's spirit knew;
 And so in earnest play
 The hours flew past, until at last
 The twilight kissed the shore;
 We said, 'Such days shall come again
 For ever, evermore.'

One day again, no cloud of pain
 A shadow o'er us cast,
 And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
 To conjure up the past;
 Like, but unlike, the sun that shone,
 The waves that beat the shore,
 The words we said, the songs we sung,
 Like—unlike—evermore,

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
 And, when our songs flowed free,
 Sang discords in an undertone
 And marred the harmony.
 'The past is ours, not yours,' they said,
 'The waves that beat the shore,
 Though like the same, are not the same,
 Oh! never, never more!'

Sunday.

liminary examination was very
 labourer identified all of them
 property had been found in
 considerable sum of money in gold,
 er, from knowing the numbers,
 ek, as well as an instrument
 they were suspected of having
 alities of neither Greyling nor
 rned home, as they had pass-
 e families retired to rest. On

ed, tried, and convicted, with-
 or they had nothing to say in
 transportation for seven years.
 able station, and every requisite,
 reduce themselves by their own
 condition of felons. Yet on the
 ail arisen without any especial
 in life was the glare and the
 ut, which cannot suffice for
 lawfully indulges them. They
 al soul, nor heeded the cultiva-
 rned, by the sad teachings of
 sion sometimes lead to evil; for
 such an act could be committed,
 rred to them. But their minds
 and pleasure was great, and we
 temptation.

Greyling guilty, Agnes Reeves
 could not realise such guilt in the
 she could perceive he was vain,
 e reasons, if for no others, she
 life with his.

son and girlish vanity had been
 it might be she had been less
 olute in casting him off. Yet
 and him, it was very difficult to
 ally, and she clung as long as she
 itless. But the evidence against
 eer in her mind; and when the
 was pronounced, nothing could
 me. Horror at the act, sincere
 and lasting shame that her name
 thought of in connection with his.
 feeling, more deep and fervent
 art—that of thankfulness that she
 had precipitated herself into the
 had stood.

if this meeting was too much for him ; he found how very weak he was ; and he felt, too, how sad it was to be blind, and not able to see the face of one whom he loved so much.

"Forgive me, my dear old friend," said Dick, taking his hand affectionately—"henceforward I will be a son to you !"

"Cheer up your old hearts, every one of you !" said he, then, in a stronger voice, and addressing them all, "for I can afford to be good to you, and, please God, I will compensate you for the trouble and suffering which I have occasioned !"

i
D E A D.

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."—*Campbell.*

DEAD ? No ! thou'rt living yet—
For, while fond memory holds thee thus,
And love we give not to the dead
Is thine, thou still art one of us ;
Not dead till we forget.

Living, but far away ;
Distance divides our hearts from thee—
But Time shall bring thee here again,
And brighter than all dreams shall be
That one glad meeting day.

Alas ! not so thou'rt dead !
For it was sadly dear to me
To think thy spirit might be near ;
From Earth's restraining bands set free,
Yet here, by memory led.

"Sweet could our hearts be known
Now, by some keener sympathy."
Such my first thoughts when thou wert gone ;
But soon the fancy ceased to be :
We felt thy soul was flown.

Dead ? No ! thou'rt living yet—
Distant, but we shall meet again,
And heart be read by faithful heart,
When Love more close' draws her chain
Round hearts for ever met.

CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

LINES SPOKEN AT A

PUBLIC DINNER OF THE B. M. AND I. S. P. S.,
PROTESTANT HALL, HULL.

SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1872.

Firm and fast in chosen bond,
Stand we one and all;
In compacted Union strong,
Who apart would fall;
Onward is our noble aim,
To upraise the workman's to us,
Diligence and skill,
And by thrifty store laid by,
Stave we off the needy's cry,
In the day of ill.

Blind mistake and harsh mistrust,
'Gainst us came a few;
But we'll prove their slanders dust
Utterly untrue;
For when food and fuel were high,
And our dames for their supply
Asked a trifle more,
Then, by whom we all respect,
Our just want was duly met,
And the case was o'er.

Hon'ably would we then pray
For their great success;
Who so far as masters may
Workmen seek to bless,
May they find, like story old,
Geese that lay the eggs of gold,
And may commerce bring
Greater wealth than Rothschild's boast,
Or than that of Persian host,
Or than Lydia's king.

Capital and Labour seem
By our Maker joined;
Are they not like giant twins
In the world of mind?
What can Labour do alone?
Grind its nose against the stone,
Turn a grainless mill!
What can Capital indeed
By itself! but board its need,
Eat a golden pill.

Midas once, or so 'tis told,
Strangest gift had got'
All he touched straight turned to gold,
But pray envy not;
For his food was metalled o'er,
As he touched, it turned to ore,
Till his hunger grew;
And until resumed again
By God, his golden pain
Sure no comfort knew.

And if we may go so far,
Such is gold e'en now,
For not linked to Labour's ear,
'Tis a pointed shoe
Weave it! 'twill not serve a boot,
Weeps our wind nor weather out,
Food, can never be'
But when spent on Labour's loom,
O' what fabrics reach men!
Thus 'tis Labour's fee'

But 'tis true that Capital
All the risk must run,
Like a ship exposed to all
Winds beneath the sun,
Feels the first trade's ebb and flow,
Most keen competition know,
So 'tis just and meet,
Labour should co-operate,
And to help with all their might
Masters to compete.

In this age of enterprise
We must never lag,
When within our port there flows
Every nation's flag;
Nor permit to meet his eye,
Who so keenly could decry,
German, Frank, or Russ;
What has been expensed too far,
Trades disputes and social jar,
In the midst of us.

AT THE BUTCHER'S.

[THE SEASON.]

ations suffered from poverty in the
 be equalled by that suffered by the
 London and other large towns. In
 take we inhale God's fresh air and
 on of the meadows, fields, gardens,
 measure be forgotten, if we really do
 who can and will work) stand in need
 keep hunger from gnawing, and cold
 ge towns, instead of such beautiful
 ry many, are obliged to put up with
 perhaps with a large family, in some
 ts of which we so often see unmis-
 ber of the family. I have been led
 nking of a visit I paid to a friend in
 or three years ago. Leaving my
 as the school children had broken up
 eling a sort of pride and gratification
 a district where the rising sons and
 pure types of health and happiness;
 rawn by the snorting railway engine
 or three hundred others to our great
 remarking the salubrity of the day
 brought us to London, where fog
 The grocers' and other shops were
 ctore, &c., and passers-by all seemed
 rimson berry. Soon after arriving at
 asked me if I should like to see the
 p. Not exactly comprehending him,
 my ignorance on the subject of the
 plied, "I should very much like to do
 o'clock, and half-past five is the time
 A short time ago," he said, "four
 a threatened interference of the School
 and-a-half later, as many of the boys
 kept at home so as for them not to
 small purchases of meat." We now
 ets, and soon arrived at the goal my
 It was a very busy and populous part
 was thronged with customers. The
 sea was a corner one—a small street
 It was now twenty minutes past
 street there seemed to be boys
 class known as "Street Arabs."
 icketless, and some both. Still they
 all sorts of games. Just at this time
 shop two policemen; there was then
 that time was up, the "bobbies"

had come. I was struck with the huge blocks, jabbles, and trays full of small pieces of meat in the shop, and these I was told were all the "trimmings" of one day. The policemen planted themselves on each side of the door, and only allowed two "Arabs" at a time to pass in; each one then purchased his two, three, four, or sixpenny-worth of the small cuttings of the meat, making numerous comments on the sort and quality to those who supplied them. One urchin at last asked for a good fivepenneth, to which the man serving said, "You young Turk you, you want to rob your poor mother of a penny, do you? It is sixpennyworth she sent you for." The boy at first did all in his power to convince the salesman it was only "fivepenneth," but on getting his ears pulled, he acknowledged his guilty intention, by saying, "Please sir, 'tis sixpenneth, I wanted a penny for sweets." Numerous other little incidents occurred in the shop, but the most laughable was to see the urchins kneel down as soon as they had got into the street and take the meat from the basket, handkerchief, or whatever they had brought to carry it in, and make an exarsibation by pinching with their dirty fingers to feel if it was "nice and tender," or to turn it over half a dozen times in close proximity with their nose to smell if had been "hung too long." They then replaced their purchases, and were soon off to the various alleys, courts, &c., where their friends resided, to take home, what I learned, in some cases, was to be the Christmas dinner. The policemen, too, were quickly off on other duty. As we turned to leave, I remarked to my friend, we have no theatres or other places of amusement even at this festive season, neither have we any such appearance of poverty as this.

Court 4217,
 South Western District.

CHARLES MARSHALL.

THE ORANGE TREE.

THE man lies darkling in the boy,
 The Future dimly marks its morn:
 Flushed with strange ripeness, Fear and Joy,
 Which fit our later life, are born.

The boy springs brightening in the man,
 Frolics, at times, as years before,
 Runs gay and wild, as once he ran,
 Breathes the free life of days of yore.

Happy the boy in manlike thought,
 Happy the man in boylike play;
 Heart unto heart for ever wrought,
 Our earliest and our latest day!

Thus dark-bright trees by tropic floods
 Mingle the coming with the old;
 The deep-hued fruitage shades the buds—
 The bud lies white amid the gold.

UNDER THE SNOW.

SWEET little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies :
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

Sweet little dimpled chin, how she would dance !
Dear little laughing eyes, how she would smile !
Still are her tiny feet now, and her glance
Beams not on me for a weary long while.

"Dead" ! do my neighbours say ? death is a dream ;
In the mid Maytime she went out to play ;
Daily I see her by meadow and stream,
Couch'd 'mid the golden cups, sunny as they.

Weep, my eyes, scalding tears, weep, weep, weep ;
Bleed, my soul ; throb, my heart, heavy with pain !
When shall my tender one wake from her sleep ?
When shall I gaze on my beauty again ?

Sweet little loving thing, low, low, low,
Down in the cold, cold grave she lies ;
Deep 'neath the daisy-knoll under the snow,
Silenced for ever her carols and cries.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCES.—A curious and interesting coincidence has been communicated by Capt. McKerlie, of the Coastguard, Stranraer. The *Edinburgh* life-boat, it may be remembered, was exhibited in Glasgow on the 16th Dec., 1866. The wife of the Captain of the *Strathleven*, accompanied by her children, went to see the boat, and put an offering into the subscription box. Exactly one year after, on the 16th Dec., 1867, the captain's vessel was wrecked, and on the morning following (the 17th) he and his crew of 14 men were providentially rescued by the very boat which his wife had contributed to support. Another singular coincidence connected with a Life-boat is reported in the papers. The ship *Devon* was wrecked on the 23rd of October, upon a dangerous rock off the Land's End, when all the crew were drowned except a sailor of the name *George Davis*. The life-boat that rescued him from a lingering death upon the rock was the Sennen Boat, and strange to say, it bore the name of "*George Davis*," in memory of the husband of the lady who presented the boat to the Life-boat Institution.

Appendix II

Biographies

These biographical details have been obtained from society and trade records and from Census entries. Possibly, many of the members had several and diverse occupations, often simultaneously. Where a piece of work is unsigned, or where there is more than one entry for a particular name in the societies' records, priority has been given to the relevant archivist's advice, or that of the society's historian. In the absence of any biographical details, the extent of the writer's work only is given. The location of each source is given here at the end of each entry, but it needs to be borne in mind that some material is being re-housed or amalgamated into more permanent and comprehensive collections (for instance, the GMB collection is being transferred to the Working Class Movement Library and the archives of the Foresters are in the process of moving). Finally, as mentioned in the Introduction, some of the originals of the poems have been destroyed.

Key:

Ancient Order of Forester's Heritage Trust, Southampton = AOF

British Library = BL

General Municipal Boilermakers & Allied Trades Union = GMB.

Manchester Unity Assurance Society, Manchester, (Oddfellows) = MU

Trades Union Congress Library, London = TUC

University of London, Senate House = SH

Working Class Movement Library, Salford = WCML

Bailey, W.E.: 'Outward & Homeward Bound', Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1887) p.206. (AOF).

Buckingham, T.: Member of the Maidstone branch of the Oddfellows. His poem, 'He needs not charity's humbling dole', appeared in a supplement of the Maidstone Lodge of Oddfellows (1879). This two-page supplement was produced alongside the minutes of an extraordinary meeting of the lodge. (MU).

Burn, Peter: Member of the Brampton, Cumberland branch of the Oddfellows. Possibly a textile worker and a clerk. His poem, 'Lilies of the Valley', appeared in the Oddfellows' Magazine, (July, 1879), p.142. (MU).

Cameron, W.N.: Started work as a stable boy, then shoemaker and foreman, possibly in Glasgow and London. A version of his poem, 'Freedom', also appeared in a pamphlet titled, 'Poems: Democratic and Local' (1894), 821.8 F24 Box 15 (WCML). Some of the other poems in this pamphlet were written by W.S. Rennie. The poems discussed here may have been produced for a local friendly society, but this cannot be confirmed.

Coales, Tom: Member of Stony Stratford branch of Oddfellows. His poem, 'Thy Neighbour', appeared in Oddfellows' Magazine, (October, 1886), p.346. (MU).

Coles, Thor: 'An Elegy (National Insurance is as Dead as Queen Anne)', Oddfellows' Magazine, (October, 1885). (MU).

Eccles, J.H.: An active trade unionist and member of Ancient Order of Foresters, Court 146, Leeds. His poem, 'United Efforts', appeared in the Foresters' Miscellany, (September, 1865), p.469. (AOF).

Effie: A garment worker, her two poems, 'The Blue Bell' and 'Muse' appeared circa 1860/62. Effie may have been a member of a branch of a garment workers' association and a friendly society in Elland, although there appears to be no mention of this friendly society in local records. This poem was either re/produced for her union, or the friendly society, to celebrate a local event, but this cannot be substantiated due to originals lost in flood at archives in 1999/2000.

G.H.: Believed to be a labourer and a travelling carpenter. 'Stitching with maniac haste', circa 1884. (MU).

Heaton, W.M.: Member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, Court 459, Luddenden. His poem, 'Brotherly Love', appeared in the Foresters' Miscellany, (January 1864), p.145. (AOF).

Hinchcliffe, John: He became editor of the Foresters' Miscellany in 1872. 'Keeping a Conscience' appeared in the Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1864), p.325. (AOF).

Hind, Thomas: Member of Court 2806 of the Foresters. His poem, 'The Snowdrop', appeared in Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1867), p.92. (AOF).

J.W.N.: His story, 'Two January Incidents: A Narrative of Facts', appeared in the Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1879), p.9. (See J.Northey). (AOF).

Kingston, Keedy: He possibly wrote four stories for the Oddfellows' Magazine during the 1880s. 'Not Gilded, But Golden' appeared in Oddfellows' Magazine, (May, 1884), p.12 (MU). This edition is also available at the British Library, P.P.1060.

Langton, Millicent: A Leicester garment worker, it is thought that she was a member of a trade friendly society, which later formed the basis of two new unions, the Hose, Shirt and Drawers Union, and the Sock and Top Union. By 1870, both unions had total of around 2,800 members in Leicester. Her poem, 'To A Snowdrop, found on an Infant's Grave', appeared in a sheet of the Lancashire tailors' or garment workers' (circa 1866) (GMB). Her poems also appear in Musings of the Workroom, Leicester, (London, 1865). (BL. 11649.bb.26).

Leighton, Robert: An orphan and largely self-taught, he became a travelling manager, possibly in the building trades. His poem, 'Solitude' appeared in Foresters' Miscellany, (April, 1870), p.76 (AOF).

Mallinson, John: At age 13, he worked as a card setter at a Yorkshire cotton mill. His parents (who also worked in the mill) used some of his wages to finance his continuing education. He rose to become a clerk for the mill owners. He lived and died in the same house at Wyke. He is possibly the author of the article, 'Classical Allusions', which appeared in Foresters Miscellany, (November, 1864), p.210. (AOF).

Marshall, Charles: Born in 1830, he started work full time as a cobbler at the age of 11. He married in 1856 and was both member of the Boot & Shoe Makers' Union and the Ancient Order of Foresters. He remained a shoemaker for the greater part of his life, although records do suggest that he may later have become a postmaster. He was secretary of the Rogate, Hampshire, branch of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and wrote poetry, short stories and articles for both the friendly society and the trade union for approximately twenty years, from the early 1860s. His poem, 'The Pauper's Funeral' appeared in St Crispin's (The Boot & Shoemaker) Journal, (January, 1869), while his fiction in the Foresters' Miscellany included: 'The Old Wiltshire Fiddler', (July, 1870), 'Frank Newton: A Sketch of Village Life', (January, 1878) and 'Street Arabs at the Butcher's and 'A Story For The Season', (January, 1878). Although unsigned, it is thought that he is the author of 'Old Misery, The Miser', (January, 1864). (AOF).

Moor, M.: Believed to have been an agricultural worker/labourer. His poem, 'I have heard of freedom, men say', (circa 1898), appeared in pamphlet possibly for Cirencester Friendly Society, a trade friendly society, primarily for agricultural workers. (AOF).

Newman, Sam: His poem, 'Oddfellowship', appeared in the Oddfellows' Magazine, (April, 1886), p.304. (MU).

Norris, W.: 'Bread pills', W. Norris, extract from Journal of the Amalgamated Society of Tailors, reprinted in 1887 by the Oddfellows. (MU).

Northey, J.: A brewer of Launceston, Cornwall and one time secretary of local Ancient Order of Foresters court. His story, 'The Rival Schoolmasters', appeared in Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1867), p.406. It is possible that Northey also wrote as 'J.W.N.' (AOF).

Owgan, Henry: Member of the Ancient Order of Foresters, Owgan gained a LL.D. His story, 'Making the Best of It: or Peace, Union, and Good Will', appeared in Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1864), p.9 and his poem, 'January', also appeared in the same publication, p.48. (AOF)

Plummer, John: Believed to be a member of the Oddfellows, he received no education until aged twelve. Both deaf and lame, he was employed as a staymaker, in Kettering, Northamptonshire. His untitled poem, (first line: 'From the glowing forge') appeared on a single sheet of what was possibly, a garment and staymaker's society, (1861). (GMB). He was generally anti-trade unions, but a vocal supporter of fair pay. A collection of his poems was published in: John Plummer, Factory Operative, Songs of Labour, Northamptonshire Rambles, and other poems. (An autobiographical sketch of the author's life.). (London, 1860), 11650.aa.21 (BL). He wrote, 'that my verses are poor, weak and of times devoid of originality, I fully admit, but that does not prevent me from appreciating the utterances of those whose work I may never hope or dare to emulate.' (p.xxii, Plummer, 1860).

Rennie, W.S.: Poem, 'Lines to the Zurich Congress'. A version of his poem, also appeared in a pamphlet titled, 'Poems: Democratic and Local' (1894), 821.8 F24 Box 15 (WCML). Some of the other poems in this pamphlet were written by W.S. Rennie. The poems discussed here may have been produced for a local friendly society, but this cannot be confirmed.

Spawton, Edward: Possibly a postal worker, he was a member of the St Albans Lodge of the Oddfellows. His poem, 'Pontypridd', appeared in Oddfellows Magazine, (January 1877), p.271 (MU) and 'A Lonely Path', in Oddfellows' Magazine (January, 1893) (MU) and in Oddfellows Magazine / Special Collections [Gold] F.W.A.154. (SH)

Stott, B.: A Bookbinder from Manchester, and an active trade unionist, Stott's name is among those who took part in the General Strike of 1842. His poem, 'Lines to the sacred Memory of John Roach' presumably produced either for the Boiler Makers' Union or Oddfellows, (circa 1880). Stott was possibly a member of Manchester Oddfellows, lodge 5,511. (MU)

Urquhart A. Forbes: "Social Notes", Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1878), p.167. (AOF).

Ware, J.R.: Active trade unionist, his story, 'How Misery & Poverty Came to be Always On Earth: A Fairy Tale', appeared in the Oddfellows' Magazine, (June, 1885), p.241 (MU). This edition is also available at the British Library, P.P.1060.

Welsh, James: A member of the Oddfellows, he wrote several novels, short stories and volumes of poetry. The fourth son of a mining family, he left school at age eleven and started work in the pits at the age of twelve. An active trade unionist, Welsh eventually became vice-president of the Lanarkshire Miners' County Union and member of the executive of the National Union of Mineworkers. He joined the Independent Labour Party and in the 1922 General Election, was elected to the House of Commons for Coatbridge. He was defeated in the 1931 General Election. He died on 4th November 1954. His poems, 'Labour' and 'The Miner' are believed to have been written when he was approximately twenty years of age for the Nottingham Oddfellows. (c1900). His poems (although some are slightly different versions to those discussed here) can also be found in Songs of a Miner, (London: Herbert Jenkins Limited, 1917). W81/9808 (BL).

Whitmore, William: Whitmore was a member of the Manchester Oddfellows friendly society. His poem, 'Priest, wilt thou in this ripening age' possibly produced for a Leicester trade friendly society, (1865). GMB 60.606.1/WHI. (GMB). This poem also appear in The Leicester Movement, or, voices from the frame and the factory, the field and the rail. (Leicester: 1850) P.P.1090.d. (BL.).

Williams, E., One time secretary of Ancient Order of Foresters, Lodge 4203, he wrote poetry for both Foresters' Miscellany and National Union of Boot & Shoe Operatives. A working man from Bristol, his poem, 'Quaking Grass', appeared in Foresters' Miscellany, (October, 1887), p.92. (AOF).

Williams, T.: An active colliery worker and trade unionist, his poem 'Changeable', appeared in Foresters Miscellany, (April 1870), p.309. (AOF).

Williams, Thomas: Member of Ancient Order of Foresters, but too many Williams registered to determine biographical details. His story, 'A Tale of the City', appeared in Foresters' Miscellany, (April, 1870), p.79. (AOF).

Wills, Ruth: The daughter of a soldier, Wills was educated at a dame school until orphaned at age seven. She worked in warehouses from the age of eight as a garment worker, notably in Corah's, Leicester. Her poems, 'Summer Sea' and 'The Age of Gold,' may possibly have been produced for the Circular Framework Knitters' Society (believed to be a garment workers' union society) circa 1861. This society existed in the Midland counties from about 1770. In the 1850s, it became a popular friendly society with rural textile workers throughout the region. It was closely associated with the United Rotary Power Framework Knitters' Society when the latter trade union was under pressure of investigation from the State. Wills' poem, 'The Age of Gold' also appeared in the journal of the Women's Protective and Provident League, the Women's Union Journal, 1876,

p.5., (here her name is mis-printed as 'Willis'). GB 1924 WTUL. (TUC). Wills' poems also appear in Lays of Lowly Life, (London, Leicester, 1861) 11650.a.33. (BL) and Ruth Wills, Writer of Verse, Second Series, (London: 1868), 11650.a.34. (BL.).

Y.S.N.: Believed to be a female sanitary worker, and possibly author of many other stories appearing in publications of the Foresters. Her stories, 'The Pauper Funeral', appeared in the (January, 1864), p.36 and 'Christmas at Bishops Langton', in Foresters' Miscellany, (January, 1887), p.9. (AOF).

The Oddfellows' Redmile Lodge was in the Belvoir Castle District of Leicestershire. In 1893 it had 138 members and possessed £1893 in funds. They met at the Old Mill, Redmile every Wednesday evening - the secretary for 1893 was Ebenezer Carr.

Date of admission	Name of person proposed	Age	Trade	Wife	Residence	Name of Proposer	Name of Seconder
17 4 1867	James Geeson	18	Servant		Bottesford	PPGM George Munks	PG Willm. Lovitt
1 5 1867	Freeman? Pickard	19	Servant		Elton	Peter Pickard Day	VG Lyne Pickering? Furnidge
10 6 1867	Pryce Llewellyn Jones	33	Schoolmaster		Bottesford	PPGM Willm. Hall	PG Willm. Wilson
21 8 1867	Joseph Shelborn	30	Labourer		Sutton		
2 9 1867	Charles Edmund Carr	22	Servant		Holme Pierrepont	PG John Carr	PPGM George Munks
2 10 1867	Willm. Carter	19	Butcher		Granby	PG George Parr	PPGM George Munks
4 3 1868	Thos. Croft	25	Cabinet maker		Nottingham	PS Willm. Croft	PG Lyne Pickering? Furnidge
29 4 1868	Willm. Parr	19	Servant		Redmile	PPGM Thos. Munks	PW Jo. Parr
29 4 1868	Edward Parr	18	Servant		Redmile	PPGM Thos. Munks	PW Jo. Parr
- 5 1868	John Robinson	21	Miller		Barkestone	PG Willm. Smith	PPGM George Munks
- 5 1868	Joseph Hand	21	Labourer		Barkestone	PG Willm. Smith	PPGM George Munks
10 6 1868	Isaac Newton	19	Servant		Knipton	PG Jo. Doubleday	PW Jo. Parr
24 6 1868	Richd. Rear Kellam	23	Blacksmith		Barkston	PG Willm. Smith	Bro. Willm. Kellam
3 2 1869	Henry Kitching	22	Labourer		Barkston	PG Willm. Smith	PPGM Richd. Doubleday
23 6 1869	William Henry Sharp	18	Servant		Redmile	PV John Parr	William Roberts

Date of admission	Name of person proposed	Age	Trade	Wife	Residence	Name of Proposer	Name Secom
21 1 1891	Thomas Pearson	21	Outfitter?		Grantham	Sec. E Carr	Assistan Sec. D Carlile
18 2 1891	William Parker	18	Labourer		Redmile	PG Peter Day	Assistan Sec. D Carlile
1 4 1891	John Bateman Morley	20	Servant		Redmile	Assistant Sec. D Carlile	VG Carv Roberts
13 5 1891	Frederick Pickard Day	17	Servant		Redmile	PV John Munks	Assistan Sec. D Carlile
8 7 1891	William Perkins	17	Servant		Doncaster	PV Carver Roberts	PG R Copley
11 5 1892	Albert Brewster	17	Labourer		Barkstone	PV Daniel Carlile	Bro. Rot Copley
26 10 1892	Edward Bellamy	36	Labourer		Redmile	PPGM Munks	PV Carv. Roberts
15 2 1893	Daniel Swain	30	Labourer		Redmile	PV C Roberts	John Preston
23 5 1894	Edgar Mackley	24	Farmer		Redmile	PV C Roberts	PPGM Lovett
23 5 1894	Joseph Roberts	19	Butcher		Redmile	PV C Roberts	PPGM Lovett
18 6 1894	William Jenkinson	19	Blacksmith		Barkstone	PG Daniel S Carlile	PV Carve Roberts
16 1 1895	Joseph Mark Broadley	21	Labourer		Redmile	NG James Mackley	PV Carve Roberts
16 1 1895	Henry Smart	25	Labourer		Redmile	NG James Mackley	Assistant Sec. J T Carlile
17 7 1895	Leonard Hall	22	Groom		Barkstone	PG John Doubleday	NG Kitch
17 7 1895	George Lavander	32	Groom		Belvoir	PV Thos. Roberts	PPG Ed. Parr
31 7 1895	Edward Turner	23	Servant		Barkstone	PG Doubleday	PV Thos. Roberts
14 8 1895	Joseph Swain	35	Labourer		Redmile	Sec. E Carr	Tyler Ed. Bellamy