to be assistant in the Jet department where

I was always at hand to act as a kind of

Secretary to the Manager when he corresponded.

I was too much for the Shorthand writer to

tackle along. Here my slight knowledge of

Shorthand proved useful.

The business at this time consisted of but

two departments Jet and Silver and had

been built up from nothing by the proprietor

upon the work of the Whiting fishermen

who made Jet ornaments in their spare

time. At the time I joined there were
few men engaged in making, yet known of a superior character under its leadership of John Links, who was a Yorkshire novelist living at Whitley, whom I got on very friendly terms with, and who was interested in the monogram boys I used to do occasionally. He was an intelligent and skillful workman, and his sister was the first person of any standing to give me any encouragement in the little writing I did now and then.
The shorthand writer I have mentioned was the most rapid and accurate stenographer I have ever seen, and I have known many. He came from Birkbeck College, and is still counted among my friends although the one story I may tell of him would make the fact surprising. He was a strongly built man with a beard and must of hair both turning grey and on one occasion asked me to guess his age. I looked at him and thought it wise to under-rate it, then over estimate it, I said to
myself. "You look forty but maybe younger. Shall I say thirty-five—You can't be less." So to give him the benefit of the doubt, I guessed thirty-four. His eyes twinkled with fun and he said, "You're eight years out." "Well," I said, "I should scarcely have thought you were forty-two."

Forty-two, he all but yelled, "I'm twenty-six."

Many years later when he was clean-shaven, I asked him if he remembered the incident.

"I should think so," he said, "It nearly cost me my life. I told it one day to a man who was
sharing one and he laughed so much it was a

wonder he didn't cut my throat."

Our principal was a very shrewd but

self-educated man and after he had built

up a big business of many departments

studied

and went for a "holiday course" he was

reported as saying that 'he was glad

to be on 'terra cotta' again.' But like

most men who force their way through to

such a position he was wonderfully

competent and made a success of everything

that he touched. His favourite motto was
greatly bettering my position except by becoming a country travelling, a berth I did not as a newly married man could decide to look about for a more remunerative if not more congenial occupation. Thinking I had secured too I gave a week's notice and a day or two later was astonished by the passion coming and saying to me, "I don't want you to leave thinking I didn't appreciate you so I thought of giving you a gold watch." I have it now after nearly fifty
and 1841 letter in a hunter-case that still keeps time like a chronometer. He was very cordial to me at leaving and shortly afterwards invited me to a dinner he gave to the firm at the Holborn Hotel.

It was here I remember he was suddenly called upon to say 'grace.' It may have been for the first time in his life but I never saw him so much embarrassed. He hesitated for a minute or two and then said, "For what we are about to receive, we give thanks. May we all be truly thankful in it. I hope you'll all enjoy your dinner."
... kept in touch with him even after he became blind and it was not long before his death that he told me he had in mind to write a book about business that he thought would be of practical help to others (I should have been surprised if it were not) and that he would like me to take it down from his dictation and whatever he got for it should be mine. But the scheme got no further.

During my ten years at Sowerby there was much that occurred not
directly connected perhaps with the fever
but of considerable importance in my life. For one thing in the very early eighties
I had an attack of what was later labeled
Neurasthenia, which was probably of a
much more serious character than I
realized at the time. I will not attempt
to describe the start of it nor the symptoms
of the illness during the many months
it lasted. Possibly if I or my people had
been better off I should not have had

The attack or if I had it would not have
been of such a prolonged character, I will only say that my recovery dated from the intervention of Dr. T. Magrath, one of my earliest Bartonian friends. It will be remembered who at least prevailed upon me to go and see his own doctor, a very wise physician who began by recommending a break and a change was sensible enough to prescribe a routine which I was sensible enough to follow and at last began to shake me from my trouble. I shall never forget
What I went through in the meantime

great I have since been glad to have had

the experience for it has been the means of

a self-mastery that has been of quite

incalculable value to me and in addition

it has enabled me to see of serving others

similarly afflicted to get up out of the

clough of despair in which they were.

The fact that this trouble came upon me

after the revolution in thought had begun

no doubt added to it but was in no way the cause of it.
In 1863 came the event I have already alluded to meeting with the mate to whom I am still attached with more than words of steel. That our meeting was soon followed by serious events in her family will be realized when I say that before the year was out, in fact shortly after her 18th birthday, her father died leaving a wife and five daughters three young boys whose ages ranged from 11 to 4 and another son who was born before that fatal year ended. The four eldest...
girls had been very wisely dealt with by
their parents, three of them very soon
acquiring first class certificates under
the London School Board. The other occupied
a managerial position, that made her
self-supporting. When I add that her
mother developed a serious illness which
was accentuated by the loss of her infant
posthumous son it will be readily seen
why the wedding of the three oldest girls
was delayed. 

At last in July 1869 the two younger
of the three eldest daughters were married

on the same day at the same church.

I was bridegroom to the youngest of the

girls - one of the three schoolmistresses.

Someone has said that the first year
of married life is not always the
happiest and our early experience was

to confirm this gloomy view. In the first

place immediately afterwards it became
clear that I must seek about making a

bigger income and in November 1889 I

took the step, it seems now a hazardou
one, of transferring myself from the Jewellery

to Advertising. My later experiences amply

destined it, but for the first year or two

had the feeling of having burnt my boats

without first learning to swim. It seemed
to me that making bricks without straw

was child-play to what was afforded from

me, and my depression was the most

serious maye I have ever experienced.

My position fortunately was secure for

a year at least, but as the days dropped

by my prospects of success seemed to
to grow darker and on the last day of June 1870 our first-born son arrived.

He came to a troubled house; however, and was not a week old when I was knocked down in Watling Street by an empty crate falling from the top of a piled-up railway van. Fortunately, the day was wet and my umbrella took the violence of the blow but it was of such a character that my head did not cease to ache for three or four months and owing to conditions at home I
was obliged, and fortunately able, for about a week to conceal the accident from my wife and to get what treatment I needed, apart from the doctor, at my mother's home.

I would not choose perhaps to dwell on the dark side of what should have been the most joyful period of my life, till then but for the fact that it was not long after this before relief came and in a manner that seems even to-day worth recounting.
Then the word conclusion that there was
and could be nothing in the world would

fear, except fear itself - and such fear
was of course absurd. I am not in the
least exaggerating when I say that this
was the most crucial point in what I feel to
be my spiritual evolution, or rather

revolution. I was by no means at the end
of my troubles, but I feel I was at the end
of my hopeless troubling. Until then I seemed
to be sinking in a sea of despair, but I
had now clutched a rope which still gave
new feeling of reassurance even when
the waters closed over my head again as
They certainly did.

I do not propose, at this point anyway, to
enumerate the fears I faced at this time. I will
only say most positively that the list was as
complete as could be. In making these

voluminous and diverse notes I have

arrived at doing two things: to set down as

clearly as possible the views of men's position

on the theme on which I have dwelt after an

least half a century of what I regard as the
thinking and to state the conclusions at which I feel compelled to arrive in regard to that universe. It will doubtless have been noted that these in my notes approached the subject much in the way that I sought to arrive at my present view. This I think is better than if I began by presenting my final conclusions before details the steps which ultimately led to them.

From the time of leaving Barbican up to my wedding the ties connecting me with any form of church were gradually relaxing. I was married in the Church of England and
occasionally attended the services at the same
Church where my youngest brother-in-law was
a chorister. Later I got into the habit but only
for a time of attending a local Baptist Church
at which my fellow bridegroom played the
organ. I mostly sang in the choir on Sunday
mornings. I might possibly have continued
at Herecourt but it was too far away. I was
drawn to attend church or chapel largely by
my love of music as well as by a love of mingling
with my fellows and hearing what was the
influenced men up the pulpit
subject even against the views I held.
The Baptist minister was an elegant and learned man of broad views whom I came to know personally and certainly liked. He became eventually chairman of the Baptist Union and a celebrated preacher.

In spite of these things in his favour I began to feel more and more that I was in a false position both in his chair and congregation.

For a time I went more or less frequently to a Presbyterian Church which had the advantage of being much nearer my home where the preacher was already well known and regarded as highly intellectual abroad.
minded. But one Sunday morning I heard him speaking to the children and telling them that they would shortly be going out into the world and be tested while laying up treasures for themselves also to lay up treasures in heaven. I was bold enough to write and ask the reverend gentleman his authority for the class, and he replied that the laying up of the treasure upon earth was not worse per se but only if it offended the single eye. I am afraid I wound up the brief discussion by saying I thought he would agree that...
Added to the troubles I have mentioned so far, the fact that I had broken with my orthodox past so far as religion was concerned and began to feel that I was without God or hope in the world. It was exactly at this stage, and I know well the very place where it began that I took my hands and determined to face and examine my fears and see just what it was I feared. I looked as clear-eyed as I could at all the possibilities of the situation and came to what seem...
the laying-up of treasure upon earth. We
and unchristian it was at least on Christ's

Today nothing I fear would tempt me to engage
me in such a discussion but I note it here as

a passing indication of the slackening of

the ties binding me to places of public

worship and soon after the practice of going

completely lapse.

But meanwhile events were still trying

to the point of terrifying. Our first-born boy

was a fine fellow, well-grown and walking

easily at 1 year old. His sister arrived.
when he was a year and four months old

and while his mother was still in bed with

her, he was seized with a mysterious illness

which we fought as well as we then knew how

under the guidance of the local doctor but

three months later he died a death I

cannot bring myself to describe here after

47 years. The beginning of this trouble was

an alarming swelling of the lymphatic

gland in the abdomen. The final stage

was meningitis. I cannot refrain from

stating my belief, since confirmed by
medical men who heard the symptoms, he was a victim of vaccination. He had been vaccinated by the G.P. three times and on the third occasion to make it certain of taking the vaccine was rubbed in.

I have been proud three times since because I would not have any other child vaccinated. Those who have an inclination to things psychic may be interested in the happening on the day he passed. I was alone in the room with him on the night of his going. I was not eager for anyone else to witness.
the horror - when several of those who were
working in another room declared they heard
singing apparently proceeding from the room
where he and I were. About the same time
a little before he went, my wife's brother came
into the house; he was undoubtedly psychic
and saw as he told us next day the little
fellow coming down the stairs.

Having these two incidents in mind I wrote
for his card the lines

We held his dear hands but we could not detain him,
The voice of the Lord was so urgent and sweet,
And the angels sang jubilant so to regain him
His soul unpolluted, unclouded His feet
It will be seen that though I had broken with orthodoxy, its tenets still came naturally to me in moments of trial. What comfort I was able to take in these very trying times came I feel sure from other than ordinary religious sources. Apart from the experiences I have alluded to when I faced my fears I had begun to feel less alone by finding that many others had passed through similar periods of doubt and depression. I had come to the light. I found Carlyle's Sartoris, Resartus, very illuminating and on
the whole cheering, Emerson helped me too.

and at last I came into mental touch

with Tolstoy from whom I feel I have

gained more than from any other writer.

Here was a man, whose position as one

of the greatest novelists of all time was

fully accorded by the verdict of critics all

over the world, brought up in the

strict Greek Orthodox Church, who from

his religious conviction not only radically

altered his literary output but renounced

his very considerable property including
his copyrights and, although still living with his wife and family, dressed as a peasant or in a great measure shared the lives of the so-called common people. This was a phenomenon indeed.

Tolstoy influenced me more than the Clerics, men, whose Socialism however, even before the penny edition of Merrie England appeared had left its mark upon my thinking. So much so that I became a member of the Socialist Club at the junction of Shoe Lane and St. Andrews Hill, Holborn. Who remembers it now?
Yet small as was the establishment and cheap as were the meals served there, the members included the names of many who were either there or have since become well known.

Tom Mann was I remember very friendly and always doing his best to make young members feel at home. Miss Gladstone, who afterwards became Mrs. Ramsey MacDonald was a very valued official I believe. Then there was Harry (now Lord) Snell. The Rev. Percy Dearmer and his wife Mabel Dearmer were to be met there and the husband and wife poets
Ernest and Dolcie Radford, Dr. or Mrs. Panther
took lunch there; so did Bellamy Sharping.
The husband of Maggie Morris, daughter of the
Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb only saw upon
one occasion, and I think the only time
he ever spoke to the Boarder of this Clarion

was on his only visit there that I can recall.

Supperly fish dinners were I remember
a well patronised item on the menu. On
one occasion I found the fish inedible

and left it. When J. J. Desmond then, I believe

pre. man's lawyer came in, I warned him
and the dark-eyed waitress said "Don't you believe him - it's beautiful." Of course he ordered it and left it. I pointed at the fact and told the girl in a jesting spirit, "I should warn others off fish. If you do, she said, "I'll make them have it." And she kept her word in several more cases.

The Club Nancy did not have a long life and was not exclusive in its membership, as it was there I met J.C. Kenworthy of Croydon and J.R. Henderson later of the Bomb Shop, who both regarded themselves...
if they adopted any label at all, as

Histayan Anarchists. Remember on one
occasion feeling a shock of surprise

when John Green of the International Peace

Arbitration Society said to me "You're

a bit of an anarchist aren't you."

I was the company I was keeping to support

The rather unexpected result of my change

from jewellery to advertising was the

opportunity it gave me for extending

my acquaintance. I found that to

get the new business necessary if I
was to succeed at all I must endeavour
to interest desirable clients with new
designs which had hitherto to be of my
own invention. In this way I was able
to procure a considerable Chocolate account by
a simple and economical design
which my principal told me was the
envy of at least one of the two biggest
of English Chocolate manufacturers.

Another smaller design brought
me into touch with the Social side
of the Salvation Army where I made the acquaintance of Captain Webster, the picturesque and fascinating Secretary to the then Major Lamb. I may say here that my friendship with 'Eddie' Webster lasted not only long after he left the Army but lasted until he passed away last year, while Commissioned at Lamb when we met very rarely nowadays, I am still upon very friendly terms. I always feel that he and Hub Lamb have been two of the greatest
of the S.A.

The design was for an adiet, of

Salvation Army matches "Fight in

darkest England," an industry then

conducted under Commissioner C中文

a very remarkable little man, getting

nearly blind, then, who had been I

thinks before his conversion a chimney

sweep and prize-fighter. I remember

going at Captain Webster's request to

sing or recite to the match girls at their

factory and one of the funniest
things I can remember was a speech

by Commissioner Adam taking as

his theme a humorous recital of much

It involved not only the girls but

the fairly eclipsed recital and gave me

an idea of what had brought the

little man to his present rank.

"Webster and I became such friends that

we frequently meals together and I

recall that I used to meet him with

other officers at an underground

restaurant in Queen Victoria Street
owned by one 'Barge' rotting I fear
but my friendship would have taken
me there as a quiet I wrote at the
time may testify

'Oh, Barge, descending to thy cell
so much like going down to hell
and sullen, who daily revel
in digging our misguided Soles'
And sick like 'an your Kitchen coals
why you are like the devil'

I beleive others beside Captain

Webster saved the effusion and did
not condemn it as one might have expected

That known of William Booth when
his organisation was known as the
Christian Mission. I was at Lemniss at
the time and I remember that a driver
of theirs was the father of two of the early
of the Salvation Army lassies. His wife
was a speaker at the meetings and
upon occasion when I was silly and
ignorant enough to express doubts
about the suitability of women
preaching her husband said to me
with a flourish of his whip — I was living
with him at the time — "it, it's all a
question of compacity. How my wife
has a much greater compacity for
preaching than I have. All the same
he was one of the most earnest, if
narrow, men of the type I have met.
I don't imagine he as ready to give
himself as he was his family to the
cause. On another occasion I
remember him saying to me "Yes,
my boy, that's it. Saul, Saul, why
prosecute this one?"

Although after meeting Webster I
came and heard the General upon several occasions; I only spoke to him once.

That was upon Hadley Wood Station — I was living at New Barnet — and I was able to give him a piece of information he needed, but what it was I quite forget. I was never in the least drawn to his army; but there was no denying the tremendous force of his character, and I shall not readily forget the sight of him at his wife’s funeral processions on Queen Victoria Street.
I may not have mentioned before that I had started rhyming in some amount of earnest by reason of the encouragement given to me by Frank Earl, one of my earliest youth. Institute Chums, who also had the distinct such as it may be, of giving me my first commission to write verse for profit. At one time it made a small but quite welcome addition to my income. It was the same old friend that gave me the introduction that led me to take up advertising. During the twelve years from
1889. To the end of 1901 I found time to polish up my sphynx to the point of completing a set of twenty-four trioloet-tos for each month, one purporting to be what the poet sent to the magazines, the other what he said to himself about the same month.

The work would not pass the test of any own or my daughter Dorothy’s criticism but, drawing a breath at a venture I sent the twenty-four items to Robert Barr, an editor of the Detroit Free Press (London edition), which had quite a measure of popularity...
here and produced I well remember

excellent Christmas numbers at 6° which

consisted in the main of a complete

story by Robert Barr (or Luke Sharpe

his nom-de-plume on the paper) or by

his brother James Barr who at that time

wrote under the name of Augustus Even

Abbott. To my great joy there was a very

humorous letter from Robert Barr,

enclosing a cheque for a fortnight's draw

by himself, and what made me rejoice

that while he could not use my verse,
in the Detroit Free Press he hoped to use

it in a new magazine that he and some

Kromer were about to start. This proved

the Meddler and my rhymes illustrated

appeared in the first two numbers. Then

ceased which of course made the others

unless I wrote and asked the reason.

and was invited to call where I saw

the sub-editor, G.R. Burgin (the man who

has since produced novels by the

scope and whose nephew is now a

distinguished Cabinet Minister) and
Robert Barr himself whom I had not 
seen since I was a most amiable man and
previously met. The little matter in dispute
was settled at once. G.B. Burgin and we were on
friendly terms for years— I wonder now
he is in his eighties if he remembers me.

To round off this section when James Barr
started "The Harlequin", a short-lived humour
weekly, he accepted (and paid for) some
verse of mine which I had revised much
to its advantage at the suggestion of his
brother. I wonder if anyone reads

Robert Barr to-day. Some of his work
would I guess be worth it. I have on my shelves one volume "The temperamental Petticoat" which I almost remember to try again some day.

Even while I was in the 'jewellery' I had written a few humorous sketches for a recital which some time afterwards I offered to "wit and wisdom" a literary weekly to which a rising young writer I M. Barrier occasionally contributed. I was introduced to the editor by J.B. By another Youth's Institute Chiaro, who was
then making his way in the printing and
publishing world, and my 'stuff' was
accepted and paid for. This was
about the time of the advent of Answers
and I well remember that one day I was
talking to Henry Klein the music
publisher then on Holborn Viaduct who
had just published a song of which
the words were mine, when a friend
of his came up to whom he introduced
me. It was Sir Harold Hamsworth
(now Lord Rothermere) and when he
heard that I was contributing to 'wit'
and 'wisdom' he said, with scorn, 'What
the use of writing for that? They only pay
5/ of a column. Why don't you write for
Answers - we pay a guinea a column
There was I fear too little of the finance
about me and too little of the ready-
writer, of what Answers might be
inclined to take to adopt his
suggestion. As a matter of fact I
have always been too busy earning
enough to meet the demands made
upon a small income, to devote the time necessary to make my pen any profitable tool.

While upon the subject of rhyming, I think I should set down an incident that occurred the day after our wedding. We were sitting together upon a cliff-top seat, at Shanklin, I think, whither we had walked from Ventnor through the landscape when my beloved suddenly began to recite "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat."

She did it in a way that somehow made me think it was her own, and to the credit of
my critical judgment rather than to my general knowledge I jumped up in great excitement saying "Is that your own?"

"If so I will make a name for you." You may guess how humbled I felt to find it was already a classic of which I had never heard — Edward Lear & Lewis Carroll were unknown names to me then. I had been earning a little cash writing verse.

I may say here that although my wife has published but little, and not a line of verse, all I do is submitted to her judgment.
which I rightly respect very highly. Indeed I may say that it was only after meeting her that I began to find any freedom in verse or prose.

Here perhaps is a fitting place to set down the simple fact that the only volumes to my credit (or not as the case may be) are "Armado of Verse" published by my wife's brother, A. W. Daniel, "lake lades and other rhymes" published by the Utopia Press and put together at the suggestion of Robert Blatchford;
and "Rip and Flip" again published by C.W. Daniel. These were all favourably reviewed, Miss Isabel Smalley Couch remembering pointing out in reference to "Pamela" that I had the faculty for writing original nursery rhymes. Some time later when the Saturday Westminster offered a prize for this type of verse I sent in three specimens, any one of which, said Deacon Boyle Smith, would have taken the prize. Are they not written in the Book of the Westminister published by Methuen? Problems of where the curious may if they
can find a copy. See some of the other

competitors I then met.

Like LaBoo, like rather some of the rhymes

in that volume, have been quoted to my

surprise, although no anthologist has

ever used or suggested using them.

"Foreigners" was quoted appropriately

enough by the Dutch writer J. Renier,
in his volume "The English are they human"

whose book however I have not to see,

and I understand he has made

another very kindly reference to me

in a later work. Richard Cybulski
has also honoured me with a reference.

But the most curious thing came to light
when a brother-in-law was reading about

from a book by Kate Douglas Wiggin

entitled "Mother Carey's Chickens" when

little

my daughter was accidentally present to

to her surprise she heard her uncle

reading a passage from "I bought a

ship and went to see," which Kate Wiggin

spoke of as an ancient rhyme. After

I had seen the volume pointing out that

was not so old as she appeared to
telling her the name of the volume she was quoting from, I had
in reply a very kindly and complimentary letter, with a copy of the book, with a
handsome inscription, and a promise to make a further reference if a second
edition should be called for. She said on hearing from me she had procured
a copy of my book in New York—this fancy must have been an unillustrated
copy published at my friend Jack Boyle's
suggestion to secure the American copyright.
There have been other great expectations beside
those of Charles Dickens.

The Cranke's Table,

After meeting Frank Henderson I neglected
the Socialist Club and frequently joined him
for lunch at a Vegetarian Restaurant in
2 Bride Street where fruit luncheons were
a speciality. Here we occasionally met
R.B. Sutcliffe and W.T. Wilkinson both of the
Clanion then at 72 Fleet Street later got
to know Father Power the London representa-
tive of a Birmingham Brass firm. He had
been interested in socialism. I think
it was seeing Siskers or Wilkinson with
the Clarion in their hands that led him
to make their acquaintance.

He was then by no means an old man—
he never will be now—and we called
him 'Father' because his wife always
addressed him in that way. She was
by the way Aunt to the Rev. Vale Owen

who later made a meteor-like name
for his papers on Spiritucism

published in the Daily Mail!
At the time I was rapidly getting to dislike
meat and going regularly to St. Bride's
for lunch. One day I remember a curious
experience we had there. Among the
regular visitors but not at our little
table was a young man who came in
had his meal quietly and left to return
very shortly and start all over again.
I don't know how long it was before
the riddle was solved and we found
that Harold and Loftus Hare, twin
brothers in business together had
to lunch at separate times. They were then so amazingly alike that upon after Harold had been living with me and my family for about six years, I had to scrutinize them carefully at times to make sure to which of them I was speaking.

There is always something mysterious about growth and although I have fairly set down the unintended beginning of the Crumb's table it is difficult to explain its development which was fairly rapid.
nor can I be certain at what period
in its growth it received its name
or who gave it. I suppose
by accretion fostered by the lively talk
of some of its members—You needn't
look at me, I am not prepared to pled
guilty to much more than interested
listening, as a rule. Father Power
was always a great raconteur and
seemed to have a library intangible of
course, of many volumes of good
stories and interesting experiences.
The table I remember gradually changed
its position owing to the increase of its
numbers and occupied the longest
spread against the wall, absorbing in
its progress old visitors and attracting
others from outside who gradually came
to hear of it. To-day its generally
composition would be somewhat suspect
and it would be regarded probably
as a medley of 'left' forces. Many sane
souls who attended occasionally would
not feel honoured at being regarded.
as among its members. Yet here were to be met and not infrequently May Thomas, assistant manager and dramatic critic of the Daily News. At times he was joined by his father A. May Thomas, the co-editor with Charles Dickens of Household Words.

He was a very distinguished looking elderly man. Sometimes Miss Thomas would be there and Ernest Parker, at one time editor of the Star and still an honored director of the News Chronicle group.

It was at the Grant's table as I reminded
F. Boyl Thomas the last time we met that
he recruited three distinguished members
of the Daily News Staff. I wonder who remembers
them now. But they deserved the adjective
They were W.B. Hodgson who became known
as a Daily News Commissioner and
might have gone to great lengths had
ast diabetes claimed as a fairly
youthful victim; George Haw who
wrote the Life of W.B. Crooke, left the Daily
News to become a Secretary to Lloyd
George and who also passed away
all too young as he was gathering distinction.

Finally there was G. F. Desmond, qualified
solicitor, practicing, as I have previously
said in my note upon the Socialist Club.

As poor man's lawyer who now became
literary writer upon the S.N. He is still
I believe a member of the Labour party.

He has made regular but unsuccessful
attempts to represent it in parliament.

He had I remember chambers in Pimper
Court at the very top of the building
where he managed to keep a hive of
Sees. He was too sound and reasonable

I am sure to let any of them get into

his bonnet: during the war he managed

in spite of being much overage to join

the army as a 'Tommy' was taken

prisoner and was black-marked by

hat-minded patriots for speaking the

truth as he knew it about the treatment

he received in Germany. No one however

who knew him would doubt the word of

'Uncle Gee Gee', as he had been known

to children, as no one would question
The warmth of his generous disposition. I should much like to meet him again.

I see that I have spoken of members of the Grant's table but of course there were no members, only visitors some intermittent and others fairly regular.

I could not hope to give any idea of the talk that went on there but in my recollection W.B. Hodgson, R.W. Warren, J.G. Green were among the most distinguished brilliant of the serious talkers while F. May Thomas and Tatter Porter were much more eminent on the lighter side. But
it may be unjust to divide them in this way for all at times were in turn light and serious in their talk. But the general level was occasionally high. I am convinced both by my own happy memories and by the remark of a journalist who declared there was more good copy going to waste at The Grand’s table than anywhere else in London. Remember too that The Globe then a top evening journal on the Westminster Pall Mall lines devoted its front page article with the big issue over to a description of it. I think it began
to fade in glory when the proprietors of
the Restaurant introduced fish into
its menu. The smell was too much for
some visitors, and although a more
Vestarian
was made first of all to a Restaurant
on the north side of Holborn, finally
to the still-flourishing Food Reform
Restaurant in Furnival Street—it was
quite the old Crant’s Table.

Domestic and otherwise.

It would be erroneous to assume from
here seeking
the notes above that I had brought relatabi
sense of the word. We were not lame alike, of each other but we were both rebels against the conventional view of married life, and of many other things as well. My wife was so intuitive and in more intuitive than I am but where one has perhaps seen a little farther ahead than the other it has never been long before we were moving along side by side and our life difficulties, and they have been not a few have drawn us together instead of driving us apart. Future notes may in
from a drear domestic life and a hopeless kind of business. Whatever may be said of the latter, my domestic life was anything but drab. My choice at least prevented that. Even before our wedding we had decided that our union was not to be a mere sentimental marriage. We both held ideal views upon which we were wholly agreed and while our resources might be too moderate in amount we decided that they should be held in common and need to build up a home in every sense.
a way illustrate this.

I have said we were married in July 1887.

By November 1892, three children had been born to us, the youngest a girl, owing perhaps to mother's grief, at the loss of our first-born suffering from malnutrition aggravated by medical ignorance. When a few months old she was reduced to a little skeleton well on the way we were likely to be ruined by the medical remedies applied, one after the other, and it was only when at last we rebelled against the treatment and started
without medication
feeling
keep her on natural lines, that she
began to improve and in a very few
months was one of the soundest children
I have ever wished to see and the mother of
a two-year-old girl in many ways
like what she was and an ideal subject
for such an artist as Mr. Dowd. If he
only knew where to find her,
This episode had its effect upon our
views as may be imagined and although
we hold the medical profession in high
honour for many reasons we are no
enthusiasts for either knife or spoon.

By the time another daughter arrived in March 1875 we were gradually feeling our way to other changes. Three weeks after the birth of this daughter my beloved mother, who was living near us, passed on; so it will be realized what the earliest years of our married life were not entirely care-free.

For some time we had been moving in the direction of less and less meat party from reasons of economy and largely...
as a matter of taste and health, and
just before the latest arrival I definitely
decided to give up meat and fish entirely
and in a very little while the family followed
Salt. I have abstained ever since as in
all probability I should not be here to pen
These rates,

He had also been on the look out for a
chance to move farther out and in
1926 we rented a new small house in
Burley near the Hadley Woods.

And here we noted a curious happening...
While we lived in London we had few or no
visitors save those of my introducing among
my newly made friends such as Captain
Webster, Harry Lowerson & Rochester Baggot,
both of The Clarion, and accompanying the
latter was the new Secretary of The Socialist
Club as good natured, and highly cultured.

I want of the name of Joke - I forget his
first name but rather think it was
Leslie. He was very slim, stood about
6 ft. 3 in. and I heard afterwards became
well to do
like the remainder of his family, a
Catholic. But when we moved to Barnet we were discovered by old friends and new especially at Bank Holiday times and our little household at such periods grew from six to sixteen and even more and the harder showed considerable signs of strain with our unexpected and growing popularity. In less than three years we became convinced that we were still too near London and moved out into Essex.

Feb. 1899, where our only surviving son was born in the following September and in
Easter 1900 we moved into the house where we have lived ever since. The added reason for coming bitter and the manner deserve a mention at least in passing.

It is a common experience of course upon looking back upon the way life has led us, on the way we have come anyhow, to notice how everything seems to be connected with everything else. I have mentioned the fact many pages back that I had been very much impressed with the later work of Tolstoy. I have never read his great
early novels, with the single exception of
Anna Karenina——and I little thought then
I began to read. The Kingdom of God is
within you" that his influence would be
so potent, as to bring me out into Essex,
Tolstoy influenced my thinking; it now
seems to me in two vital matters. First
he abundantly confirmed the view I
had come to hold more and more
triumphantly that the internal is the
only possible authority for any of
us. Next he persuaded me much more
by their will to believe in non-resistance.

When I first came across his teaching in
this respect I was frankly more astonished
than I should have been as a member of
one time of a Christian Church. With
Consummate nerve I started in my
mind to prove that the idea was absurd
but I don't know how long it took,
I discovered that the absurdity was
mine and Tolstoy's conclusion
perfectly sound. My interest in Tolstoy
was considerably stimulated by meeting
others who were more or less convinced of
the soundness of his teaching among
whom I should name T.R. Henderson, J.P.

Kemwerry, Arnold Egbert, Arthur St. John
(of Penal Reform fame just gone over)
and the twin brothers Hare.
Many of these were connected with the
Croydon group of Tolstoy admirers
who performed a play adapted by
Egbert from Tolstoy's Drama the Fool.

Then there was Eyloene Maudie and later
Tschertkopf (Tolstoy's friend and Secretary
a Russian Aristocrat of giant build
and with a grand air that was in a
curious way fascinating and never left
him during the many years I knew him.

In my recollection he stands out

Conspicuously as the most thorough

going friend and disciple of Tolstoy

that I have known.

There was a group formed after the

Groydon Brotherhood had begun to fade

which had its headquarters near Perleigh

in Essex and it was in connection

with this Colony that Aylmer Maude
and Tschertkoff (at that time close friends of each other as well as Tolstoy) that were associated each living near the Colony.

While the Doukhobours (?Spelling) were staying there before they went to Canada.

I visited the Colony with my wife and we were much attracted. I remember by the simplicity of the Russian Peasants. They seemed in appearance at least— we had to talk of course through an interpreter. Some of the most charming and beautiful characters we had met.
We spent an enjoyable week and there
and it was suggested to us that we
should join the group, my wife, who as
have indicated, was fully qualified,
to act as schoolmistress in a house to be
built specially for our use. But we
decided, against the suggestion although
we remained in friendly touch with the
group for many years.

Although we did not feel drawn to a
so-called Colony life, there were many
who wished to settle in the country while
Keeping in touch with the life in London

that was providing the resources upon which

we lived. We therefore formed a group which

included Father Power, F.R. Henderson, McWets,

"O'Sullers" of the Clarion and some others.

Cannot now recall with a view of buying

a piece of land at first collectively but

after purchase to be conveyed to each of

separately as and when paid for, with

the view of building our homes upon it

Co-operating in good will with no

vows or ties of membership. It was in
short an attempt by free but associated families to get as near to the ideal life of healthy co-operation as in practice proved possible.

By this time Wilkinson (the editor of The Clarion) had visited us at Burnet and our relationship (he was newly-married) became of such a friendly nature that he and I and later Power worked hard to discover land suitable for our purpose. At length we found a very desirable lot of two fields 29 acres in all — three
old country cottage which we purchased.

It is about a mile from where I write,

but alas, although I moved with my wife

and family into the immediate neighbourhood.

Your purchase, disagreement at first

(poor human nature) and only one of

our group ever built and went into

Residence. Seeing how things were going

and realizing that even if we built there

we should be an added mile away from

the railway, on consideration for a

man who never rode a bicycle, my wife.
Saw the house Whase in just being built
and said "if you can buy that, I will stay
in Wickford." And somehow I managed to
buy it. As soon as our decision was
made Wilkinson bought the next plot
of ground to us and put up a house
designed by Raymond Unwin (he had no
title then) & Barry Parker and lived there,
next to us until business called the
whole family away to Pitter's Bar. We
lost our dear neighbours. And we were
neighbours, a small gate leading
from one garden to the other was never more than catching, and we probably had more things in common than we should have found possible in any artificial Made Colony.

Perhaps I should have included life in London, however, still held me.

and I became interested, in a curious way, again, with the Christo-Theosophical Society which held meetings at the home of Mr. Mr. Richard Stapley in Bloomsbury Square—a very attractive house, now, but now replaced by a building quite dies.
to the house we knew.

Once more it was through meeting again an

old member of the Youth's Institute that I came
to make the acquaintance of outstanding people

who have helped to form the view of life that

now, and believe lastingly, hold. It was by

a chance call upon business that I met

Luking Taverner once more. It was his father

who had so kindly in the eighties housed the

Youth's Institute. Luck was then a stocky, sturdy

youth, dark and desperately in earnest,

facing life even then with a courage and spirit
that made light of the physical disadvantage of which he could not but be conscious. He was brilliant at sketching with pen and pencil.

fluently wrote essays. He was in prose and verse, was.

"The Shylock" in our very amateur trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" and could have played Shylock as with equal if youthful distinction. He was very serious-minded and one would have said quite the most orthodox of our little group. How nearly twenty years latter we were mutually astonished to find that our views had moved very largely on parallel lines and he was now assisting.
Dr. Bruce Wallace M.A. (lately a distinguished and early Member of the Fabian Society) is editing his little monthly magazine, "Brotherhood and in running The Brotherhood Church in Southgate Road. The magazine persisted for many years but I fear has now succumbed but so far as I know Bruce Wallace still lives in Dublin where he went many years ago. He must be now in his own eighties and although he has doubtless seen the fading of some of his dreams he has not I feel sure lost faith in life and in the essential soundness
of the Universe. He was always a welcome and
distinguished visitor and friend at the Staplyns'
and once I remember came with his friend Fanner
to see us at Barnet. It was after his visit that
listening to our two girls of about
my wife was passing our two girls or about
6 and 6 a reading lesson from the New Testament,
a favourite book with them, and had chosen
the subject was the feeding of the five thousand
and Margaret the elder,
and the elder looking up from her book said
"was that true mother?" "Well dear," said mother
"What do you think about it?" Margaret reflected.
the people were so pleased
and then said "I think we were so interested listening
with Jesus that they forgot they were hungry."
remember, she added, when Mr. Bruce Wallace came to see me the other day, 'he was listening to him talking to have mystery.' I forgot the heads shatter on any plate.

This is an unvarnished tribute to Bruce Wallace.

I don't know if he has heard it uttered by our beloved Margaret when at Barnet (she was only a little beyond seven when we left).

Before going further, I may say that Lucking Tevenor at this period had become a friend of G.F. Watts, who allowed him to make replicas of some of his most famous pictures — 'Have one of Hope,' now — and
was so accessible that when my wife I joined
at Watts's home
a small party of friends, I entangled with
no prudery and showed us many of his
masterpieces. Jameson afterwards became a
minister of the Unitarian Society and died a
few years ago. I hear this year that his son-
a BA, and married I believe to another BA (or the
equivalent - is in the same ministry.

I return to the Chresto-Theosophical Society.

Among those to be met there were Mary Everest
Bols, Annie Besant, Herbert Burrows, and
the Swami Vivikanandan and his youthful
Successor, both were teachers of the Vedanta.

philosophy, and it is possible that Advikamarga
may have founded it - I understand that

having passed on, he is regarded by many

in India as a God. As I remember him he

had all the impermeable calm that

distinguishes some Indians, and was for the

rest anything but an ascetic in his appearance.

Of all these, however, Bruce Wallace of

Mr. Budge stands out pre-eminently. Mr. Budge

was the widow of George Budge the mathematician

and was of no mean standing herself.
G.K. Chesterton I believe spoke of her as one of the most distinguished women alive. Years after I met her again when she and Florence Daniel (peace their ashes) became so closely attached that upon her death the wife of my brother-in-law, C.W. Daniel, devolved the charge of her books still published by the C.W. Daniel Co.

Here I may be allowed to interpose a story. Mrs. Boole told me, and gave me liberty to publish, (which I have already done in a small way) about George MacDonald. Mrs. Boole was at that time secretary to Charles Darwin and in that capacity
made one of a group that gathered around

Rebecca Benson Maurice which included

many distinguished people in addition to

Hepzibah Tennison "MacDonald. One day

Mr. Brooke said to Miss Maurice, "Of all the people

that gather round your father, the only one

who is my Maurice and Walter is George

MacDonald." "And do you know, my dear," said

Miss Maurice, "the only one who would not be

offended by being called Maurice and Walter is

George MacDonald."

Thinking back I feel that while the Christ
Theosophical Society tended to confirm rather than to add to my views. It certainly helped to emphasize the opinion that I had been solitary and probably forming upon the unity of all that it was at their meetings that I remember hearing the phrase that "The thought of separation is the father of lies," and I recall that Bruce Wallace once said in my hearing that he was sure separation was an illusion, but he could not understand who it was that was "illuded." I wish he were near enough to talk over the point with me in his old, clear style.
But to return to Wickford. (How many hundreds of times have I returned to it?)

So far I have said but little of our removal from Hertfordshire to Essex. But inter-county travelling was a different thing at the end of the nineteenth century from what it is to-day. There were no motors on the roads and as for the roads the difference is all but unbelievable. We moved by road and the rams had to help for the night somewhere on the journey. It was therefore necessary for us after seeing them off at Barnet to spend a night somewhere...
between Barnet and Wickford and we accepted with great gladness the hospitality so readily extended to us by the Wilkinsonos, who at that time lived at Finchley, as far as I and our daughter Helen was concerned.

The others had to separate, some going to the sister-in-law who was married with no. We were, you see, by this time a considerable household. In addition to my wife and self, we had three daughters aged 7, 6, and 4.

Here was our kindly young help, Tony, an old friend of my wife’s family, who joined us.
while still in London to help with the children

and who after spending forty-three years

under our roof has just gone on her last

journey in her ninety-third year. (She may

re-appear in these Notes later.)

Tentatively we had decided to rent two

small houses about a mile from the station

which had just been erected - we were the first

tenants - and my wife, whose qualifications

as a schoolmistress stood her in good stead,

proposed using part of the second house

for school purposes, and the other part to house
The overflow of our fairly considerable party.

The men were expected to arrive in the early

afternoon of an early February day but alas,

owing to the character of the roads and possibly

of the horses and the men they did not arrive

until past ten at night. I leave you to

picture our plight without beds or any

other furniture and three young children.

We managed however to get fires going, o

Put the children to sleep as comfortably as

possible on the floor with a covering of

newspapers and anything that could be
while we waited as patiently as we could.

It seems it was nearly six the following morning before the man left us. It was a trying experience, but we were at least really

in the country, and some of us at least began to enjoy the added freedom and

freshness.

The Power family followed in two weeks

and took a house some half-mile nearer

to the village. Their coming was very welcome

as they brought with them a family of

six children, three boys and three girls, in
addition to a very faithful help. The children became at once chums and fellow scholars with our own and we soon began to settle down to our new life.

I think it was with the hope of obtaining a home supply of milk, that the Powers invested in a goat, but I am not sure that their hopes were fulfilled. The goat had the appetite of its kind and one of its earliest meals consisted of half a dozen rose bushes carefully planted in the little front garden by Father Power.
next outstanding fact was when it got
into the little drawing room and browsed
among the sheet music thoughtfully left
dear the piano. But the goat was by no
means the only animal in the 'Powers' Zoo.

There were I remember, a lamb, a donkey, and
a cat that raised jackdaws. The lamb was
so much of a baby that it had to be fed from
a bottle and the more rebellious of Father Power's
admiring asserted that he had to rise from
his warm bed in the cold early spring to
\[\text{tackle the lamb. The donkey would have been}\]
fairly well-behaved, I believe, if it had not been for the goat who upon one occasion managed to get over a hurdle that was thought to be high enough to keep him out of mischief and was followed by the donkey who however got stuck fast in getting over and had to be released, probably by faster power.

But to describe with anything like fullness the doings of the pioneering Powers would call for the memory of the clever pencil of Harold Hare, who arrived upon the scene during our first summer in Wickford. He came for a brief
of six days or six weeks I forget which but he stayed for six years and proved a welcome and valuable addition to our little community while he lived with us. It was no small thing for the children to have a man of such wide culture and musical ability to be at once their teacher and playmate. It was wonderful to see him sitting with them inventing and illustrating stories that must have seemed miracles to them. Some of them I pray are still extant. We have believe an account and published some years later of his life with us.
in these golden days

Writhegood, the village where we lived, was not quite what it is today. In the census before
we arrived, the population was said to be between
500 to 600 and it could not have been many
more until we made a sensible (at least)
trustee) addition to its numbers. The nearest
hairdresser was 6 miles nearer Southend
but a postman 6 miles nearer London came
over in his spare time on a Monday to
shave or cut hair as but business
always to London 5 days in the week or
never troubled him. There was no water supply save the village pump and the kindly heavens (we relied upon the latter for very many years). Folk in the village did nothing for supplies, subsisting upon a little old man who had a little old pony pulling a large barrel upon four low wheels. The barrel was labelled 'Aquarius.' I remember, and was filled daily at the Parish Pump. If you missed 'Aquarius' and lived near enough 'Old William' was willing to turn and carry it for you at the same price.
William was undoubtedly one of the characters of the place. He lived in one of a bunch of four cottages huddled for support and standing a little back from the road, as they had one may fancy from the time of good Susan Bess. My acquaintance with him began when reporting to my wife the fact that he had great rhubarb, finer than any I had seen, growing in his front garden, she begged me to buy some. When I got over the low wall (the only way in) and
asked him if he had any rhubarb to sell.

He answered in broad Essex that he hadn't any to sell but I was very welcome to some.

This was so different a reception from what I could have expected that I was staggered by it markted the beginning of a friendly acquaintance that lasted till the old man's end. We joked freely about the generalship of the Boer War and after matters were on excellent terms. One very warm morning as I was passing with my kit-off on the way to the train "Come in," said Williams
"You've got time and my gooseberries are just ripe. A handful of them will cool you."

And they did. He was a typical, strict, Essex man, not unimpressive in build and mostly wearing it seems to me now, a Sam-wester.

His surname I heard but cannot recall.

In any case no one used it: "Old William"

was good enough for anybody. I cannot remember the year of his death, but his dying

began a sensation I am not likely to forget. On the day before he died it was

said he sent for the wife of a 3-mile district