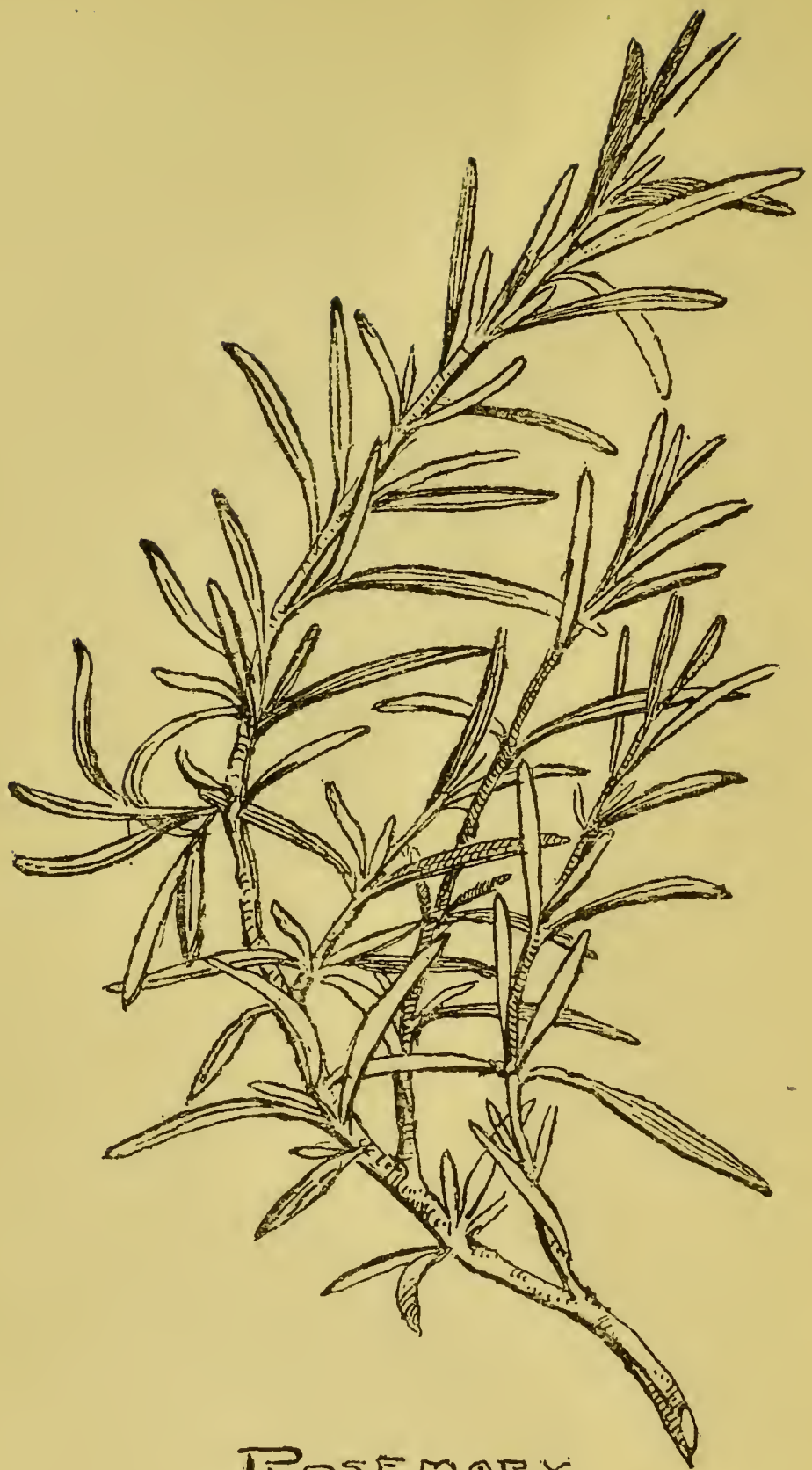
RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN HENRY BRIDGES, M.B.



ROSEMARY
FOR REMEMBRANCE

RECOLLECTIONS OF JOHN HENRY BRIDGES

M.B.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

M. A. B.

LONDON

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1908

TO

OUR NEPHEWS AND NIECES

THIS MEMOIR

IS DEDICATED BY

M. A. B.

INTRODUCTION

By M. A. B.

A BOTANIST seeing a rare and beautiful plant might be glad to know something about the soil in which it grew, and the gardeners who helped to bring it to perfection. These reminiscences, gathered from various gardens, tell the story of a man who, by the vividness of his own personality, called into being many human flowers. May we not hope that the example of his life will fill others with the same ardent desire for all that is just and true and merciful? "The chain by which we are darkly bound" ever links us to the past, and helps us to realize how much we owe to those who have gone before, and have "fought the good fight" nobly.

It will be obvious that this memoir is

merely a collection of fragments, very imperfectly strung together; but its object will be obtained if it serves to preserve the memory of a very noble and unselfish life.

The account of the Boxted life—told by one of the grandchildren—is given as a picture of what a Puritan household was like. It reminds one of the account in "John Inglesant" of the Nuns of Little Gidding. The spirit at Boxted that ordered that peaceful and religious household, flowed on into many channels, and was the key-note of much of my husband's ideal of family life—though, of course, with many divergencies. Old forms pass away, but the spirit lives on the same.

I wish to thank the many kind friends and relations who have so generously contributed to these recollections, at my request, and I feel sure they will rejoice to have helped to keep alive the memory of one they loved so truly.

My husband's early manhood was clouded

by an overwhelming sorrow and loss in the death of his first wife after one short year of happiness, and, for a time, it bowed his bright spirit to the ground; but gradually, as the dawn succeeds the darkness of night, a radiant love arose for him out of the ashes of the past, and endured through many sorrows and trials to the end of his life. For thirty-six years I had the privilege of sharing his life, and from an ardent lover he became the tenderest and most devoted husband. We shared every joy and sorrow, and his calm judgment and high aspirations ever guided our little barque of life across many stormy seas. Although we were denied the highest of all joys, that of religious communion, our tastes and aims of usefulness were the same, and his truly catholic mind and power of sympathy made him reverence all real religious feeling in others. He never for a moment attempted to draw me away from my faith or to put any obstacles in the way of carrying it out,

and hand-in-hand we walked to the brink of that dark river we must all cross alone. Let him say with the Poet he loved :

"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

(TENNYSON.)

M. A. B.

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CORRIGENDA.

Page 17, *line* 23, *for* 'Gurdern,' *read* 'Gurdon.'
Mr. J. B. Gurdon, of Assington, J.P. Suffolk, who started his labourers in Co-operative farming seventy or more years ago, died 1863.

,, 25, *line* 17, *for* 'Rev. Hallward,' *read* 'Rev. Mr. Hallward.'

,, 51, *line* 13, *for* 'forbid,' *read* 'forbade.'

,, 56, *line* 20, *for* 'Collin,' *read* 'Rev. G. E. L. Cotton' (afterwards headmaster of Marlborough College, Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India).

,, 59, *lines* 23, 26, *for* 'Humanioras,' *read* 'Humaniores.'

,, 61, *line* 9, "The Death of Moses" that won the prize was by Shadworth Hodgson, author of "Time and Space," "The Metaphysic of Experience," etc., Fellow of the British Academy, and President of the Aristotelian Society.

,, 87, *line* 11, *for* 'women,' *read* 'woman.'

,, 124, *line* 21, *for* 'schoolroom, tea,' *read* 'schoolroom tea.'

,, 149, *line* 4, *for* 'Eldenbridge,' *read* 'Edenbridge.'

,, 160, *line* 16, *for* 'loatano,' *read* 'lontano.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF
JOHN HENRY BRIDGES

CHAPTER I

Boxted Memorials

THE Bridges family is descended from Colonel John Bridges (1610–1663) of Harcourt Hall in the county of Northamptonshire, "a very honest and God-fearing man." He fought for the Parliamentarian cause, under Lord Brooke, and died Governor of Warwick Castle. To him and to his wife Dame Margaret Bridges, Richard Baxter dedicated his "Method of Peace," "in thirty-two directions for the use of a troubled friend," and now "published in 1653, to my much valued, beloved, and honoured friends Colonel John Bridges, with Mrs. Margaret Bridges his wife."

An original copy of this book with portraits of these worthies is in the family.

Among John's most cherished possessions were three closely-written MSS. books. On the first page in his own handwriting are these words—

"Boxted Memorials.

"Copied at my request from the original in Ann Bridges' handwriting (my father's sister) by my dearest mother in the last years of her life.

"J. H. Bridges."

To these memorials therefore we turn, with the knowledge that John himself recognized their value.

The memorials give a record of the Bridges family from 1753 to 1838, and are embodied in diaries and letters passing between parents and children. The original writer, Mrs. Cooke (John's great-grandmother), whose diaries extend over nearly fifty years, was the daughter of the Rev. N. Bridges of Wadenhoe, in Northamptonshire. In 1753 she married the Rev. R. Cooke, Vicar of Boxted, in Essex. He died in 1768, and "her pilgrimage, protracted

more than fifty years beyond his own, has left on the minds of many who survive impressions of the intellectual endowments, ardent affections, and elevated piety, which gave charm to her conversation, and influence to her character, never to be forgotten, when they had once been known."

But besides this, we notice in her diaries an exquisite appreciation of the beauties of nature, and how invariably they spoke to her of Divine authorship. Her habit of the daily reading of the Psalms and lessons was another evident source of spiritual life.

Her meditations on the Holy Communion are almost too sacred and solemn to be spoken of. Although there were few services in the Church and still fewer celebrations of the Holy Communion, yet these, joined with her constant habits of private devotion, maintained in her and those around her an elevation of spiritual life and conduct, such as has rarely been known.

Ann Cooke, thus early left a widow, had six daughters—

Sarah = her cousin, Brook Bridges, 1778.

Anna = the Rev. S. Parlby, afterwards curate at Stoke-by-Nayland, four miles from Boxted, 1782.

Elizabeth = J. Grimwood, 1784.

Margaretta Anna = her cousin, John Bridges, 1785.

Mary = the Rev. T. R. Hooker, 1790.

Martha = the Rev. William Daking.

The home at Boxted henceforth became the centre of family life, children and grandchildren, nephews and nieces all met under that hospitable roof, the memory and influence of which extends even to the present day. A vivid picture of the life at Boxted is given in the following description, by one of the grandchildren, Mary Hooker, afterwards the wife of Dr. King of Brighton :—

"In thinking over the characteristics of Boxted life, nothing strikes me more than the regularity which extended not merely to daily and weekly occupations, but also gave such a uniformity to the routine of the twelve months that, to our young minds, it never seemed a matter of doubt who should make up the domestic circle

at each season as it recurred. As I have become better acquainted with the vicissitudes of life, I have felt a growing surprise that any family plans could have been so long sustained, and I think the same impression is acknowledged by the few survivors, whose personal recollections have any connection with that favoured home."

As another general remark I would mention: "The mixture of freedom and restraint, which, whilst it left the juniors of the family liberty of thought and action, not permitted in the more artificial education of the present day, still promoted a spirit of order, obedience, and interest in daily occupations, independent of outward excitement, which I believe to be most healthful, both for body and mind.

"I will now proceed to some details in which every day was spent, an arrangement so unbroken that a postponement of the dinner-hour for half an hour scarcely occurred half a dozen times in the year. But I may first mention that this house inhabited by this 'Mother in Israel' was commodious, though not arranged precisely

according to our ideas of comfort, because several of the bedchambers were passage rooms, others beyond them having been added for the reception of the married daughters, who from time to time returned to their early home, and graced the table by their multiplying olive-branches. The trifling inconveniences they incurred were lightly regarded by the occupants, and opportunities and the means for solitude and retirement were secured by a small apartment attached to each chamber in those days, designated a closet, and fully understood to be chiefly appropriated to the sacred purpose of communion with the Father, 'Who seeth in secret.'

"Who amongst us can forget that which was connected with our dear grandmother's bedroom over the porch of the front door? Light and cheerful, its various furniture appeared to our childish eyes of the choicest value. Shelves containing books and articles endeared to her as presents from children and friends—the old-fashioned bureau standing constantly open with the simple writing implements and materials then in use, and a

corner shelf within reach, heaped with letters and papers, concerning matters immediately in hand. The window looked towards the churchyard, and the spot was in itself a Beth-el.

"How did she there commune with the God and her Saviour whom she now beholds in Heaven!

"And who can tell how many of the blessings that have rested on her descendants may have been the fruit of earnest supplication ascending from this Prophet's Chamber? Brightly no doubt burned the incense on that unseen Altar. The effect was visible, when with beaming countenance she came forth from thence in the morning to take her post in the family circle with a mind ready for each event of the coming day, because she met all its circumstances with a strength not her own.

"Her hour of rising was seven, both in summer and winter. Immediately on being dressed she retreated into her little sanctuary for more than an hour. The sound of her closet door, opened and shut again, announced that it was precisely nine o'clock. She took

her seat at the organ, which sent forth its pealing summons in a hymn of praise four or five verses long, and all were expected to be in their places ere it was closed. Children and grandchildren then knelt in turn to receive her blessing, the servants entered, and all was quiet, if not devout attention, while the Psalms for the day were commenced, the alternate verses recited by the assembly, and the service closed by a form of prayer. . . .

"To this succeeded the plain and wholesome breakfast, and all the family were in motion by ten o'clock. A short stroll in the garden on the straight gravel walk, or in the shrubbery beyond, was frequently the season for confidential discussion on family concerns. The household affairs were quickly despatched, and to this hour belonged a daily visit to a little school close to the house whither I often attended her, and the scene lives in my earliest and most vivid recollections of the dear relative, whose memory, fondly cherished by all her grandchildren, must be doubly endeared to one who found in her both grandmother and mother.

"The service in the school opened with prayer—then a portion of Scripture was read and explained by the elder children. Hymns, texts, and portions from Watts and the Church Catechism were introduced in turn, and the *Te Deum* or *Benedicite* repeated. . . .

"At this time of her life she made frequent visits to her poor neighbours at a distance; as years advanced the sphere of influence was gradually narrowed, till it was reduced to the little knot of houses immediately round her own, called 'The Village,' each inhabited by some family or individual who shared in her kind offices, whilst by means of the little scholars constantly brought under her eye in daily attendance, and by the visit of her daughters and grandchildren to more remote cottages, she kept her hold on the chain of kindly intercourse, and her heart, her purse, and her house were ever open to the relief of those who needed it.

"At eleven o'clock she again repaired to her closet for reading and writing. About noon the ladies of the family assembled in the long, low parlour, simply furnished for use

not for show, with a set of bookshelves on each side of the fireplace, containing many religious books, and a few standard works of English literature.

"The lessons for the day were first read, with a portion of some devotional or practical comment. Books of a more general kind were then taken up, one reading whilst the rest of the party were engaged in work, drawing, etc., yielding to occasional interruptions from visitors or other occurrences. This employment continued until the clock struck three, then all retired to make some slight change in dress, as a preparation for dinner, and the juniors generally contrived to get a run in the garden, or a few minutes' indulgence over a favourite book, before the hand of the clock reached the half-hour, when the first dish was carried in, and the sonorous gong summoned the scattered party to dinner. Between this meal and teatime the young ones were allowed to occupy themselves apart in walking, reading in their own rooms, or in any other pursuit, whilst the elders remained to converse, or perhaps to gather again round the work-

table with more desultory reading from periodicals, etc.

"At six, the hissing urn gave summons to the tea-table. From seven to nine, some work of general information was read, and much of our best Biography, History, Travels, etc., was gone through. At nine the Bible and Prayer-book were brought in, and the Evening Psalms and the First Lesson read; when the servants came in the second Evening Lesson preceded the form of family prayer. The whole party then retired to their several apartments for nearly half an hour.

"As the clock struck ten the dear mistress issued from her closet, all assembled to supper, and conversation continued till eleven o'clock closed the day.

"Some change was made in these arrangements as the time for outdoor exercise was altered at different seasons of the year, but the amount of occupation was nearly the same, and no material difference was made, when the circle was enlarged periodically as I have mentioned.

"Gladly would this affectionate head of

the family have retained constantly at her side the six daughters, who had been from their childhood carefully trained by her own hand, for much usefulness in their day and generation.

"Circumstances had not favoured any variety of ornamental acquirements, but a taste for music was more or less possessed by them all, and I like to remember the sweet voices of my aunts, as they united in the praises of God.

"The winter gathering included school-boys of the third generation, and was ushered in to the delight and amusement of the juniors by what was called 'Mincepie-making day.' Many hours were given to the various operations connected with this preparation. All took part in it, from the chopping and pounding the ingredients to the distribution of certain portions amongst neighbours and servants, previous to committing the store to a depository, whence the family luncheons were daily provided.

"The week before Christmas was one of great interest, from the arrival in succession of the various members of the family. All

were met in turn at the neighbouring town of Colchester by the old-fashioned carriage, and its return was awaited in breathless expectation ; one or more would stand in the porch and announce to the others the sound of wheels, that indicated the approach, first to one point in the road, and then to another, and finally that it had swept round the corner of the village street.

"The servants running with lights, the hissing urn, the well-covered table with piles of buttered toast, the dear lady in the midst, longing to greet her children, gave a joyful welcome to travellers who, having quitted their London home at nine in the morning, thought it well to have reached their destination, at the end of fifty-six miles, by six in the evening.

"By Xmas Eve not one was wanting of those who were to spend the sacred season together. Eighteen or twenty assembled on Xmas morning in the parlour, decorated with holly from which the bright berries looked gaily forth. I can remember the glow of happiness of the parent, as she kissed her descendants, or when, after the

public service of the morning, she walked round the tables at which so many poor shared her bounty, whilst portions were set aside for the sick and aged, disabled from partaking of the repast under her roof.

"My London uncles (engaged in the law) carried on their professional occupations in some degree during their sojourn in the country by constant interchange of letters and parcels with their homes in the metropolis, and each had a room set apart for these transactions. One of these, 'the office *par excellence*, was out of the house, divided from it by the road. This was occupied by my uncle, B. Bridges, always to be seen yielding instant obedience to the summons of the gong to prayers and meals —his fine open countenance beaming on the gathering circle, who accorded him the respect and affection due to the recognized male head of the family—one proof of the harmonious feeling, which I have ever felt was worthy of peculiar admiration, as existing among individuals who, though united by the ties of kindred, differed widely in many points of character and pursuit.

"Nor must I omit to mention what had considerable influence on the cheerfulness that prevailed, the constant readiness of our dear grandmother to promote all amusements among ourselves that might contribute to safe and animating recreation. The joyous sounds of Blind Man's Buff, and other Xmas games, were often heard, and I remember among the indulgences of our childhood a rough conveyance upon wheels in which a beloved sister and myself, wrapped in warm cloaks, and lighted by lanterns, have been dragged by cousins or brothers, to the distance of two or three miles from home, in the clear frosty nights of mid-winter, without fear of cold, or any wish for a more luxurious vehicle.

"Simple pleasures of another kind—as the early autumnal walks, the occasional holiday passed in the summer-house, a small rude, heath-covered building, its walls of logs, the interior lined with shells, moss, etc., by the tasteful hand of its owner in years gone by, when our young voices resounded through the trees which descended almost precipitously from the high ground,

on which the rustic shelter stood. Gathering nuts, weaving rush baskets, collecting moss, chestnuts, etc. Happy hours were spent under the shade of fine weeping willows, growing by the side of a small fish-pond, on which a leaky boat floating tempted us to somewhat perilous enterprises. Nor less enjoyed were our rambles on the heath, visits to favourites or pensioners, as old Liddy, or Sam Popps, sometimes to the quiet farm of Master Pettiken, or the humble shop of Judith Biggs.

"All these, the owners of dwellings neat and becoming their several grades in life, were always ready to greet with delight the grandchildren of their beloved Mrs. Cooke, and there seems to come over me the scent of the sweet breezy stubble, and turnip field through which we returned home, or at times strayed towards Nayland or Dedham. Indeed, the 'long vacation' was that to which we all looked with brightest anticipations, because we were then joined by the Malden party, including those female cousins, dear to us as sisters, through many years the only friends of our youthful hearts.

"One or more of the grandsons were sometimes added to our circle, and the crowning joy was a visit from her brother and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, which other friends in the neighbourhood were invited to share. Every facility was given to the poor for partaking in the advantages transiently afforded by the ministrations of one who delighted to proclaim the Gospel committed to his trust wherever he went.

"At these times he generally occupied the pulpit of the parish church on Sundays, and the morning and evening worship of the family was open to any who liked to attend. On Sunday evenings I have known the number to amount to seventy or eighty, and perhaps more, every closely packed form or chair being occupied in the parlour, and many in the hall besides.

"Some friendly dinner-parties generally took place, when moonlight evenings favoured a safe return, and the fine old gable-ended house of Mr. Gurdern (Assington Hall), and the humbler house of good Mr. Hallward, in the same village, welcomed a detachment of the Boxted party. It was the pleasure of

our dear grandmother, on these occasions, to be accompanied by as many as could be squeezed into the family carriage. As we moved from the door on these and other occasions, 'The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in,' was the ejaculation uttered by herself, and responded to by the rest: 'From this time forth, and for ever more.'

"On our return in the evening she would repeat Addison's hymn—'When all Thy mercies, O my Lord,' or the *Te Deum*, which gave expression to her own devotional feelings, and elevated those of her companions. A mill stream, at times rather deep, had generally to be crossed on our way home. I seem to see now the dark shadows and the lights gleaming from the miller's house, while the sound of the splashing water, and anxious driver urging on his horses to do their best, fearfully tried the nerves of the timid.

"I could linger amidst the thoughts that repeople the home of my childhood, and light up again its blazing hearth. But it is not! No remains mark where stood the

substantial old-fashioned house; and its inhabitants, where are they? Almost all mingled with the silent dead! Yet we rejoice to believe that those souls have entered into the mansions prepared by the Saviour, for those who truly served Him here.

"I cannot forbear alluding to the faithful domestics who contributed so materially to our comfort. One of these dwelt in the family for fifty years, and was followed to the 'grave by many of its members. Her day of active service had passed away before the period that falls within my distinct recollection, but I retain the image of a thin, energetic old woman in a high-backed chair, within the ample kitchen fireplace, sheltered in a recess on which was painted the portrait of a girl, and with her was a favourite little dog, whose low growl resented any attempt to encroach on his privileges.

"Several other valuable servants were with us, many remaining till death or marriage removed them from this favoured home.

"Sad we felt when these long vacations

reached their close, and our beloved relatives departed for London or Malden. In every revolving hour we missed the dear companionship of old and young we had so much enjoyed. But the routine went on, and as every moment had its occupation, we soon settled into winter habits, when weeks would pass away without the interruption of a single call, excepting, perhaps, a visit from our valued medical friend, Mr. Harold of Nayland.

"Once in the course of the winter we generally passed a fortnight at Maldon, where our daily employment was so much the same that we scarcely felt any change, except the delight of having our cousins to share in our pursuits and pleasures.

"I must not omit a special mention of the Boxted Sabbath, a day pre-eminently of rest and privilege, so far as the exemplary mistress of the household had it in her power to make it so. To her it was indeed a delight—the Holy of the Lord—and she prepared for it so as to diminish in every possible way the amount of needful domestic service. There was indeed a hot joint

always on the table, from which portions were supplied to the poor near at hand. But no one remained at home to see to it, only a visit of a few seconds by one of the maidservants during the time that one of the Psalms were being sung.

"It formed one of the Saturday's employments to prepare questions on the Collects, to be answered in writing by the children and servants, who were also expected to commit to memory texts and hymns. The day began in the same manner as during the week, except that the 145th or the 134th psalm was substituted for the daily ones which were read during the service. For many years a hymn composed by Dr. Bridges was repeated at breakfast—a meal somewhat hastily despatched by the members of the families who were teachers in the Sunday school.

"In the early days of my childhood, there was service only once in the day in church, performed by a clergyman residing some miles off, alternately morning and evening.

"In order to do what in her lay to supply this deficiency of public instruction for her

poorer neighbours, the dear lady opened her house to all who wished to join in her domestic service at 11 or 3 o'clock, as the case required.

"It was pleasant to see villagers coming from the extremities of the parish—the old-fashioned red cloak and black bonnet of the women, and the clean smock frocks of the men, all making their 'reverence' severally as they entered. She sat in readiness to welcome each with a look of kindness, and encouraged the more modest to advance towards the long forms and other seats arranged for them from one end of the room to the other. The service began with a hymn, then followed the prayers of the Church, then another hymn was sung before the sermon. There is reason to believe that many received important benefit on these occasions. I remember particularly the figure of one old man who occupied a small farm in the neighbourhood, standing erect, his white hair shading a weather-beaten countenance, the tears streaming from his eyes as he fixed them on our dear grandmother, now and then dashing away the

falling drops with his sinewy hand. . . . A short hymn dismissed the assembly.

"A few of the very old people remained to dinner, which was served immediately after morning service, that all might be ready again for that of the afternoon. Then we juniors returned to the Sunday school for a short time, during which one of Biddulph's Essays on the Collects was read to the circle at home. At five we came in, and she instructed us for nearly an hour in the Church Catechism with the aid of Basil Wood's Scriptural Expositor and Bishop Ken's devotional exercises upon it. All then assembled for singing a hymn whilst tea was being prepared, after which in unvarying order, beginning with the youngest, every one repeated a hymn, and this went round two or three times or more, according to the order of the party. The circle was then dispersed and retired to the solitude of their own chambers, whilst she summoned the servants for religious instruction especially prepared for them. . . . She then repaired to her own closet, and precisely at nine was joined by her daughters, for the recital of

vespers, certain devotional exercises, compiled from very old authors, repeated alternately, after the manner of the Psalms or *Te Deum*. At nine-thirty she sat down to the organ, and hymns were unitedly sung; the servants entered and evening prayer was said. A cheerful supper succeeded, when she would appear as fresh, conversing with unabated animation till the clock struck eleven, always the signal for retiring to rest.

"Passion Week was always a solemn season; indeed she often longed for a renewed observance of our Church's fasts and festivals, and, as far as circumstances would allow, had regard to them in her own habits of retirement and occasional abstinence, yet no such stress was laid upon these ordinances as to set them for a moment in any other light than as a salutary help towards increased spirituality of mind and separation from the cares and vanities of the present scene.

"The departure of my beloved sister* for India in 1817, was a truly painful bereavement to our dear grandmother, for

* John's maternal grandmother.

on earth she could never expect to behold her again.

"Paralytic attacks successively weakened the powers of mind and body, and the writer can well recollect what it was to witness the decay of that vigorous mind as one cloud after another shadowed its brightness and reduced her to depend on those who through many years had regarded her as their staff and stay. The days had come in which she could say, 'I have no pleasure in them—the grasshopper was a burden, and desire failed.' I should think it must have been the last time she held a pen, when she was roused to the exertion by receiving the intelligence of the sudden death of an excellent young clergyman, the son of the Rev. Hallward of Assington, and expressed her sympathy with the sorrowing parents in a few lines scarcely legible now, in my possession.

"'November 11th.

"'My dear Sir,

"'"Thou hast opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers." In this blessed Society now is the enfranchised spirit of your dear son.

"'This goes to rejoice with you, rather than to condole. For who can mourn after such a blessed change? May the fulness of this strong consolation be yours, with a special partaking of it in the time of your sorrow is the prayer of

"'Your faithful and sympathizing friend,

"'ANNE COOKE.'

"She died in the month of June following. 'At evening time it was light.' In the midst of infirmity, the eye of faith seemed enabled once more to gaze on the Son of Righteousness, ere the happy spirit became an inhabitant of that world of which the Lord is the everlasting light, and days of mourning are for ever ended.

"MARY KING."

CHAPTER II

Parents and Home Life

(By Sister Frances Torlesse and others)

"CHARLES, the fifth son of John and Margaretta Bridges, was born at Northampton in 1794. He is often mentioned in his mother's diaries and letters. She seems to have felt much more than her mother did that children were innately wicked, and many were the prayers which she uttered that she might be enabled to discipline them aright, however painful such disciplinary work may have been to herself." The first mention of Charles in the Boxted Memorials is in a letter from his grandmother (Mrs. Cooke) to his mother, who had accompanied her husband to Bath, leaving the younger children at Boxted, 1797. She says—

"Your dear loves made part of the congregation; little Charles (æt. 2) fell

asleep upon my lap, and when the prayer began, I laid him down in the window, upon a soft handkerchief, and his slumbers continued until he was taken up to bed. He knew what we were about, for he clasped his pretty hands together, as seeming to be desirous to be one among the petitioners."

Charles was sent to Christ's Hospital for a short time, but where his education was carried on till he went to Queen's College, Cambridge, does not appear. He took his B.A. in 1818 and his M.A. in 1831. In 1817 he was ordained deacon to the curacy of Gosfield, Essex, and at this time he became acquainted with Mr. Nottidge, who had previously held the living of Halstead, but who had by then removed to Ipswich, where for thirty years he exercised a most powerful influence for good in the town and neighbourhood.

It was at Mr. Nottidge's house that Charles Bridges first met Harriet Torlesse, to whom he was married at Ipswich, April 25th, 1821.

Harriet Torlesse was then living with her mother at Ipswich. Her father, John

Torlesse, who died in 1810, had been a judge in the East India Company's service.

John Torlesse had married Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Martin Robinson, who lived and died at the corner of Red Lion Street, Holborn Hill. He was a grocer, and his son, who carried on the business, was the inventor and patentee of Robinson's Patent Groats and Barley. Martin and Mary, his wife, had a very large family, of whom the daughters only left descendants.

Anna Maria = John Torlesse.
Martha Juliet = John Dickinson.
Harriett = General Bowness.
Elizabeth = George Fennell.
Louisa = Rev. J. Nottidge.
Mary Anne = John Eden Leeds.

From these six sisters descended the band of cousins, among whom a warm friendship existed, friendships which descended to their children and last even to the present day.

The Robinson sisters must have possessed an unusually large share of good looks. They were well educated—as the education

of women went in those days, and all of them married men of good social position.

Anna Maria (John's maternal grandmother) married John Torlesse in India. They had four children who survived infancy—

Maria = Rev. David Davies.

Henry Boden = Frances Hawthorne.

Charles Martin = Catherine Gurney Wakefield.

Harriet = Charles Bridges.

After their return from India the Torlesses lived in Queen's Square, then a fashionable part of London, and there their children were born. In 1800 they moved to Stanmore, and lived in a large square stone house near the parish church. John Torlesse left a considerable fortune, and a large quantity of plate and jewellery.

The following extract from his will indicates his estimate of his wife, and what manner of woman she was:—

"After having duly reflected on, and religiously considered, the most material

point at issue, I have come to the full determination and resolution of endeavouring to make my family happy, and for which purpose I have fully resolved without revocation to invest, give and bequeath, unto my dearly and justly esteemed and beloved wife Anna Maria Torlesse, to be the sole heiress of all my property, both real and personal, wheresoever it may be found, and I do accordingly hereby make her, the above-named Anna Maria Torlesse, the only sole and whole proprietor of all my monies, effects, or estate, both real and personal, to be hers for ever, from the moment of my decease. This resolution I have entered into after some year's serious reflection, and think I have reason to be more and more satisfied with my determination, and more convinced hourly that she will better distribute and provide for our four children than I could in any way do, both for their and her satisfaction, which has thus been the cause of throwing the whole burden upon her, as I know she will do them all impartial justice."

Some years after his death, his widow and

daughters went to live at Edmonton. There they came under the influence of a very powerful evangelical preacher. He was of the Revivalist order, and under his influence their mode of life was entirely changed. Mrs. Torlesse sold nearly all her plate, and all her jewellery, not only to help various charities, but also because both she and her daughters felt that the possession of such things was inconsistent with the Christian profession. From that time they lived what may truly be called a "religious life." All amusements were shunned, but every claim of friendship and hospitality were fully recognized, and their time was spent in helping their poorer neighbours in every way that lay in their power.

Soon after Charles Bridges' engagement to Harriet Torlesse, a friend asked him if Miss Torlesse was good looking. He answered that he did not know, as he had never specially looked at her! Some time afterwards the same friend was introduced to her, and when he next met Charles Bridges, he said—

"Well, all I can say is, if you did not look

at Miss Torlesse, you made an uncommonly good shot in the dark."

After their marriage, Charles and Harriet Bridges went to live at Woburn, in Bedfordshire, where he was curate.

It will be seen what entire sympathy and union of thought there was between these two, not only as individuals, but as representing in the best sense of the word that powerful rising tide of living faith in the Person and work of Christ, which was then flooding the stagnant waters of the Established Church.

. . . These are days in which the whole attitude of Christian thought has altered, not only with regard to the finality of the condition of the soul at death, but by a recognition that the Kingdom of God is to be found, not in another life only, but in this.

Then art, literature, and science, no less than amusements or recreations, were looked upon as probable dangers—possibly leading the soul astray.

It is almost impossible for us now to understand the intense earnestness, the strenuous effort which was unceasingly

maintained to keep the eternal salvation of the soul constantly in view. This idea dominated every occupation, and more especially the education and bringing up of children.

The same belief also led to the enormous importance attached to missionary efforts, and a large portion of Charles Bridges' time was given to this work.

In 1823 he became vicar of Old Newton, a dull little village in the dullest part of Suffolk.

There was no vicarage house, though one was to be built, and in the mean time they went to live at a farmhouse near the church. It was the custom in those days for the unmarried labourers to live in the farmhouse. My uncle asked the farmer if he would allow him to have family prayers, at which the men could be present. The farmer agreed to this, but added that as the men went to work at 6 a.m., any gathering of them together must be before that time. My uncle then offered to meet the family at 5.30 a.m., and undertook that prayers should not exceed ten minutes. He

used to read a verse of Psalm cxix., and comment on it. His wife took notes of this, and from them his well-known Commentary was written. My aunt often told me of the bitter cold of that farm kitchen, when in the darkness of winter mornings they came down to hold this little service.

My own recollections of Old Newton date from the time when I was four years old. They had been living there for twenty years, and the garden, planned and planted by aunt, was full of well-grown trees. Our home at Stoke-by-Nayland was some twenty-four miles from Old Newton. My father, Charles Martin Torlesse, had been vicar of Stoke since 1823, and between Stoke, Old Newton, and Ipswich, where Grandmamma Torlesse lived till her death in 1834, there was constant communication, and the closest possible ties of relationship and friendship. There was a constant interchange of children, for the naughty Stoke children were sent to Old Newton to be made good, and if the Old Newton children were not well, what could be better for them than the air of Stoke?

The chief feature of the home at Old Newton was the exquisite order and peace that pervaded it. It is impossible to think that in those days there were such things as "servant troubles." The whole household worked together in absolute harmony. Two of the old servants I remember well—Gladwell, the gardener and coachman, and Chisnell, or Chissy, as we called her, the nurse.

Uncle's time was much occupied, as a deputation for the Church Missionary, Bible, and other Societies, and he drove about the country in a covered chaise to attend meetings.

In the garden was a pond, the banks of which were covered with strawberry plants. At the end of this pond was a nut-walk, where he used to pace up and down bare-headed, meditating on his sermons and books.

The parish was the first care, and Mrs. Bridges gave Bible teaching in the school near the house daily. Much of her time was also taken up in attending to the ailments of the poor neighbours. She

compounded ointments, rolled pills, and spread plasters, which, with her excellent "kitchen physic," made her a most efficient doctor and nurse.

The following incident was told me by Dr. Bree, then doctor at Stowmarket, who attended at Old Newton. About one and a half miles from the Vicarage was a group of cottages on a kind of Green. A woman there who was expecting her confinement asked Mrs. Bridges to be with her at the time. The poor woman became very ill, and though it was the middle of the night her husband went to fetch Mrs. Bridges. It was a howling night, but through wind and rain she at last reached the cottage. Dr. Bree told me how he had been sitting by the woman, who seemed to be sinking fast.

He had done all he could to restore her, but as she was apparently passing into unconsciousness he, bending over her, saw a light come into her eyes, and turning round he saw Mrs. Bridges' face, as she reached the top of the ladder leading into the room. Dr. Bree said to me, "Mrs. Bridges saved that woman's life simply by her presence."

While Mr. Bridges meditated, wrote and controverted heresies right and left—his wife saw to the ways of the household, and to the needs of the parish—as an old woman said years afterwards, "Mr. Bridges were wholly taken up with things spiritual, but Mrs. Bridges were the mother of the parish."

The idea of Sunday in Charles Bridges' mind was the Jewish Sabbath and the Christian Lord's Day in one.

It began on Saturday afternoon, when by six o'clock the Sunday breakfast was laid in the drawing-room, and dinner in the dining-room. The kitchen was cleaned and tidied by 7 p.m., and there the family and neighbours met for service, *i.e.* Bible readings, prayer, and hymns (the singing led by Mrs. Bridges, who had a beautiful voice and an unerring ear).

Directly after breakfast she went to the Sunday school, held in the church, over half a mile from the Vicarage. Then followed Morning Service, which in those days was long, the sermon lasting from thirty minutes to an hour. As a rule she sat with the

school-children, but sometimes she sat in the bare, ugly pew immediately under the pulpit, where the infirmities of sleep would sometimes overtake her, and then Mr. Bridges would lean down over the pulpit and gently call her, "Harriet, my love!" or, if that failed, "Harriet, hadn't you better stand up?" After Morning Service there was a hurried dinner, at which she was not allowed to eat any pudding, lest it should be provocative of sleep.

After ten minutes' rest she returned to Sunday school and Afternoon Service. After this a short time was devoted to the children of the household, and to religious instruction to the servants. After tea the family, including guests, were expected to repeat a hymn, and the day closed with somewhat long family prayers. It was a dreary day to the young people.

All our holiest and tenderest recollections centre round my dear aunt. She was embodied purity and peace, but by no means a passive character. Her strong and beautiful hands were always busy, and she had a way of singing gently to herself. She

was a most practical gardener and needle-woman, and delighted in making all kinds of ingenious toys for the children. She drew well, not only landscapes, but all kinds of little curious figures which often adorned the sides of her letters.

One of her principal ways of conveying reproof was by a game, which we called "Captain Gulliver." Sitting round her we listened as she sang—

"Captain Gulliver's gone to sea,
With his ship's companee."

And then in recitative—

"And this is what he saw."

Then followed a curious narration of our various peccadilloes and naughtinesses. This was done in so charming a way that although we felt much ashamed we always asked again and again for "Captain Gulliver."

Another of her characteristics was what I suppose I must call her equanimity, not so much self-control as a self absolutely sub-ordinated to the Divine Will—so, though she had many sorrows throughout her long life, there is no record of her ever showing

or betraying the least impatience or inordinate grief.

Her beautiful smile illuminated the darkest hours, and her sense of humour helped her and others through many a dreary time.

Of the friends and relations who gathered round them at that time, the two mothers, Margaretta Bridges and Anna Maria Torlesse, were still alive, and both took the liveliest and tenderest interest in all that went on. Mr. and Mrs. Nottidge, the Rev. Richard and Mrs. Mosley, and Mrs. Hornidge were also constant visitors at Stoke and Old Newton.*

Outside this inner circle of relations was a band of friends, among them such leaders of religious thought as Charles Simeon, Henry Venn, Dr. Chalmers, etc. Also, the two Cunninghams—Francis, vicar of Lowestoft, and John, vicar of Harrow—were among the intimate friends of the family.

The following letter from Dr. Chalmers describes his visit to Old Newton in July 1833.

* The friendship between the Mosley and Bridges family has continued for eighty years, and still lives.

"The pious family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, who walk together as heirs of the grace of life, three little children, a Christianized manservant, and two or three Christianized female servants, assembled before breakfast, when I was to expound, which I did, and I believe a great deal better than I had done the night before. Miss Wakefield, a granddaughter of the authoress Priscilla Wakefield, their visitors at present, and the female teacher of their Infant School, were also of the party. The breath of Heaven is here; without a scene of beauty, that to the eye of sense is altogether delicious, and within a sanctuary of love and holiness. After breakfast they took me to an adjoining field, where under the foliage of a spreading tree the Infant School was assembled. I was asked to address them, and did it. Mrs. Bridges visits the houses of the parish with a view to a Christian effect, and is a mighty help to her husband. He took me to his church and a few of his cottages, and I never witnessed such closeness and efficiency of pastoral work as he exemplified in his

addresses to the mothers of families. He makes a real business both of the Christianity of his own soul and the Christianity of his family and parish, watching over the souls of all as one who must give an account."

The five children of the family were all born at Old Newton—

Harriet, born 1827, died 1838.

Charles Hayne, born 1831, died 1852.

John Henry, born 1832, died 1906.

Anna Maria, born 1836, died 1893.

Edward Torlesse, born 1843, died 1877.

Charles was devoted to geology and natural history, and made a fine collection of geological specimens. He went to the Rev. R. Mosley's school at Ipswich first, then Brighton College, and afterwards at Wadham College, Oxford, and while there was seized with the illness which proved fatal. He died at Weymouth in 1852, to the intense sorrow of his parents.

Anna Maria shared the mental capacity of the family. In consequence of her sister Harriet's death, she was unspeakably precious to her parents. Many were the schools and

governesses to whom she was entrusted, always with the yearning hope that she might give visible proof of what was called "conversion."

The change to Weymouth, from the dulness of Old Newton, must have been very welcome to her, then a girl of thirteen, and she made many friends there.

In 1849 the quiet home at Old Newton was broken up, and Mr. Bridges accepted the living of St. Mary's, Weymouth.

No greater change could be imagined than that from an out-of-the-way Suffolk village to a fashionable seaside town, and I do not think the life was really congenial to either of them, though they gathered a band of friends round them, besides a constant flow of callers. I spent some weeks there in the summer of 1856, and well remember the large picnics which took place—generally by boat to Lulworth. My uncle always insisted on saying grace on these occasions.

The whole family rejoiced when in 1858 the living of Hinton Martell, in Dorsetshire, was offered to my uncle by Lord Shaftesbury.

In many respects the life there was like

that of Old Newton. The church was small and close to the Rectory, and the population entirely agricultural.

There was no one in the parish above the position of a small farmer, neither were there any neighbours with whom Anna had much in common, either as regarded education or opinions in politics and social life. But there was a fair field for her energies in educating the boys and girls of the village. She acquired a remarkable influence over the young men ; she started a co-operative store, and in these and other ways became one of the pioneers whose leavening influence brought light and sweetness into a peculiarly poor and depressed agricultural population.

In contrast to her life at Hinton Martell were the long visits Anna paid to her brother John in Bradford, where she saw much of his friends and of the life of a large manufacturing town.

In 1866 Anna married her father's curate, the Rev. J. Wilson Brown. Her wedding day was one of ideal happiness, not only for the family but for the entire village, every

single parishioner (except those actually bedridden) being present at the Rectory.

Three of their children were born at Hinton Martell: Susan, Edith, and Mary.

After Mr. Bridges' death, in 1869, the Wilson Browns, with Mrs. Bridges and her maid, Amelia Parker, went for a year to Brockworth, in Gloucestershire, and in 1870 Wilson Brown became curate to my father, Rev. C. M. Torlesse, vicar of Stoke-by-Nayland.

Two boys, who died in infancy, and Margaret were born at Stoke. In 1877 Rev. J. Wilson Brown was given the living of Assington (four miles off), and there their youngest child, Hilda, was born in 1881.

Anna was devotedly attached to her brother John, and during all these years she drew her inspiration for thought and action from him; he used to go to Hinton Martell, as often as possible, and so kept in touch with all the interests of her life there.

From their birth Anna devoted herself to the care and education of her children, studying them in every possible way; her strong individuality, practical sympathy, and the high standard of life which she set before

her family and household, left an indelible mark on those around her. She shared with John the ineradicable conviction of the rights of all classes, and never feared to lift her voice against the oppression of the agricultural labourers in both Dorsetshire and Suffolk.

Anna was never strong, and had many bad illnesses, which she bore with wonderful patience and a high courage which rose above sick-room details. Especially was this the case during her last long illness, when, for the sake of those around her, her unselfish spirit enabled her to endure great suffering with cheerfulness and calm. She died at Assington on the Epiphany, 1893, and was buried in Stoke churchyard.

Edward, the youngest son of Rev. Charles Bridges, was not born till 1843.

Whether it was that there was a relaxation in his father's austere views, or whether his was a nature less easily affected than his elder brothers and sisters, I do not know, but certainly his was a far happier childhood than theirs had been.

At eighteen he was articled to his uncle's

firm of solicitors in Red Lion Square, but his health—which was always delicate—gave way, and he died at Cannes of consumption in May, 1877, and was brought home by his brother John and buried in Stoke churchyard. He had a very lovable nature and considerable artistic talent.

About 1864 Amelia Parker went to live with them (as attendant on Mr. Bridges), and for over forty years she remained a faithful servant and friend of the family, until her death in 1904. John wrote: "Of her it may truly be said that she loved much, and where that can be said little else matters."

Mr. Bridges died in April, 1869, and from that time my aunt's home was entirely with the Wilson Browns. At Stoke she had the delight of seeing her brother and his family daily, besides the Mosleys and other friends.

She died at Assington after a few hours' illness, if death it could be called, as she passed away in the full enjoyment of every faculty to the Beyond to which she had so long looked forward, as the traveller to his home.

Parents and Home Life

A traveller going through the quiet country lanes round Hinton Martell might often have met Mr. and Mrs. Bridges slowly driving their pony carriage—she reading aloud all the time. They got through the whole of Prescott's *Mexico and Peru* in that way, besides many other books.

They read the *Spectator* regularly—M. A. B.

Told by Amy Storr :—

"I shall never forget my visit to Hinton Martell and the peace of that quiet home and garden! I had come away for a few days' rest after nursing my husband through a terrible illness.

"We spent much of our time in the large arbour listening to John's beautiful reading of the 'Spanish Gipsy,' which had just appeared, and we felt spell-bound.

"I remember also, after saying 'good-night' on my way upstairs, I looked back and saw the two dear old people standing so lovingly together in the study, and thinking what a perfect picture of a happy old age they made."

CHAPTER III

School and College Life

(By The Very Rev. the Dean of Wells; the Rev. A. G. Butler; Dr. F. Bright, D.D.; Mr. Frederic Harrison.)

JOHN HENRY was the second son of the Rev. Charles Bridges, a well-known Evangelical of the old school, and author of a commentary on the 119th Psalm and other works.

John was born at Old Newton Vicarage, Suffolk, on October 11, 1832.

From his mother he inherited his lovable and sympathetic nature and his keen sense of humour, and from his father his steadfastness of purpose and his deeply religious mind.

John always spoke of his father with the deepest respect and reverence, and his devotion to his mother was one of the most sacred things in his life.

It was the custom of the house for each member to read a verse in turn at family prayers, and John was looked upon as terribly backward, because at the age of four he was unable to do this!

At last, the old nurse Chisnel came to the rescue, and taught him by the "look and say" system from the first chapter of St. John's Gospel.

The whole atmosphere of the home was a deeply religious one—in the truest sense of the word—and in spite of the rigid Puritanism which forbid so much that is beautiful in life, and nearly all amusements, John always looked back to his early home with real affection.

His parents lived a life of noble purpose and work for others, and gave most freely of their time and money.

I believe I am right in saying that when they first went to Old Newton there was no village school, and that they built one largely at their own expense. In any case, much of their time and interest was given to it and to the welfare of the village.

Coals were very dear in this remote country

place, and the cottages had no proper coal cellars even had the labourers been able to lay in a store, which, with their miserable wages, was an impossibility. Mrs. Bridges therefore had a large shed put up, and in the summer it was filled with coal, and sold to the people at cost price as they needed it. Many meetings were held in cottages for religious instruction, and clothing and other clubs were instituted by them, and Mrs. Bridges became a most efficient doctor to souls and bodies alike.

She was fond of telling the story of how she overheard one woman saying to another: "Well say I, and what be Mrs. Bridges made for but to wait a' we!" Another speech always amused her. A woman having gone to the Relieving Officer to apply for help came back very indignant, saying: "He called me a Porpoise, and I never was one." Another of my mother-in-law's favourite stories was of a poor woman at Old Newton, who, describing to her a visit to the doctor, said: "Yes, ma'am, and he made me a beautiful mixture, and he put seven grievances (ingredients) into it!" On

one occasion when Mr. Bridges was unable to attend some distant missionary meeting, his wife drove over in his stead. On her return he asked her what Mr. —— had said. Her reply was characteristic: "Well, Charles my love, the truth is I was so sleepy that the only thing I can remember was that he said: 'What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander'!"

The village blacksmith called himself Vulcan and his wife Venus (a strange remnant of Paganism). One of the great events in the children's early life was the arrival of an itinerant cider press that made the round of the villages in apple time, and John always told me of his delight in seeing the rosy apples put into the press and the juice trickling out at the other end.

Before John went to school, he was sent on a visit to his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Bull, at Sowerby Parsonage, Yorks. There he first saw high hills, streams and moors, and his love of running water dated from that time. He used to wander by the then clear rivulets, which ran sparkling down the hills, and he loved to trace them to their

source. He fell ill there, and his mother was sent for to nurse him. When he was well enough to travel, they were among the first passengers on the line just opened to Sowerby Bridge.

At eight years old John was sent to his first school at Ipswich under the Rev. R. Mosley, where his brother Charles had gone a year previously; he remained there about two years, and then went to a Mr. Renaud's school, first at Herringfleet, and afterwards on Ham Common and at Ventnor. This was a very happy time in his life, as Mr. Renaud was a fine scholar, and a wise and sympathetic teacher. John always said that he owed his love of the classics largely to him and also his love of poetry. He won many prizes there, the boys being allowed to choose their own books in return for a certain number of marks.

The French master, M. Saffi, seems to have been a very remarkable man, and to have had great influence on John—enlarging his views of life and saving him from the narrow insular prejudices so common to boys. In 1845 he went to Rugby—then

under Tait—(*vide* Dr. Jex Blake's account of him there).

Sister Francis says—

"During the Oxford time John's visits to Stoke were eagerly looked forward to. Even then I remember the kind of sensation of a suddenly widened horizon when he entered the house; the dangerous books he brought, the surreptitious reading of *Sartor Resartus* and *Alton Locke!*

"Of his uncle Torlesse, who was of a scientific turn of mind, John would ask endless questions, involving him in arguments in which he himself always got the best. Such questions and arguments would, I think, have been quite impossible with his own father.

"I recall very distinctly a fragment of one of these conversations at the breakfast table. John (letting a piece of bread fall from his hand on the table): 'Uncle, what makes the bread fall?' 'Why, of course, the attraction of gravitation.' John: 'Yes; but what causes the attraction of gravitation?' Uncle: 'Why, it's one of the forces

which exist in the universe. Of course it is part of the power of God which sustains everything.' John: 'But what proof have you of this?' No satisfactory answer being given, he proceeded: 'Uncle, prove your own existence.'

"It was at Oxford that John fell more definitely under the influence of Dr. Richard Congreve, which led to his abnegation of the dogmatic side of Christianity. At what time or under what circumstances this became known to his parents I cannot say. To them and to his second home at Stoke it caused the deepest anguish, only to be understood in the light of the belief held by those parents that this denial was to forfeit eternal life." (*Vide* Oxford Days.)

The very Rev. the Dean of Wells writes: "John Henry Bridges entered Collin's House at Rugby, August, 1845, which Godfrey Lushington entered one year later, and I one year earlier. We were practically of the same age, and left Rugby, June, 1851; the first exhibition falling to Lushington, the second to Bridges, the

third to myself. His physique was small and light, but well-knit and very active. He was good at football, playing 'forward,' though light. His head was high-domed and also broad; his countenance intelligent and attractive, with blonde hair and a clear white skin, readily blushing; good-humoured and lively, his eyes sparkling with fun and wit at times; but now and again absorbed in thought, and very serious. He was a very religious boy, and I never in my life heard him use a word he might not have used before his mother. He was very like his mother, who had been known as 'the beautiful saint.' I remember finding in his empty study a paper with the Lucretian line, in his own writing—

'Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas:'

and I cut out the final 's,' and substituted 'm.' He said of my correction, 'Yes, you are quite right.' He used to say that his first teacher had taught him admirably—Mr. Renaud, of St. Olaves, Herringfleet, Suffolk.

"He was always industrious in his school-work, saying to me more than once, 'It

costs my father a great deal to send me here at all;' but in spare hours—which the time-table of modern days has almost destroyed—was also a great reader of English poetry; a lover of Wordsworth above all, as I was of Shelley. Of the poems of each on the Skylark he said to me, 'Shelley is most melodious, and the similes are lovely; but Wordsworth's two last lines are worth more than all Shelley's; speaking a higher truth—

'Type of the wise who soar, but never roam:
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.'

Of Bridges' own poetry, I remember, across the mist of nearly sixty years, one stanza—

'Heavily rolling, sullen and foamless,
Swell the dark waves of the desolate sea;
Over the earth-face wandering homeless;
Strange is the tale of their moaning to me.'

"Bridges and I started and edited *The Rugbeian*, a school journal, together; but the really literary and really philosophical minds in the sixth form of that day were Bridges and Shadworth Hodgson; the latter, President of the Aristotelian Society for some years, and now a Fellow of the British Academy.

"Just before we left Rugby, Bridges and I were strolling arm-in-arm after breakfast, up and down the road close to Collin's house, and he said to me, 'You ought to be headmaster of Rugby, and make great changes in Public School education.' S. Temple did make great changes within a dozen years, and the Modern School was introduced by myself.

"Bridges left Rugby, midsummer, 1851, having already obtained a scholarship at Wadham College; where, commencing residence, October, 1851, he at once came under the strong influence of Richard Congreve, Fellow and Tutor of Wadham.

"In the Spring Term he was mentioned as Proxime accessit for the Hertford, the scholar selected being James Beaumont Winstanley, who had sat above Bridges, and next below me, in the sixth at Rugby.

"He was placed in the first class in Classics in Moderations; and—impossible as it seems—in the third class in Literæ Humanioras, November, 1854. Two other Rugbeians of note had already been placed in the second class of Literæ Humanioras, Arthur

Clough and Matthew Arnold; each afterwards a Fellow of Oriel.

"Bridges went in for the Oriel Fellowship that was vacant, March, 1855; and I remember Sir Alexander Grant, then a fellow of Oriel, said to me, 'You must know all these candidates perfectly well; whom should you put first?' I replied, 'Bridges;' and my view was justified by the result; though George Brodrick, Arthur Butler, and other able men, were among the candidates. Bridges won the prize for the Arnold Essay, 1856; but of his medical career, and Inspectorship under the Local Government Board others must speak. In the evening of life we often met at the Athenæum, and he was the same candid, high-minded, kind-hearted, outspoken, sweet-natured man at sixty that I had known so well, and had liked so much, in early days.

"T. W. Jex Blake."

February 22, 1907.

The Rev. A. G. Butler, sometime Dean of Oriel College, Oxford, writes: "My knowledge of J. H. Bridges at Rugby was

not of a very intimate kind, as we were in different houses, and he was a year my junior. But the impression that he made there was of a very marked and definite kind, and we all expected—so striking was his face and forehead, so earnest his speech and manner—great things of him in the future. And so when his successes came—the prize poem at Rugby on "The death of Moses," the Proxime to the Hertford Scholarship at Oxford, followed not long after by an Oriel Fellowship, and the Arnold Essay, in all of which his work was highly original and promising—we were none of us surprised, but took credit for the justice of our anticipations. It was at Oxford that I got to know him well, and found him so delightful and interesting a companion. Even after more than fifty years many recollections come back to me with force and vividness, especially of the union in him of vehemence and tolerance, of strong enthusiasm and flashes of almost boyish kindliness and humour. Thus I remember one day in my rooms at University, when we were talking of common Oxford friends and interests in

the usual manner, a friend suddenly entered who was always employed in the attempt to solve questions of the most serious philosophical character. Our conversation immediately took another turn, and we plunged into a discussion on all things 'in heaven and earth,' such as young thoughtful men of twenty at the University take huge delight in. Then, after a pause, our serious friend had to go, and Bridges and I sat silent in our seats, partly perhaps musing, partly feeling the atmosphere somewhat lightened by our friend's departure. Then suddenly a step was heard outside. The room door was opened, and the fine earnest features of our friend were seen in the aperture. 'Let us think,' he said, and vanished.

"Bridges just gave time for him to retire out of hearing, and then exploded. How long he laughed, I will not venture to record or to remember.

"So, too, on a reading-party at the Lakes at Grasmere, which was always spoken of afterwards as 'the reading-party,' comprising, as it did, Goldwin Smith, Conington, George Brodrick, Charles Stuart Parker, and

Winstanley. Bridges constantly led the fun, and, though the youngest of the party, originated the discussions of our general meetings.

"One instance especially recurs to my memory, when I had gone away to Thirlmere overnight in order to ascend Helvellyn early in the morning. It was no great distance from Grasmere, and I got back to our little house just when our party had finished breakfast. A surprise awaited me.

"All the younger members were in the garden, marching seemingly in procession, and the leader of them carrying something on high on a forked stick. Bridges led them, and was chanting something, I know not what, in a voice of triumph, broken with peals of laughter. On my appearance, I was hailed with derisive cheers, and they explained to me that Bridges had fished out from among my books (we had all things very much in common in those days) a copy of Martin Tupper, given me by an aged aunt, and this he had insisted on honouring with a triumphal progress. This is a slight story, but it may serve to illustrate his

initiative, and the delightful mixture in him of enthusiasm and merry scorn.

"One day, during the same 'reading-party,' Bridges went off alone, rather late for such an expedition, to ascend Scawfell. It was a long journey, and the afternoon did not look promising; but he was bent on having an off-day from his work, and went on his way, nothing fearing. Then, as we feared, a storm came on, and the clouds sunk low upon the mountain. It was just at the time when he should have reached the very top of the craggy height, and we were alarmed to think how he would get down in safety. Well, he did not return, and night fell black and stormy, and great was our uneasiness. It grew greater when we saw his empty seat at the breakfast table, and not a sign or word reached us as to his well-being. Had he been lost on the mountain? or had he spent the night under some high crag? In any case there was great cause for anxiety; and we were just about organizing a party of search to go and look for him, when suddenly he walked in about 10 a.m., looking none the worse, and seeming

rather surprised that we had troubled ourselves about him. He had gone about in the mist till he had found a small burn or stream, and followed it downwards, till he found himself in Langdale, where a friendly shepherd took him in, and gave him food and shelter for the night. Then, after a good breakfast of porridge, he set off and walked down that lovely valley till he came to the rise separating it from Grasmere. He was quite amused, and chaffed us about our fears.

"In later life the same traits of character appeared on occasion of our rare meetings. He was full of, and almost oppressed by, large questions of social importance; and yet the humorous side of things and persons never left him; and the old sunny bursts of merry laughter told how young his heart still was among all his more serious occupations.

"Also, in the same earnest but genial way, he was constantly trying to 'screw' a somewhat languid friend 'up a peg.' He would sketch out some work that wanted doing, and then urge upon his friend that

he was just the man to do it, though he, poor wretch, was already struggling with professional labours, which were almost too much for him.

"But that was all one to Bridges. He was not less earnest in his exhortation; nor less tolerant than usual in accepting the excuses tendered to him; though I could fancy him, as he left his friend's house shaking a little dust—the dust of controversy—off his feet, as a protest against all langour and indifference; and at the time adding, *sotto voce*, 'Well, he's not a bad fellow after all.'

"Such was the man as I knew him, half a prophet, half a kindly genial comrade, who mingled jest with earnest—the jest always quite in the second place—and mirth with seriousness in a delightful degree. And everything in him was so quick and sudden; so natural and spontaneous: you felt that his simplicity of character let out his passing moods, all of which were kind and generous, so that you could trust him absolutely. He knew, of course, how to be silent also, when words were not desirable, but the general

impression made, on me at all events, was as I have described.

"His answer to Goulburn when the latter (thinking Bridges a good subject to receive an influence on leaving Rugby) urged him to be very slow in making up his mind on important subjects was characteristic. He said, 'I hope, sir, to make up my mind very quickly on all subjects which interest me.'

"He used to tell this story with gravity—ending in a hearty chuckle.

"Goulburn, like the Fellows of Oriel afterwards when they elected him, had mistaken his man.

"Bridges was always of a simple unassuming, modest character; but on great points, points of belief and principle, no rock was ever less yielding."

Dr. F. Bright, D.D., former Master of University College, Oxford, writes: "I remember Dr. Bridges as, to my mind, the most powerfully gifted intellectually of my old friends, and recall the interesting character of his conversation, and the total absence of commonplace in it, which formed its great

charm. Both in my early youth, and subsequently, I have always been astonished at his power of directing the most trivial topics into lines which led to earnest and worthy discussion. It was so from the very first. I remember how, even when we were schoolboys together at Rugby, our walks were times of deep talk, and the opportunity, to me most valuable, of sifting our youthful philosophy. I constantly found myself stimulated and enlightened in a way I certainly at that time had never experienced in other company. Lack of time, to say nothing of want of ability, prevents me from attempting to trace the growth of his mind at Oxford. I can only say that there, as before, he continued to be one of my chief unconscious instructors.

"I remember well the shock it was to me and many others, when he failed to get his first-class in the schools; and our pleasure when the incomprehensible verdict was reversed, and our opinions justified by his election to his Oriel Fellowship—at that time considered, perhaps, the best honour Oxford could offer.

"Personally he was a very good companion, humorous, sympathetic, friendly, and, as far as I can remember, always full of kindly good humour.

"We were at different colleges, and probably had different interests; our chief bond of union was an old school friendship, and our friendship with Richard Congreve, who was then exercising a good deal of influence on many men—certainly on me. In a friendship such as ours was, without domestic intimacy, and without the knowledge which comes from living a common life, I am afraid there is of necessity little that can be reduced to writing, though much that, undefined, and half unrecognized, lives in the memory, and plays its part in the formation of the mind. I am very sorry that I can say no more of one whom I liked and respected so very highly."

EARLY REMINISCENCES OF JOHN HENRY BRIDGES.

By Frederic Harrison.

When Bridges came up to Wadham in 1851, he at once aroused very lively interest.

The Warden was said to have declared that he was the ablest man he had ever elected to a Scholarship. The Rugby men in college reported that he had left the school with a great reputation. His very thoughtful and striking countenance, with its look of extreme refinement and the high-domed forehead, attracted attention from every eye, as of one curiously unlike the ordinary undergraduate. He joined us at the Scholars' table, and soon introduced a form of conversation of a more serious and literary kind.

As at most colleges, the ten or twelve Scholars of different years formed a set of their own to some slight degree, but not so as to keep individual Scholars from associating mainly with those to whom they found themselves most akin. Wadham was essentially a "reading" college; the majority of the men came, as he did, from modest country parsonages, and intended to take orders. Richard Congreve, the leading tutor, had a university reputation as historian and politician, in touch with the literary and social world. The college took an active part in the Union; it had a famous boat on the river,

and often stood well in the Honours lists; but it was heard of very little in any of the expensive amusements, and was known mainly as a college of quiet reading men of evangelical views in religion, of liberalism in politics, and of literary and artistic tastes. What gambling, hunting, drinking, and ragging there was in the place, was limited to a special group of men, living quite apart.

Not only was Bridges absolutely aloof from anything of that kind, but, at least at first, he was in close intimacy with the men of pronounced Protestant views, and of the quietest and most studious habits. I do not recall having ever seen him at the boats, on the cricket or football field, on a horse, or at a supper or card party. He was a very determined and rapid walker, fond of long tramps about the country, full of spirits, and famous for a particularly boisterous laugh. He read hard and regularly—but quite as much of poetry, philosophy, and literature as of books for examination. He was as far as possible from being a bookworm, or even a class-list specialist. He talked and debated quite as much as he read.

Being his senior, of a different year, quite alien to the Protestant and clerical set, and not wholly aloof from boat, cricket, and general games, I was not at once in close intimacy with Bridges; and though I fully recognized his superiority, there were many things where we had little common interest. He did not share my enthusiasm for Roman republicans, foreign travel, mediæval art, and London life. His own tastes were redolent of Suffolk and Dorset villages, meditation in rural retirement, philosophic and religious musings. He was steeped in Coleridgian metaphysics and theology; he was averse to all forms of mere radicalism or scepticism; and both in politics and in religion he kept clear of any approach to party or sect—often astonishing us by some vehement pronouncement that we least expected.

As I knew little of Coleridge except as poet, and felt no bias towards his philosophic eclecticism, being a follower of Mill, Grote, and G. Lewes, he and I often looked at things with rather different eyes. My own recollection is that far the most vigorous

part of our life as undergraduates at Wadham lay in the interminable discussions at night, which we often prolonged well into morning hours; and I believe that it was chiefly in these, not by books, that our minds were formed. In all such debates, whether in our College Debating Society, in our own private clubs, or in the "tea-fights" which frequently lasted from 9 p.m. to 2 or 3 a.m., Bridges was a protagonist. He would argue with passionate energy and conviction, but always from a ground entirely of his own, and grandly indifferent to party doctrines, official creeds, or, as we often thought, consistency. He shocked the Liberals by repudiating Free Trade; he preferred Coleridge to Carlyle, Dickens to Thackeray, and we could not induce him to see how great a future lay in the world of manufactures and how very little remained in the world of Biblical liberalism. He went his own way as a somewhat mystical but glorified child of the old-world Evangelical communion in which he had been reared.

In due time Bridges, Beesly, and I formed a close brotherhood, and we brought Thorley,

the late Warden, to join us in a friendly mess. Its outward shape was a weekly *symposium*, or rather *syssitia*, early breakfast together, prolonged to luncheon, then an afternoon walk, and after-dinner talk on Sundays, often lasting into the early morning of Monday. In these weekly corrobberies, which were often continued with little break for twelve or even fourteen hours, all questions of philosophy, manners, poetry, literature, and religion were debated. Beesly was then a Radical and agnostic; Thorley was a Liberal Conservative; I was practically a Comtist, under the teaching of Mill, Lewes, and Littré; Bridges was a Bridgesite, with sympathy for Coleridgian ideals, but with no longer any definite trust in any Coleridgian doctrines. We were all interested in Congreve's talk, and in the men and the books he most valued, especially in Carlyle, Grote, and Aristotle. Congreve had never mentioned to us the name of Comte, nor did we know anything more of Positivism than what we read in Mill's *Logic*, and Littré's sketch. I well remember, after reading an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, how I

convinced our friends that behind all the ideas and precepts of Congreve lay the System of Positive Philosophy.

Our little group of four was nicknamed Mumbo-Jumbo, and it was said that the cold duck which was our frugal but invariable breakfast was the Totem of our tribe. We certainly had no hard-and-fast doctrines, nor were we at all quite agreed amongst ourselves. But we all felt the same interest in the same problems, and we approached all problems in kindred ways and under the same general axioms of thought. Our close associations lasted so long as we all remained in the College; but it was rather an association of sympathies and interests than of definite opinions, for we were quite conscious of real points of difference. Our scheme to bring all new Scholars, and so ultimately the Fellows of Wadham, into our confederacy, and thus to regenerate the College according to the ideas of "Mumbo," was made abortive by the new Statutes which opened the Fellowship to all members of the University, and filled the foundation with men who had not received the baptism of "Mumbo," and

the long initiation in these weekly palavers. The close confederacy which ultimately united in the Positivist propaganda Bridges, Beesly, and myself, was prepared and suggested by our society at Wadham, but it was not formed, nor even began, whilst we three were in residence at Oxford, nor until all of us and Richard Congreve had quitted the University.

The year of my degree being 1853 and that of Bridges being 1855, I was not in any lectures or examinations with him, and I can say little about his work as an undergraduate. He travelled up the Rhine, read and spoke both German and French, and took an active part in the Union debates and reading-rooms, as well as in the Wadham College Debating Society, book club, and so forth. He continued to see a good deal of his former Rugby comrades, such as the late Lord Goschen, the present Dean of Wells, Arthur Butler of Oriel, James Winstanley of University, the late Sir Godfrey Lushington of Balliol, Dr. Bright, former Master of University, and the late Lord Davey, of the same college.

I do not remember that, as an undergraduate, Bridges contended for any of the University Prizes. And I can throw no light on the inexplicable fact that he was placed in the third class in the Honours List—a distinction he shared with Cardinal Newman—except that the examiners of that year, led by the late Dean Mansel, were adepts in the metaphysical philosophy, a system which Bridges in his papers treated with condign criticism. We all felt for this unexpected and untoward result much more regret than he did himself; but it was soon redressed in a striking manner. In the year 1856 he won the Arnold Prize Essay—a University distinction which was afterwards obtained, amongst others, by the late Warden of Merton, by the late Lord Bowen, and by Mr. James Bryce, with his famous Essay, *The Holy Roman Empire*. And in the same year Bridges was elected Fellow of Oriel College, which used then to be regarded as the Blue Riband of the College Fellowships.

The subject for the Arnold Prize Essay of 1856 was *The Jews in Europe in the*

Middle Ages. I had never competed as an undergraduate for any prize; but in 1855 I was quitting Oxford, and felt great interest in the historical problem proposed. I happened to be in friendly relations with an eminent Jewish family by whom I was introduced to the then Chief Rabbi, a man of German origin and great learning. In an interview with him I obtained some very useful suggestions for study and a list of foreign books of reference that were worth consulting. I procured several of these, and began my researches, going to the British Museum and other libraries. I found Bridges at work for the same object, and he told me that he was particularly desirous of succeeding as some compensation to his family for his unlucky slip in the Class List. I had always had a perverse antipathy to all forms of competition both at school and at college, and never could have written anything to anybody's order—my epigram had been sent in—*carmina cur poscas—carmine si sit opus?* I thought Bridges would be the best representative of "Mumbo," and I handed over to him my books and any material I had

collected, and introduced him to the Rabbi. His essay proved to be a study of permanent value, and it was published in the collected volume of *Oxford Essays* of 1857.

As I quitted Oxford in the year in which Bridges took his degree, I had no opportunity of knowing much of his subsequent life in the University. I knew that he was studying both mathematics, science, and philosophy. In 1857, during a visit to Oxford (I was then Fellow of my College and he was a Fellow of Oriel), I found that he had wholly abandoned Coleridge and German metaphysics, and was making a regular study of Comte, whose writings were then completed, and who died in September of that year. When Bridges decided to take up medicine as his profession and came to St. George's Hospital, then directed by Dr. Bence Jones, my close friendship with him was resumed, and our joint fellowship in the social and religious movement of Positivism was fully and irrevocably established.

At one time he lived as a boarder in the house of Dr. John Chapman, then editor of

the *Westminster Review*, and there Bridges and I were constantly in company with Francis Newman, Herbert Spencer, Robert William Mackay, and other writers of that school. Richard Congreve also settled in Wandsworth, and Bridges and I were constant visitors at his house, to which many of Congreve's Oxford and Rugby pupils resorted. Having taken at Oxford the degree of M.B., Bridges determined in 1860 to emigrate to Melbourne in Victoria; and, before sailing, he married his cousin, Susan Torlesse, fifth daughter of the rector of Stoke-by-Nayland, in Suffolk. I was present at the wedding—one of the prettiest rural idylls I ever saw; for scores of village women in red cloaks and labourers in embroidered smocks lined the fine old church and paths to the Rectory. It was a scene that recalled to us *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the bride being a great favourite in the country-side.

Alas, there was a tragedy in it from the first. In the eyes of his father and his mother, John Bridges was already "a lost sheep," and their feelings, in spite of the

deepest family affection, were such as are so vividly painted by the author of *Father and Son*. Even at the wedding breakfast, that eminent Puritan divine, the Rev. Charles Bridges, author of the Evangelical Commentary on the 119th Psalm, felt it his duty to warn the young couple of "the path that leadeth to destruction." It somewhat damped the gaiety of the feast, and I remember how, in a speech I made in the name of the bridesmaids, I gave full rein to the expression of our admiration for the young bridegroom. It was remarked that two of the wedding gifts from old villagers were cards with mourning black edge representing gravestones and weeping willows. I spent with the young emigrants some hours of the last evening before the voyage. More than three months of the honeymoon were passed in a sailing ship. And before another six months were over, Susan Bridges had died in Melbourne of fever (Dec. 1860).

On the death of his young wife, almost before they had settled in a home in Australia, Bridges at once returned to England. During the long voyage which, in those

days of sailing ships, lasted for at least three months, *via* Cape Horn, he shut himself in the cabin, and translated the whole of the Introduction to Comte's *Politique Positive.* This was published in 1865 by Trübner & Co. under the title of *A General View of Positivism,* and it makes a volume, crown 8vo, of 426 pages. This was tremendous work in a sea voyage of ninety days. It was his method of preventing his mind from dwelling on his bereavement. To translate so difficult and abstract a book of philosophy was certainly not a "slow, mechanic exercise." But it served, as his own *In Memoriam,* to sooth his pain.

On his return to England, Bridges accepted the post of Physician to the Infirmary at Bradford, in which town he resided for some years, until his second marriage in 1869. During his life at Bradford, I had only seen him during occasional visits, and I have no personal reminiscences of his career, which was far better known to others. From the publication of his translation of Comte's book, he was definitely associated with the work of propaganda of Positivism, which

now began to be his dominant interest. From that year he and I were closely associated in a work more or less public and literary. I have so often described his part of our joint labour and common aims, that in these few pages I need not further allude to the life of John Bridges when, as a married man, he lived in London, and became absorbed in his official duties under the Local Government Board. All that I have now attempted to do is to set down, at the request of his widow, a few reminiscences of his life at Oxford and as a young physician between the years 1851 and 1869.

CHAPTER IV

First Marriage

(By Sister Frances Torlesse)

THE years 1851–2 were those of deep sorrow to the Bridges and Torlesse families. Louisa and Catherine Torlesse died, and also Charles Bridges and my brother Henry Torlesse left for New Zealand never to return.

I think it was from this time that John became more and more to us all, filling the place of our brothers, and sharing all our interests, more especially to Susan, whose previous life had made a fruitful soil for the growth of these thoughts.

Susan was the fifth daughter of the Rev. Charles and Catherine Torlesse. She was born at Stoke, April, 1832, and named after her godmother, Susan Mosley, who exercised such a strong influence over all our lives. When Susan was eight years old, she

began to suffer from violent inflammation of the eyes, and for the rest of her life suffered periodically from these attacks. Not only was she prevented from having any regular education, but she was constantly kept for weeks together in a darkened room. She suffered agonies of pain from the remedies in vogue at that time—leeches, cuppings and blisters, etc. But nature had endowed her with a dauntless spirit.

Susan often stayed at Old Newton in those suffering days, and dear aunt did all that was possible to comfort and amuse her. Although not able to have regular teaching, Susan picked up a serviceable if irregular education. She had an extraordinary power of amusing children, telling them wonderful stories, illustrated as she went along with clever and original little drawings.

About 1848 Susan began, what was then an almost unknown experiment, an evening school for boys. In those days no agricultural labourer's son could stay at school after he was old enough to earn even six pence a week at bird scaring!

A certain amount of reading was taught

in Sunday schools, but as a rule the boys grew up unable to read or write. There was a large room in the old house at Stoke, used as a laundry, and there she gathered her boys and taught them to read and write and do sums, and enough geography to enable them to understand what it meant to "go foreign."

Not many years before, transportation had been common among the sheep-stealing population on the edge of the parish. A considerable amount of emigration had taken place besides, and there were few families who had not some relations far away. To correspond with these was a great incentive to learning to write.

Another of Susan's efforts was among the girls who worked at a factory at Nayland. She visited them in their own homes and gave simple religious teaching, and, above all, she gave them her affection, and bound them to her by ties of love.

My brother Henry had been sent to school with the Rev. William Bull (who had married Uncle Bridges' sister, Sarah), and held the living of Sowerby, near Halifax, and in 1849

Priscilla and Susan went to stay there, and were introduced to their hitherto unknown cousin, Georgina, wife of George Hadwen. She was the granddaughter of Hester Bowness, one of the six Robinson sisters. An unusually strong friendship was formed between Georgina and Susan, a friendship that had profound and far-reaching effects in the lives of many members of both families.

Georgina Hadwen was a women of powerful intellect, and a peculiar faculty of inspiring others with a sense of duty. Hers was one of those mesmeric personalities which strongly affect those with whom they came in contact.

I went with Susan, on a long visit to Rybourne, where the Hadwens then lived, towards the end of 1851. We spent Christmas there, and the singing of the "Christians, Awake" is one of the most vivid recollections of that visit. The two friends took endless walks together over the moors, etc. After the flats of Suffolk, the high hills, deep valleys, wild moors, and tumbling streams seemed altogether another world; and from this time onwards, until the Hadwen home

finally broke up in 1894, rarely a year passed but some members of our family paid long visits to that hospitable home, first at Rybourne, and afterwards at Kebroyd.

In 1858 John and Susan announced their engagement, when a storm, which had long been gathering, broke over their heads and made the time that followed one of extreme misery.

Outside relations and friends interfered on narrow religious grounds, and tried to induce the parents on both sides to prevent the engagement. This line of conduct, in the name of religious orthodoxy, only served to work irreparable injury to the cause they held so dear.

Happily the love between parents and children was not lessened—perhaps only a deeper and truer feeling was called out—but such an atmosphere of misrepresentation and mistrust was created that John and Susan felt it would be wiser to make their future home in Australia.

On leaving Oxford, John had gone to live in London to study medicine. (He boarded for a time in the house of Dr. Chapman,

where he first met George Eliot, Herbert Spencer, and many other interesting people. —M. A. B.)

Susan introduced him to her old friend Amy Storr (*née* Allom), who had married in 1856, and then lived at Streatham. Her husband, John Storr, was a man of extraordinary originality of character, a fiery champion for the rights of individuals, while spending time, energy, and health in the improvement of social conditions among the working classes.

Amy Storr had been a close friend of our family since her childhood. She and her husband made their house a real home to John, and in unnumbered ways they helped both him and Susan.

On February 7, 1860, their marriage took place at Stoke, the service being read by Uncle Bridges. John's chosen friends, Mr. Beesly and Mr. Frederic Harrison, were present, besides a large number of cousins and relations.

After the marriage, John and Susan spent a few days in London, and went afterwards to Hinton Martell, then to Torquay to say

"good-bye" to the dear parents and to Mrs. Hadwen, who was spending the winter there.

The parting was a very sad one to all in both cases. They left Plymouth on March 12, and arrived at Melbourne after a prosperous and uneventful voyage on June 11 (*vide* extract from Journal). John had many good introductions, and after a time got an appointment at the Melbourne Hospital. They took a house in Collins Street and settled in happily.

In October Susan became ill; she suffered much from the early summer heat, and her illness ended fatally on December 6, 1860. In the next year her body was brought to England and buried in Stoke churchyard, where her grave is still held in deepest reverence by those who knew and loved her. The simple words on the cross, "Live for others," are the epitome of her life.

"To F. H. J.

"Hinton Martell,
"February 20, 1860.

"My dreams are more than realized. John's noble, tender nature will make me a very blessed wife."

LETTER FROM SUSAN TO HER MOTHER.

"Carey Lodge, Torquay,
"March, 1860.

"MY DEAREST MOTHER,

"We arrived at this most lovely place on Thursday evening. The last few days at Hinton Martell were very sad. Uncle's grief at parting was most touching. By-the-by, I must not forget to tell you that John has excellent testimonials from the physicians of St. George's Hospital. Bence Jones says: 'I can only say I would willingly resign the Physicianship of St. George's if I could secure Dr. Bridges being elected to it!'"

"Torquay.

"Mr. Harrison came down on Saturday to spend Sunday with us. It shows some ardour, doesn't it, coming 220 miles for one day! He is very sad, and feels losing John most bitterly. He said: 'We all feel that the life is gone from us.'"

Extracts from journal kept on board the *Swiftsure*:—

"March 10, 1860.

"The paper I write on was procured from Mr. Smith of Treville Street, Plymouth, whom I hope all who read will patronize. Finding ourselves insufficiently supplied with foreign writing paper we had to buy some, but it was Sunday, and we were to sail on Monday. So I knocked at Mr. Smith's private door, and was shown into a little parlour—portrait of Wesley—series of *The Methodist Magazine*—enter Mrs. Smith. I explained my circumstances—my radical dislike of Sunday trading, but would not the case come under 'works of necessity and mercy?' Seeing her hesitate, however, I began to bow myself out, but she suggested consulting Mr. Smith. After some interval she returned. 'Mr. Smith would supply me; would I walk upstairs? There was a fire there.' So I went up into the drawing-room, table set for dinner and the little Smiths. Mr. Smith appeared most friendly—produced a huge packet of paper and five packets of envelopes, for which he would take nothing? Would I stay to dinner? So I partook of their boiled beef and carrots, found them

most courteous and friendly. Cornish Wesleyans they were. After a glass of wine and an orange we parted. . . . How is it that all other classes unite in snubbing the trading class? Perhaps we are not individually one whit better.

"*March* 21.—I enjoy this kind of life even more than I had hoped, and by way of rest it is perfect. Susan and I find plenty to do, and the days pass quickly. We read Dante and Homer together. Also, we have made great way in Edward Gibbon Wakefield's book on Colonization, which was quite new to me. . . . I find myself well repaid by the practical and original thoughts, and by the broad statesmanlike spirit of the whole.

> "Tutti le stelle gia del altro pole
> Vedea la notte, e'l nostra tanuto basso
> Che non surgeva fuor del marin suole."

Yesterday I had a long dispute with the captain about great-circle sailing. Thanks to the Vicar of Stoke's instructions, I was enabled stoutly to maintain the mathematical definition of a great circle of which the captain, though a well-informed and cultivated man, seemed to imagine that there

could be only two. An orange, though they were growing scarce, was sacrificed on the occasion, and pierced through with 'poles' in every direction.

"*May* 1.—I have been sadly remiss of late. After the excitement of sending off our letters by the little Hamburg ship, and the spasmodic effort of scribbling nine letters in the half-hour, we relapsed into the pleasures of the *dolce scrivere niente.* Long calms followed—sea as oily as liquid butter, flying fish, Southern Cross, hot nights, dazzling moonlights, glorious tropical sunsets, etc. This rapid excursion through the climates, inverse to that we experienced six weeks ago, is exceedingly interesting, and convinces you of more simple astronomical truths by an *argumentum ad luminem* which is quite as convincing in its way as a scientific treatise. I have always said you never understood geography till you travelled.

"*May* 23.—We are nearing our journey's close."

To F. H. T.

"159, Collins Street, Melbourne,
"July 7, 1860.

"We are in the very climax of work now. John is trying for an appointment at the Hospital, and is going about everywhere getting votes, and I am doing all the furnishing of our house. I feel great danger of the ever-desire to return to England making one too keen about our worldly advancement. You don't know what a temptation it is. Letters from home will be the balm of Gilead drawing us, saving us from the weary struggle of life here."

To the same in August—

"I think we are getting on here as well as you can possibly expect in the short time. John has got a few patients, and, what is better, some of the best people are anxious to support him."

John and Susan made many warm friends in Melbourne, and won respect and affection from them all. The touching letters written to Anna Bridges and to Rev. C. Torlesse by Canon and Mrs. Handfield—

who were constantly with them, and who were true friends in the days of sore need —testify to this. They took John to their house at St. Peter's after the funeral, and he made it his home until he left Australia.

Mrs. Handfield wrote: "We feel that we have lost valuable friends. I do not expect to meet again two such people as Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, and all who knew them felt the same."

Canon H. also wrote: "Mrs. Bridges seemed to me to be possessed of an unusually justly balanced mind, and to be actuated by deep convictions. I have seldom known persons who in so short a time gained so firm a hold on one's affections and respect than did Dr. and Mrs. Bridges.

"I thought it a great privilege to be allowed to have him in my house, and to minister to him some comfort during his last days in the colony."

There is an island in the South Pacific down whose length runs a chain of mountains, many of them within the line of

perpetual snow. On the plains below are the towns and cities of a prosperous colony. When these towns grew in size and number of inhabitants, considerable difficulty was found in obtaining a good supply of water. The mountain torrents that rushed swiftly to the sea were useless for this purpose; but after a little time boring was begun, and deep artesian wells sunk, and at depths varying from three hundred to five hundred feet an inexhaustible supply of pure water was found, the underground rivers running from the mountain range, unseen through all their course, yet supplying life and health to thousands, few of whom realize that the source of the water brought to their doors is in the far-away mountain peaks, seen on a distant horizon.

Such seems to me to have been the life of (my cousin) John Henry Bridges.

How can we number those who drew inspiration from his life, who little knew the pure mountain-tops, the source of the stream of living water which has refreshed so many? F. H. T.

CHAPTER V

Life in Bradford and Second Marriage

(By M. A. B., Miss Mosley, Mrs. Hertz, Mrs. G. P. Macdonell, and Mrs. McEwen)

BRADFORD DAYS

IN 1861 John went to Bradford to settle there and to take up medical and other work. He wished to be near our family, with whom he spent nearly every week-end. My mother was one of those rarely gifted women, who, in addition to fine intellectual qualities, possessed the most precious thing of all—"a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize." She and John were bound to one another by ties of closest friendship, and she and my father watched over and befriended him in every way.

I was nearly eight years old when "Cousin Johnnie" first came to stay with us at Rybourne. He often said that his earliest

recollection of me was of a lively sprite—dancing round the table at dessert, telling fairy tales all the time, quite regardless of the grown-up people. He also remembered my brother Arthur and I singing, unaccompanied and unabashed, all manner of songs, one of our favourites being "The Rat-catcher's Daughter"!

John took the greatest interest in our education. His luminous mind and vivid sympathy made him a delightful teacher, and his power of making difficult subjects clear to the simplest minds was very remarkable. My sisters and I were each his pupils in turn, and to me his history lessons opened out delightful vistas of the past, and revivified dry bones.

Readings from the poets and from Carlyle and Ruskin were the treats I looked forward to in these happy week-end visits. His love of music was also a bond between us. His dog, "Punch," always accompanied him, and was made much of by us all, especially by my father, who had a real passion for animals. Punch was a very proud dog, and not even the most tempting bone

would induce him to go in at the back door. Our occasional visits to Bradford were looked upon as red-letter days by us all.

John soon made many warm friendships there, one of which—with the Hertz family—has continued to the present time, and was a precious one to the end of his life.

In a letter to F. H. T., dated Bradford, 1862, he says :—"I should like you to read Miss Martineau's *Household Education.* It is throughout very beautiful in parts—many things would remind you of Mrs. Hadwen. She has worked it out in practice, but the theory, too, is most useful for those who cannot see such an example."

In the same letter he says: "I shall be soon at work in the hospital here. Meantime I have been distributing scraps of sanitary knowledge to a class of factory girls, at a huge sort of female evening school, or 'educational institute,' taking Miss Nightingale's notes as a text-book. At the regular Mechanical Institute I have been giving a course of simple physiological

lectures to working men. The need of such knowledge for all classes is very great."

Soon after our engagement John was offered the post of Factory Inspector for part of the North Riding of Yorkshire by Mr. Stansfield, the then President of the Local Government Board.

This enabled us to marry in 1869.

"He was intensely interested in all public health questions, and worked hard to bring about an improvement in the sanitation of Bradford, and especially in securing a better construction of artisan dwellings. In 1862 he published a lecture on 'Health,' with remarks on the death-rate of Bradford and other towns." *

RECOLLECTIONS

(By Mary Mosley)

I have been asked to write some recollections of our cousin, John Henry Bridges, at the time of his marriage with his second

* Quotation from Sir Douglas Powel's Obituary Notice in his Presidential Address, March, 1907.

wife, Mary Alice Hadwen, and though I feel how little I can do justice to the subject, I cannot refuse to try for her sake who asks me, and for his—both of them have been lifelong and most dear friends.

My recollections of him go back to the time when we were children, and he an Oxford undergraduate. His visits of a few days, often about Easter time, to our father and mother in our Yorkshire vicarage, were red-letter days to us, and were looked forward to with the keenest pleasure. He was our hero, the impersonation of all that was best and most delightful. He would enter into our games, share our walks in Canklow Wood, write descriptive verses for us, and encourage us to write what we call "poetry," which he listened to with grave sympathy or playful criticism. At other times we listened to his talks with our mother on all kinds of subjects, grave and gay, and we felt still more abundantly satisfied that one so wise and learned should be such a completely delightful playfellow and companion.

But it is of later times I wish now to write, when, after the death of his first wife,

he returned to England and settled at Bradford, intending to practise as a doctor. As I write, the remembrance of his sitting-room there, where he also received his patients, comes back to me. In the middle, a round deal table, without any cover, which, he explained, "could always be kept clean and was steady for writing," one easy-chair and five or six upright chairs, mostly covered with books and papers, a bookcase, and an inexpensive carpet, made up the furniture. It was at this time that the house of Mr. and Mrs. George Hadwen, Rybourne, near Halifax, was opened to him as another home. Mrs. Hadwen had been one of his wife's dearest friends, and all that sympathy in a common loss could give was offered him. His Sundays were generally spent at Rybourne. It was a charming house and garden in one of the picturesque valleys, known as the "Mill district" of Yorkshire, in the parish of Ripponden, with for the most part bare hills and stone walls, possessing a fascination of their own, and with the little river Ryburn, sheltered by trees, murmuring over its stony bed at the bottom.

Mr. and Mrs. Hadwen's house seemed to belong to their friends and relations as much as to themselves, it was always opened to them. When, after the death of Mr. Hadwen's brother, they moved to Kebroyd, a larger house, higher up on the hill, it was called by the younger members of the family "The Kebroyd Hotel." It was a home of many interests; books and papers, old and new, accumulated on the shelves and on the tables. The workers in Mr. Hadwen's mill, living scattered about in the village or on the hills, were thought of by Mrs. Hadwen, and many of the walks so much enjoyed by guests had for their object some one sick or old to be visited and cared for. As the girls grew up, "Adden's Lasses," as the people in their rough way called them, were well known and well loved. When J. H. B. returned to England in 1860, the eldest of the subsequent family of seven—two boys and five girls—was Mary, aged 12. She was an imaginative child who peopled her world with elves and fairies, and some of the Saturday afternoon walks in which J. H. B. shared were to hunt for them among

the stones and dancing shadows of the Ryburn stream.

As Mary grew older, John, at her mother's request, suggested books for her to read, poetry to learn, historical periods on which to write papers or answer questions, etc., and some part of the Saturday afternoons were spent in overlooking the week's work. Mary quickly responded to the influence of such a mind, and the lessons became a great source of interest and delight to both.

Kebroyd was a large house solidly built of stone round three sides of a paved court-yard, standing on a level platform of the hill which rose behind and sheltered it. A beautiful garden stretched out on one side, with banks of rhododendrons and a fountain playing on the lawn. A little waterfall also half hidden among ferns and mosses came trickling down the hill. On the other side were the stables and a road winding up the hill, beyond that a little plantation, through which a footpath led down to the mill. One wing of the house contained a large empty room ; it adjoined the nursery, and could also be reached by a separate staircase from the

courtyard. It was called the playroom, and served many purposes. First of all, it was for the younger children what its names implied; then it was used for dances and theatricals given from time to time for the entertainment of guests in the house and neighbours round. Here also Mary gathered once a week a class of the girls who worked in her father's mill—read with them and talked to them, and thus drew closer the tie between them as workers in a common world. Then there were concerts or lectures in Manchester or Bradford or Halifax. So altogether life was full of many interests and pleasures. Mary had a horse, and rides were a great delight. Her father was often her companion; but on Monday mornings the clatter of horses' feet was often heard betimes in the courtyard, and she and John went off for an early ride before breakfast, after which he returned to Bradford.

One of Mrs. Hadwen's principles in the education of her children was to teach them to think for others—never, "What do you like best?" but, "What would be kind and right?" When Mary, on one occasion,

confronted by one of the smaller perplexities of life, came to her mother to ask what she should do, her advice was another question —"What does your conscience tell you?" Mary's answer was characteristic: "Oh, bother my conscience!" but there was no idea of setting aside the decision. This thought for others, and the desire to do them a service, or give them pleasure, gave a grace and charm to her manner. She was very bright, talked well and easily. Her brother Arthur's name for her was, "The dinner belle." She had a cultivated love of music, and her songs were always in request in the evenings. As her mother's health declined, she became the one in the family to whom all turned for advice and help. She inherited her father's capacity for business, and his high-minded integrity and generosity. "What does Mainie * say?" was generally his question when any family difficulty arose. Thus, John, returning week by week, realized that the child with whom he used to hunt for fairies had herself become the fairy who could bring joy into

* My father's pet name for me.—Ed.

his desolated life. To Mary herself he had always seemed as an elder brother, and her confidence in him had been quite unrestrained. Their talks had been of books, of his work, of her relations, who seemed to be his, of every plan of difficulty as it arose. About this time he was offered the post of Factory Inspector, which he gladly accepted. It was work which particularly interested him, and the salary attached to it made all the difference in the possibility of his marrying again. So he and Mary were engaged, and were married on June 1, 1869, in the village church of Ripponden, by Archdeacon Musgrave and others. It was a bright, sunny day, though the wind was cold, as the eight bridesmaids, in their white muslin dresses, with wreaths of fern leaves and tulle veils, knew, who awaited in the church porch the coming of the bride at eleven-thirty. Marriages in those days had to be taken before twelve noon. The church was crowded with friends, rich and poor, and the girls of Mary's class scattered flowers before the bride and bridegroom as they left the church. From that day they were

always united in the thoughts of their most intimate friends. Well do I remember the delight of my visits to them from time to time, especially in their two homes at Wimbledon. But I must not stray into later memories, which will be better told by others. I have written down most imperfectly what I can recall of the time of their marriage. I wish most earnestly my recollections were more worthy of their subject, and that a better pen than mine could have recorded them.

SOME MEMORIES OF DR. JOHN HENRY BRIDGES

Dr. Bridges' life, throughout, lay open to the broad light of day; yet to penetrate into its depths was far from easy. He shrank from the desecration of his sanctuaries by the intrusion of idle curiosity; he winced if subjects to him serious and important were treated lightly, or dragged into drawing-room and dinner-table talk. At those moments the stern look on his face and the frigidness of his manner would tell the few who knew

him to the core, he had sustained a bruise. His sensitive temperament induced a habit of strict reserve, as a protection against indiscreet encroachment on his spiritual privacy. That safeguard, however, could hardly fail sometimes to retard the growth of intimacies subsequently prized.

Dr. Bridges' influence over every one brought into contact with him was magnetic and swift. His personality, none the less, might long remain veiled. The mould wherein he had been cast had not served twice, and uniqueness is apt to be puzzling.

No key to either his intellect, his moral nobility, or the charm he exercised, is findable by trying to classify him under some familiar type. He was himself. Characteristics that seldom flourish in the same soil, in him existed side by side. His robust common sense, his sound judgment, inaccessible to the bias of self-interest; his true standard of proportion, of relativity; above all, his lofty ideal of duty, made him the best of advisers whenever a problem of conduct, involving moral considerations, caused doubt and perplexity. Instinctively,

if such a case arose, we turned to him for guidance, sure of a patient hearing, an exhaustive scrutiny of facts, and a helpful pronouncement. He did not proffer his counsel unasked, nor did he press its adoption; but when desired, it was willingly placed at the service of a friend. Curiously coupled with his clear-headedness in practical matters, there went an imaginative faculty that could carry him, as on wings, to "cloud-capped" heights of poetry. This vivid imagination, an immeasurable range of learning, and a memory from which little that was worth keeping ever vanished, often drew him to remount the stream of human development, and furnish from the store-house of the Past, a contrasting background for some present-day scene in the eternal drama of life. Every fresh illustration of the continuity, the enchainment, of thought and action, from generation to generation, brought grist to his mill. He visualized, with a seer's glance, the changes through which the race has passed, and to each phase of the long series he dedicated a full meed of sympathetic appreciation.

How absolutely he could enter into the spirit of earlier ages we can gather from his delight in two very dissimilar samples of genius—*The Divine Comedy* and *Don Quixote*. The Spanish prose epic had thrown a spell over him. During a long stretch of his life, he never let a year go by without re-reading it. Each time he felt fascinated anew. There was no wearing-off the gloss of those pages, no dulling the sparkle of a humour which had lifted the book to rank among the classics of the world. Its esoteric meaning was a favourite text of his. Following in the track of Comte, he regarded Cervantes' tragi-comedy as a masterly object-lesson on Sanity and Insanity. The momentousness of a well-adjusted balance between the finer, the spiritual, and the grosser, the animal tendencies of human nature, could not, he deemed, be set forth more impressively. Scantily though the "Don" was provided with the indispensable admixture of earthy ingredients, so super-abundant in Sancho Panza, Dr. Bridges nevertheless cherished the guileless knight tenderly, and saw in

him the ideal of a gentleman "Sans peur et sans reproche." *The Divine Comedy* had a temple of its own in his heart. Here it was not a case of reading once a year. The poem had gradually become an integral part of himself. He knew it from end to end, knew large portions of it by heart, and was severe on the superficiality of readers, who, satisfied with rushing through the "Inferno," take no heed of the two other divisions. To him the "Paradise" was the crowning glory of the work, and its effulgence played around his brow, as he dilated for those who knew it but imperfectly, or not at all, on the wondrous vision of the abode of bliss. The essence of his being seemed, for the nonce, to have divested itself of its nineteenth-century garb, and to have migrated into the thirteenth-century soul of Dante. But at the first call of duty to a quite other environment, the Dante worshipper could change into the resourceful administrator, and could again plunge into his task of reforming the workhouse infirmaries of London, with as untiring a zeal as though to discipline refractory officials and secure

comfort for the sick poor were the only things that mattered. He might fairly have claimed a right of citizenship in two worlds—the world of reality and that of imagination. In both he lived with rare intenseness of feeling and energy.

Another enigma for the uninitiated lay in the apparent inconsistency between an ingrained conservatism, which through life remained an under-current of his opinions, and a discriminating, courageous progressiveness, whose free play the opposite tendency was not suffered to hamper. There was no conflict. His estimate of both order and progress was just, and he held that on their equilibrium rested the well-being of the social organism. Perhaps the value Dr. Bridges set upon the contribution of each bygone generation to the structure of civilized life may have inclined him to act rather as a guardian of whatever was best in the bequest of the centuries, than as a pioneer of new developments. Yet, notwithstanding the trend towards conservatism, which somehow blended harmoniously with the complexion of his mind, an innovation needed

but to prove itself a genuine betterment in order to win his benison. For instance, it went hard with him to admit the thought that the musical compositions of the great old masters, in whose melodious strains he revelled, could ever come to be looked on as forerunners of still loftier conceptions. Gradually, however, it was borne in upon him that the last word of the supreme language had not yet been spoken; and one evening when I met him, after a Wagner concert, in St. James' Hall, he exclaimed with an accent of full conviction, "I think Isolden's *Liebestod* is the sublimest utterance of which music has hitherto been capable." Nothing, though, could have shaken his fealty to Mozart and Beethoven. His joy in them was closely bound up with his fond attachment to old world belongings and ways in general. The peasantry, the humble village folk, they that persistently clung to the manners and customs of their forefathers, were an element in the national life whose importance he rated high. High also in his favour stood the poet who sought his themes in the annals of the Suffolk

cottagers, and whose discernment had revealed the literary possibilities of that raw material. Crabbe and he were both Suffolk men. He loved his own county, his own village, his father's rectory. Later on, these earliest ties broadened into strong bonds of devotion in his native land.

Dr. Bridges was at once the most English of Englishmen, and the most free from insular prejudice of cosmopolitans. His feeling about "This sceptred isle"—"This precious stone set in the silver sea," was closely akin in fervour to the glow of Shakespeare's outburst. England's soil, her skies, her scenery, her painters, her poets, her noble language, her traditions of disciplined freedom, were all dear to him. But it was not a blind adoration. The spots on the sun, the blemishes that dim the lustre of country and people, were as distinctly visible to him as to the severest of outside censors. Few critics, indeed, whether from without or within, have a standard so high as was his, whereby to assay character and conduct. He knew his England on her dark as on her resplendent side, and burned with an abiding

desire to raise her ideals, to expand her outlook, to moralize her sons and daughters. In the best sense and fullest degree he was a patriot; but there was not a grain of parochialism in his survey of the world. By his thorough mastery of French, Italian, Spanish, German (he had also some acquaintance with Dutch and Portuguese), he had fashioned a divining-rod, which made him covetably rich in knowledge of the past history and present state of the leading Western nations. He was equipped for piercing to the marrow of these subjects, and for a deep-reaching insight into minds of many varieties of texture. Thus he gained a keen perception of the distinctive qualities in nations and in races, inherited or fostered by circumstances, which mirror themselves in the literature of each people, and shed a fuller light on the specific features of indigenous genius. Homer, Scott, Manzoni, Turgenieff, Omar Khayam, Borrow, Jane Austen, and scores more, were his intimates, the chosen companions of his hours of recreation, and of his long country walks. The literature of France, old and modern, on

many grounds possessed a strong attraction for him, and he had absorbed the spirit of each of its great period with a fulness that often excited wonderment. Of the illustrious Frenchmen of the seventeenth century, Molière, Corneille, Racine, Pascal, Bossuet, formed a group that commanded his profound respect on the moral, his enthusiastic admiration on the literary, side. Coming to the eighteenth century, he was saturated with Rousseau and Voltaire, with Diderot and the Encyclopædists, with Turgot and Condorcet. As regards his own contemporaries across the channel, few readers outside France had familiarized themselves as he had done with the dominant ideas and the methods of craftsmanship of Victor Hugo, Georges Sand, Michelet, and the other French "gloires" of the mid-nineteenth century. And how he had assimilated Goethe and Heine in Germany, and Calderon in Spanish! Between him and a man of culture, of whatsoever nationality, there could be no separating gap. It was not merely that he knew so astoundingly much, but that his

vision, by turns scientific, historical, aesthetic, poetical, took in man and his planetary setting in the past, present, and future as a great whole.

Nor was it solely Western life and thought he had grasped in their entirety. He had made a deep study of Asiatic countries and peoples, their philosophy and their religions. China, with her energetic moral impulses awakened so early, her veneration for ancestors, and her cult of the dead, was in high degree sympathetic to him, the many points of interest she offered culminating in her immortal sage and moralist. Dr. Bridges was entitled to count as an authority on China. But that would have held good of so many, many other subjects! All this variety of interests never infringed on the orderliness of his mind. It remained well-poised, methodical, accurate, logical. Loose, incoherent thinking, surface judgments, catchword cries and maxims, he held answerable for much of the mischief against which the social reformer has to struggle. As a teacher he was unsurpassable. He owned an inexhaustible horn of plenty, from which

treasures of many-coloured knowledge and of luminous ideas brimmed over lavishly. His manner of presentment was animated, original, impressive, often unforgetable. Nothing was left unclear or disjointed or with a raw edge. As his teaching from other teaching, so his talk stood out from other talk. Wherever conversation in which he bore part might begin, he was sure soon to lead it into unexpected paths, and connect it with points of view that stimulated reflection. His mind seldom harboured detached items. Nothing seemed to gain admittance to his brain until it could claim kinship with some already well-established group of facts or ideas. So his talk was never jerky, but flowed on in pleasant curves. It was the outcome of a magnificent intellect, rendered effective to the utmost by an exceptional wealth of learning. Mr. Cotter Morison, who pitched his intellectual demands high, told me that "Bridges was, without reservation, the most learned man he had ever known in his whole life." Yet notwithstanding his transcendent gifts, he was modest, unassuming, undesirous of

shining, selfless beyond the attainable for average human nature. He had the liveliest pleasure in trotting out his friends, and causing *them* to shine. If one or other of his inner circle said a good thing, or told a story well—to know how to tell an intricate story was one of his tests of brain power—his face would sparkle, he would vigorously rub his right hand over the top of the left one, and chuckle with glee. Never a thought for any social success of his own!

His moral influence was commensurate with his intellectual weight. It began to be felt when he was a schoolboy at Rugby; it continues active now that he is dead. Several of his contemporaries at Rugby have recorded that in his presence no boy would have dared to venture on an unseemly joke, or to utter a word he would have shrunk from uttering in the hearing of his mother. At Oxford, also, during his undergraduate years and after he was felt to be a restraining force.

To his friends—if I may generalize from the experience of my daughter and my own—he had been for many years, and remains,

an external conscience, to which all of us who knew and loved him habitually referred, and still refer. His approval, or rather the wish to deserve it, was a strong incentive to do right. Forfeiture of his esteem would have blighted the rest of one's days. To our end we shall, when in doubt, ask ourselves: "How would Dr. Bridges have felt? How would he have acted?"

His influence has not been used up by his seventy-three years of life. His writings will appeal to a growing number of readers among the earnest and thoughtful of every class. Belatedly, those men and women will make the discovery that one of the foremost personalities of the second half of the nineteenth century was in their midst till recently, without receiving the appreciation due to him, save from a picked few. The seed he has sown with his pen, and by the beauty and dignity of his life, will bear fruit; and his dear memory will long vibrate through minds and hearts ennobled by contact with him.

Life in Bradford and Second Marriage

(By Helen A. Macdonell)

"No close friend of Dr. Bridges will have failed to note one salient characteristic that of itself set him high above 'common spirits' —his habit of regarding even the smallest matters from a not ordinary standpoint. I think of this trait as one does of a scientific law, on which prediction may be based, for in him it was invariable. A subtle quality pervaded every word he uttered. Many a time did it amuse us, his girl-hearers, when (first in Bradford, afterwards in London) he was with us, to watch him fasten upon some trifling theme that, at the moment of his entry, chanced to be occupying us, and spontaneously raise it to his own exalted level. It mattered little how insignificant the topic. We might have been talking about knitting, or a fancy ball, or a new game. It was all one. Dr. Bridges would straightway bethink him of an appropriate historical fact, that sprang with lightning swiftness to his fabulous memory; or he would cite a sage observation

made by an eminent personage of old; or he was reminded of some custom in a quiet English county, which had appealed to his unfailing sympathy with homely, obscure country-folk. We, in our gay, half-frivolous mirth, would smile at "Dr. Bridges' highly artistic point of view," little dreaming how, after a long lapse of years, we should find ourselves vainly seeking to revive the perfume shed around us by our beloved friend's incomparable presence."

Mrs. McEwen writes—

"Sept. 10, 1907.

"At the time I saw most of Dr. Bridges I was quite a little girl, and did not realize that he was then a young man. All grown-up folks were of much the same age to my childish eye, and I remember well the feelings of awe with which I regarded his kind face. Mrs. Hertz often used to bring him in to our schoolroom, tea and then he would show the keenest interest in our lessons and our play too. I remember that he once set us an examination which we were supposed to have passed with credit, though, I

think, he must have regarded our 'results' with a lenient eye. He was always very gentle in his manner to me; he saw with that quick sympathy which always was his, that I was a painfully shy child whom most grown-up people terrified. I never felt afraid of Dr. Bridges. His dog, Punch, was a great bond between us. He once left Punch to us in the country for a time, and we were very proud of the trust, as we understood that the dog was very dear to his master. Of the walks and talks of those long ago days I remember nothing distinctly, only that they were very pleasant and, I feel sure, very profitable to us little girls. Never didactically, but naturally and aptly to the occasion, our kind friend would point out to us the loveliness of the world, and we felt his goodness so acutely that he became a kind of conscience to us, so that not to please Dr. Bridges was one of our direst misfortunes. Sometimes he came to see my parents, and utterly won my dear mother's heart by his sympathetic understanding of her hard-working life, while my father and he were in deep accord, and my

father prized his friendship and interest above all other.

"Dr. Bridges was utterly oblivious of merely outside distinctions and was quick to recognize worth, whether intellectual or moral, wherever he saw it. I should imagine he never knew a keener pleasure than in discovering fine quality in some seemingly ordinary person. With my father he had many points of contact, and their talk must have been on a plane far above the common, but there is no record of it. All through my later youth I seldom saw Dr. Bridges, and from the day when I followed you, his happy bride, to the altar, I believe ten years elapsed before I saw either of you again. After that I had but occasional glimpses in London, and as the years passed these became even fewer. But we never met without his making me feel that he still retained his interest in me. I often thought it was for my dear father's sake, and was proud of it.

"I shall never forget our last meeting three years ago. I was staying with Mr. Hertz, and Dr. Bridges, hearing this, came alone

one evening after dinner just to see *me*. I felt greatly honoured by such an attention. He made me sit beside him, and, just in his old compelling way, he drew from me all manner of details about my life, and my husband's work in the far north, and also questioned me closely as to the Scotch Church case, then pending. That was so like him. Nothing human was alien to him, and no one was too humble for him to learn from.

"A few days after this I was asked to lunch with you. What a happy hour of kindness and talk of old times you gave me! The remembrance is very dear to me.

"It was a very hot day, and in the late afternoon Dr. Bridges took me out to find a cab, and we walked the length of a street or two before we found one. Then he put me in so carefully and stood bare-headed as I drove away, with that radiant smile on his face that no one upon whom it lighted can ever forget, so fraught it was with the gentleness and sweetness of his noble heart. So I see him, and always shall, standing in the open street smiling upon me. To have

ever deserved it even in part is one of my dearest and holiest memories.

"With love and always deep sympathy,

"Yours gratefully and affectionately,

"KIAH MCEWEN.

CHAPTER VI

Wimbledon, and Official Life

(Letters to M. A. B., F. H. T. in New Zealand; Letters from Mrs. Maurice Hill, Mrs. Liveing, Mr. Henry Lockwood; Sir R. Hensley, Mrs. Latter, Miss Vincent; Testimonials: Our Dogs)

OUR first little home was in Halifax, and many a drive over the hills I took with John on his visit of inspection to distant mills. On one occasion I fell asleep in the hansom while waiting for him, and suddenly woke up to find myself surrounded by factory girls, let loose at the dinner-hour, who were gazing at me as at some natural curiosity, and laughed heartily when I awoke! John was greatly amused by this little incident. In November, 1869, he was asked by his friend Mr. (afterwards Lord) Goschen to take the place of Dr. Markham, Medical Inspector to the Local Government Board, who was absent for a

few months on sick leave; so our little Yorkshire home was broken up, and we came to London in a dense November fog—bringing with us our two maids—and went into lodgings in Gower Street, and afterwards in Seymour Street. John plunged into a perfect sea of work in the formidable epidemic of small-pox then raging, and he soon made his mark. I, unfortunately, had a dangerous illness during that terrible winter, which must have added seriously to his anxieties. In June, 1870, John took me for my first journey to Switzerland, and we felt like happy children let out of school—revelling in the mountains and in the glory of the wild flowers, growing in profusion close up to the snow-line. During this year Dr. Markham finally resigned his post, which was at once offered to John. This enabled us to take a house and settle down, and we went to 56 Russell Square in 1871—a house from which Miss Mitford wrote some of her letters while staying with Judge Talford, and where, I believe, she received visits from Wordsworth, Southey, and other distinguished people.

We went out a good deal in those days, and met many distinguished and interesting people, and we frequently went to the Opera.

It was a great pleasure to us both to be near our friends, Professor and Mrs. Beesly, who were then living at University Hall, Gordon Square, and with whom we had constant intercourse. Our friendship for them has been a life-long one.

After two years of London life, we decided to move to Wimbledon for the sake of fresher air and quiet, which John much needed; and at Furze Bank, a little house on the slope of the hill, we spent seven happy years before we built The Brambles.

In his best days John was a brilliant talker, hot in argument, and sometimes saying scathing things, but never willingly hurting people's feelings. He was absolutely free from vanity, and was "humble in his own eyes." He literally carried out the injunction: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." He was an indefatigable worker, and was often in his study at 5.30 a.m. until the last years of his life. His power of sleeping at odd times,

no doubt, helped him to get through a great deal of work.

I shall never forget his intense interest in every detail of the house we built at Wimbledon—the brick-laying, plastering, woodwork, etc., etc., and, of course, all the sanitary arrangements, besides the laying out of the garden, which was an unfailing delight to him. He might often be seen in the early summer mornings mowing the lawn in his dressing-gown!

One of his most delightful presents to me was a bookcase and table made out of a wild cherry-tree which was blown down in our Wilderness. This he filled with our favourite books, and had it placed in my special sanctum at The Brambles. It still remains one of my most cherished possessions.

The sea, lakes, and all flowing water were an intense delight to him, and waterfalls had a special fascination for him.

The glory of dawn and sunset were ever an unspeakable joy, and our greatest happiness was to get "far from the haunts of men" for long days among woods and hills,

or wanderings on cliff and shore. We were both good walkers, and, armed with our lunch basket, we spent long and delightful days—gathering wild flowers, reading poetry, and hearing the voice of nature, speaking many thoughts from many lands.

Our visits to Switzerland and Italy were the crowning joys, and our two visits to Rome were among our most cherished memories.*

Music stirred John deeply, especially Mozart, Handel, and Beethoven; and he loved the freshness and gaiety of the early Italian operas. Wagner and the later school also appealed to him in a sense, although he never became a complete convert to it.

He always said that good amateur playing gave him more real delight than the most finished "technique," as having more soul in it. He would listen for hours to Mrs. Storr's beautiful interpretation of Chopin, and to Mrs. Hertz's playing of Beethoven's Sonatas, as also to my sister Louie's playing. Good singing was his special delight.

His love of and criticism of pictures was always fresh and individual, and never a

* *Vide* letter to F. H. T.

mere echo of others, but something *he* really felt.

In May, 1899, he writes from Paris to me:—"The Salon is much more cosmopolitan than ours—twenty or thirty English pictures, besides Scandinavian, Dutch, Italian, Hungarian, etc. The general impression was of a higher average standard. But I saw few pictures that impressed me as works of genius. Many quiet scenes of peasant life there were; and the better French artists have a keener sense of simplicity and unity of effect than ours. The best portrait by far that I saw was by an Hungarian of Prince Hohenlohe."

"To M. A. B.

"Hotel de Londres, Paris,

"*May* 11, 1899.

". . . Yesterday was so lovely! I walked about before dinner in the Luxembourg gardens, thoroughly enjoying the chestnut trees, may and laburnum blossoms, and the groups of children playing. My love of Paris does not diminish!

"I am glad you like Gregorovius; I have long wanted to see his *Rome in the Middle Ages*, but we can wait for that patiently."

"*May* 10, 1899.

"I was never in Paris before in May. It is certainly very beautiful; quite a new Paris to me. The river effects are quite altered by the tender green of the poplars, and are enchanting. The long Boulevard St. Germain (and the others, too, if I had seen them) are decorated with piles of chestnut blossoms, as if it were a festival. And it is Nature's festival.

"The battle of opinions which is being waged in every civilized country, in France translates itself into acts. There lies the strength and the weakness of France. Farewell, dearest."

Our friends were very kind in coming out from London to dine with us occasionally, which in those days meant a great effort, and many happy evenings were spent in our little house at Furze Bank, and afterwards at "The Brambles," over homely dinners.

Our relations on both sides of the house were ever welcome guests, and we were seldom without some one from either Suffolk or Yorkshire. His dear mother and my father and mother were our frequent and most honoured guests. Christmas was always the time to gather round us lonely people and poor children; and I can see now the happy faces of the boys and girls who crowded into the dining-room to see a conjurer or a Christmas tree, and John's delight in helping to amuse them. On one occasion he dressed up as Father Christmas, and distributed little presents to each one from a big hamper he carried. I remember also the Mission Sister bringing a large party of little children to tea in the garden on a summer afternoon, and John's delight in teaching them to blow soap-bubbles with long clay pipes as they all sat around him on the lawn. I used to read to the servants once a week in the garden in summer, and John would sometimes join us, and take the book and delight us all by the vivid pictures his reading called up.

A visitor to The Brambles would often

find the garden full of merry factory and other girls, playing games, or having tea under the beech-tree; and we had a meeting of poor lads, who came to discuss cricket or football once a week, at which John would often preside. On one occasion there was a grand supper, with songs and speeches, under the trees, which were hung with Chinese lanterns. In addition to all our other work, we decided to open a room of rest, in London, for lonely and tired people, on Sunday afternoons. Tea and coffee were provided at a nominal cost, and there were occasional music and quiet games. This entailed considerable work, and was "the last straw that broke the camel's back." It was the beginning of a long and painful illness for me, from which I did not really recover until we left Wimbledon in 1892.

We sold The Brambles — our dear home — in January, 1891, and had just dismantled the house and prepared for our move into London when John fell ill of diphtheria, caught from a patient in one of the infectious hospitals he visited, and, on a foggy Sunday morning, I had

to go forth in search of some shelter to take him to, as our new home, 28, Ladbroke Gardens, Notting Hill, was in the hands of workpeople. Thanks to the kindness of the Treasurer and Doctor of St. Thomas' Hospital—who took compassion on our wretched plight — an empty ward was obtained in the paying home there, in which he could be isolated, and by that afternoon everything was in readiness for his reception.

Never shall I forget that drive across Wimbledon Common in the blackest of fogs, through which we had to travel at a snail's pace, constantly running up against lamp-posts, etc., or my thankfulness when we at last arrived safely at our destination, and I saw my dear patient comfortably in bed. Fortunately, the attack proved to be a slight one, and in a few weeks we were able to go down to Bournemouth ; but it left a permanent weakness of the throat, and from that time we had often to fly from London in the winter.

It was while John was recovering from diphtheria at Bournemouth that our kind

friend, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, came to take my place while I was away getting our London home ready to receive him. The two old friends walked and talked by the "many sounding sea," and, no doubt, renewed in memory their school and college days.

John always looked back to that visit with delight.

Some regret has been expressed by friends that John spent so much of his life in practical work; but it was just that combination of practical work with and for his fellow-men with his intellectual life that made him the man he was, and gave him such true insight into human nature.

I am sure his feeling was that it was better to seek for the best in ordinary people than to live entirely with the Olympians, or to be a hermit in a castle of isolation, following one's own inclinations.

It was wonderful how he gained the mastery over a naturally irritable and impatient temper, and grew ever gentler and more sympathetic—with human weakness—with every succeeding year.

"The manly man is not a paragon of the virtues; he has become entitled to the attribute because of the mastery he has gained over himself, and over those imperfections from which none of us can ever hope to be free." *

"To F. H. T. in New Zealand.

"Wimbledon Days,
"*June* 13, 1884.

". . . I have been working from morning till night of late, at the outbreak of small-pox, which we are now dealing with in a new way, by steamers that run down the Thames to some ship hospitals, near Purfleet. My principal fellow-worker is one of the most energetic men in London, Sir Edmund Currie. He has done splendid work in London during the last eighteen years."

"The Brambles,
"*October* 4, 1884.

". . . The Egyptian question continues to puzzle every one. France and Germany

* "Day-dreams," by Major Gambier Parry.

appear united against us; and it is clear that the popular English notion that we have a divine right to monopolize the highway to the East, is not in the least accepted by other nations."

"The Brambles,
"*December* 24, 1884.

"I am anxious about the condition of Europe. This international scramble for Polynesia and Africa will lead to trouble. Australians are said to be indignant at our non-annexation of all New Guinea, New Ireland, etc. Are Australians and New Zealanders ready to pay taxes to keep up the British Navy? I doubt it strongly. . ."

"Hotel de l'Ermitage, Hyeres, France,
"*January* 13, 1886.

"My dear Fanny,

"You will be surprised at this address, but overwork and worry forced me to apply for three months' leave of absence, and Mary and I are overlooking the Mediterranean, over an expanse of olives and ilex and stone pine, with here and there gardens fenced in with tall cypresses, and filled with

palms and fruit-laden trees. Next month we hope to spend in Rome.

"The Queen is just about to open Parliament, and never before in her long reign were the issues more solemn and serious.

"The mass of the English people, hoodwinked by shallow journalism, refuses to recognize the magnitude of the Irish crisis, but it is really on us, and we have to face it.

". . . The elections in England were of great interest. Squire, parson, and farmer did their utmost to frighten Hodge into voting as they would have him, but in vain. 'He rode Pink, and he promised Pink, but he voted Blew-eu.'"

"The Brambles,
"*April* 16, 1886.

"My dear Fanny,

"You may have heard of our being forced to go abroad owing to my weak health. We spent a fortnight on the Riviera, then we went by Pisa and Siena to Rome, and after a month there came back by Perugia and Assisi to Florence, and so home. I am gradually recovering my working power, and am beginning to feel the

strength that comes from closer contact with the lives of old Rome and the Medieval Church. . . .

"What interested me most I can scarcely say, but I think the house of the Vestal Virgins in the Roman Forum, recently unearthed—a vast palace of three stories, the marble bathrooms almost intact, and several life-size portrait statues of the Chief Vestals in white marble, perfectly preserved—was one of the most impressive things. The transition from Chief Vestal to Mother-Abbess, even in drapery, seems so slight.

"· · · One needs the strength of these ancient lives to support us in the turmoil of present events. For a hundred years have warnings come to us, even louder than the last, as to Ireland. . . .

"I had a long talk with Morley before I left England in January. Gladstone's Bill is in the main his. He is almost the only English politician who had taken the trouble to understand what the Irish want and mean. But I told him that I feared the public were as yet not sufficiently educated on the subject. It is as if Peel had brought

forward the Repeal of the Corn Laws, when Cobden was beginning his agitation. Of course Gladstone's Bill, and his magnificent speech, are in themselves an education of public opinion. . . . As I consider, there is nothing for it but to steer the straight course onwards, doing justice to the national spirit in Ireland, and taking as quietly and firmly as we can what consequences may follow. But it is a very serious crisis in English History, none the less so that it has been long foreseen by those who think about the future."

"The Brambles,
"*August* 4, 1886.

". . . London is a grave of unhealthy, fidgety philanthropies, the creation of men, and especially of women, who want the pleasure of intellectual society, and wish to feel they are in the swim of all that is going on, and who wish to be doing, and therefore make work. In every large town, and small ones also, there is plenty of needful work neglected. . . ."

"*February* 6, 1887.

". . . You will be interested to hear that I have been studying of late Irish History,

at the beginning of this century, and found the greatest satisfaction in E. G. Wakefield's book of 1809, on Ireland; one of the most careful, comprehensive, and philosophical studies of the sociology of any country ever written. I had no idea till lately what a valuable book it was.

". . . We have had some distress in London, made tenfold difficult by its assuming an organized shape under Socialist leadership.

". . . What is the use of preaching emigration to overcrowded Londoners, when much faster than they can be sent to Canada or Australia, crowds of Russian Jews are streaming in, lowering the price of labour, and the standard of life. The facts of Chinese and Russian over-populations may become again as formidable as they were in the days of Alaric and Attila. . . ."

"Kebroyde,

"*Christmas Day*, 1887.

". . . In England dulness of trade has slowly produced a mass of chronic suffering, not so intense as has been felt in former years, from

1838 to 1845, for instance, but much more difficult to deal with, because forty years ago not more than a third of the people lived in towns, and now it is more than half. Our conquest of India, in which we have been glorying for a hundred years, has brought Nemesis in most unexpected form. India is ruining British agriculture by cheap wheat! Farms are going out of cultivation. Strong ploughmen and carters are flocking into London, and displacing the feebler men hitherto employed there. What the remedies are we know. To turn the tide back from town fieldward, what is needed is a combination of all the measures that would help the formation of a peasant proprietary, including various reforms in land conveyance, and such control over railway companies as would cheapen the transport of market produce from small holdings into the great cities. Statesmen of both parties would co-operate in these things, were it not for the terrible Irish question, which still blocks the way. There too, as well as in Hindostan, stands an avenging angel with sword unsheathed. Have we what Matthew Arnold calls the

"Remnant," sufficient to save us, as the ten righteous men might have saved those doomed cities? I have faith that there is such a remnant, and that England will survive, though much suffering may be in store for her, and many deadly wounds to her pride. . . .

"Now for individual things, which seen from Capella (or, since Capella you cannot see, from any star of the Southern Cross) are nearly as the affairs of this planet.

"The M.A.B.Y.S. still flourishes and does good work, though always in danger of losing vitality in routine. Mary works as a free lance, with it, but not of it—making still, as her wont was, girls which the Society rejects as hopeless—and often with good success. Mary will sit on committees, but few will trudge about as she does to find one situation after another for an almost hopelessly rebellious case. They begin at last to love her a little, then to obey her implicitly; finally, they love her much, and live decent lives.

"Apart from this, she has a class of miserable factory girls, in a wretched hamlet about

a mile from our house—many of these have become bright, orderly, and grateful.

"Of late we have had a large 'Nursing' class of ladies in our drawing-room, taught by a nurse from the London hospital, who went afterwards to repeat the same lecture in the evening at this same hamlet of Somerstown."

NOTE.—I only give this extract to show how much interest John took in my work.—M. A. B.

"28 Ladbroke Gardens,
"1893.

". . . As for me, I continue part of my old work in connection with London's Infectious Hospitals (without pay, of course). I am editing for the Oxford Press the work of Roger Bacon (part of which has never been printed). This and occasional lectures and contributions to the *Positivist Review* occupy me abundantly. I have faith in the future, though I believe that great trials are in store for this country. The seeds of good which exist here, widely scattered, will bring victory, or rather recon-

cilement, in the end, but after more struggle and humiliation.

"J. H. B."

"Crockham Hill, Eldenbridge,
October 31, 1901.

". . . The world is in a sad state, but there have been worse times by far, and yet dawn has followed the night, and the flowers, as Dante said, frozen and clogged up by the black frost, rise again and open straight upon their stems, when the sun invites them.

'i fioretti, dal notturno gele
Chinati e chiuri, poi che 'l sol gli inbianca,
Si deizzan tutti aperti in loro stele.'

Inferno, Canto 2.

"My faith and yours are not far apart, though we call things by different names."

"*June*, 1902.

"I am just reading my Uncle Mathew Bridges' journal. He describes George IV.'s Coronation, also a visit to Boxted and Stoke in 1822."

"*February*, 1905.

". . . The Russian revolution is steadily going on. But it will last a long time yet—many decades probably."

Berta Maurice Hill says—

"My first remembrance of John Bridges was when I was a child of three years old; how he took me on his knee, and talked to me, and promised to give me the seal on his watch-chain when I could write him a letter by myself. This promise was faithfully fulfilled. Since that day, until his death, his influence has been the strongest force of my life. He used to come over to Kebroyde from Bradford for Sunday, and on Saturday afternoons he would gather my sisters and I round the schoolroom table, and read to us. I specially remember his reading *Alice in Wonderland.* He had the power of taking in at a glance a whole page, so he would keep his eyes fixed upon us, and read aloud, in a way which kept us all spellbound, and made us think him the most wonderful man in the world. He gave us his sympathy so fully that we came to him with our childish joys and sorrows as to a dear and trusted friend. He watched over the books we read, and advised and helped us, often reading Shelley or Wordsworth aloud, and persuading us to learn a great deal of poetry

by heart. He and Mary used to spend hours in the woods, reading Danté together, or he would sit beside her as she sang old Italian songs. The day of their wedding was gloriously happy to us children, and Nora and I, aged ten and five years, were especially proud, because we then could call him 'brother Johnny,' instead of 'cousin Johnny.'

"John delighted to hear Yorkshire stories, and he would sit and listen to my father's accounts of his early life, rubbing his hands with delight, and laughing heartily at some of the witty sayings of the old workmen, or over some adventure I had had in the village. Often he would bring a friend over from Bradford, and so we saw a great many interesting people, and our whole life changed in consequence.

"My mother had been his friend for years, and had the greatest admiration for him, and he always spoke of her influence for good, her wise judgment and insight into character, and he thought her a most uncommon woman. John was to my mother the most sympathetic of friends, and the

kindest, most generous of sons-in-law. His marriage with my sister Mary opened to us a new home, full of keen interest. I was with John and Mary in their first little home at Halifax, and again in Russell Square. That was a delightful home; their intense love and devotion for each other shed around them so much happiness to others. They, indeed, had taken the motto, 'Live for others,' and carried it out to the fullest extent. Their home was not only a delightful meeting-place of interesting men and women, where often brilliant talks would take place; but it was a refuge for all the tired and troubled people who came across their lives. John was devoted to his wife, and he would often playfully tease her about her well-kept house. One day when I was there he came home with a 'new duster' for her to use in his study. When the parcel was opened, it was a beautiful lace handkerchief! The hour after he came from the Local Government office before dinner was always his uninterrupted time with his wife, when they would go to her little sitting-room to read or talk, and no one ever thought of

disturbing them. When they moved down to Wimbledon and lived at Furze Bank, I came to spend six months with them. John then gave me history lessons, and the hours spent with him were some of the most delightful of my life. His method of teaching history as a complete whole, and not in periods, added to his great knowledge of art and science, made these lessons stand out apart from anything in my experience.

"We used to have long talks, and he would show me the Roman idea of womanhood; he also soon made me understand his dislike of women who became aggressive in politics, though he valued highly their powers of educational or civic work. He used to tell me he would have every woman as well educated as men, and as well able to judge public events. In the spring we used to meet each morning before breakfast in the arbour at the end of the little garden, and read Homer, and on Sundays we would take Milton. I would often learn some of the speeches for him, and nothing could exceed his gentle guidance in these readings, and they are to me a precious memory. He

used to read aloud in the evenings, Scott, or Shakespeare, or some of Miss Edgeworth's novels, or some poet or writer who bore upon the subject of our morning lesson. Sometimes we would go to concerts in London; or other times, on holidays, we would take the train to Epsom or Boxhill and walk all day in the country, resting for lunch, when John would bring a book out of his pocket and read aloud to Mary and me. He had a great love for animals, and his dog 'Pompey' was his constant companion. I was again, some years later, with Mary and John when they were building The Brambles, and it was wonderful to see how each was thinking of the other in planning the house. His study must be the nicest room, and her sitting-room must have all the sun; we had very merry times over the house. I often went with John to Newton Hall, sometimes when he was lecturing, or Mr. Harrison, or Mr. Beesley, and I enjoyed those evenings very much.

"After I married, John would often bicycle down to see me at Wimbledon and have long talks upon politics or books. To the

last he kept his keen sense of humour, and always liked to hear any new story or adventure. He came every year with Mary to our Christmas party, and he would join hands with the children, and dance round the Christmas-tree. No detail of the doings of those he loved ever tired him. He was the most kindly, courteous host in his own house. His strenuous life of work and thought never made him less sympathetic, which is very wonderful.

"To his wife he was ever her first thought, and his absolute trust in her in all things was clear to every one. His great personality and wonderful mind, combined with his gentleness and affection, make him stand out as one of the Great Ones of the world, and his noble example as a bright star.

Our niece, Susan Harriet Liveing, writes—

"No sketch of Uncle John's life would be complete which did not give some account of his love and care for his nieces, and of their love and reverence for him. It is difficult, if not impossible, to give any idea of all he did for us and all he was to us.

"I can think of few events with which he was not bound up, and which his character did not influence. He was the greatest spiritual force of our lives. His standard of thought and action was an ideal to be aimed at, and in any difficulty or turning-point in our lives, we always turned to him, and the thought of what he would do or think was a rule by which to guide our decisions.

"The happiest recollections of my childhood are the joy of Uncle John and Aunt Mary's visits to Stoke and Assington, and the still greater delight of the return visits to Wimbledon. We loved to crowd round Aunt Mary while she told us the most thrilling fairy stories, so exciting that we did not know how to let her stop; or to listen to Uncle John, as he repeated 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat,' or the 'Duck and the Kangaroo,' or read to us *Alice in Wonderland,* or 'The Rose and the Ring.' As we grew older he sent us French story-books, and made us enjoy *Les Malheurs de Sophie,* and *Les Mémoires d'un Âne* as much as he did. Whenever he came to stay with us, he would make me read and

translate French to him, and repeat poetry. I recollect learning and repeating to him Milton's 'Ode on the Nativity' when I was ten years old, and I remember how he made its imagery alive to me, showing me how to repeat the stanzas, pointing out the alliteration and how it enhanced the rhythm, and explaining the mythology crowding the verses.

"He was always anxious that we should learn as much poetry as possible, saying that the great thing was to get it by heart—the understanding would come afterwards. He made me learn Shelley's 'Skylark' and 'The Cloud,' Milton's and Wordworth's sonnets, and the odes to Duty and Immortality when I was quite a child, and the pleasure of repeating them to him was sufficient inducement to make me enjoy learning them. As I grew older, he used to write French letters to me, and make me answer them, and set me pieces from Georges Sand and Pierre Loti to translate and send him. He would return them corrected, always pointing out the accuracy and finish of French style, and how one

must render those qualities in English, while guarding against a free translation. I was the eldest, and he devoted himself to me first; but Margaret, and later on Hilda, he taught in the same way.

"Those visits and those lessons I looked forward to till they were over, and then looked back on till they came again, and they had a greater influence on my childhood than I think he himself could have ever guessed at. As I look back on those years, I see how my interest in history and politics and social questions was developed by listening to his talk with Grannie and Mother, and how he always opened the door into the larger world of thought and action in which he lived, and even as quite a child gave me a glimpse into what lay beyond our daily life and interests.

"In the Autumn of 1883, Uncle John and Aunt Mary asked me to stay with them, and go for six months to the High School, which had recently been opened in Wimbledon. Those six months stand out as the happiest and most stimulating of my girlhood. It was little short of a revelation to a girl of

sixteen to be brought into such an atmosphere of life and thought as was that of The Brambles. The school work was absorbing, but to live at The Brambles was in itself an education, and a most liberal one. Uncle John's outlook was so wide, and his range of knowledge so great, that to listen to him was like having a light carried into dark places. This illuminating power was very characteristic of him. One accepted it then without analysing it. I see now that it was far deeper than knowledge or learning. It was the mind of a great thinker, flashing light on every subject which it touched.

"This power was very marked when he read aloud. He interpreted Browning by his reading of him, as a musician would interpret Brahms or Beethoven. He constantly read to us in the evenings, often selections from Browning, Wordsworth's Prelude, Matthew Arnold, or Swinburne; sometimes Tennyson's dialect poems. Now and then he would read Thackeray to us—Becky Sharp leaving Miss Pinkerton's Academy and flinging the dictionary out of the window and the description of the Battle

of Waterloo were among his favourite selections, and he was very fond of *The Book of Snobs*. I cannot remember that he ever read Dickens to us, or Scott, though he read Scott's novels to himself over and over again, and, with Miss Austen's novels, they were his constant companions.

"I remember on the first Sunday after my arrival how he read the 'Purgatorio,' with Aunt Mary, translating as he went along. It was the first canto, and I, who knew no Italian, shall never forget how he made me feel its beauty and its music. I remember how he repeated—

> 'L'alba vinceva l'ora mattutina
> Che fuggia 'nnanzi, sì che di loatano
> Conobbi il tremolar della marina,'

saying he thought they were the most perfectly musical lines in the language.

"In the afternoon he took me for a walk on the Common, where we gathered heather, and I found sundew. Then we sat down to rest, and he took out a volume of Calderon's plays, and read me Belshazzar's Feast. I felt then, what I have always felt with him since, that I was being lifted into a higher

mental and spiritual atmosphere, that my senses were sharpened to see and feel something beyond and above things visible, and that this intellectual and spiritual vision, which I could only momentarily attain through his eyes, was his as an abiding possession.

"It was this illuminating insight that made the going with him to see pictures, or to hear music, such an enlightening experience. Sometimes he took me to the National Gallery, to the Turners' and Claudes', or to the Italian Rooms. I cannot remember that he explained or criticized the pictures; he certainly never gave me any account of the different schools of painting, but as one listened, one felt that he looked through the painting, into the very soul of mediæval art.

"So it was with music. I do not know how far he would have called himself musical, but he had a deep love for music, and it was a power in his life. Margaret tells me how she once went with him to hear Tchaikowsky's Symphonie Pathétique, and how she realized what the music was intended to express by watching his face as

he listened to it. When I was at school, the 'Saturday Pops' were at the height of their fame, and Uncle John and Aunt Mary looked upon it as part of my education that I should go to them every week. She always took me, and we waited outside, sometimes for an hour or more, before the doors opened, and then there was a long time of waiting inside. It was all enjoyment to me, and she always allowed me to believe that she enjoyed it too, but I do not like to think now of how tired she must have really been. When we got home, Uncle John was always interested, and anxious to hear what the programme had been, and was always ready to appreciate our enjoyment of it. He loved, too, to hear Aunt Mary play and sing to him in the evenings, and Edith's voice was always a great pleasure to him.

"His memory was another source of wonder and admiration to me. On our walks he would repeat pages of Wordsworth, Shelley, Browning, Dante, or Calderon. Any poetry, the most classical or the most modern, that appealed to him he learnt by heart, and

any subject on which he was speaking was illustrated by quotations from the authors, who seemed to be part of himself. His memory must naturally have been a very remarkable one, but it was also carefully trained. He told me once that he made a point of learning several lines of poetry every day while he was dressing, and that he attributed much of the power of his memory to this.

"When Lord Hopetown, I think it was, was Governor of Australia some few years ago, on the birth of a son to him, shortly after his arrival, the suggestion was made that the child should have an Australian name, and a poem appeared in one of the papers, consisting of a string of names of Australian rivers, towns, and mountains. It began, so far as I can remember, in some such way as this—

'Will they call him Murrumburrah, will they call him Wollongong,
Ulladulla, Borraloola, Kallakoopah, or Geelong?'

and so on, for about thirty lines, with a string of Australian names of rivers, lakes, towns, and mountains.

"This Uncle John learnt, he said, as a test to his memory, and he was very much pleased to find how easily he could get it by heart, and how long he could remember it. I now and then used to ask for it, and he could always repeat it without a pause.

"All through this time Uncle John was very busy with his official work, and it was only in the evenings and on Saturdays that he was at home. My mornings were spent at the school, my afternoons in preparation and in going long walks with Aunt Mary, more often than not to see the mistresses of naughty girls, for she did a great deal of work for the M.A.B.Y.S. at this time, and many of the unmanageable girls were sent for her to deal with, and she spent endless time and pains in finding them places. The Brambles was always a refuge for any one who was lonely or in trouble. It was seldom without some one who needed nursing or cheering up, and it would be difficult to point to the number of people to whom that house was a place of rest, and physical and mental refreshment, and

who found there most sympathetic and generous friends.

"The six months of school life came to an end only too soon; but from that time The Brambles, and later on Ladbroke Gardens, was a second home to me, and I was constantly there. When I was no longer absorbed in school work, I was able to enter more fully into the outside interests—politics especially, to the study of which Uncle John devoted so much of his spare time, although the Local Government Board claimed all the working hours of the day. The Irish question at that time dominated politics, and he took the deepest interest in it. Any form of oppression awakened his deepest sympathy, and aroused his innermost feelings, and we were all ardent Home Rulers. He was too forbearing, too farsighted, too just, ever to be a violent partisan; but there were few political questions, except the war in South Africa, on which I remember to have seen him so deeply moved.

"These recollections are very imperfect, but I have tried to give some account of the

influences which made life at The Brambles so inspiring—the many and varied interests, the sympathy and knowledge brought to bear on them, the largeness of his outlook upon life. All these things were crowned by the power of Uncle John's beautiful character. I never saw him impatient. I never heard him say a sharp word; it seems almost inconceivable that he could have done so. He was never put out by trifles—nothing seemed to disturb his habitual calm serenity of mind. It was the union of keen enthusiasm and intense vitality with this most sweet and equable temper, deeply sympathetic nature, and lofty standard of duty that made an ineffaceable impression on all who came into contact with him, and gained him the reverential love of those whose lives so closely touched his."

In a letter to his mother, dated July 11, 1877, John writes as follows :—

"Mary and I have been thinking much of your delightful visit to us; and amongst other things, your rich storehouse of charming stories, which never seem exhausted, is

the object of our admiration. So now, dearest mother, I am going to propose to you an *Opus Magnum* for the winter, and in fact, if your life, as we all earnestly trust, and as there is every ground to hope, be spared yet a long time to us, it may occupy much longer.

"It is nothing less than a jotting down, under certain heads, of some of those delightful anecdotes, as they occur to you. And as a beginning, I suggest the following heads :—

"(1) Life at Stanmore; description of house and garden; of church and village; of the principal residents.

" (2) School life at Hendon.

" (3) Life at Edmonton, Woburn and Old Newton; with anecdotes of your mother; marriage with my father, etc.; village characters and stories. . . . "

Alas! This was never carried out, to our great regret.

Mr. Henry Lockwood writes—

"Though I had the good fortune to serve in the Metropolitan District with your good husband for five years—1874–1879—it is

now so long ago that it is not easy to remember very much in detail.

"It is, of course, a matter of history that he was one of the small band of earnest and capable workers who, with Mr. Goschen as president, brought about that great reform in poor law administration which established separate infirmaries for the sick poor of London, and carried to its completion the scheme, initiated some years before Mr. Goschen's time, for the removal of the children from the workhouse to separate schools in the country. Dr. Bridges, however, was one of the first to realize that the removal of the children—absolutely right in itself—had, as originally carried out, certain unforeseen but inherent drawbacks, not to say evils, chiefly among which was the aggregation of large numbers of children under conditions which facilitated the spread of infantile diseases—more particularly ophthalmia—and it was he who initiated the campaign against ophthalmia, with a view to what may be called 'scientific segregation,' which those who followed him carried to so successful a conclusion, that ophthalmia in

Poor Law schools has been practically stamped out.

"To fully realize what the community owes to him in this great achievement, it would be necessary to collect and collate his many most interesting and instructive minutes and reports; but though these are buried in ponderous tomes known as 'Bound Volumes' at Whitehall, to him, as the initiator, the credit for what has been done is largely due.

"As a working colleague and a friend he could not, I think, be over-appreciated. His scientific and literary attainments notwithstanding, there was nothing of the 'Doctrinaire' about him. He was broad-minded, tolerant, sympathetic, and helpful, and looking back across the years, and reflecting how I profited by these his attributes, I must ever hold him in affectionate remembrance."

"9, Chester Place, Regent's Park.
"*July* 1, 1907."

Letter from Sir R. Hensley, Glenton House, Putney, S.W.

"Dear Mrs. Bridges,

"Since I received your letter I have been thinking much how I could write to you in any way that would be really helpful or satisfactory. I have searched among my letters in the hope of finding some incident or expression that would convey to you some trait of my kind friend's character, but I have only four short notes from his hand, and they are chiefly in praise of myself.

"I was, of course, constantly associated with him in work during the eight years that we were colleagues on the M.A.B., and constantly met him in his official capacity for many years previous to his retirement from the L.G.B. And I am indebted to him for much help and encouragement in my work throughout the whole twenty years and upwards of our connection; but I feel that I would so gladly have written something more personal and definite if I could, to indicate the solid esteem and liking in which

he was held by us all, and the weight which his opinion carried.

"In the anxious times which the managers had frequently to experience when the successive epidemics of fever and smallpox prevailed, we always availed ourselves of his judgment and his scientific knowledge. To myself his kindness was unwearied and unfailing. He exerted himself to secure my election to the Athenæum, welcomed me there most cordially, and when I saw him for the last time in the club library, long after he had left the M.A.B., he questioned me on every detail of my work, and showed the keenest interest in my difficulties.

"Yours sincerely,

"R. M. Hensley."

The former Matron of the Chelsea Infirmary writes—

"It was my privilege to be brought into official connection with Dr. Bridges about two years before he severed his connection with the Local Government Board. I can well recall my first interview with him, and the impression he made on me as a man of

clear and impartial judgment, broad sympathies and great integrity of character. Time only served to deepen these impressions, as I learnt to regard him as a friend in later years, and one whose valuable advice I sought and obtained on more than one occasion in the somewhat exceptional difficulties which from time to time arose during my twelve years of public work. As an inspector, Dr. Bridges was both feared and beloved. Feared by those whose methods would not bear investigation, beloved by those who strove honestly to do their duty, and respected by both sections equally. During his tenure of office many important reforms were introduced into the Nursing Department of the Poor-law, which would have been impossible without his encouragement and approval. It was uphill work, for in those days the Local Government Board, as well as Boards of Guardians, required educating, and there was that prejudice and suspicion which surrounds all new movements to be contended with and overcome. Thus we hear him laying down in a Memorandum sent to the Metropolitan Asylums

Board, about the year 1889, the qualifications which appear to him essential for the efficient nursing in Fever Hospitals. His main points are these: '(1) A Trained Nursing Staff should be placed within the wards of the hospital, and when off duty, under the superintendence of a highly qualified officer of their own sex. (2) Their subordination to such an officer need not, and in practice does not, in any way interfere with their implicit obedience to the directions of the Medical Staff in the treatment of the patients. (3) Subordination to a Matron is never willingly conceded by a Nursing Staff, unless the Matron herself possesses the skill and experience of a Nurse.' This is a very remarkable pronouncement, and shows how enlightened his views, and how far in advance of his times Dr. Bridges was; and one is tempted to wonder what he would have thought of the recent reactionary proposals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board to deprive its matrons of their present official status, and place them on a footing with subordinate officers. The Nursing Department of the Poor-law owes a deep debt of

gratitude to Dr. Bridges; he was ever on the side of progress, ever ready to help and advise, for he knew the difficulties which had to be faced and overcome. His retirement in 1892 was an irreparable loss to that branch of the service which he had done so much to adorn, while his memory will be for ever cherished by those who had the privilege of being associated with him in this connection.

"JOSEPHINE LATTER."

A poor crippled woman, formerly in my district at Paddington, and now in the Workhouse, writes—

"May I say how pleased I am that you are writing some recollections of the beautiful life of dear Dr. Bridges—that fine, handsome gentleman that lived to make every one happy and comfortable, the poor as well as the rich."

Miss Vincent, formerly Matron of the St. Marylebone Infirmary, writes to me—

"During the ten or twelve years of my

matronship Dr. Bridges visited the Infirmary as Medical Inspector, and I always felt very strongly how kind and just he was. It was a real help to talk over with him the many details of our work. He was never impatient, or in too great a hurry to listen.

"I had a great respect for Dr. Bridges, and should never have hesitated to appeal to him at any time in difficulty about the work.

"We missed him very much when he retired."

On John's retirement from the Local Government Board, in 1891, after twenty years of active service, the Superintendents of the Metropolitan Infirmaries presented him with a handsome silver salver, with the following illuminated address, signed by twenty-four names :—

"We, the undersigned Medical Superintendents of the Metropolitan Infirmaries, beg your acceptance of the accompanying salver, as a token of our appreciation of the unvarying courtesy and goodwill which you have extended to us during your tenure of office as Medical Inspector of the Local

Government Board, and wish you health and happiness in your well-earned retirement.

"*March* 20, 1892."

A beautiful silver bowl, with ebony stand, was also given to him with this inscription—

"Presented to Dr. J. H. Bridges
As a mark of regard, founded on many years of official intercourse. By the Medical Officers of the Metropolitan Fever Hospitals, District Asylums, Poor Law Schools and Workhouses," followed by thirty-four signatures.

"*July* 4, 1892."

Many regrets were expressed by matrons and masters of the various institutions he inspected on leaving them. I think they all looked upon him as a real friend and sympathiser in their many difficulties, and at the same time they recognized that his standard of work was a high one, and that he was severe in its discharge.

Some guardian was once heard to exclaim, "May God deliver us from Dr. Bridges!" He evidently recognized that John was a force not to be easily overcome.

Our Dogs

"PUNCH"

No picture of our life would be complete without some account of our dogs, who were such true companions and friends.

First came "Punch"—an Irish terrier, given to John by Mr. and Mrs. Storr, on his return from Australia.

A touching story is told of him. He had gone, as usual, with his master early one afternoon to the Bradford Infirmary, and was left on the mat at the principal entrance, to wait for his return. There happened to be an unusual number of anxious cases that day, and John was kept late, and hurried home, leaving by a side door, and forgetting all about poor Punch! Quite late at night, some one called at John's house in Horton Road to tell him that the good dog was still waiting patiently on the mat, and would, no doubt, have remained there all night, if his master had not gone to fetch him, with much compunction for such neglect. He was very jealous of me when we were engaged!

"POMPEY"

Pompey came to us as a puppy at 56 Russell Square, and went with us to Wimbledon. He was a beautiful mongrel—with long yellow, silky hair and pathetic eyes.

He was desperately in love with the Persian cat, and would sit and gaze at her for hours!

He used to sit at the window when there was a fine sunset or moonlight effect apparently in rapt delight!

He died a natural death, and was buried in our little garden at Furze Bank.

"BRUNO AND BRIGHTIE"

were our next pets at The Brambles. Bruno was a large brown retriever of a mild and patient nature, and devoted to his master. Brightie was a clever and very fat pug, and was named "John Bright" by the lady who gave him to us—as being so like the great orator. He was adored by all womankind, and had a great eye to the main chance and a voracious appetite.

"FOKO"

A king of dogs! was a beautiful yellow chow. The most faithful, affectionate, and perfect companion imaginable. His clever exploits would fill a volume, and when he died from the effect of an accident, all the household wept, and we felt that we should never know his like again. He died at 28 Ladbroke Gardens, and is buried in the garden there.

"JACK"

was my sister Edith's dog, and only came to us at first for week-end visits; but when his mistress went to New Zealand, he was left with us at 2 Park Place Gardens for three years, and was our constant companion and friend. He was a well-bred fox terrier, with great devotion to human beings and hatred of other dogs and cats, and was a mighty warrior. He ruled over the household in a quite despotic fashion, and sometimes brought us into trouble with our neighbours by his war-like tendencies.

CHAPTER VII

Life in London

(Letters from Mr. Yates, Miss Kempson, Mr. R. C. Carter, G. D. Harrison, Mrs. Astley, M. Ellis, Leonard T. Hobhouse, Sister Bessie, S.S.B.)

IN the seven years we lived at 28 Ladbroke Gardens, John got through a surprising amount of work of various kinds in spite of many interruptions from ill-health and family claims. I was often called away for weeks at a time to nurse my father and mother. During these absences we wrote to each other daily. The last two years of our life at Ladbroke Gardens were filled with sorrow and trials. My father came to spend some months with us, and died in our house after a long time of invalidism. Nothing could exceed John's kindness and attention to him. He would spend hours reading and chatting with him,

trying to interest and amuse him. My mother died at Eastbourne in the following year, and family troubles seemed to fall upon us thick as autumn leaves.

In 1893 John was in the midst of his work on the edition of Roger Bacon's *Opus Majus* — and this entailed a journey to Oxford and Dublin, and afterwards to Paris and Rome to consult MSS. in the libraries there.

Leonard T. Hobhouse writes—

"Were I attempting to write a complete account of my reminiscences of John Bridges —a task which is beyond my power to do in the way which alone would make it worth doing — I should begin by reviving the memory of many a long talk of the early days of our friendship. He was one of the handful of men I have known, probably not more than two or three all told, whose table-talk was worth recording, and would indeed, in the hands of a competent recorder, have filled a volume as interesting, as stimulating, and certainly as rich in guidance as most works of the kind that have acquired fame.

The note of his conversation was not wit, though it was often humorous, and never heavy. It was not controversial, though it was often argumentative. It was not dogmatic, though it was vigorously assertive. Its peculiar quality was its union of a broad and tolerant humanity with seriousness of purpose and unity of aim. Beginning where it might, a conversation with him would range over a vast series of topics. He would scour history ancient and modern for analogies. He would quote Greek or Latin, German or French, Italian, Spanish or English indifferently for illustrations. The talk would touch at one moment on science, at another on philosophy, at a third on a contemporary labour problem, and at a fourth on a poem or a novel, and yet it was never desultory. All this knowledge was organized into a whole, and was ready for use. The synthesis of thought was no unmeaning phrase with him. It was alive in his mind, and appeared in his conversation. I have heard it said that he gave us 'the cream of Comte.' I think the phrase was just. His mind seemed for

ever ranging, with generous width of vision, over the whole movement of humanity. He saw it not only as a whole, but as an orderly whole. He moved in thought along lines of growth reaching back to far antiquity, and leading on to the far future. He saw all honest human endeavour, work of the scientific man, work of the statesman, work of the peasant, tenderness of the mother, all social effort, small or great, prosaic or romantic, as feeding the one great stream of energy, forwarding one comprehensive purpose. Put in the abstract, all this sounds bald enough, but he felt it in the concrete, and made others feel it. The pettiness of life dropped out of view; its vexations and disappointments, particularly the frustration of high public hopes, assumed their due proportions. There was a sense of enlargement, such as one experiences in gaining from a hilltop a wide view over a diversified and populous country rich in historical associations, or in reviving memories of a long day's journey through lands beautiful in landscape and great in story.

"It was an essential part of his conversational quality that he was a good and patient listener. His talk was by no means a monologue. Very often, indeed, it was especially directed to drawing out the thought of some comparative stranger, particularly if he had special knowledge of any kind. In any case, no 'brilliant flashes of silence' were ever desired by the company. There was fair give and take of thought all the time, and if one was being educated all along, there was no dreary consciousness of the process.

"Of John Bridges' character and personality others will speak. I wish only to mention one incident which affected me deeply. Late in life there befel him a disaster, the magnitude of which can hardly be apprehended by any one who has not given years of his life to the production of some work for the few, some work which aims at no popular success, but is carried through with long and arduous labour, for the single purpose of advancing knowledge. Such a work John Bridges undertook late in life, in the shape of a new edition of Roger Bacon. For his purpose he had

all the qualifications save one. He had masterly powers of exposition, and an unrivalled knowledge of the history of science. Both of these qualities are amply illustrated in his historical introduction and his analysis of the work. But he had no palæographical training, and he was past the age at which the power of deciphering manuscripts could be acquired. He took advice as to the extent to which this would disqualify him for his task, being fully aware of his limitations. But the advice he received, though excellently meant, was most unfortunately conceived. He was assured that the standard of textual accuracy desirable in the revision, say, of a classical author, was not looked for in the case of a writer like Bacon, and that his work would be of sufficient value if he could collate Brewer's text with such manuscripts as were available, and complete it by adding the portions which Brewer had left out. He was unaware that a new manuscript was discovered during the time when his edition was in progress, and he failed, I believe, to decipher adequately some half-burnt portions of one of the manuscripts to

which he had access. The result was an onslaught on the book in the *Athenæum* in a review of the kind which are 'written to kill.' The result of several years of patient labour was that he was held up to derision as unscholarly and incompetent, and that one of the most patient, accurate, and careful of men was pointed at with scorn as the producer of slipshod work of the kind against which his whole life was a protest. The thing would have been hard to bear if the criticism had been absolutely without foundation. It would have been hard to bear if it had been absolutely just. But containing, as it did, about five per cent. of truth, it was hardest of all. Coming at his age, when the spring of youth was gone, and a new start out of the question, it was a blow that might have crushed an ordinary man. The way in which John Bridges took it revealed a greatness of soul worth twenty editions of the most perfect scholarship. He made a short but dignified reply, admitting some deficiencies, and pointing out with no trace of heat exaggerations in the attack. He then set himself quietly and calmly to remedy

the mischief. He went to Rome to inspect the new manuscript, had it photographed, placed the material in the hands of an expert palæographist, and brought out the book anew with the necessary corrections of text. In all that passed, often as we talked over the matter, I never heard him utter a heated word, nor a word of self-justification. He was aware that on one point he had been ill-advised, but he threw no responsibility on his adviser. He neither chid foe nor fortune, but set about with admirable dignity and self-command to repair the work and make it good. To those who know anything of the life of the student, of the egotism, and exaggerated susceptibility by which it is often marred, this may seem a small matter. To me it revealed 'the man of letters as hero' in a new aspect. It revealed patient endurance under circumstances less dramatic, but psychologically more difficult than the 'early struggles' and tragic catastrophes of many great names in literature and scholarship. I add only that far from being an exceptional effort, it was precisely typical of the man."

Ed. Note.—In a letter to Nora Hobhouse, John says :—

"I should never have undertaken the continuation of my book but for Mary, and I shall ever be grateful to her for urging me to go on with it, though what utility it possesses will not be realized till long after I am passed away.—J. H. B."

We spent six weeks in Rome—John working all morning in the Vatican Library, and in the afternoons we went sight-seeing or for long walks in the Campagna, etc.

Those were blessed, soul-stirring days.

The spell of Rome was upon us, and remained as the magnet which was ever drawing us to her again. It was our cherished dream to return some day—a dream, alas ! never to be fulfilled.

PARK PLACE GARDENS

It was after our return from Italy in 1894 that we settled at Park Place Gardens, Paddington—a small house standing back from the road, with an avenue of lime trees and a tiny bit of garden in front.

This was our last home together! We always called it the "London Cottage," as it was more like a country house than the usual London type. Behind it was a large Board School, and the children shouted and played in the yard just under our back windows: we used to call it our Rookery.

John used to work all morning in his little study facing the Avenue, and in the afternoon he generally walked through the Park to the Athenæum, where he read and chatted with his friends. He was also much interested in his work as a member of the London Library Committee. We often went out to Richmond for walks in the Park or into the country north of London.

In the same year (1894) our niece, Margaret Brown, came to live with us, and John took great interest in her work at the M.A.B.Y.S., and afterwards in preventive work among young girls. She also did some writing for him. She was very intelligent, and they had many literary tastes in common.

At the back of our house lay some

very "mean streets," and John was most sympathetic with my small efforts to bring a little brightness into the lives of the poor people in my district there.

On many a summer afternoon, tables were spread for tea in our scrap of a garden, and tired mothers with their babies came to rest and talk, and play games, in which John would often join, or would delight them by reading scenes from Dickens or other things to them. One woman said: "It was as good as going to the seaside, to sit in your garden and hear Mr. Bridges read"!

The last sunset we enjoyed together was in the autumn of 1905, a very gorgeous one seen from near Rickmansworth. The sky was on fire with hues of flaming red and amber and translucent blue, and the clouds grouped themselves into shapes that struck both of us as a strange resemblance to Raphael's picture of the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

This will ever live in my memory.

We also had Xmas parties there, when our drawing-room was filled with happy mothers and children. They never forgot

the wonder of seeing a conjurer produce half a crown from a woman's hair!

In all these entertainments we were helped most kindly and willingly by our good servants, Rose Ellis and Ellen, who entered into our lives—both for joy and sorrow—as true friends only can.

We spent several delightful holidays at the lakes, in one of which we made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Yates and their talented daughter. We were charmed with the simplicity of their life in their little cottage, and felt that they had really solved the problem of "plain living and high thinking" in a most satisfactory way. Such lives are the salt of the earth.

Mr. Yates painted John's portrait for Mrs. Hertz.

In a letter to me he says—

"Rydal Ambleside, *August* 9, 1907.

"My dear Friend,

"I thought you might like to see the enclosed letters.

"There are constant references in them to you. . . . The last one is very precious

to me. He calls me 'one of the few.' It is like being raised to the peerage. I'd like to know what king could exalt one higher.

"I am entirely dumb about writing my impressions. He is in the silence. There is no one to compare him with—alone in the heart's depths with his God.

"I sat with him for one hour in his study at home, when not a word was spoken between us. I have so often looked back upon that evening. I think of it as a warm, golden silence.

"You know that with me it was his way to take me collectively and inseparably from my wife and Mary. You remember his pleasure in my cooking when I made an omelette, which he enjoyed with white wine. On one long walk with Mary and me his pace almost made me cry out for mercy—only the year before he was taken from us. His habit of speaking when walking—looking always down on the ground while he spoke—then his quick look up to see if one caught his meaning.

"I remember one day his saying, laugh-

ingly, in reply to my speaking of people singing hymns and reading sermons on Sunday and the day after collapsing into common pettiness :

"'Yes, a religious enthusiasm is a good preparation for a spiritual downfall!'

"You know his merry laugh that would follow.

"One day at the Guildhall, to see the Matthy's Maris pictures, when I accompanied him, he was profoundly impressed with the man's simple telling. I think the Maris landscape, belonging to Campbell-Bannerman, affected him most of all.

"I should like to note the courtesy of his punctuality. He was always to the minute. He often walked over to my studio from Park Place Gardens, and I never could understand how he calculated it so exactly.

"'I have brought one of the 365 faces for you to paint to-day,' he would say.

"Our conversations began generally in his inquiries after my dear people—but one knew them to be real, as he was never conventional.

"Never in all the time I knew him was

one unkind word uttered of any one. God bless his memory!"

COPY OF LETTER TO MR. YATES

"2 Park Palace Gardens,
July 6, 1904.

"My dear Yates,

"Do not forget to send me a copy of your little girl's verses. I should say to send *us*, for my wife was as much impressed by them as I was, and she knows the true ring both in poetry and in music.

"I went to see your picture on Monday. It is a splendid glowing piece of colour, and I liked the composition. But though I have some faith in my first impressions of a new poem or a new building, I have next to no faith in my first impressions of music or painting. And I have a real dread of joining the herd of sham critics.

"I shall rejoice to hear a trustworthy appreciation of your pictures from competent judges.

"It is possible that we may go to the

lakes later in the year. If so, we may meet, which would much delight me.

"Most sincerely yours,

"J. H. Bridges."

Extract from the last letter to Mr. Yates, from Tunbridge Wells, dated St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1906 :—

"I have been, strange to say, really ill. For the past ten days I have been wholly in the hands of a really wise doctor, Dr. Ranking, who has lived here for more than fifty years, and exercises a very wide and just influence through this neighbourhood.

"You will not think any the worse of him for not being one of the men who imagine that the art of medicine was discovered or rediscovered last Saturday night! . . .

"I creep out into the beautiful blue air, and think how I should like to be able to walk over a hillock as high as your sofa. But as yet I cannot, though there is every hope of my doing so very soon. All you say about my portrait is generous and self-sacrificing as usual. . . . I am just now all abroad, knowing only that you are one of

the few to whom I could stretch out a hand through the purgatorial chaos.

"J. H. B."

My sister, Mrs. Astley, writes—

"It has often been my privilege to be taken by dear John to hear beautiful music, and some of my happiest recollections are the hours we passed together listening to soul-stirring strains of divine melody. In my younger days he used to take me to St. James's Hall, and there together we heard many famous musicians—Madame Schumann, Joachim, Rubinstein, Charles Hallé and his wife, Madam Norman Néenden, etc., etc., besides the famous quartette players who gave us such delightful hours of Beethoven, Mozart, and other great composers. John would sit perfectly entranced, following all the different phases of sound, and then when the end came, his face lighted up with joy and happiness, and he would exclaim, 'Bravo! bravo! magnificent!' and clap his hands vigorously.

"When lighter music followed, he would lean back in his seat and often take forty

winks, waking up fresh and ready to listen again with renewed delight, and with quite boyish eagerness not to miss a note of what he really cared so much for. The only thing that ever disturbed him was the talking or restlessness of other people near, and then he would turn round with a severe face and rebuke them; a few minutes afterwards he would be once more absorbed in the music.

"His love for music was so real that people playing to him felt a sort of magnetism, compelling them to give their best in response to his deep attention; one felt drawn by his intense sympathy.

"As he grew older it was a greater effort to him to listen for any length of time; but I have a vivid recollection of one night, about six months before his death—the last time I saw him; we were together in the drawing-room at the Park Place Gardens, and he had expressed a wish for me to play to him. After some little time he asked for Beethoven's Sonata, No. 21, and to that he listened with all the old love and enjoyment, and at the end, recalling some of his earlier

days, we had a little talk about musicians and their power for good over the souls of people. He spoke of the ever-refining power of music and the ennobling gift of song. To him I owe, in a great measure, all the power of understanding and caring for the higher forms of music, and I owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his love and interest in me. It is only once in a lifetime that it comes to most people to have the opportunity of knowing and being intimate with a mind so far removed from all that is small and ignoble. It ought to make me better and purer, and help me to fight for what is best and highest in life.

"L. A. A.

"*October*, 1907."

The last time John appeared in public was in the winter of 1905–6, when he prompted at two performances of "Blue-Beard," given in St. Mary's Schoolroom by the boys and girls from my district, to crowded audiences, in aid of the Boys' Brigade.

During the South African War Mr.

Cronwright Shreiner came to London, and one of his first meetings was held in our drawing-room. We fully expected to have our windows broken, so hot was the feeling at the time; but the little meeting passed off peacefully.

The South African War was one of the public events that John felt most deeply. His whole sense of justice was outraged, and the misery it involved to women and children made him wretched. So far as I can remember, the chief political events that stirred John most deeply were (*a*) the Irish question, from the Fenian trials onwards, in which he became more and more convinced that some form of Home Rule was the only peaceful solution of the problem; (*b*) the Franco-German War, in which his sympathies were entirely with France; (*c*) the Egyptian question; and, finally, the South African War, which he felt deeply as a dishonour to our boast of English justice; nor did he fail to see the significance of the Russia-Japanese conflict.

"His one ardent desire was for justice, freedom, and self-government to all nations alike. He had a real hatred of racial

prejudices and the greed of empire; in fact, of everything contained in the word 'Imperialism.' His sympathies were always with the oppressed, and his tenderness for the unsuccessful of the earth was one of his most characteristic traits."

NOTE.—John's interest in history never grew dim. We had finished Milman's *History of Latin Christianity*, in 7 vols., a short time before his death, and we were beginning Creighton's *Lives of the Popes* when his illness began. I think Browning, Shakespeare, and Homer were the poets he read mostly towards the end, and Dante always. During his illness he asked me to read him the end of the last canto of the "Paradiso."

In consequence of great family trouble, involving considerable loss of income, we felt obliged to open our house to "paying guests" for the last five years of our life at Park Place Gardens. This was a great trial to John, as the sanctity of home life was always very precious to him; but our three guests soon became very warm and true friends, and we were quite a happy family.

Miss Kempson writes—

"My recollections of Dr. Bridges are those of his home at Park Place Gardens, where I learned to know and love him, during the last five years of his life. We called him 'The good Doctor,' and the respect and affection that he inspired in every member of his household were most striking. I often think of his never-failing kindness and sympathy, his genial and courtly manner, and the merry way he used to laugh, rubbing the back of one hand all the while.

"Perhaps what struck me most was his great justice—the justice tempered with understanding sympathy. He never gave a hasty opinion, or said an unkind word of anybody. If he thoroughly disliked or disapproved of any one, he kept silence when they were mentioned. When I first went to Park Place Gardens the South African War was at its height, and one day Dr. Bridges turned to me and asked, 'And what do you think of this war?'

"I knew my host's strong feelings on the subject, and had, until then, only looked at it

from a 'Jingo' point of view, so said rather feebly, 'Well, I have a great many relations fighting in South Africa.' 'So your sympathies go with them,' said the doctor kindly, but rather sadly; and it dawned on me that the other side was worthy of consideration.

"His talk was always interesting and delightful, and when, as occasionally happened, we had a *tête-à-tête* luncheon, he would tell me of his boyhood, and of his severe upbringing in his father's vicarage. How no books were allowed on Sundays except the *Life and Death of Mr. Bad-Man*, which edifying work he brought down from the study to show me—the same old leather-bound edition. In fact, his reminiscences were so amusing that sometimes we actually forgot the pudding!

"In the evenings Dr. Bridges often read aloud, which he did most admirably. Sometimes it was a 'Roundabout Paper,' or the Waterloo chapter from *Vanity Fair*, or Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger*, or a scene from one of the Waverley novels. He knew his Scott well, and if we discussed a

scene, he would go to the shelf in the dining-room, find the volume at once, and read the passage to us.

"I was always very much impressed by Dr. Bridge's tender devotion to his wife. It was very beautiful and touching, and I used to think to myself, 'That is my idea of a perfect union.' Whenever we had music in the evenings, and Mrs. Bridges sang, the Doctor would go and sit close to the piano, drinking in every note of his favourite songs with the most wrapt attention.

"He often told me of the impression made on him by Handel's 'O Sleep, why dost thou leave me?' when sung by one of my cousins many years ago; and he was greatly charmed by an American lady with a beautiful contralto voice, who stood at the end of the drawing-room and sang parts of the *Messiah* unaccompanied.

"I think that he preferred Handel, Schubert, Mozart, and the old Italian songs.

"We went for many little expeditions together to see pictures, or to a concert, and once to hear his favourite opera, *Don*

Giovanni. A more charming companion cannot be imagined.

"One particularly pleasant afternoon was spent at the National Portrait Gallery, where we saw Prince Rupert, Samuel Pepys, Judge Jeffreys, and many old friends of the Stuart times. A portrait of William III. as a pale, anæmic-looking boy particularly interested Dr. Bridges; 'There is such a look of suffering on the face,' he said.

"One of our many little jokes was the 'List of Antipathies.' Whenever I said 'I hate so-and-so," Dr. Bridges would say, 'We must put it down in the List of Antipathies, under the A.'s or B.'s,' as the case might be.

"The list at last grew so long that a second volume was talked of. However, the lesson was not lost, and 'Vol. 2' never begun.

"Dr. Bridges was fond of animals, and was duly tyrannized over by the fox-terrier 'Jack,' whom he used to stroke under the chin and cheeks and down his sides with both hands, saying, 'Look how he enjoys being "massaged"!' Both 'Jack' and

'Fluffy,' the cat, were welcome visitors in the quiet study.

"The little London garden was a great pleasure and interest to the Doctor, and he spent much time there, either mowing, or watering, or planting bulbs, which still flower every spring, and are never disturbed—for they remind me of a very good man, now gone to his rest.

"JESSIE KEMPSON."

2 Park Place Gardens,
July, 1907.

"RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE WITH DR. AND MRS. BRIDGES

"*Whom I was privileged to serve for nearly ten years.*

"On February 8, 1897, I came from Devonshire and entered their service. I remember well how very kindly I was received by them, and felt sure that I had come to a very happy home. I spent ten months with them at Ladbroke Gardens; then the house was given up, and Dr. and Mrs. Bridges went abroad. We were very

sorry to part from them; but it was decided that Rose and I were to return to them again when they came back to London. Mrs. Bridges often wrote to us, and we counted each month that passed as one nearer to their return to England. In August, 1898, we heard that a house had been taken in Paddington: a date was fixed upon for our return to them, and we looked forward with pleasure to the time when we should see them again. We soon settled down in our comfortable and pretty house, and once more I had the pleasure of waiting upon them. There was always some kind thing being done for somebody, both indoors and out, and, whenever an opportunity occurred, we were sent out to spend a day in the country, or to go to a theatre. When we came home, Dr. Bridges used to come out in the hall, and ask how we enjoyed ourselves, and wish us good-night with one of his beaming smiles, which I always used to think was as good as a tonic, and I felt sure no one could be cross if he smiled upon them. He was always busy writing, yet he never refused to see any one that

sought his advice. He was quite as kind and courteous to the poor as he was to those of high degree. One winter Rose and I were taken to Bournemouth for a week, and we were made to feel that instead of being their servants we were their guests. (How different would domestic service be if there were only more like *our* dear Dr. and Mrs. Bridges!) I travelled down with Dr. Bridges, and he was so kind and good to me. On the late Queen Victoria's jubilee he took the trouble to take us all out to see the illuminations, and would not return home (tired as he was) until he had taken us to see all the best decorations (I shall never forget the dense crowds of people); and he told us with a smile to hold on tight to his coat-tails, or we should be separated and lost in the crowd. Another time he took us to the British Museum, and explained everything so nicely to us; then gave us tea, and told us how best to get home. We used to go upstairs once a week, and Mrs. Bridges used to read an interesting book to us while we did sewing, and we always had fruit and sweets put

around for each of us. When the book was finished, we used to draw lots for it, and I was the fortunate winner three times running. In the summer many poor children were sent away for a change of air, and the mothers and their babies came here to a bountiful tea, and Dr. and Mrs. Bridges would read to them, and entertain them so kindly by playing games to them. I am sure the poor tired mothers quite forgot their cares while they were here. I know many a heart has been cheered and burdens lightened by coming to them. I never remember any deserving case not being helped by them. At Christmas time a lot of the poor children were taught how to act a play —endless trouble they gave; but it was a great treat to the children and their parents, and it also brought in a nice little sum of money for the Paddington branch of the Boys' Brigade. 'Fluffy,' our cat, was so fond of Dr. Bridges; he used to go upstairs and tap at his dressing-room door until he was let in; then he would sit in a chair until the doctor was ready to come down and give him his saucer of milk. Dr. Bridges

also fed the birds in the garden every winter before he had his own breakfast. He always rose early and took the dog 'Jack' a run, often in the summer before any one else was up. On returning one morning at breakfast time, he met a farmer and his daughter resting in the Avenue. He saw that they were strangers, so he went and talked to them, and brought them in and gave them refreshment. They were much surprised to be treated so kindly, and said to me that they had heard that London was a very inhospitable place to go to for a holiday, but they should not believe it now. I told, them that people like *our* lady and gentleman did *not* live very near each other! Dr. Bridges used to suffer from his throat, and was not allowed to remain in London when the fogs came. On January 1, 1906, they both went away to stay at Bournemouth, with the intention of returning home again in three months' time; but Dr. Bridges was taken ill after they went away, and their return was put off from time to time, until one sad day, June 15, 1906, we had a telegram to tell us that our dear Dr. Bridges

had been suddenly called to his rest. It was a great sorrow for us, and we found it hard to realize that we should never hear his voice or see his smile again. We all went to Tunbridge Wells and saw him laid to rest in a lovely spot, and we came back to Park Place Gardens with our hearts full of sorrow for our dear Mrs. Bridges, and our great loss as well. Rose and I are still remaining on in the same house, with a lady who loved him and knew him well. We often hear from Mrs. Bridges, and we feel sure that she will always be a friend to us. The remembrance of my life with Dr. and Mrs. Bridges will ever be to me a pleasant memory of days gone by.

"M. Ellis."

In January, 1906, John left London never to return. We spent part of the winter at Bournemouth, where the shock of a bicycle accident began the heart trouble which finally proved fatal, and he died at Tunbridge Wells, after a painful illness, on June 15, 1906.

He left no instructions for his funeral, and

he never expressed any wishes on the subject to me. Only once do I remember him alluding to the subject, when he said, with his usual unselfishness, that he thought the great thing was to give the least possible pain to those who were dearest to one. So we laid him to rest in the beautiful Cemetery at Tunbridge Wells, among tall daisies and waving grasses, with the benediction of the Church in which he had been baptized, confirmed, and married, and with a small group of loving friends and relations round him.

PEACE BE TO HIS SOUL.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn others to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

NOTE.—John's brother-in-law, Canon J. Wilson Brown, and our cousin, Rev. H. Mosley, Rector of Eversley, came, by their own wish, to take part in the service, and our friend Mr. Yates stayed behind to cover him with flowers.

Mr. R. C. Carter says—

"Number 2, Park Place Gardens, where Dr. Bridges lived the last of his London life, was known among those whom it sheltered as the Ark. It is the middle of three houses reached through a pretty avenue of lime trees leading out of St. Mary's Terrace, Paddington. There were no other houses very close, and much quietness prevailed.

"Birds attracted by the trees and the food in winter were numerous; wood-pigeons, tits, and a white-headed blackbird being noticeable among the fauna of the locality.

"It would, however, be a mistake to dwell much on the physical surroundings of Dr. Bridges, for I think he was but little influenced by them. His mind was his kingdom; and though he was fond of beautiful scenery, flowers, and the like, he did not, as a rule, see ordinary things unless he looked for them. He would observe a friend in a club, but not in the street, along which he hurried in deep abstraction.

"At meal times food was subordinated to conversation, and it was fortunate for those

who had places at his hospitable board that he was not the carver.

"I think class snobbery was his greatest detestation, and though he could not have thought all men equal, he liked them to be treated and talked of as if they were. It was rather a pathetic trait in one whose mind, manners, and appearance were so completely aristocratic.

"His stories were excellent, and so well told that no one minded the repetition of them. He could mimic to a certain extent without losing his dignity. He had also a good deal of elocution.

"The day began with him much earlier than it does with most Londoners; he often in summer did much work in the garden before breakfast.

"I cannot speak with any certainty as to the manner in which he spent his day at this period of his life—whether he lived by any system or no. If there were any system, he subordinated the system to himself, being always ready for any unexpected call.

"It was just like him to serve on a

coroner's jury, though he could have claimed exemption."

Godfrey Harrison wrote—

"I shall ever think myself fortunate in having been privileged to spend a year and a half under his roof, and to have known him as intimately as I did.

"There was no one whose judgment I respected more, and no one who was more kindly, or more ready to give one the benefit of his experience and advice.

"It is not for me to attempt to describe the greatness of such a man as Dr. Bridges; but I have often marvelled that during the many conversations I had with him on every sort of topic, I never knew him utter so much as a single word against man or woman.

"*June*, 1906."

Dr. Dawtrey Drewitt writes—

"It is almost impossible to describe character. Let any one who doubts this try, with such clumsy instruments as words, to picture to others a dead friend. He must fail. All that can be done is to recall some impressions made, and some not quite forgotten incidents.

"One day, about a quarter of a century ago, Dr. Bridges and I met at luncheon at the Savile Club, of which he was then a member, and we talked, not knowing each other's names. Near him were men rather hard in speech and manner—keen specialists of some kind—making their way in the world. Bridges was not of that type—a man of gentler ways, warmer sympathies, wider knowledge, deeper thought. We were talking, I believe, of London trees, when a remark on Wimbledon touched an unsuspected chord—a remark that the beauty of Wimbledon Common was partly due to its wild human life—to the children who make their runs through the bushes, break the branches of too closely growing trees, keep open the glades, and ward off the ugliness of impenetrable jungle, or formal plantation. His love of all humanity—of natural beauty—of Wimbledon itself—came to the surface. He, too, knew the place, and loved it. He lived there. Would I dine with him?

"Many tramps we afterwards had on the Common, by the Thames, along cliffs at

Folkestone. Many pleasant hours in his hospitable house.

"Our last walk was in the New Forest. Dr. and Mrs. Bridges were at Bournemouth. We were at Lyndhurst. He came to us there.

"Never is the New Forest more beautiful than in winter; when the wild tracery of the trees is not buried in foliage; when the moss is green, the lichen grey, and the dead leaves an Oriental carpet of many colours. And that was a day of days. Brilliant sunshine —yet every blade of grass, every dead fern-leaf, every twig, outlined in glistening hoar frost. The exhilaration of the place possessed him. He was young again. We left our bicycles and scrambled—watched green woodpeckers, and elusive nut-hatches and tree-creepers; found the hut of the old snake-catcher—the Caliban of the Forest—chatted with him, showed him how to handle adders without hurting them, and scrambled again, until the red sun warned us of the short life of a winter's day. It was our last walk. There have been few such white frosts since, and the old snake-hunter is

dead, and his hut was burned down by order of authorities.

"Of himself, of his writings, of the unusual direction his own religious mind had taken, Bridges seldom spoke; but he enjoyed conversation, and his keen insight, his gentle, intense manner, his understanding ways, his attention to what others said, made him a delightful companion. He was one of those who deal with realities, and are little influenced by the names and titles—the mere labels and tickets that men and things bear. Yet with all his grasp of essentials and strong feeling, he was incapable of unkindly and harsh criticism; and he himself suffered when any slight was offered to those for whose reputation he cared. Once, not knowing his delight in George Eliot, I quoted a remark made by Ruskin that the great authoress was sometimes 'like a meat fly' setting on our food. Bridges quickened his step, and said with some emotion that Ruskin was 'always to be trusted when he praises, *not* when he blames.'

"For himself, his outlook on life was too wide to permit any great longing for honours,

or place, or power. It is impossible to imagine him scheming for such things. With the artist's love of doing work well, he had the artist's love of appreciation ; but it was the appreciation of friends, and of quiet and simple people. He was content enough with the back rows at the great Drama of Life, so long as he could hear the words, and at times cheer some of the great company. Probably not one-third of those who listened to his oration on 'Harvey,' at the College of Physicians, knew anything about him.

"One of Bridges' chief characteristics was his love of fair play to all men—to all creatures. If consideration for others be the test of a gentleman, Bridges deserved that title more than any. An idealist of high ideals, few things distressed him more than the encroachments of one nation on the rights of another. Bismark, at a time when he had many admirers in England, was to Bridges a 'brigand chief.' And one evening years ago, after dinner at his house at Wimbledon, when he was discussing with Sir C. Scott-Moncrieff and Mr. John Morley

the future of Egypt, it was quite evident that to Bridges the only bright spot in our occupation of that country was the reorganization of the water supply under Sir C. Scott-Moncrieff. To him, all native races had the right to be left to themselves—to work out their own salvation. Our war with the Boers he considered a national crime.

"And this consideration for others was carried out in his everyday life—in kindness and gentleness to all. He seemed to me capable of complete altruism, even to self-extinction.

"He was the least *provincial* of men. There was none of the narrowness, which sometimes limits the sympathies of even cultivated people, which impels them in matters of religion, politics, professions, to follow little flags, obey little watchwords, and abuse the boys of the other school. He had the power possessed by all true artists—whether they be statesmen or historians, painters or architects—of seeing the important lines of structure, and neglecting the trivial and the unnecessary.

"An artist, too, in its smaller sense he

could see beauty in nature, and in the simplest sketch, if it only recorded nature herself.

"In remembering Bridges as a philosopher and a man of letters, one is apt to forget that he was a physician holding the appointment of Medical Inspector at the Local Government Board, and that an important piece of legislation was, I believe, due to his influence.

"Many years ago, when I was Resident at the Ormond Street Children's Hospital, and also when Physician to the Victoria Children's Hospital, during epidemics of small-pox and fever poor mothers, one after another, would bring little children, sick with a sudden illness they had no idea was infectious ; and then these poor Hagars and Ishmaels, tired and frightened, would be given the bewildering information that the child 'had an infectious illness,' 'could not be admitted,' 'must be taken home,' that the hospital had no ambulances for such cases, that under the circumstances it was illegal to travel by train or to take a cab, that it was equally illegal to carry the child through the

streets, that the mother was liable to a fine if she moved, and equally liable if she remained where she was. In this maddening position had the Government of London placed the mothers of fever-stricken children, and the out-patient sisters and doctors of our hospitals. Bridges helped to reform that intolerable state of affairs, and a scheme was arranged and carried out by which, in any part of London, at any moment, an ambulance with an efficient nurse and porter could be summoned to take the fever patient to a suitable hospital. A gain to the rich as well as to the poor!

"At the periodical dinners of the Fellows of the College of Physicians, if we were both present we sat by each other. At our last meeting conversation took rather a sad turn. He talked of the 'tragedy of life,' that men of genius (some of the French landscape painters) were not appreciated by contemporaries—no help—no recognition even until years afterwards. The ruin of rural life too, depressed him—the migration to London, and the 'sordid life' lived there. He agreed that England must live

again in her colonies. He was sadder than I had known him. Then soon the illness which haunts those who have deeper feeling and more creative brain power than their fellows came to him. It met him happily late in life, when he had served his generation, and finished his task; and it must have been a comfort to all his friends to know that he would be nursed with devoted care.

"Once at dinner, where he was always a delightful host, Bridges pointed out that no great man is a repetition of any predecessor. That we see to be true. No two great men are cast in the same mould. And all Bridges' friends, left the poorer for his loss, must feel that they will not look upon his like again. History never quite repeats itself.

"F. Dawtrey Drewitt."

(By + "B.," S.S.B.)

"I have been graciously asked to write some record of the impression left with me of the personality of the late John Henry Bridges, much loved in life, whose memory is cherished in death.

"I have only known him in the later years

of his life, and opportunities for meeting were few, with long intervals between. A common friend had interested him in work in which I was engaged, and he came to inspect and to advise as to the wisdom of making a fresh departure; the acumen of his criticisms was only equalled by the kindliness of their expression. Then and always I saw a delicate and keen perception with a large and even tender allowance for defects, though no lowering of aim and standard blurred his view. This wide and tolerant attitude was applied to everything, and I have never known him to take an adverse view without suggesting some possible excuse or palliation —with one exception, when he felt that the strong were in any sense oppressing the weak, in any field or department of life. Even then he would suddenly pull himself up, and stop speaking, often in the midst of a sentence, as if he dared not trust himself in such cases.

"I think this charity was largely due to the richness of his nature, his wide experience, the tempering of his life by the discipline of 'living.' These things had

tended to increase and develop what I judge must ever have been part of the man, a true reverence for others, for all real conviction and purpose, and an immense (I use the word advisedly) sympathy, which enabled him to see from all points, and to grasp and gauge in a philosophical spirit motives and views foreign to his own.

"It was a refreshment to hear him speak of music, poetry, literature, art, architecture, of the differing effects on temperament and mind, of the unconscious reception of good, consciously prepared for by integrity of life. In every way his conversation was a feast, the words aptly chosen, the sentences moving easily though never loosely, the voice and enunciation clear and musical, bell-like in quality.

"It was conversation more than mere talking, as he had the power of lifting others to a higher level, and of finding incentive to thought in comparatively trivial response. And he would listen really interested, and by his own dignity give a weight to the words of others.

"I wish I could paint an unfading picture for those who love him now, and for those who will come after, mobility combined with strength and a certain fineness of touch, sure of the ground without a tinge of arrogance.

"It goes without saying that he *knew* much and many things—but supremely the hearts of men; a knowledge that comes from intuition, from having lived and toiled, for others, he himself a pilgrim. And the pilgrim's life was written on his face, the wistfulness, the longing and seeking, now and again breaking into speech, 'Tell me where Thou hidest Thyself?'

"On the occasion of the last talk I had with him, a short time only before the illness which for us ended so sadly, he spoke laughingly of politics, of the present Government, the labour party, in sympathy with them and hopeful, but by no means weakly optimistic, saying emphatically that the working man could only be helped in as far as he would help himself.

"But he soon turned to less vexed questions, to the wonderful calmness of Perugino's 'Crucifixion,' of which there was

a copy in the room. We tried to define 'worship,' and amongst other words 'surrender' was suggested.

"He spoke of music, of Mozart's power of portraying passion, adding to one present, 'But you would think that wrong, you would like Bach, would study each phrase, make it all your own, and the fugue would become yours; or' (smiling), 'you would be part of Bach.' The criticism was so true I noted it as an evidence of his penetration. The 'catholicity' of Bach was touched on, the white heat, the force, the steadfastness of his works, their restraint; this point leading on easily to the ancient melody of the Church, of which he knew little, but at once saw and approved the principle—that of musical speech, not to please the ear but to carry words to God. This ready grasp of a hitherto unconsidered subject struck me as being remarkable; he at once saw the delicacy of the method (Solêsmes), and that the musical characters should be subordinated to the words.

"All he said was suggestive and pregnant, leaving food for pleasant and helpful thought.

"It was at this time that he spoke of language and languages, and in learning a language advocated the careful study of its grammar, and also the wisdom of 'playing' with other books in order to secure a vocabulary.

"Of his tender love and care for those of his immediate household it is not for me to speak. Some points were obvious, his solicitude for her who had lived by his side and toiled with him, the appreciation of the efforts she had made for 'poor girls'; the protecting love which rested on a younger generation, a group of sisters—a 'natural sisterhood,' he called them—his confidence that each would fulfil her respective vocation. He spoke of the duty of following vocation, and the harm that might ensue if 'callings' were abandoned.

"I have been asked to record an impression, I find I have written an eulogy; to me it is the truth. Shadows there were, such as come to men with strong brains, acute perceptions, and loving hearts, the stress of seeing 'through a glass darkly.' But to those who loved him, and loving him knew

and saw, there could be no doubt but that the day was breaking and the shadows fleeing away.

"+ 'B.,' S.S.B."

The Orphanage, Bournemouth,
"*December*, 1907."

CHAPTER VIII

Reminiscences of Friends and Memorial Addresses

(Letter from L.G.B., Letters from Royal Infirmary, Bradford, Sir Henry Cunningham, K.C.B., Rt. Hon. James Bryce, Sir Courtney Ilbert, Mr. Swinny, Dr. Higginson, Mr. Marvin, Memorial Addresses.)

"Local Government Board, Whitehall, S.W.
"*June* 26, 1906.

"MADAM,

"I am directed by the Local Government Board to state that their attention has just been drawn to the announcement of the death of your husband, who was for so many years an important and valued officer of the Department.

"The Board have heard of his death with much regret, and they desire to offer to you

the expression of their sincere sympathy in your bereavement.

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"S. B. PROVIS,

"*Secretary.*

"To Mrs. J. H. Bridges."

"Royal Infirmary, Bradford,

"*July* 13, 1906.

"The Board of Management of the Bradford Royal Infirmary hear with deep regret of the death of Dr. John Henry Bridges, formerly a most distinguished member of the Honorary Medical Staff of the Infirmary, and they tender to the relatives of Dr. Bridges sincere sympathy in their bereavement."

Sir Henry Cunningham, K.C.B., writes—

". . . Your husband was quite the oldest friend I had in the world, and, seldom as the course of our lives allowed of our meeting, I feel that one of the figures that occupied a leading part on my personal stage is gone, and has left a notable gap, which nobody else will fill. I always felt such a profound respect for his great ability, his courageous

pursuit of truth at all hazards, his high views and aspirations, his solemn earnestness of conviction, his pure and noble ideal of existence. I remember one evening at Newton Hall, when I thought his address noble and pathetic. Of such, in the highest sense, is the Kingdom of Heaven; the truly good and great; the salt of the earth which saves it from putrefaction, of sordid motives, and base and cowardly action. I suppose in another age he would have been a Puritan preacher—he had the mood, the temperament, the mental and moral fibre for it. Such men range at a high level above the pettiness and degradations of the common life.

"One may be thankful for the part they played, and the many noble gifts they brought to bear upon their life's task. It is, indeed, happy for our race that such lives should be, and such work be done.

"It was a character which we must all revere, and, despite all differences of opinion, love to remember."

Ed. Note.—Sir H. Cunningham was at Mr. Renaud's school with John, and he

always retained the warmest affection for him.

The Right Hon. James Bryce also wrote to me—

". . . Perhaps you will permit me to say to you how deeply my wife and I have felt for you, and how great a loss we feel that the country has suffered, as well as his friends, in your husband's departure from among us. There never has been in our time a more pure, lofty, and unselfish spirit than his was. No one loved truth more earnestly; no one strove more consistently to help the causes he held to be good.

"We had a gathering, at Oriel, of old members of the college a fortnight ago, and deep grief was expressed by the various members for one whom all regarded as a bright ornament of the college.

"Dr. Bridges had left Oriel before I was elected a Fellow of the College, so that I never had the privilege of knowing him there; and afterwards he was so much occupied with his official duties, and so long absent from London, that our opportunities of meeting were infrequent. He had left

on his Oxford contemporaries a very deep impression, of which I used to hear from them, of disinterestedness and elevation. These qualities always struck me in him during later years. He was singularly unselfish, singularly indifferent to fame or self-advancement, quite content with doing the work that lay before him in the most thorough way for the good of his fellow-men. His functions under the Local Government Board seemed to interest him intensely; and the only regret his friends had was that his devotion to them prevented him from doing what he might have done in the field of history. His gift for taking and setting forth in luminous language broad views of history was remarkable. Could his life have been employed in historical study, he would, beyond doubt, have secured a place in the front rank of English scholars. His interest in letters and in the progress of the world seemed to remain undiminished till the end of his life; as did that note of seriousness, purity, and simplicity which was so eminently characteristic, that one felt it even in those short conversations which, with most people,

are apt to be commonplace. There was something in his character which lifted things out of the commonplace at once, and put them on a higher plane. This is what most remains with me in all recollections of him.

"British Embassy, Washington,
"*December*, 1907."

His old friend, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, wrote after his death—

"He will leave a great gap among the friends who were devoted to him, and who reverenced his rare qualities of mind and character.

"I shall never forget those weeks that I spent with him in the west of Ireland, when I found him the most delightful and stimulating of companions."

REMINISCENCES OF DR. BRIDGES

(By Mr. Swinny.)

I first saw Dr. Bridges in December, 1880, nearly a year after I left Cambridge. I attended a lecture on "Majorities and Minorities," which he gave one Sunday evening at a Workman's Club in West-

minster. I already knew his name as a Positivist, but I had never previously heard a Positivist lecture, nor, so far as I know, ever seen one of the Positivist body. I was not specially impressed by the lecture, but it was quite otherwise so far as the lecturer was concerned. What struck me especially was the union of strong belief in his own views, with a complete absence of any attempt to make a point or gain a victory. In the discussion which followed, these characteristics were even more prominent. He listened most attentively to what was said, and answered seriously some arguments which, to my youthful presumption, seemed very unworthy of such careful treatment. One amusing incident remains in my memory. In the course of the lecture, Dr. Bridges referred to "Tom Paine," not with any depreciation, but merely as a representative democrat of his time. During the discussion, an admirer of Paine protested against the familiarity and want of respect shown by the abbreviated form "Tom," and asked, "How would you like to be called 'Jack' Bridges?" The lecturer replied, in

a grave voice, that he meant no disrespect to Mr. Thomas Paine; but beneath the outward gravity there lurked a delightful recognition of the humour of the situation which I often experienced again in after days.

When, some two years later, I began to attend the lectures at Newton Hall, I frequently saw and heard Dr. Bridges, but I cannot remember when I first spoke to him. It happened, however, that he was in the chair at the Positivist Society, during one of the very rare absences of Professor Beesly, the President, when I first summoned up courage to address that small but august body. The discussion was on a bill, soon afterwards passed, to increase the severity of the criminal law, and one of the speakers, very improperly as it seemed to me, considering the place, suggested that all opponents of the measure must be actuated by a secret sympathy with the offences at which the bill was aimed. I had had no intention of speaking when the discussion began, but on that challenge I felt it necessary to avow that I was opposed to several clauses of the bill. Dr. Bridges, though I do not

think that he agreed with my arguments, evidently appreciated the motive which had overcome my diffidence. We had previously been only very slightly acquainted, but from that time forward I noticed a marked increase in the cordiality with which he treated me.

In after years, and especially after I became President of the Positivist Society, he encouraged me to come to him to talk over my plans and difficulties. I was struck with his very wide but always kindly outlook on human nature. He was always ready to look facts in the face. He recognised the evil in man as well as the good. But he never lost his sense of proportion, or doubted on which side the balance inclined.

One bond that drew us together was his love for Ireland, and his sympathy with the cause of Irish Nationality, shown alike in his writings and his conversation. I do not know that he had any Irish blood in his veins, but few had such a good understanding of the Irish nature, or so unwavering a belief in the ultimate triumph of Irish

hopes. Recognising, as he did, the decay of Catholicism as a moral force in the public life of Europe, and not doubting that the Catholic Church was destined ultimately to pass away, he nevertheless sympathised with the influence which the priests in Ireland exerted over the personal and domestic life of the people, and he had a deep affection for the many virtues of the Catholic peasantry of that country. Never the slave of revolutionary doctrines, and seeing all the weaknesses of democratic theories, he yet did not fear to express his admiration for the heroes who had fought for liberty, nor did he judge great popular movements from the narrow outlook of those who think only of legal formality in the midst of chaos and injustice.

These detailed reminiscences have no claim to be considered as anything more than supplementary to the few words I uttered at the commemoration of Dr. Bridges, in South Place Chapel, shortly after his death.

S. H. Swinny.

DR. HENRY BRIDGES

"The first time I saw Dr. Bridges was in 1882, at Newton Hall, where the Positivist Society met under the presidency of Professor Beesly. And from 1884 to 1889, when I lived at Bromley and at Brockley, I saw much of him. During my subsequent life in Manchester and Birmingham we exchanged perhaps four letters every year; and whenever I went to London, I tried, usually with success, to have an hour's talk with him. Many times have I spent the night at his house in Wimbledon; and once he took me to Paris with him to attend the annual commemoration of Auguste Comte. He must have known that I always listened most attentively to what he taught me, and that I remembered his words very well; and indeed, feeling very deeply the loss of my father in 1880, when I was just twenty-one years old, I much prized the counsels of Dr. Bridges and Professor Beesly, and often sought them. Those evenings with Dr. Bridges, each followed by an almost sleepless night of memory and meditation, were, I can truthfully

say, prized by me at their worth, and duly laid to heart. Some of his conversations I wrote out from memory: and, indeed, I always felt on leaving Dr. Bridges or Mr. Laffette as I think Glaucon and Adimantus must have felt when they walked home after an evening with Socrates. The conversation of Dr. Bridges had all the great qualities, wit, humour, sympathy, clearness, competence, resource of illustration; and he never spoiled any conversation by lecturing, but always enjoyed the turns given to the talk by the other members of the company. I remember well how once, with much gaiety and high spirit, he asked several of us to tell him where and when we should have preferred to live, if the chance had been given to us. I ventured to prefer the present time, as being particularly critical and interesting, and pregnant of vast issues, which I believe by Comte's decisive help might be permanently turned to substantial good. Dr. Bridges believed that no time and place was so good to live in as Paris just after the taking of the Bastille in 1789; and he repeated with memorable fervour

Wordsworth's great lines from the Prelude :—

> 'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven.'

Then, and there, he thought, human life must have seemed richest in hope.

"That I did not profit more from this priceless friendship must be set down as my own fault; for Dr. Bridges was always very patient and indulgent to me, who was, from many causes, unable to share his amiable and cheerful geniality, and must often have been but poor company.

"A few extracts from Dr. Bridges' letters to me will be thought a better memorial of our friendship than anything that I can write. Small indeed is my claim to write of him compared with the claims that are warranted by the vast friendships, very intense, and more than half a century long, which Dr. Bridges formed with Mr. Frederic Harrison and Professor Beesly. Still, our friendship was twenty-five years' long—after all, more than half of my life, and more than a third of his, and wholly unclouded from beginning to end.

"Letter of September 18, 1891, concerning

Dr. Bridges' articles to the 'New Calendar of Great Men' edited by Frederic Harrison, London :—

"'The lives that I have undertaken have cost me a very great amount of trouble. There is none of them that I have not written twice, and many of them three or four times over : the difficulty of condensation, so as not to omit important points, and, above all, the all-important filiation of discovery being very great. I cannot at all hope that I have succeeded, but at least I have tried.'

"Letter of March 22, 1892, London, on Medical Studies :—

"'I am glad to hear of your favourable progress in medical study. Amidst all the analytic revolutions and specialities in modern medicine, there are signs of synthesis reappearing, and even in regions where it might be least expected, as *e.g.* in the bacteriological controversies now going on. The power of the healthy living body to kill noxious intruders, whether by phagocytosis or otherwise, is being systematically studied. Moreover, fresh light is

being thrown on the control of nutrition by nervous influences. Renovated medicine should afford a strong leverage for our doctrine to work with.'

"Letter dated December 12, 1899, London:—

"'I cannot wonder at the mental depression you speak of in your recent letter. We have indeed "fallen on evil days." For myself I hardly expect to see better times. But you, as I hope, have a long life yet before you. And what I can only see by faith, you, it may be—it very likely will be—will see with the bodily eye. In any case, our faith in humanity will remain unshaken. And humanity is of the past and of the future more than of the present.

"After Cromwell's death there were forty years of bad times; after Danton's nearly thirty; this time the interval may be far less, perhaps. In any case, I see no prospect of such turbulent centuries as followed that of Jerome and Augustine, though even then the new growth was visible enough amidst the ruins of the old.

"'I hope to hear that you have obtained

some permanent position in Manchester, whether in private practice or otherwise. I should have been badly off, morally speaking, all these thirty or forty years past, if I had not had work that brought me into constant contact with the daily routine of life: though during that daily routine I should have been still worse off, if higher interests had not been there to guard me from absorption into frivolous or angry controversies. I have no doubt you will have felt all this during your hospital experiences.'

"Letter dated February 26, 1900, London:—

"(I had told Dr. Bridges that Mr. Thomas Jones, my teacher, whom I consider the *beau idéal* of a surgeon, had asked me to go to South Africa as his assistant in the Welsh hospital. Loathing the idea of being Mr. Chamberlain's accomplice in that shameful expedition, I refused.)

"'I am sure that your decision was made from the highest motives, and these motives I deeply honour. I detest this loathsome war, as I am sure you do. Nevertheless,

I think you would have been quite right if you had accepted Jones's offer. The poor fellows who are swept into this abominable war are hardly more responsible for it than, if they had been struck down by an epidemic of cholera or plague, they would be responsible for the epidemic.

"'It is true that in a certain sense their enlistment was voluntary and not compulsory. But the wave of passion which just now is overwhelming the country, stirred up by those prophets of Belial, the capitalist journals, amounts in reality to something very like physical compulsion.

"'I deeply sympathise with your feelings about this matter, and I think I can enter into them. In any case, the fact that you should have been selected, by a man you so respect, for such a post, ought to be, and must be, a great encouragement to you in any future effort; supposing (as I imagine to be the case) that your decision has been now finally given, and is irrevocable.'

"Letter dated November 6, 1901, Willy's-at-Heath, Edenbridge, Kent.

"(Dr. Bridges had heard of a breakdown

of mine, which caused me to give up a medical appointment on November 11.)

"'Between forty and fifty it is very common for a hard-worked man of vigorous brain to break down for a time, or rather, to feel some signs of breaking down, and awake to new life afterwards. Having passed through the process twice, once at *æt.* thirty-one, and again at *æt.* fifty-three (to say nothing of subsequent minor breakdowns since I was sixty), I confidently predict the same result for you.

"'I am here . . . recovering from a bronchial attack, which recurs in most winters, and which, I imagine, will, in due course, carry me off.'

"Letter dated May 14, 1904, London, on George Borrow:—

"'I am not quite sure whether you have returned from your travels' [in Italy]. 'I cannot doubt that both Miss Higginson and yourself have greatly enjoyed them, and that you will come back like Dante—

"Come piante novelle
Rinnovellate di novella fronda
Puro e disposto a salire alle stelle."

I return your paper on Borrow. I have been interested in Borrow from childhood. My father had something to do with sending him out to Spain on his so-called Biblical mission; and when his book appeared, he read it aloud to us children. "Much more about horses than about Bibles," he would say at intervals, but he read on all the same.'

"CHARLES GASKELL HIGGINSON."

Mr. F. S. Marvin writes—

I came to know Dr. Bridges at the end of my time at Oxford, and I have never ceased to regret that it was not earlier. His clear and profound mind, his wide interests and lively sympathy—above all, perhaps, his historical sense in dealing with every question—made him an ideal guide and companion for young men and women.

But from that time onward, a period of over fifteen years contained a series of meetings with him, and letters from him which, together with his writings and lectures, left on me, as on every one else who knew him well, the strongest personal impression of my life.

Re-reading the letters since his death, I am more struck than ever with the breadth of wisdom, the kindliness and many-sided interest, combined with the intense and persistent unity of purpose.

I had been serving, since my degree, as a teacher in two elementary schools, and and in January, 1890, began work as an inspector's assistant in Lancashire. The earliest letter of Dr. Bridges, which I have preserved, dates from this time, and refers partly to the work of an inspector of schools, partly to the social condition of factory workers, as he had known it—at its best—in one of the valleys between Lancashire and Yorkshire.

"A career of most valuable work lies before you, for the task of lessening and dispersing the leaden clouds of pedantry which threaten to stifle all forms of genius throughout the land is no light one. . . .

"One is struck by the practical extinction of pauperism in those regions. There is as much well-being as could be wished for, bought, no doubt, at the price of long working hours for women.

Still, there, at least, the mothers do not work."

A letter, two years later, gives a rub at Oxford's competence on the scientific and educational side, though he would have been one of the warmest in acknowledging her social and historic services :—

"You must not form too hopeful views of what official education can do. I look on its power for good as strictly limited. I should deplore to see a set of Oxford men directing the education of the country, being, as they are, so entirely unfit to communicate anything which Comte would regard as adequate, seeing that they do not possess it. The only safety lies in there being as many centres as possible, so that many experiments can be tried. Still, even in the official limitation, much good work can be done."

Other letters contain kindly counsel on many occasions ;—on journeys taken or proposed abroad ; on the importance of work in London ; on marriage. Only a few extracts can be given.

"I hope (1894) you will have a happy

and refreshing time in Rome. In spite of all the vulgarizing modernities that Harrison speaks of in his essays, it is still 'a city of the soul.' Indeed, a high degree of the faculty of abstraction is needful for its appreciation, so that things may 'flash upon the inward eye.'"

Two subjects, however, interested him so deeply that a considerable part of the letters is devoted to them, and some connected extracts will have interest and value, both in themselves and as indicating the trend of his thought. One subject is historical teaching, especially of science and, above all, of the science of mathematics.

"I fully understand all you say as to the difficulty of implanting the historical sense in children. But what light it throws upon all that Comte says as to the injurious results of Protestantism, intellectually! The most important of all intellectual conceptions—continuity—is accessible to a Catholic child; inaccessible, except by arduous toil, to the Protestant, and your own efforts to cultivate the sense of continuity by the '*Logique des images*' and

the '*Logique des sentiments*' have the inevitable drawback that you run the risk of cultivating the fatal poison of national self-glorification."

"Would it be practicable to cultivate the *humanitarian* spirit by a series of historical object-lessons, *e.g.* China, banknotes, compass, printing, etc., etc.?"

The other subject, on which he most frequently wrote and spoke, was the organization of Positivism and presentation of Positivist doctrine in the present day. My letters are naturally full of this. The following extract illustrates, as well as any could, his general point of view. He owed his main inspiration to Comte, and though always ready to reconsider any argument, and admit any fresh light, he held that it would be a futile thing to preach or hold any form of Positivism which was not based on Comte's teaching.

"There was an expression in one of your lectures in which it seemed to me you hardly did justice to Comte's conception of the nations of the future, in speaking of his small areas as merely devised for

'administrative purposes.' (Perhaps I did not quite grasp your meaning.) Surely, however, Comte meant to imply that nations having the area of Ireland, Portugal, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, to say nothing of Servia, Greece, Bulgaria, etc., were, *in respect of size*, more favourably situated for national life in its ultimate form than such nations as Great Britain, France, the German Empire, the Kingdom of Italy and Spain, the United States, Russia. Without pressing for the immediate decomposition of these large kingdoms and empires, and while recognizing a certain value in them while they lasted, he did not think they represented the ultimate or ideal form of nationality. I need not say that I do not hold either you or myself bound to a literal acceptance of all Comte's views; although, speaking for myself personally, I think his view in this matter represents the only ideal in which order and progress can be permanently conciliated, always under the governing conception of (1) the West, and (2) Humanity."

A full-formed ritual for a Church of six persons will not make the six into a

dozen for many centuries. Strange, that people should not see this. But they live a purely subjective life, having no relation to outward objective life of every day."

"On another point, on which some of the best women would be against me, I have shown my practical divergence from Comte in the most emphatic way possible; by marrying a second time, thirty-five years ago. I neither blame myself for this, nor justify it. I merely say that, though some friends blamed me, I was impenitent at the time, and am even less penitent now. My happiness in our marriage has been such as falls to the lot of few. . . . Acting as I did, and feeling as I did and do, I did not feel disposed to apply for a Positivist consecration of our marriage. I thought it would not tend to edification in any sense of that much-abused word. . . . Mill may be right, or Comte may be right, but a marriage service is surely not the place in which such differences should be handled. The future will decide them far more peacefully and certainly than we can."

When working in London, I often had

the joy of Dr. Bridges' company at some lecture or teachers' meeting. Old members of the Newton Hall Young Men's Guild will not have forgotten a talk he once gave them on the human hand, and how the one point of the opposition of the thumb was made to seem so important and so interesting as to deserve the whole evening to itself.

In the later years (1896–1903) he was very reluctant to speak in public, and ran great risk of bronchitis by going out in the winter evenings. But he accompanied me more than once to educational conferences in the East End, and was always eager to encourage friendly and stimulating meetings between those engaged in the State service of education, while advocating a guarded and limited authority to officials.

But of all our meetings, the one which has left most memories in my minds, is the visit which he paid to my wife and me soon after our marriage, in our home near Leeds. It was almost the last time I saw him—quite the last time on which I had any connected conversation with him. And he struck us both as being still in the prime of his intel-

lectual power. Some younger visitors whom we had invited to meet him were charmed, above all, with his friendliness and ready interest in their affairs and point of view. "He asked me my opinion about it," said one, "and let me talk, as if I were an authority." The question was of Ireland, and the speaker's views were very different from those of Dr. Bridges. But though a subject on which he had the strongest convictions, his mind was so fair and open that any honest opinion, above all any material fact, could gain an entrance.

His talks at this visit were more than usually vivacious, and ranged over the widest field—from the organism of the human ear and Eastern music to social and political conditions in the West Riding forty years ago. He touched on every topic that offered itself, and illuminated everything that he touched. Especially interesting was what he told us about his own early education. One source at least of his style in writing—the clearness, force, and nobleness of every sentence—could be understood, when he told us how his mother had trained him from the first

to love the best of the older models of English. Cowper and Bunyan had been read to him early. Cowper's "Toll for the Brave" he thought one of the finest short poems in the language.

Most characteristic of all, perhaps, was his earnest recommendation of Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid." It interested him as an attempt to reinstate on the wider biological field the principle of co-operation in progress, which the Darwinian struggle for existence seemed to have obscured. It chimed in well with that conception of Progress which he expressed in one of his last articles, written within a few months of his visit. "The end we set before us—the end which constitutes progress—is the permanent preponderance of social feeling over self-love. Progress means that we live by and for Family, Country, Humanity."

A memorial service was held by the Positivist Society on July 1, 1906, at South Place Chapel, and was largely attended. A full report of it may be found in the *Positivist Review* for August, 1906. I can only

give one or two quotations from the addresses.

Professor Beesly says: "My friendship with Bridges began in 1851, when he came up to Oxford. We were in constant communication, either by conversation or correspondence, from that time down to his last illness, during which also, as it happened, I was much with him. It was a very close and intimate friendship, not clouded in all those fifty-five years by a single misunderstanding, nor disfigured, to the best of my remembrance, by a single angry word. This was partly due to the veneration I always felt for him, but still more to his readiness to tolerate differences, and his temperate way of expressing his own views. . . . It necessarily followed from his exceptional mental powers, that he was generally in contact with persons who were intellectually much his inferiors. But he never sought to make them conscious of it. He tried to see the best in every one. There were few persons, he thought, from whom something might not be learnt if they were encouraged to communicate it. The consequence, I

believe, was that people generally left his company not only charmed with him, but pleased with themselves. This was a habit in which he had trained himself, rather than a disposition implanted by Nature. When he was young he was a rather severe critic. There was sometimes a too undisguised impatience of stupidity, an unnecessary faithfulness in exposing what he considered to be pretentious or unreal. But experience corrected this severity, and in his riper age no one was less censorious, no one more patient and conciliatory in debate, more tolerant in opposition, however unreasonable. . . . What always struck me in his way of regarding religious belief was the immense importance he attached to perfect sincerity. He thought there was a danger to which the most sincere persons are exposed—the danger of not examining themselves closely enough as to the genuineness and the reality of the belief, they think they hold, and the language they employ. The feeling which leads them into this snare is in itself an excellent and valuable one—namely, a yearning for sympathy, a longing

for religious communion, a desire to give spiritual help to others as well as to receive it for themselves. But Bridges thought that such consolations are too dearly purchased if they are obtained by silencing any intellectual scruple, joining in any collective religious exercise not perfectly spontaneous, forcing thought and feeling into forms that do not entirely fit them."

I would end this tribute in Mr. Swinny's beautiful words on the same occasion :—

". . . It is the lot of few men to possess such varied and such valuable qualities, to combine such rare gifts of head and heart, the wisdom of Dominic with the seraphic ardour of Francis. The loss to our cause is great. But we may be forgiven, if we think also of the loss to ourselves. Those of us who have been admitted to his friendship, who have seen his face light up with genial sympathy, and heard from his own lips his wisdom, his kindliness, his love of all that was good and true, feel how much poorer life must be for us without him. We almost forget to mourn the deep thinker and the courageous citizen, when we remember the

light that has passed out of our lives, the dear friend whose guidance and counsel we have no longer. And yet we know that his work remains; that his teaching may still inspire us; and his memory still be a comfort in time of trouble, an incentive to choose the better way in time of difficulty. We shall never forget him. And even though his fame should become dim to distant ages, lost in the ever-growing host of the benefactors of mankind, the effects of his noble life, passed on from generation to generation, and distributed through a thousand channels, will continue as long as the human race shall last."

Truly we say that Bridges was one—

"Of those immortal dead, who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search to vaster issues.
So to live is heaven."

FINIS

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