50

Autobiographical Notes

of

Jack Goring

(Orig. ret'd to Mrs S. Houghton
Elm Cottage, Slindon
nr Arundel, Sussex. 31.8.83)

Mother.

Probably the earliest recollection I have of my mother is seeing her drop her Crinoline over her head before putting her dress on over her white petticoat. This must have been in the early sixties as I was born in Nov. 1861 and I am convinced that my mother's sense of the fitness of things would have prevented her from giving me such an interesting view of her toilet had she realised that I was old

enough to retain it in my memory.
Moreover I cannot recall more than
single performance).

Mother's delicacy of taste was undoubted
Victorian but it was ~~unconscious~~
perfectly natural and unselfconscious
and it did not in the least conflict
with a sense of humour, which was al
a very marked element in her character.
I am convinced even to-day that she told
a story much better than most people
and her sense of the dramatic made her

assume the voice and manner of anyone about whom she was speaking. As to most people with a sense of humour, providence was not seldom kind in sending opportunities for its enjoyment. I remember a story she was fond of telling to those who could be trusted to enjoy it safely. One night my father, in bed, felt a corn 'shooting' badly and exclaimed 'Oh! that corn! It went right to my heart.' "I didn't know you had one" said Mother

serenely. "Oh, yes," I have," he replied "ever since I bought that last pair of boots."

That we were all and always very poor is most certain but I am equally certain that as children we did not realise it and I sometimes wonder how it was. It was undoubtedly, mostly due to a mother's economy and unfailingly rare humanity.

I remember on a Saturday night before I was in my teens the household cheque was so low – why it should be in that condition when pay-day was Friday I

can only dimly guess – that I had to be despatched on a walk of perhaps three miles, there and back, to borrow from a friendly relative, not an uncle, the cash to purchase a Sunday dinner. It was refused and the return journey is to-day one of my most sad recollections, for I was a sensitive boy, and needed the comfort she promptly gave.

My mother's birthplace was Englefield, near Reading, and I fancy it must have been Miss Mitford's 'Village' as

~~mother~~ she had a clear recollection of going with other school-children to tea with Miss Mitford; and even to-day I feel that it is interesting to think that my mother actually took tea with one who knew Jane Austen personally.

As my mother's schooldays ended when she was eight I need not labour the point that she must have been born of poor parents. That they were also honest, worthy folk, I am sure for I recollect them both very well.

Even in my earliest memory they seemed very old and lived ~~quite near to~~ close by some of their married offspring, near Kenoal Green. My grandfather, as I recollect, was much the more talkative of the two and used to tell me how he remembered the battle of Trafalgar and of course Waterloo. In a quavering voice he used to sing an old song about Napoleon of which I can only remember the phrase "Galloping Boney, and where are you now?" Being as bald as the proverbial billiard

ball he wore night and day a kind
~~of night cap. His baldness~~
of night-cap. He had evidently been
bald for years as he owned a full-
size wig of brown hair which ultimately
came somehow into my possession
for I remember wearing it at some
very amateur theatricals & finding it
unbearably hot and heavy.

The neighbourhood of Kensal Green
~~was in those~~
was in those days quite rural and
Wormwood Scrubbs seemed right in
the country; it was noted for a pigeon

To return to the memory of my mother. Although as I have said she finished her schooling at 8 years of age, she was so enterprising that when the arrival in fairly rapid succession of six children made her allowance from my father look ridiculously small, she started a kind of Dame School and so added a little, very little I fear, to her meagre income. Our rooms were small but I remember she had

shooting field, and I remember that wounded birds which escaped were eagerly chased by the boys of Kensal Town.

At this time the city terminus of the new Metropolitan Railway was at Farringdon Street and I can recall being carried there by my father - I must have been very young to have been carried so far from the neighbourhood of Shoreditch Church.

forms made to take the children of the neighbourhood who were glad to come to her - this was of course before the days of the London School Board - for they and their parents found her not only an intelligent teacher but a good friend.

She even arranged a yearly excursion on what seem to me now novel and enterprising lines. Children and parents were alike welcome as I remember and the programme

consisted in walking from the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square to Victoria Park, the nearest open space I suppose. Arrived there lunch, taken with us, was despatched and games arranged and superintended after which we went to the tea-gardens paying to the best of my recollection 1d per head for the hot water, Milk and sugar, and seating room. The food was taken with us - we were mostly too poor to think of buying it

After tea we re-formed and walked back to our homes, weary but very happy, except upon one occasion when a girl cousin standing on a 3 or 4 barred railing fell over and broke her arm. How this addition to the duties of my dear Mother was met - I cannot remember but I often wonder where one could find an enterprise more remarkable than this annual outing.

It was at the home of the cousin

mentioned above that I remember Mother taking us to a Christmas tea party. We walked there, quite a small crocodile we must have made, had an early tea and spent the evening from tea-time to midnight mostly on the stairs our only refreshment during those seven odd hours being one raw chestnut apiece doled out by our host when he came home late. When, weary and hungry, we arrived home

again.
Another before getting us to bed gave us the only meal the house could supply just then – hot sopped bread with sugar but – no milk. This is an unvarnished version of a Victorian Christmas Tea-party & is clear in my recollection to-day after an interval of nearly seventy years. I don't pretend that it was typically Victorian but it was distinctly unpleasant.

Father.

So far the references to my father have been infrequent and casual but he should certainly have a place in the picture. He was a ruddy man of medium height when I first remember him and wore what were then known as Dutton-chop whiskers. If you can recall a portrait of the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria you will get some idea of his appearance. He was born at Portsmouth and although I remember his mother well, a stately but not to my mind a loveable creature, I neither

saw nor heard him mention his father as to whom I believe there was some mystery into which I ~~never~~ felt tempted to pry. Mysteries are not always pleasant. When I was ~~As~~ a tiny boy my father he figured in my imagination as the strongest man in London - many a boy has such thoughts of his father - but he was certainly strong for I have seen him at his work - a London porter - and the way he handled heavy packages was a testimonial in itself. What his wage was I never knew - he was not I think likely

to say - but I very much doubt whether he handed over on the average a pound per week to my mother. But let me try + keep to his picture.

Apart from his ordinary work he was very clever in many ways. He was one of the best amateur comic singers I can recall and his rendering of the little fat grey man an old-time laughing song invariably left his audience weak. His Irish songs were also remarkably good - well sung. Among these were 'The Rocky road to Dublin'

"The Sudden Stop" and "You'd better ask me".
As a test of his natural gift for music I
once asked him to let me take down the
air as well as the words of the last named
and I found on comparing notes that words
and music were practically identical
with the version later ~~published~~ edited by
Löhr if I remember rightly. My knowledge
of Tonic-Sol-fa enabled me to set down
accurately the time he sang over to me.
His singing was probably not altogether an
advantage to his family although it may

have somewhat augmented his certainly small income. As I remember him he felt it necessary to shine as an authority wherever he went and he would therefore get down to the level where he was regarded as a wonder rather than climb to the level to which his natural gifts really entitled him. He readily picked up words & phrases that were over the heads of his associates & possibly was not too pleased with us boys when he found that they did not quite fit in with the little learning we were acquir

As a slight instance of this, I remember that in the course of a reminiscence of his he let fall the remark "He was singing in the minor mode." "But, father," I said the song is in the major & he couldn't possibly have sung it in the minor." "Well, he may have sung it lower than that" said my father "but it was certainly in the minor. At least the 'critiques' in the room said so." To the discriminating this story illuminates many things & not all to his disadvantage.

Another accomplishment of his which was certainly remarkable was his carving in ivory. His favourite subjects was dogs heads for use as scarf pins, then an indispensable article of fancy of gentleman's wear. He made the whole thing complete including the gold pins fashioned from gold wire and he was at some Exhibition of workmen awarded an honorable Mention Certificate signed by W.E. Gladstone was for long a framed ornament at home which may still be in existence. He was on the local Committee for this Exhibition

which I believe was held about 1861 at the Agricultural Hall. As a result, I think, of this Exhibition a specimen of his work was bought by King Humbert of Italy. It was certainly work of very considerable skill.

I have heard him say that he and my mother were married in the city of London by Thomas Ingoldsby, but for all I know this may be one of the hitherto unpublished Ingoldsby legends.

That, considering what was then alluded to as their station in life, or humble origin,

they were a good-looking couple I have but little doubt. A portrait of my mother in later life - she died at 65 - amply ~~suppo~~ justifies the assumption, so far as she was concerned. With advancing years - he lived to nearly 80 - my father grew a full beard which gradually became so long and white that a story he used to tell with great relish is at least believable. He was walking along a street in North London when two little boys stopped in front of him. "Come away" said one

to the other "don't be rude. I tell you it ain't." "I tell you it is old Father Christmas" was the quick reply and I believe the Subject felt almost as pleased as if he were, really Santa Claus, judging by the delight with which the story was always re-told.

Myself - among others.

I was born, I believe, in Wenlock Street New North Road and was the fourth of seven children of whom six survived beyond the age of 60 and three are still living in 1938. Between my birth and the age of about ten I can remember we lived at twelve different addresses till I began to feel that our home would be worn out completely with one more removal. Probably all the addresses could be covered in a square mile and most of them were in the neighbour

of Finsbury Market the site of which is now occupied by Waterlow's printing works. As the school attended by the three boys of the family was situated in Primrose Street, Bishopsgate, these various places were all convenient for us and it is possible were considered more or less desirable on that account. To the best of my recollection I was a shy boy not too robust - indigestion I gathered in after years was my main trouble - and my disposition may be gathered

in part perhaps from what was said of me in my early childhood by my parents who were discussing my future. One said "Jack will be a parson when he grows up." "I don't think so," the other replied "if the people didn't listen to him he would throw the Bible at them."

That I was a quiet, thoughtful boy, I seem to remember for about the age of five years - I was certainly not sis- I tried to think about time and space and recollect clearly feeling awfully

overwhelmed when I found it impossible to think a beginning or ending of either. Has anyone ever succeeded where I failed? I doubt it in spite of Einstein and Mr Dunne.

Another little story of my early youth was a great favourite with the family excepting perhaps myself. A box maker's premises quite close to where we lived caught fire one evening & was so threatening that we were all ordered to quit. When all the rest were

late
My mother noted my absence & called in a distracted voice 'Jack! where are you?" "I'm putting on my garters, mother." was the answer which became family history and at times was held to illuminate my character.

30a & B At the age of seven I was introduced to the school in Primrose Street and went shortly before the then Great Eastern Railway - it may have been The Eastern Counties Railway - began to extend its lines from Bishopsgate

It was probably from the Berkshire ancestry of my mother that my love of the Country came. In spite of my Cockney birth this was so pronounced that as a little fellow I was constantly on the watch for signs of the Country invading the town. These I found in the tiny blades of grass I saw springing here and there, between the granite sets in the road, some of them springing from the oats I fancy dropped from the horse's nose-bags. In the middle of one road I even planted cherry stones believing they would grow up into Cherry trees. They were

to be nourished by the occasional visits of the water-cart and would help in time to transform the town into country. I took every opportunity of visiting the country, and they were very few in those days, and my love of it was not satisfied until at the beginning of 1899 I removed with my wife and growing family to the fringe of a village some 30 miles from London where our 3 youngest children have been born and where the address has known us for ~~the last~~ upwards of 38 years.

the then terminus, to Liverpool Street.

The institution was known as Turner's Free school and the accommodation was for 65 boys of whom about half were clothed by the school authorities. Impelder brother had preceded me there and left a little before I started but I inherited his two nicknames of "Knowledge Box" and "Frying-pan brain". The reference I imagine was to the size of my head for I remember that I wore a 6 7/8 cap

at that early age. The school was under the management of a Committee of whom Nathaniel Powell head of the well-known Whitefriars Glass Works was Chairman. As I recall him he was a benevolent giant with gold-rimmed spectacles and a beard that I imagine was in process of turning from brown to grey. He towered above the schoolmaster and was treated by the boys with awe and respect whenever he appeared among us.

His home was at Buckhurst Hill &

when I started schooling it was the practise for the boys to go there for a summer outing in two private omnibuses or pleasure vans. I can well remember my first trip when between 7 and 8 for it was a red-letter day in my experience & the close at Buckhurst Hill before our return was not the least wonderful event of the day. We were formed up into ranks when Mr Powell came down the line & to my surprise singled me out and, bending from his great height asked me if I had

recited, as some of the other boys had.

"No, sir," I answered eagerly "but I know a piece." "Do you?" He said "Then you come with me." & led me to the dining room window calling his guests there to silence while I recited "The Ant and the Cricket." At the end he pressed a shilling into my hand, leaving me thrilled beyond words at the extent and the amount of my reward. That the stimulation was effective seems clear from the fact that the following year I recited in competition with the

other boys and won first prize, half-a-crown, for a humorous piece of 40 stanzas entitled 'The phantom Milkman or the Haunted Pump'. On this occasion I was so small that I had to stand upon a table to recite.

Turner's Free School was certainly elementary and would probably rank below the level of to-day's Schools. For all that it seems to me to have been unusually good in some respects. We had somehow acquired a reputation for our singing and many of the songs I remember were classical in

form and are superior in many respects to those that children are taught to-day. Some of the tunes I have since traced to German folk songs but how they came to be fitted with English words I don't know. We learned by rote - I cannot recall seeing anything of the sort in print - and among other items we specialised in the singing of rounds, a musical form that would bear revising as I have in recent years proved by a public test.

Our reputation for singing was undoubtedly

principally due to the fact that our Schoolmaster was also Choirmaster at the Church we attended regularly as a School always once & for some of us twice every Sunday.

This Church was in Old Broad Street and was known as St. Peter le Poer & Benet Fink.

It was a circular building & when I first appeared in its gallery the pews were so high & I was so short that I could not see either the Clerk or the Clergyman.

Later it was considerably altered and renovated and during this period we

attended the Church of all Hallows in London Wall. St. Peter-le-Poer is now pulled down and in its place there stands, I believe, a foreign bank. Between its site and Austin Friars, a little nearer, ~~the Bank~~ Throgmorton Street a curious railing is still to be seen that was there when I first went that way. It consists of iron pieces threaded on a stout rod the most conspicuous parts being about the size and shape of the cheese used in a Skittle alley. As a boy I never passed these cheeses without giving them

a twist round for they were and are still loose as I demonstrated to my wife when we walked that way a year or two back.

The Church played an important part in my development for I was chosen by my schoolmaster to be something of a librarian to the Choir giving out and collecting their music. The choir was mixed, with no boy-choristers - there was no uniform for the Choir - but the of course music was selected very largely from the

great masters and has remained in my memory ever since. It was probably long afterwards that I traced some of it to its source. In addition to my duty as librarian I occassionally helped in blowing the organ and found it no easy job if the organist played ~~found~~ a loud passage. ~~before him.~~

(40A/B) →

I was also allowed as I remember to assist in the belfry. There were I think 4 bells but only one ringer who worked one with each foot and two with his hands. It was only when a single bell was being

The name of the Organist I cannot recall but his appearance I remember quite well. He was tall & broad ~~wide in appearance~~ and so rugged that he resembled a benevolent bespectacled great bear. He seemed quite as hairy and his voice was quite as gruff but decidedly more friendly. His glasses were what we called 'goggles' being round and of great power but not too great as his nose occasionally nearly touched the music on his desk. I was on very friendly terms with him and on practice nights was allowed when off duty to stand beside him

in the organ loft. He had a curious method of keeping the rhythm when accompanying the psalms for besides the music for the chant he kept a large type prayer book open at the psalm to be sung. I never heard him sing and doubt very much if he could but as he played he grunted in a quiet monotone the words sung by the choir something after this fashion

O come -- let us sing -- unto the Lord

Let us heartily rejoice -- in the strength -- of --

our -- sal -- vation

rung that I was allowed to officiate.

The Church service as I may be gathered was not "presbyterite" as the phrase then went, and the clerk played a loud and important part in ~~most of the~~ it particularly at evensong which was always in the afternoon. He was a short, rotund figure in a black cassock and sat facing the congregation at a desk but little if any above their level and the clergyman sat in the desk just above him to read the lessons &c, the clerk leading or making the

responses in a loud and loudly voice which was particularly marked in the "Ah - men's".

The clergyman wore the usual white surplice with red facings until the hymn before the Sermon, during which, preceded by the Clerk, he retired to the vestry, returning, arrayed in black, to ascend to the pulpit, yet one stage higher than the reading desk, and preach the Sermon.

42 A B C D

The Vicar was a very old man living

As a pendant to what I have said about changing from surplice to black before preaching the sermon the following extract from Pepys' Diary (now my bed-book again after an interval of years).

'Oct 26. 1662. To church, and there saw the first time Mr Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ~~head~~ face in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit, to preach without it.'

And while I have my Pepys at hand here is a quotation bearing upon a popular superstition about the weather. Ever since I can remember people have been saying

"Winter isn't what it used to be." And for long I have held the view that the fitting answer to such a remark is the reply made by Punch to a similar complaint. "It never was." Even at school in the sixties the legend was popular for we were taught to recite

'Five and twenty years ago
Winter was a time of snow.
Frost and Snow, I well remember
were the emblems of December' &c &c.

This must I guess date back at least to the 18th Century and here in Pepys is some corroboration of my incredulity.

Nov. 28. 1662 (which would be mid-Dec with our present calendar). A very hard frost; which is news to us after having none almost these three years.

I think it is the snow on Christmas cards or the fact that to the child-mind it is only winter when snow is about that keeps the superstition alive. The greatest snowfall by far in my memory is the blizzard of White Tuesday in the early part of 1891. Again in the early nineties I remember a frost so severe that water was unobtainable for weeks except from a stand-pipe. The Thames was

frozen over and when at last a thaw came I watched at Blackfriars Bridge the river covered with great ice floes, crowded with restless sea-gulls, flowing seawards. Therefore I think my scepticism is not without excuse.

to something over ninety years. After him it was the wish of most of us boys that he should be succeeded by his Curate the Revd. Mr. Shepherd who more nearly resembled the traditional pictures of Jesus than any man I have ever seen. To our great regret he was passed over. Mr. Shepher was said to be a master at St. Paul's School which was then of course situated in a block of buildings connecting Old Change, Cheapsi with the eastern end of St. Paul's Churchyard. It was some of these boys I remember who gav

and got into trouble one very wintry day by snowballing from the Golden Gallery above the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral the unlucky and surprised foot passengers in the Church yard.

But it is time I returned to school where my stay was drawing to an end. From what I have already said it is not surprising to state that between the age of eleven & twelve I had assimilated all that the school was likely to give me. As head boy from that time I was placed frequently as a monitor

in charge of one or other of the three classes into which the School was regularly divided. I was anxious to leave because school-life began to bore me and I felt a longing to experience what I stupidly imagined to be the freedom of earning my living in whole or in part.

Now I have said nothing as to the punishment of boys at Turner's because as a rule there was little of which to complain. I certainly remember one incident soon after I joined of a boy being stripped from

from the waist down, held across a desk by other boys while he was severely birched by the master. This however was the only time it happened in my experience & the heaviest punishment in general was with a cane about finger thickness with which boys were beaten on the palm of the hands. Four such strokes was about the worst I remember to have seen inflicted but in bad cases the boy would also be beaten across the shoulders. Upon one occasion the cane broke in the

master's hand.

Before quitting school-life it may be of interest to set down here an episode of a domestic nature fraught with more serious consequences I fear than were realised at the time. It occurred probably in the last but one of the Summer vacations - never more than 3 weeks. Four boys were concerned in it so far as I remember and I was probably the eldest. The others were my brother Tom, a delicate boy, two years younger, and two school chums. Buckhurst-

Hill as may be imagined was always
a loadstone to us and the four of us
decided one summer day to walk as far as
we could towards the high goal of our
ambition. We started from home, the
New North Road and walked by way
of Lea Bridge Road to somewhere beyond
The Rising Sun at Woodford - I dont know
if the Inn is still there but it probably is.
I do not remember at what point we ate
the lunch we took with us but I know
that at some distance beyond the Rising

Soon we came upon a group of Gypsies by the roadside with their usual attractions for ~~day~~ holiday makers: donkey rides and coker-nut shies. We had no money to spend on diversions but knowing that Cokernuts were sold at 4d each, another boy and myself added penny to penny and asked the gypsies to sell us half a Cokernut. They took the money but declined the contract, offering us instead a donkey-ride each or three shies apiece

Neither of these proved acceptable - I was particularly obstinate - & we all reproached the men for their unfairness in taking our money and refusing to hand over the goods. At last my brother Tom said: 'Come along boys, it's no use talking. Let us go to the station." 'What are you going home" said one of the man. "I don't mean that station" said Tom "I mean the Police Station" He was of course told where he might find himself if he were not careful & my fellow-Capitalist was so scared that

he capitulated and had a donkey-ride for his penny. In this predicament I agreed at last to accept three ohies for my penny. The method of throwing for Cokernuts was different from that now in use. The Coker-nuts were poised upon fairly tall sticks stood in flexible baskets filled with sand. The sticks, thrown were about 18 inches or more in length and weigh The throwing was done from a distance that made markesmanship difficult- and unless the coker-nut received a hard

direct hit the chances were it would drop
into the basket and that didn't count.
I was fortunate enough however with
one of my three sticks to knock the
nut clear and one of our quartet
who had stationed himself near seized
the coker-nut with which we all
hurried from the scene of my triumph
The result no doubt cheered us all
as we turned for home but it was
not long before we were in difficulties
My brother Tom began to flag and w

last - how far from home I cannot-
recall was unable to walk and was
obliged to be supported for miles by
a gotter boy and myself, Tom with
an arm round the neck of each &
we half dragging, half carrying him
till at long last we arrived home.
The painful character of that all - but
unending journey has obliterated our
reception at home from my memory
but it was from then I think that Tom
developed the curious halting walk

that characterised him until he left us in 1929.

Every boy leaving school was presented with a copy of the Bible and a Book of Common prayer bound in Morocco and illustrated with coloured maps. Mine are now in the possession of my eldest grandson. During the 6 or 7 years I was at Turner's I only won two prizes: one for a Knowledge of Scripture presented by a visiting Clergyman The Rev. Turberville Evans and the other the School prize & certificate for an essay on

Kindness to Animals. These were presented to me by the newly married Duchess of Edinburgh at the Albert Hall. The Duke was brother to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward 7th, and the Duchess was the daughter of the Russian Emperor. I saw him, the Emperor, in St. Paul's Churchyard on his visit to England and remember well the general shock felt when he was assassinated in Russia soon after. I can recall the pleasant features of both Duke & Duchess which I suppose I was prepared to see upon such a momentous occasion for a boy of thirteen.

After School.

Before her marriage my mother had been in the service of the Lennann's the celebrated Fancy Bread & Biscuit makers of Threadneedle Street, whose home was at Tooting Bec. She had greatly appreciated her service with them & they were probably as pleased with her for they readily agreed to take me into their employment upon leaving school. My hopes were very high contemplating the change from School life but I fancy they were badly dashed from the first day. I had been a carefully nurtured boy in

spite of our very narrow means and to be
plunged at once into the Company of about
a dozen Journeymen bakers many of whom
including the two heads were Germans
was an experience that was a little daunting
Owing to their early hours for working I had
to sleep in and in spite of the relatively high level
of cleanliness & order maintained I could
not be other than shocked by some of the
manners & conversation by no means
confined to the foreigners. I was not long
in picking up a little colloquial Germ

and was soon able to pronounce it so accurately that I well remember a German hairdresser to whom I made a casual remark refusing to believe that I was not a fellow countryman. But I was never a serious student - my interests I think were too diverse - and although to this day I believe I could read a German newspaper so that it would be understood by a German I should have but a faint idea of the meaning of what I was reading.

One thing struck me about the Germans:
although they were as a rule fond of music
many of them had absolutely no ear for it
and could not sing in time. I was at-
times very much out of favour with one
~~character~~ when I was caught mimicking
his singing of "Nancy Lee" which had
just become popular - I could do it now.

For a few months I had a change
by working at Threadneedle Street
instead of at the Bakery which was in
London Wall. This allowed me to slack

at home again and it was during this
period that I made the acquaintance of
John Pearce who afterwards became famous
as the proprietor of the Pearce and Plenty
and other restaurants which preceded
by many years Lyons and the ABC.
I had to be ready to start in Threadneedle
Street by 7. a.m, which made it
necessary to rise at 6 and leave home
without breakfast shortly after. My
rule was however after a ten minutes
walk to pause at the junction of City Rd,

and East Road for a cup of coffee &
a slice of Aerated Bread at 'The Gutter
Hotel' which was a coffee stall de luxe
run by the young giant John Pearce.
His trade was enormous and deservedly
so for he was already living up to the
motto he later adopted for his Restaurant
and one was certain of getting plenty
for one's money and unusually
good quality. It should be noted that
Aerated Bread was on sale before the
tea rooms of that name were started

A welcome part of the equipment on a winter's morning was a great glowing fire in a portable brazier & it may be imagined that for the few months of my attendance at Threadneedle Street the Gutter Hotel made a welcome half-way house for me and stayed me excellently till breakfast time about 8 o'clock I believe.

For a time I returned to live in again at London Wall and became more & more confirmed in my dislike of the

of the life there and although after a while I was promoted to the office of what was called 'Warehouseman' and was allowed again to live at home, I made up my mind to get away if possible. Towards the end of my stay I had a considerable amount of spare time which I employed in learning shorthand, by no means thoroughly, and rubbing up my arithmetic handwriting &c, entirely on my own. My reading about the same period changed its character for one day I

saw in a bookshop a copy of Sir Walter Scott's 'Redgauntlet' published at 3d. per volume by John Dick and having heard the name I bought the book. My taste for The Boys of England & papers of that Kidney collapsed completely & I felt that I had already grown out of The Young Folks Weekly Budget which was a little later to become famous for publishing "Treasure Island" and believe "Kidnapped". I had been a reader of this while I was at school

and still cherish in grateful & affectionate
memory the illustrations to Jim Peppin
&C by John Proctor who afterwards became
the Cartoonist on 'Funny Folks' which
was started by the same publishers -
Hendersons of Red Lion Court - but like
most of the other would be competitors with
Punch was obliged to drop out of the
Race. Apart from John Proctors drawing
I only remember one thing which appeared
in answers to Correspondents & pleased
me much at the time. The answer

was "Yes, Queen Victoria does drink out of her saucer. She has never been known to get in it to drink".

I interrupt myself here to set down at once a somewhat curious dream that came to me last night. I finished writing the Funny Folks paragraph above at 10.30 p.m. and immediately after my usual warm bath went to bed. During the night I dreamed that I was discussing with Queen Victoria her peculiar susceptibility to remarks made in her presence and

I remember assuring Her Majesty that my personal sympathy was so acute that I could tell immediately a remark was uttered what its effect upon her would be. We then talked over the matter generally and agreed that so far as it was humanly possible it was best to ignore anything of the kind rather than to comment upon it which could only add to its disturbing effect. Then apropos nothing at all I said "Did I tell your Majesty of the strange dream I had in which you unexpectedly figured?"

without waiting for her reply I proceeded "I found somewhere a 'clutch' of eggs" (why I should have said 'clutch' I don't know) "and hatched them out to such advantage that I added another clutch to my store and was so successful again that I bought an incubator. After this your Majesty came to see my new poultry farm and presented me with a golden peacock". With that I awoke to wonder what a capable disciple of Dr Freud or even Mr Dunne

surely would make of my dream.

All I can say is that should the golden peacock of my dream unexpectedly materialize it would become a Museum piece with all convenient rapidity and for as handsome a cash consideration as I could obtain. Perhaps this confession may help to illuminate the authenticities I have mentioned - and perhaps not.

I should like to add that, while I have narrated the experience of last night quite faithfully, the dream within a

dream which I ~~narrated~~ retailed with such circumstance to Her Majesty must have been the invention of my sub-conscious self or whatever it may be that attends to such insubstantial matters.

(4A0B14) About this time an event occurred which had a much greater effect upon my future than I could possibly have guessed. Since leaving school I had completely abandoned attendance at Church. This was not I imagine in accordance with the wishes of my parents although

it certainly agreed with their practice.

My father only went to Church once in my recollection - an event which may perhaps find a mention later in these notes.

My dear Mother who was certainly of a serious and religious mind ~~possibly~~ probably abstained in those days owing to the increased labour demanded by a large family gathered at the week-end and also because she did not feel equipped with clothing sufficiently good to take her place in a Congregation.

Before going to Turner's School and so of necessity attending church regularly I remember my mother used to take or send us occasionally to a very humble non-conformist Chapel where I remember being one day scared stiff by being asked if I loved Jesus! All things considered it is not remarkable that leaving school I had a sense of freedom of which I took fairly full advantage. My friends were few but most of my spare time I spent in the company of a boy

friend whose very name I have forgotten but with whom I used to spend my Saturdays and Sundays when I was free we went fairly regularly to the Saturday Popular Concerts given at Shoreditch Town Hall by Messrs Hunt and Sparrow - what a combination of names. These were variety entertainments of a more appetising nature than some of the B.B.C. variety shows of to-day, which of course lack the advantage of not being seen. I have an early and not too favourable

recollection of one young fellow coming on the platform, as it was called, and singing "If I were only long enough". It was one of the earliest appearances if not the actual debut of the great Arthur Roberts. Here also I remember and much more gladly hearing the earliest songs of the gigantic Herbert Campbell who was then a much greater favourite than Arthur Roberts. Here also could be seen and heard the great Mackney - I wonder how many

remember him - the black faced comedian whose great song was 'The whole hog or none' which he kept continually up-to-date by adding regularly matters of topical interest such as the periodical increases in the size of the Royal family. If anyone would like to know the tune of the song I could still oblige them for I believe my first effort in verse consisted of a Christmas version of the song for purely local consumption which I

sang out of a cork-black face at probably
the age of ten or eleven years.

Another popular favourite at these Concerts
was a singer named Matthews. He was what
was known as a 'Buffo' vocalist and I saw
him for the first time when I was with
my sister. Directly I saw him I said to
my sister: "Look, isn't he the image of
Uncle Dave?" (my mother's brother). Then
he started to sing and one of his songs was
"Oh, wouldn't I like to catch him -
"The fellow who looks like me." Years
after at a Concert in Sudbury (near Harrow)

Jimet Matthews' son

and told him the story of his father, which

is an indication that the incident made

a strong impression upon me.

Matthews was also the first I heard.

"Little brown Jug" which is still I think to

be heard. It is many years however

since I heard another of his favourite

songs. It was about a lodging of his & the

Chorus went thus:

not

"There is the floor, the second floor, the attic up a top

The front kitchen, back kitchen, and the little shop

I live in the parlour and mind my own affairs

And the landlady seems to me to live upon the stairs

I seem a long time coming to the event I have referred to but these recollections keep thronging & begging to be set down

The beginning had reference to my brother Tom who after leaving School had gone straight to office work and had at about the age of fifteen entered a circle of Youths which began to attract my attention. It was known as the Youth's Institute and had its meetings in a commodious working shed behind

a house in Shepherdess Walk City Road.

The head of the Institute was a J.J. Mogridge,

grandson by the way of Old Humphrey,

a well-known writer at that, or rather

an earlier, period in the Nonconformist

world. The president was the Rev. Joseph

Boyle the Congregational Minister at

Barbican Chapel in the New North Road

and among the members of the Institute

was his son John Baxter Boyle who later

made some reputation in Fleet St. where

everyone knew him or of him. He was

J B Boyle

the first publisher of The Westminster Gazette, and under the Ownership Management of Horatio Bottomley became later manager of the Sun, an evening paper, which he arranged for occasional editing by such personages as Dr. Joseph Parker and Dan Leno. I remember by the way receiving a guinea for supplying a few Dan-Leno paragraphs for the latter's paper.

To return to the Youth's Institute which was not instituted for the training of

coming publishers but for the general improvement of its members who were for the most part drawn from the Sunday class of Mr Mogridge.

There were classes I remember for drawing, history, elocution &c and I got my brother to take me there one evening. I was so charmed with what I saw and heard that I decided forthwith to join and did all I could to induce the boy friend I have mentioned to join with me. He was not

attracted however
and having to face the alternative of
holding to one or the other, I let him go
in favour of 'The Youth's Institute.'
This is now nearly sixty years ago but
the surviving members of that little
circle - I can still count four of them -
are all my very dear friends of whom
I have had good cause for affectionate
and lasting remembrance. One name
at least is well-known to the public
and all are worthy members of the
Commonwealth.

The change in my habits became very soon marked for I not only joined Mr Mogridge's Sunday Class but after attending Barbican Chapel I became a member of the Church, as the phrase probably still goes. This step was I remember accelerated by the catastrophe to the Princess Alice a Thames pleasure steamer which was run down in the dark off Woolwich with a loss of some 700 lives some of which were from our immediate neighbourhood. The Rev Joseph Boyle upon the following Sunday

preached a very powerful and remarkable sermon which had the effect of making me decided to apply for Church membership. While I think of it I should like to set down the fact that the Rev. Joseph Boyle still lives in my memory as not only a preacher of very considerable power and sincerity but also as a scholar and a gentleman. His manners were large and courtly and I have never met a man more able to rule a meeting and if necessary deal with an offender to his

ruling in a gentle but devastatingly effective manner. I remember well his taking the Chair at a meeting to be addressed by the Candidates for Parliament Mess Holmes and Fawcett. The latter was the famous blind Postmaster General and owing to other meetings the Candidates were late in arriving. Mr Boyle had no difficulty whatever in keeping the packed meeting interested and when at last Mr Holmes Mr Boyle turned up and he intimated that it was time for him to give place to one of the

speakers for the evening he was greeted with shouts of 'Go on!'

He was I believe a professor of Hebrew at the British Museum, it may be, wholly as a young minister at Leith he had attracted the attention of Professor Stuart Blackie who recommended all his pupils to go and listen to the young man eloquent. It was professor Blackie I think who placed an announcement on his class room door one day that the Professor regretted that he would

be unable to meet his classes. One would be waggish student sought to make fun of the Professor by rubbing out the 'c' in classes but the professor noticing what had been done neatly turned the tables by blotting out the letter 'l'.

Meanwhile I had made my contemplated change by leaving Lemanns to go to a firm of wholesale Jewellers, a change made easier by the kindly feeling of Mr. Lemann who regretting that he had no afford berth to offer me that would ~~offer~~ anything

of a prospect gave instructions that I was to be allowed whatever time I found necessa to look for something suitable. In a month I was in the entering desk of the jewellers but only at the expense of dropping for a time a much needed 3/- per week in Salary. It is however not so much with my attempt to make a living that I am here concerned but rather with the movement in thought that I am anxious to trace.

It will be seen from what I have said

above that I was a serious-minded youth
which fact evidently did not escape the notice
of the Barbican elders for at about the age
of 18 I was induced to become a teacher
in the Sunday School a step which, little as
I or any of my friends realised, was
the beginning of the process that led
me in time to my present position
with regard to Church and Chapel generally
My upbringing, unpretentious as it was,
prevented me from being anything but honest
in teaching the class of boys that was place

in my care. I could not teach them anything I did not sincerely believe and my care in this respect made me examine much more closely carefully than I had hitherto done the foundations of my faith. In the circle in which I then moved I suppose the favourite text was at that time John III. 16. "For God so loved the world." I had however been much more attracted recently by the text "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." This seemed to me to suggest that God was in immediate contact with all his

children and I remember talking to the boys upon something of the following lines.

'God' I said 'is spoken of as our Father. In what way should we expect such a Father to keep in touch with His children. Would He be content to write or dictate a book to them which would contain His wishes in respect of them? Would He leave it to messengers, such as the Prophets, to deliver His message to them? Would He even be content to give them a message through His own Son?" The answer given

me by the boys was that He would wish to speak to His children himself, assuming that He resembled what they knew of a father. I then asked them if they knew of anything in themselves that might correspond with the idea of a father speaking to his children and at least one of them boys said 'Yes, the Conscience'.

I mention this to shew in which direction my mind was moving. I had as I now feel begun to grasp the fact that the only authority given to man is the internal authority, that

unseen judge in us that insists upon
being consulted in all matters that come
before us, even upon the question of inspirat
I now began to ask myself how it was that
Moses and the prophets, to go no higher at the
moment, could be certain that the revelation
they had received came from God? There can
be but one answer: that they were inwardly
convinced of the truth of what they
declared they had seen and heard.
To anyone who thinks about these things
at all clearly this may seem very element

but it by no means squared with the views generally held by Church Members and Sunday School Teachers. Although they might have protested at being labelled Bibliolaters their thinking in the last resort was based upon the idea that the Bible was the one source of their knowledge of God and His ways. Even when their attention was drawn to the fact that Jesus here and there with his "But I say unto you" contradicted the Scriptures they replied that he was referring to an earlier dispensa

which his coming superseded or that it was a mystery that could not be understood but must nevertheless be accepted because it was in the Bible

I cannot say it was at all agreeable to become conscious of the cleavage between myself and the good people with whom I was so intimately associated and it did not help matters to realise as I soon did that in all innocence I had found the cause of the division between us in a text of that very Bible I was now unable to accept as anything but a

consultative and corroborative authority.

But it must be borne in mind that the cleavage did not develop rapidly - it was probably a matter of years in coming to a head and meanwhile events were moving which made it somewhat easier for me to face the severance which was bound to come once I had started to think 'nakedly'.

Once such event was the Rev. Joseph Boyle's retirement. His successor lives in my memory only as a rancorous voice saying little or nothing - I found it impossible

to continue an active member of the Church.
I left and did not apply for a transfer of
membership although for a time I felt-
it just possible that I might find a new
spiritual home at Hare Court Chapel
Canonbury, another Congregational Church
of which the Revd Henry Simon was the head.
Head is the correct word here for in the
pulpit it was the head of a Hebrew prophet
that appeared, or as nearly as anyone
could imagine it. He was the most impressive
and eloquent preacher I have ever heard

and was as broad minded in his views as he was appealing in his manner. He was I believe male to Sir John Simon and was an intimate friend of George Macdonald who was a power in those days and will surely be ever remembered if not for David Elginbrod, his best known novel, at least for his matchless poem:

"Where did you come from, baby dear;
Out of the everywhere into here."

One Sunday evening he occupied the pulpit at Stare Court and I remember he

impressed me even more as a preacher than he had done as a Lecturer, fine as he undoubtedly was in that capacity. Even so his preaching was not to be compared with that of the Rev. Henry Simon.

A somewhat curious co-incidence may be mentioned here. Years after when I was a regular visitor at a little but very good Vegetarian Restaurant (where, by the way, I first saw Robert Lynd then a fairly new recruit to the Daily News) I was struck by the strong likeness of an occasional clerical

visitor to see the Rev. Henry Simon. We got into the habit of nodding to each other and one day I told him that what drew me to him was a likeness to a minister whom I had valued very highly. "And who might that be" said my new friend "The Rev. Henry Simon" of Hare Court." "I knew him very well" said he. Then I went on to say that he was a great friend of George Macdonald. "He was a friend of mine too" came the astonishing reply, and he told me how he had been so struck

with Macdonald's writing that when he was
going to Italy he asked if he might call upon
him. He received a cordial invitation &
on arriving at Florence was met by George
Macdonald's son (afterwards a well-known
doctor) who took him home where he was
invited to stay for at least a week &
found it, he told me, one of the happiest
weeks of his life.

But I must get back to Barbican to
record one or two things worthy of comment
As I have ~~said~~ suggested to shake loose from the place

and people that had meant so much to me was by no means easy. Though I could no longer subscribe to its unspoken & unwritten but nevertheless shackling creed I felt and still feel that it meant a great deal to me and was certainly a turning point in my life. For one thing it was there that I learned to contribute my tenor to a small but well-managed choir and, tell it not in Gath, to stand alone upon a platform and sing. My first effort was Mary of Argyle which was

greeted with applause which I was too
shy or self-conscious to believe sincere
and therefore failed I believe to acknowledge
That my doubt was not unshared may be
gathered from the fact that an old friend
who heard me and who himself occasionally
sang 'The Soldier's Tear' with the tremolo stop
fully out, said to me "Jack, whatever made
you sing? You should stick to reciting, my
dear fellow." On the other hand an
elocutionist who favoured the intense and
melodramatic said "My dear boy you

should go in for singing and give up
reciting." My obliging nature compelled
me to accept their advice in part and
from then on I both sang and recited -
when asked.
The teacher of singing was a well-known
Sol-fa-ist but sound musician and a
lovable old chap. He used to tell a good
story about a conductor at a local chapel,
who like many other conductors imagined
that he could sing. Upon one occasion
his choir gave a rendering of Daniel

a simple cantata of American origin I think and in which the Conductor insisted upon singing the title role. He was painfully telling the audience that "My God hath shut the lions mouths" when a melancholy voice at the back of the hall said loudly "I wish to Gawd he'd shut yours". Johnny Garwood our conductor retailed this with tears of joy trickling over his fat cheeks.

The Barbican Literary Association - I didn't name it - also played a considerable part in my life at that time and when I became

its secretary it was the means of introducing me to lecturers and singers well worth knowing. One lecturer in particular deserves mentioning. He was the Rev. J. de Kewer Williams and was the God-father of Sir John Williams Penn who at that time was a lightning cartoonist and editor of a furniture weekly but who became afterward Chairman of the L.C.C. The reverend lecturer ~~[illegible]~~ was as amiable and obliging as he was humourous. On one occasion when his audience had kept

him waiting he assured them that the delay had not been on his part and that long before that evening he had told his wife that 'he would not be the late Mr Williams as long as he lived.' On another occasion I was with him in our little Committee Room when he had turned up in spite of a bad cold and worse weather. His chairman the Revd Joseph Boyle arrived shortly after; a stalwart figure with a big plaid muffler. "And how are you you Mr Williams" he said. "Only sadly" said the lecturer "I have a very

bad cold" "Ah" said Mr Boyle "You should keep your mouth shut and breathe through your nostrils." "My dear sir" said Mr Williams "that's impossible. When I was a young man I remember being called upon for the first time to engage in prayer. I could not refuse & when I had ended a good brother thanked God for having opened this young man's mouth which he prayed might never be shut." This is as near an absolute transcript of the story as I heard it.

The only specimen of the Rev Joseph Boyle's

pawky humour (Mr Boyle was Scotch so the adjective is appropriate - whatever its exact meaning) that I propose to give was uttered One Sunday when as I have said my father went to hear him for the first and only time. "The amount of our collection last Lord's Day" ~~was~~ said the preacher "was two pounds, two shillings and two pence - and too little" he added after a brief pause laying down the paper before he started his sermon. My father never went again but never tired of telling the story ∇ the Church I fancy stood higher in his esteem

because he had heard it.

(110A to 1102) →

As some indication of my mental & spiritual position about this time - it was in the early eighties - I may be allowed to put in the following lines which were written to the best of my recollection before I left Barbicau.

An Aspiration.

Ah, God, for an open mind,
Ready to lose and to find;
Teachable, quick to discern
And as brave to unlearn as to learn.
Evermore facing the light,
Let it come from the left or the right;
Striving nothing to screen,
Neither the foul nor the clean.
Eager to know yet as patient to wait
Whether the truth appear early or late;

Among the 'characters' of Barbican mention should certainly be made of Deacon John Wheldon, the well-known, veteran bookseller of Great Queen Street. He was when I first met him little and aged and his voice, head and legs were all shaky. And On Sundays he appeared in a cut-away tail coat of an incredibly old fashion, and in turn with the other deacons would give out the hymns and the general announcements. Mr. Moody and Sankey's first visit to this country had left a lasting impression upon

non-conformity and their hymn book 'Sacred Songs and Solos' had a limited use at Barbican. That John Wheldon did not altogether appreciate the book seemed to be doubtly indicated by the way he announced at the beginning of the service "The choir will sing hymn No (so and so) from 'Sacred Songs and Solos'." When the hymn was finished he said in a quite different voice and as firmly as his shaky utterance voice would allow: "Let us now praise God by singing hymn No (same so) tune

Ne (So and so). One of his hearers at least inferred that in Deacon Wheldon's judgment God could not be praised with anything from "Sacred Songs and Solos". (By the way it may be noted that at this period the Congregational Tune Book, edited by Dr. Gauntlett was a separate volume containing tunes only.) John Wheldon on one occasion gave us a lecture on 'Grace Darling' the heroine of the North Sea whom he had known well when he was a boy. I see that a 'Grace Darling' film is now projected. proposed.

praying for growth but at rest - in the Knowing
That Knowledge does come, and comes only, with growing

Curiously enough the two most orthodox
of my inner circle of friends were so struck
with these lines that quite unknown to me
they had them printed on a good card for
distribution among my larger number of
friends. I say 'curiously' because they
did not I feel sure realize the ~~extent~~ of
the direction in which I was moving - it is
more than possible that I did not as yet
realize it myself. The affectionate esteem

however that prompted their undertaking gave me the greatest possible gratification.

Here I think I should mention a circumstance that materially eased my breaking with . . . . . Barbican. This was, I had almost said the accidental meeting with the lady who has played the greatest of all parts in my life - are there such things as accidents? At that time 1883 she was 17½ and I was very much older having celebrated my twenty first birthday in the previous November. I will not attempt a description - how could I?

but I may at least say knowing that she will appreciate it that we have been sweethearts and chums from that day to this - we expect to celebrate our Golden wedding in 1939, next year; that upon her feel the mantle of my beloved mother has fallen and she wears it becomingly; and that she is the mother of our seven children - five visually surviving and rewarding us for whatever we may have done for them with a love and care that abundantly satisfies us.

During the years I have been dealing with perhaps the most notable of my personal activities was reading. I never was and never should be a scholar and when I think of books and myself I seem to have played the butterfly rather than the bee and yet somehow or other I have gathered, stored some thing of the sweets of satisfaction. The classics (stylish) have always appealed to me for two reasons at least. First they have been well tested by others & yet survive and secondly that reprints are cheap, otherwise I doubt if I could have gathered the little Library

which was already beginning to accumulate.
I was living in the happy period when I could
buy as they appeared new copies of the
Camelot Classics and the Canterbury
Poets at 9ᵈ per volume. Who remembers
them to-day? Who can appreciate what
they were to such as myself? I was introduced
to Carlyle's Sartor Resartus; to Walt. Whitman;
James Russell Lowell and endless others
and I owe most of them a debt of thanks.
I may one day - if things turn out that way -
be privileged to pay personally.

Among other books that impressed me 'The angel in the House' published in Cassell's National Library in cloth at 6d stands out very conspicuously. Although largely at the instigation of another of the Youth's Institute group I had been writing verse of a more or less mixed character for some years I was not deeply read in the poets. But 'The Angel in the House' so appealed to me that about mid-way in the eighties I wrote some Complimentary lines upon the book which I was encouraged to send

to the poet and to my surprise and delight received not only an encouraging letter from the Hastings home but from his publishers sent at his request the complete edition of his poems in two green volumes which I need scarcely say are among my choicest treasures. One reason for mentioning this ~~here~~ is that the lines clearly shew the direction of my thought in regard to inspiration.

Here is a quotation

..... as I read, Sir, I perceive
Thou art a prophet, making clear
The ways of God. If this appear
To some profanity of praise -

For men, alas, refuse to gaze
On truth near-by and strain their eyes
To other days and other skies –
I can but speak the thing I know
And all my soul affirms it so
And why not? Do our God without
Sure witness in an age of doubt?
Or has He sworn to speak no more
To man through man? No, as of yore,
He lifts the pure in heart to see
The glory of divinity.

That was something of my creed then & I do not even now see much reason to change it.

So far I have been dealing with rather more than a third of my life extended already to rather more than three quarters of a

20 Century and thinking over what I have written I am astonished to find how little has escaped me to mark the period of change through which I had so far lived. But in my earliest recollection there was not even a horse tram to be seen in London - the earliest I remember was in Aldgate running of course east from the city but how far I cannot say. To get to the top passengers had to climb a perpendicular ladder at the rear which was removed by the conductor to the other end of the car when

the end of the journey had been reached.

I remember very clearly the making of the next line I can recall that from Moorgate Street to the Angel at Islington. There were larger vehicles and more upon the lines of present-day trams having an enclosed stairway for reaching the upper deck and moving at a pace that made the pair horse omnibus seem slow.

Omnibuses were of the knife-board variety the driver on a slightly raised seat having two passengers on either side of him

while a dozen passengers at most sat behind him back to back along the knifeboard seats to which they had climbed up a set of perhaps three narrow ledges set on either side of the door which was always kept shut while the bus was in motion. The conductor's was two circular steps about the size of dinner plates one on each side of the door. On the near side plate he would stand with his back to the bus and a strap over his shoulder to help him keep his hold. When passengers wished to ascend he would move from one plate to

the other by way of a step below the door or more often stepping across the doorway at a stride. The pace was very slow – it took almost as long to get through Oxford Street as it does now upon a motor-bus in the middle of a busy day. There were however express buses in and out of the city which charged fancy increased fares and did not touch for passengers along the route. Mrs Daniel (~~my wife's father~~ father of the lady who is now my wife) ~~in 1883~~ used in 1883 to travel upon an express omnibus pulled by three horses abreast from his home in Islington near to his office at Fred^k

Warne & Co the publishers in Bedford Street.

Cabs were few and were either growlers or hansoms with iron tyres. The state of growlers may be gathered from the kind of story that used to be told about them. "Guvnor," said a boy putting his head inside the door of a pub to catch the attention of the driver, refreshing himself from a pewter pot, "your 'orse is fell down." "Gahn" says the driver "I believe you shoved him down."

(123a to 123d) Post cards had not been introduced but were not long in arriving. The black stamp, (was it

Bicycles were 'bone shakers' with iron-tyred wooden wheels and innocent of all gearing. It was in the sixties or very early seventies that I remember seeing a velocipede made for 4 riders; there was one wheel for each and the riders were two abreast.

The street cries of the sixties also deserve a word. One of the most musical that I remember was the woman selling little lambs a farthing each. She made quite a song of it, so I put the Sol-fa notes above the words

m. f. s. m. f m. r. s, m d
If I'd all the money that I could tell

d. r.r. m. f. r. s. m. d.
I'd never cry out young lambs to sell;

l. s. m. d. l. s. m. d.
Young lambs to sell; Young lambs to sell;

s. s. m. f.m. r. s. m. s. d.
Four for a penny Sixteen for a groat

d. r. r. m. f. r. ss. m d.
The finest young lambs that ever were bought

l. s. m. d.
Young lambs to sell v c m

The lambs were I fancy ~~made of~~ had cotton wool bodies and match sticks for legs.

As a contrast to this cheerful singer was the tall and forbidding-looking fishwife who carried a small wicker basket of fish and cried in a dismal voice in a descending semi-tone "Live Soles!"

Then there was a bearded man who seemed 'not quite all there' as used to be said, who sold great boxes of matches, bigger than any boxes to be seen now whose cry was "A thousands for a halfpenny." He had no tune but all the same he used to attract the poorer boys of the neighbourhood and who would remove their caps and join him in a kind of ritual dance, he taking one by the hair and saying "Pull his hair and he won't swear. Jump, boy, jump. Jump high for apple pie. Jump a good un for apple pudden. Jump

boy jumps."

But the cry that appealed to me most was one that came on a winter's evenings when a man passed with a good size basket on his arm containing hot baked potatoes which he kept hot by covering them with blanketing. Here is his song, time as well

d. m. s. d. t. d. s. m. d.
Just come from the oven and all hot

t. t. l. t. d.d. t. d r d
Ale hot and flowry; flowry ware.

I remember finding, to my surprise, a half penny in my pocket and buying a potato. Later I missed a medal given me for some cause or other - it went for a potato.

a twopenny?) was still in circulation

I also seem to remember the transformation of the police from the flat-top, high hat to the helmet.

Typewriters were possibly in existence but by no means in general use. There was none in the wholesale jewellers where I was from 1879 to 1889. None even in the Advertising Agency which I represented from 1889 to 1901.

I remember my father describing the first phonograph as they were called which was introduced to London, I think by Professor Bell in the early seventies. He was given a ticket by

his employer, a significant fact, and sat as he told me near Alfred Tennyson. The lecturer said that he couldn't think of anything to say into the machine and finally decided upon "Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle."

It was probably at the end of the seventies that I went to hear the "microphone" for the first time at the Sunday School Union's Hall, then in Old Bailey. It was at this Hall that an incident occurred that has always struck me as funny. A fellow member of the Youth's Institute, already mentioned, was going to meet me there and on his way purchased

an alarm clock as he was difficult to rouse.
He set it for 7.30 intending it to wake him in the
morning. As it turned out the alarm started at
7.30 pm when he was on the staircase leading to
the Hall. As this was about the period of the
Fenian dynamite outrages in London it is
interesting to imagine what the feelings of the
audience would have been had the alarm
started under his seat in the hall.

One story naturally leads to another and I
may not find a more appropriate place for
telling a literally true story of a lecture at

the Y. M. C. A. in Aldersgate Street. The lecturer was the Revd. Jackson Wray and the chairman was the Y.M.C.A secretary. I went with two others (both still living and about my own age and all members of the Youth's Institute). What the lecture was about I cannot say but I know that at the end the Chairman said "We will now close the meeting by singing the Doxology. 'Be present at our table Lord -- er-er- 'We thank thee, Lord' - er. er. 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow'. He had to start both 'graces' before he could get to the Doxology.

Talking of 'graces' reminds me of one that I never heard except from my mother's lips and I have no idea where she heard it. It ran

"Two bare bones on a bare platter
Pray God, send us summat better.
If we had more the more we could eat,
And this is a sorrowful grace to say after meat."

(If you should have heard this one before please remember that I have lived at The Chestnuts.)

But it is time to say the little that may need saying of my time at the wholesale jewellers. My stay in the entering desk was brief and in a few months I was promoted