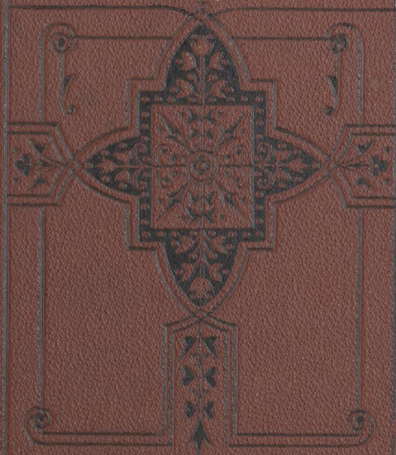


Famous Sailors.



ABS. 1,83.159

To James Nicholson
with the Author's
Best Wishes

April 18th 1884

FAMOUS TAILORS.

A SERIES OF

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS,

Original and Selected, of

TAILORS

WHO HAVE MADE THEIR MARK IN THE WORLD; HOW

THEY BEGAN, AND WHAT THEY REACHED.

BY

WILLIAM MORRISON,

JOURNEYMAN TAILOR.

GLASGOW:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY

HAY NISBET & CO., STOCKWELL STREET.

1884.



P R E F A C E .

WRITING a book specially on the subject of successful men who have risen from the sewing-board, or begun active life as tailors, draws our attention to the magnitude of the clothing industry.

When we consider that clothing is the first requirement of humanity on being ushered into this cold world, we begin to realise the importance of the Art.

Mankind alone, of all the animal creation, requires to be clad. Beginning life as the most helpless of all creation, he assumes and attains to become Lord of all. But let me keep to my text.

What at first is a necessity of life in maintaining *warmth* becomes a mark of position, and dress a passion of adornment in all classes and countries.

The first covering we have any record of consisted of fig leaves, requiring but little skill or art in constructing. But man soon required to rob the feebler animals of their clothing to clothe himself, and from that rude stage of the art age by age has devoted unabated taste and skill to the decorative and artistic adornment of the person. I may simply note in passing, that of the three great essentials of life and comfort to mankind—Clothing, Housing, and Food—that clothing is first in place and importance.

From this starting-point of our race, we may readily

understand how so many eminent men in every department of life's multifarious pursuits have begun their career as tailors. Like the kindred art of shaving and hair-dressing, the trade has social advantages in bringing kindred spirits together, both on the shop-board and also with all classes of society who, in desiring to show themselves to the best advantage, seek for those who are courteous and versatile, frank, and full of gossip in discussing all manner of subjects and news of the day.

But every department of life's labours has, alas! two sides, and from the simplicity of the mere mechanical or sewing branch of the business too many have been content to become, mentally, little better than the sewing machines now in use. Working too often in close apartments, in heated, impure atmospheres, both body and mind have suffered, and to find temporary relief have sought solace in drink and tobacco, even gambling.

Those of the Corporations who have attained eminence and power should devote more of their wealth and position to the elevation of the workers. I need not suggest which of the many openings that exist so abundantly in our cities, in free libraries, lectures, reading-rooms, etc., free of temptations to mere sensuous and debasing excitements, should be brought more prominently before the workers. The power to do good entails the doing it to be a duty, and the Apostle tells us that "To him who knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Large employers of others, our

fellow men and women as workers have proportionately large responsibilities involving a blessing or the opposite.

The spirit of the age is to give every help to elevate and civilise the race. With many drawbacks, still noble examples are revealed day by day of large employers of labour, who by self-denial, skill and industry, have amassed large fortunes, bestowing the fruits of their labours on the working classes in the erection of better houses, public parks, libraries, etc.

Society cannot be benefited in any one direction without benefiting the whole in some measure. Looking over the annals of the illustrious men of all times, we are astonished at the number who began life as tailors, and we trust that this little book, chiefly intended for the trade, will both interest and stimulate many members of the industry to emulate and aspire to better aims and conditions, or amenities of both workers and employers.

The compilation of this work cannot be regarded as a brilliant performance, but it may help the aspiring young Sartor in his endeavours to succeed to higher attainments. Dr. Smiles may be quoted to advantage here; he says—"Practical industry, wisely and vigorously applied, always produces its due effect. It carries a man onward, brings out his individual character, and stimulates the actions of others;—all may not rise equally, yet each, on the whole, very much according to his deserts."

Perhaps no other city in the world can boast of more self-made men—who were originally small tailors—than

Glasgow. The magnificent warehouses of John Anderson sprang from the indefatigable industry of a tailor, and the massive block belonging to Mr. Hugh Morrison rose slowly but surely from a third-class shop. But though all the public buildings in Glasgow have been seen and eulogised—the extensive range in Ingram Street, occupied by the Messrs. Campbell, never fail to call forth expressions of admiration. This gigantic pile is built in the old baronial style, and compared with all other buildings in the city, it presents a most striking contrast—solemn, grim, and matter-of-fact. The founders of this firm began tailoring business in a small shop in the Saltmarket, and shifting to Brunswick Street, laid the foundation of this most extensive warehouse.

It is to be regretted that many of our brother tradesmen achieve so little in these modern times, but the real fact may truly be said that very little is attempted. However, there is plenty of space left for a young tailor who is firmly resolved to make the best use of life.

My best thanks are heartily given to Mr. Ingram, of the Mitchell Library, by whose kindness and courtesy I have had access to many rare and valuable books, and I must also acknowledge with great warmth the good services I have received from Dr. Hunter, Bridge of Allan; and to Messrs. William Mackenzie & Co., for the use of several copyright articles, my hearty thanks are also freely given.

GLASGOW, *March 1st, 1884.*

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FAMOUS TAILORS.

JOHN STOW.

JOHN STOW, the greatest of all English antiquaries, was born in the parish of St. Michael, Cornwall, in the year 1525. Both his grandfather and father had lived in the same parish, and were members of the Company of Merchant Tailors. Young Stow was early put to the trade, but, evincing a great desire for antiquarian studies, his progress on the shopboard was slow, for the earliest notices give no more than the fact that "he was a tailor"—or, as he was called, "Stow, the tailor." Dr. Sutcliffe, in a pamphlet written against Stow, described him as "a worthy chronicler to set forth the noble acts of tailors and *botchers*, of which trade he was." But this might simply mean the fact that he was a member of the Merchant Tailors' Company. In 1544, when Stow was about nineteen years of age, he was in great danger from false accusations made against him by a priest. What the charge against him was we are not told; but he had the good fortune to escape and see his accuser punished, for he was "adjudged by the Court of Star Chamber to be perjured, and was sentenced to stand in the pillory

for it, and have his cheek branded F.A. (false accusation)." When Stow had removed from Cornwall to a house next the well at Aldgate, he had the melancholy chance to witness the execution of the bailiff of Rumford, who, during an insurrection in the county of Essex, had come to town. Falling into the company of the curate of St. Katherine of Cree church, called Sir Stephen—"Well! what news?" asked Sir Stephen. The bailiff replied "that many were up in Essex; but, thanks be to the Almighty God, things were all good and quiet about them." Whatever prejudice Sir Stephen had against the bailiff, or whether he had mistaken the words uttered, is not known, but he went and informed against the bailiff as though he was in favour of and concerned in the rebellion. The bailiff, however, was sentenced to be hanged. When he was brought to the gibbet, Stow was standing at his own door, and heard the culprit speak as follows:—"Good people, I am come hither to die, but know not for what offence, except for wordes spoken by me yesternight to Sir Stephen, curate and preacher of this parish, which were these. He asked me—'What newes in the countrey?' I answered—'Heavie newes; but, thanks be to God, all is in goode quiete aboute us'—and this was all as God be my judge." Sir Stephen is said to have left the city, and never after was heard of, because the loud exclamations of the people had filled him with fear for his own safety.

In 1568 we find Stow in a very uncomfortable situation. It is at this time we find him a collector of books. He was said to be possessed of papistical books, against which there was a most severe order of the Government. Some one had reported this to the Bishop of London, who

immediately despatched his chaplain and the clerk to the Ecclesiastical Commission, to make a search. The account returned by these agents proved Stow to be no great friend to the Reformation, but an ardent admirer of antiquity in Religion as well as History. After this a vigilant watch was kept upon him on account of his known inclination to religion, for in the year 1570, before the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, he was shamefully accused by one who had been formerly his servant. Fortunately, our hero escaped; for the witnesses were of the worst character—unable to substantiate anything brought against him. This matter became all the more painful when the accuser who had been the cause of all the trouble, turned out to be Stow's own brother, Thomas, who preferred no less than one hundred and forty articles against him; and Stow inveighs bitterly against his brother's ingratitude in various parts of his works. Stow, at this time, was obliged to apply himself diligently to his trade in order to supply the wants of his wife and four daughters. He had a small shop in Cornwall, and often complained of one Ditchre calling him a "prick-louse knave," and similar low language was often bawled at him by another person, named John Snelling; so it is no marvel that Stow's attention to his trade and books was greatly impeded by these petty annoyances. At this period the various tradesmen in the City of London wrought in small stalls or boxes, not unlike a toll box or watchman's hut—particularly in Cornwall, which was full of tailors.

In the early part of his career, Stow had found a kind friend in Archbishop Parker, but this friend had been long since gone; for in 1585 Stow thought fit to address the Mayor and Aldermen to assist him in his further

labours. After this we find him styled the "City Chronicler," in a Cause between the City and the Lieutenant of the Tower about the Liberties; or as the Lieutenant himself styles him, the "City's Fee'd Chronicler," as Stow had some *honorarium* allowed him on that occasion. Stow was now seventy-nine years old, and in such reduced circumstances that he was obliged to apply to King James I. for a license to beg. "This request, distressing and painful as it was," says Strype, "the king granted, 'for his labour and travel of forty-five years, in setting forth the Chronicles of London, and toward his relief now, in old age—having left his former means of living (tailoring), and employing himself for the service and good of his country.'"

In 1561 Stow issued a new edition of Chaucer, "corrected and twice increased by mine own painful labour." In the same year appeared the first edition of his "Summary to the Chronicles of England." Probably a new edition was issued annually, bringing the register of occurrences to the latest date. "Annals," or *Flores Historiarum*, which he dedicated to Archbishop Whitgift (Matthew, of Westminster, is a supposed author of a work of the same title), published in 1580. "Survey of London," the largest and most important of all his works, was published in 1603—this edition was reproduced by Mr. W. J. Thom in 1842.

Stow died on the 5th day of April, 1605, at the ripe age of eighty years, and lies buried in the Church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, in the parish of which he had passed the latter years of his life, pursuing his beloved study of English Antiquities. There is a splendid monument erected in the Church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, to perpetuate the memory of this most zealous,

but ill-requited historian and antiquarian, and in the Hall of the Merchant Tailors, London, there is a magnificent portrait by

It has been said that the Merchant Tailors' Company of London allowed poor Stow a respectable pension a few years before his death. Speed, the subject of the next notice, received a pension also. Stow's industry in copying out MSS., records, registers, charters, ancient customs and chronicles of special places, fully demonstrates his enthusiastic love for his favourite studies. His moral practice was unblamable; he loathed vice in all orders, and expressed it no less in the clergy than in the laity. Abhorring injustice, he spared no pains to rebuke those guilty of it; as long as he had anything to bestow he gave freely, being a great friend of public benefactions, and a lover of hospitality.

In order that the reader may fully realise the grandeur and great ability of Stow as a historian, I give the following extract from an original copy of the "Survey," now very rare:—

"Schools and Houses of Learning.

"In the reign of King Stephen, and of Henry the Second, saith Fitzstephen, there were in London three principall Churches which had famous Schooles, either by privileged, and ancient dignite, or by favor of some particular persons, as of Doctors which were accounted notable and renowned for Knowledge in Philosophy; and there were also inferior Schooles. Vpon festivall dayes, the masters made solamne meetings in the Churches, where their Schollars disputed Logically, some bringing Enthimens, and others perfect Sillogismes; some disputed for Shew, others to trace out the truth, and cunning Sophisters were thought braue Schollars when they flowed with wordes. Others vsed fallacies,

Rethoricians spake aptly to perswade, observing the precepts of Art, and omitting nothing that might serve their purpose. The boyes of divers Schooles, did Cap, or pot verses, and contented of the principalls of Grammar. There were some (which on the other side) with Epigrames, and rymes, nipping, and quipping their fellows, and the faults of others—suppressing their names—would cause thereby much laughter among their audience. Also, in the Yeere 1561, The Merchant Taylors of London founded one Notable Grammar Schoole, in the parish of St. Lawrence—Poulteney by Candleweeke Street. Richard Hills, late Master of that Company having given 500 pounds towards the purchase of an house—called the ‘Manor of the Rose,’ sometimes the ‘Duke of Buckingham,’ where the Schoole is kept. As for the meeting of the Schoolmasters, on Festival dayes, at Festival Churches, and the disputing of their Schollars Logically &c—whereof I have before spoken—this same was long since discontinued. But the Arguing of the Schoolboyes about the principles of grammar, hath been continued even till our time,—for I myselfe (in my youth) have Yeerely seene on the eve of St. Bartholomew the apostle—the Schollars of divers Grammar Schooles repayre unto the Church of St. Bartholomew, the Priore in Smithfield, upon the banke, boordede about under a tree. some one Schollar hath stepped up and there hath apposed and answered till he were by some better Schollar overcome, and put down and then the overcomer taking the place did like the first, and in the end the best opposers and overcomers had rewards—which I obserued not—but it made good Schoolmasters and also good Schollars (diligently against such time) to prepare themselves for obtaining this garland. I remember there repayred to their exercises (amongst others) the Masters and Schollars of the Free Schoole of St. Pauls in London, of St. Peter’s at Westminster, of St. Thomas Acons Hospital, and of St. Anthonies Hospital, whereof the last named commonly presented the best Schollars and had the Prize in those dayes.

The following is the contents of the title-page—
verbatim et literatim :—

“THE SURVAY OF LONDON, THE ORIGINALL, ANTIQUITE,
ENCREASE, AND MORE MODERN ESTATE, OF THE
SAYD FAMOUS CITIE. ALSO THE RULE, AND
GOUERMENT THEREOF (BOTH ECCLESIASTICALL AND
TEMPORALL) FROM TIME TO TIME; WITH A BRIEF
RELATION OF ALL THE MEMORABLE MONUMENTS,
AND OTHER ESPECIALL OBSERVATIONS, BOTH IN,
AND ABOUT THE SAME CITIE.

“WRITTEN IN THE YEERE 1598 BY JOHN STOW,
CITIZEN OF LONDON. SINCE THEN CONTINUED,
CORRECTED, AND MUCH ENLARGED, WITH MANY
RARE, AND WORTHY NOTES, BOTH OF VENERABLE
ANTIQUITIE, AND LATER MEMORIE, SUCH AS WERE
NEUER PUBLISHED BEFORE THIS PRESENT YEERE
1618.

“LONDON

“PRINTED BY GEORGE PURSTOWE

“DWELLING AT THE EAST END OF CHRISTS CHURCH
“1618.”

The school mentioned by Stow was destroyed by the great fire of London. When the Charterhouse School was removed, the Merchant Tailors purchased the playground and green belonging to it for ninety-thousand pounds, and built new schools on it. The schools consist of about four hundred and sixty boys. The fee for boys to the Lower School is 12 guineas, and to the Higher, 15 guineas per annum. Since the foundation, the course of education has embraced Hebrew and Classical Literature. Writing, Arithmetic, and Mathematics were introduced in 1829, and French and Modern History in 1846. There is no property belongs to the school; it is supported by the Merchant Tailors.

In Stow's time, and even later, plays were acted annually—sometimes oftener—for we read of David Garrick being frequently present, and being a friend of the then head-master. It may be assumed that he took a lively interest in the entertainments. Among the many eminent men who were educated at this famous school, we may mention Edmund Spenser; Bishop Andrews; Bishop Dove; Bishop Thomson; Edwin Sandys; Bulstrode Whitelock; Luke Millburn; Charles Matthews; Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon Denham; John Byrom; Edmund Gayton; Robert, Lord Clive; Titus Oates, the infamous; Charles Wheatley; Daniel Neale; Edmund Calamy; Bishop Meaux; James Shirely, etc. Many were sons of master tailors, and became the most distinguished men of their time. I give a brief notice of a few:—

Edmund Spenser—"the charming Spenser," and great master of English romantic poetry—was born in London, 1552. Yet though he was the prince of poetry in his time, "he died for lacke of bread in King Street, January 15th, 1599."

Lancelot Andrews was born in London, 1555, of very poor parents—probably his father was a tailor. After a few years' study at the Merchant Tailors' School, he went to Pembroke Hall, and, being a close student, he made rapid progress—graduating M.A., B.A., and B.D. He became Doctor of Divinity in 1590, and was appointed Bishop of Winchester in 1618. He was proficient in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and fifteen modern languages. With Bishop Thomson and Bishop Dove he translated the Bible.

Edwin Sandys was knighted by James I., and was author of "*Europæ Speculum* ; or, a Survey of the State

of Religion in the Western Parts of the World." His brother, Archbishop Sandys, published a "Paraphrase of the Psalms," which was a favourite book with Charles I., when he was a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle.

Bulstrode Whitelock became an eminent lawyer and politician. He was born in 1605, and after a course of study at the Merchant Tailors' School, entered as a student the Middle Temple, where he became distinguished for his knowledge of Common Law. He was a member of the famous Westminster Assembly of Divines. He was sent from the Commonwealth as Ambassador to Sweden, and afterwards sat in Cromwell's second Parliament, being also Speaker in the third. He was one of the Peers created by the Great Protector, and became President of the Council of State, and Keeper of the Great Seal. He died in Wiltshire in 1676.

James Shirely became a great dramatist. He was born in London in 1596, and from the Merchant Tailors' School he went to St. John's College, Oxford. Archbishop Laud was president at this time, and though he greatly admired young Shirely's talents, he objected to him taking orders on account of a large mole on his left cheek. He went to St. Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and there took his degree of Bachelor of Arts. His first work was called "The Echo; or, the Unfortunate Lovers." Many others followed, including a volume of poems and three Latin grammars. Both he and his wife died through terror on the same day in October, 1666.

Charles Wheatley was born in London and educated at the Merchant Tailors' School, after which he entered St. John's College, Oxford. His principal work was "Rational Illustrations of the Book of Common Prayer."

Three volumes of his sermons were published shortly after his death, which took place in the year 1742.

Lieutenant-Colonel Dixon Denham was born in London on New Year's Day, 1786, and was early sent to the School of Merchant Tailors. In 1811 he joined the army and served through the Peninsula campaign; and after serving some time in a Portuguese regiment, he obtained a lieutenancy in the Twenty-Third Fusiliers, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. On his return to England, he entered the Military College at Farham; and afterwards with Clapperton and Oudney he set out on an exploring expedition to Africa, and discovered Lake Tchad in 1822. He published "Narratives of Travels and Discoveries in Northern and Central Africa." After the publication, he was appointed to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Sierra Leone, but three weeks after he arrived he was seized with fever, and died 9th June, 1827.

Edmund Calamy became a most eminent Nonconformist. He was born in London in February, 1600. He became a scholar in the Merchant Tailors' School, and then entered Pembroke Hall, where he soon became a distinguished student and an able theologian. He wrote "The Godly Man's Ark; or a City of Refuge in his Day of Distress." He died 29th October, 1666. Two of his sons became ministers and profound scholars.

Edmund Gayton, was born in London in 1609, and from the Merchant Tailors' School he, like his predecessors and contemporaries, entered St. John's College, Oxford, where he soon obtained a professorship. He wrote many books of a humorous cast, but his best work is his "Festivious Notes on Don Quixote." He died at Oxford, December 12th, 1666.

Robert, Lord Clive, was born at Styche, in Shropshire, September 29th, 1725, and was educated at the Merchant Tailors' School, where he was greatly renowned for his pugnacity—as he was all his life after. He was appointed writer in the East India Company, and after founding the British Empire in India, and a life of peril and adventure, he died Nov. 22nd, 1774.

Daniel Neale was born in London, December 14th, 1678, and remained at the Merchant Tailors' School till he was head scholar. He wrote a "History of New England," and a "History of the Puritans." Died 4th April, 1743.

The most infamous man who ever disgraced a house of learning with the slightest whisper of his name was Titus Oates. He was born in London in 1620, and was sent to the Merchant Tailors' School. After finishing a course of study he went to Cambridge, and there became a clergyman, but his open profligacy compelled him to quit his benefice. After this he led a most disgusting life, being dismissed from the College of St. Omer. He conceived an infamous plan to wreak vengeance on the Catholics, and to further his shameful if not revolting design, he avowed himself to be one. Oates swore the Pope had intrusted the Government of England to the Jesuits; the Papists, he said, would set fire to all the shipping on the Thames, and they were to rise at a given signal and massacre their Protestant neighbours. The king was to be stabbed or poisoned. The vulgar soon credited his lies, and one gentleman, a magistrate named Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey, who had taken Oates' depositions, was, one morning, found to have been murdered. The popular fury was aroused—men of various ranks, who had been accused by Oates, were

tried, condemned, and executed. Noblemen were imprisoned, and Catholic peers were excluded from Parliament. Oates was now enjoying a pension of £1200 per annum, but he was soon dismissed, and the pension reduced. He was fined in £100,000 for defaming the Duke of York, and not being able to pay was put in prison. When James II. ascended the throne Oates was tried for perjury, and sentenced to the pillory and a severe flogging, but he survived it. William III. gave him his liberty and £300 a-year. Oates joined the Baptists, but that sect soon expelled him, and he died in 1705.

St. John's College, Oxford, was founded by one Henry Chrichley, B.A., in 1437, who called it Bernard's College. But after its suppression by Henry VIII., it was shown to Sir Thomas White, Knight (whose father was a tailor in Berkshire), Merchant Tailor of London, and was rebuilt by him to the honour of St. John the Baptist, and endowed, in 1557, with maintenance for a President, fifty Fellows and Scholars, four Clerks, six Choristers, and four Singing Men. The Company of Merchant Tailors have been munificent from the time of Sir William Craven, Knight, Merchant Tailor and Alderman of London. The Library was built, in 1596, with the ruins of the Convent of the Carmelite, or White Friars, and was completed at the expense of the Merchant Tailors, and the large window at the upper end contains the arms of the Company, Founder, and several of the benefactors.

It is a very remarkable fact that no portraits of Stow are to be found at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, but his monument, which, according to the inscription, was erected by his wife, has been renewed by the Merchant Tailors' Company lately.

JOHN SPEED.

JOHN SPEED was born at Farington in Cheshire, about the year 1555, and, like Stow, was brought up to the tailoring. During his apprenticeship he displayed an ardent desire for historical and antiquarian studies. So great, indeed, was the desire "to know," that Sir Fulk Grevile took him from the shopboard and supported him in order to encourage his taste for English antiquities; but previous to this, Speed was elected a freeman of the Merchant Tailors' Company. By the kindness and encouragement of his patron, Sir Fulk, Speed published in 1606 his "Theatre of Great Britain"—afterwards reprinted in 1650 with the title, "The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain," "presenting an exact geography of the Kingdomes of England of Ireland and Scotland and their Isles adjoining, with the Shires, Hundreds, Cities and Shire Towns within the Kingdome of England—divided and described by John Speed."

In 1614 he published his History of Great Britain—under the conquests of the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans, their Originals, Wars, Coins, and Seals; with the successions, acts, and issues of the English Monarchs from Julius Cæsar to King James I.

From this splendid volume, which occupied 14 years in compilation, I give the following extract of the Preamble:—

"Besides those fruitful lands that despersedley are scattered about the main like to beautiful diadems—

The Isle of Great Britain doth raise itself first to our sight as the body of that most famous Empire whereof many other Kingdoms and Countries are parcel and members. Being by the Almighty so set, in the Maine Ocean, as that she is thereby the High Admiral of the Sea. And in the Terrestrial globe so seated, as, that she is Worthily reputed—the Garden of Pleasure, and the Storehouse of Profit;—opening her havens every way fit to receive all foreign traffic, and to utter her own into all other parts; and therefore as Sovereign, and Empress of the rest, She deserves our description in the first place.”

Camden Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Henry Spelman (with whom Speed was well acquainted) supplied him with abundant materials. Prefixed to it are several Latin, French, and English poems by Sir H. Spelman and others.

The following is one, and was written by Alexander Gill when Speed was very ill:—

“Great Love and little skill, may cause me to missay
But certainly this sickness, cannot make thee die.
Though cruel symptoms, and these thirteen years—assay
For thy dear Country, doth thy health and strength decay
Yet, saith the toilsome labour, and thy industry
Is for thy Country's sake—her fame to raise
She shall thy temples crown—with everlasting praise
And in despite of death shall cause thy memory
To live in endless fame with all posterity.
Now may thee see her beauty and riches store
What e'rst she was in every age and change of State
And present greatness, such as never heretofore
Since this great Monarch ruled from north to southern shore
And saith, thy life is to thy country dedicate
Let none presume thy laurel from thy head to reave *
For this, her story, which thy skilful hand did weave
But live and wear it (Speed) until the world's great fate
Shall bring all earthly things—Unto Their Utmost Date.”

Many writers have spoken in terms of high approbation of this work he dedicated to King James I. But

* Take.

Speed was a Divine as well as an historian, for he published a work entitled, "The Cloud of Witnesses," or the Genealogies of Scripture Confirming the truth of Holy History and Humanity of Christ. This was prefixed to the New Translation of the Bible, and for many years afterwards was printed in subsequent editions. King James gave Speed a patent for securing the property of it to himself and heirs. Speed was married, and lived for fifty-seven years with his wife Susanna, and by her had twelve sons and six daughters. One of his sons, John (of whom I append a short notice), became an eminent physician. As to Speed himself—"It must be acknowledged," says Nicholson, "that he had a head the best disposed towards history of any of our writers; and would certainly have out-done himself, as far as he had gone beyond the rest of his profession, if the advantage of his education had been answerable to those of his natural genius. But what could be expected from a tailor? However, we may boldly assert that his Chronicle is the largest and best we have hitherto extant." In another place, "John Speed was a person of extraordinary industry and attainments in the study of antiquities, and seems not altogether unworthy the name of *Summus eruditus Antiquarius*, given him by Sheringham, who was certainly so himself."

John Speed, a son of the preceding, was born in London about the year 1595, and was early sent to the Merchant Tailors' School. Like his father, he evinced a great thirst for knowledge, and so rapid was his progress at the Tailors' School, that when he had reached the age of ten he was elected a scholar of St. John's College, Oxford. In 1612 he became a fellow and took the degree of M.A., quickly followed by the degrees of

Bachelor and Doctor of Physic. He wrote Εκελευτος Utriusque Sexus τολυκευτος in Latin, and dedicated it to Archbishop Laud. It is preserved in the library of St. John's College. It relates to two skeletons, one of a man and one of a woman, made by the author himself and presented to the library by him. He wrote "Stonehenge,"—a Pastoral. This was acted before Dr. Richard Baylie and the President and fellows of St. John's in 1635. It is still extant in manuscript. He died May, 1640, and was buried in chapel of his college. According to Dean Prideaux (of whom more anon) Dr. Speed stayed in town to drink—which, the Dean observes, was the only thing he was good for—with Cornelius Van Trompe, the Dutch Admiral who visited England in 1675, and was created a Baron by Charles II.—(Letters of Humphrey Prideaux, *Cam. Soc.*).

He married a daughter of Dr. Bartholomew Warner, and had two sons. Samuel was a student at Christ's Church, Oxford, and was appointed Canon of that Church, May 6th, 1674, and died at Godalmin in Surrey—of which he was Vicar—January 22nd, 1681. John, the elder son, was born at Oxford, and was elected scholar about the year 1643, but was dismissed by the parliamentary visitors in 1648. He was at that time B.A. and fellow. At the Restoration he was restored to his fellowship, and in 1666 took his degree in Physic; after quitting his fellowship, he practised that faculty at Southampton, and was residing there in 1694. He wrote "Batt upon Batt," a poem on the parts, patience, and pains of Bartholomew Kempster, poet and cutler of Holyrood, parish of Southampton. Later on he wrote "The Vision," wherein is described Batt's poem and ingenuity, with an account of the ancient state and

glory of Southampton—both pieces were printed in London. According to Chalmers, the Countess de Viri was lineally descended from Speed. This lady was very eminent for her wit and accomplishments; she is celebrated by Gray in his "Long Story." *

* See also *Ath. Ox.*, vols. i. ii.—*Granger*—*Fuller's Worthies*—*Gough's Topography*.

HENRY WILD.

HENRY WILD, the subject of the following memoir, was born at Norwich about the year 1648, and at an early age was sent to the local grammar school. Having a great appetite for knowledge, he was almost qualified to enter the University at nine years old; but his friends, lacking interest and fortune to maintain him there, bound him apprentice to the tailoring, at which trade he served seven years. After completing his term of apprenticeship, he wrought seven or eight years as a journeyman coat-maker. Always of a weak habit and the sedentary nature of his trade, and probably the overstraining of his mind, both by his thinking and worldly anxiety, produced maddening headaches, which were of a perpetual recurrence; when he was twenty-three years of age he was seized with fever and ague, which continued two or three years, and ultimately reduced him so far in bodily health as to disable him from following his occupation. In this distressing situation he amused himself with several old books of controversial divinity, in which he found great stress laid on the Hebrew Original of several texts of scripture, and though he had lost all the learning acquired at school through years of sickness, his strong desire "to know" excited him to attempt to make himself master of the language. If all mankind could be induced not only to read but also think, many of the very worst errors and conse-

quent evils which exist in such detrimental abundance, would speedily vanish, never to return; but, unhappily, a very large section of our reading tailors are engaged in reading to no useful purpose, and I fear—reading to no purpose at all. At first he was obliged to make use of a Hebrew grammar and lexicon, and by persistent application soon mastered it. Applying himself to other languages, he slowly recovered the knowledge of the Latin tongue, which he had partly learned at school. As his health improved, he employed his time between study and business. Thus self-taught, assisted only by his great genius, he added to his knowledge of Hebrew that of all, or mostly all, the other Oriental languages. One day, as Dean Prideaux, an eminent divine, was passing a book-stall, his attention was arrested by a bundle of manuscripts carelessly thrown on the top of a bunch of waste paper, which lay on a small table by the side of the stall. Taking up the bundle, the Dean inquired their value. The price named being much in excess of what the Dean wished to give, he put them down, knowing that such manuscripts were out of the market at Norwich. He thought he would get them the following day at a reduced price. This was a stratagem of the Dean's. Not long after, Wild came to the stall as was his wont, and seeing the manuscripts, he at once purchased them.

Next day the Dean called, and to his no small chagrin found the manuscripts had vanished. He inquired of the bookseller "who had purchased them," and was informed that a *tailor* named Wild had taken them the previous day at the bookseller's price. Astonished at this intelligence, the Dean requested the bookseller to get back the manuscripts before the tailor had cut them up for measures. Accordingly, a messenger was de-

spatched for Wild, who soon returned with the much coveted MSS. in his hands, and, to the Dean's infinite joy, uninjured. On the Dean asking what a *tailor* could want with such writings, Wild replied that he wanted to *read* them. The Dean was electrified. A tailor read Arabic! for in such language the manuscripts were written. The Dean demanded oral proof, and was still more astounded when Wild read a passage, and afterwards translated it into English. After this, Dean Prideaux was his fast friend, and from time to time assisted him from his own private resources, and introduced him to a number of learned worthies, who in turn got him permission to read in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. Here he spent all his time while the library was open, and, when closed, he would teach young gentlemen (who afterwards nicknamed him the "Arabian Tailor") the oriental languages for half a guinea a lesson, except Arabic, for which he received a guinea. His subscriptions for a year rarely exceeded twenty or thirty pounds, for no one cared for his branch of learning; besides, the Rev. Mr. Gagnier, who was a skilled Orientalist, possessed all the gifts the University at that time could bestow in that way. Like many tailors of modern times, Wild was very thin and meagre. Closely pent up during the day, and sitting studying till far on in the night, had made sad ravages on his personal appearance; but he had good morals, shunned all vice, and was quiet and unassuming in his bearing, without the slightest approach to vanity. He had a splendid memory, and when his pupils invited him to spend an evening with them, which they frequently did, he would entertain them with long accounts and curious details out of the Roman, Greek, and Arabic histories. In

1720 he went to London, where he found another kind friend and patron in Dr. Mead. In 1734 was published the only book to which he put his name. It was entitled, "Mahomet's Journey to Heaven," a translation from the Arabic. The precise date of his death is not known. Before he went from Norwich to Oxford, the following notice of him appeared in a letter from Dr. Turner to Dr. Charlett, dated at Norwich, March 4, 1714,—“A tailor of this town, of about thirty years of age, has mastered seven languages—Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chaldiac, Syriac, Persic. Mr. Professor Ockley, being here since Christmas, has examined him, and given him an ample testimonial in writing of his skill in oriental languages; our Dean, also, thinks him very extraordinary, but he is very poor, and his landlord lately seized a Polyglot Bible (which had caused him a shift to get) for rent. But there is care taken to clear his debts, and if a way could be thought of to make him useful, I believe we could get up a subscription for his maintenance.” This was done.

Such is a brief outline of the career of this extraordinary tailor; living at a time when books were a luxury, only to be indulged in by the rich, he presents a most remarkable contrast to the tailor in these modern times, when books are abundant, and teaching may be had for less than nothing. But modern progress, and the universal desire to become rich, has reduced the science of intellectual training among all classes. Since the introduction of the sewing machine and the preference of female labour, the modern tailor, although surrounded by vast stores of books and famous institutions, has little desire “to know,” for as the quantity of his work may be reduced at any time, his opportunities

are uncertain, and when opportunities do present themselves, rarely does he turn them to advantage. At the present time, the art and science of tailoring is slowly but surely sinking into oblivion. During Wild's lifetime, the apprentices of different trades would meet at appointed places, each armed with his cudgel—for every indentured apprentice carried a cudgel—and there discuss the important events of the time, addressing each other by their trade, as "Master Jeweller," "Master Tailor," etc. But now the times are changed, and, verily, we are changed with them, for, instead of being able to fraternise with fellow apprentices, and to impart and receive the current ideas respecting his craft, he is often obliged to sit on the shopboard all night, not that he may more rapidly acquire a knowledge of his trade, but to satisfy the insatiable covetousness of a tyrannical employer, and in large towns and cities they are legion; the accumulation of worldly gear is their whole idea of life. Antisthenes, the founder of the Cynic sect, placed the true end of happiness in *virtue*, and virtue in the contempt of riches and enjoyments of worldly life. One of his pupils (the famous Socrates), asked him what philosophy taught him! *To live with myself*, replied the great Athenian. He sold everything he had, preserving only an old "frock," which tempted Socrates to say,—
"Ah, Antisthenes! I see thy vanity through the holes of thy coat."

ROBERT HILL.

To a tailor nothing should be impossible. What "man has done man may do," is an old aphorism, and should be the motto of every tailor under the sun, no matter what his circumstances may be. The highest positions, and the best gifts a nation can bestow, have been won by members of the sartorial profession. A tailor should not be deterred by the failure of a first defeat, nor a second or twentieth, but should strive for that which he aims at until he has attained the summit of perfection. And it is sure to come if diligently sought for. Robert Hill was a tailor, and, like those who have preceded him, made himself not only "a man," but a man worthy of remembrance. He was born at Tring, in Hertfordshire, 11th January, 1699. As far as can be ascertained, the greater part of his early boyhood was spent in Buckingham, but where he learned the alphabet and the formation of letters into words, can only be conjectured. At fourteen years of age he was bound to the tailoring, and during his apprentice days showed an extraordinary taste for philological studies. Humble though the craft of tailoring may be, its sedentary nature, and the frequent congregation of several persons of different previous experience, habits, education, and place of residence, render it an exceedingly favourable calling for intellectual improvement. In the same shop as Hill there were half a dozen tailors, and it was usual to

have the newspaper every day. Hill being an apprentice, having regular work, the tailors agreed that he should read to them for half an hour every day, it being obvious that half an hour of the time of an apprentice was of far less consequence than of a journeyman. So Robert was appointed reader. Bloomfield the poet, though the son of a tailor, learned the shoemaking, and served his time reading to the "snobs" in a similar way.

At eighteen years of age we find him padding the lapel of a coat with Beza's Latin Testament and Grammar on the board beside him, but finds it no easy task to learn Latin from these books. We next find him, with a few of the more advanced pupils, attending the local Free School. His circumstances being exceedingly limited, he had hit the admirable plan of *darning*, and doing other odd jobs for the boys—stipulating that he should get the English of the Latin words which puzzled him, or an explanation of some grammatical rule that sorely perplexed him. Well, in this way he studied for four or five years, and when his term of apprenticeship was concluded, he was not only a journeyman tailor in the widest sense, but an accomplished scholar as well, for he could read several of the classics, and translate passages from Homer with remarkable ease and accuracy. So keen was his desire for linguistic studies, that he abandoned the idea of settling down to his trade and working steadily, but resolved to adopt the "whip-the-cat" mode of life, and tramp from town to town and village to village, working for his food, but always on the outlook for any one who could help him with this or that language. How long this restless and vagabond life lasted, and the vicissitudes he passed through, is not known; but when he

was about twenty-eight years old he began to study Hebrew, and was continually on the look out for members of the Jewish persuasion, whom he supposed were skilled in that language. He soon found one—a tailor on the road like himself—but Shylock, like many more, with whom Hill afterwards became acquainted, had no ability to instruct; disappointed, he resumed his books, and after diligently working through more than fourteen different grammars, became master of the language in which the Word of God was given to mankind. At length, tiring of his strolling life, he returned to Buckingham, and remained there in obscurity. Working at his trade during the day, he, like Wild, kept studying on till far on in the small hours, for, as he said on his deathbed, the more he learned, and the higher he went, it served but to show him his lowliness among the infinitude of things he had still to learn. He was married three times, and had a large family, but the extravagance of his third wife kept him in a state of continual poverty. He was a zealous member of the Church of England, and wrote "Criticisms on Job," the "Character of a Jew," and "Remarks on Berkeley's Essay on Spirit." He died July, 1777. Earthly riches had no charm for him, knowledge was all and in all; alone with his books, he envied no man, and yet, although he depended on his skill as a tailor for the means of sustaining life, he lived to a ripe old age, and leaves a name to posterity that will never die.

During Hill's lifetime, the first regiment of Light Dragoons was raised in England. It was composed chiefly of journeymen tailors, and was called "Elliott's Light Horse," its colonel's name. It defeated five battalions of French, taking their colours and nine pieces of

cannon, July, 1760. It is now called the 15th King's Hussars; its uniform is scarlet with blue facings; it has taken an active part in all the battles and campaigns, of greater note, from Emsdorf, 1760, till Waterloo and the Netherlands, in 1815.

JOHN JACKSON, R.A.

"LET him who would a painter be,
 Acquire the drawing of Rome,
 Venetian action and Venetian shadow;
 And the dignified colouring of Lombardy;
 The terrible manner of Michael Angelo,
 Titian's truth and nature,
 The sovereign purity of Correggio's style,
 And the true symmetry of a Raphael,
 The decorum and thoroughness of Tibaldi,
 The invention of the learned Primaticcio,
 And a little of Parmegiano's grace.
 But without so much study and toil
 Let him only apply himself to imitate the works
 Which our Niccolino has left us here."

AGOSTINO CARRACCI.

It has been said that natural genius exists only in the imagination, and natural aptitude is anything but uncommon; but the reason why real genius is so rarely displayed among more modern tailors generally, is because those who have the aptitude mistake its nature, and *fancying* they have genius, neglect, nay, even ignore the only means by which that glorious possession can be attained.

The art of painting possesses great variety in the choice of subjects, which may be either historical,—comprising mystical and allegorical, grotesque, portrait, fancy, animals, flowers, etc. The range of painting practised by the English school, though it has become extensive, shines with the greatest brilliancy, and, by the energy of its artists, displays the highest effect in portrait painting.

John Jackson's father was the village tailor of Lastingham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. Young Jackson was born there in the year 1778, and after spending his childish years at the village school, he was bound to the tailoring. He had finished his time at small jobs, and was on the point of "going on a coat" when Sir George Beaumont, an amateur painter, and always a kind patron of those who exhibited early talent, perceiving young Jackson possessed remarkable skill, bought him off from the remaining years of his indenture, and at his own expense permitted him to attend the Royal Academy, where Young Jackson so rapidly distinguished himself, that, in 1816, he was elected an Associate, and very shortly afterwards a Royal Academician. Jackson offered himself as a miniature painter at York when he was only nineteen, and there he found another friend in Lord Mulgrave. He painted a portrait of Canova, which was, and still is, considered his greatest work. He painted also the portraits of many distinguished persons; his style of colouring was "clear and splendid," in fact he was the only painter who could approach with anything like similarity the great Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was himself the brightest luminary of the English school of painters, and the first president of the Royal Academy. Jackson was a very rapid painter; it is said that for a wager he painted the portraits of five full length male figures in a single day. Between the years 1804 and 1830 Jackson exhibited 145 portraits at the Royal Academy. In 1819 he accompanied Chantrey on a visit to Rome, and was there chosen a member of the Academy of St. Luke. He died in the year 1831, and shortly before his death gave a sum of fifty pounds

to improve the situation for his copy of a picture by Correggio, which he presented to the place of his nativity.

For young tailors who aspire for artistic art, there is yet abundant room at the Royal Academy, and there are brothers in the world who will give a cheery word and kind appreciation for a willing attempt. Annibal Carraci was the son of a tailor, and it was his father's wish that he should follow the same occupation; he was accordingly put to the trade for a short time. Showing early talent for painting, he soon found friends both able and willing to assist him. He painted along with his cousins, Ludovic and Agostino, and these three working together for ten years, drawing, colouring, and painting, made a magnificent gallery, and so remarkable were the pictures by Annibal, that Cardinal Odorado Farnese invited him to Rome to decorate the great hall of his palace in the Piazza Farnese; Nicholas Poussin preferred Annibal's Farnese Gallery to all the paintings in Rome—after Raphael's. It may be quite possible that Jackson had heard of this Annibal Carraci, and instead of whiling away the golden hours of youth—gossiping at the stove, or lounging over the shopboard while a job was being cut or fitted—employed himself by tracing on pieces of canvas, so abundant and so wantonly wasted in every tailor's shop, and by dint of persistent practice, was soon enabled to give ocular proof of his capabilities for higher attainments. Let the young tailor ask himself the next time he is obliged to wait on "that iron," or that "baste up," what can I do, with profit to myself, for the next half hour? For a tailor possesses more advantages than any other artizan in the world, and if he is resolved to follow up any fa-

vourite idea, he cannot, with justice to himself or brother tradesmen, say his *time* is limited. But the subjects which a man desires to investigate will greatly depend on his condition. The best general rule to observe is to reject everything immoral and libellous; in short, if knowledge be desirable, it can only be so with a view to real happiness. Read and reason! but reading without reason is like the potation described by Pope :

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.”

ANDREW JOHNSON.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is just as facile for the poorest tailor to attain the position of Lord Chancellor of England, as it was for Andrew Johnson to become President of the United States of America. Johnson's father was of humble origin, and occupied a still more humble, but useful, station in life. He died from exhaustion, after saving the life of Colonel Thomas Henderson from drowning. Andrew was born at Raleigh, N.C., on the 29th day of December, 1808, and was left quite helpless to fight his own battle through the world at the age of five years. The sad event of his father's death made the energies of the child necessary to his own support, and a trade was the most reliable resource. When he reached the age of ten he was bound apprentice to J. J. Salby, to be taught the art and science of tailoring. Thus commenced the struggle of the future President and patriot. How many young tailors are in a similar position to-day! and how many complain of the obstacles which impede their progress! Alas! how many are regularly employed during the day, and waste the evenings in frivolity, yet ever dissatisfied with their positions, and the "ills of life," and the hardships they endure! But obstacles never thwarted Johnson: if he tumbled to-day, he would triumph to-morrow. He might be disappointed, but

never defeated. He had *never* the benefit of one single day's school routine in his life, and in no instance was the leading feature of his character more worthily displayed than in the determination to achieve by perseverance the benefits denied by poverty. Necessity bound him to the tailoring, and thus he was effectually deprived of all the advantages for education. He knew this well enough and craved for knowledge, and was resolved to attain some means to its possession. There was a gentleman in Raleigh who frequented the shop where young Johnson was serving his time, and would sometimes read to the men a volume of speeches which had been delivered by many eminent British statesmen and orators, and the beauties of the speeches were greatly enhanced by the admirable style and emphasis of the reader. Young Johnson became interested, and his first ambition was to equal the reader and become familiar with those speeches which had a special effect on his mind. He took up the alphabet without an instructor, but some of the coat-makers occasionally gave him a little assistance. By a little study he mastered the alphabet, and being profoundly interested in the book of speeches, he desired that it might be lent him. The gentleman gave him a present of it, with the additional gift of some instruction in the use of letters and the formation of words; and so apprentice Johnson learned to spell and read from this one book. As may be well imagined, the difficulties were great, but by close application he learned to read with considerable facility. The shopboard was the school where he received the rudiments of his education, and which he afterwards applied to the attainment of a more perfect system. I need not weary the reader by recapitulating the disad-

vantages of his position—which have often been so well discussed in almost every tailor's workshop in the world—but after many years study and diligence in his trade, he made so much progress and so great an impression by his manner of argument, that he was elected by a triumphant majority to the position of Alderman in 1828. So well did he perform the duties attached to this office that in 1862 he was appointed Military Governor of Tennessee, with the rank of Brigadier General. Shortly after this he was nominated Vice-President, and immediately after the assassination of Lincoln was elected President of the United States of America. What a tremendous leap! During his journeyman days he was wont to speak on his own platform, *i.e.*, the shopboard, but years of patient study made him fit to address the tens of thousands of electors at the Capitol. He had a small trade of his own, somewhat similar to a country "Sweater." The shop was also his dwelling house at Greenville, East Tennessee. It was a one story building standing by itself, the door, separating the only two windows to the front, was surmounted by a board, having the words—"A. Johnson, Tailor," painted thereon.

The following is an extract from one of his speeches which he delivered on the occasion of his being elected President,—“Gentlemen, I must be permitted to say, that I have been almost overwhelmed by the announcement of the sad event (meaning the assassination of Lincoln), which has so recently occurred. I feel incompetent to perform the duties so important and so responsible as those which have been so unexpectedly thrown upon me. As to an indication of any policy which may be pursued by me in the administration of

the Government, I have to say that that must be left for development as the administration progresses. The message of declaration must be made by the acts as they transpire. The only assurance I can give now of the future is reference to the past. The course I have taken in the past in connection with this rebellion must be regarded as a guarantee of the future. My past public life, has been founded, as I in good conscience believe, upon a great principle of Right, which lies at the basis of all things. The best energies of my life have been spent in endeavouring to establish and perpetuate the principles of Free Government, and I believe that the Government in passing through its present perils will settle down upon principles consonant with the popular rights more permanent and enduring than heretofore. I must be permitted to say, if I understand the feelings of my own heart, I have long laboured to ameliorate and elevate the condition of the great mass of the American people. Toil, and an honest advocacy of the great principles of Free Government, have been my lot—the duties have been mine, the consequences are God's. This has been the foundation of my political creed. I feel that in the end the Government will triumph, and that these great principles will be permanently established. In conclusion, Gentlemen, let me say, that I want your encouragement and countenance. I shall ask, and rely upon you and others in carrying the Government through its perils. I feel in making this request, that it will be heartily responded to by you and all other patriots and lovers of the rights and interests of a free people.”—(*Savage's Life of Andrew Johnson.*) Johnson never ceased to think and labour for the poor working man; in fact, he was always

known as Andy Johnson, the poor man's friend. Once, when he was Governor of Tennessee, he took a spell at his trade during a busy season. He made a suit and sent it as a present to Governor M'Goffin, of Kentucky, who had been in early life a blacksmith. The stalwart Kentuckian returned the compliment by forging a shovel and pair of tongs, which, he said, would keep alive the flame of their old friendship. Johnson always paid marked attention to men of his own trade, never passing a tailor's shop without going in and exchanging compliments with the men on the board. In the heat of a political campaign, a friend asked him what he would do if by chance he were defeated. "Go back to my trade and sew," was the prompt reply. Brave Johnson ! ignorant of the very alphabet at an age when more fortunate youths were leaving college, yet progressing steadily, step by step in slow but sure ascension, through every intermediate rank of civil promotion, accomplishing his whole career between the age of twenty-seven and fifty-seven. In 1866 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of North Carolina, and was re-elected to the Senate of the United States. He died in Carter County, Tennessee, July 31, 1875.

SIR JOHN HAWKWOOD.

WE now turn to a man of wild adventure, peril, and war. John Hawkwood was the son of a tanner, and was born during the reign of Edward II. at Sibbe, Heddington, in Essex. At nine years of age he was sent to London and bound apprentice to the tailoring, and it is probable he served out the full term of the indenture, but at such a remote period it is impossible to decide how long he wrought at the trade. At all events, says Fuller, "He soon turned his needle into a sword, and his thimble into a shield." During the wars of Edward II. he was pressed into the service, and so gallantly did he conduct himself, that he was raised from one of the rank and file to the rank of captain, and soon afterwards was knighted by Edward III. At the Battle of Poitiers, the Black Prince commended him highly for his valour. When peace was restored between the English and French by the treaty of Bretigné, in 1360, Sir John found his estate too small to support his title and dignity, and associating himself with companions called by Froissart, "*Les Sardes Venus*," by Walsingham, "*Magna Comitava*," who, to support themselves and their dependants, banded themselves together for the desperate purpose of marauding and pillaging the towns and villages. Villani says,—“An English tailor, named John Della Guglea—that is, John of the Needle—who had distinguished himself in the

war, began to form a company and collect a number of English marauders, who, delighted in mischief, and hoped to live by plunder, surprising and pillaging the towns. This company increased so that they became the terror of the whole country. All who had not fortified places to defend themselves were forced to treat with him, and furnish him with provisions and money, for which he promised them his protection. The effect of this was, that, in the course of a very few months, he became very wealthy. Having also received an accession of followers and power, he roved from one country to another till at length he came to the Po. There he made all who came in his way prisoners. The clergy he pillaged, but allowed the laity to go without injury. The Court of Rome was greatly alarmed at these proceedings, and made preparations to oppose the banditti. Upon the arrival of certain English on the banks of the Po, Hawkwood resigned his command to them, and professed submission to the king of England, to whose servants he presented a large share of his ill-gotten wealth." Well may the reader exclaim,—Heth! that was a flake of a tailor! How many of our modern citizen soldiers, I wonder, would wish to distinguish themselves *at home* as much as tailor Hawkwood did abroad.

The Rev. William Marshall gives a further account, from which I quote the following:—"As the leader of numerous marauders, he became the scourge of France, and it is supposed that Edward III. looked with no dissatisfied eye on his doings; he was not, however, more sordid, more cruel, or more unscrupulous, than the other *condottieri*—perhaps, indeed, he was less so. What made the conduct of a *condottiere* so odious, was,

that his vengeance was passionless. Hawkwood massacred four thousand persons at Faenza to please himself, but he massacred five thousand persons at Cesena to please his employer. Commander of the Florentine troops at the brilliant epoch of the Florentine Republic, when under the rule of Thomas Albizzi, he died in 1393. Not many years before he had led, by a miracle of audacity and talent, the Florentine troops from a most difficult position. Besides that two rivers shut the march, the dykes of the Adige were broken by the enemy, so that the Florentine camp was surrounded by a lake. Hawkwood's retreat from this artificial island has been warmly praised by military critics. The piety and charity of Hawkwood founded at Rome an hospital for the poor and sick English. He was certainly the greatest soldier of his time. During the latter years of his life he lived at Pulverosa, near Florence. Poggio has styled him,—*Dux sagax*,—*Expertæ virtutis et fides*,—*Dux prudens*,—*Ad belli prudentissemus*.^{*} Muratori calls him, *Il prode et il accortissemus capitano*. At his funeral his bier, adorned with gold and jewels, was supported by the first persons of the Republic, and followed by horses in gilt trappings, and the whole body of the citizens carrying banners and military ensigns. His remains were deposited in the Church of St. Roparata, Florence. Sir Ralph Blackwell was Hawkwood's fellow apprentice, and was also knighted by Edward III. for his bravery. He founded Blackwell Hall, which had long been a favourite in London. Falling into decay, it was being used as a Clothes Market when Richard May, a merchant tailor in London,

^{*} A sagacious leader, skilful, manly, and faithful. A prudent leader, etc.

gave, by his last will and testament, the sum of £300 for its restoration."

Among absurd prejudices we know not of a single one which is more unjust or more discreditable to the "march of intellect" than that which represents a man who makes a man's garment to be, *ipso facto*, inferior to one who makes any other article of value. He who makes clothing for horses, according to this stupid and disgraceful prejudice, may be a useful tradesman, and a very masculine sort of person; but he who makes clothing for *men* is, by no manner of means, entitled to such high distinction. He, forsooth, must needs be an effeminate person, worthy of all obloquy and silly nick-names. Tailors, however, like other men, are liable to yield to impulse instead of listening to the dictates of reason. Feeling insulted, they come to the conclusion that the aggressor shall not escape with impunity. Hot words follow, and hot words in themselves are not only to be deprecated, but they often lead to hard blows and language the most unseemly. Now, I think that an unjustly insulted person would rarely result to the *ultima ratio* of fighting his opponent but for want of a cogent way of putting the said opponent in the not very enviable predicament of having the tables turned upon him; and few trades, if any, can give a better account of themselves as to their prowess of both body and mind than tailors. Tailors indeed! They can afford to laugh at those who sneeringly endeavour to annoy them. Let them remember that *one* tailor can make any number of men, and that their craft can also boast of antiquity, and though "king or prince or nobly born, our handiwork must him adorn."

HEINRICH STILLING.

WE now turn to a German—in fact, we may turn up records of any country in the world, and therein find the indefatigable Sartor the most influential and prominent man of the time. Thomas Carlyle says, in his admirable work, “Sartor Resartus”:—“It is after all a blessing that, in these revolutionary times, there should be one country where abstract thought can still take shelter; that while the din and frenzy of Catholic Emancipations and Rotten Boroughs, and Revolts at Paris, deafen every French and every English ear, the German can stand peaceful on his scientific watch-tower; and to the raging, struggling multitude, here and elsewhere, solemnly, from hour to hour, with preparatory blast of cowhorn, emit his *Höret ihr Herren und lasset's Euch sagen*—in other words, tell the Universe, which so often forgets that fact, what o'clock it really is.”

Heinrich Stilling (commonly called “Jung”) was the son of a poor charcoal-burner, and was born in Westphalia about the year 1740. Jung followed his father's occupation for sometime during his early life, but having a desire for quiet thought—and a deep thinker he was at this time—he resolved to learn the tailoring, as it afforded better advantages than any other trade he could select for following up his favourite studies; for he had an intense disgust at the sordid occupation of charcoal-burning, and his strong desire to raise himself above it

caused him to study thoroughly the few books he possessed when he began the tailoring.

Working diligently and studying deeply, he soon made himself known, and many of the wealthy class, perceiving his great devoutness, placed their children under his care, and, by alternately teaching and sewing, he not only became a good tailor, but famous as a teacher. His great ambition was to obtain a university education, so he began to save what little he received for his services as a teacher—keeping up other appearances with what he made by tailoring—and soon managed sufficient to give himself a short retreat at the University of Strasburg. Here his chief study was Medicine and Ophthalmia, and he became the most successful oculist in Germany, thousands of poor blind people having had their sight restored to them by his consummate skill. But though his fame became great, his circumstances were always low, for he rendered all his professional duties gratuitously. His fellow-students at Strasburg were frequently in the habit of making game of him on account of his poverty. One day twenty of his tormentors were seated at dinner—Jung himself being in the company—when they began quizzing his wig and cloak, but on this occasion a young man—“whose large clear eyes, splendid brow, and beautifully proportioned figure,” irresistibly attracted the attention of them all—rose at once and indignantly reproved them for their ungentlemanly conduct, and silenced the ridicule immediately. This young man was no other than the (afterwards) mighty Johann Wolfgang Goethe. The affection which thus sprung up between Jung and him was throughout their lives earnest, sympathetic, and genuine. Often when Jung was in distress the great poet and philosopher would open a

subscription, himself heading the list with a most munificent gift. Jung always spoke of Goethe, saying, "His heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all knew."

Jung was afterwards chosen Professor at Lautern and at Marburg, and again at Heidelberg in 1803. He wrote voluminously; his principal works are his autobiography (*Lebensgeschichte*) and "*Theorie Der Geisterkunde*," which have been translated into English by Jackson. He died at Carlsruhe, 1817.

We often meet with young tailors who, having had the good fortune to get themselves established permanently in shop, as well as into the good graces of the foreman, fancy themselves as belonging to the *genus* "who know all about it!"—they can read and write, and know every book in the local library. Oh, yes, certainly. Among such it is superficial bookworming; they are constantly feasting, but not getting fatter. They have each their Shakespeare, Byron, Burns, but prefer the *newspaper*, which is always succeeded by a novel, or other work of fiction, in which they may sup full of "love" or "blood," as the case may be. Now speak to them about politics, and they will quote "Romeo and Juliet"—bah! They can work at their trade, too, though in nine cases out of ten a sack with a pair of sleeves to it would be a better fit! These young men are the "shop pets," for every shop has its own peculiar pet—he is either a great pedestrian or aquatic, or something else; but one thing is obvious to every tailor worthy of the name, and that is, that these "shop pets" are the curse of the profession. In all things whatsoever they endeavour to accomplish, there is always the "press off," which is never by any

means satisfactory. With abilities naturally good, but wasted on a thousand frivolities, they might be otherwise objects of admiration to the "casual" and "new man." We cannot all become Hawkwoods, Stillings, or Wilds, but we can do our utmost, though our power of thought and action may be limited, to deserve the thanks of our shopmates, and by the measure of our qualifications endeavour to excel—if only in one good part.

ADMIRAL HOBSON.

IF Robert Bloomfield was a shoemaker, and distinguished himself as a poet, Heinrich Stilling was a tailor, and made as great a mark as a man of letters. In fact, it appears that tailors and shoemakers have, from time immemorial, been mutual rivals, and it seems that their great ambition was, and still is, which trade shall boast of the greatest heroes.

Sturgeon, the eminent electrician, was a shoemaker but Benjamin Robins, an equally eminent mathematician and engineer, was a tailor. Drew, the essayist, and Gifford, the editor of the "Quarterly Review," were shoemakers, and Wild and Hill were tailors, who both excelled as men of letters. Admiral Sir Cloudsley Shovel was a shoemaker, and as if to match and compete with him, Admiral (tailor) Hobson was as daring. This kindly rivalry still continues, for we have an eminent shoemaker-philanthropist in Mr. William Quarrier, and a still more excellent in tailor John Anderson. And what is still more remarkable, all these men lived and are living at the same time, and, as it were,

"Grew in beauty side by side,
And filled their home with glee."

Hobson was a tailor, and was working as a coatmaker in the Isle of Wight, when news flew through the village that a squadron of men of war were sailing off the island. "Young Hobson threw down his job, jumped off

the board, and, with some companions, ran down to the beach to gaze on the glorious sight. The young 'snip' was suddenly filled with the ambition to become a sailor, jumped into a boat, rowed off to the Admiral's ship, and was accepted as a volunteer. Years after he returned to his native village full of honours, and dined off bacon and eggs in the cottage where he had wrought as a tailor."* Though many admirals have been as popular, and more eulogised than Hobson, it is questionable if any have been as daring. The following is an account of Hobson breaking the boom at Vigo, which I quote from "Campbell's Lives of British Admirals:"—

"The passage into the harbour was not above three-quarters of a mile over, with a battery of eight brass and twelve iron guns on the north side, and on the south was a platform of twenty brass and twenty iron guns, as also a stone fort, with a breast-work and deep trench before it—ten guns mounted, and five hundred men in it. There was, from one side of the harbour to the other, a strong boom, composed of ships' yards and topmasts, fastened together with 3-inch rope, and underneath with hawsers and cables. The top chain at each end was moored to a seventy-ton gun ship, called the Hope, which had been taken from the English, and another called the Bourbon. Within the boom were moored five ships, between sixty and seventy guns in each, with their broadsides fronting the entrance to the passage, so as that they might fire at any ship that came near the boom, forts, and platform. A detachment of fifteen English and ten Dutch men of war, with all the fireships, frigates, and bomb vessels, were ordered to go upon service. The Duke of Ormond, to facilitate this attack, landed on the south side of the river, at the distance of about six miles from Vigo, with two thousand five hundred men. Then Lord Shannon, at the head of

* Smiles.

five hundred men, attacked a stone fort at the entrance of the harbour, and having made himself master of a platform of over forty pieces of cannon, the governor, Mons. Gozel, ordered the gates to be thrown open, with a resolution to have forced a way through the English troops. But though there was great bravery, yet there was very little judgment in this action, for his order was no sooner obeyed than the Grenadiers entered the place sword in hand, and forced the garrison, consisting of French and Spaniards, in number of about three hundred and fifty, to surrender as prisoners of war. This was a conquest of the last importance, and obtained much sooner than the enemy expected, who might otherwise have prevented it, since they had in the neighbourhood a body of at least ten thousand men under the command of the Prince of Barbançon. It was likewise of prodigious consequence in respect to the fleet, since our ships would have been excessively galled by the fire from that platform and fort. As soon, therefore, as our flag was seen flying from the places the ships advanced, and Hobson in the Torbay crowding on all the sail he could, ran directly against the boom, *broke it*, and all the rest of the squadron, English and Dutch, entered; but the daring Admiral did not absolutely escape. The Torbay's fore topmast was shot by the board, most of the sails were burned or scorched, the fore yard larboard shrouds, both fore and aft, were consumed to a cinder. One hundred and fifty men were killed, and sixty jumped overboard as soon as they were grappled by the fireship. Admiral Hobson, when he found his ship in this condition went on board the Monmouth, and hoisted his flag there."

Such is a brief outline of the Battle of Vigo, but many other engagements record the daring of Admiral Hobson. Little is known of his early life, save the fact that he was brought up a tailor, and, after serving his time, he went to the Isle of Wight, where an acquaint-

tance had a small trade. What follows has been already related. But how he rose to the rank of Admiral can be readily imagined; he had the pluck to work and the courage to fight. When valour brought its own reward, he passed from a man before the mast through all the ranks in rotation until he secured the position it had ever been his ambition to attain. When he obtained the position of Admiral it was his duty to fill it with honour and distinction; and how he discharged his duties, and how he distinguished himself, has been seen in this brief sketch. Was it possible he could rise to such eminence if he had been like, alas, too many modern tailors, who are the beau ideal of soldiers and sailors—*on the shop-board*? It is a very remarkable fact, that though Hobson was a most excellent commander, modern naval writers have taken very slight notice of his exploits. He was of a very retired disposition, seldom mixing in company with his contemporary officers and admirals; and some doubt arises as to the correct orthography of his name. He is called "Hobson" by Dr. Samuel Smiles, and "Hopson" by Campbell, while another writer calls him "Hopeson." Taking him as a tailor, we may say as has been said of the Duke of Wellington, that, "all in all, we'll never look upon his like again."

BENJAMIN ROBINS.

MANY writers have given testimony against the efficiency of mathematics for the "discipline of the mind." Gibbon said—"As soon as I understood the principles, I relinquished the study of mathematics for ever;" and Dugald Stewart, Madame de Stael, and many more, both ancient and modern, have spoken in deprecatory terms against the science. But the study of mathematics is not absolutely useless to ninety-nine men out of a hundred; for the use of mathematics in building, engineering, and so forth, are chief and indispensable; and builders and engineers must *learn* them as part of their trade, otherwise they can hardly be considered eminent in their calling.

Ben Robins was born at Bath, 1707. His parents were Quakers, in very humble circumstances. Ben's father was a tailor, and, at the time of Bennie's birth, in very bad health, relying chiefly on the liberality of neighbouring philanthropy. When Ben grew up, his father's circumstances had not improved, and was consequently unable to give him anything like education. He was however, sent to the local school where he made fair progress; and, when school was over, he sat with his father doing a little "felling," or other work he was capable of doing. In this way he wrought until he could make small jobs fairly well; but, during his slack moments, he would draw out geometrical problems on the "pad"

with a piece of pipe-clay. As this kind of drawing was rather "foreign" to those about the shop, no one took any interest in his endeavours to solve them; so he continued sewing, reading, studying, until it was thought he was made for something better than tailoring. A certain Dr. Pemberton, having been told that young Robins had an extraordinary taste for mathematics, wrote to him, at the same time giving him several problems to work out. Ben was surprised at their simplicity. So well did he answer the Doctor's letter and explain the proposition, that Dr. Pembroke brought him to London. Established there, Ben began to teach mathematics, notwithstanding his early age, but not for long. Teaching, though that was his occupation at this time, did not suit his interests, so he engaged in various experiments in gunnery, and while thus occupied, he began to consider the mechanical arts that depended on mathematical principles, such as the construction of mills and bridges, rendering rivers navigable, and so forth.

He became greatly interested in fortifications, and, for following up the study, he resolved to make an excursion to Flanders, where he knew he would have better opportunities for perfecting himself. In the year 1742, he published his "Principles of Gunnery," which contained the results of many experiments. But some years before, in 1735, he had published a "Discourse Concerning the Nature and Certainty of Sir Isaac Newton's Method of Fluxions," and two or three additional discourses. In 1739, he printed "Remarks on Euler's Treatise of Motion;" on Dr. Smith's "System of Optics;" and on Dr. Jurin's discourse of "Distinct and Indistinct Vision," annexed to Smith's work.

But Robins wrote political pamphlets as well; two of

them related to the convention and negotiation with Spain, and were highly esteemed—so great, indeed, that by their issue he obtained employment in a very honourable post. He was appointed Secretary of the Committee engaged to examine into the past conduct of Sir Robert Walpole. Many of Robins's discourses were published in the "Philosophical Transactions," and several of his dissertations were read, and the experiments exhibited before the Royal Society, and for which he received the gold medal of the Company.

In 1748 appeared "Anson's Voyage Round the World," and certainly no production of this kind ever met with a more favourable reception; four large impressions were sold within twelve months, and it has been translated into every language of Europe. Robins, through the interest of Lord Anson, largely contributed to the improvements made in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and, having thus established his reputation, he was appointed Engineer-General to the East India Company. When he went to the East Indies, the climate did not agree with his constitution, and he died there in 1751.

JAMES P. CRAWFORD.

WHETHER we turn to the pages of history for a description of the fierce and barbarous hordes that delighted in blood, or cast our eye over those places which Nature has clothed in luxurious charms, where the song and the lute lent their aid in painting the softer incidents of a pastoral life, certain it is that the power of song was supreme and universal. Moses and Miriam, the first scholars known to mankind, sang, on the borders of the Red Sea, a poem of Divine praise. Tacitus tells us that the rude and uncultured Germans, when they lived in their forests, caught the flame of patriotism from their bards. Their songs which, by recording the achievements of kings and heroes, animated every hearer, must have been the chief entertainment of every warlike nation. Demodocus is mentioned by Homer as a celebrated bard; and Phemius, another bard, is introduced by him, deprecating the wrath of Ulysses, and urges him on to

“Spare the poet's ever gentle kind.
A deed like this, thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to gods and men is sacred song;
Save, then, the poet, and thyself reward.
’Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.”

And who shall say that poetry, when legitimately used, does not purify the soul, and prepare it for moral and intellectual discipline?—or who shall dispute its magic

influence, or cavil at it when it tends to exalt the best feelings of the heart, or paints vice as a monster worthy of all detestation? The love of poetry is universal; the artless rhymes of the nursery are the first words which delight children; and many a tall and brawny soldier has lain wounded on the field of battle, and soothed himself with the simple lullaby of his boyhood. Pope says a good poet should make his language not only convey his meaning clearly and forcibly, but even adapt its sound to the feelings related.

Mr. J. P. Crawford is a good example of what a tailor can do in the poetic way. He was born in the village of Catrine, Scotland, on the 14th of June, 1825, and when he was old enough was bound to the tailoring. He went to Glasgow to acquire more experience of the trade, and after working for some time as a journeyman, he began business for himself. Never aiming at anything higher than a steady-going trade, he gave all his spare moments to the pleasing but difficult task of verse-making. "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," composed on a Sabbath-day, when our poet was at church, is the most popular of all his other pieces, though by no means the best. The following is one of his temperance songs:—

BRIGHT WATER FOR ME.

Oh come, come with me to the stream in the glade,
The moss-bank our rest, and the birch-tree our shade;
With the echo we'll laugh, with the birds we will sing,
And dance 'mong the flowers, round the murmuring spring;
There's health at the fountain, and down to its brink
Come the birds of the forest to bathe and to drink;
And the song of the woodland it seemeth to be,
Bright water, cool water, pure water for me.
Then come, come away to the stream in the glade,
The moss-bank our rest, the birch-tree our shade,
And you'll dance in the wood 'mong the wild flowers with me,
And our drink, the cool water—pure water shall be.

In the dance of the gay, 'neath the bright gasalier,
 Where circles the wine-cup, I know there is cheer;
 And I know that the wine and the brandy they sip
 Give light to the eye, and a smile to the lip;
 But the light of the eye, it must ne'er be forgot,
 May turn to the dull glassy eye of the sot,
 And the wine-wakened smile biddeth virtue to flee;
 Oh there's nothing like water, pure water for me.
 There is joy in the wine, but I tremble to know,
 More dreadful than war, 'tis humanity's foe!
 Of the loved and the lovely, it giveth to death
 More victims by far than the pestilence breath.

Then throw down the goblet, then dash down the cup,
 Though proffered by friendship, O take it not up—
 Turn away from the welcome that gives it to thee,
 For there's nothing like water pure water can be.
 Then come, come away to the stream in the glade,
 The moss-bank our rest, and the birch-tree our shade,
 And you'll dance in the wood 'mong the wild flowers with me,
 And our drink, the cool water—pure water shall be!

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'erin' through the street,
 Wading 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hacket feet,
 Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain,
 Wha's the pur wee callan'?—he's the drunkard's raggit wean!

He stands at ilka door, an' he keeks wi' wistfu' e'e,
 To see the crowd aroun' the fire a' lauchin' loud wi' glee;
 But he daurna venture ben, tho' his heart be e'er sae fain,
 For he mauna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is unco fu',
 The sleet is blawin' cauld, an' he's drookit through an' through,
 He's speerin' for his mither, an' he won'ers whaur she's gane;
 But O! his mither she forgets her pur wee raggit wean!

He kens nae faither's love, an' he kens nae mither's care,
 To soothe his wee bit sorrows, or kame his tautit hair—
 To kiss him when he waukens, or smooch his bed at e'en;
 An' oh, he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean!

O pity the wee laddie, sae guileless and sae young,
 The oath that leaves his father's lips'll settle on his tongue;
 An' sinfu' words his mither speaks his infant lips'll stain,
 For O there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we might try to turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup, an' never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a *parent's* care the drunkard's raggit wean.

Mr. Crawford was recently appointed Registrar of Births, &c., for the District of Govan, by the Govan Parochial Board, of which Board he was elected a member as far back as 1856. He has a capital sense of humour, and his great social instinct, joined to a ready address, have constituted him a "*stock*" chairman of local festive gatherings.

JOHN ANDERSON.

REFERRING to the question of labour an eminent philosopher (Carlyle) says:—"There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work, were a man ever so benighted or forgetful of his high calling. There is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair; consider how, even in the meanest sort of labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valour against his task, and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation—despair itself—shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labour in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burned up, and of sour smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame."

I will now introduce another example of a self-made man, and which will prove to the young "Sartor," that to rise in the world there must be no languid activity. If one exerts himself occasionally, or takes two hours to perform that which may be easily accomplished in one, such person need never hope to prosper; for in all concerns of life diligence is of vast importance. Though a man may be possessed of great skill, and perfect knowledge of his trade, and though he may conduct it with regularity, and be greatly respected for his honour, he will never bring his concerns to an advantageous issue without energy. "The hand of the diligent

maketh rich," saith Solomon; and if a man be diligent, patient, and energetic, he may naturally expect the blessing of God. "*Nisi Dominus Frustra.*" Without the blessing of God all is in vain, or will be frustrated. Besides, when a man depends upon his own exertions, abilities, and resources, he proceeds without hesitation or apprehension; but how often does he tremble for the issue of events when all his confidence is placed in the veracity of another. Let the young apprentice tailor remember this, that if he would rise in the world, let him take for a model the heroes of these notices, and persevere.

John Anderson, who rules the Royal Polytechnic, Glasgow, was born at Aberfeldy. When he was ten years of age, he was bound apprentice to the tailoring, and, being an obedient and diligent youth, soon mastered the rudiments of his trade, and won the confidence of his employers. Certificates of his ability soon served as passports to employment, and leaving the place of his birth, he came to Glasgow. It was a bleak November evening when he arrived by the old stage-coach at the Tontine, Glasgow, and with only a few shillings in his pocket—a very slender capital with which to face the world; but he had health, and what was equally advantageous, a trade on the point of his fingers. Now the first step of a young man entering a large city often decides his whole future career, which may be that of the indolent eye-servant, the dissipated spendthrift, the branded felon; or the confidential clerk, the successful merchant, the retired country gentleman, rich in that honour, love, and obedience, and troops of friends which accompany respected age.

Young Anderson had early conceived the idea—which

is so slow of coming to many young "snips"—that of self-improvement, of making the most of life, and making a *mark* in the world. If young tailors in these times would faithfully follow this idea, they would seldom if ever be disappointed.

Young Anderson wrought as a journeyman until he began business for himself in Clyde Terrace, and here he was seen sitting at his window, sewing and pressing from early dawn till late at eve. He soon began to introduce small articles of drapery and fancy goods into his business, and early on a Saturday morning was seen arranging his merchandise in the small windows of his little shop. Always on the *qui-vive* for novelties he slowly, but surely gained a large share of patronage and reputation for selling "bargains," so great indeed that he was soon obliged to engage an assistant, and the business still increased to such an extent that larger premises, to meet the demand became imperative. He removed from Clyde Terrace to larger premises at No. 4 Clyde Terrace. During the first year business was successfully and entirely conducted by himself, for he was determined to succeed. His shop served him for business premises and dwelling house, and Mr. Anderson was tailor cutter, manager cashier, book-keeper, buyer, porter, and message boy. Mr. Anderson's personal expenditure at this time rarely exceeded 4s. 6d. per week, and this economy was soon indicated in the opening of the larger premises. At this time he married, and joined the Glasgow Young Men's Sabbath Morning Society, now the Glasgow Young Men's Christian Association, and it is to these two happy circumstances Mr. Anderson attributes his success—ignoring what cannot but have been the greatest factor—his own character, industry and ability. In the new

premises, Mr. Anderson introduced that new system of *Universal Trading*, which has placed him in the unique and distinguished position he now occupies. Year after year the business increased. Originally conducted single-handed, it now taxed the utmost energies of twenty-five salesmen—and the crowds which blocked the streets in front of the premises, on the occasion of Christmas displays, spoke volumes for the success which attended Mr. Anderson's exertions. The business having expanded far beyond the limits of the building, Mr. Anderson found increased accommodation in the Colosseum Buildings, in Jamaica Street, and here the tide of public favour flowed with greater vehemence than before. Beginning with a staff of thirty assistants, Mr. Anderson carried on the business with unremitting success, and within the space of thirteen years the number had increased to a hundred—in fact, the crush on the last day of the last "sale" in Jamaica Street was so great, that it was necessary to positively refuse admittance.

In 1869, Mr. Anderson was obliged to "flit" again to the Royal Polytechnic in Argyle Street. At this time he had some doubts, the building being nearly three times as large as the Colosseum, and was partly occupied by a manufacturer named Cross; but the doubts were soon cleared away when Mr. Anderson was but two months in his new premises; for as Mr. Cross gave up his part of the building, Mr. Anderson took the whole pile, and it is now the most extensive warehouse of its kind in the world, and very appropriately named The Polytechnic, that is, embracing many arts.

Mr. Anderson is known as a dealer in every description of artistic, and general goods. The brilliant business successes which he has achieved were not made without

out opposition. His continuous prosperity brought many enemies. The following are instances:—In the month of September, 1849, Mr. Anderson purchased from the London Religious Tract Society upwards of eight tons weight of their publications in all the fine bindings, but slightly soiled outside. This last purchase of books caused a stir among the booksellers. A meeting was called and resolutions passed to the effect that they would not purchase from any publishers that supplied Mr. Anderson with books. To this opposition Mr. Anderson replied by the following advertisement:—"Great sale of upwards of eight tons weight of the London Religious Tract Society's Publications at a price which will enable Mr. Anderson to sell 1s. books for 3½d; 2s. books for 6½d; 3s. 6d. books for 9½d, all pure literature." The result was that every book was sold within a fortnight. At another time Mr. Anderson purchased six hundred barrels of St. Venich arrowroot. The day after the purchase, an advertisement appeared in the newspapers warning the public against buying adulterated arrowroot that would be offered for sale by a party who knew nothing of the trade, as no genuine arrowroot could be purchased under 1s. 6d. per pound. Mr. Anderson was puzzled for a day or two, when all of sudden it struck him to "analyse" the truth of the advertisement. He accordingly sent samples to the late Professor Penny, and Dr. Adams for their opinion as to its quality and purity. Prof. Penny pronounced the arrowroot pure, and Dr. Adams sent the following certificate:—"John Anderson—Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have carefully examined the sample of arrowroot you sent me. It is *pure* St. Venich arrowroot, and compares with sample in my Laboratory at 2s. 6d. per pound. James Adams, M.D." Immediately on receipt

of this testimonial a large poster appeared headed—"Luncheon for one penny—sale of a large cargo of genuine St. Venich Arrowroot. Six pound tins for 1s. 11d.; twelve pound tins for 3s. 11d.; regular price 18s." The result of this happy hit was that the whole of the 600 barrels was sold out in 6 and 12 pound canisters in a week.

I may now notice some of Mr. Anderson's remarkable purchases. They are of the most cosmopolitan kind. The world is his market—Commercial Panics, Trade Stagnation, Fire, Shipwreck, Bankruptcy, the International Exhibitions, all contribute their quota to the stock of the Polytechnic. Among the most remarkable purchases may be noticed those of 1848. When Louis Philippe abdicated, the commerce of Paris was at a standstill, large stocks were disposed of at any price, and during the year Mr. Anderson visited Paris four times buying enormous quantities of goods on his own terms, the scene at the Polytechnic being one of great excitement. Mr. Anderson purchased to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds, the effects of the late Napoleon III. One of the lots included Napoleon's state carriage, dinner service, etc. So extensively did he purchase in the Austrian Department at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, that he was offered, by the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, a *decoration* and refused it—a most striking example of humility.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE POLYTECHNIC.

The Polytechnic as an institution stands alone. It created its own character and still preserves it distinct from that of any other house. Several houses have copied, and made spasmodic efforts to compete with some

of its departments, but no one has attempted to emulate the institution as a whole. No doubt the great Parisian houses, the Louvre, the Printemps, and Bon Marchè, have successfully adopted many of its leading features. But Mr. Anderson, of the Polytechnic, we must regard as the originator of these grand Christmas displays; the pioneer of the system of universal trading; the first to sell patent medicines, perfumery, fancy goods, &c., at a large discount; the introducer of the modern Christmas Cards trade; the inventor of the Magic Cave, Leipsic Fair, the Court drawing-room, the Art Galleries, and all the novel features which distinguish the Royal Polytechnic. To Mr. Anderson's originality and enterprise the public are under a load of obligation. Xmas displays form real and attractive exhibition for the young, have brought the fancy goods trade into the hands of the warehousemen, have given the retail buyers the benefit of larger variety at a lower price, and at far less cost of time and perplexity in selection, than doing the round of the smaller fancy goods warehouse demands; besides the charges of admission to the Magic Cave, etc., during the New Year holidays, have enabled Mr. Anderson to hand over a sum exceeding £5000 to such benevolent institutions as the Royal Infirmary, Dunoon Sea-side Homes, etc. The moral value of the revolution in the Christmas Card trade cannot be over estimated. The now nominal price of these beautiful little symbols of affection admits of their profuse interchange even by the poorest, and so gladdening many hearts, and awakening at Christmas all kinds of loving thoughts and remembrances. This is one of those apparently trivial things that are really of immense importance, and which do incalculable good. To buy bankrupt and salvage stocks and sell them at

about half price—to seize on all classes of goods—as patent medicines, perfumes, etc., on which immense profits are usually taken, and sell them regularly to the consumer at say one-half the usual price, is surely doing a service to the public; and if Mr. Anderson has incurred the displeasure of the trades concerned, he can afford to do so while he secures the gratitude of the public.

It would be absurd to expect or suppose any business man entering commercial life to be actuated by none but purely philanthropic motives. The firm of “Brown, Jones, and Brown,” philanthropists only, would be regarded with suspicion and contempt; but if a man gives a decided public benefit, and makes money while doing it, as Mr. Anderson has done, he is a man of genius and ability, and merits the patronage and gratitude as well as the respect of the public.

It remains only to add that there are about 250 salesmen and saleswomen in the warehouse, and that six years ago Mr. Alexander P. Anderson was assumed as partner. On him the main duties of the concern now devolve, and his efforts already prove him capable of not only maintaining but enhancing the prestige gained by his father. To Mr. Charles Anderson also is assigned an important charge in the management of the concern, and these gentlemen are ably supported by the various heads of the departments and their assistants.

The Polytechnic is not merely a polytechnic, it is a general warehouse besides. Its progress from the beginning has been uninterrupted, and, since 1880, the increase in its returns has been something like £20,000 yearly.

A VISIT TO THE POLYTECHNIC IN 1883.

The line I have just written rather frightens me, and visions of huge volumes, suggestive of elaborate descriptive exhibition catalogues, rise up before us. To give the faintest outline of the scene at the Polytechnic is quite incompatible with the limit assigned to this little book. On entering the interior at Christmas time, a wonderful scene of animation and varied beauty opens up before us. Deftly constructed arches in crimson and white meet us with all the genial wishes of the season. Others tell us of the Magic Cave, the Art Galleries, and the thousand-and-one wonders of the warehouse counters, piled with materials of every hue and texture, with goods so varied as to baffle description, with novelties so numerous that they cannot be recounted. Mountains of literature; books, patriotic, poetic, pictorial, grotesque, educational, religious, amusing, moral, mirth-provoking, vie with each other in the charms of their covers, or the paltriness of their price. Here delighted urchins revel again in the captivating absurdities of Jack and the Beanstalk, tremble at the atrocities of Blue Beard—that most inhuman of husbands—or follow with thrilling interest the fortunes of the “little pigs which wouldn’t go to market.” Here the story of Mary and her little lamb, whose “fleece” was white as snow, etc., is retold in defiance of the irreverent and false statement made by a burnt-cork orator of the Christy Minstrels, that Mary was a character of doubtful origin, and never possessed a little lamb at all. Picture-books line the pillars, reels of ribbon in every colour rise in pyramids at intervals, long rows of light throw lustre on a scene

already illumined by the electric light; add to this the crowds of people entering in a constant stream, the stentorian cries of "Cash!" which the uninitiated might mistake for an imperative and mistimed demand for that article, but which is prompted by an honourable desire to deliver it up, groups of customers admiring, buying, criticising, or bantering good humouredly with a salesman immovable as to his price, and cash girls speeding to and from the cash desk.

Depending from the brass gas rods are all those insinuating little presents which instinctively bring one's hand into their pocket, whether there be money in it or not. Here, indeed, we feel that it is really Christmas. As we look up through the mammoth cycle of light, and between the gaily decorated galleries towards the crystal arch which surrounds the whole, there a perfect fairyland of beauty is revealed to us; at every point a kindly greeting or an object of beauty meets us; all sorts of warm and genial sayings are, so to speak, floating through the air around us. Immense Chinese lamps, Japanese fans and parasols, lend their aid to a whole rendered still more effective by the background afforded by the staid, square shelves in which repose the quieter everyday stock of "regular" goods, and which must satisfy the fondest flights of childhood's imagery, as well as the more mature æsthetic instincts of the devotee of good taste and artistic harmony.

Of the novel features of which the various galleries and departments are so prolific, or of the immense general warehousemen's stock, prescribed space prevents us saying a word. We may remark summarily, that on the first gallery Leipzig Fair holds its own. Its novelty is added to by the ingenuity of its mechanical effects.

The second and third galleries are all pregnant of attractions. The Court drawing-room, oak room, and so forth, are replete with the spirit of the exhibitions, the Duke of Hamilton, Duke of Buckingham's, Stowe, and the Napoleon III. collections. Descending to the Magic Cave, fresh greetings welcome us. Lighted up by the Swan incandescent light, the Cave has great attractions. The unused gas pendants tell of the progress of the time, the march of intellect, the advance of science; and the surrounding objects tell of far more comical, if less elevated, things. Toys here reign supreme. The illogical vocal efforts of Punch mingle with the sweet sound of the dulcimer; the shrill monotone of a penny trumpet, which for a moment recalls the riot of Glasgow Fair, is quickly followed by the hopeful notes of the cuckoo and the voice of spring; imitations of farm-yard sounds fill the air. We see here the world in miniature and in jest. A mechanical Negro musician plays for dear life with an expression so pitiful that we immediately conjure up a starving mechanical wife and children in some hovel-home; miniature waggoners, with waggons and horses to match; trains, steamers, an excellent stud of rocking horses, snorting war horses with fiery eyes and intentions wonderfully in advance of their performances, majestic elephants bearing Indian princes in triumph—about what is not recorded; Father Christmas, covered with chronic snow notwithstanding the warm corner he occupies—all cater for appreciation. A plaintive mechanical cat shakes its head over some secret sorrow as it walks about the floor, followed by the most impudent and out-spoken of mechanical ducks.

The brilliant success of the gigantic institution which I have thus briefly sketched is the best testimony to the

character and eminent business talents of its founder and head, Mr. John Anderson.

No man has a better claim to be called the architect of his own fortune, and as the visitor wanders through the many departments of this gigantic warehouse, amid the treasures of art galleries, and the attractions of the Magic Cave, he will doubtless scan their wonders with renewed interest as he remembers that none is more wonderful than the career of their proprietor, none more instructive than the story of his life.

The generosity of Mr. Anderson is unbounded—his compassion for the poor and sick places him prominent among modern philanthropists. When decency upon any occasion requires expense or show, he is magnificent without grudging it; but all the pomp which appears great to the vulgar mind is regarded with indifference, and the expense reserved for better uses.

HENRY CLOW.

THERE is certainly no greater happiness than to be able to look back on a life usefully and virtuously employed. By the courtesy of the editor of the "Christian Leader," I am enabled to give the following account of a tailor whose whole life was one of charity and piety—a sincere sympathiser with the distress of his fellow creatures.

"On Thursday, 17th January, 1884, in the presence of many sincere mourners, there was laid in the picturesque Necropolis of Glasgow the mortal remains of a native of that city who for upwards of half a century had been one of the most useful, as well as unobtrusive, of all its many devoted labourers in the field of philanthropic and spiritual endeavour. Henry Clow had come to be playfully spoken of among his more intimate friends as 'the oldest young man in Glasgow'—a designation suggested by the fact that he had been actively connected with the Young Men's Christian Association for the long term of fifty-six years. He was perhaps the last link connecting the present generation with that devoted pioneer David Nasmith, the founder of the London City Mission; for it was through the personal appeal of Nasmith that as far back as 1828 he joined the first Sabbath morning meeting held in Wright's coffee-house, the Trongate branch of the Young Men's Society for Religious Improvement. Among his fellow-

members were the late J. Howie Young, Peter Hamilton, William Muir, and the Rev. Mr. Harris, who subsequently shared the martyrdom in the South Seas of John Williams of Erromanga. Home influences conspired with Nasmith's good advice to conduct young Clow to a consecrated life, for he was the child of parents eminent for their piety; and the instruction and inspiration received in the Sabbath morning meetings qualified him for his career of usefulness in the church, in young men's societies, the Sabbath School, and other religious institutions, which now mourn his loss. It is worthy of note that he had no sooner received spiritual blessing for himself than he began to communicate that blessing to others; and we have been told that even in those early days he never went to a meeting on the Sabbath morning without acting the part of a recruiting officer and inviting some young man to accompany him. Nor was the outward activity unaccompanied with the spiritual exercises which form the condition of success; a portion of every Saturday evening was set apart to the invoking of the divine blessing on the meetings of the young men to be held on the Sabbath. He early joined the church of which Dr. Ralph Wardlaw was the pastor—a Christian society that has enriched the life of the commercial capital of Scotland to an extent which it would not be easy to exaggerate, the ministry of Wardlaw, as well as that of Dr. Raleigh and other successive occupants of the same pulpit, being attended by results that were profound and far reaching. Having realised the important and now too much neglected fact, that before beginning to instruct others you must yourself be instructed, Mr. Clow commenced Sabbath School work in one of the most degraded dis-

tricts of Glasgow. Here he toiled most assiduously, not only in the school but at evangelistic work in the moral wastes of Dovehill, off the Gallowgate, where he was associated with the late Rev. Gilbert M'Callum. At first the workers were often baffled. Yet they were never discouraged, and their faith ultimately reaped a rich reward in happy physical and moral changes wrought through the influence of their persevering toil. Through the liberality of Dr. Wardlaw's church a mission hall was erected, and this provision soon becoming inadequate was succeeded by the Wardlaw Memorial Church, in which the amiable M'Callum accomplished much good work for the Master. Mr. Clow's next step was the formation of his classes for young men and women, which met on Sabbath evenings in the Religious Society's Rooms in George Place. Few teachers have been privileged to see such abundant results as were secured in connection with this effort. Many who there sat at his feet acknowledged in after days that to the inspiration received under his teaching they owed all that made the retrospect of life happy. Some got the impulse to enter the ministry; and a still larger number who rose to positions of distinction in the business world, at home and abroad, have been faithful torch-bearers, following the good example of the devoted man who watched over and instructed them at the critical formative period of their lives. Mr. Clow was often gladdened as the years went by with grateful letters that came to him from old scholars settled in every part of the world. While indefatigable in this interesting and important department of Christian duty, Mr. Clow continued not less devoted to the Sabbath Morning Meetings of the Young Men's Society; and the branch

of which he was the president, one of the most flourishing in the association, became a veritable school of the prophets. It was a great joy to Mr. Clow when the two Young Men's Societies of Glasgow were incorporated; and the first act of the united body was to place him in the presidential chair. Of the Religious Improvement Society he had been president for twenty years; and the fact is worth recalling that it was he who organised the scheme for prize essays. To carry out this laudable enterprize he personally defrayed all the pecuniary outlay it involved. From the union of the two bodies the best results have followed. In its palatial buildings, and under the efficient management of a hard working and able secretary, the society is exercising to-day an influence at once profound and salutary, not only in the city of Glasgow, but over the length and breadth of Scotland, and indeed in countries far distant from our own island. In all the branches of the society Henry Clow was held in the highest veneration. Meek in spirit and sympathetic in feeling, without a spark of the sectarian in his composition, and richly gifted with prudence, his heart was filled with that divine charity which thinketh no evil. In addition to these gifts, he was eminently social in his disposition; and the young men whom he invited to his home had reason to thank God for the kindly counsels which they there received at his hands. In the evangelistic work conducted in the eastern section of Anderston he took a warm interest; and his happy and winning manner made his invitations to the careless to attend the meetings a power which few were able to resist. When Henry Clow *button-holed* a young man, there was no escape from his kindly influence. As a platform speaker,

whether at a large or small meeting, few laymen were more popular or impressive; and the earnestness of his appeals was all the more influential from the frequent pithy sayings and the bright natural flashes of humour that relieved the serious strain of every address. His church connection was a long, consistent, and useful one—not noisy or obtrusive—but ever devoted and faithful. Long before he was ordained to the office of deacon—which he held for nearly twenty years—he was constantly at work seeking to promote the welfare of that Zion which was so dear to him; after he was chosen an office-bearer nothing could exceed the fidelity of his visits to the members resident in the district placed under his charge. Thus the work he undertook in spheres outside of his own church was not allowed to interfere with the discharge of the duty which he owed to the particular communion of which he was a member. As the broadest cosmopolitan makes the truest patriot, so the man who does most for the Church at large is sure to be most faithful to his own denomination; and this fact found an illustration in the life of the true hearted worker who had been nurtured in the school of Wardlaw. Two years ago Mr. Clow celebrated his jubilee as a Sabbath-School Teacher. Along with Messrs. Wotherspoon, Howatt, and Graham, who also reached their jubilee in the same year, he was presented with an illuminated address by the Glasgow Sabbath School Union. Of that Union he had been an honorary director for many years; and this was only one of numerous public offices which he held. He was one of the oldest members of the Tailors' Incorporation, and in 1851 was chosen to the office of deacon. In all the beneficent work of the ancient guild in behalf of the sick and poor

he took a specially active part. He had an extensive trade in Exchange Square, but retired in May, 1883. On the 14th January, 1884, he finished his course, passing away with calm and grateful resignation in the seventy-third year of his age. To the very close he continued to manifest the warmest interest in the young men's society, and among the last friends he saw were those connected with the Young Men's Christian Association."

HUGH MORRISON.

"Up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, the feather an' a'."

SCOTT.

THE enterprise and industry that flourish in our large cities owe much of their vigour to the supply of fresh life continually flowing in from the country. The young men coming thence with rosy cheek and buoyant limb, with vigorous intellect and eager ambition, supply the fuel that keeps the busy machine of commerce and manufacture at high pressure speed. The Highlands of Scotland, especially, have been a valuable recruiting ground to the various branches of industry and art pursued in our midst. There is no art or science, profession, or trade, which does not count among its distinguished disciples men who have entered the ranks as young Highlanders. It would have been strange if an art which aims at perfecting the *outward* symbols of a gentleman, and which has employed the pens of Bulwer Lytton and of Thomas Carlyle should form an exception to this rule. The gentleman who forms the subject of my present sketch proves that it does not.

Hugh Morrison was born in Sutherlandshire on the 26th of August, 1826. The following short biographical sketch of his early school days has been supplied to me

by Lieut.-Colonel Andrew Munro, late of the 19th regiment.

"Hugh and I were school-fellows in the old school house of Talmine, in the parish of Tongue, Sutherlandshire. It was before the Disruption in '43' that recollection of my friend is most vivid. Hugh Morrison made his *debut* into this 'vale of tears' some four years earlier than I, therefore my impressions of him as a school-fellow are more marked and enduring than his can be of me, for four years in the ages of school boys make a vast difference.

"Day after day for years we met under the same roof, and I well remember how my admiration of him never flagged, for he was always on the side of the weak and oppressed in our school feuds. Without any doubt whatever, and without flattery, which I abhor, Hugh Morrison was the cleverest and most intellectual boy in our large school. His indomitable pluck and perseverance were known to us all, and he was both admired and respected accordingly, as he well deserved to be.

"His parents, whom I personally knew and respected, instilled into his mind the seeds of a pure and industrious future. His father, Donald Morrison, was a God-fearing and well-to-do small tenant on the Duke of Sutherland's estate, within one mile of the school-house already referred to. He was prosperous in his way, and his family always appeared to be in the midst of plenty. His mother was kindly and hospitable—upon this I am one of the best living authorities. She died not very many years ago at an advanced age, having lived to share in the well-merited fruits of her son's well-earned prosperity. Hugh Morrison's success in his business at

Glasgow increased gradually as time passed, and I am convinced that the same sterling qualities which he inherited and exhibited as a school boy, enabled him to outstrip thousands of his compeers in commercial enterprise. His conduct and career form a brilliant example to the youth of our Highland glens who may contemplate migrating and pushing their fortunes in the world."

Mr. Morrison came to Glasgow when he was sixteen years of age, and the first situation offered to him was in a tailor's shop. Now that he was far away from his Highland hills, and faces that were dear to him, he felt sadly alone in the great and rapidly-increasing city. But gifted with reason, and finding himself living beneath the full light of revelation—living amid an abundance of intellectual weapons, he utilised and turned to account every opportunity which reason assured him would benefit him in after life, and the position he occupies to-day is an admirable illustration of what perseverance can do. Some envious and bigoted contemporaries attribute his success to "good luck"; be that as it may, "good luck" seldom falls to the lot of indolent men. If the luck be *good*, it is worth looking for, but to those who cannot find it, it is generally *bad*! The man who possesses much money may procure many pleasures and command the assiduous services of his fellow-men, and it is lawful for him to exert his energies in adding field to field, house to house, without incurring the anger of Heaven. But the man who has little, and far less energy and courage to make it, is generally discontented, indolent and fault-finding. To such I would give the golden rule—"If ye have been negligent

and useless to Society, live, and make amends by thy future conduct."

He remained in the same shop for six years, and though it was out of his power to let all the world know what he did during that period, we may rest satisfied, knowing that he was diligent, prudent, and energetic. He remained in this his first and only situation until he began business for himself." His first business was opened in Argyle Street, in a small way, and was removed to Jamaica Street in 1851, and here he still continues, daily executing orders to all parts of the world of every description and variety of colour. It is not of the triumphs of genius in the fine arts, in literature, in pure science, or in the inventions which add to the wealth of nations, we now speak; it is of men who have passed their early lives in humble stations, and by untiring perseverance have made their whole lives a benefit to mankind.

The example afforded by the career of Mr. Morrison is valuable. He is now the most important Highland costumier in the world. He is specially appointed contractor for the War Office for uniforms, tartans, sporrans, and Scotch bonnets, and supplies almost all the Caledonian Clubs throughout the world. He has equipped the Scotch Guards of New York—nearly a thousand strong—in kilt uniforms, and has also supplied many distinguished officers, both at home and abroad, with Court costumes and uniforms. He is not only the recognised costumier for the three kingdoms; he is also the Highland costumier for the world, as orders finding their way to this country are sure to be sent to Mr. Morrison for execution or completion, and his establishment is the recognised emporium for dirks, claymores,

skean dhus, brooches, and all kinds of jewellery pertaining to Highland costumes and Highland clans. But though he has gained great fame as a Highland costumier, it must not for a moment be conjectured that apart from this branch his ordinary tailoring is not popular—quite the contrary. He is practically one of the most extensive clothiers in the three kingdoms; without a single exception, there is not a garment or decoration, whether for the Bar or Pulpit, the Army, Navy, Volunteers, or Highland gatherings, which is not manufactured by the hundreds directed and ruled by Hugh Morrison. Thus we perceive what energy does for those who have a will, and which shiftless and indolent persons declare to be utterly impossible. Mr. Morrison began life as a shop-boy: he is now an employer of every branch of sartorial art. He has been thirty-four years in the one and same locality. Mr. Morrison is not only a clothier, he holds property in Glasgow to a large extent. The magnificent pile of buildings in which his business is situated is his own, having been acquired by him as far back as 1870, when property was much lower in value than it is now (1884). He also owns several other important properties in the best positions in the city, and this has all been acquired by his own indefatigable perseverance.

Mr. Morrison has been pressed to open a branch in London, where success is certain from his wide-spread reputation, but being accustomed to attend to the details of his business, both in Glasgow and Edinburgh, himself, he has declined every offer.

Taking him as a whole he is a thorough representative of one of the most influential branches of business in the West of Scotland. Mr. Morrison advises young

tailors to be active; if they would pass the latter part of their lives with honour and decency they should consider that when they are young they may some day be *old*, and when they are old they will *certainly* remember when they were *young*. Now, how many young tailors will take this advice and endeavour to leave to posterity as noble a record as that given above?

JAMES NICHOLSON.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

OR THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN.

THE tailor is a mighty man,
Far greater than a king,
His matchless worth no words can tell,
No less his praises sing.
Dame Nature hews us in the rough,
And does the best she can;
A two legg'd savage she can make;
The tailor makes the man.

The coatless clown is nobody,
The meanly clad are vile,
Above all men we honour him
Whose coat is cut in style.
To him we bend in deep respect,
His faults we may not scan;
Then stand aside and let him pass,
The tailor-moulded man.

But for the tailor, who could tell
The rich man from the poor,
Since Nature makes us all alike,
The noble and the boor.
In broadcloth greatness shows itself—
Confute me if you can—
Nobility's ne'er found in frieze,
The tailor makes the man.

Why, Nature, dost thou bungle so?
Poor modeller in dust!
Thy choicest specimen's excelled
By every barber's bust.
To Art, thy rival, bind thyself
Apprentice; while you can
There learn with shears and lapboard how
To make a perfect man.

Worth, genius, talent, wit, are but
 An extra ounce of brain ;
 They have most wit who still affect
 To view such with disdain ;
 To cry down what we can't possess
 Is still the wisest plan—
 No need to tell, for all know well
 The tailor makes the man.

A king can manufacture lords,
 A college makes D.D.'s,
 But *which* is *which* no man can tell,
 They're all alike as peas—
 At least, clad in their native buff,
 For, since the world began
 Among mankind, you'll ever find
 The tailor makes the man.

Then let us hold the tailor high
 Above both priest and king,
 Extol his name, spread wide his fame,
 With trump and twanging string,
 Were't not for him we still might herd
 With the ourang-outan ;
 Creation's lord is *made*, not *born*,
 The TAILOR MAKES THE MAN !

No better introduction could be given than the song I have quoted above from Mr. Nicholson's "Idylls o' Hame"; nor could a better autobiography of this most excellent tailor-poet be compiled than the following, which I have been kindly permitted by the poet himself to extract from his "Kilwuddie," a little volume, of genuine pathos, and singular vigorous power, and which should be in the home of every journeyman tailor in the world. Being written by a tailor, a tailor will most appreciate it.

James Nicholson was born in Edinburgh on the 21st October, 1822, the anniversary of Lord Nelson's death. Being ushered into the world in circumstances by no means flattering or propitious, the recollections of his

early days are not so sunny as they might have been ; for at this lapse of time, he retains a disagreeable impression of stinted meals, sour looks, and days of taciturnity, relieved here and there by scenes of conviviality. But amid the gloomy firmament of his early recollections there remains little patches of azure, through which the radiant joys then experienced, still shine into his soul. For example, his father used to take him on Sabbath mornings to St. Bernard's Well—a favourite walk of his—where, on the one hand, ran the Water of Leith, and on the other, a small stream that drove the mills in the locality. He says, "I still remember taking great pleasure in looking at the moss-grown strata that formed the bed of the stream, over and around which the waters leaped and danced, and broke the stillness of the sacred morn by their melodious gurgling."

About this time James was sent to school, but only for the short space of three weeks, when his parents removed to Paisley. When he was seven years old, it was thought advisable to send him out to do something for himself, and so he was dispatched to a tobacco-work, where, for his service, "ca'ing the wheel," he received the princely salary of 1s. per week, and here it was his real education began. There were six men in the work, and about twenty boys, with whom the former amused themselves by setting them up in pairs to "spar," the rest forming a "London Ring." The victor was, of course, lauded for his skill, while the vanquished hero had to retire with a bleeding nose or mouth, amid the jeers of his companions. But all this is done away with now, the sprightly female has taken the place of the "bonny wee tobacco boy"—in fact, the female's abilities are more in demand than the journeyman's who has served his time.

Nicholson had been in the tobacco-work about a month when, for some trifling inattention, the brute who was his master struck him a blow on the mouth, which immediately gushed with blood. That night poor little James went home with swollen lips and bursting heart. However, his indignation was somewhat appeased by the assurance that he would not be sent back again, although the next day he was sent to another work of the same kind, but was there treated more like a Christian, though not less exposed to the blighting scenes of immorality, the boys being of the very lowest class, ignorant and profane, yet very acute in wickedness. Like the rest of them, James was very poorly clad, mostly shoeless, so that in the winter those who had bonnets wore them as much on their feet as on their heads.

Stories of lewdness, debauchery, and rioting were the every-day lessons James was forced to learn; but he began in real earnest to acquire the art of reading for himself. His first books were the *signboards* over the shopdoors, and handbills, of which there was no scarcity. By the assistance of some bigger boys who could read a little, James soon mastered his "Primers"; for his tutors, eager to display their own superior learning, were by no means backward in correcting him when they found him in error. His "second book" was the bookseller's window, particularly those which displayed an open page of that most wonderful tale, "Jack the Giant-Killer," or it might be the pathetic "Life and Death of Cock Robin." But these intellectual treats detained him too long, for he had to run home with all his might, swallow his meal, and run back again to "ca' the wheel."

Nicholson became a fair reader, and one day fell in

with a treasure (to him) in the shape of an old school-book, which contained, among other stories, "Æsop's Fables." These were very entertaining, as he could read them with ease. Excepting his pronunciation, which was very defective, he was otherwise a tolerably good reader at this time; and, as reading was now his chief employment, he devoured everything readable that came in his way.

Providence soon released him from this school of impurity, by a fever he took just as his father was recovering from the same. James was taken to the Infirmary, to which institution his mother soon followed, having taken the fever, as is thought, through anxiety and fatigue. James, being only slightly affected, soon recovered, and being removed to the convalescent ward, devoted all his time to reading the Bible, the only book in the ward—and what better book could be found for a person to read either in health or sickness?

After leaving the Infirmary, James was engaged to a farmer to herd cows during six weeks of harvest; and afterwards to another sheep-farmer, but soon got tired of his bucolic life. He says, "I got thoroughly disgusted with the work, and one morning at breakfast time, I threw down my scythe, resolving never to take it up again, and kept my word." He says, "I slipped into the barn, where there was a heap of old straw, and into the very heart of which I burrowed my way, and lay down to rest my weary frame, and arrange my plans for the future. I determined to leave my situation at all hazards. I knew that in so doing I would forfeit my wages, but I was resolved to make an effort to save my wardrobe—no easy matter, for my clothes were locked in my chest, and that was right over the bed of my master and

mistress." Turning this difficulty over in his mind, he was startled by hearing the voice of his master below in the barn, in earnest conversation with another member of the family. Their subject of discourse he soon learned was himself. Both wondered where he had gone, no one having seen him leave the house. In reply to a question of his master, the other said that James's chest was locked, and, from the weight of it, did not appear that he had taken his clothes with him. After they had left, James fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not waken till they were putting in the cows, about ten o'clock at night. About twelve all was quiet, from which he augured that the family were in bed. To make sure, he waited in trembling eagerness for another hour, when he rose from the straw, and determined to attempt the rescue of his goods; but the danger which troubled him most was, the opening of so many doors. There was the first one, leading from the barn to the byre—the whole length of which he had to traverse between two rows of cows; the next from the byre to the dairy; another from the dairy to the kitchen; and the most important door at the foot of the garret stair. He, however, managed to get through them all, especially the last. Ascending the critical stair as noiselessly as a ghost, he stole along the loft, passing the bed where the two sons lay, and, reaching the chest, opened it and took out his clothes, which he had previously made up into four bundles. Seeing it would be impossible to take them all at once without rubbing the sides of the wooden staircase, and so awaken his enemies, he came off with two, and managing to convey them to the barn in safety, he—like Columbus—resolved to make a second voyage. He completed the remaining part of his

perilous task with equal success, but his heart palpitated at no small rate when, in the act of crossing the kitchen on his return, the old gentleman turned himself in bed, giving a faint grunt, to poor James's no small consternation.

Taking the road, James reached his father's house about four in the morning; but knowing the step he had taken would not meet with approval, he did not ask admission, but merely left his working clothes and hob-nailed boots at the door, then set out on the road for Edinburgh.

I need not recapitulate the trials he endured on the weary tramp, but when he reached the metropolis, he found it anything but an easy task to find a situation; so his grandfather, with whom he was staying, proposed that James should learn the tailoring, and work along with himself till he could procure a better shop for him. Letters now arrived from his father requesting James's return to his old master, or, if he wished, he might return west and learn to be a mason. But Nicholson determined to stick to the trade he had adopted—more power to him! Setting too with a will, he made rapid progress, and was soon able to do the work of an ordinary hand, though at a greatly inferior wage.

It was at this time he began to pour out his thoughts in verse—and very sorry verses they were, but they pleased him at the time, and stimulated him to continue the pleasing task. The first poem he sent for publication was so deficient in orthography, that every single line required correction. It was entitled, "To a Child Gazing on the Starry Heavens." This poem will be found in the author's first book, "Kilwuddie."

In 1843 James reached his majority, and, getting mar-

ried, began business for himself; but his trade was anything but prosperous, and to compensate for his sorrow in this direction, he began to study Botany. Beginning with the "Family Herbal," in a short time he, together with a friend, had mastered all the plants in the neighbourhood within a circuit of eight miles, and at one time walked twice that distance for a sight of the scarlet pimpernell, the favourite flower of Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer. Mr. Nicholson says, "Working men have no idea of the amount of pleasure they deprive themselves of by their inattention to this and kindred studies." No doubt of it; and if tailors in general could be induced to exercise their mental faculties somewhat in this direction, there would be a decided "slack" in the demand for tobacco and whisky.

In 1849, Mr. Cassells, of London, started a periodical entitled *The Working Man's Friend*, in the pages of which he made known to the world his magnanimous intention of bestowing a great and lasting boon on those among the working classes who possessed a literary taste in the shape of a supplementary number, published monthly, to be wholly devoted to the productions of working men, and for which, if found suitable, he agreed to pay in books to the value of 5s. for every page of letter-press taken up by such productions. To this magazine Nicholson contributed "The Poor Man's Treasures," for which he received two copies of Longfellow's poems. His next was entitled "Winter Suggestions," receiving an additional 5s. worth of books.

In 1853, Mr. Nicholson obtained a situation as master-tailor in a public institution in Glasgow, and here he still remains employing his leisure hours in the study of geology, botany, astronomy, and the Scottish muse. I

would refer the reader to Mr. Nicholson's own works for a full account of his life. He has written voluminously. A complete list of his works will be found in the Appendix.

THE GAITERS.

The farmer by the ingle sat,
Tobacco clouds ejectin',
While by his lug sat Tailor Tam,
His auld black coat dissectin'.

For farmers' coats, like ither things,
Gae sadly oot o' fashion;
An' fashions are jist Satan's wiles
And puir folk's ruination.

Tam soon declared it past his power
To change its antique features;
"But laird," quo he, "I'll tell you what,
'Twill mak' a pair o' gaiters."

"The very thing!" exclaimed the laird,
Wi' arm in air extended;
Sae doun the seams wi' lichtnin' speed
The supple shears descended.

The farmer's coat it seems had been
A rival "Snip's" creation,
Wham Tam resolved that day to stab—
At least in reputation.

The farmer talked o' horse and kye,
Swine, stots, and beasts o' burden,
The rise o' wheat, what cheese wad bring,—
Tam scarce could get a word in.

He clipt awa' as lang's he could,
Till he could thole nae langer,
Syne cried, "Sic doings! Look, guidman,
A very sa'nt 'twad anger!

"Sic stuff to put into a coat—
Wha ever saw sic paddin';
Frae back to scye ilk breast is stuffed
Wi' clouts instead o' waddin'.

"The button-holes no wrocht wi' twist,
Nae stitchin' in the shouthers;
The very red stuff in the neck
Some auld cloak o' his mither's!

"The buttons burstin' thro' their hools,
 Jist bits o' airn red roostit;
 Nae won'er we by decent folk
 Can hardly e'er be trustit."

The simple farmer quick believed
 And got into a passion;
 His staff he struck upon the floor,
 His een wi' fury flashin'.

Quo he, "Ere I be cheated sae
 I'll lea' claes a' thegither,
 An' deck mysel' wi' cabbage blades
 Like Eve, our ancient mither."

That magic word gied Tam the hint,
 Wi' spite he grew mair savage,
 Resolved ance mair to wound his foe
 Tho' Tam himsel' liked *cabbage*.

"An' laird," quo he, "if that was a'—
 Ye ha'ena heard the warst o't;
 He's cut yer coat wi' swallow tails
 To save himsel' a waistcoat."

"Weel," quo the laird, "let byganes be,
 The past can ne'er be mended;
 I'll watch the loon for time to come,"
 And sae his choler ended.

The day gaed past—the gaiters made,
 Weel brushed and set in order,
 Wi' pearl buttons up ilk side
 An' stitched a' roun' the border.

The clock struck eight—the supper hour—
 The parritch graced the table,
 The servin' lads an' lasses were
 Ca'd in frae byre an' stable.

The auld man waits to say the grace,
 Tam through the hoose is marchin'.
 "What ha'e ye lost?" cries ane. Quo Tam,
 "It's for *my coat* am searchin'."

Syne up they gat, socht butt an' ben,
 About the hoose an' round it,
 Strange whispers passed frae lug to lug,
 Tam stood like ane confounded.

"My *guid black coat*—whar can it be?"

The auld folks glowert in wonder,
The young were snirtin' in their sleeves,
Tam's broo grew black as thunder.

At length the laird cries, "Wha's aucht this?"

Mine? No!—'twas cut to tatters,
Unless—unless he's ta'en his ain
An' made *it* into gaiters."

"My ain?" quo Tam,—his cheeks wi' shame
Like steaks upon a brander,—

"Ay yours, my feth! an' ser's ye weel
For a' yer ill-tongued slander."

Tam couldna speak, but frae the hoose

He darted like a bullet,
An' to this day the farmer's coat
Sticks sairly in his gullet.

THE STAGE-STRUCK HERO.

IN the *Forget-Me-Not* for the year 1832, there appeared a poem, written for a picture of that name by Kidd, which represented a tailor's apprentice, of histrionic tendencies, rehearsing the "Death of Cato" on the shopboard—unwittingly submitting his performance to the criticism of his Master, who, cane in hand, creeps in behind him—

"It must be. So, Plato!
Thou reasonest!
Well?"

It's very hard! O Dick, my boy,
It's very hard one can't enjoy
A little private spouting;
But sure as Lear or Hamlet lives,
Up comes our master, bounce and gives
The tragic muse a routing.

Ah, there he comes again—be quick
And hide the book—a playbook, Dick!
He must not set his eyes on.
It's very hard, the churlish elf
Will never let one stab one's self,
Or drink a bowl of p'ison.

It's very hard; but when I want
To die—as Cato did—I can't,
Or go *non compos mentis*;
But up he comes all fire and flame—
No doubt he'd do the very same
With Kemble for a 'prentice.

Oh, Dick! oh, Dick! it was not so
Some half-a-dozen years ago.

Melpomene was no sneaker,
When under the Reverend Mr. Poole,
Each little boy at Enfield School
Became an Enfield's speaker.

No cruel master-tailor's cane
Then thwarted the theatric vein—
The tragic soil had tillage.
O dear dramatic days gone by,
You, Dick, won Richard then, and I
Played Hamlet to the village.

Or as Macbeth the dagger clutch'd,
Till all the servant maids were touch'd :
Macbeth, I think, my pet is.
Lord! how we spouted Shakspeare's works.
Dick, we had twenty little Burkes,
And fifty Master Bettys.

Why, there was Julius Cæsar Dunn,
And Norval, Sandy Philips, one
Of Elocution's champions,
Genteelly taught by his mama
To say not "father," but "papa,"
Kept sheep upon the Grampians.

Coriolanus, Crumpe—and Fig
In Brutus, with brown paper wig,
And Huggins great in Cato—
Only he broke so often off
To have a fit of whooping cough
While reasoning with Plato.

And Zangra, too—but I shall weep
If longer on this theme I keep,
And let remembrance loose, Dick.
Now forced to act, it's very hard,
"Measure for Measure" with a yard,
Yon Richard with a goose, Dick.

Zounds, Dick, it's very odd our dads
Should send us there when we were lads,
To learn to talk like Tully's.
And now if one should just break out—
Perchance, into a little spout—
A stick about the skull is.

Why should stage-learning form a part
Of schooling for the tailor's art?

Alas! dramatic notes, Dick,
So well record the sad mistake
Of him who tried at once to make
Roth Romeo and *coats*, Dick.*

EVENING—(BY A TAILOR).

DAY hath put on his *jacket*, and around
His burning bosom *buttoned* it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the *velvet* grass,
That is like *padding* to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things around me.
Ah, me! how lovely is the golden *braid*
That binds the *skirt* of night's descending *robe*,
The thin leaves quivering on their silken *threads*,
Do make a music like to rustling *satin*,
As the light breezes smooth their downy *nap*.

Ha! what is this that rises to my touch
So like a cushion—can it be a *cabbage*?
It is!—it is that deeply injured flower
Which boys do flout us with; but yet I love thee,
Thou giant rose, wrapp'd in a green *surtout*.
Doubtless in Eden thou did'st blush as bright
As these, my puny brethren, and thy breath
Sweeten'd the fragrance of her spicy air;
But now thou seem'st like a bankrupt bean
Stripp'd of his gaudy hues and essences,
And growing portly in his sober *garments*.

Is that a swan that glides upon the water?
Oh, no; it is that other gentle bird
Which is the patron of our noble calling.
I well remember in my early years
When these young hands first closed upon a *goose*.
I have a scar upon my *thimble-finger*
Which chronicles the hour of young ambition.
My father was a *tailor*, and his father,
And my sire's grandsire—all of them were *tailors*.
They had an ancient *goose*—it was an heirloom
From some remoter *tailor* of our race—
It happen'd I did see it on a time

* See also *Hood's Works*, vol. vii., edited by Son and Daughter.
Moxon: London.

When none was near me. I did deal with it,
And it did *burn* me—O! most fearfully.
It is a joy to *straighten* out one's limbs,
And leap *elastic* from the level counter,
Leaving the petty grievances of earth—
The breaking *threads*, the din of clashing *shears*,
And all the *needles* that do wound the spirit;
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence
Kind nature shuffling in her loose *undress*
Lays bare her shady bosom. I can feel
With all around me. I can hail the flowers
That sprig earth's mantle, and yon quiet bird
That rides the stream is to me a brother.
The vulgar know not all the *hidden pockets*
Where Nature stows away her loveliness;
But this unnatural *posture* of the *legs*
Cramps my *extended calves*, and I must go
Where I can coil them in their wonted fashion.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

* See also *Bell's Standard Elocutionist*.

CONCLUSION.

THE curious contrast between the fashionable manners of one age and those of another, has never been fully accounted for. In the days of the *Spectator* and *Guardian* it was the fashion among young men to carry a huge cudgel, swear like a trooper, and drink like a fish. At the present time it would be ruinous to the prospects of any young man to be, or even appear to be, a "rake." The establishment of Young Men's Associations, and the facilities which modern progress has given enables any young man with a *will* to rise in the estimation of his fellows. But still the passion for dress exists, if I may quote a well known comic poet (Hood):—

Ruffled shirts
Or coats with water wagtail skirts,
Or trousers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits they wear at balls,
Or pumps, and boots, and tops mayhap—
Why we may pass for "Snip" and "Snap,"
And shout like blazes.

Granted. But without these accessories they are obliged to pass away the time, mayhap, in a garret with only a pipe for company. I address myself more especially to young tailors; being one myself I have always taken a great interest in their moral improvement, and would be delighted to see any one make a name for himself as

great as those I have given. The compilation of this work has occupied my slack time for the past two years. Many more instances could be given, but for the present I must content myself with the examples I have given. Many journeymen tailors became clergymen of great note, and of whom I may have something to say in the next issue of this work. I may mention here that Thomas Woodman was a tailor; he belonged to New Jersey, and was the first man to introduce the abolition of the Slave Trade. He wrote many tracts and pamphlets in support of his cause, and travelled long and weary distances to obtain information. Coming to England to further his object, he caught the small-pox and died October 7th, 1772. Since

Adam and Eve
 With wandering steps and slow,
 Through Eden took their solitary way,

the art of tailoring has employed many hands, and as a trade which boasts of great antiquity, it consequently boasts of the greatest heroes—heroes in every art and science of importance in the world.

Throughout these memoirs it will be seen that humility has been the leading characteristic of all the subjects. Tailors are not as a rule ambitious; being able to *dress* themselves for any occasion, and as dress is, in nine cases out of ten, the distinguishing feature of a man's position in Society, it may be inferred that a tailor may *appear* a country squire or a man of equal wealth and power at pleasure. However, a little talent goes a long way in making a *perfect* man; without it his clothes are shabby, no matter how well dressed he may be; a studious man has no desire to clothe his body, he knows the power of his mind, and never scruples to give it out with telling

effect to the idiot who fancies himself a gentleman on the strength of a shoddy made suit of clothes.

During the weary waiting of the slack season, when tailors are fond of the stove-room, good resolutions for the future are made and re-made, and as the time slips no notice is taken of the golden moments as they fly; the everlasting craving for tobacco, and the laziness which it stimulates, renders them unfit for anything—either moral or physical, and it will be said by the shiftless and ignorant that those tailors who have distinguished themselves were born to it. Now a careful reading of these memoirs will show that such was not the case—the disadvantages with which all of them had to fight are too self-evident in their own written works. Even if we take them in the positions they have attained we will readily perceive that they could *not* have flown to such distinction all at once—patience and unremitting industry brought their own reward to all. Now in order to pass away an idle hour in shop a game of cards or dominoes may help to relieve the monotony, and if one has the fortune to play well, it is not only probable but certain that the others in the game will reckon him a *good* player; but if apart from the game a tailor endeavours to study a geometrical problem, or takes more pleasure in reading a book, he will be reckoned one of the “pious order,” and as a matter of course know nothing about what he is reading or studying.

If a tailor is a good card-player, footballer, or aquatic, is it reasonable to assume that he is so without having learned? If he be a good coat-maker the question is, Did he serve his time? Now as everything has to be learned by diligent study, why not couple with the trade acquired a well studied science? But modern tailors are

of opinion that science can only be had at a university, and the idea of a tailor rising to anything above a tailor is nothing but pure nonsense. I remember, when I began to write this little book, calling on the worthy "Secretary" of a local society. When he had heard my intention, he laughed the whole idea to scorn. The idea was *new* to him, and many others connected with this "Society" treated the book as absurd—one saying he never heard of a tailor of distinction save the three "snips" of Tooley Street! I never heard of these gentlemen, nor have I any wish to make enquiries about them.

Let me, in conclusion, only add, that as I have a second edition of this work in the press, I shall be glad to have communications with any journeymen tailors who, by diligent perseverance, have attained a better position among men of letters, science, and art. But I wish it to be distinctly understood that there is no space for mere *money grabs*; to quote from a letter from my friend, James Nicholson, "There are thousands of tailors who have raised themselves from nothing to positions of wealth and material prosperity, but in whose souls there is not one spark of true heroism or genius"—such men are to be shunned and regarded as unclean, and it is humiliating indeed to find young tailors employed with such money-grubbing tyrants imitating their covetous actions.

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

MERCHANT TAILORS' SCHOOL—(Page 7.)

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE REGULATIONS FOR ENTRANCE, ETC.

Presentations to the School are in the gift of the members of the Court of Assistants of the Merchant Tailors' Company. They are generally issued on the first Wednesday in February, May, July, and November.

A list of the Court may be obtained on personal application to the Clerk of the Company, Merchant Tailors' Hall, Thread-needle Street, London, or from the School Secretary, Merchant Tailors' School.

The School is divided primarily into Upper and Lower ; and the Upper School into two divisions, called the classical side and the modern side.

In the classical side are taught all such branches of knowledge as shall prepare pupils to enter the Universities. The course of study embraces Latin, Greek, Hebrew or German, English, French, and Mathematics, and in certain cases Natural Science and Drawing.

In the Modern Side the subjects of instruction are,—Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French, German, Natural Science, Modern History and Literature, Geography (including Physical Geography), Drawing, English Composition, Arithmetic and Mercantile Subjects. A choice of subjects is allowed within certain limits, but as a rule only two languages can be learnt.

The Lower School is preparatory to the Upper, promotions being made from the Lower School to the Upper School twice a year according to individual proficiency.

The half of Monday is, throughout the School, devoted to religious instruction.

The School dues are an entrance fee of £3 and £12 12s. per annum, paid quarterly in advance by boys in the Lower School,

or £15 15s. per annum by boys in either department of the Upper School. This includes every charge for education, except books.

Dinner is provided for every boy on each of the whole School days at a charge of £5 per annum, paid quarterly in advance.

A quarter's notice, or a quarter's fees in lieu thereof, must be given before a boy can be withdrawn from the School.

There is no boarding system directly recognised by the School, but boarders are received by the assistant masters, and by other persons, with whom special arrangements must be made.

No boy can be admitted into the School unless he is over nine and under fourteen years of age, and passes the entrance examination to the satisfaction of the head-master. Particulars of examination will be found farther on.

As a rule, all boys must be at least three months in the Lower School before they can be admitted into the Upper School. Boys who fail to obtain their promotion to the classical side before they are fourteen years of age are removed to the modern side as vacancies occur, unless specially permitted to remain in the lower school by the head-master. And no boy on the modern side will be allowed to remain at school after he is sixteen, unless he be in the fifth form at least.

There are the following scholarships and exhibitions to the Universities attached to the School:—Twenty-one scholarships of £100 per annum, tenable for five years under certain conditions, at St. John's College, Oxford; four Parkin Exhibitions of £90 for four years, to Cambridge, for Mathematics; five Andrew Exhibitions of £86 per annum for five years, tenable at St. John's College, Oxford, for History and Modern Languages; two Stuart Exhibitions, one to Cambridge, of about £60, for four years, and one to Oxford, of £50, for eight years; four Company's Exhibitions of £40, for four years, to either Oxford or Cambridge; one School Exhibition, of about £60, for four years, tenable at Oxford; two Pitt Club Exhibitions of about £30, for four years, tenable at Oxford or Cambridge; and one Free Medical and Surgical Scholarship annually at St. Thomas's Hospital.

All boys who have been in the School two years are eligible to the twenty-one Scholarships at St. John's College, Oxford, until the 11th of June preceding their nineteenth birthday,

but must have been a certain time in the school, and attained a certain rank in it.

There are ten Scholarships awarded annually by competitions to boys who have been at least one year in the School. Four of these, called Senior Scholarships, are open to boys under sixteen, and are of the value of £30 per annum, and tenable as long as the holder remains in the School. One at least of these Senior Scholarships is awarded every year for Modern Subjects. The remaining six, called Junior Scholarships, are open to boys under fourteen, and are of the value of £15, tenable for two years, or until the owner is elected to a Senior Scholarship. The examination for both Senior and Junior Scholarships is held in June.

The hours of School attendance are from nine till twelve, and from one till four.

Wednesdays and Saturdays are half-holidays. Boys who have neglected their work or misbehaved themselves during the previous week will be liable to be detained in School on Wednesday afternoon; notice of such detention being given to their parents or guardians in each case.

The School closes for five weeks at Christmas, two weeks at Easter, six days in the middle of June, and six weeks at the end of July.

No boys are allowed to quit the School premises between the hours of morning and afternoon School, except under special permission from the head-master.

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE REQUIREMENTS FOR ENTRANCE
EXAMINATION.

Age, 9 to 10.—First Form. ARITHMETIC—The first four rules. LATIN—Accidence to the end of the passive verbs; that is, the substantives, adjectives, and pronouns in *black type* in the Public School Latin Primer; the verb “sum,” and the regular verbs.

Age, 10 to 11.—Second Form. ARITHMETIC—The first four rules. LATIN—In addition to the work of the First Form, the rules for genders, pp 11-15, deponent verbs, etc., pp. 50-54. The anomalous verbs (*possum*, etc.) and perfects and supines of 1st and 2nd conjugations, pp. 63-67, and the first twenty-five exercises in *Smith's Principia*, Part I.



Age, 11 to 12. — Third Form. ARITHMETIC — The first four rules with application to money, weights, and measures. LATIN — In addition to the work above, the perfects and supines of 3rd and 4th conjugations, and of deponent verbs, pp. 68-72. Syntax Rules, 88-103. The application of rules must be understood, and the rules not merely committed to memory, with additional Latin exercises.

Age, 12 to 13. — Lower Division. ARITHMETIC — The first four rules with application to money, weights, and measures. LATIN — In addition to the work above, Syntax Rules, 88-136 in *Latin*, with intelligent application of the rules. Translation of easy sentences from Latin into English, and English into Latin. GREEK — Boys entering at Easter and Michaelmas will be required to have a knowledge of the Greek declensions.

Age, 13 to 14. — Upper Division. ARITHMETIC — Vulgar Fractions. LATIN — In addition to the above, the rest of the Syntax, Prosody and Scanning. To construe an easy Latin author. English sentences into Latin. FRENCH — “Avoir” and “Etre.” Elementary Exercises. GREEK — Wordsworth’s Greek Primer to the end of the adjectives.

Fourth Form. ARITHMETIC — Decimals, Euclid, and Algebra may be offered in addition. LATIN — Grammar as above. To construe an easy Latin author. Translation of a simple passage of English into Latin Prose. Some knowledge of verse making. FRENCH — Verbs and easy translation. GREEK — Wordsworth’s Greek Primer to the end of regular verb.

All Candidates for admission are required to pass a satisfactory Examination in Reading, Writing, and Dictation. They are also examined in Elementary Religious Knowledge and the “Church Catechism.”

In the case of boys between 13 and 14 intended for the Modern Side, an additional knowledge of French, or a knowledge of German, or of Elementary Natural Science, may be offered in the place of Latin Verses or Greek.

As a rule, all boys must be at least three months in the Lower School before they can be admitted to the Upper School. But no boy will be allowed to remain in the Lower School after he is 14 years of age, without special permission from the head-master. Failure to pass the Entrance Examinations causes a presentation to be forfeited.

WORKS OF MR. JAMES NICHOLSON.

-
- Willie Waugh and other Poems. By James and Ellen
Nicholson. 3s.
- Poems by James and Ellen Nicholson. 3s.
- Kilwuddie and other Poems. 1s. 6d.
- Nightly Wanderings in the Gardens of the Sky. Illustrated.
3s.
- Father Fernie, the Botanist: a Tale and a Study. Including
his Life, Wayside Lessons, and Poems. 2s.
- Idyls o' Hame, and other Poems. 3s.
- "Wee Tibbie's Garland." Paper, 1s.; Cloth, 1s. 6d.
-

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Few among our minor Scottish singers "warble their native wood-notes wild" more musically than James Nicholson, of Glasgow. . . . The warm love of nature, the delicacy and often the elevation of feeling, and the manly spirit that breathes in these verses, would entitle them to notice even were they clothed in a rough homely garb. But in most of them we find, also, a grace, a refinement, and an aptness of expression, which the author's humble origin and scanty opportunities of study would scarcely lead us to expect.—*Scotsman*.

We hesitate not to say that, since the days of Burns and Macneil, no one has so well caught, and so forcibly expressed, the subtle homely pathos of lowly domestic life, as has the author of "Kilwuddie, and other Poems."—*Montrose Standard*.

"Im-hm" is worthy of Burns. Had Nicholson penned nothing but this, it would have entitled him to a place amongst our humorous poets. It is such a poem as Goldsmith would have loved to read, and which, had Douglas Jerrold been alive, would have obtained a larger share of public notice for the writer.—*National Magazine*.

James Nicholson is one of those few poets from whose lips the Doric flows with much of the sweetness, and a great deal of the force, which characterised the language in the days of Burns.—*Elgin and Morayshire Courier*.

Pawkie Humour, that quality so largely developed in the Scottish character, and particularly so in the genuine Scottish minstrel, is possessed in no stinted measure by Nicholson.—*Ayrshire Express*.

In the lowliness of his birth, in the struggles and disadvantages of his youth, in the persevering and independent spirit with which he overcame all adverse circumstances, and in the excellent use he has made of his opportunities and talents, James Nicholson is entitled to be henceforth honourably named with the Nichols, the Bethunes, and other humble sons of genius of whom Scotland has such just reason to be proud.—*Scotsman*.

The touch of genius is upon every page of this little book ["Father Fernie"]. It is difficult to say whether the charm of the story, the poems, or the botanical conversations, is the greatest. James Nicholson is one of the peasant poets of Scotland, entitled to sing with the best of her minor minstrels. An exquisite fancy, a rich imagination, a quaint humour, and a tenderness as manly as it is touching, give a magic to his pen. It is not often that elementary science is clothed in such an attractive garb.—*British Quarterly*.

*The above may be had from JAMES M'GEACHY, 89 Union
Street, Glasgow.*

