

which you give as to the similarity of the modern plants in the two countries, vast dreams of a southern continent are opened up, the truth of which must depend very much, I presume, on the discoveries which will shortly be made in Madagascar. To that country I look as the great new field for botany, zoology, and geology, as it is now opened up by the death of the old tyrant Queen, and the accession of the good and liberal Prince whom Ellis celebrates.

“As for the American question, on which you do me the honour to ask my opinion, I have thought of nothing else for some time; for I cannot see how I can be a Professor of past Modern History without the most careful study of the history which is enacting itself around me. But I can come to no conclusion, save that to which all England seems to have come—that the war will be a gain to us. So strongly do I feel the importance of this crisis, that I mean to give as my public lectures, next October term, the History of the American States; and most thankful to you should I be, if you could recommend me any books throwing light on it, particularly on the little-known period (strange to say), from 1815 to the present time.

“As for the death of the Prince Consort, I can say nothing. Words fail me utterly. What little I could say, I put into a sermon for my own parishioners, which I will send you if you will allow me. . . . I need not say how we regretted not being able to accept your kind invitation. But the heavy work of last term, and the frightful catastrophe * with which it ended, sent us all home to rest, if rest is possible, when, on coming home, one finds fresh arrears of work waiting for one, which ought to have been finished off months since. The feeling of being always behind hand, do what one will, is second only in torment to that of debt.

“I long to find myself once again talking over with you ‘the stones which tell no lies.’”

The opening of 1862 found him once more settled at Eversley, and enjoying the return to parish work after the heavy duties and responsibilities of such a year at Cambridge as could never come again.

His mind was particularly vigorous this year, and the refreshment of visits with his wife to the Grange in the winter, and to Scotland in the summer, giving him change of thought and scene, prepared him for returning to his professorial work in the

* Prince Consort's death.

autumn, and to his controversy on the Cotton Famine with Lancashire mill-owners and millionaires.

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.R.S., &c. &c.

January 31, 1862.

"We have just returned from Lord Ashburton's at the Grange, where the Bishop of Oxford, the Duke of Argyle, and I, have naturally talked much about you and your book.*

"As for the Bishop, you know what he thinks. The Duke is calm, liberal, and ready to hear all reason; though puzzled, as every one must be, by a hundred new questions which you have opened.

"What started us on you and your theory was the shooting in the park of a pair of 'blue rocks,' which I was called to decide on. There were several men there who knew blue rocks. The Duke said that the specimen was different from the blue rock of the Hebrides. Young Baring, that it was different from the blue rock of Gibraltar and of his Norfolk rabbit warrens (which I don't believe, from the specimens I have seen, to be a blue rock at all, but a stunted stock dove, which feeds in rabbit holes), and I could hardly swear that this was a blue rock (as the keeper held), till I saw, but very weakly developed, the black bars on the wing cornets.

"Do you care enough about the matter to have a specimen of the bird? He comes in twos and threes (from the Isle of Wight, I suppose) to the heart of South Hants, and feeds on ivy berries.

"My own view is—and I coolly stated it, fearless of consequences—that the specimen before us was only to be explained on your theory, and that cushat, stock dove, and blue rock, had been once all one species; and I found—to show how your views are steadily spreading—that of five or six men, only one regarded such a notion as absurd. . . .

"At least believe me, differing now and now agreeing,

"Yours faithfully,

"C. KINGSLEY."

In answer to this query, Mr. Darwin writes :

"With respect to the pigeons, your remarks clearly show me (without seeing specimens) that the birds shot were the stock *C. Cenas*, long confounded with the cushat and rock pigeon. It is in some respects identical in appearance and habits; as it breeds in *holes* in trees and in

* "Origin of Species," recently published.

rabbit warrens. It is so far intermediate that it quite justifies what you say on all the forms being descendants of one. . . .”

Of the blue rock dove of the Eastern counties, Mr. Kingsley had previously written to Sir Charles Bunbury :

“I trust that you will excuse my troubling you in the cause of science ; but I have asked a very good local ornithologist about the dove of your warrens ; and he says that it is either the blue rock dove (parent of our domestic pigeon) or an unknown and mysterious dove which used to haunt the open lands of Cambridge twenty years ago, and is now disappearing.

“Would it be possible for your keeper to procure me a specimen of the bird, and a couple of its eggs? We might thus clear up a loose point—always a thing to be desired.”

TO CAPTAIN ALSTON, R.N.

EVERSLEY, *March 20, 1862.*

“I cannot thank you enough for your splendid present, which arrived this morning. I have tried one of them, and they are admirable. I have given some to an old army friend, who is too poor to buy cigars, and who is licking his lips over them with delight. So you have made two men happy. They will last me for the next three years.

“As for the Workmen’s Club, Mrs. Kingsley has sent you a list of books which she recommends. The best periodical for them is certainly Norman McLeod’s ‘Good Words,’ which is quite admirable, and has now a very large circulation—70,000, I believe. I do not think that I would give them Carlyle yet. If I did, it would be ‘Past and Present.’ And yet, things have so mended since it was written that that would be unfair. The ‘French Revolution’ is the book, if they would only understand it.

“I am not the man to give you any practical suggestions as to the working of such a club. But if when you come to London, you choose call on my dear friend, Tom Hughes (Tom Brown), he would give you many admirable hints learnt from experience.

“I am truly thankful to hear that I have helped to make a churchman of you. The longer I live, the more I find the Church of England the most rational, liberal, and practical form which Christianity has yet assumed ; and dread as much seeing it assimilated to dissent, as to Popery. Strange to say, Thomas Carlyle now says that the Church of England is the most rational thing he sees now going, and that it is the duty of every wise man to support it to the uttermost.”

Sitting at breakfast at the rectory one spring morning this year, the father was reminded of an old promise, “Rose, Maurice, and Mary have got their book, and baby must have his.” He made no answer, but got up at once and went into his study, locking the door. In half an hour he returned with the story of little Tom. This was the first chapter of “*The Waterbabies,*” written off without a correction. The rest of the book, which appeared monthly in “*Macmillan’s Magazine,*” was composed with the same quickness and ease as the first chapter—if indeed what was so purely an inspiration could be called composing, for the whole thing seemed to flow naturally out of his brain and heart, lightening both of a burden without exhausting either; and the copy went up to the printer’s with scarcely a flaw. He was quite unprepared for the sensation it would make.

Nothing helped the books and sermons more than the silence and solitude of a few days’ fishing. *The Waterbabies*, especially, have the freshness and fragrance of the sea breeze and the riverside in almost every page; and he writes home from the banks of Itchen:

“I have told Masson that I will be ready for him in July. I have got a deal more ready, among others a wonderful waterproof picture-book, in which Tom sees how a race of men, in time, become gorillas by being brutish. I have worked out the theory till I quite believe it.

“Oh, the loveliness of this vale and river! and the comfort of all the cottages and tenants. It is a happy land round here, at least as far as Lord Ashburton’s goes. I am just starting fishing—day looking perfect: but I don’t hope for much, the fish are all feeding at ground. . . .

“I shall be at Winchfield at one o’clock to-morrow. I have had bad sport enough; so has every one—but delightful scenery. I am now at the Plough at Itchen.”

About the *Waterbabies*, he writes to Mr. Maurice:

“When you read it, I hope you will see that I have not been idling my time away. I have tried, in all sorts of queer ways, to make children and grown folks understand that there is a quite miraculous and divine element underlying all physical nature; and that nobody knows anything about anything, in the sense in which they may know God in Christ, and right and wrong. And if I have wrapped up my parable in seeming Tom-fooleries, it is because so only could I get the pill swallowed by a

by the slightest difference in structure !' I tell him, 'not a bit ; you are putting the cart before the horse, like the rest of the world. If you won't believe my great new doctrine (which, by the bye, is as old as the Greeks), that souls secrete their bodies, as snails do shells, you will remain in outer darkness. I know an ape's brain and throat are almost exactly like a man's—and what does that prove ? That the ape is a fool and a muff, who has tools very nearly as good as a man's, and yet can't use them, while the man can do the most wonderful thing with tools very little better than an ape's.

" 'If men had had ape's bodies they would have got on very tolerably with them, because they had men's souls to work the bodies with. While an ape's soul in a man's body would be only a rather more filthy nuisance than he is now. You fancy that the axe uses the workman, I say that the workman uses the axe, and that though he can work rather better with a good tool than a bad one, the great point is, what sort of workman is he—an ape-soul or a human soul ?'

"Whereby you may perceive that I am not going astray into materialism as yet."

TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

EVERSLEY, June 28, 1863.

"Don't take the trouble to answer this. *In re* great toes of apes and men. Have you ever remarked the variableness of the hallux in our race ?

"The old Greek is remarkable for a small hallux and large second toe, reaching beyond it, and that is held (and rightly) as the most perfect form of the human foot. But in all modern Indo-Gothic races is it the same ? In all children which I have seen (and I have watched carefully) the hallux is far larger and longer in proportion to the other toes than in the Greek statues. This is not caused (as commonly supposed) by wearing shoes, for it holds in the Irish children who have never worn them.

"Now surely such a variation in the size of the hallux gives probability at least to your deductions from its great variability in the apes.

"Science owes you the honour of having demonstrated that the hind hand of the apes is not a hand, but a true foot. Think over what I have said."

TO CHARLES DARWIN, ESQ., F.R.S., &c.

EVERSLEY, June 14, 1863.

"I have been reading with delight and instruction your paper on climbing plants.

“Your explanation of an old puzzle of mine—*Lathyrus Nissolia*—is a master-piece. Nothing can be more conclusive. That of the filament at the petiole-end of the bean is equally satisfactory.

“Ah, that I could begin to study nature anew, now that you have made it to me a live thing, not a dead collection of names. But my work lies elsewhere now. Your work, nevertheless, helps mine at every turn. It is better that the division of labour should be complete, and that each man should do only one thing, while he looks on, as he finds time, at what others are doing, and so gets laws from other sciences which he can apply, as I do, to my own.”

TO H. BATES, ESQ., F.R.S., &c., &c.

EVERSLEY, *April 13, 1863.*

“‘*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent.*’ I was in the act of writing off to my bookseller for your delightful book, ‘*Travels on the Amazons,*’ when to my surprise and pleasure it appeared last night with your kind and flattering letter. It fell out thus. Clements Markham came down to me, and found me in great wonder and admiration over your extraordinary paper in the *Linnean* on the *Mocking butterflies*, and told me of your new book; and I agreed that I would write a review for ‘*Macmillan*’ of it, poor Spruce’s pamphlet, &c., Markham’s translations of the old *Amazon voyages*, and the *Amazon in general*. I have glanced at your book, and find it all I took it for granted it would be; and shall recommend it as strongly as possible. I may have to ask you some questions as to Wallace and Spruce; that I may do justice to every one. Is it Wallace who went to New Guinea, and brought home the birds of Paradise? If so, I know him.

“One thing more. I think your explanation of the *Mocking butterflies* is one of the best instances of Darwin’s theories, explaining what nothing else will that I know. But have you not overlooked the causes of this adaptation which would greatly accelerate it?”

Here he proposes to Mr. Bates at some length, as an explanation of the singular mimicry of form and colours between butterflies belonging to entirely distinct families, a possible intermarriage of individuals belonging to these distinct forms. The idea was a crude one, as quickly abandoned as conceived, and it need not therefore, be given here. He concludes—“May not these be the descendants of true fertile hybrids (however rare) between *Ithomia*, &c., and *Leptalis* at a remote epoch? The possibility of any one or all of these cases I believe in. Pray think them

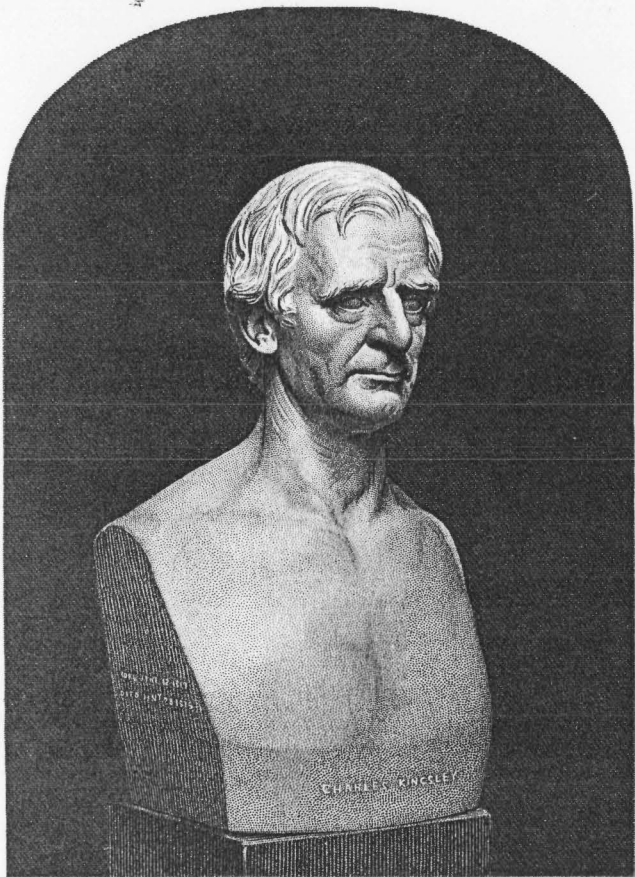
treaties. Now a body is required which represents the past and the future, and all material or spiritual which has been inherited from the past or bequeathed to the future. And this body must itself be an hereditary one. Some may answer, 'Just as much as, Who drives fat oxen must himself be fat.' But it seems to me,

"1. That such a body must be non-elected, to keep it safe from the changes of temporary popular opinion. An elective upper chamber is a monster which is certain to become a den of demagogues and money-lenders.

"2. That it must be hereditary, because it is impossible for men to represent that which they are not themselves. The Peers are the incarnation of the hereditary principle. I look on them therefore as what they are in fact, not a caste, not even a class, but a certain number of specimens of a class chosen out by the accident (and a very fair choice, because it prevents quarrels and popular intrigues) of being eldest sons. I look on them as the representatives, not only of every younger brother, &c., of their own kin, and of every family which has ever intermarried, or hopes to intermarry with them (though that would include the great majority of well-educated Britons), but as the representatives of every man who has saved up enough to buy a silver fork, a picture, a Yankee clock, or anything, in fact, which he wishes to hand to his children. I hold that while Mr. Bright may, if he likes, claim to be represented merely by the House of Commons, his plate and house is represented by the House of Lords, and that if the House of Lords were abolished, Mr. Bright's children would discover that fact by the introduction of laws which would injure the value of all heritable property, would tax (under the name of luxuries) the products of art and civilization, would try to drive capital into those trades which afforded most employment for unskilled labour, and supplied most the temporary necessities of the back and belly, and would tend to tax the rich for the sake of the poor, with very ugly results to civilization.

"This picture may seem overdrawn. But I answer, this is already the tendency in the United States. The next fifty years will prove whether that tendency can be conquered or not in a pure democracy, such as they have now for the first time become, since they have exterminated their southern hereditary aristocracy, and their northern hereditary aristocracy, the Puritan gentlemen of old families have retired in disgust from public life. May I ask you to think over this view of the House of Lords. And may I ask you how far you think, if it be correct, it can be wisely pressed upon all classes, and specially upon the titled persons (there is no titled class in these realms) themselves?

"Pray excuse the length of this letter. But your book awoke such



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BUST BY WOOLNER.

"Fame for which he cared so little has come to him. His Bust stands in the Baptistery of Westminster Abbey, by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice, and in the Temple of Fame which will be consecrated to the period of Victoria and Albert, there will be a niche for Charles Kingsley the author of "Alton Locke and Hypatia."

MAX MÜLLER.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

HIS LETTERS AND MEMORIES OF HIS LIFE.

Zz. 70. 0

EDITED BY HIS WIFE.

"Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre; death after life, does greatly please."
SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEEN," Book I., Canto ix.

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