

be! and how clever!—to teach little boys and girls to read, write, and cipher.’” There was an uneasy shifting of feet, a flushing of faces, a gnashing of teeth. Then one by one the crowd dispersed.”

I well remember Matthew Arnold, as an *Inspector of Schools*. It was quite in the early days of these inspections. Mr. Arnold, though we liked him, did not altogether impress us with respect. We did not know of his world-wide fame as a scholar, poet, and critic, and his personal appearance suggested nothing of the sort. Lord Dundreary was then a well-known comic character in the London theatres; and Matthew Arnold resembled him very much in face and manner of speaking. He wore long side-whiskers, and parted his hair in the centre. He looked and spoke in our opinion, like a “swell” or “dandy.”

The above story reminds me of the dictation he set us on the occasion we first saw him. Turning to one of the higher classes he quoted, rolling it as if he enjoyed the poetry of it:—“All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes and cassia, out of the ivory palaces whereby they have made thee glad.” Then, almost without pause, he turned to another class and said:—“Kings’ daughters were among her honourable women.”

Later in the day he put some general questions in History to my class. Among others he wanted to know who fought at Flodden Field. I mentioned Marmion (having just finished that poem), and he really seemed better pleased than if I had known more history and less fiction.

Next year when he came in at the school door, he stopped in front of the blackboard and said, “Last year, when I came in, there was a problem in algebra worked out on that board,” and he gave us details of the problem. He had visited, perhaps, over a hundred schools in the course of the year.

Matthew Arnold has made for himself a name which will always shine brightly on the pages of literature.

R. E. H.