Cunliffe Brooks at Glen Tana, that 'palace in the wilderness.' No one who was present can forget the grace, the gaiety, the felicity, the absolute rightness, with which Dr. Garnett conveyed to Sir William the warm and grateful appreciation with which the Association received and acknowledged his noble hospitality. The speech formed a worthy crown for an unforgettable day.

Dr. Garnett was one of those fine and rare spirits whom it is a delight and a privilege to know. By many his memory will be cherished as among the choicest jewels in the casket in which are enshrined their dearest and most precious recollections.

F. T. BARRETT.

AM not able to put into order my recollections of Richard Garnett; the immediate feeling is chiefly that, in common with many others, and for good reasons, I loved and honoured him, and that he is lost to us. Every one who thinks of him must think of his generosity; he had in a pre-eminent degree that kind of charity spoken of in the 'Religio Medici': 'I make not my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves.' His wide range of learning and his wide sympathies enabled him to be so great a giver. You never came up to a dead wall in his mind and were stopped; you did not thread tortuous

lanes, although he possessed much curious knowledge, nor climb some rough *salita*; it was always the open downs, with liberal prospects, and yet no minute detail was too little for his inspection. Did anyone ever hear him speak unkindly of another? I, for one, never did. And yet he had a rare gift of irony, a keen-edged, intellectual wit; but he understood things too well to permit him to take pleasure in objurgation or complaint. His memory was marvellous; what had passed once before his eyes seemed to be incised on his brain. I do not know that he ever attended a horse-race, but while he was staying in my house the Derby day came, and he was able to recite the names of the winners of the Derby for the ten preceding years. In literary research he was keen and surefooted; but he did not become intellectually myopic through the practice of microscopy. I do not venture to speak of his work in so many provinces of literature, it speaks for itself; but he was capable of surprises to the end. He sent me a copy of the first edition of 'De Flagello Myrteo'; I thanked the sender, but never guessed that my friend was the writer of these fine *pensées*. A few days before his death he wrote to me acknowledging the authorship.

EDWARD DOWDEN.