

PET, OR PASTIMES AND PENALTIES

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Pet, or Pastimes and Penalties by Hugh Reginald Haweis

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HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS

**PET, OR PASTIMES
AND PENALTIES**

ROUTLEDGE'S WORLD LIBRARY.

EDITED BY THE

REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS, M.A.

"Syllables govern the World."—JOHN SELDEN.

"**T**HERE is a sea below the sea," said a distinguished American man of letters to me not long ago. He meant the reading world on the surface of society is as nothing when compared with the reading world beneath the surface.

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I believe that, with a wide extension of the franchise, the time has arrived for the best books to be offered to a large class hitherto almost untouched by such literature.

I am not one of those who "wish to rob the poor man of his beer,"

but I cannot help thinking that should this fly-leaf flutter down upon the frugal board at the right time, there may be many who would be willing to substitute a glass of water for a glass of beer once a week, in order to secure a Life of Nelson, Garibaldi, De Foe's Plague of London, Scott's Marmion, or Goethe's Faust.

Such a sacrifice would leave the body not one whit the poorer, and the mind richer for ever.

The books about to be offered to the million are the best—those "without which no gentleman's library is complete." WALTER CRANE designs the cover—for the best art is worthy to adorn the best literature. "Do the people care for either?" You might as well ask, "Do the people care for turtle soup?" The answer is, "Of course they do when they can get it."

There is no greater mistake than to try to write and publish down to the people. Give the people something to work up to.

TANNYSON says, "We needs must love the highest when we see it." Place the highest within everyone's reach, and then there will be something for *everyone* to work up to.

As I looked down the other day, from the upper deck of a large Atlantic steamer, at the crowd of steerage passengers, and marked how most of them were huddled together hour after hour doing nothing, others crowding round the bar where beer was being doled out, and just a few reading some greasy tract or newspaper, I thought, "O for a stock of cheap books such as will be issued in 'Boutledge's World Library'!" No emigrant ship should be without a selection of them.

As I sometimes steam out of London and notice the miles of neat small streets, and think of those thousands of bread-winners hurrying home nightly to growing-up families, I feel inclined to say, "Why should not each of you once a week bring home a threepenny book in his pocket? You would have to save but a halfpenny a day to do it."

When I think of the long, gossiping, yawning, gambling hours of grooms, valets, coachmen, and cabmen; the railway stations, conveniently provided with bookstalls, and crowded morning and evening with workmen's trains—the winter evenings in thousands of villages, wayside cottages, and scattered hamlets—the brief, but not always well-spent leisure of Factory hands in the north—the armies of commercial and uncommercial travellers with spare half hours—the shop assistants—the city offices with their hangers-on—the Board Schools—the village libraries—the Army and Navy—the barrack or the dockyard—again the vision of "Boutledge's World Library" rises before me, and I say, "This, if not a complete cure for indolence and vice, may at least prove a powerful counter-charm."

Such, indeed, are but glimpses into the sea below the sea: its waters are at present unexplored—we seem to sound and sound and find their depth fathomless. "Boutledge's World Library" will heave the lead once more!

ROUTLEDGE'S WORLD LIBRARY

"Syllables govern the world."—JOHN SELDEN.

P E T

OR

PASTIMES AND PENALTIES

BY THE

REV. HUGH REGINALD HAWEIS, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORALS," "THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES," ETC.

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TO
MY DEAR CHILDREN
LIONEL, HUGOLIN, AND STEPHEN,
I dedicate
THESE PASTIMES WITHOUT THE PENALTIES

Vertical line on the right side of the page.

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INTRODUCTION

I HAVE nothing much to say about *Pet* except that I suppose the fifty thousand, or more, habitual readers of Routledge's World Library have presumably got children—say, at least, a hundred thousand children amongst them, and that I think the children should have something at Christmas. That is why I issue *Pet* for them. *Pet*, after running through several editions, has now for some years been out of print. I could not make up my mind whether to reprint an edition of it with the grave or the gay ending—for I had written both. I have quite made up my mind now. "*Pet*" ends gravely.

All the pastimes end gravely. All seasons, even Christmas, have a grave side to them. All lives, even children's, have a grave side to them.

The picture of child-life in "*Pet*" is true, and indeed partly biographical. I will not say whether *Pet* ever lived or died, but I remember some one who might have been *Pet*, as well as I remember any one.

As for *Rob*, he is now a merchant—not a particularly success-