

so as to extend considerably over, and, we may not unreasonably suppose, protect the belly—a character possessed in a still greater degree by the Mergansers (*Merginae*), while the males also exhibit in the extraordinarily developed bony labyrinth of their trachea and its midway enlargement another resemblance to the members of the same Subfamily. The Golden-eye, *C. glaucion* of modern writers, has its home in the northern parts of both hemispheres, whence in winter it migrates southward; but as it is one of the Ducks that constantly resorts to hollow trees for the purpose of breeding it hardly transcends the limit of the Arctic forests on either continent. So well known is this habit to the people of the northern districts of Scandinavia, that they very commonly devise artificial nest-boxes for its accommodation and their own profit. Hollow logs of wood are prepared, the top and bottom closed, and a hole cut in the side. These are affixed to the trunks of living trees in suitable places, at a convenient distance from the ground, and, being readily occupied by the birds in the breeding-season, are regularly robbed, first of the numerous eggs, and finally of the down they contain, by those who have set them up.

The adult male Golden-eye is a very beautiful bird, mostly black above, but with the head, which is slightly crested, reflecting rich green lights, a large oval white patch under each eye, and elongated white scapulars; the lower parts are wholly white and the feet bright orange, except the webs, which are dusky. In the female and young male, dark brown replaces the black, the cheek-spots are indistinct, and the elongated white scapulars wanting. The Golden-eye of North America has been by some authors deemed to differ, and has been named *C. americana*, but apparently on insufficient grounds. That country, however, has, in common with Iceland, a very distinct species, *C. islandica*, often called Barrow's Duck, which is but a rare straggler to the continent of Europe, and never, so far as known, to Britain. In Iceland and Greenland it is the only habitual representative of the genus, and it occurs from thence to the Rocky Mountains. In breeding-habits it differs from the commoner species, not placing its eggs in tree-holes; but how far this difference is voluntary may be doubted, for in the countries it frequents trees are wanting. It is a larger and stouter bird, and in the male the white cheek-patches take a more crescentic form, while the head is glossed with purple rather than green, and the white scapulars are not elongated. The New World also possesses a third and still more beautiful species of the genus in *C. albeola*, known in books as the Buff-headed Duck, and to American fowlers as the "Spirit-Duck" and "Butter-ball"—the former name being applied from its rapidity in diving, and the latter from its exceeding fatness in autumn. This is of small size, but the lustre of the feathers in the male is most brilliant, exhibiting a deep plum-coloured gloss on the head. It breeds in trees, and is supposed to have occurred more than once in Britain. (A. N.)

GOLDEN FLEECE. See ARGONAUTS.

GOLDEN LEGEND. See VORAGINE, JACOBUS DE.

GOLDEN ROSE (*rosa aurea*), an ornament, made of wrought gold and set with gems, which is blessed by the pope on the fourth (Lætare) Sunday of Lent, and usually afterwards sent as a mark of special favour to some distinguished individual, church, or civil community. The ceremonies which at present accompany the consecration of a golden rose are of a somewhat elaborate character, and are explained by liturgists as designed to make it specially emblematic of Christ and of the Christian graces. Some difficulty is experienced in tracing them to their ultimate origin; but the custom of blessing and sending some symbol of the kind seems to be as old at least as the time of Gregory the Great, with whom it was a frequent practice to

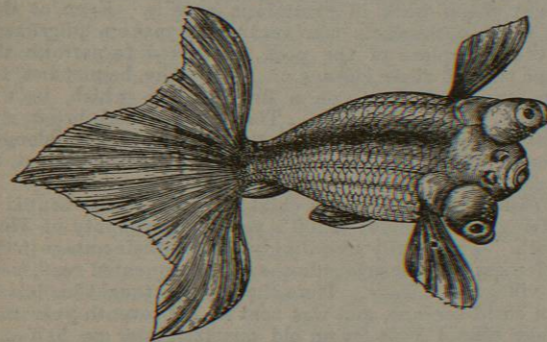
send persons whom he wished to flatter a few particles filed from "Peter's chains," and set in keys or crosses of gold (Greg., *Op.* ii. 648, 711, 796, 1031, ed. 1705). This practice continued to be observed for several centuries; thus we find Gregory VII., in 1079, writing to Alphonso of Castile, "Ex more sanctorum misimus vobis claviculam auream in qua de catenis beati Petri benedictio continetur" (Mansi, *Conc. Gen.*, xii. 460). The first mention of the "golden rose," as such, is said to occur in the 11th century; and an allusion to it is certainly made in the Chronicle of William of Newburgh (1197). Pope Urban V., who sent a golden rose to Joanna of Naples in 1366, is alleged to have been the first to determine that the consecration should be annually observed. Among the very numerous recipients of this honour have been Henry VIII. of England, the famous Gonsalvo de Cordova, and, in more recent times, Napoleon III. of France and Isabella II. of Spain. The gift of the golden rose used almost invariably to accompany the coronation of the king of the Romans. If in any particular year no one is considered worthy of the rose, it is laid up in the Vatican.

GOLDFINCH (German *Goldfink*), the *Fringilla carduelis* of Linnæus and the *Carduelis elegans* of later authors, an extremely well-known bird found over the greater parts of Europe and North Africa, and eastwards to Persia and Turkestan. Its gay plumage is matched by its sprightly nature; and together they make it one of the most favourite cage-birds among all classes. As a songster it is indeed surpassed by many other species, but its docility and ready attachment to its master or mistress makes up for any defect in its vocal powers. In some parts of England the trade in Goldfinches is very considerable. In 1860 Mr Hussey reported (*Zool.*, p. 7144) the average annual captures near Worthing to exceed 11,000 dozens—nearly all being cock-birds; and a witness before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1873 stated that, when a boy, he could take forty dozens in a morning near Brighton. In these districts and others the number has of late years become much reduced, owing doubtless in part to the fatal practice of catching the birds just before or during the breeding-season; but perhaps the strongest cause of their growing scarcity throughout the kingdom is the constant breaking-up of waste lands, and the extirpation of weeds (particularly of the Order *Compositæ*) essential to the improved system of agriculture; for in many parts of Scotland, East Lothian for instance, where Goldfinches were once as plentiful as Sparrows, they are now only rare stragglers, and yet there they have not been thinned by netting. Though Goldfinches may occasionally be observed in the coldest weather, incomparably the largest number leave Britain in autumn, returning in spring, and resorting to our gardens and orchards to breed, when the lively song of the cock, and the bright yellow wings of both sexes, quickly attract the notice of even the unobservant. The nest is a beautifully neat structure, often placed at no great height from the ground, but generally so well hidden by the leafy bough on which it is built as not to be easily found, until the young being hatched, the constant visits of the parents reveal its site. When the broods leave the nest they move into the more open country, and frequenting pastures, commons, heaths, and downs, assemble in large flocks towards the end of summer. Eastward of the range of the present species its place is taken by its congener *C. caniceps*, which is easily recognized by wanting the black hood and white ear-coverts of our own bird. Its home seems to be in Central Asia, but it moves southward in winter, being common at that season in Cashmere, and is not unfrequently brought for sale to Calcutta. The position of the genus *Carduelis* in the family *Fringillidae*

¹ The more common German name, however, is *Distelfink* (Thistle-Finch) or *Stieglitz*.

is not very clear. Structurally it would seem to have some relation to the Siskins (*Chrysomitris*), though the members of the two groups have very different habits, and perhaps its nearest kinship lies with the Hawfinches (*Coccothraustes*). See FINCH, vol. ix. p. 191. (A. N.)

GOLDFISH (*Carassius auratus*). In China and the warmer parts of Japan a fish extremely similar to the Crucian carp of Europe is of very common occurrence in ponds and other still waters. In the wild state its colours do not differ from those of a Crucian carp, and like that fish it is tenacious of life and easily domesticated. Albinos seem to be rather common; and as in other fishes (for instance, the tench, carp, eel, flounder), the colour of most of these albinos is a bright orange or golden yellow; occasionally even this shade of colour is lost, the fish being more or less pure white or silvery. The Chinese have domesticated these albinos for a long time, and by careful selection have succeeded in propagating all those strange varieties, and even monstrosities, which appear in every domestic animal. In some individuals the dorsal fin is only half its normal length, in others entirely absent; in others the anal fin has a double spine; in others all the fins are of nearly double the usual length. The snout is frequently



Goldfish (*Carassius auratus*).

malformed, giving the head of the fish an appearance similar to that of a bull-dog. The variety most highly prized at present has an extremely short snout, eyes which almost wholly project beyond the orbit, no dorsal fin, and a very long three- or four-lobed caudal fin (Telescope-fish). The gold-fish is now distributed over nearly all the civilized parts of the world. It was first brought to England in the year 1691, but was very scarce till 1728, when it was imported in great numbers from Holland, where the fish had already become domesticated. It will not thrive in rivers; in large ponds it readily reverts to the coloration of the original wild stock. It flourishes best in small tanks and ponds, in which the water is constantly changing and does not freeze; in such localities, and with a full supply of food, which consists of crumbs of bread, bran, worms, small crustaceans, and insects, it attains to a length of from 6 to 12 inches, breeding readily, sometimes at different times of the same year.

GOLD HILL, a town of Storey county, Nevada, United States, is situated at the head of a precipitous ravine of the Nevada mountains, 1 mile S. of Virginia city, and 328 E. from San Francisco by rail. The name was derived from a small hill connected with the famous Comstock lode, and containing rich golden ore. Some of the most valuable mines of this lode are within the limits of the town, the average yield being about two million dollars monthly in gold and silver. Though there are some quartz mills within the town, the greater part of the ore is conveyed to the mills on Carson river. There is a fine hall in connexion

with the miners' union, and another has been erected by the Oddfellows and Freemasons. The Methodists, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics are the principal denominations of the town. Gold Hill obtains its water supply in conjunction with Virginia from the summit of the Sierra Nevada, 25 miles distant. The population in 1860 was 638, and in 1870 4311. Since then it has been rapidly increasing, and must have more than trebled its numbers.

GOLDINGEN, in Lettish *KULDIGA*, a district town of the Russian province of Courland, in 50° 58' N. lat. and 11° 58' E. long., 85 miles W.N.W. of Mittau, on the left bank of the Windau, which forms a beautiful waterfall—the Rummel—in the neighbourhood. On the Schlossberg or Castlehill are a few remains of the foundations of what in the end of the 18th century was the most magnificent ruin in Courland, and in the 17th century had been the palatial residence of the dukes. The town is beautifully built; and it possesses a Lutheran church dating from 1606, and a Catholic church five years older, a hospital and two almshouses, two benevolent societies, founded respectively in 1836 and 1839, and a society of rural economy. Brush-making is the only local industry of much importance. In 1861 the population was 5475 (2764 males), of whom the greater proportion were Lutherans, 1551 being Jews, 360 Roman Catholics, and 290 members of the Greek Church; but according to the *St Petersburg Calendar* for 1878 it has diminished to 4758. The castle of Goldingen was founded in 1249 by Dietrich of Gröningen, and in 1347 the town received its first charter of privileges from Goswin von Gerike, master of the Teutonic order. It has been a district town since 1795.

GOLD LACE. See under GOLD, p. 753.

GOLDONI, CARLO (1707–1793), the most illustrious of the Italian comedy-writers, and the real founder of modern Italian comedy. His life is known to us from his *Mémoires*, which, though they do not reveal a great thinker, are of great value as faithfully representing the Italian society, especially the Venetian society of the 18th century. Goldoni was born at Venice in 1707, in a fine house near St Thomas's church. His father Giulio was a native of Modena. The first playthings of the future writer were puppets which he made dance; the first books he read were plays,—among others, the comedies of the Florentine Cicognini. Later he received a still stronger impression from the *Mandragora* of Macchiavelli. At eight years old he had tried to sketch a play. His father, meanwhile, had taken his degree in medicine at Rome and fixed himself at Perugia, where he made his son join him; but, having soon quarrelled with his colleagues in medicine, he departed for Chioggia, leaving his son to the care of a philosopher, Professor Caldini of Rimini. The young Goldoni soon grew tired of his life at Rimini, and ran away with a Venetian company of players. He began to study law at Venice, then went to continue the same pursuit at Pavia, but at that time he was studying the Greek and Latin comic poets much more and much better than books about law. "I have read over again," he writes in his *Mémoires*, "the Greek and Latin poets, and I have told to myself that I should like to imitate them in their style, their plots, their precision; but I would not be satisfied unless I succeeded in giving more interest to my works, happier issues to my plots, better drawn characters, and more genuine comedy." For a satire entitled *Il Colosso*, which attacked the honour of several families of Pavia, he was driven from that town, and went first to study with the jurist-consult Morelli at Udine, then to take his degree in law at Modena. After having worked some time as clerk in the chanceries of Chioggia and Feltre, his father being dead, he went to Venice, to exercise there his profession as a lawyer. But the wish to write for the stage was always strong in

him, and he tried to do so; he made, however, a mistake in his choice, and began with a tragedy, *Amalassunta*, which was represented at Milan and proved a failure. In 1734 he wrote another tragedy, *Belisario*, which though not much better, chanced nevertheless to please the public. This first success encouraged him to write other tragedies, some of which were well received; but the author himself saw clearly that he had not yet found his proper sphere, and that a radical dramatic reform was absolutely necessary for the stage. He wished to create a characteristic comedy in Italy, to follow the example of Molière, and to delineate the realities of social life in as natural a manner as possible. His first essay of this kind was *Momolo Cortesano* (Momolo the Courtier), written in the Venetian dialect, and based on his own experience. Other plays followed—some interesting from their subject, others from the characters; the best of that period are—*Le trentadue Disgrazie d'Arlecchino*, *La Notte critica*, *La Bancarotta*, *La Donna di Garbo*. Having, while consul of Genoa at Venice, been cheated by a captain of Ragusa, he founded on this his play *L'Impostore*. At Leghorn he made the acquaintance of the comedian Medebac, and followed him to Venice, with his company, for which he began to write his best plays. Once he promised to write sixteen comedies in a year, and kept his word; among the sixteen are some of his very best, such as *Il Caffè*, *Il Bugiardo*, *La Pamela*. When he left the company of Medebac, he passed over to that maintained by the patrician Vendramin, continuing to write with the greatest facility. In 1761 he was called to Paris, and before leaving Venice he wrote *Una delle ultime Sere di Carnevale* (One of the Last Nights of Carnival), an allegorical comedy in which he said good-bye to his country. At the end of the representation of this play, the theatre resounded with applause, and with shouts expressive of good wishes. Goldoni, at this proof of public sympathy, wept as a child. At Paris, during two years, he wrote comedies for the Italian actors; then he taught Italian to the royal princesses; and for the wedding of Louis XVI and of Marie Antoinette he wrote in French one of his best comedies, *Le Bourru Bienfaisant*, which was a great success. When he retired from Paris to Versailles, the king made him a gift of 6000 francs, and fixed on him an annual pension of 1200 francs. It was at Versailles he wrote his *Memoirs*, which occupied him till he reached his eightieth year. The Revolution deprived him all at once of his modest pension, and reduced him to extreme misery; he dragged on his unfortunate existence till 1793, and died on the 6th of February. The day after, on the proposal of André Chénier, the Convention agreed to give the pension back to the poet; and as he had already died, a reduced allowance was granted to his widow.

The best comedies of Goldoni are—*La Donna di Garbo*, *La Bottega di Caffè*, *Pamela nubile*, *Le Baruffe chiozzotte*, *I Rusteghi*, *Todero Brontolon*, *Gli Innamorati*, *Il Veniaglio*, *Il Bugiardo*, *La Casa Nova*, *Il Burbero benefico*, *La Locandiera*. See P. G. Molmenti, *Carlo Goldoni*, Venice, 1875.

GOLDSCHMIDT, HERMANN (1802-1866), a German painter and astronomer, was the son of a Jewish merchant, and was born at Frankfort on the 17th June 1802. He for ten years assisted his father in his business; but, his love of art having been awakened while journeying in Holland, he in 1832 began the study of painting at Munich under Cornelius and Schorr, and in 1836 established himself at Paris, where he painted a number of pictures of more than average merit, among which may be mentioned the *Cumæan Sibyl*, 1844; an *Offering to Venus*, 1845; a *View of Rome*, 1849; the *Death of Romeo and Juliet*, 1857; and several Alpine landscapes. In 1847 he began to devote his attention to astronomy; and from 1852 to 1861 he discovered fourteen asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, on which

account he received the grand astronomical prize from the Academy of Sciences. His observations of the protuberances on the sun, made during the total eclipse on the 10th July 1860, are included in the work of Mädler on the eclipse, published in 1861. Goldschmidt died at Fontainebleau, 26th August 1866.

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-1774), one of the most pleasing English writers of the 18th century. He was of a Protestant and Saxon family which had been long settled in Ireland, and which had, like most other Protestant and Saxon families, been, in troubled times, harassed and put in fear by the native population. His father, Charles Goldsmith, studied in the reign of Queen Anne at the diocesan school of Elphin, became attached to the daughter of the schoolmaster, married her, took orders, and settled at a place called Pallas, in the county of Longford. There he with difficulty supported his wife and children on what he could earn, partly as a curate and partly as a farmer.

At Pallas Oliver Goldsmith was born in November 1728. That spot was then, for all practical purposes, almost as remote from the busy and splendid capital in which his later years were passed as any clearing in Upper Canada or any sheep walk in Australasia now is. Even at this day those enthusiasts who venture to make a pilgrimage to the birthplace of the poet are forced to perform the latter part of their journey on foot. The hamlet lies far from any high road, on a dreary plain which, in wet weather, is often a lake. The lanes would break any jaunting car to pieces; and there are ruts and sloughs through which the most strongly built wheels cannot be dragged.

While Oliver was still a child his father was presented to a living worth about £200 a year, in the county of West Meath. The family accordingly quitted their cottage in the wilderness for a spacious house on a frequented road, near the village of Lissoy. Here the boy was taught his letters by a maid-servant, and was sent in his seventh year to a village school kept by an old quartermaster on half-pay, who professed to teach nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic, but who had an inexhaustible fund of stories about ghosts, banshees, and fairies, about the great Rapparee chiefs, Baldearg O'Donnell and galloping Hogan, and about the exploits of Peterborough and Stanhope, the surprise of Monjuich, and the glorious disaster of Brihuega. This man must have been of the Protestant religion; but he was of the aboriginal race, and not only spoke the Irish language, but could pour forth unpremeditated Irish verses. Oliver early became, and through life continued to be, a passionate admirer of the Irish music, and especially of the compositions of Carolan, some of the last notes of whose harp he heard. It ought to be added that Oliver, though by birth one of the Englishry, and though connected by numerous ties with the Established Church, never showed the least sign of that contemptuous antipathy with which, in his days, the ruling minority in Ireland too generally regarded the subject majority. So far indeed was he from sharing in the opinions and feelings of the caste to which he belonged that he conceived an aversion to the Glorious and Immortal Memory, and, even when George III was on the throne, maintained that nothing but the restoration of the banished dynasty could save the country.

From the humble academy kept by the old soldier Goldsmith was removed in his ninth year. He went to several grammar-schools, and acquired some knowledge of the ancient languages. His life at this time seems to have been far from happy. He had, as appears from the admirable portrait of him at Knowle, features harsh even to ugliness. The small-pox had set its mark on him with more than usual severity. His stature was small, and his limbs ill

put together. Among boys little tenderness is shown to personal defects; and the ridicule excited by poor Oliver's appearance was heightened by a peculiar simplicity and a disposition to blunder which he retained to the last. He became the common butt of boys and masters, was pointed at as a fright in the play-ground, and flogged as a dunce in the school-room. When he had risen to eminence, those who had once derided him ransacked their memory for the events of his early years, and recited repartees and couplets which had dropped from him, and which, though little noticed at the time, were supposed, a quarter of a century later, to indicate the powers which produced the *Vicar of Wakefield* and the *Deserted Village*.

In his seventeenth year Oliver went up to Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar. The sizars paid nothing for food and tuition, and very little for lodging; but they had to perform some menial services from which they have long been relieved. They swept the court, they carried up the dinner to the fellows' table, and changed the plates and poured out the ale of the rulers of the society. Goldsmith was quartered, not alone, in a garret, on the window of which his name, scrawled by himself, is still read with interest. From such garrets many men of less parts than his have made their way to the woolsack or to the episcopal bench. But Goldsmith, while he suffered all the humiliations, threw away all the advantages of his situation. He neglected the studies of the place, stood low at the examinations, was turned down to the bottom of his class for playing the buffoon in the lecture-room, and was severely reprimanded for pumping on a constable, and was caned by a brutal tutor for giving a ball in the attic story of the college to some gay youths and damsels from the city.

While Oliver was leading at Dublin a life divided between squalid distress and squalid dissipation, his father died, leaving a mere pittance. The youth obtained his bachelor's degree, and left the university. During some time the humble dwelling to which his widowed mother had retired was his home. He was now in his twenty-first year; it was necessary that he should do something; and his education seemed to have fitted him to do nothing but to dress himself in gaudy colours, of which he was as fond as a magpie, to take a hand at cards, to sing Irish airs, to play the flute, to angle in summer, and to tell ghost stories by the fire in winter. He tried five or six professions in turn without success. He applied for ordination; but, as he applied in scarlet clothes, he was speedily turned out of the episcopal palace. He then became tutor in an opulent family, but soon quitted his situation in consequence of a dispute about play. Then he determined to emigrate to America. His relations, with much satisfaction, saw him set out for Cork on a good horse, with £30 in his pocket. But in six weeks he came back on a miserable hack, without a penny, and informed his mother that the ship in which he had taken his passage, having got a fair wind while he was at a party of pleasure, had sailed without him. Then he resolved to study the law. A generous kinsman advanced £50. With this sum Goldsmith went to Dublin, was enticed into a gaming house, and lost every shilling. He then thought of medicine. A small purse was made up; and in his twenty-fourth year he was sent to Edinburgh. At Edinburgh he passed eighteen months in nominal attendance on lectures, and picked up some superficial information about chemistry and natural history. Thence he went to Leyden, still pretending to study physic. He left that celebrated university, the third university at which he had resided, in his twenty-seventh year, without a degree, with the merest smattering of medical knowledge, and with no property but his clothes and his flute. His flute, however, proved a useful friend. He rambled on foot through Flanders, France, and Switzerland, playing tunes

which everywhere set the peasantry dancing, and which often procured for him a supper and a bed. He wandered as far as Italy. His musical performances, indeed, were not to the taste of the Italians; but he contrived to live on the alms which he obtained at the gates of convents. It should, however, be observed that the stories which he told about this part of his life ought to be received with great caution; for strict veracity was never one of his virtues; and a man who is ordinarily inaccurate in narration is likely to be more than ordinarily inaccurate when he talks about his own travels. Goldsmith indeed was so regardless of truth as to assert in print that he was present at a most interesting conversation between Voltaire and Fontenelle, and that this conversation took place at Paris. Now it is certain that Voltaire never was within a hundred leagues of Paris during the whole time which Goldsmith passed on the Continent.

In 1756 the wanderer landed at Dover, without a shilling, without a friend, and without a calling. He had indeed, if his own unsupported evidence may be trusted, obtained from the university of Padua a doctor's degree; but this dignity proved utterly useless to him. In England his flute was not in request; there were no convents; and he was forced to have recourse to a series of desperate expedients. He turned strolling player; but his face and figure were ill suited to the boards even of the humblest theatre. He pounded drugs and ran about London with phials for charitable chemists. He joined a swarm of beggars, which made its nest in Axe Yard. He was for a time usher of a school, and felt the miseries and humiliations of this situation so keenly that he thought it a promotion to be permitted to earn his bread as a bookseller's hack; but he soon found the new yoke more galling than the old one, and was glad to become an usher again. He obtained a medical appointment in the service of the East India Company; but the appointment was speedily revoked. Why it was revoked we are not told. The subject was one on which he never liked to talk. It is probable that he was incompetent to perform the duties of the place. Then he presented himself at Surgeon's Hall for examination, as mate to a naval hospital. Even to so humble a post he was found unequal. By this time the schoolmaster whom he had served for a morsel of food and the third part of a bed was no more. Nothing remained but to return to the lowest drudgery of literature. Goldsmith took a garret in a miserable court, to which he had to climb from the brink of Fleet Ditch by a dizzy ladder of flagstones called Breakneck Steps. The court and the ascent have long disappeared, but old Londoners well remember both. Here, at thirty, the unlucky adventurer sat down to toil like a galley slave.

In the succeeding six years he sent to the press some things which have survived, and many which have perished. He produced articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers; children's books, which, bound in gilt paper and adorned with hideous woodcuts, appeared in the window of the once far famed shop at the corner of Saint Paul's Churchyard; *An Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe*, which, though of little or no value, is still reprinted among his works; a *Life of Beau Nash*, which is not reprinted, though it well deserves to be so; a superficial and incorrect, but very readable, *History of England*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a nobleman to his son; and some very lively and amusing *Sketches of London Society*, in a series of letters purporting to be addressed by a Chinese traveller to his friends. All these works were anonymous; but some of them were well known to be Goldsmith's; and he gradually rose in the estimation of the booksellers for whom he drudged. He was, indeed, emphatically a popular writer. For

accurate research or grave disquisition he was not well qualified by nature or by education. He knew nothing accurately; his reading had been desultory; nor had he meditated deeply on what he had read. He had seen much of the world; but he had noticed and retained little more of what he had seen than some grotesque incidents and characters which had happened to strike his fancy. But, though his mind was very scantily stored with materials, he used what materials he had in such a way as to produce a wonderful effect. There have been many greater writers; but perhaps no writer was ever more uniformly agreeable. His style was always pure and easy, and, on proper occasions, pointed and energetic. His narratives were always amusing, his descriptions always picturesque, his humour rich and joyous, yet not without an occasional tinge of amiable sadness. About everything that he wrote, serious or sportive, there was a certain natural grace and decorum, hardly to be expected from a man a great part of whose life had been passed among thieves and beggars, street-walkers and merryandrews, in those squalid dens which are the reproach of great capitals.

As his name gradually became known, the circle of his acquaintance widened. He was introduced to Johnson, who was then considered as the first of living English writers; to Reynolds, the first of English painters; and to Burke, who had not yet entered parliament, but had distinguished himself greatly by his writings and by the eloquence of his conversation. With these eminent men Goldsmith became intimate. In 1763 he was one of the nine original members of that celebrated fraternity which has sometimes been called the Literary Club, but which has always disclaimed that epithet, and still glories in the simple name of the Club.

By this time Goldsmith had quitted his miserable dwelling at the top of Breakneck Steps, and had taken chambers in the more civilized region of the Inns of Court. But he was still often reduced to pitiable shifts. Towards the close of 1764 his rent was so long in arrear that his landlady one morning called in the help of a sheriff's officer. The debtor, in great perplexity, despatched a messenger to Johnson; and Johnson, always friendly, though often surly, sent back the messenger with a guinea, and promised to follow speedily. He came, and found that Goldsmith had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira. Johnson put the cork into the bottle, and entreated his friend to consider calmly how money was to be procured. Goldsmith said that he had a novel ready for the press. Johnson glanced at the manuscript, saw that there were good things in it, took it to a bookseller, sold it for £60, and soon returned with the money. The rent was paid; and the sheriff's officer withdrew. According to one story, Goldsmith gave his landlady a sharp reprimand for her treatment of him; according to another, he insisted on her joining him in a bowl of punch. Both stories are probably true. The novel which was thus ushered into the world was the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

But before the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared in print, came the great crisis of Goldsmith's literary life. In Christmas week 1764 he published a poem, entitled the *Traveller*. It was the first work to which he had put his name, and it at once raised him to the rank of a legitimate English classic. The opinion of the most skilful critics was that nothing finer had appeared in verse since the fourth book of the *Dunciad*. In one respect the *Traveller* differs from all Goldsmith's other writings. In general his designs were bad, and his execution good. In the *Traveller*, the execution, though deserving of much praise, is far inferior to the design. No philosophical poem, ancient or modern, has a plan so noble and at the same

time so simple. An English wanderer, seated on a crag among the Alps, near the point where three great countries meet, looks down on the boundless prospect, reviews his long pilgrimage, recalls the varieties of scenery, of climate, of government, of religion, of national character, which he has observed, and comes to the conclusion, just or unjust, that our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

While the fourth edition of the *Traveller* was on, the counters of the booksellers, the *Vicar of Wakefield* appeared, and rapidly obtained a popularity which has lasted down to our own time, and which is likely to last as long as our language. The fable is indeed one of the worst that ever was constructed. It wants, not merely that probability which ought to be found in a tale of common English life, but that consistency which ought to be found even in the wildest fiction about witches, giants, and fairies. But the earlier chapters have all the sweetness of pastoral poetry, together with all the vivacity of comedy. Moses and his spectacles, the vicar and his monogamy, the sharper and his cosmogony, the squire proving from Aristotle that relatives are related, Olivia preparing herself for the arduous task of converting a rakish lover by studying the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday, the great ladies with their scandal about Sir Tomkyn's amours and Dr Burdock's verses, and Mr Burchell with his "Fudge," have caused as much harmless mirth as has ever been caused by matter packed into so small a number of pages. The latter part of the tale is unworthy of the beginning. As we approach the catastrophe, the absurdities lie thicker and thicker, and the gleams of pleasantry become rarer and rarer.

The success which had attended Goldsmith as a novelist emboldened him to try his fortune as a dramatist. He wrote the *Goodnatured Man*, a piece which had a worse fate than it deserved. Garrick refused to produce it at Drury Lane. It was acted at Covent Garden in 1768, but was coldly received. The author, however, cleared by his benefit nights, and by the sale of the copyright, no less than £500, five times as much as he had made by the *Traveller* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* together. The plot of the *Goodnatured Man* is, like almost all Goldsmith's plots, very ill constructed. But some passages are exquisitely ludicrous,—much more ludicrous indeed than suited the taste of the town at that time. A canting, mawkish play, entitled *False Delicacy*, had just had an immense run. Sentimentality was all the mode. During some years, more tears were shed at comedies than at tragedies; and a pleasantry which moved the audience to anything more than a grave smile was reprobated as low. It is not strange, therefore, that the very best scene in the *Goodnatured Man*, that in which Miss Richland finds her lover attended by the bailiff and the bailiff's follower in full court dresses, should have been mercilessly hissed, and should have been omitted after the first night.

In 1770 appeared the *Deserted Village*. In mere diction and versification this celebrated poem is fully equal, perhaps superior, to the *Traveller*; and it is generally preferred to the *Traveller* by that large class of readers who think, with Bayes in the *Rehearsal*, that the only use of a plan is to bring in fine things. More discerning judges, however, while they admire the beauty of the details, are shocked by one unpardonable fault which pervades the whole. The fault which we mean is not that theory about wealth and luxury which has so often been censured by political economists. The theory is indeed false; but the poem, considered merely as a poem, is not necessarily the worse on that account. The finest poem in the Latin language,—indeed, the finest didactic poem in any language,—was written in defence of the silliest and meanest of all

systems of natural and moral philosophy. A poet may easily be pardoned for reasoning ill; but he cannot be pardoned for describing ill, for observing the world in which he lives so carelessly that his portraits bear no resemblance to the originals, for exhibiting as copies from real life monstrous combinations of things which never were and never could be found together. What would be thought of a painter who should mix August and January in one landscape, who should introduce a frozen river into a harvest scene? Would it be a sufficient defence of such a picture to say that every part was exquisitely coloured, that the green hedges, the apple-trees loaded with fruit, the waggoners reeling under the yellow sheaves, and the sun-burned reapers wiping their foreheads were very fine, and that the ice and the boys sliding were also very fine? To such a picture the *Deserted Village* bears a great resemblance. It is made up of incongruous parts. The village in its happy days is a true English village. The village in its decay is an Irish village. The felicity and the misery which Goldsmith has brought close together belong to two different countries, and to two different stages in the progress of society. He had assuredly never seen in his native island such a rural paradise, such a seat of plenty, content, and tranquillity, as his Auburn. He had assuredly never seen in England all the inhabitants of such a paradise turned out of their homes in one day, and forced to emigrate in a body to America. The hamlet he had probably seen in Kent; the ejection he had probably seen in Munster; but by joining the two, he has produced something which never was and never will be seen in any part of the world.

In 1773 Goldsmith tried his chance at Covent Garden with a second play, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The manager was, not without great difficulty, induced to bring this piece out. The sentimental comedy still reigned, and Goldsmith's comedies were not sentimental. The *Goodnatured Man* had been too funny to succeed; yet the mirth of the *Goodnatured Man* was sober when compared with the rich drollery of *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is, in truth, an incomparable farce in five acts. On this occasion, however, genius triumphed. Pit, boxes, and galleries were in a constant roar of laughter. If any bigoted admirer of Kelly and Cumberland ventured to hiss or groan, he was speedily silenced by a general cry of "turn him out," or "throw him over." Two generations have since confirmed the verdict which was pronounced on that night.

While Goldsmith was writing the *Deserted Village* and *She Stoops to Conquer*, he was employed on works of a very different kind,—works from which he derived little reputation but much profit. He compiled for the use of schools a *History of Rome*, by which he made £300; a *History of England*, by which he made £600; a *History of Greece*, for which he received £250; a *Natural History*, for which the booksellers covenanted to pay him 800 guineas. These works he produced without any elaborate research, by merely selecting, abridging, and translating into his own clear, pure, and flowing language, what he found in books well known to the world, but too bulky or too dry for boys and girls. He committed some strange blunders, for he knew nothing with accuracy. Thus, in his *History of England*, he tells us that Naseby is in Yorkshire; nor did he correct this mistake when the book was reprinted. He was very nearly hoaxed into putting into the *History of Greece* an account of a battle between Alexander the Great and Montezuma. In his *Animated Nature* he relates, with faith and with perfect gravity, all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travels about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, nightingales that repeat long conversations. "If he can tell a horse from a cow," said Johnson, "that is the extent of his knowledge of zoology." How little Goldsmith was qualified to

write about the physical sciences is sufficiently proved by two anecdotes. He on one occasion denied that the sun is longer in the northern than in the southern signs. It was vain to cite the authority of Maupertuis. "Maupertuis!" he cried, "I understand those matters better than Maupertuis." On another occasion he, in defiance of the evidence of his own senses, maintained obstinately, and even angrily, that he chewed his dinner by moving his upper jaw.

Yet, ignorant as Goldsmith was, few writers have done more to make the first steps in the laborious road to knowledge easy and pleasant. His compilations are widely distinguished from the compilations of ordinary bookmakers. He was a great, perhaps an unequalled, master of the arts of selection and condensation. In these respects his histories of Rome and of England, and still more his own abridgments of these histories, well deserved to be studied. In general nothing is less attractive than an epitome; but the epitomes of Goldsmith, even when most concise, are always amusing; and to read them is considered by intelligent children not as a task but as a pleasure.

Goldsmith might now be considered as a prosperous man. He had the means of living in comfort, and even in what to one who had so often slept in barns and on bulks must have been luxury. His fame was great and was constantly rising. He lived in what was intellectually far the best society of the kingdom, in a society in which no talent or accomplishment was wanting, and in which the art of conversation was cultivated with splendid success. There probably were never four talkers more admirable in four different ways than Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, and Garrick; and Goldsmith was on terms of intimacy with all the four. He aspired to share in their colloquial renown, but never was ambition more unfortunate. It may seem strange that a man who wrote with so much perspicuity, vivacity, and grace should have been, whenever he took a part in conversation, an empty, noisy, blundering rattle. But on this point the evidence is overwhelming. So extraordinary was the contrast between Goldsmith's published works and the silly things which he said, that Horace Walpole described him as an inspired idiot. "Noll," said Garrick, "wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll." Chamier declared that it was a hard exercise of faith to believe that so foolish a chatterer could have really written the *Traveller*. Even Boswell could say, with contemptuous compassion, that he liked very well to hear honest Goldsmith run on. "Yes, sir," said Johnson, "but he should not like to hear himself." Minds differ as rivers differ. There are transparent and sparkling rivers from which it is delightful to drink as they flow; to such rivers the minds of such men as Burke and Johnson may be compared. But there are rivers of which the water when first drawn is turbid and noisome, but becomes pellucid as crystal and delicious to the taste, if it be suffered to stand till it has deposited a sediment; and such a river is a type of the mind of Goldsmith. His first thoughts on every subject were confused even to absurdity, but they required only a little time to work themselves clear. When he wrote they had that time, and therefore his readers pronounced him a man of genius; but when he talked he talked nonsense, and made himself the laughing-stock of his hearers. He was painfully sensible of his inferiority in conversation; he felt every failure keenly; yet he had not sufficient judgment and self-command to hold his tongue. His animal spirits and vanity were always impelling him to try to do the one thing which he could not do. After every attempt, he felt that he had exposed himself, and writhed with shame and vexation; yet the next moment he began again.

His associates seem to have regarded him with kindness, which, in spite of their admiration of his writings, was not

unmixed with contempt. In truth, there was in his character much to love, but very little to respect. His heart was soft even to weakness: he was so generous that he quite forgot to be just; he forgave injuries so readily that he might be said to invite them, and was so liberal to beggars that he had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, imprudent. One vice of a darker shade was imputed to him, envy. But there is not the least reason to believe that this bad passion, though it sometimes made him wince and utter fretful exclamations, ever impelled him to injure by wicked arts the reputation of any of his rivals. The truth probably is that he was not more envious, but merely less prudent, than his neighbours. His heart was on his lips. All those small jealousies, which are but too common among men of letters, but which a man of letters who is also a man of the world does his best to conceal, Goldsmith avowed with the simplicity of a child. When he was envious, instead of affecting indifference, instead of damning with faint praise, instead of doing injuries slyly and in the dark, he told everybody that he was envious. "Do not, pray, do not, talk of Johnson in such terms," he said to Boswell; "you harrow up my very soul." George Steevens and Cumberland were men far too cunning to say such a thing. They would have echoed the praises of the man whom they envied, and then have sent to the newspapers anonymous libels upon him. Both what was good and what was bad in Goldsmith's character was to his associates a perfect security that he would never commit such villainy. He was neither ill-natured enough, nor long-headed enough, to be guilty of any malicious act which required contrivance and disguise.

Goldsmith has sometimes been represented as a man of genius, cruelly treated by the world, and doomed to struggle with difficulties, which at last broke his heart. But no representation can be more remote from the truth. He did, indeed, go through much sharp misery before he had done anything considerable in literature. But after his name had appeared on the title-page of the *Traveller*, he had none but himself to blame for his distresses. His average income, during the last seven years of his life, certainly exceeded £400 a year, and £400 a year ranked, among the incomes of that day, at least as high as £800 a year would rank at present. A single man living in the Temple, with £400 a year, might then be called opulent. Not one in ten of the young gentlemen of good families who were studying the law there had so much. But all the wealth which Lord Clive had brought from Bengal, and Sir Lawrence Dundas from Germany, joined together, would not have sufficed for Goldsmith. He spent twice as much as he had. He wore fine clothes, gave dinners of several courses, paid court to venal beauties. He had also, it should be remembered, to the honour of his heart, though not of his head, a guinea, or five, or ten, according to the state of his purse, ready for any tale of distress, true or false. But it was not in dress or feasting, in promiscuous amours or promiscuous charities, that his chief expense lay. He had been from boyhood a gambler, and at once the most sanguine and the most unskilful of gamblers. For a time he put off the day of inevitable ruin by temporary expedients. He obtained advances from booksellers, by promising to execute works which he never began. But at length this source of supply failed. He owed more than £2000; and he saw no hope of extrication from his embarrassments. His spirits and health gave way. He was attacked by a nervous fever, which he thought himself competent to treat. It would have been happy for him if his medical skill had been appreciated as justly by himself as by others. Notwithstanding the degree which he pretended to have received at Padua, he could procure no

patients. "I do not practise," he once said; "I make it a rule to prescribe only for my friends." "Pray, dear Doctor," said Beauclerk, "alter your rule; and prescribe only for your enemies." Goldsmith now, in spite of this excellent advice, prescribed for himself. The remedy aggravated the malady. The sick man was induced to call in real physicians; and they at one time imagined that they had cured the disease. Still his weakness and restlessness continued. He could get no sleep. He could take no food. "You are worse," said one of his medical attendants, "than you should be from the degree of fever which you have. Is your mind at ease?" "No; it is not," were the last recorded words of Oliver Goldsmith. He died on the 3d of April 1774, in his forty-sixth year. He was laid in the churchyard of the Temple; but the spot was not marked by any inscription, and is now forgotten. The coffin was followed by Burke and Reynolds. Both these great men were sincere mourners. Burke, when he heard of Goldsmith's death, had burst into a flood of tears. Reynolds had been so much moved by the news that he had flung aside his brush and palette for the day.

A short time after Goldsmith's death, a little poem appeared, which will, as long as our language lasts, associate the names of his two illustrious friends with his own. It has already been mentioned that he sometimes felt keenly the sarcasm which his wild blundering talk brought upon him. He was, not long before his last illness, provoked into retaliating. He wisely betook himself to his pen; and at that weapon he proved himself a match for all his assailants together. Within a small compass he drew with a singularly easy and vigorous pencil the characters of nine or ten of his intimate associates. Though this little work did not receive his last touches, it must always be regarded as a masterpiece. It is impossible, however, not to wish that four or five likenesses which have no interest for posterity were wanting to that noble gallery, and that their places were supplied by sketches of Johnson and Gibbon, as happy, and vivid as the sketches of Burke and Garrick.

Some of Goldsmith's friends and admirers honoured him with a cenotaph in Westminster Abbey. Nollekens was the sculptor, and Johnson wrote the inscription. It is much to be lamented that Johnson did not leave to posterity a more durable and a more valuable memorial of his friend. A life of Goldsmith would have been an inestimable addition to the Lives of the Poets. No man appreciated Goldsmith's writings more justly than Johnson; no man was better acquainted with Goldsmith's character and habits; and no man was more competent to delineate with truth and spirit the peculiarities of a mind in which great powers were found in company with great weaknesses. But the list of poets to whose works Johnson was requested by the booksellers to furnish prefaces ended with Lyttelton, who died in 1773. The line seems to have been drawn expressly for the purpose of excluding the person whose portrait would have most fitly closed the series. Goldsmith, however, has been fortunate in his biographers. Within a few years his life was written by Mr Prior (1836), by Mr Washington Irving (1849), and by Mr Forster (1848; 2d ed., 1854). The diligence of Mr Prior deserves great praise; the style of Mr Washington Irving is always pleasing; but the highest place must, in justice, be assigned to the eminently interesting work of Mr Forster. (M.)

GOLDSTÜCKER, THEODOR (1821-1872), an eminent Sanskrit scholar, was born of Jewish parents at Königsberg on the 18th of January 1821, and, after passing through a prolonged course of study at the gymnasium, entered the university in 1836, where he attended the lectures of Lobeck, Rosenkranz, and Von Bohlen, under the last of whom he began the study of Sanskrit. In 1838 he removed to Bonn, where he heard W. von Schlegel, Lassen, and

Freytag; and after graduating at Königsberg in 1840, he proceeded to Paris, where he heard the lectures and enjoyed the friendship of Burnouf, and where in 1842 he edited a German translation of the *Prabodha Chandrodaya*. From 1846 to 1850 he resided at Berlin, where his talents and scholarship were recognized by A. von Humboldt; in the latter year he was induced, for the further prosecution of his Sanskrit researches, to remove to London, where in 1851 he was appointed professor of Sanskrit in University College. He now began to devote himself to the execution of a new Sanskrit dictionary, of which the first instalment appeared in 1856. In 1861 he published an important monograph, entitled *Panini: his Place in Literature*; and from 1866 he was one of the chief promoters of the Sanskrit Text Society, which had been founded in that year; he was also an active member of the Philological Society, and of other learned bodies. His literary productiveness was not, however, proportionate to the extent and accuracy of his reading; he had "allowed his learning to stifle his creative faculty," and a morbid dread of the risk of making inaccurate or defective statements made him unduly reluctant to communicate to the world the results of his laborious collecting and collating. The dictionary, —so copious as almost to deserve the name of a cyclopædia of Indian archæology, —was never advanced further than to about the middle of the first letter (1864); and whatever else he may have written was published anonymously in various periodicals and works of reference. He died on the 6th of March 1872.

GOLF (in its older forms GOFF, GOUFF, or GOWFF, the last of which gives the genuine old pronunciation) is an amusement so peculiar to Scotland and so prevalent there that—unless curling may be held to dispute the place with it—it may be called, *par excellence*, the national game. There seems little doubt the word is derived from the German *kolbe*, a club—in Dutch, *kolf*,—which last is nearly in sound identical, and might give inference for the game of a Dutch origin.¹

Golf may be practised on any good stretch of meadow-land, where the grass is not too rank; but the ground best suited for the purpose is a reach of undulating down-country, such as is common on the seaboard,—sandy in soil, and as such covered with a short crisp turf, occasionally broken up by sandholes or "bunkers," and provided, in addition, with a fair supply of gorse or whin. These "bunkers" and whins constitute the main "hazards" of the game, in the avoidance of which skill in it is specially shown; and without a fair provision of them, no golfing "links" or "green" can be held to approach the ideal standard. Small holes, of about 4 inches diameter, are punched in the turf at distances indefinitely variable, but ranging from about 100 to 400 or 500 yards; and from one of these holes into the next in order, a ball of gutta percha of about 1½ oz. weight has to be driven with implements (clubs) of some variety, devised for the purpose. Their variety is determined by this, that while, in starting from the hole, the ball may be *teed* (i.e., placed where the player chooses, with a little pinch of sand under it called a *tee*), it must in every other case be played strictly from its place as it chances to lie,—in sand, whin, or elsewhere,—a different club being necessary in each particular difficulty. These

¹ From an enactment of James VI. (then James I. of England), bearing date 1618, we find that a considerable importation of golf balls at that time took place from Holland, and as thereby "na small quantitie of gold and silver is transported vnderly out of his Hienes' kingdome of Scotland" (see letter of his Majesty from Salisbury, 5th Aug. 1618), he issues a royal prohibition, at once as a wise economy of the national monies, and a protection to native industry in the article. From this it might almost seem that the game was at that date still known and practised in Holland, though it has long since entirely disappeared there.

clubs may generally be defined as shafts of wood, with so called *heads* of wood or iron attached.² Starting from the one hole, it is the immediate aim of the player to drive his ball as far towards the next as he can. Having got within some moderate distance of it, he proceeds to make his "approach shot," carefully selecting the appropriate implement. When he has reached the "putting green,"—a smooth space carefully chosen for the purpose,—he essays to put (or putt) his ball into the hole; and generally, if he does it in two strokes, he may be held skilful or fortunate. The player who holes his ball in the smallest number of strokes is, as matter of course, winner of the hole. The "approach" and the "putting" are by far the most difficult, critical, and important parts of the game; though no one who is not fairly competent in his driving also is ever in the least likely to take rank as a first-class player. The maximum length of a good driving stroke for a first-class player, not favoured by any exceptional circumstances, may perhaps fairly be stated as something over 180 yards, and under 200. For further details as to the mode and order of playing, the reader is referred to the set of "rules" appended to this article.

The game, in description as above, may not seem very lively or entertaining; and it is to be admitted that, seen for the first time, more especially if played by bungling or indifferent performers, it does not look of much promise. No game, however, stirs a keener enthusiasm in its votaries; and very few people who have ever fairly committed themselves to serious practice of it will be found to deny its extreme fascination. It is a manly and eminently healthful recreation, pursued as it is mostly amid the fresh sea-breezes; while, as exercise, it has this peculiar merit, that, according to pace, it may be made easy or smart at pleasure, and thus equally adapts itself to the overflowing exuberance of youth, the matured and tempered strength of manhood, and the gentler decays of age.

It is uncertain at what date golf was introduced into Scotland, but in 1457 the popularity of the game had already become so great as seriously to interfere with the more important pursuit of archery, and cause the rulers of the realm to sound a note of alarm. In March of that year, it is recorded that the Scottish parliament "decreted and ordained that wapinshawingis be halden be the lordis and baronis spirituale and temporale, four times in the zeir; and that the fute-ball and golf be utterly cryit down, and nocht usit; and that the bowe-merkis be maid at ilk parochie kirk a pair of buttis, and schulltin be usit ilk Sunday." It does not appear, however, that to this patriotic decree of their parliament the people paid much attention; and fourteen years afterwards, in May 1471, it was judged necessary to pass another Act "anent wapinshawingis, and for opposing "our auld enimies of England." But it seems to have been pretty much as before; *schulltin* was no more usit, nor golf the less steadily played because of these decrees of parliament; and accordingly in 1491 a final and evidently angry fulmination is issued on the general subject, with pains and penalties annexed. It runs thus—"Futeball and Golfe forbidden. Item, it is statut and ordainit that in na place of the realm there be usit futeball, golfe, or uther sik unprofitabill sportis, but for the common gude of the realm, and defence thereof, that bowis and schulltin be hanted, and bow-markis maid therefor, ordainit in ilk parochin under the pain of fourtie shillinges, to be raisit be the schreffis and baillies foresaid," &c. This, be it noted, is an edict of James IV.; and it is not a little curious presently to find the monarch himself breaking his own behest, and setting an ill example to his commons, by practice of this "unprofitabill sport," as is shown by various entries in the accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland (1503-6).

About a century later, the game again appears on the surface of history, and it is quite as popular as before. In the year 1592, the Town Council of Edinburgh "ordanis proclamation to be maid

² A complete set of them may number about a dozen:—a driving club, a long, a middle, and a short "spoon" (so called from the face of the club being spooned, or bevelled, to lift a bad-lying ball), and a "putter" (the use of which is explained below) are the clubs formed wholly of wood, while of iron there are—a heavy and a light "iron," a driving and a lifting "cleek," possibly also a "putting" cleek, finally a "niblick," constructed to pick a ball out of some such hole as no other iron can reach.