PICTURE LOGIC, OR, THE GRAVE MADE GAY: AN ATTEMPT TO POPULARISE THE SCIENCE OF REASONING BY THE COMBINATION OF HUMOROUS PICTURES WITH EXAMPLES OF REASONING TAKEN FROM DAILY LIFE

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ALFRED SWINBOURNE

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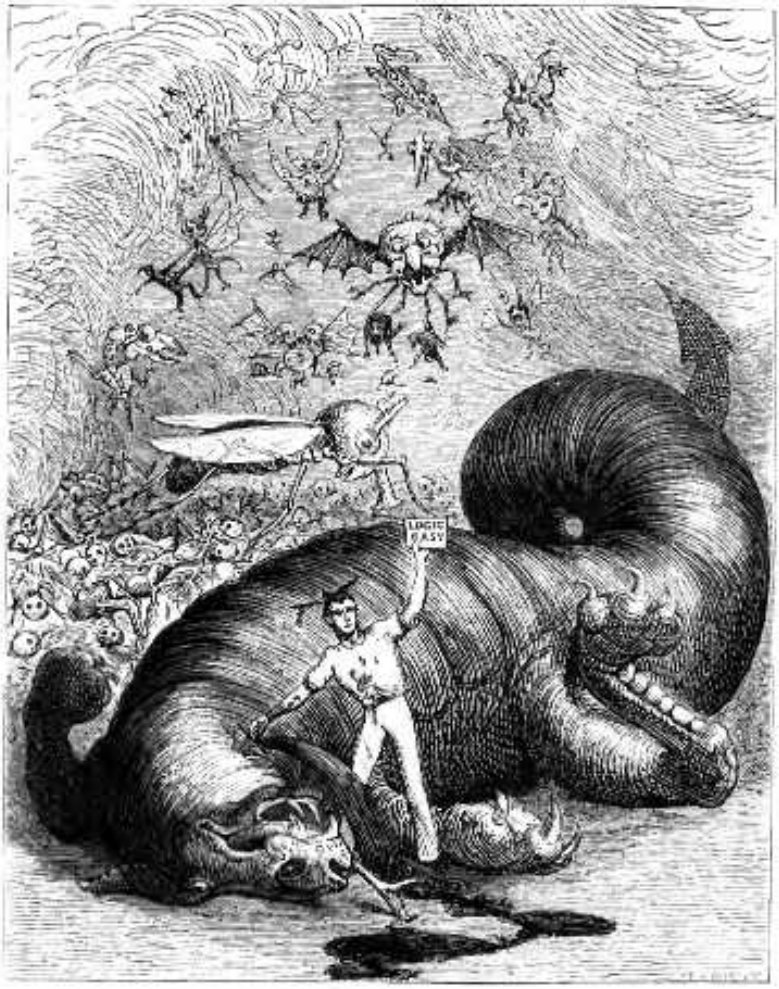
Frontispiece



Destawney overcomes the Sphinx 'Logic,' having divined his secret and guessed his riddle by aid of this book. The foul *monsters* in his train are scared to flight from the bones of countless unhappy victims upon which they were wont to feed.

PICTURE LOGIC

OR THE

Grave Made Gay

AN ATTEMPT TO POPULARISE THE SCIENCE OF REASONING BY THE COMBINATION OF HUMOROUS PICTURES WITH EXAMPLES OF REASONING TAKEN FROM DAILY LIFE

BY

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The Lion of Human Understanding in the tangle of Logical knots assisted by the Mouse of Illustration

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY G. PEARSON

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1875

INTRODUCTION.

It was at the beginning of a certain Long Vacation when my father sent for me and delivered himself of the following remarks: 'My son, your scores at cricket, your racquets, your prowess in the hunting-field and in your college steeple-chases, your numberless invitations and popularity, to you doubtless appear all that can be desired; to me, Sir, they are nothing—nay more—they are even positively harmful, seeing that by their fascinating brightness men are blinded to all sense of their true interests and aim—viz., to secure their degree as soon as possible with a view to a start in life.' Upon my replying to my father to the effect that every allowance was to be made for him—as having left college five-and-twenty years—if, as in the present instance, he manifested lamentable ignorance of the whole state of the University at the present day, and that his milk-and-water reading man would certainly be regarded with loathing and abhorrence by all 'our fellows' and all the best men at Oxford, and consequently, sinking into obscurity, would be ruined for life, and upon my making many other similar assertions, my father, with much warmth, commanded me to be silent, and then asked me if I expected I was to live a life of slothful ease, because I was a rich man's son; with several other questions which were not meant to be answered; finally becoming so excited

as to refer me to his own university career, a subject which he quickly dropped, remembering how often he had told me stories of his undergraduate days before I was sent to college. The result was that I was ordered to select a tutor for two months in the Long Vacation and pass my moderations in the following term, or for ever be condemned to the backless slippery heights of office stools. The awful thought of 'wasting my sweetness' and withering in such a dry and uncongenial soil nerved me for a desperate effort. Of a restless and excitable disposition I was for some time after haunted by dreams of men with pens in their ears, and ledgers with columns of figures to add, so lofty that their bases were on the earth while their summits were lost in the clouds. I never could do mathematics—not that I was quick at any work—even my mother allowed this, for she wrote to my tutor for matriculation to the effect that 'our dear Douglas had manifested symptoms of future greatness, when a child, and still possessed *remarkable* ability, if it could only be drawn out; but alas! there was a want of application, especially in his mathematics.' I therefore determined to take up Logic as a substitute for Mathematics, and wrote to inform my tutor that I should only want help in this subject. He selected a charming spot on the north coast of Devon and we met there. He had one other pupil—a very quiet youth and, as it seemed to me, very clever, my fear of whom was heightened considerably when I learnt that he had intended to try for a class, but, finding his books in a very imperfect state, was content with passing, though determined not to miss that. The awe with which this piece of information filled me I never succeeded in quite shaking off, though I liked him very much afterwards. He always seemed to me a sort of half-way house between Mr. Practical and myself—the idea of any one knowing more than Mr. Practical was an idea

that never for a moment entered my head. 'Old Prac' (as we called him afterwards) had such a smooth, comfortable way of settling any difficulties I proposed—so reassuring that I verily believe if he had told me that the best way to learn the art of diving and remaining under for a long time was to tie a heavy stone round your neck and get some one to push you in, I should have tried it. His last words the first night were—'Logic to-morrow.'

It is needless to say my sleep was much disturbed that night with anticipations and forebodings. What was this new and strange study? Had I not always heard men speak of its difficulty? How if the momentous question, 'Was I possessed of a "turn" for Logic?' should be answered in the negative; and I fell asleep to dream of mysterious figures, numbers, and symbols on the one hand pitted against the mocking forms of clerks, managers, and office boys on the other.