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THE MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY

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THE
MACLISE PORTRAIT-GALLERY



THE FRASERIANS.

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THE MACLISE PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS

WITH MEMOIRS

BIOGRAPHICAL, CRITICAL, BIBLIOGRAPHICAL, AND ANECDOTAL
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE LITERATURE OF THE FORMER
HALF OF THE PRESENT CENTURY

BY

WILLIAM BATES, B.A.



A NEW EDITION

WITH EIGHTY-FIVE PORTRAITS

LONDON

CHATTO & WINDUS

1898

BYB.41.Arts(a)

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PREFACE.

THIS volume consists of a reproduction, on slightly reduced scale, but with no impairment of their effect and truth, of the EIGHTY-ONE Portraits and Groups originally published in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1830–38, under the title of "A GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS." To these, four portraits,* not forming part of the original series, have been added, for the sake of completeness; and the whole, it is hoped, will be found to derive elucidation and value from the copious illustrative "Memoirs," for which I am responsible.

It is well to record, in the interests of bibliography, that there has been a previous republication, both in part and in entirety, of this interesting series. So far back as 1833, the portraits of which the "Gallery" then consisted, to the number of thirty-four, were reissued by the proprietors in a handsome quarto volume. A very limited number of the edition was printed at two guineas each, "plain proofs"; with twenty-four copies on "Indian paper," at three guineas. The publication was announced with the statement that "the Drawings were destroyed immediately after their first appearance, and not one had been suffered to get abroad detached from the Magazine." However this may have been, the collection, good as far as it went, contained little more than a third of the entire series as given in this volume; it was unaccompanied by explanatory text; and has become, from its restricted issue, and the destruction of numerous copies by the "Grangerites" of the day, in booksellers' lingo, "difficult of procuration."

In 1874, the complete "GALLERY" was, for the first time, repub-

* Henry Hallam; W. M. Thackeray; Daniel Maclise, R.A.; and the Rev. Francis Mahony ("Father Prout").

lished by Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS, in a handsome quarto volume, at the price of a guinea and a half. The several portraits were accompanied by the original page of matter by DR. MAGINN, and supplementary "notices" by myself. Three portraits, with memoirs (Hallam, Thackeray, and Maclise), not previously included, were added; and a short memoir, without portrait, of the Rev. Francis Mahony. This costly edition has been long since exhausted; and copies are already ranked among scarce books. It therefore seemed that the time had come for a reissue; and this in cheaper form, and with such modifications as experience suggested. The context of Maginn, brilliant as it undoubtedly was, contained much that was hasty, illiberal and purely ephemeral; and, it was thought, might be omitted, at least in its substantive form, with advantage. All of it that seemed worthy of republication has been incorporated, with due indication or acknowledgment, in my own "notices," or "memoirs"; and these have been entirely rewritten, and extended to more than four times their original dimensions. Moreover, a portrait of Mahony ("FATHER PROUT") has now, for the first time, been given. Thus, with these additions and improvements, the assertion seems justified, that the present volume should be regarded as a new book, rather than as a new edition of an already existing one.

In reviewing their labours in the Magazine, at the conclusion of the first decade of its existence, its conductors, turning from pen to pencil, thus advert to the novel graphic feature of their serial:—"We commenced a Gallery of 'Illustrious' Literary Characters in the month of July, 1830,—commenced, we own, in mere jocularity; and, trusting to his well-known good-nature and long-tried good temper, selected Jerdan as our opening portrait. There was nothing in what we said that could annoy a man for whom we had so sincere a regard; and we found that the idea pleased. We continued it, therefore, until we published no less than EIGHTY-ONE."

Next followed an analytical account of the "Gallery," together with some justification of, or apology for, the choice of subjects, concluding with the remarks:—"We closed our series of portraits, principally for lack of sufficiently attractive materials, but are ready to revive them at any time, if we think the public requires us to do so. It will be a valuable present to the future *Granger;* even as it is, the collection is in no inconsiderable demand for the purpose of illustrating books of contemporary literature, such as the works of Lord Byron, Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, etc. In another generation it

will be an object of greater curiosity. Our successors will have no difficulty in procuring set portraits of 'Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,' though even of them it will not be easy to obtain the familiar faces and attitudes as sketched in the Magazine; but where can it be expected that elsewhere will be found any record of the countenances of the illustrious obscure who were scribbling away, with more or less repute, in the reign of William IV.?"

There is no doubt that the greater number of these portraits were the production of that distinguished artist, the late DANIEL MACLISE, R.A. For one or two, the "Gallery" may have been indebted to the well-known "ALFRED CROWQUILL" (the late Alfred Henry Forrester); and it is not impossible that THACKERAY himself may have lent a helping hand on an emergency. Contenting myself, however, with these general suggestions, I shall make no attempt at further discrimination; nor refer to the manifestly erroneous judgments of certain self-constituted "experts" who have dogmatized on the subject.

The Sketches being slight,—in many cases tinged by caricature,—in nearly all taken surreptitiously or from recollection,—and accompanied, moreover, by humorous, satirical or sarcastic comments,—both artist and author were disposed to obscure their identity with a veil of pseudonymous mystery. The portraits, speaking generally, are nevertheless of the highest excellence, and bear the impress of a master hand. Firm and delicate at once in outline, and felicitous in composition, they exhibit a marvellous subtlety in the apprehension and exhibition of intellectual character. Mr. S. C. Hall, a most competent authority, speaks of them as "admirable as likenesses, and capital as specimens of art"; while Thackeray, in a letter to G. H. Lewes, tells us how greatly Goethe* was interested in those "admirable portraits,"—though "the ghastly caricature of R(ogers)" made him shut up the book and put it away in anger; for, as the veteran said with natural horror, "They would make me look like that." †

* *Life of Goethe*, by G. H. Lewes, vol. ii. p. 445, ed. 1855.

† It may be well to mention that a similar series of outline portraits, entitled "Our Portrait Gallery," inferior in interest and artistic merit, but accompanied by much longer and more serious biographical notices, is to be found in the *Dublin University Magazine*. This includes seventy-two portraits, and terminates with that of Captain McClure, R.N., in the number for March, 1854, vol. xliii. Those of Moore and J. W. Croker (vol. xix.), Dr. Maginn (vol. xxiii.), Crofton Croker (vol. xxxiv.), and J. S. Knowles (vol. xl.), have their analogues in *Fraser's* series, with which they may be compared.

Of the importance of PORTRAITS generally I have spoken at sufficient length (page 404); but those of authors have naturally a special attraction for the lovers of literature. When the gem is so precious, we are apt to believe that the casket must be, in some degree, worthy of it; and the wish is natural,—though in accomplishment too often unsatisfactory,—to know in the flesh those writers with whose minds we have already become familiar through their books. That there is no faith to be put in faces is an old axiom; but one against which we instinctively act. We think that there must be a certain correspondence between the man and his book; and that, from either, we are able to predicate what the other will be. Thus the portraits of the learned may be studied with advantage, not only as matters of art and curiosity, but as enabling us to gain therefrom some further apprehension and elucidation of their minds and writings; "*latentem enim ingenii vim*,"—says the learned Bartholinus, —"*et genium scriptorum ex imaginibus et vultu dijudicamus.*"

The interest and value of these sketches by Maclise have long been known to artists and literary men. Thus, the separate numbers of the Magazine containing them have been eagerly sought for, and are rarely to be met with now at the book-stalls. Some few ardent collectors have succeeded, with no small expenditure of time, labour and money, in forming complete sets;* while others, of smaller means, or less enthusiastic temper, have been fain to content themselves with occasional reference, as need suggested, to the eight volumes of *Fraser*, in public libraries. From these, however, many of the portraits have been eliminated by unscrupulous "Illustrators;" and some of the single numbers, from the special interest of certain plates,—as, for instance, that containing the "Fraserian" cartoon, which the *Graphic* stated to be on that account absolutely "priceless," —have become of the utmost rarity. It was thus thought, that the collection and reproduction of the entire series within the compass of a single portable volume, accompanied by such illustration as biographical memoirs, and some few of the more typical and salient pieces of the time might afford, could hardly fail to obtain a wide

* In one of the catalogues, for 1872, of Mr. F. S. Ellis, the eminent second-hand bookseller of Covent Garden, a very remarkable collected copy of the "Gallery" occurred for sale. It consisted of eighty-one portraits, many of which were proof impressions, and almost all illustrated by autograph letters of the illustrious originals. The whole was arranged in two volumes, 4to; bound in "red morocco, super-extra"; and did not long wait a purchaser, I presume, at the catalogue price of £63. This worthy successor of RODD, THORPE, and LILLY, has since removed to 29, New Bond Street, where he flourishes under the firm of "Ellis and White."

recognition from general readers, and be regarded by those more specially interested in literary and artistic curiosities, as a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί, —a "joy for ever."

Each muster-call on the march of life serves but to remind us sadly of the comrades who have fallen by the way. When two lustres had passed over the "GALLERY," its projectors recorded that nearly one-fourth of the members,—old and young alike,—had sped from "sunshine to the sunless land." This was in 1840; but at the latter standpoint of 1860, when Frank Mahony edited *Prout's Reliques*, for Bohn, the *Padre* could only remember *eight*,—he unaccountably forgot Jerdan, making a ninth,—as surviving, of the twenty-seven "Fraserians" whom Maclise, in the splendid cartoon which forms our frontispiece, has depicted, carousing at the round table in Regent Street. Again, now that at the expiration of a like interval, the present volume goes to press, but a SINGLE ONE of this century of illustrious men remains among us!

This gentleman,—

"————————qui tot per sæcula mortem
Distulit, atque suos jam dextrâ computat annos,"

—strangely overlooked by MR. KENT, when editing *Prout* in 1881, as PROUT himself had overlooked Jerdan,—is the respected rector of Ivy Church, Kent, the REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG, late Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital, and Chaplain-General to the Forces. When the Abbé SIÈYES was asked what he had done through the French Revolution, he thought it sufficient to reply,—*J'ai vécu.* Well,—HUMAN LIFE is a "REIGN OF TERROR"; and TIME a tyrant more ruthless than ROBESPIERRE. To have simply lived through a century—"*exemplum vitæ a cornice secundæ*,"—is an achievement in itself, and might well justify a "*tantum*" boast. But the sole survivor at this day, of the twenty-seven hilarious "Knights of the Round Table"—nay more, of the eighty-five "Illustrious" of the "GALLERY,"—has done far more than this; as I have recorded, I hope with all due respect and amplitude, in the notice devoted to him, at page 267 of this volume.

In discharge of the functions of "Exhibitor" of the "GALLERY," I need say very little as to my own labours; leaving others to decide how far they add interest and value to the volume. Didactic criticism, and preceptive morality, have been alike foreign to my purpose. I have merely sought, by anecdote, opinion, quotation or fact,—just

as each may have occurred to me,—to illustrate the lives of the men depicted, and reproduce the "form and pressure" of their literary epoch. I have discoursed about the books, which, happily for the book-*reader*, are to be found at every stall; and I have told of many a one, *albo corvo rarior*, which the book-*collector* would "pawn his dukedom" to acquire. After the *Newgate Calendar*, there are no sadder pages in the history of man than those afforded by the Biographies of authors;* whence the desire and justification to relieve the gloomy records by extrinsic matter of any degree of relevancy to suggest its introduction. Thus I have retold forgotten stories; refreshed commonplaces; recorded noteworthy events; revised former judgments; revived old scandals; revealed indifferently the friendships and the quarrels, the loves and the hates, the amenities and the acerbities, of a long past day. Desultory, however, as my illustrations are, and of varied character, as the title-page imports, there yet may be something in them to please a diversity of tastes. What is neither new nor attractive to one reader may yet be so to another; and thus, in their very discursiveness, they may prove, it is hoped, an humble illustration of that species of writing, of which the younger Pliny set before us the precept and the example:—"*Ipsâ varietate tentamus efficere, ut alia aliis, quædam fortasse omnibus placeant.*"

That there were Giants in the olden days is the belief of all; nor is this the mere cry of the *laudator temporis acti*. Time would appear to have for the mental eye some of the effects of space for the physical. The objects presented for consideration become undefined and exaggerated in the medium interposed, derive adventitious interest from association, and cease to exhibit those trivial defects which often mar the appreciation of great and enduring qualities. Thus, it is difficult to form an abstract judgment of the great men of the past, and weigh their gifts in an equal scale with those of our more immediate contemporaries. Nevertheless, with this consideration before me, I am unable to divest myself of the conviction that the celebrated writers of the former half of the present century awaken a deep and increasing personal curiosity, which can never be claimed for those of the latter by a future race of critics and biographers.

* "Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from Letters to be wise:
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol."
Dr. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Into the cause of this, I do not profess now to enter, and must remain content with the statement of my belief. It is curious, moreover, to remark that a like phenomenon is to be noticed in the literary annals of the other countries of Europe, where, amid,—and partly on account of,—a general diffusion of intellectual light, the eye is attracted by the radiance of few bright particular stars. "Historians," says S. C. Hall, in the "Postscript" to his charming *Book of Memories*, "of the later half of the nineteenth century will not have such materials as the first half of it supplied. 'There were giants on earth' when I was young; there are few such to excite wonder, as well as reverence, in the existing age, although, for one who was then an 'author by profession,' there are now a hundred; while readers have multiplied a thousandfold." It is with this glorious band that the reader is now privileged to consort; and this, by the phosphoric pencil of MACLISE,* and the frequent words of his literary collaborator,—not to speak of my own humble labours,—in such intimacy, that, though born in a later day, and remote, perchance, from lettered haunts, he may almost lay down the volume with the boast of Horace:—

> "————————quidquid sum ego, quamvis
> Infra Lucili censum ingeniumque; tamen me
> Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
> Invidia . . . ."

I now bid farewell to the "GALLERY" wherein I have lingered so long. As I have slowly paced its "long-drawn aisles," there has been the echo of mighty voices in my ears, and a rustle beneath my feet as of dry and withered leaves in Vall'ombrosa. It is with regret and reluctance that I lay down my pen. I confess my own abiding fondness for the memory of these grand masterful spirits of the former half-century; nor can I, gazing into the "dark rereward and abysm of time," discern other like period so lavish in the production of men and women of marked and characteristic genius. I love to study their epoch,—to ponder over their books,—to trace and identify the fugitive piece,—to chronicle the obscure fact,—and to snatch the "trivial fond record" from the limbo of oblivion. The admiration which they claimed from me in a long past day has not suffered diminution with time; and when I remember their originality of mind, their force of character, their distinction of personality,—

* "Of the luminous effulgence flung round all these matters by that brilliant enlightener (λαμπαδοφορος), Alfred Croquis, we know not in what style to speak fittingly, or where to find adequate terms of eulogy."—*Father Prout's Self-Examination.*

when I reflect on the varied story of their lives and fortunes, their virtues and even their vices, their fervid loves and their outspoken hates,—I am often fain to echo the sentiment of Shenstone:—"*Oh, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam vestrum meminisse!*"

Enough by way of introduction to the book, which it is now time, in ancient fashion, to bid "goe forth." With no pretensions to unity of design as a biographical essay, a history of the literary epoch, or a critical analysis of its character and productions, it must be regarded rather as a series of fragmentary episodes than a connected work. The sketches of Maclise were often hasty and furtive; the illustrations of his literary collaborator, Maginn, too frequently redolent of an impure Hippocrene; and my own "Memoirs," written among the interruptions and distractions of professional life, will sometimes, I fear, show traces of carelessness and crudity, which revision might have allowed me an opportunity of correcting. However, such as it is, I now commit it to the reader, with the humble obsecration of the Latin poet:—

"Da veniam *subitis*, et, qui legis ista, memento,
Me dare non *librum*, sed Σχεδίασμα tibi."

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"Tantum in Auctoribus noscendis momenti positum, ut ex illorum ve pietate, vel eruditione, vel partâ famâ, libris increscat autoritas. In illorum porro vitam, ætatem, et vivendi genus inquirendum, non minori sollicitudine, ut expeditius in legendis eorum laboribus versemur."—TH. BARTHOLINUS (*De Libris Legendis*, Hagæ Com. 1711, 12mo, p. 35).

"In isto vario et diffuso scribendi genere alius alio plura invenire potest, nemo omnia."—JUSTUS LIPSIUS (*Allocutio in Not. ad libros* "de Cruce").

"As the quantity of materials is so great, I shall only premise, that I hope for indulgence, though I do not give the actions in full detail, and with a scrupulous exactness, but rather in a short summary; since I am not writing Histories, but Lives. Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying, or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character, more than the greatest sieges, or the most important battles. Therefore, as painters in their portraits labour the likeness in the face, and particularly about the eyes, in which the peculiar turn of mind most appears, and run over the rest with a more careless hand; so I must be permitted to strike off the features of the soul, in order to give a real likeness of these great men, and leave to others the circumstantial detail of their labours and achievements."—LANGHORNE'S PLUTARCH (*Alexander*).

"Be mine to save from what traditions glean,
Or age remembers, or ourselves have seen;
The scatter'd relics care can yet collect,
And fix such shadows as these lines reflect:
Types of the elements whose glorious strife
Form'd this free England, and still guards her life."

E. L. BULWER (*St. Stephen's*).

"Cum relego, scripsisse pudet; quia plurima cerno,
Me quoque, qui feci, judice, digna lini."

OVID (*De Ponto*, lib. i. Epist. 5).



THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY GAZETTE

THE MACLISE PORTRAIT-GALLERY

I.—WILLIAM JERDAN.

THE "Gallery" commenced appropriately with the εἴδωλον of WILLIAM JERDAN, the Nestor, if not the Aristarchus, of journalistic critics. Maginn, in what Charles Lamb would have called a "matter of lie" sort of way, assigns his birth vaguely to "about the year 1730"; but, without venturing to contravene such high authority, I may venture to state that *a* William Jerdan first saw the light at Kelso, where his father had a small estate, on April 16, 1782. Some seventy years after this event,—in August, 1851,—a testimonial was set on foot, "as a public acknowledgment of the literary labours of William Jerdan, animating to many, and instructive to all, since the commencement of the *Literary Gazette*, in 1817, to the close of last year, and of the value of his services to Literature, Science and the Fine and Useful Arts." On the Committee for the promotion of this laudable object were men of the highest position in literature, art and politics,—Brougham, Croly, Lockhart, Maclise, Thackeray, Bulwer, Cruikshank, etc.

The editor of Byron's *Don Juan*, in his "Preface" to that immortal poem, speaks of "William Jerdan, Esq., of Grove House, Brompton," as "sure of being remembered hereafter for his gallant seizure of Bellingham the assassin of Perceval, in the lobby of the House of Commons, on the 11th May, 1812; and the establishment of the first *Weekly Journal of Criticism and Belles Lettres in England.*" It would appear, however, from a statement of the able bibliographer, "Olphar Hamst" (Mr. Ralph Thomas), that Jerdan, so far from being founder of the magazine with which his name is associated, did not assume the editorial conduct of the serial till the twenty-sixth number, his first contribution having appeared in the one previous. Among the other credentials of the critic to be remembered by posterity may be mentioned his narrow escape of at least receiving a challenge to fight a duel with the noble author of the poem I have mentioned. It appears that some remarks which he had made on Byron's lines to Mrs. Charlemont—

"Born in a garret, in a kitchen bred," etc.,

having given offence, the irate bard entrusted a cartel of mortal defiance to his friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird,—whom, later on, as one "well versed in the duello or monomachie," he commissioned to challenge Southey,—who, wisely retaining the document in his possession till he

had an opportunity of appealing "from Philip drunk to Philip sober," succeeded in dissuading the poet from his angry purpose.

"A great cry," says Maginn, "was got up a few years ago by some foolish Cockneys, who, having contrived to impose upon Jerdan a sonnet of Shakespeare's as a modern composition continue to ring the changes on this notable blunder ever since,—as if there were any man in England on whom the same trick could not have been played with every chance of success. None but a puppy or a pedant will pretend that he knows all Shakespeare's sonnets by heart. If no worse critical lapse than this be committed by Jerdan, he may set his heart at ease, and drink his third bottle in quietness." Of the incident referred to I have no recollection; but am, too, of opinion that to have been so deceived is no impeachment on Jerdan's critical sagacity,—or, indeed, on that of any one else. That man may be safely written down an ass who assumes judicial infallibility in literary or artistic discrimination. The most cautious, learned and experienced judges are liable to error. Authors have forgotten their own writings, and painters failed to recognize the work of their hands. Did not Muretus deceive Scaliger by palming upon him some verses of his own as the work of an ancient? * Did not Peter Burmann express doubts as to the antiquity of Jortin's inscription, and Thomas Warton give it a place in his *Delectus?* Was not Sir Walter Scott as open to deception as his own *Monkbarns*, though no one should have known the ring of a border ballad better than he? Were no acute critics, like Chalmers and Parr, entrapped by Ireland; and had not the monk, Rowley, as invented by Chatterton—

"The marvellous boy, that perish'd in his pride"—

his believers by hundreds? Are the "Letters of Phalaris" authentic; and did not Simonides hoodwink the learned Dindorf at Leipzig? Where is there a more experienced judge of paintings than Dr. Waagen, and did he not laud as most genuine specimens of the old masters, pictures painted for the Earl of Normanton, in our own day, by "Mr. Josh R. Powell, of Brompton"? Where was the judgment of Sir Thomas Lawrence, when he staked his reputation on the genuineness of the Coreggio "Christ in the Garden," in the National Gallery, which now turns out to be a copy from the original in the collection at Apsley House? *Risum teneatis!* one might go on for ever with similar questions, out of the hundreds which are suggested in the history of literature and art, and the answers to them should lead to modesty in the assumption of infallible sagacity, and leniency towards others who have fallen into error.

The spacious house at Brompton in which Jerdan long resided had been built for Sir John Macpherson,—the "gentle giant," as he was called,—him who succeeded Warren Hastings, and preceded Marquis Cornwallis, as Governor-General of India, and thus figures in history as a bad shilling between two good ones. Jerdan himself was, in figure, a big hulking fellow; he was hospitable, genial and good-natured; and always ready to lend a hand to struggling genius. Thus the late Mrs. S. C. Hall, who long was a valued contributor to the *Literary Gazette*, in writing to its editor on a Christmas day, concluded her letter by reminding him,

* The deceived critic revenged himself by the following bitter distich:—

"Qui rigidæ flammas evaserat, ante, Tolosæ,
Muretus fumos vendidit ille mihi."

that when looking back upon all that they had lost, he must enjoy "much real happiness from the knowledge that he had always fostered young talent, given circulation to opinions calculated to promote the influences of religion and morality, and never inflicted a careless wound on any living thing."* (APPENDIX A.)

In those old days Jerdan was a power in the Republic of Letters. Reputations were thought to depend upon his nod; he could make, or unmake, the fortune of a book; and the young argonaut, adventuring forth on the ocean of fame, looked anxiously for "a puff from the river Jordan" (as an old caricature in *Figaro* had it), to waft his bark into the haven of success. But, if the truth must be told, he held his sceptre with a feeble grasp, and made but a poor use of the power which his position afforded him. Thus he and his magazine, shortly after the appearance of this portrait, went down, after a connection which had endured for thirty-four years, before the higher pretensions of the *Athenæum*, when it came under the able management of Charles Wentworth Dilke.

The life of William Jerdan may be said to have been wholly devoted to journalistic literature. He was early on the staff of the *Morning Post*, the *Pilot*, the *British Press*, the *Satirist*, or *Monthly Meteor*,—the copyright of which he bought from its former editor and proprietor, George Manners, and which is not to be confounded with the *Satirist* newspaper of more recent date,—and the *Sun*. He edited the *Sheffield Mercury*, a Birmingham paper, and other provincial prints. He translated a *Voyage to the Isle of Elba* from the French of Arsène de Berneaud (1814); and he wrote the "Biographical Memoirs" for Fisher's *National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century*. In later days he was connected with the *Leisure Hour*, for which he wrote at intervals during several years an interesting, if somewhat feeble, series of sketches of eminent characters, which he subsequently republished under the title of *Men I have Known* (London, 1866, 8vo, pp. 490). He has moreover left us his *Autobiography, with his Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence* (London, 1853, 4 vols. 8vo.), from which may be gathered all those minute details of his social and literary life which were to be expected from the "studium immane loquendi" of protracted age.

In 1826, Jerdan became a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries; and it should not be forgotten that the Royal Society of Literature, founded in 1821, of which he was one of the earliest members, owes its existence in great measure to his efforts.

In 1830, he helped to start and edit the *Foreign Literary Gazette*, which, however, only lived through thirteen numbers.

Those who wish to learn more of the literary career of William Jerdan must refer to his *Men I have Known;* his *Autobiography; Men of the Time*, ed. 1856; and the obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xlvi. N.S., p. 441.

The little band of literary co-workers who seek or communicate information in the pleasant pages of *Notes and Queries* may like to be reminded that under the pseudonym of "Bushey Heath" was concealed the familiar name of William Jerdan.

This veteran critic closed his long and honourable career July, 1869, at the patriarchal age of 88.

* *Autobiography of William Jerdan*, vol. iv. chap. 17.

Over his grave, in the churchyard of Bushey, Hertfordshire, a tombstone has been erected. Upon one side it bears the following inscription in Roman capitals,—"William Jerdan, F.S.A.; born at Kelso, April 16, 1782, died at Bushey, July 17, 1869. Founder of the *Literary Gazette*, and its Editor for 34 years;" on the other side, "Erected as a tribute to his memory by his Friends and Associates in the Society of Noviomagus, 1874."

Some twelve months later were borne to their last resting-place, at Willesden, the remains of another editorial critic, whose career had been concurrently prolonged with that of Jerdan. This was the well-known CYRUS REDDING, who, born at Penrhyn in 1785, died in June, 1870. He, like Jerdan, had outlived his generation and himself,—

"Oblitusque suorum, obliviscendus et illis";—

and only two carriages followed him to the grave! He used to relate how above one thousand persons followed his father, a popular Nonconformist divine, to the tomb. "There is a line to be drawn," as the *Athenæum* remarked, "between fuss and neglect."

II.—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"THERE's Tom Campbell in person, the poet of Hope,
Brimful of good liquor, as gay as the pope;
His shirt collar's open, his wig is awry,
There's his stock on the ground, there's a cock in his eye.
Half gone his last tumbler—clean gone his last joke,
And his pipe, like his college, is ending in smoke.
What he's saying who knows, but perhaps it may be
Something tender and soft of a bouncing ladye."

—So for Maginn, who cites these rollicking verses as coming from "a friend." At this point, says he, "the song becomes scurrilous and abusive"; he suppresses, therefore, "the culpable verses,"—to my own huge regret, at least, I must confess,—and proceeds to the conclusion, "which is panegyrical":—

"Well, though you are yoked to a dull Magazine,
Tom, I cannot forget it, what once you have been;
Though you wrote of Lord Byron an asinine letter;
Though your dinners are bad, and your talk is no better;
Yet the Song of the Baltic—Lochiel's proud lay—
The Seamen of England—and Linden's red day—
Must make up for the nonsense you write and you speak,
Did you talk it, and write in seven days in the week!"

Our portrait is indeed, as Maginn terms it, "exquisite and taken at the witching hour"; but gives us the poet other than as Byron described him, "dressed to sprucery,—with a blue coat and new wig,—and looking as if Apollo had sent him a birthday suit or a wedding-garment." Still, the slight and facile sketch opposite, is happier, in my judgment, than Maclise's finished "three-quarter," where the poet holds his pencil-case like a syringe,—or even, I should say, to the fine likeness by Sir Thomas Lawrence (now finally housed in our National Portrait Gallery), if I were not



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reminded of John Burnet's charming engraving on small scale, and the larger mezzotint by Cousins. Sir Thomas knew the poet intimately, and drew him over and over again. There is the delicate portrait which he made for the Cadell Gallery, where the engraver has done scant justice to the original; and there is another, I am reminded, on a smaller scale from which the generous artist had a plate engraved at his own expence, the impressions from which were all signed with his autograph, and sold for the poet's benefit.

The lines which I have cited seem to leave little in the way of criticism. Still, among the pieces which posterity will not willingly let die, must be included that exquisitely perfect gem, "The Soldier's Dream;" the fine ode, recited by Mr. Young at the farewell dinner to J. P. Kemble, in 1817;* the passionate and plaintive "O'Connor's Child";—the "diamond of his casket of gems," as "Delta" Moir has it; "Reullura"; "The Last Man," with its sublime, if faulty, conception (Charles Swain has written a worthy pendant, "The First Man," and we must not forget "The Last Man" of Thomas Hood†); the touching story of "Gertrude," with its Arcadian grace; the Claude-like exordium of the "Pleasures of Hope," which, with its many fine episodes, will float the poem down the surface of the stream of Time.

Criticism,—the ultimate judgment of the world—is conversant with merit in the abstract, and has no consideration for the accidents,—thus always injudicious to plead, as self excusatory,—of age, sex, or worldly position. But individuals and contemporaries may be permitted to remember that the "Pleasures of Hope" appeared first in 1799, when its author was only twenty-two years of age, and be led to consider it accordingly, what it undoubtedly is, a very remarkable instance, in such a case, of successful mastery over the form and spirit of poetical expression. It is true that marks of juvenility are everywhere apparent; that the diction is often redundant, and sense not always commensurate with sound. Still, it is a poem of sustained rhythmical march; of sentiments expressive of every note in the gamut of feeling; and of episodes, whether from history, fiction or domestic life, full of beauty, force, pathos and natural truth. In the words of Moir, "the heart is lapped in Elysium, the rugged is softened down, and the repulsive hid from view; Nature is mantled in the enchanting hues of the poet's imagination, and life seems but a tender tale set to music." Perhaps there is no didactic poem in our language so well known and loved as this, if not as a whole, by its component parts. There is hardly a doubt that it will continue to be so, in spite of new "schools" of poetry, and poetical criticism; and that it will retain its place, as a classic, in our literature, nobly closing that bright era of which Dryden and Pope heralded the morn, and which closed when

* This interesting event is commemorated in a volume entitled *An Authentic Narrative of Mr. Kemble's Retirement from the Stage, including Farewell Address, Criticism, Poems, etc., with an Account of the Dinner given at the Freemason's Tavern. June 27*, 1817, etc. (London, 1817, 8vo.) What a banquet! Lord Holland occupied the chair, and proposed the health of the actor, who himself returned thanks; Fawcett replied for the English Performers of Covent Garden, and Talma for the French Stage; Benjamin West responded for the Royal Academy; Horace Twiss for Mrs. Siddons; John Flaxman for himself as the designer of the Vase; while Matthews and Incledon charmed the guests with their vocal efforts.

† "The Last Man by Campbell, Hood, and Byron," *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxi. p. 54.

the star of Wordsworth's genius appeared above the political horizon, to announce a new dayspring of poetry and beauty.

There is a translation into French by Albert Montemont, Paris, 1824.

This is not the place for an elaborate criticism of the Spenserian "Gertrude of Wyoming," exquisitely beautiful and pathetic as much of it is; of "Theodric," which is pure, if wanting in force and spirit; or of the "Massacre of Glencoe." Neither does the prose of Campbell, most of which was task-work, demand much notice; as the production of such a poet, it could hardly be otherwise than tasteful and felicitous, though it is too often florid and affected. Little of it is now remembered; and the greater part,—the *Life of Mrs. Siddons* for instance, which is perfect rubbish, full of errors, and probably the work of some vicarious drudge,—is not worth remembrance. Here, however, exception must be made to his brilliant and judicious criticisms on English poetry and poets, for a portable annotated edition of which, without the *Specimens*, we are indebted to the late and lost Peter Cunningham.

It is one of the crimes of Horace Walpole that he said, with reference to Chatterton, that "singing birds should not be too well fed." Be this as it may, few poets have been more liberally remunerated than Campbell. From first to last, he appears to have received nearly £1000 for the "Pleasures of Hope," making about fifteen shillings a line; than which Byron himself got no more,—receiving £2500 for "Manfred," the "Prisoner of Chillon," and the third canto of "Childe Harold."

Campbell was slow and fastidious in composition; we smell the lamp, and hear the *limæ labor*,—yet his local colour and incident are often faulty. Thus he places tigers on the banks of Lake Erie, hyænas in South America, and associates the "village curfew," as it still may be heard at Bodmin and Penrith in our own "land of the grey old past," with the haunts of the red Indian.

Perhaps he has written nothing truly finer, or more Horatian, than "Hohenlinden," of which Father Prout has left us such a capital version; yet this exquisite lyric was rejected as a contribution to the *Greenock Advertiser*, with the intimation that it did not "come up to the editor's standard," and that poetry was evidently not the *forte* of the contributor! * We must not, however, forget, as we criticize the critic, that Campbell himself would never admit the merit of the piece. We learn the fact from Cyrus Redding, who edited his poetical works, and who adds,—of such little worth is an author's judgment as to the comparative merit of his own productions,—that the poet positively forbade the "Dirge of Wallace," one of the finest of his minor pieces, to be included in the collection. (ii. 354.)

Campbell was a great lover of the "weed," and here we have him enjoying the

"Innocuos calices et amicam vatibus herbam,"—

as old Raphael Thorius has it, after the editorial worries and labours of the day. Beattie, his biographer, describes his lumbered room, "tobacco pipes mingled with the literary wares," etc. He was, indeed, like Tom Warton and Vinny Bourne, careless in his manners, and unobservant of the superstitions of the table. Lady Morgan relates that when dining with Lord Aberdeen, Manners Sutton, and the Duchess of Gordon, the

* *Notes and Queries*, Dec. 13, 1862, p. 475.



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bard—*horribile dictu*,—put his knife in the salt-cellar to help himself to the condiment!

Shortly before his death, he read that grand piece, the "Thanatopsis" of Bryant, at the opening of the Exhibition in Suffolk Place, and fairly broke down with emotion when he came to the lines,—

> "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan that moves
> To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
> Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, etc.,"

—saying that "nothing finer had ever been written." He was born July 27, 1777, and died at Boulogne, June 15, 1844, aged 67. He lies in Westminster Abbey, next to Southey's monument, where is an admirable statue of the poet by W. Calder Marshall, R.A., of which there is an engraving by W. H. Mote.

His *Life and Letters*, by William Beattie, M.D., one of his executors, was published by Moxon, the "poet's publisher," in 3 vols. 8vo, 1849;* there are also the "Memoirs" of the poet by his old friend and literary subordinate in the conduct of the *New Monthly Magazine*, Cyrus Redding, 1860, 2 vols., 8vo.; and two papers entitled "Mornings with Thomas Campbell," in Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, Feb. 8 and 15, 1845.

Campbell enjoyed a pension of £184 per annum, given to him by the Government as far back as 1806.

III.—JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

As we have just had Campbell, the poet, inhaling solace through the somewhat plebeian conduit of a "Broseley," so do we now find Lockhart, the critic, making use of that later and more elegant device by which mediate fumigation is rendered needless, and the convoluted leaf,—as Ebenezer Cullchickweed happily has it,—is made to serve as its own pipe.† Each plan has its own advantages and its advocates, and is good in its way; the whole thing is a matter of taste,—or pocket,—and if Maginn, in his "desultory and autoschediastic, off-hand, and extemporaneous article," declined the controversy for fear of the "acrimony" that might arise, it seems well that a like discretion should be exercised here.

Lockhart was born in the manse or parsonage house of Cambusnethan, on the 14th of July, 1794. After a preliminary education at the High School, he became, at the age of twelve, a matriculated member of the College and University of Glasgow. Three years later he was entered a commoner at Balliol College, Oxford; where, going up into the school in the Easter term of 1813, he came out in the first class in *literis humanioribus*, although "with unparalleled audacity he devoted part of his time to cari-

* An article on Beattie's *Life* will be found in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxxv. pp. 37–40.

† *Every Night Book; or, Life after Dark.* By the author of *The Cigar.* London, 1827, 8vo, p. 91.

caturing the examining masters." On this occasion, it is interesting to record, the name which stood next to his own in the alphabetical arrangement of the first class, was also destined to become celebrated. This was that of Henry Hart Milman, later on Dean of St. Paul's, the well-known poet and dramatist, and his life-long friend.

When Lockhart quitted Oxford,—fellowships were not then, even in Balliol, open to competition,—he turned his attention to the study of Scottish law. But, having long been a proficient in the German language, he was extremely desirous, before taking up his necessary residence in Edinburgh, of visiting Germany, and making the personal acquaintance of Goethe, and others of that band of poets and scholars who, in a single generation, had raised their language from barbarism, and gained for the literature of their country the high rank which it holds among the nations of Europe. The means for accomplishing this object were afforded to the young aspirant by Blackwood. That sagacious publisher, to whom Lockhart's first literary essay—if I mistake not, an article on "Heraldry," in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*,—was not unknown, accepted without hesitation a proposal from him to translate into English, the *Lectures of Frederich Schlegel on the Study of History*, and generously handed to him the price of the copyright before a line was written. The visit to Germany then took place, and Lockhart saw and conversed with Goethe at Weimar.

In 1816, he was called to the Scottish bar,—or rather, became an advocate; but briefs were few and far between. Then came the establishment, in April, 1817, of *Blackwood's Magazine;* for which no one, with the exception, perhaps, of Professor Wilson, wrote more frequently, or on a greater variety of subjects. In 1818, he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott; visited Abbotsford; and on April 29, 1820, married the great novelist's eldest daughter, Sophia, *more Scotico*, in the evening, and in the drawing-room at Abbotsford.

Besides his contributions to *Blackwood*, Lockhart at this period got through a large amount of literary work. Scott had declined the responsibility of furnishing the historical portion of the *Edinburgh Annual Register;* and his son-in-law accepted the engagement. Then came *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* (1819, 3 vols., 8vo), a satirical work, possibly suggested by the Scotch chapters in the *Humphrey Clinker* of Smollett, in which, after the fashion of the *Citizen of the World* of Goldsmith, the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu, and the more recent *Espriella's Letters* of Southey, a foreigner is supposed to record the impressions made upon him by what he saw and heard during a brief sojourn in a land which was new to him. The supposed writer was one Dr. Morris, a Welsh physician; and some folks in these epistles of the imaginary traveller saw nothing but a cento of libels. Lockhart, himself, admits that "nobody but a very young and thoughtless person would have dreamed of putting forth such a book"; but Sir Walter judged more leniently of it, and spoke of the "Doctor's" character for "force of expression, both serious and comic, and acuteness of observation," and regretted that there was not such a book fifty, or even twenty-five years ago. As a record of characters and events the work is indeed highly valuable; and it is much to be wished that some septuagenarian contemporary yet surviving would furnish us with an explanation of the personal hints and allusions. Reading the "Letters" after an interval of sixty

years, it is difficult to see why the good people of Edinburgh should have been so exasperated by the book and its author; or why the Whig magnates,—Jeffrey at Craigcrook and his legal and literary guests,—should have felt so galled by the innocent quizzing of the pseudo-Morris. But so it was; and Lord Cockburn, himself, some thirty years later, felt it necessary to assure his readers seriously that no such gymnastic exercitations had ever taken place, as the leaping-match in the garden, described and criticized by the Welshman with such awful verisimilitude! If the reader has a copy, he will find "second edition" upon the title-page; but it may save inquiry to state that the "first" has no existence but in the suggestion of the author. It may be worth while also to say that the portrait of "Peter Morris, M.D.," prefixed to the first volume, is mentioned by Jackson and Chatto, in their admirable *History of Wood Engraving* (2nd, and best ed. p. 633), as being one of the earliest published specimens of the invention of Mr. Lizars, of Edinburgh, for "metallic relief engraving." A review of *Peter's Letters* will be found in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. iv. pp. 612, 745; and vol. vi. p. 288.

Only a word on his novels,—*Valerius, a Roman Story*, coldly and sternly classical as a romance of Apuleius or Barclay; *Adam Blair*, with its burning passion and guilt, which startled the kirk like a bombshell; *Reginald Dalton*, light, easy and superficial, in which the author sought to depict, with a difference,—as "Tom Brown" has done for us in later days,—undergraduate life at Oxford, as it was during the earlier period of his own academical career; and lastly, not the least remarkable, *Matthew Wald*, forcibly portraying a character, which, though redeemed by some better impulses, gradually sinks downward, by reason of its innate selfishness, to degradation and madness. These stories are, one and all, powerfully written; they exhibit force of narrative, passages of surpassing beauty and pathos, and elegance of style; but they have failed to gain for their writer an exalted or permanent place among the great masters of fiction.

In the literary career of Lockhart, no circumstance is of greater moment than his connection with the *Quarterly Review*. On the retirement of William Gifford in 1826, it was proposed to Lockhart that he should fill the vacant post. He accepted, and at once removed to London. He proved an admirable editor; maintaining the pleasantest relations between himself and his contributors. As he himself says of Jeffrey,* "he was excellent in beautifying the productions of his 'journeymen;'" and as Gifford, his predecessor, had curtailed Southey, so did he feel himself at liberty to permit Croker to interpolate Lord Mahon's article on the French Revolution.† His conduct of the *Quarterly* extended over the long period of twenty-eight years; and his conscientious and most punctual labours on its behalf necessarily absorbed a large portion of his time and talents. But his seemed to be one of those minds which obtain,—or fancy they obtain,—their needful relaxation in change of labour; and he found time for many articles in *Blackwood*, to assist Wilson. He wrote for *Constable's Miscellany*, in 1828, the most charming life of Burns which we yet possess; he assumed the superintendence of *Murray's Family Library*, for which he wrote the opening volume, a *Life of Napoleon;* and later on, came the *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, the last and greatest of his separate works, one of the best

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xci. p. 127. † *Ibid.*, vol. cxvi. p. 467.

biographies in our language, the last volume of which made its appearance in 1838.

The constitution of Lockhart had never been robust, and as early as 1850, his health began to break.

"Over-worked, over-hurried,
Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd,"

—as he himself has it,*—in the spring of 1853, he felt compelled to resign the management of the *Quarterly;* and acted on the advice of his friends to try the effect of a winter in Italy. In the summer of the following year he returned; but he had within the seeds of dissolution. In the succeeding autumn he was seized with paralysis, and died at Abbotsford, in his sixtieth year, in the month of December, 1854, in a small room adjoining that in which Sir Walter himself had breathed his last. He was buried in Dryburgh Abbey, where a monument, erected at the cost of some among the most intimate of his surviving friends, marks his resting-place, at the feet of his illustrious father-in-law.

An article in the *Review* which he conducted so long and so well does ample justice alike to his literary abilities and his moral character. In regard to the former, the writer says: "His contributions to this journal were upwards of one hundred in number, and devoted to a great variety of subjects, such as only a versatile and powerful mind could have treated with success. He could write on Greek literature,—on the origin of the Latin language—on novels—on any subject from poetry to dry-rot; but his biographical articles bear the palm. Many of them contain the liveliest and truest sketches that exist of the characters to which they are devoted," etc. As to the latter, the same hand writes: "We shall not trust ourselves elaborately to paint the moral and intellectual character of one over whom the heart yearns with the deepest and most affectionate regret. The world neither knew Lockhart's real worth, nor appreciated him to the full measure of what it did know. His failings, if so we must call them, lay entirely within view; his noble and generous qualities were visible only to such as took the trouble to pierce the crust of reserve with which, on common occasions, he was apt to surround himself. There never lived a man more high-minded and truthful;—more willing to make sacrifices for the benefit of others;—more faithful to old ties of friendship and affection;—more ready to help even strangers in their hour of need. Those who knew him best loved him best,—a sure proof that he was deserving of their love."†

Who wrote the admirable article on Lockhart in the *Times*,—subsequently prefixed to the illustrated edition of the *Spanish Ballads*, 1856, 4to? It was attributed at the time to his friend, Lord Robertson; but Sir G. C. Lewis, who, one would think, had good grounds for his statement, ascribes it, in a letter to Sir Edmund Head, to Mr. Elwin (the present editor of the *Quarterly*), Lady Eastlake, and Milman.‡ In this, which Sir George says was "an *éloge*, rather than a biography, or an impartial character," the following passage occurs:—

"It was characteristic of Lockhart's peculiar individuality, that, wherever he was at all known, whether by man or woman, by poet, man of

* *Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough*, 1869, vol. i. p. 215.

† *Quarterly Review*, vol. cxvi. p. 480.

‡ *Letters of the Right Hon. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Bart., to various Friends.* London, 1870, 8vo, p. 289.

business, or man of the world, he touched the hidden chord of romance in all. No man less affected the poetical, the mysterious, or the sentimental; no man less affected anything; yet as he stole stiffly away from the knot, which, if he had not enlivened, he had hushed, there was not one who did not confess that a being had passed before them who had stirred all the pulses of the imagination, and realized what is generally only ideal in the portrait of a man. To this impression there is no doubt that his personal appearance greatly contributed, though too entirely the exponent of his mind to be considered as a separate cause. Endowed with the very highest order of manly beauty, both of feature and expression, he retained the brilliancy of youth, and a stately strength of person, comparatively unimpaired in ripened life; and then, though sorrow and sickness suddenly brought on a premature old age, which none could witness unmoved, yet the beauty of the head and of the bearing so far gained in melancholy loftiness of expression what they lost in animation, that the last phase, whether to the eye of painter or of anxious friend, seemed always the finest."

When dining at Lansdowne House in 1837, Lady Chatterton enjoyed a very pleasant conversation with Fonblanque (editor of the *Examiner*), and Lockhart. Fonblanque made some cynical remark, and Lady Chatterton notes :—

"At that moment it struck me that he resembled nothing so much as Retsch's engraving of Mephistopheles in *Faust*. This is never the case with Lockhart, whose splendid dark eyes have always a kindly expression." *

Maginn, who had every cause to hold him in gratitude and respect, alludes to his "sempiternal cigar," which seems, indeed, to have been a part of the man. Jamie Hogg gives us a capital picture of him as "a mischievous Oxford puppy, for whom I was terrified; dancing after the young ladies, and drawing caricatures of every one who came in contact with him." Lockhart, indeed, made capital fun out of the simple Shepherd, whom for years he contrived to keep in a state of perfect mystification as to the authorship of the "tremendous articles" in *Blackwood*. Says the latter: "Being sure I could draw nothing out of either Wilson or Sym, I always repaired to Lockhart to ask him, awaiting his reply with fixed eyes and a beating heart. Then, with his cigar in his mouth, his one leg flung carelessly over the other, and without the symptom of a smile on his face, or one twinkle of mischief in his dark grey eye, he would father the articles on his brother, Captain Lockhart, or Peter Robertson, or Sheriff Cay, or James Wilson, or that queer, fat body, Dr. Scott; and sometimes on James, or John Ballantyne, and Sam. Anderson, and poor Baxter. Then away I flew, with the wonderful news to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them; so that before I left Edinburgh, I was accredited the greatest liar in it, except one."

If the article in the *Times*, to which I have alluded, be too laudatory, as Sir George C. Lewis thinks, that in the *Daily News* should be read as a corrective. Possibly, if the two were taken together, like bread and cheese, as Gray tells us he read poetry and prose, a truthful portraiture might be obtained.

On the whole, the career of Lockhart, though ultimately embittered by those calamities which are inseparable from human destiny, was a

* *Memoirs of Georgiana, Lady Chatterton.* By Edward H. Dering, 1878, 8vo, p. 44.

reasonably prosperous and happy one. Possessed of some private means, he had never known the *res angusta domi*, which is almost proverbially the lot of those, who, as he did, forsake the liberal-handed Themis for that occupation which, as Sir Walter Scott said, might serve as a *stick*, but should never be relied on as a *crutch*. Literature was to Lockhart not unremunerative, and his editorship produced him a regular and liberal income. He also, as a reward for his long and efficient co-operation with the Conservative party, in very trying times, enjoyed the office of auditor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the emoluments of which amounted to some £400 per annum, and to which he had been appointed in 1843 by his personal friend, Lord Granville Somerset, the Chancellor of the Duchy.

In the interests of bibliography I must note a comparatively unknown and privately printed volume :—*Ballads: Songs of the Edinburgh Yeomanry Squadron from* 1820 *to* 1823. Edinburgh, small 8vo, 1825.

These pieces were written by J. G. Lockhart and P. F. Tytler, as is known to literary amateurs in the northern capital ; but a few copies only being printed for the amusement of private friends, it is not to be wondered at that the slender volume has escaped the biographers of the respective authors.

Again I read :—

"In the year 1844, Mr. Gibson Lockhart was commanded to write 'An account of the Royal Chapel in the Savoy.' His short pamphlet was printed at the cost of Her most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and was destined only for private circulation." *

More than a passing word should be said of Lockhart as a poet. His sympathy for the chivalrous character of the Spanish nation, and its patriotic resistance to the encroaching power of the first Napoleon, led him early to the study of its language and literature, of which he never ceased to be a passionate admirer. His spirited translations from the ancient Spanish minstrelsy, preserved in the different *Cancioneros* and *Romanceros* of the sixteenth century, were among his earliest contributions to *Blackwood*. These were first published in substantive form, in 1823, 4to ; and have since passed through many editions. Many fine scattered pieces of Lockhart occur to the mind,—such as "Captain Paton's Lament," "Napoleon" and others ; and I cannot refrain from citing as a specimen the following exquisitely pathetic fragment, for the publication of which in the *Scotsman* newspaper (1863), the public is indebted to his old and esteemed friend the Honourable Mrs. Norton :—

"When youthful hope has fled,
Of loving take thy leave ;
Be constant to the dead—
The dead cannot deceive.

"Sweet modest flowers of spring,
How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
No secondary May—

"No earthly burst again
Of gladness out of gloom
Fond hope and vision vain,
Ungrateful to the tomb.

* *Memorials of the Savoy: the Palace, the Hospital, the Chapel.* By the Rev. W. T. Loftie, B.A. ; F.S.A. London, Macmillan, 1878, post 8vo.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY"

"But 'tis an old belief,
That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
Dear friends shall meet once more—

"Beyond the sphere of time,
And sin and fate's control,
Serene in endless prime
Of body and of soul.

"That creed I fain would keep,
That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep,
Unless to waken so."

The original sketch of the portrait before us, which a writer in the *Hour* newspaper (Nov. 12, 1873) considers, from personal remembrance, "the very best in the whole series," is in the hands of Mr. John Murray, of Albemarle Street.

IV.—SAMUEL ROGERS.

"DE mortuis nil nisi bonum!" ejaculates *Fraser*. "There is Sam Rogers, a mortal likeness—painted to the very death!"

Yes, here we have the "Bard of Memory," lean as if he had been fed on bank-notes, and drunk ink: sallow as if he had breathed no air that was not imbued with the taint of gold,—a *caput mortuum;*—yet another quarter of a century was even yet to pass away before

"The weary wheels of life at length stood still:"—

and Samuel Rogers, so long a symbol of death in life, exchanged, we would trust, for life in death, his fabled wealth, and his Tusculum of St. James's Place, with its pictures, its busts, its gems, its coins, and its books.

Innumerable were the jokes on the *tête morte* of Rogers. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, asked him how it was, since he was so well off, he did not set up his hearse; Mackintosh wondered why, when at an election time he could not find accommodation at any hotel in a country town, he did not seek a snug lie down in the churchyard; a French valet, mistaking him for Tom Moore, threw the company into consternation by announcing him as "M. Le Mort"; Scott advised him to try his fortune in medicine in which he would be sure to succeed, if there was any truth in physiognomy, on the strength of his having a perpetual *facies Hippocratica;* Hook, meeting him at Lord Byron's funeral, gave him the friendly caution to keep out of the sight of the undertaker lest that functionary should claim him as one of his old customers; but the story which caps all is that in the *John Bull*, to the effect that when Rogers one night hailed a coach in St. Paul's churchyard, the jarvey cried—"Ho, ho, my man; I'm not going to be had in that way: go back to your grave!" *

* This is not a bad story certainly, of the *ben trovato* order, of course; but it is hardly a new one. Not improbably the versatile Theodore had been dipping into the new edition of *The Lives of the Norths* by the Hon. Roger North (Lond. 1826, 8vo, 3 vols.), where he would have read:—

"The Turks have an opinion that men that are buried have a sort of life in their graves. If any man makes affidavit before a judge that he heard a noise in a man's

Like one of olden times :—

"Longa Tithonum minuit senectus"—*

the longer he lived the more attenuated he became; the Voltaire of England,—resembling in excessive leanness, cadaveric livor, retention of faculties in extreme senility, and imputed malignity of wit, that great writer, to whose strictures upon Milton's personifications, Young replied by the well-known distich :—

"Thou art so witty, profligate and thin,
At once we see the Devil, Death and Sin,"—

which reminds me somehow of the bitter couplet attributed to Tom Moore :—

"With equal good nature, good grace, and good looks,
As the Devil gave apples, Sam Rogers gives books;"

and whose "portrait," as drawn by a contemporary hand, might serve indifferently for either poet :—

"Spectre vivant, squelette décharné,
Qui n'a rien vu que ta seule figure,
Croirait d'abord avoir vu d'un damné
L'épouvantable et hideuse peinture—"

A strangely favoured lot was that of Samuel Rogers. Born at Stoke Newington, July 30, 1763, of opulent parents, he enjoyed for nearly a century, ample leisure and means to indulge his favourite tastes and pursuits. He was the connecting link between the age of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and our own. He was eating his eighth birthday pudding on the day that Gray, the poet, died. In the same year that the Ayrshire ploughman canvassed the weavers of Kilmarnock for subscriptions to that volume of *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, which will only perish with the language in which they are written, the London banker took his first verses to Cadell, with a cheque to pay the probable expenses. He had seen, as he related to Mitford, John Wesley lying in state, after death, March 2, 1791, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had agitated the "tintinnabulary appendage" at the door of Samuel Johnson, and been blackballed at his club, though proposed by Fox and seconded by Windham; wandered over St. Anne's Hill with Fox and Grattan; dined with Condorcet at Lafayette's in 1789; listened to the trial of Horne Tooke; breakfasted with Robertson, heard Blair preach, taken coffee with the Piozzis, and supped with Adam Smith, all in one day of that same eventful year; met Byron in Italy; and had enjoyed the intimacy of a host of celebrities, whose lives were but ephemeral episodes in his own. The Nestor,—rather, perhaps, the Tithonus,—of our poets, his pleasurable existence was prolonged to his ninety-fourth year,—a length of career only approached, so far as memory serves me, by the poet, Waller, who, coming into existence only two years after the death of Queen Elizabeth, missed but by a few months witnessing the accession of William and Mary. He retained his faculties nearly to the last, thus forming a striking exception

grave, he is, by order, dug up, and chopped all to pieces. Two merchants once, airing on horseback, had (as usual for protection) a janizary with them. Passing by the burying-place of the Jews, it happened that an old Jew sat by a sepulchre. The janizary rode up to him, and rated him for stinking the world a second time, and commanded him to get into his grave again."

* *Horat. Od.* ii. 16, vol. iii. p. 57.

to the *dictum* of Swift, who demurred to the title of "a fine old man," saying, "there is no such thing; if his head and his heart had been good for anything, they would have worn him out long ago."

As Rogers enjoyed the most refined society of his long day—that of the frequenters of his ever memorable breakfasts, so did he live surrounded with the choicest memorials of past and present literature and art. His walls were hung with rare specimens of the older masters, and the brighter *aquarelles* of Turner and Stothard. The mantel-piece in his drawing-room was designed by Flaxman; in his library were stored the MSS. of Gray, in their exquisite caligraphy, and the celebrated agreement between Milton and Samuel Simmons, the publisher (April 27, 1667), for the copyright of *Paradise Lost;* there was Roubiliac's clay model for a bust of Pope, by whose side his father had stood when the artist was modelling the drapery; there was a sketch by Raphael for which the Marquis of Westminster had offered him enough land to build a villa on; and there was a piece of amber enclosing a fly, which as Sydney Smith hinted, might have buzzed in the ear of Adam. As Byron wrote in his diary; "if you enter his house—his drawing-room—his library—you, of yourself, say this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor."

Rogers made a good use of his wealth, which has, however, been overstated. It probably was never much above £5000 a year, of which he spent a fourth part in charity. It was to him that Sheridan addressed the last letter he ever wrote, begging for assistance, to prevent the very bed on which he was dying from being torn from under him by the bailiffs; and the answer was a cheque for £150,—not the first, by the way, in the same direction. It was he who helped Moore in his Bermudan difficulties; and lent Campbell £500 to enable him to purchase a share in the *Metropolitan;* and it was under his patronage that Moxon commenced business as a publisher, as, under the auspices of Pope, Dodsley had started in business-life a century before.

As a proser,—take the word in any sense,—Rogers commenced his literary career, as Dr. Johnson had done before him, when he was still in his teens (1781), by contributing a series of essays, eight in number, entitled the "Scribbler," to the *Gentleman's Magazine.* He was not, however, an admirer or imitator of the lexicographer's "turgid style"; and his prose notes, or episodical and illustrative narratives appended to *Italy* and *Poems*, which he continued to polish and augment as long as his faculties lasted, have been said on high authority to constitute the choicest collection of anecdotes and quotations, and some of the most exquisite pieces of prose compositions in the language. Of these, indeed, Mackintosh used to cite the short essay on "National Prejudices" in *Italy* as absolutely perfect, both in thought and style.

The epoch of his advent as a poet was favourable to his fame; a small taper is conspicuous in a dark room. Gray, Goldsmith, Akenside and Churchill were dead. Burns had not appeared; Cowper and Crabbe were but yet little known; the audience of Darwin was fit but few; Dr. Walcott ("Peter Pindar") held the day with his coarse and vigorous satires; and Hayley was lord of the ascendant in his vapid and polished mediocrity. The rest of the field was occupied by poets of the softer sex, —Hannah More, Anna Seward, Lucy Aikin, and Helen Maria Williams.

The "Ode to Superstition" appeared in 1786; then the "Pleasures of Memory,"*—its every line redolent of Goldsmith in structure and diction,—tender, classical and refined, it is true, but with little of the divine *afflatus* of original genius,—inferior in power to the "Pleasures of the Imagination" of Akenside, which preceded it, and in episodic beauty to the "Pleasures of Hope" of Campbell, which it suggested. The *Italy*,—ascribed to Southey on its first anonymous appearance,—gemmed with charming descriptions of Ausonian life and scenery, and exquisite graces of style and language; "Human Life," warm in colour, deep in feeling, tender in conception; and "Columbus," a fragmentary epic, which obscure, inelegant in machinery, wanting in ease and spontaneity, and harsh in transition, hardly perhaps merited the severe castigation which it received in the *Quarterly Review* at the hands of Lord Dudley, the corrosive sublimate of whose bitter article the retaliative poet sought to neutralize by an epigram, which in its manifestation of the true Greek talent of expressing by implication what it wishes to convey, may be pronounced one of the best in the English language :—

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it,—
He *has* a heart,—he gets his speeches by it!"

When the *estro* of composition was over,—the muse of Rogers was hard-bound, gave birth but seldom, and was long in travail—the poet sat down to perfect the material form of his darling offspring. Stothard, with his tender and graceful pencil,—our English Raphael,—and Turner, the northern Claude, with his rainbow-tinted palette,—were summoned to collaborate. The production of the two volumes, *Poems*, and *Italy*, published by Moxon, 1830–4, is said to have cost their author between £10,000 and £12,000; and as they have never been excelled in beauty and taste by any books anywhere or any when,—and as, moreover, the art of the painter and the poet is so happily married as to be indivisible,—it is possible that there may be some applicability in the wicked parody of Pope's distich :—

"See where the pictures for the page atone,
And *Sam* is saved by beauties not his own,"

or the wickeder couplet :—

"Of Rogers's *Italy* Luttrell relates
That 'twould have been *dished*, were it not for the *plates!*"

However this may be, there is little doubt that the marvellous engravings from Turner's exquisite drawings, and Stothard's pure and graceful designs have done much to perpetuate the poems which they so happily illustrate. The successive issues are numerous between 1830 and 1859; but it is of course the early copies of the first edition,—identified by the head and tail-pieces to the *Poem on a Tomb* being worked off in wrong positions,—which are most highly prized by the *cognoscenti*. Any, however, are better than none; Ruskin enjoins the student of drawing to "possess himself first of the illustrated edition." †

For the drawings, Turner was to have received £50 apiece; but as it

* Translated into German by A. G. Braschius (Leipsic, 1836, 8vo.); and into French by Albert Montemont (Paris, 1825, 8vo). There is also, as a literary offspring, *The Pains of Memory, a Poem, in Two Books*. By Peregrine Bingham (London, 1811, 12mo), of which there is a second edition with vignettes.

† *Elements of Drawing*, by John Ruskin, page 91.

was represented to him that the poet had miscalculated the probable returns, he consented, it is said, to take them back, and charge £5 each for their use.* They are now, with the exception of the second vignette the "Hospice of St. Bernard," in the National Gallery. The engravers received sixty guineas a plate.

One of the most interesting episodes in the life of Rogers was his intimacy with Byron. This took place, through the introduction of Moore, in Nov. 1811. Byron in his satire of 1809 had called the poet "melodious Rogers," and classed the "Pleasures of Memory" with the "Essay on Man," and the "Pleasures of Hope," as the most beautiful didactic poems in the language. In 1813, Byron dedicated to him his poem, "The Giaour," "as a slight but most sincere token of admiration for his genius, respect for his character, and gratitude for his friendship;" and wrote on a blank leaf of the "Pleasures of Memory," the charming lines :—

"Absent or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share like me,
In turn thy converse or thy song.

"But when the dreaded hour shall come,
By friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And 'Memory' o'er her Druid's tomb
Shall weep that aught of thee can die;

"How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offered at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with thine."

After this, the poets met by appointment at Bologna, in the autumn of 1821; visited the Florence Gallery together; and parted, never to meet again in this world. Rogers had found Byron had grown grey-headed in the five years that had passed since they had met before, though only in his thirty-third year; and saw little to

"———recall the youth that swam
From SESTOS to ABYDOS."

The poets sat "far, far into the night conversing;" and the elder bard has left a charming account of the interview, as one of the episodes in his *Italy* (p. 97).

It is sad to know that such a friendship, so begun, and between two such men, should be marred in its remembrance. How it came about is not known. Whether Byron, as has been said, had received annoyance by the minute and fastidious dilletanteism of Rogers, and his unseasonable visits when in Italy; or whether, as seems more probable, some one of those sarcastic and personal remarks in which the latter was wont to indulge at the expense of his most intimate associates had been conveyed to the poetic pilgrim at Ravenna by one of the good-natured friends who are ever ready to charge themselves with such missions,—it appears that he (Byron) revenged himself by the composition of a satire, which has been said to be "the greatest of modern satirical portraits in verse," and "not surpassed for cool malignity and happy imagery in the whole

* *Edinburgh Review*, No. ccxi. p. 99. It is elsewhere stated that Turner's remuneration for the drawings was from fifteen to twenty guineas apiece.

compass of the English language." It was composed, it would appear, at Venice before the final meeting of the poets at Bologna, but was never published by its author. Its appearance was posthumous; and as it is not included in the "Poetical Works," and is but little known, it must find a place here :—

"QUESTION.

"Nose and chin would shame a knocker,
Wrinkles that would puzzle Cocker;
Mouth which marks the envious scorner,
With a scorpion in each corner,
Turning its quick tail to sting you
In the place that most may wring you;
Eyes of lead-like hue and gummy,
Carcass pick'd out from some mummy;
Bowels (but they were forgotten
Save the liver, and that's rotten).
Skin all sallow, flesh all sodden,—
Form the Devil would fright God in.
Is't a corpse stuck up for show,
Galvanized at times to go?
With the Scripture in connexion,
New proof of the resurrection,
Vampire, ghost, or ghoul, what is it?
I would walk ten miles to miss it.

"ANSWER.

'Many passengers arrest one,
To demand the same free question.
Shorter's my reply and franker—
That's the Bard, the Beau, the Banker.
Yet if you could bring about,
Just to turn him inside out,
Satan's self would seem less sooty,
And his present aspect—Beauty.
Mark that (as he masks the bilious
Air, so softly supercilious)
Chasten'd bow, and mock humility,
Almost sicken'd to servility;
Hear his tone (which is to talking
That which creeping is to walking;
Now on all-fours, now on tip-toe);
Hear the tales he lends his lip to:—
Little hints of heavy scandals;
Every friend in turn he handles;
All which women, or which men do
Glides forth in an innuendo,
Clothed in odds and ends of humour—
Herald of each paltry rumour,
From divorces down to dresses,
Women's frailty, men's excesses,
All which life presents of evil
Make for him a constant revel.
You're his foe, for that he fears you,
And in absence blasts and sears you.
You're his friend, for that he hates you;
First caresses, and then baits you:
Darting on the opportunity
When to do it with impunity.
You are neither,—then he'll flatter

Till he finds some trait for satire ;
Hunts your weak point out, then shows it
When it injures to disclose it,
In the mode that's most invidious,
Adding every trait that's hideous,
From the bile, whose blackening river
Rushes through his Stygian liver.
Then he thinks himself a lover :—
Why I really can't discover
In his mind, age, face, or figure :
Viper-broth might give him vigour :
Let him keep the cauldron steady,
He the venom has already.
For his faults, he has but *one*—
'Tis but envy when all's done.
He but pays the pain he suffers,
Clipping, like a pair of snuffers,
Lights which ought to burn the brighter
For this temporary blighter.
He's the cancer of his species,
And will eat himself to pieces :
Plague personified and famine ;
Devil, whose sole delight is damning !

"For his merits, would you know 'em ?
Once he wrote a pretty poem ! "

These bitter lines were written in 1818. They are said to have been in Moore's hands ; but he suppressed them, probably because their publication would have excluded him from Rogers's breakfasts ; and they first appeared, with annotations, "supplied by the great literary characters who annotate the new edition of Lord Byron," in *Fraser's Magazine*, No. xxxvii. p. 81. It is of these that Maginn elsewhere (*Dub. Univ. Mag.*, Jan., 1844, p. 86) says that they "are well worth five dozen 'Parasinas' and 'Prisoners of Chillon.'" The satire is indeed a literary curiosity of the highest interest, exceeding in cool and concentrated venom everything that has appeared since the days of Swift, except perhaps Gifford's truculent *Epistle to Peter Pindar*. "I would give a trifle," in no creditable spirit said Maginn, "to have seen Sam's face the morning that satire was published." The victim, we are told, thought of buying up all the copies of the magazine, but he was dissuaded by a cooler friend, who convinced him of the futility of such a step. Crabb Robinson called it in his "Diary," a vile lampoon, and tells on the authority of W. S. Landor and Lady Blessington, of the heartless glee with which Byron boasted that he made Rogers sit down on the very cushion beneath which the doggrel catilinary was written,—"never," said he to Lady Blessington, "in the whole course of my existence did I feel more exquisite satisfaction than when I saw the ugly creature sitting upon my satire." *

Rogers took no ostensible revenge ; but we can fancy that a sad feeling of desecrated friendship was in his heart when he penned in a copy of "Byron" the following lines, which saw the light for the first time in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for May, 1857 :—

* MS. letter from Rev. Alexander Dyce to Sir Egerton Brydges ; the writer gives the anecdote on the authority of the poet, Campbell, who had it from Lady Blessington.

"When I beheld thee, light and gay,
The idol of the passing day;
The god of fools who never knew
The worth of him they cringed to;—
When I beheld thee, proud and young,
Despise the tribute due thy song;
While thy high spirit kept away
Sages from converse, souls astray:—
When nature show'd the bitter mind
Fraught with ill-will to all mankind;—
I wept that genius had been given
To one who thus could lead so far from heaven."

Maginn brings the easy accusation of "petty larceny" against the poet. This charge is probably, in part at least, based upon the assertion of Coleridge, in his first volume of verse, that Rogers stole the tale of "Florio" from the *Lochleven* of Michael Bruce. Lamb wrote to Coleridge, denouncing the charge as utterly unfounded; and Coleridge, in the second edition of his volume, took occasion to "expiate a sentence of unfounded detraction by an unsolicited and self-originating apology." Rogers was satisfied, and thus the matter ended.

The face of Rogers is said to have been pleasing, and even handsome, in youth. The painting by Hoppner (*ætat.* 46), and the drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence, alike lend credence to the belief. Then there is the oil-painting by the latter, "in middle life," of which a wood-cut is given in the *Illustrated London News*, Dec. 20, 1855, side by side with one from a photograph by Paine, representing the banker-poet at the age of ninety-two. But the fact is there is no good likeness of him, for the simple reason that he would not allow one to be taken. There is one drawn on stone in 1838, by Mrs. Geale, a niece of Lady Morgan, which would have been excellent if the artist had ventured to give her subject his actual age. The portrait by Meyer, from a sketch by Baron Denon, is not satisfactory. Dantan's bust is hardly a caricature, and for that reason was held by Rogers in especial horror. The sketch of Maclise before us is, perhaps, the best, and most faithful of all,—though we can understand how Goethe, in distant Weimar,—as Thackeray wrote to G. H. Lewes,—looked upon it with a natural horror, as "a ghastly caricature," exclaiming, as he shut up the book and put it away in anger: "They would make me look like that!"

If Rogers has not come down to us as a modern Joe Miller, it is not the fault of Dr. Maginn and Theodore Hook. He had a knack of uttering pointed epigrammatic sayings and smart repartees; but, as the case of Selwyn, Luttrell, Sheridan, Walpole, Jekyll, Rose and others—not to mention honest "Joe" himself,—hundreds of jokes have been fathered upon him, of whose paternity he was guiltless. In the early days of the *John Bull* it was the fashion to lay every foundling witticism at the door of Sam Rogers; and thus the refined poet and man of letters became known as a sorry jester,—just as Virgil was held to have been a great magician, in the dark ages; the grave philologist Meursius is chiefly known to the present generation as the author of one of the most obscene books ever written, of which he is altogether innocent;* Aristotle himself enjoys, in the bucolic mind, at least, the reputation of a circumforaneous quack; and the learned George Buchanan, *lumen Scotiæ*, who whipped

* Joannis Meursii, *Elegantiæ Latini Sermonis*, 12mo (circa. 1750).

Latin *fundamentally* into James I., is only known to chap-book students as "the King's Fool"! Maginn gives a happy, if outrageously extravagant, illustration of our poet's alleged reputation for humour, when he says:—"Joe Miller vails his bonnet to Sam Rogers; in all the newspapers, not only of the kingdom but its dependencies,—Hindostan, Canada, the West Indies, the Cape, from the tropics,—nay, from the Antipodes to the Orkneys, Sam is godfather-general to all the bad jokes in existence. The Yankees have caught the fancy, and from New Orleans to New York it is the same,—Rogers is synonymous with a pun. All British-born or descended people,—yea the very negro and the Hindoo—father their calembourgs on Rogers. Quashee, or Ramee-Samee, who knows nothing of Sir Isaac Newton, John Milton, or *Fraser's Magazine*, grins from ear to ear at the name of the illustrious banker, and with gratified voice exclaims, 'Him dam funny, dat Sam!'"

It was to Rogers that Moore dedicated his *Lalla Rookh;* Byron inscribed his name at the summit of a literary pyramid of contemporary poets, while he put Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey nearly at the base. Leigh Hunt, on the other hand with better judgment, in his clever *Feast of the Poets*, admits four only to dine with Apollo,—Scott, Southey, Campbell and Moore;—while Rogers is merely asked to tea. "You might have given him supper," wrote Byron to Hunt, "if only a sandwich;" and Moore pointed out what he thought an injustice.

Dr. Beattie, his medical attendant, who was with him when he died, wrote:—"a more tranquil and placid transition I never beheld." Memory had long deserted her chosen bard, and he fell into that state which Juvenal depicts as sadder than all the other infirmities of age:—

"———————————omni
Membrorum damno major dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici
Cum quo præterita cænavit nocte, nec illos
Quos genuit, quos eduxit."

Still, almost to the very last, he remembered and would fondly repeat some beautiful lines by Charles Mackay,—worth, he was wont to say, all the fine writing the world ever produced,—and which, published in a juvenile volume of poems, and presented to Rogers, had gained for their writer his acquaintance and friendship:—

"When my soul flies to the first great Giver,
Friends of the Bard, let my dwelling be,
By the green bank of that rippling river,
Under the shade of that tall beech tree
Bury me there, ye lovers of song,
When the prayers for the dead are spoken,
With my hands on my breast,
Like a child at rest,
And my lyre in the grave unbroken."

Among the most constant guests at the memorable breakfasts of Rogers was the Rev. Alexander Dyce. This gentleman—who himself died May, 1869,—had been in the habit, from his first introduction to the poet, and with his knowledge and sanction, of recording the various sayings and anecdotes with which the conversation of his host abounded. These, or rather a selection from them, he subsequently published under the title of *Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers* (Moxon, 1856, 8vo), a volume which received an unfavourable notice in the

Edinburgh Review, No. ccxi., p. 73. Another little volume, with a biographical preface, is entitled *Recollections of Samuel Rogers* (Longmans, 1859, small 8vo). The editor of this was William Sharp, a nephew of the poet, one of whose brothers, Samuel Sharp, is author of a privately printed memoir, *Some Particulars of the Life of Samuel Rogers* (1859, 8vo, pp. lxiv.

V.—THOMAS MOORE.

As we look upon the figure opposite, in a bower of vines and roses, and with the head of Anacreon above his own as if to remind us that he is below the bard of Teos, we need to be reminded, as Maginn hints, that in "that little wizened, cunning, crabbed countenance, which is not much better than a caricature of a John-apple of ancient date," we are looking upon "the Epicurean in person—the Thomas Little,—the 'kissing and kissed' of Rosa—the mail-coach companion of 'Fanny of Timmol,' —the poet of all the loves, and all the grapes"!

"What a lucky fellow you are," said Rogers to Moore; "surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed!" And yet the "Bard of the Butterflies" certainly does not look happy in his Anacreontic retreat; perhaps he is brooding over the Regent's threat to "put him into a wine-cooler;" or haply has Maclise thought appropriate that "expression of hostility to the Church establishment," which Sydney Smith once advised a sculptor to throw into the poet's countenance.

But to descend to facts. Thomas Moore was born May 28, 1779, in Dublin, where his father was a tradesman, respectable, but of the humbler sort. "Tommy dearly loves a Lord," was Byron's memorable saying of his little friend; and remembering this amiable weakness, one cannot but think with amusement of the painful distress of the poet, when, on his introduction in long after-life to Jamie Hogg, in a brilliant assemblage of wit and fashion, the simple Shepherd made crude allusion to his lowly origin, in the words, "You and me maun be freends, Maister Moore, for we're baith leerie pauets, and baith sprung frae the dregs of the people!" He received his earlier education under the care of the well-known Samuel Whyte, of Grafton Street, who will be remembered alike by his own literary productions, and as the early tutor of Sheridan. At the age of fourteen, he became a student of Trinity College, Dublin, when, *inter alia*, he gained the medal of the Historical Society for a poetical extravaganza entitled "An Ode upon Nothing, with Notes by Trismagistus Rustifustius"; and in 1799, choosing the law as a profession, he proceeded to London to enter at the Middle Temple, with a "little packet of guineas," as a viaticum, and a scapular blessed by the priest as a charm against evil, sewed up by his careful mother in the waistband of his pantaloons. As the classical studies of Lockhart produced that direction of thought to which we owe *Valerius*, so it is to the college life of Moore that we are indebted for the first fruits of his genius, the translation of *Anacreon*. This had a considerable success. So long as youth, and beauty, and



THE AUTHOR OF "LALLA ROOKH"

love, and mirth, exert their soft influence to gladden the life of man, even so long will the Teian bard, who was even then an ancient when Horace wrote—

"Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon
Delevit ætas"—

be immortal on the earth; and thus the version of Moore, which though possibly deficient in scholarship, was yet found sufficiently symphonious with the old Greek spirit of the original to be pretty generally read and admired.* His patron, Lord Moira, had made him known to the Prince Regent, and induced that much-maligned man to subscribe to the book, and accept the dedication. By the joint influence of the two, under Addington's administration in 1803, Moore obtained the appointment to a snug sinecure,—or the next thing to it,—of some £400 a year nett, as Registrar to the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. He enjoyed this office for fifteen years, a deputy doing what real work it involved. At the close of this period Moore, who seemed to have forgotten alike the deputy and the office, was disagreeably reminded of his responsibilities by an application for the reimbursement of the proceeds of certain sales,—say some £2000, —which had been embezzled by his subordinate. Moore might easily have paid the money,—or the smaller amount to which it was commuted —as he was in the receipt of large sums from his publishers, who, indeed, offered to advance the whole amount; but he preferred to take sanctuary at Holyrood House to escape from immediate arrest, and next proceeded to Paris, where, in happy oblivion of his liabilities, he lived for a time a Capuan life of gaiety and enjoyment.

In 1806 had been published his *Odes and Epistles*, in which he recorded his observations on American society and manners, made on a hasty visit to the United States in 1804, on the occasion of his voyage to Bermuda to assume his appointment. These lyrics, the prose preface to which is admirably written, are sparkling with that witty and graceful ease which the poet made his own, but are deservedly branded by Jeffrey for that frequent indecency, which, conspicuous in the "Tales" of Prior, —between whom and Moore so many points of poetical resemblance may be traced,—has escaped the reprehension of so stern a moralist as Dr. Johnson, and not prevented laudatory mention of that poet on his monument in Westminster Abbey. Possibly the evil is exaggerated; any way it seems inherent in this manner of verse. There is an old alliance between the daughters of Mnemosyne and the winged son of Cytheræa. It was the boast of Horace that he sang—

"Liberum, et Musas, Veneremque et illi
Semper hærentem puerum"—

and the licentiousness of thought and expression that here and there mars the exquisite polish of his "Odes," may be traced through the "Juvenilia" of Beza, the "Basia" of Secundus, the "Pancharis" of Bonnefonius, the "Chansons" of Béranger, and the "Songs" of Burns, down to the amatory effusions of "Thomas Little," some of which, as the offspring of—

* A lovely edition of Moore's version was published by the late John Camden Hotten, in 1869, "with fifty-four illustrative designs by Girodet de Roussy." These exquisite drawings [originally accompanied a French translation of the odes of Anacreon, made by the artist himself, and published in France shortly after his death.

"————————Talents made
Haply for pure and high designs,
But oft like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly, shrines"—

though powerless enough for real harm,—his friend Atkinson, to whom the poems were addressed, speaks of the poet as a "child playing on the bosom of Venus"—had possibly been better unwritten.

Besides this, the tone of his remarks on the great and often misjudged country which he had so cursorily visited gave considerable offence to those who had given him a frank and hospitable reception. Washington Irving, long before he visited England and made Moore's personal acquaintance, wrote in his earliest production:—

"While in the parlour I delayed,
Till they their persons had array'd,
A dapper volume caught my eye,
That on the window chanc'd to lie;
A book's a friend—I always choose
To turn its pages and peruse:—
It prov'd those poems known to fame
For praising every cyprian dame;
The bantlings of a dapper youth,
Renown'd for gratitude and truth;
A little pest, hight Tommy Moore,
Who hopp'd and skipp'd our country o er;
Who sipp'd our tea and lived on sops,
Revell'd on syllabubs and slops,
And when his brain, of cobweb fine,
Was fuddled with five drops of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch—in verse."*

I am afraid that gratitude was not one of the virtues of Tommy Moore. He never forgave Lord Moira and the Prince Regent for their early friendship and patronage. Like the daughter of the horse-leech he cried for "more"; and when the former, with "All the Talents," came into office in 1806, he verily thought that his fortune was made. His noble patron did what he could, but it was not much. Fox had promised concurrence, but died. Lord Moira's influence vanished; and the disappointed patriot felt free, as he says with exultation, "to call a rascal a rascal wherever I meet him; and never," adds he, "was I better disposed to make use of my privilege." All this means that Moore then felt at liberty to libel those whose benefits had not kept pace with his demands, and from whom he had nothing more to expect. Then came, as a natural sequence, that series of scurrilous and personal attacks upon the Prince, inspired by an *odium in longum jacens*, which the poet, thus abandoning the lyre of Catullus for the mace of Juvenal, collected in 1813, in the little volume entitled *The Twopenny Post Bag*. These satiric verses, which had been produced under the immediate influence of Holland House, are at once easy, polished and witty. But they are flippant and malignant; and reflect deep discredit on their author, as directed against one whose notice he had once been proud to obtain, who had certainly conferred some favours upon him, and whose station, as

* *Salmagundi; or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and Others.* London, 1824, 8vo, p. 82.

depriving him of the power of retaliation, should have been his protection from similar insults.

In *Satire*, it must be admitted that Moore is entitled to a distinguished place. Not, indeed, that he wielded the massive and ruthless weapon of the great Roman, the cutting lash of Ariosto and Dryden, the delicate scalpel of Boileau and Pope, or the poisoned dagger of Junius. The edge of his sarcasm seems turned by its wit, and the smile of the archer to blunt his arrow's point. Yet the blade of Moore is sharply incisive, illustrating in the effect of its practised stroke, the axiom of Lady Mary Wortley Montague,—

> "Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
> Wound with a touch that's hardly felt or seen."

The *Prose* of Moore has the same faults as his poetry,—too much glitter and ornament, too little simplicity and repose,—

> "Syllabub syllables sweetly strung,
> Seeming so sillily smooth to be sung,
> Sicken some singular sinners they say,
> Scorning soft sentiment's silvery sway"—

—the pendulum of taste has now swung to the opposite extremity of the arc!

In 1825, appeared his *Life of Sheridan*, which, with all the sparkle and brilliancy of its diction, proved a disappointment to the reading public, in whom expectation had probably been too highly raised. Fair justice is done to the talents and moral character of the orator; but it must be admitted that our estimation of him as a wit suffers no little from what we learn as to the preparation of his *impromptus*. Dr. Parr, the great scholar,—not the renowned "old Parr," it is necessary to explain, but Parr of Hatton,—whom Moore had often consulted when writing this biography, and after whom his eldest son was named,—by his last will and testament (1825) gave and bequeathed "a Ring to Thomas Moore, of Sloperton, Wilts, who stands high in my estimation, for original genius, for his exquisite sensibility, for his independent spirit, and incorruptible integrity."

Moore may even be mentioned in the character of a *Theologian*, for he wrote a book of some learning in defence of the chief articles of the Roman Church,—though he had his children baptized in the Anglican communion. This is not the place to speak at length of his *Life of Byron*, for which he bled Murray to the tune of nearly £5000. It is known that the materials were first confided to Maginn,—not an over squeamish man certainly,—who shrank aghast from the hideous apocalypse. Moore was applied to, and the result is that portraiture of the poet-lord, which, if but an idealized representation, does not at least require to be veiled like his own "Prophet of Khorassan." The problem of Byron's life yet waits an Œdipus for its solution.

In 1817, appeared *Lalla Rookh*. This is a poem of splendid diction and gorgeous imagery; too rich in ornament, too dazzling in uncontrasted light. The author, who was to receive £3000 for his task, had prepared himself by an immense amount of preliminary reading, and it is no small proof of his genius that, of ponderous and intractable materials, he has constructed so rich and graceful an edifice. We may presume, too, that the poem is characterized by some truth of local colour, as it has been

translated into Persian, and is a favourite with the Orientals themselves. Luttrell has a quatrain :—

"I'm told, dear Moore, your lays are sung—
Can it be true, you lucky man?—
By moonlight, in the Persian tongue,
Along the streets of Ispahan."

The poem had struck a new key. Eastern scholars could hardly understand how it could have been written by one who had never inhaled the spices of Araby or reclined beneath a palm-tree; while its gorgeous imagery, its brilliant pageantry and its luscious rhythm took the British public fairly by storm.

Then came the *Loves of the Angels*, which, with much that is beautiful, was felt to be inferior; and which had, moreover, the misfortune to appear in the same year with the fine *Heaven and Earth* of Byron. *Alciphron;*—or rather, *the Epicurean*,—"a pretty Epicurean," says Maginn, "who never kisses a girl, or empties a bottle, throughout the whole book!"—is a prose poem, worthy of a place by the side of *Vathek* and *Rasselas*, but reminding one too much of the *Vie de Séthos*. The same remark applies to all these longer-winged flights of the muse of Moore. They all smell too much of the lamp,—they are deficient in inventive genius,—are inspired by books rather than instinct,—and are overlaid, *materiam superat opus*, both text and notes, with pedantic learning. It has been said that there are more Greek quotations in the works of Moore, than in the entire cycle of English poetry, from Chaucer to Byron. Yet all the time, strange to say, this learned Theban exhibits in his *Diary* the crassest ignorance of current facts in general literature, —mistaking, for instance, Malesherbes, the minister of Louis XVI., for Malherbe, a poet of the time of Henry IV.; speaking of Swift and Bickerstaff as if they were not one and the same person; apparently thinking that Florus is a Latin poet; getting into a shocking muddle about the origin of *Deane* Swift's Christian name; ridiculing Paley for shortening the penultimate of *profugus;* and thinking that the university phrase, "longs and shorts," refers to syllables instead of lines!—with many another blunder as gross as that which he himself relates in his capital story of the Frenchman, who, when Lord Moira pointed out to him the castle of *Macbeth* in Scotland, complacently corrected his noble *cicerone*:—"Maccabée, Milord:—nous le prononçons Maccabée sur le Continent—Judas Maccabeus, Empereur Romain!"

But these remarks do not apply to Moore's earlier and lyrical pieces; it is as a song-writer that he will live. His genius was essentially lyrical, and his minor pieces are the very diamond-dust of poetry. Here he is the legitimate successor of Carew, Herrick, Surrey, Lovelace, Suckling and Waller; he is what Tasso is to the Venetians, Béranger to the French, and Burns to the Scotch. "To me," says Byron, "some of Moore's last Erin sparks,—'As a beam o'er the face of the waters,' 'When he who adores thee,' 'Oh, blame not the bard,' 'Oh, breathe not his name,'—are worth all the epics that ever were composed." In these exquisite compositions breathes the very soul of sweetness, elegance and pathos; wit the most brilliant, harmony the most perfect, imagery the most felicitous, all shaping into verbal form, as if with the silent music of crystallization. And if in these, Moore is not always perfect; if we miss earnestness of purpose, simplicity, natural impulse and

spontaneity of utterance; if there is sometimes too much elaboration of wit and stimulation of fancy,—let it be remembered that no art is more difficult than that of writing a good song, and that compositions worthy of the name, the coinage of the heart rather than of the brain, and inspired by true feeling as distinguished from imitative and febrile sentiment, are much rarer, in this or any other language, than is generally suspected.

I have associated the name of Moore with that of Burns; the comparison, indeed, forces itself upon the mind, and, whether right or not, these two poets must stand forth as the lyrical genii of their respective countries. Each has his merits. We know the profound passion and simple pathos of the Scottish peasant, and regarding Moore as a national poet, cannot but see some truth in the saying of Hazlitt, that he "changed the wild harp of Erin into a musical snuff-box." Yet Moore has special merits of his own, as is pointed out by an elegant and liberal critic:—"If Moore had been born and bred a peasant as Burns was, or if Ireland had been such a land of knowledge, and virtue, and religion, as Scotland,—and, surely, without offence, we may say that it never was, and never will be, though we love the green island well,—who can doubt that with his fine fancy, warm heart, and exquisite sensibilities, he might have been as natural a lyrist as Burns; while, take him as he is, who can deny that in richness and variety, in grace, and in the power of wit, he is superior to the ploughman?" *

Jeffrey draws a fine comparison between the poetry of Moore and that of Byron:—"Mr. Moore's poetry is the thornless rose, its touch is velvet, its hue vermilion, and its graceful form is cast in beauty's mould. Lord Byron's, on the contrary, is a prickly bramble, or sometimes a deadly upas, of form uncouth and uninviting, that has its root in the clefts of the rock, and its head mocking the skies, that wars with the thunder-cloud, and the tempest, and round which the cataracts roar." †

But Jeffrey had not been always thus laudatory: Byron asks:—

> "Can none remember that eventful day,
> That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
> When Little's leadless pistol met his eye
> And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?" ‡

—in allusion to the ridiculous duel, when, on the challenge of Moore, the poet and the critic met at Chalk Farm, in 1806, to settle their literary differences. § The proceedings were stopped by the interference of the constabulary, when it was found on examination of the weapons that one, if not both, of the pistols was innocent of ball! Moore was always extremely sore on the subject, and wrote a letter to the *Morning Chronicle* vindicating his conduct, and asserting that *his* pistol, at least, was regularly loaded. However this may be, that of his antagonist was certainly found to contain nothing but a paper pellet. Moore was so incensed by Byron's jocular allusion to the harmless affray, that he

* *Recreations of Christopher North*, i. 272. † *Edinburgh Review*, No. lxxv.

‡ English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 1 vol. ed. of *Byron's Poems*, p. 428.

§ The article which provoked the duel will be found in No. xvi. of the *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1806, where the poet is denounced as "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of the propagators of impiety"; and an additional sting added to the charge by the insinuation of mere mercenary motives.

addressed a challenge to *him*, in turn; this was confided to his friend Hanson, and somehow never reached its destination.

There is another allusion to this ridiculous affair in a forgotten volume, which is worthy of record as the first novel of Theodore Hook. This is entitled the *Man of Sorrow*, and it purports to be written by "Alfred Allendale." One of the portraits sketched in these volumes, —which, by the way, have been republished since the author's death, —is that of our poet, under the name of "Mr. Minus." Here occurs the following epigram, which may be thought the worthier of preservation here, as it has been attributed to one of the authors of *Rejected Addresses*:—

"When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said,
A reverse he display'd in his vapour,
For while all his poems were loaded with *lead*,
His pistols were loaded with *paper!*

"For excuses, Anacreon old custom may thank,
Such a *salvo* he would not abuse,
For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank
Which is fired away at Reviews." *

There is a necessary correspondence between the mechanical handiwork of man and the instruments by which it is produced. So also with the creations of the mind. Rousseau, we are told, was wont to write the amatory billets between Julie and Saint-Preux, in what Burke terms his "famous work of philosophic gallantry," *La Nouvelle Héloise*, on scented note paper, with the finest of crow quills; and, with like fitness of means, Moore, we are told by his countryman, Mr. Percy Boyd, always wore a pair of kid gloves when he was writing, the ends of which he was wont to nibble in the throes of composition, till the tip of each finger was quite bitten through. These memorials were carefully preserved by his sister Ellen; and their possession was competed for with avidity by his lady friends.

It was at Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, on the Staffordshire side of the river Dove, that Moore wrote *Lalla Rookh*, and spent some of the happiest years of his life. The whole neighbourhood, though not often alluded to in literature, is haunted land to the literary pilgrim. Within a mile or two is Wootton Hall, where Rousseau lived and botanized for years, and where he wrote his *Confessions;* a mile away, on the other side of the Dove, dwelt Michael Thomas Sadler; at Oakover, within a short walk, was the home of Ward, the author of *Tremaine;* two miles further up the river, a grotto is preserved in which Congreve wrote his first drama; hard by is the grand entrance to Dovedale, immortalized by old Isaak Walton; at Chatsworth, almost within sight, Hobbes, the philosopher of Malmesbury, smoked and thought; at Lissington lived Richard Graves, the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*, of whose fine head a pencil sketch by Wilkie is before me as I write; Mayfield Cottage has since been the residence of Alfred Butler, the novelist;† and lastly, Dr. Taylor, one of Dr. Johnson's most esteemed friends, was an inhabitant of Ashbourne, and there were recorded by Boswell some of the lexicographer's most amusing conversation and peculiarities.

After the splendid success of *Lalla Rookh*, Moore paid two visits to

* *Life of Theodore Hook.* † Author of *Elphinstone, The Herberts*, etc.

the Continent,—one in company with the poet Rogers, and a second with his friend, Lord John Russell. After a stay in Paris, where about 1822, he wrote the *Loves of the Angels*, and *Fables of the Holy Alliance*, he finally returned to England. Shortly after this, he took up his abode at that charming cottage for all time indissolubly associated with his name, to the quiet and happiness of which—as he so tenderly apostrophizes it,—

> "That dear home, that saving ark,
> Where love's true light at last I've found—
> Cheering within, when all grows dark,
> And comfortless and stormy round"—

he could ever return with joy, after his occasional visits to London, the tumult and strife of the outward world, and the intoxicating adulation of society. This was Sloperton, in the immediate neighbourhood of the lovely demesne of Bowood, the seat of his friend, the Marquis of Lansdowne. Here, the charm and delight of society, he passed the latter part of his life. Bowood, with its fine library, its lovely scenery and its refined hospitality, was ever open to the poet,—and thus, as they sail down the stream of time, the name of Lansdowne will be for ever associated with that of Moore, as Mecænas is with Horace, Southampton with Shakespeare, Glencairn with Burns, and Lucien Buonaparte with Béranger.

On the thirty-seventh anniversary of the "Literary Fund," a speech was delivered by Moore, a passage in which has a deep and interesting significance, when we think of the calamity with which he was subsequently visited. "Men of genius," he says, "like the precious perfumes of the East, are exceedingly liable to exhaustion; and the period often comes when nothing of it remains but its sensibility, and the life which long gave light to the world terminates by becoming a burden to itself, . . . and the person who now addresses you speaks the more feelingly, because he cannot be sure that the fate he has been depicting may not one day be his own."

These boding words were, unhappily, prophetical of his own fate. As in the case of another great genius of his country,—Swift—the light of reason was extinguished, and darkness enshrouded the intellect that had so long and brightly shone with the fires of wit and imagination. Thenceforth his existence was purely physical, and after a few years of decrepitude, he sank into the grave on Feb. 25, 1852, in the seventy-third year of his age. His wife survived him, but all his four children had died before their father. He was buried in the graveyard attached to Bromham Church, Wiltshire, where, twenty-five years later, a memorial window in his honour was unveiled by the late Mrs. S. C. Hall.

One word as to his domestic relations. He married in 1811, and has been absurdly charged by the moralists with selfish neglect of his amiable wife. This allegation, supported by extracts from his own Diary, may be best refuted by the statement of one who was surely well able to speak:—"This excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire; thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent

had always been a time of exertion and exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and peace." *

In the year after his death (1853) appeared his *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence* (8 vols. 8vo), by the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, his life-long friend, to whom the task had been confided by will. We have also: *Thomas Moore: His Life, Writings and Contemporaries.* By H. R. Montgomery, London, 1860, 8vo, pp. 208; and a later gathering: *The Hitherto Uncollected Writings of Thomas Moore, Prose and Verse, Humorous, Satirical and Sentimental, chiefly from the Author's MSS., and all hitherto Inedited and Uncollected*, edited by Richard Horne Shepherd, 1877, 8vo.

There are portraits of the poet by Sir M. A. Shee; Maclise; Jackson; Richmond; F. Sieurac (engraved in Galignani's excellent edition of the *Poetical Works;* and Sir Thomas Lawrence,—the last work of the artist, if I mistake not—who has perhaps best succeeded in conferring upon his subject the aristocratic and dignified air which nature had denied him. He was, indeed, but a little fellow at the best;—"What a pity we cannot make him bigger!" ejaculated Lady Holland. The poet Campbell termed him "a fire-fly from heaven"; and N. P. Willis, in the glare and glitter of one of Lady Blessington's *soirées*, was struck by the appearance of Moore "with a blaze of light on his Bacchus head."—By the way, there is also a scarce caricature etching of the poet, as a winged Grecian youth, by his countryman, Thomas Croften Croker.

The classical reader may care to be reminded that the *Irish Melodies*—which brought him in £500 a year from James Power, the music-publisher, and of which his own exquisite vocalization was a thing unique in its way—have been admirably translated into Latin verse under the title of *Cantus Hibernici Latine redditi, quibus accedunt Poëmata quædam Anglicorum auctorum item Latine reddita.* Editore Nicolas Lee Torre, Coll. Nov. apud Oxon. olim Socio. Leamington, 1856–8–9. 3 vols. 8vo. Mr. Torre was assisted in his task by some of the most elegant scholars of the day, among whom may be mentioned the unfortunate J. Selby Watson, M.A.

I do not think that, after all, it can be said that this gifted man, "the poet of all circles and the idol of his own," as Byron termed him,—the pet alike of peers, peeresses, publishers and public,—

> "——who, in all names could tickle the town,
> Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or Tom Browne," †

—was illiberally treated by the British Government. As early as 1835 or 1836, the head-clerkship of the State Paper Office, with a salary of £300 a year, was placed at his disposal by Lord John Russell. This was, very properly, declined by the poet, who felt that the honour was *nil*, the emolument small, and that time, which he could more profitably and agreeably employ, would be consumed in dull and tedious routine. Very shortly after, a letter from Lord Lansdowne announced that a pension, involving no duties, had been actually conferred upon him, of like amount.

The library of Thomas Moore was, in 1855, presented by his widow to the Royal Irish Academy, "as a memorial of her husband's taste and erudition."

* *Memoirs*, Pref. xi. † Byron, "To Thomas Moore."



Yours truly Walter Scott

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

VI.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"THERE he is," says Maginn, "sauntering about his grounds, with his Lowland bonnet in his hand, dressed in his old green shooting-jacket, telling stories of every stone and bush, and tree and stream, in sight—tales of battles and raids—or ghosts and fairies, as the case may be, of the days of yore,

> '————ere Scotland's griefs began,
> When every man you met had killed his man!'"

As to the portrait, whatever may be its inferiority, as an artistic work, we have the further testimony of the "Doctor" to the effect that "everything is correct in the picture, from the peak of his head down to his very cudgel"; while Mr. D. G. Rossetti does not doubt that "in its unflinching enjoyment of peculiarities, it gives a more exact impression of the man, as equipped for his daily life, than any likeness that could be met with." * It has been asserted too positively that Maginn never saw Scott on his native heather; but this he certainly may have done when visiting Blackwood at Edinburgh in 1820. Other opportunities may have occurred subsequently; but anyway, from his intimacy with Lockhart and other friends of the "Ariosto of the North," he might readily have acquired a knowledge of his peculiarities even down to the Shandean flourish of his bamboo-cane, "in the manner of Corporal Trim," adds Maginn, "as follows:"—



The desire of becoming acquainted in the body with those from whose minds we have long received delight, is natural enough; as is also the expectation to find in the one the "outward and visible sign" of the "inward and spiritual grace" we have known in the other. But this is a desire, often if not always, productive of disappointment, and could never, hardly, one would imagine, be more so than in the present instance. What becomes of the doctrine of "correspondence" if we have a faithful representation of the "Wizard of the North" in the coarse ungainly figure before us,—a bundle of amorphous garments, surmounted by a conical, shock-headed protuberance, unkempt and slovenly, as was Mephibosheth, when he came down to meet his royal patron,—though the son of Jonathan was lame in *both* his feet, instead of *one* only, a fact of which our artist has cleverly reminded us.

* *The Academy*, April 15, 1871.

Pascal, the Provincial epistolographer, excused himself for writing at length, on the ground he had not time to be brief. In a similar spirit of paradox, I might well apologize for writing so little about Scott because there is so much to say.

"Scott, the Magician!"—as Parr ejaculated :—

> "Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet
> Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis."

This great writer was born in the year 1771. For the details of his childish history, and the events of his after-life, reference must alike be made to his own charming autobiography, and the illustrations of Lockhart, whose life of his great father-in-law may be said to exhibit,—with the single exception of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*,—the most lucid, candid and complete account which has ever been given of one man by another. His first attempts in verse appeared in the very year of the death of Burns. It is a little singular that the earliest inspiration of his muse was not the indigenous traditional minstrelsy of his own land of historic flood and fell, but that German ballad poetry, which, tinged by a mystic and gloomy supernaturalism, enjoyed a brief popularity during the early part of the present century. It was the *Lenore* of Bürger which Scott chose to translate ; and it must be admitted that his version has all the vividness and freedom of an original poem. But the influence which produced it was accidental and evanescent, and his genius reverted to that direction for which early association had prepared it. His childhood had been passed at the farm of Sandy-Knowe where every field had its battle, and every brook its legend ; the Rebellion of '45 still dwelt in the memory of the simple Borderers, and the atrocities of the "Butcher Cumberland" were not forgotten. The taste for ballad-literature had been awakened in the public mind by the collections of Percy, Ritson, Evans and Pinkerton ; and hence, the *Border Minstrelsy* of Scott, which appeared in 1802 at once achieved a remarkable success. It contained, as a critic of the day prophetically remarked, "the elements of a hundred romances" ; and did much, with the labours of the other editors I have mentioned, to break up the old classic style, and influence the compositions of Southey, Coleridge and Wordsworth. For the small original edition, Scott had received £100 ; and he was finally enabled to sell the copyright for £500 to Longman's,—who had previously, however, decided that the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge were not worth anything at all. Next came the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and the *Lady of the Lake ;* and by the year 1810, fame and fortune were his own. Scott was even then,—before, be it marked, he had written a line of prose,—the "Great Magician" ; and, with the irresistible influence of his own Lochinvar, led the whole world captive. The Della Cruscans died away ; and the minor stars of Whitehead, Hoole, Pye, Darwin, Seward and Hayley paled their ineffectual fires before the new and effulgent luminary. Still, it must not be forgotten that the voice of praise was not altogether unanimous, and that, among others, Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt were disposed to underestimate the poetry of Scott,—as Waller had depreciated Milton ; Madame de Staël, Corneille ; and Voltaire, Shakespeare.

On the other hand, Moir, a judicious critic, not less than an elegant poet, wrote of his immortal countryman :—

"Brother of Homer, and of him
On Avon's banks, by twilight dim,
Who dreamt immortal dreams, and took
From Nature's hand her storied book;
Earth hath not seen, Time may not see,
Till ends his march, such other three,"

—and with all due allowance for national predilection, it may be said that in simplicity and majesty of conception, picturesqueness of description, ardour of narration, rapid recurrence of striking incident, and manly avoidance of false sentiment and affectation, the Scottish poet has only been surpassed by the Bards of Chios and Avon. But these are not qualities in request in these days of spasmodic utterance, rugged diction, affected profundity and false sentiment. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, speaking of some such atrocities of his own day, "a man might write such stuff for ever, if he could but abandon his mind to it"; and yet some modern critic,—his name is not of much matter,—has positively characterized these "poets" in "schools," and "groups," Romantic, Idyllic and so forth, God save the mark! One's consolation is, that, after drinking awhile at these turbid puddles, one must revert to the pure fount at last, and that Scott, with the older masters, will some day cease to be underrated, merely because they can be understood.

But these *metrical* poems are but the introduction to the greater achievement of his life,—in which Scott may be truly said to have conquered himself, and eclipsed his own glory,—his *prose* poems, for such in very truth are his Novels, Tales, and Romances. These may be said to have now passed out of the region of criticism; and need not detailed notice here or elsewhere. Scott created the modern novel. We had Richardson, it is true, and the earlier lucubrations of the Minerva press; but that peculiar form of prose poetry, which in our own day seems an indispensable need, and brings to thousands solace and distraction amid the *spiramenta* of professional and commercial life, was then unborn. It is Scott, once more, to whom we owe it;—with the assistance, be it remembered, of those charming writers of the softer sex, Edgeworth, Austen and Ferrier, who accompanied the greater light, like moons about a planet. Scott, in this immortal series, has opened to our gaze a new and enchanted world; and the creations of his teeming fancy, like those of Shakespeare, people our waking remembrance with all the vividness of material entities. Moreover, with that perfervid love for his native country which is only comparable with the Florentine nationalism of Dante, he may lay claim to have discovered to the world his own beloved land of mist and mountain,—whose past history he has illuminated, whose lonely glens he has peopled, and which he has invested with a perennial charm for all the nations of the earth.

It is a curious story;—how, desirous of trying his hand at a prose romance, he had written the earlier chapters of *Waverley;* and how, discouraged by his friends, he consigned the sheets to a slumber in his desk of almost Horatian length;* how he finished the book at a heat, and determined on its publication, notwithstanding the adverse opinion of James Ballantyne, who found it dull and vulgar! We all know,—some of us may remember—how the modest story took the world by storm,—with what electrical enthusiasm it was received as the first fruits of a new

* "Nonum prematur in annum." Horat., *De Arte Poët*, 388.

and delightful harvest of literature. "My opinion of it," said Lord Holland, when some one asked him what he thought of the new novel, "none of us went to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout." Once more Scott had taken by assault the world of letters. One solitary individual, avid of notoriety, and seeking, like Herostratus of old, to gain it *quocunque modo*, is said to have made himself remarkable as "the man who had never read the Waverley novels." To such a one, if he has a follower in these latter days, criticism would be useless; while to the rest of the world, who read and love them, it would be alike supererogatory.

The peculiarity in the conformation of Scott's head is noteworthy; but the apex of the cone is more sharply fastigated here than in a cast after death on a bracket before me. This is said to be due to an enlargement of the organ of "veneration," and phrenologists strive to render the fact accordant with their theory by pointing to his reverent regard for the monuments and records of the past. But this was manifested only with regard to those of his own country. When in his last dire struggle against Debt and Disgrace,—his superhuman efforts to free himself by mere brain-work from the immense liabilities in which, from circumstances into which I have no space now to enter, he had become involved,—he rendered applicable to himself the lines of Dibdin :—

"While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled Racer's a hack on the road"—

and made a hopeless voyage to Italy in search of health, he showed no sympathy with the ancients, and derived no gratification from the sight of classical antiquities. Rome to him, as it was to some other traveller, appeared naught but a "fine city, very much out of repair." No feeling was awakened, even when he stood amid the galleries of the Coliseum, or the ruined arches of the Baths of Caracalla; and the Temple of Apollo, the Forum, the Bay of Baiæ, the Lake of Avernus, and the storied Misenum, only served to suggest a line of a Jacobite ditty! Like the stricken warrior of Virgil :—

"———dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos,"—

and it was only when he returned to the old familiar scenes that he seemed for a time to regain some portion of that health and strength which he had gone so far to seek. "I have seen much," he said, "but nothing like my ain house." Here he lingered for a few days, and died at Abbotsford, on September 17th, 1832, in the sixty-second year of his age. His last intelligible words to Lockhart were,—"I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man,—be virtuous,—be religious,—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort, when you come to lie here."

I have alluded to the financial liabilities of Sir Walter,—a long and intricate question to unravel. Lockhart's allusions to these in the life of his father-in-law gave great offence to the trustees and executors of James Ballantyne: and these gentlemen sought to vindicate the character and conduct of their friend, "so foully aspersed," by the publication of a lengthy pamphlet entitled, *Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., respecting the Messrs. Ballantyne*, etc. (London, 1838, 8vo, pp. 96). This was answered at length by Lockhart, and the entire question is treated fairly and ex-

plicitly, though not altogether to the advantage of Scott and his biographer, in a number of *Chambers's Journal*, about that period.

In my notes on Jerdan I have made allusion to Sir Walter's liability to literary imposition. There I was thinking of one particular instance, which, inasmuch as it has escaped the industry of, or been intentionally overlooked by, Lockhart, may be noticed here as showing that the black-letter sagacity of the "Shirra" himself might be caught napping, and that with the simple credulity of his own *Monkbarns*, he could mistake the "bit bourock of the mason-callants" for a Roman Prætorium.

I allude to a *brochure* of five pages, entitled *The Raid of Featherstonehaugh: a Border Ballad.* This was really written by Sir Walter's early friend, Mr. Robert Surtees, of Mainsforth, author of the *History of Durham*, some of whose other impositions upon the poet were printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, or inserted in notes to his *Metrical Romances.* Of this poem, in particular, Sir Walter entertained so high an opinion that he has incorporated a verse from it in *Marmion*, and given it entire in a note, as a genuine relic of antiquity, gravely commenting upon it in a most elaborate manner, and pointing out its exemplifications of the then state of society. It will be found in *Marmion*, Canto i. verse 13 :—

"The whiles a Northern harper rude," etc.

Yet another pleasant hoax on the poet may be recorded. In a letter to Southey, September, 1810, he states that "a witty rogue had proved him guilty of stealing a passage from one of Hieronymus Vida's Latin poems which he had never seen or heard of." The passage in question was the well-known distich in *Marmion* :—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

The reference was to Vida's *Ad Eranen*, El. ii. v. 21 :—

"Cum dolor atque supercilio gravis imminet angor,
Fungeris angelico sola ministerio."

If these lines were actually to be found among the poems of the learned Bishop of Alba, the coincidence would certainly have been a remarkable one; but I need not say that they are of more modern fabrication, being the production of the Rev. Henry I. T. Drury, afterwards "subdidasculus" of Harrow, who took it into his head, in his college days, to perpetrate this clever trick upon Scott, after the manner of Lauder upon Milton. The other lines of the piece, "Marmio ad Claram," are given in the *Arundines Cami*, p. 36.

Who wrote the Waverley Novels? This is the title of an ingenious pamphlet by W. J. F.,—to which, and to *Notes and Queries*, Series i. and ii., *passim*, the curious must be referred for a discussion of the apparently futile question.

Of parodies upon, and imitations of, Scott, there are plenty. One of the best known is *Jokeby: a Burlesque on Rokeby, a Poem, in Six Cantos. By an Amateur of Fashion* (London, 8vo, 8th ed. 1813). I fail to see much talent in this, although it has gone through so many editions; and of its various attributions to John Roby, Thomas Tegg (its publisher), or the "Adelphi," James and Horace Smith, whose well-known imitation in the *Rejected Addresses* is of quite different merit, probably none is

correct. There is also "Smokeby," a parody of the same poem, in an early number of the *Ephemerides*, a literary serial, published at Edinburgh, in 1813. Then we have *Marmion Travestied. By Peter Pry, a Tale of Modern Times* (1809, 8vo), touching on the notorious scandal of the Duke of York and Mary Anne Clarke; and the *Lay of the Scottish Fiddle: a Poem in Five Cantos,—supposed to be written by W—— S——, Esq.* (London, 1814, 8vo), which has been attributed to Washington Irving, but which I would rather ascribe to his brother-in-law, the celebrated American writer, James Kirke Paulding,* a classic on the other side of the Atlantic, though so little known here. Lastly, there is a two volume novel entitled *Walladmor* (1825, 2 vols. 8vo), which professes to have been "Freely translated into German from the English of Sir Walter Scott, and now freely translated from the German into English." In verity, there is a good deal of "freedom" here. At the half-yearly literary Fair at Leipsic, translations from the most recent works of Europeon authors are a prominent commodity, and some obliging hack is always at hand to act as proxy for a lazy writer. Scott ceased to produce, so a novel was written for him to meet the demand. The hoax was successful, and the Germans at least were for a time duped by the forgery.†

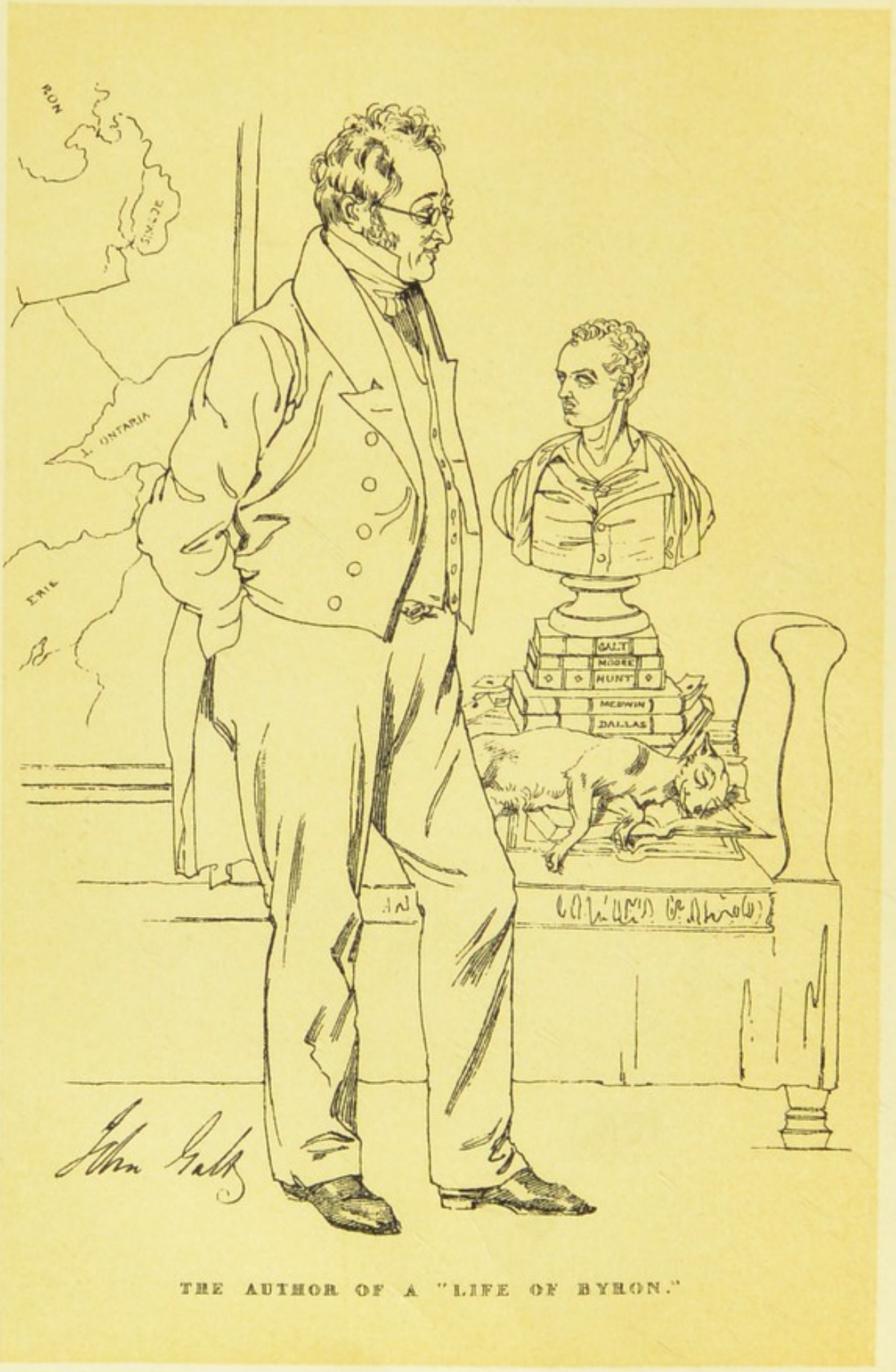
Abbotsford, the pet creation of Sir Walter, and the home, as he fondly but vainly hoped, of a long progeny, has been termed a mediæval romance in stone and cement. Like many other romances, it is characterized by those incongruities and anachronisms of style which Maginn has satirized in his humorous novel, *Whitehall: or the Days of George the Fourth;* but is certainly imposing and picturesque in its general effect. It was executed in a transitional period; and its architect, Blore, who died in September, 1879, after a retirement of thirty years from professional life, gained but a questionable reputation from his *magnum opus.* It is well described by Washington Irving, who visited Sir Walter in 1816, in his *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey* (London, 1835), and by N. P. Willis, in his *Pencillings by the Way*, vol. iii. chap. xxx.

The bibliography of Scott would require a volume, and must not be attempted here. But there is one volume which, standing by itself in character, may fitly be recorded. This is the *Descriptive Account of the Portraits, Busts, Published Writings, and Manuscripts of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Collected and Exhibited at Edinburgh on occasion of the Scott Centenary in* 1871. *Prepared for publication by Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart., David Laing, LL.D., James Drummond, R.S.A. Illustrated with Thirty-two portraits, and numerous facsimiles of original Manuscripts by the author of Waverley.* Edinburgh, William Paterson. MDCCCLXXIV., 4to.

As History repeats herself, so does Biography. I round off these necessarily desultory illustrations of the great writer by the citation of an extraordinary epigram, which, whether it is to be regarded as a record or a prophecy, certainly merits preservation. All that I know of it is that it is ascribed to "an old Greek poet who flourished after the time of Hesiod." It is as follows:—

* Paulding was, I believe, the author of a book entitled *A Sketch of Old England by a New Englandman, in a Series of Letters to his Brother* (New York, 1822, 2 vols. 12mo) —replete with errors, misconceptions and misstatements.

† *London Magazine*, vol. x. p. 353. It is not generally known that this "free" translation, with the bantering dedication prefixed, was the work of De Quincey.



THE AUTHOR OF A "LIFE OF BYRON."

"Ἰν σκοτίᾳ ΣΚΟΤΟΣ ἔπετο καὶ φῶς ἦκε φάοσδε,
Κίκλησκον μὶν ΑΪΣΤΟΝ ὄου κλεὸς οὐρὰεον ἵκει,"

—which may be roughly traduced for the nonce :—

"In Scotland there was SCOTT, and a man emerged to day ;
They called him the UNKNOWN, and his fame to heaven made way."

VII.—JOHN GALT.

HERE we have JOHN GALT, one of the Anakim of our "Gallery," for he stood some six feet three, with, as Maginn says, "a stoop in his shoulders." The same authority vouches for the likeness of the face; but adds apologetically :—"we think that our Rembrandt has evinced a Dutchman-like liberality in the article of trousers ; we do not believe that Galt procures his pantaloons from the most scientific of Schneiders, but unless the garment in which he is represented be one which he has brought with him ready manufactured by the axe or the saw of a Canadian back-woodsman, we know not where else he could have seduced a carpenter to have fashioned anything like the nether integument in which he is here depicted." To this testimony as to fidelity of resemblance, may be added that of another competent authority. "The likeness of John Galt," says an able writer in *The Hour* (Nov. 12, 1873), "is one of the most successful in the volume. He was tall and comely, with gentleman-like and unassuming manners. There was nothing whatever about him indicative of the dry and 'pawky' humour which breathes in every page of his best novels, or of the amazing vanity which led him to imagine himself a great writer of tragedies."

So much for the outward man. For the rest, John Galt was born at Irvine in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779. His father, the captain of a West India merchantman, obtained for his son a berth in the Custom-house of Greenock, and later, a place, as clerk, with a mercantile firm. By and by, the young man gravitated to London, where he purposed to establish himself as a merchant. Meantime, in the years 1803–4, he published in the *Scots' Magazine* portions of a poem in octo-syllabic verse, entitled "The Battle of Largs," * on the score of which, as having preceded the metrical romances of Sir Walter Scott, he was wont in after life to assume no small credit. History and Political Economy also engaged his attention ; so that disagreement with his partners, pecuniary embarrassment, and final bankruptcy, seem a natural sequence. Galt now determined to abandon commerce, and entered himself at Lincoln's Inn with a view of being called to the Bar ; but wishing to see the world, and improve his health, before he settled down, he determined to spend some time abroad, and left England in 1809.

He remained on the Continent nearly three years ; later on, describing his peregrinations in his *Voyages and Travels in the Years* 1809, 1810, 1811, etc. (1812, 4to), and *Letters from the Levant*, etc. (1813, 8vo).

While abroad, he became acquainted with Byron, whose biographer he was afterwards to become ; and subsequently called upon him in

* "Largs where the Scotch gave the Northmen a drilling."—Sir Walter Scott.

London, to get him to use his influence with manager Raymond, in favour of one of his plays. "We are old fellow-travellers," wrote Byron of him, "and with all his eccentricities he has much strong sense, experience of the world, and is, as far as I have seen, a good-natured, philosophical fellow." On his return from the continent he married a daughter of Dr. Tilloch, the editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, and proprietor of the *Star* newspaper, on the staff of which he was placed. He next produced his *Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey* (1812, 4to), and his *Reflections on Political and Commercial Subjects* (1812, 8vo). In the same year he wrote a volume of Tragedies ("Maddalen," "Agamemnon," "Lady Macbeth," "Antonia," and "Clytemnestra)," which Sir Walter Scott pronounced "the worst ever seen"; and he followed this by his *Life and Studies of Benjamin West* (1816, 8vo). He edited the *New British Theatre*, and produced for it sundry contributions; *inter alia* a tragedy of some power, called *The Witness*. Another tragedy, *The Appeal*, appeared in 1818.

To some extent, perhaps, dissuaded from poetry and politics by an adverse article in the *Quarterly*, the literary organ of the party to which he professed to belong, he turned his attention to fiction, and produced the long series of tales, the titles of which with other works, from a pretty complete collection of the original editions before me, I am enabled to give in the interests of bibliography. In 1820, appeared *The Earthquake, George III., his Court and Family*, and a sort of chronicle, called *The Wandering Jew*, published under the pseudonym of Clark; in 1821, *Pictures Historical and Biographical*, *Annals of the Parish*, and *The Ayrshire Legatees;* in 1822, *Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk*, *The Steam-boat*, *The Provost*, and *Memoirs of a Life chiefly passed in Pennsylvania;* in 1823, *The Entail*, *The Spae-Wife*, *Ringhan Gilhaize*, and *The Gathering of the West;* in 1824, *Rothelan*, and *The Bachelor's Wife*, besides a "critical dissertation" on the tales of Henry Mackenzie, prefixed to an edition of the works of that writer, published by Oliver and Boyd; in 1805, *The Omen* *; in 1826, *The Last of the Lairds;* in 1830, *Southennan*, *Lawrie Todd*, and the *Life of Lord Byron;* in 1831, *The Club-Book*, and *Lives of the Players;* in 1832, *The Member*, and *The Radical;* in 1833, *Eben Erskine*, *Stories of the Study*, *The Stolen Child*, *Poems*, and *Autobiography;* in 1834, *My Literary Life*, and *Bogle Corbet* (without date). In the cultivation of this department of fiction, Galt, like John Wilson, James Hogg and Andrew Picken, was incited by the glory with which it had been invested by Scott, in his *Waverley Novels;* and his tales of Scottish life, with those strongly individualized characters of now extinct type—the honest "Doctor," and the inimitable "Mr. Pringle," "Sir Andrew Wylie of that Ilk," *beau ideal* of Scotchmen, "Leddy Grippy," admired of Scott and Byron, and the "Provost," whom Maginn is pleased to style the "first of heroes,"—have possibly salt enough to keep them for awhile. They exhibit, we are forced to admit, no lack of shrewd Scotch humour, pawky sagacity, and occasional pathos; but their humanity, somewhat narrowed and localized by provincialism, is less catholic in its sweep than that which lives and breathes in the immortal fictions of Scott; and they are deficient in those touches of nature which bring the whole world into kinship. The *Life of Mansie Wauch*,—better than any of them, and of which more anon,—is erroneously attributed to Galt, in the obituary notice in the *Gentle-*

* Reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in his *Miscellaneous Prose Works*, vol. xviii. p. 333, and *Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1826.

man's Magazine, vol. ii. p. 93. Of the long series of literary productions which I have recorded, extending to nearly four-score volumes, much is mere bookseller's hack-work which does not need or deserve particularization.

Galt, in that *Life of Lord Byron*, which Maginn pronounces to be "the best and most honest history of the wayward course of that illustrious childe," has rather spoilt a good story in the telling. Speaking of the clever, but eccentric sister of Lord Carlisle, characterized by Charles James Fox as—

"Carlisle, recluse in pride and rags,"

he talks about a "still coarser apostrophe," in the shape of "two lines" written in answer to the command of her ladyship to go about his business, for she "didn't care two skips of a louse for him." * Now the fact is, the witty impromptu consisted of *four* lines instead of two; and forms so admirable an epigram, that, despite its "coarseness," it merits preservation. It is as follows :—

"A lady has told me, and in her own house,
She does not regard me three skips of a louse;
I forgive the dear creature whate'er she has said,
For *women will talk of what runs in their head!*"

It is hard to botanize on one's mother's grave; and there is something that jars on the mind when we read Galt's story (page 62) of Byron distracting the melancholy of his thoughts by a sparring-bout with his servant on the day of the funeral of her of whom he spoke as his "one friend in the world." Still, it is consolatory to be told by the domestic that his master "hit harder than usual:" and it is on record that another poet,—the "divine" Hayley,—composed a sonnet on his return from the funeral obsequies of his son.

No one will care a jot to learn the minute details of Galt's squabbles with the Canada Company. The brief facts are these. Having been instructed by the Canadians to urge their claims on the home government for alleged losses during the occupation of the provinces by the army of the United States, his proposal was accepted that these claims should be defrayed by the sale of Crown lands in Upper Canada. A company was formed in 1826 to purchase and colonize these, and he went out to value them. Under his directions, the settlements were founded; Guelph is indebted to him for its existence, and the village of Galt preserves the memory of its origin in its name. But his popularity, for some cause, waned; complaints were made by the Governor against him; and he was superseded by the directors,—perhaps in part at least from the "nature of all human assemblies to kick down the ladder by which they have been raised." Anyway, Galt returned finally to England in 1839, when he was compelled by external pressure to take the benefit of the Insolvent Debtors' Act. His younger son, Sir Alexander Galt, is the well-known and influential Canadian statesman.

He now applied himself to literature, as he himself touchingly says, "to wrench life from famine." He became editor of the *Courier*, but did not hold the appointment long. His health speedily broke up; paralysis supervened; and he died at Greenock, April 11, 1839, a few days after he had undergone a fourteenth attack of palsy.

Literature produced under such circumstances, must not be judged too

* *Life of Lord Byron*, p. 33.

harshly. The unfortunate author seemed unaware of the failure of his powers, among which, invention, at the least, was active to the last. Novels, tales, magazine contributions, and his immethodic autobiographies, remain to attest to the manly courage with which he battled against adverse fate in his latter days. Macaulay could not have thought much of his literary style if, as alleged, when wishing to characterize something especially vile, he said that it "reminded him of Galt when writing his finest;" and Moore has embalmed some of the choicest specimens of his diction in his lines entitled, "Alarming Intelligence!—Revolution in the Dictionary!!—One *Galt* at the head of it!!!"—

"God preserve us! There's nothing now safe from assault;
Thrones toppling around,—churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reach'd us that one Mr. Galt
Has declared open war against English and Grammar!"*

VIII.—WILLIAM MAGINN, "THE DOCTOR."

"BEAT Bentley, if you can, but omit the brutality; rival Parr, eschewing all pomposity; outlinguist old Magliabechi, and yet be a man of the world; emulate Swift in satire, but suffer not one squeeze of his *sæva indignatio* to eat your own heart. Be and do all this, and the 'Doctor' will no longer be a unique. Long may he continue at once the star of our erudition, our philosophy and our dialectics, and in his own immortal words,—

"'A randy, bandy, brandy, no Dandy,
Rollicking jig of an Irishman!'"

So far, the brilliant *schizzo* in *Fraser*, for which, the Doctor's native modesty not allowing to exhibit himself, the pen of his ever constant friend, J. G. Lockhart, was called into requisition. Jubilant in prospect, sad in retrospect,—for it *is* sad to think that the renowned "standard-bearer,"—a giant in literature,—an erratic genius, Protean in intellect as in appellation,—an *ἀνὴρ μυριανοῦς*,—should, in his own miserable case, serve to point to the old, old moral,—one of the most melancholy, because the most striking, instances in the history of letters,—of the utter absence, amid all his splendid endowments, of that

"Prudent, cautious self-control,"

which another unfortunate son of genius has told us, as the lesson of his own bitter experience,

"Is wisdom's root."†

"Few men," says S. C. Hall, whose acquaintance with Maginn went back to the days when the latter was a schoolmaster in Cork, "ever started with better prospects; there was hardly any position in the state to which he might not have aspired. His learning was profound; his wit of the tongue and the pen ready, pointed, caustic and brilliant; his essays, tales, poems, scholastic disquisitions,—in short his writings upon all conceivable topics were of the very highest order. . . . His acquaintances,

* Moore's *Poetical Works*, Longmans, 1854, vol. ix. p. 48. † Burns.



"THE DOCTOR"

who would willingly have been his friends, were not only the men of genius of his time ; among them were several noblemen and statesmen of power as well as rank. In a word, he might have climbed to the highest rung of the ladder, with helping hands, all the way up ; he stumbled and fell at its base." *

This is, indeed, nothing but the literal and miserable truth. What can be therefore more sad than to survey, however imperfectly, this profitless and broken career ; and know that, after all, one so variously and rarely gifted,—of learning so profound and extensive,—who, in philosophy was pronounced by Dr. Moir, † "abler than Coleridge,"—in satire, declared by Macnish "equal to Swift,"—as a political writer, termed by another great authority, "the greatest in the world,"—as a companion, remembered by Charles Knight as "one of the pleasantest and most improving of his visitors,"—whose intellect, as the "Modern Pythagorean" wrote, "adorned every theme that it touched,"—who was characterized by his biographer, Kenealy, "as a scholar, perhaps, the most universal of his time,—far more various in his learning than Voltaire, far more profound and elegant than Johnson,"—of whose "abilities as a writer and conversationist, and excellent nature as a man," Maclise could not find "words powerful enough to convey his opinion,"—whom Richard Oastler, ‡ who was his companion in the Fleet, styled "the brightest star of intellectual light,"—to whom the able editor of the *Homeric Ballads* said the "celebrated eulogy of Parr on Fox so perfectly applied that it seemed to have been written for him,"—and who was described to Sir Robert Peel by the friend who wrote to that illustrious statesman on behalf of the dying man, as "an individual of exalted genius, the most universal scholar, perhaps, of the age, and as good, and kind, and gentle-hearted a being as ever breathed ;"—should perish in the very prime and flower of life ; and this, as we must infer, from his own imprudences in great measure ;—and be indebted to the munificence of a stranger for the support of his last days, and the means of decent burial.

Passing from these anticipatory reflections, let us take a brief glance at the leading events in the literary career of this extraordinary man.

William Maginn was born in 1794, and was a native of Cork,—a city which can also boast of having given birth to Crofton Croker, James Sheridan Knowles, Forde, Hogan (the Sculptor), Barry and Maclise, (the Royal Academicians), Jack Boyle (the witty editor of the *Cork Freeholder*), the learned James Roche (the well-known "J. R." of the *Gentleman's Magazine*), Richard Sainthill § (the numismatist), Rogers ("the father of landscape painting in Ireland"), Richard Millikin (author of the immortal *Groves of Bladney*), Francis Mahony (better known as "Father Prout"), Dr. Edward Vaughan Kenealy (the Barrister,—a scholar, a poet, and a man of genius), the early lost Jeremiah Daniel Murphy, ‖ my late friend, J. Milner Barry, M.D., of Tunbridge Wells (an

* *Book of Memories*, p. 158.

† The celebrated "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

‡ Author of the *Fleet Papers*, and one of the ablest writers on the Labour Question.

§ I am not sure that Mr. Sainthill was born at Cork, though he was long one of the literary notables of the "beautiful city." He was fond of designating himself with the genealogical pride of a true antiquary, of "Topsham, in Devonshire."

‖ Son of D. Murphy, merchant, of Cork. He was only eighteen years of age at his death, but had already mastered the Greek, Latin, French, Portuguese, Spanish, German and Irish languages, and was said to be profoundly versed in their respective

amiable man, and skilful physician, whose knowledge of literature was equalled by few),—*cum multis aliis quos nunc perscribere longum est.* He entered Trinity College, Dublin, in his tenth year, and became a Doctor of Laws at the unprecedentedly early age of twenty-five. While at the University, he was the reputed author of a poem entitled *Æneas Eunuchus*, which excited much attention from the singularity of its theory,—sufficiently indicated by the title,—and the boldness of its thought.

If I am not mistaken, Maginn commenced his career in this country in the columns of the *Literary Gazette*, under the management of Jerdan. He first corresponded with *Blackwood* in 1819, in the November number of which year appeared his extraordinary Latin version of "Chevy Chase." In the June number for the same year will be found his continuation (Part iii.) of the "Christabel" of Coleridge, a poem which in weird fancy, and graceful imagery, is, perhaps, hardly inferior to the original. To the *Literary Souvenir* of 1828 he contributed his beautiful story of "The City of the Demons;" to the volume for 1829, "The Vision of Purgatory;" and he lent assistance, together with Thomas Keightley, to the *Fairy Legends* of Crofton Croker. In 1830 was started *Fraser's Magazine*, the early numbers of which were almost entirely written by the Doctor, and his friend, Mr. *Hugh* Fraser, after whom, and not after *James* Fraser, the publisher, the serial derived its name. Here in the well-known Regent Street back-parlour, were written the inimitable *Fraser Papers:* and here also were knocked off, *currente calamo*, and moistened by a *ros purus*, which, alas! was not of Castalia, the illustrative text to the Maclise portraits, "the most original and sparkling of the Doctor's productions;" and another evidence, when we think of the manner of their production, how meteoric was the intellect from which they emanated. In *Fraser's Magazine*, Nov., 1837, appeared a Shakespearian paper; and in vol. xx. (Sept., Oct. and Dec.) a series of three articles on the celebrated essay of Dr. Farmer, "On the Learning of Shakespeare." These, with all their faults,—they leave Farmer's essay, perhaps, where they found it,—are brilliant in treatment and discursive in illustration, showing the wide and unexpected extent and direction of the Doctor's reading, and I am at a loss to understand how it is that in these days of "reprints," it has not occurred to some adventurous publisher to collect and issue these *Shakspeariana*,—including old Farmer's prolusions,—in a substantive form. In No. lxiv. of *Fraser*, occurs the brilliant paper "The Fraserians," and in No. lxxiii., the libellous, and certainly unjustifiable, review of the novel, *Berkeley Castle*. This led to the personal and severe castigation, by the agency of a horsewhip, of Fraser, the publisher, by the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, the author of the novel; and the action at law, "Fraser *v.* Berkeley and Another," which was tried before Lord Abinger, in the Exchequer Court at Westminster, Dec. 3, 1836, resulting in damages for the plaintiff of £100; an amount which will not be thought excessive when we reflect that he never recovered from the shock, which was, indeed, the proximate cause of his death. There was also a cross action, "Berkeley *v.* Fraser," in which a verdict

literatures. His attainments in Science were also respectable. He was an early contributor to *Blackwood*, where his "Adventus Regis" (No. lvi.), and his "Rising of the North" (No. lxvii.), and other similar pieces, sufficiently exemplify his command over the Latin language. A short obituary notice of him will be found in that magazine, Feb., 1824, p. 250. (APPENDIX B.)

was entered by consent for the plaintiff, with damages forty shillings, each party paying his own costs.

Besides these forensic tourneys, the litigant parties had recourse to a more direct and speedy mode of settling their differences. On hearing of the assault on Fraser, Maginn at once wrote to Berkeley, avowing the authorship of the objectionable article. A challenge, in that day at least, was the almost inevitable result. The meeting took place in a field on the New Barnet Road, when three exchanges of shots took place between the belligerents, without further damage than a graze on the heel of Maginn's boot, and one on the collar of his adversary's coat. Bad blood always remained between the antagonists. In the year following the trial, Maginn again appeared in *Fraser* with a more carefully guarded, but still truculent, attack on the Berkeley family; for which Henry F. Berkeley took revenge by stigmatizing the critic as "a blackguard hireling of the most profligate part of the press, a stipendary assassin of character, and a mean and malignant liar." Years after, when Grantley Berkeley came to write his *Reminiscences*, he wove together that tissue of lies and misrepresentations, relating to Maginn and Miss Landon, which the late Mr. Gruneisen so conclusively pulled to pieces in the *Globe* or *Pall Mall Gazette* (?). Grantley Berkeley died so recently as Feb. 23, 1881, at the advanced age of 81.*

The report in full of the trial will be found in *Fraser's Magazine* for Jan., 1837; followed by Maginn's "defence," such as it is.

To the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book* for 1836, then edited by Miss Landon ("L. E. L."), Maginn contributed a poetical piece on the subject of Albertus Magnus, at the age of 84, suddenly becoming aware, in the presence of his class of pupils at Cologne, of the death, in 1274, of his former pupil, St. Thomas Aquinas, "the Angelical Doctor," and bursting into tears. Perhaps also by the same pen are the lines signed "W. M.," *The Farewell*, page 33.

Turning again to *Fraser's Magazine*, in Nos. xcvi., xcvii. and xcix., appeared that marvellous farrago of Rabelaisian wit and learning, "The Doctor," a conjectural review of, and commentary upon, the celebrated work of Southey, the authorship of which was then not known. But it is impossible to give anything like a complete list of Maginn's contributions to *Regina*, of which he was, from the commencement, the very soul and presiding spirit. Again, in *Blackwood* (vol. xlviii.) we have his "Tobias Correspondence," which, as he himself said, "contains the whole art and mystery of writing a newspaper;" this was written in a garret in Wych Street, when hiding from the emissaries of the law, and is pregnant with his own diversified literary experiences. Here, too, (vol. xi.) I would point to his inimitable song (see APPENDIX C), "The Wine Bibber's Glory," in English, and rhyming Latin verse, equal to anything of Walter de Mapes or Vincent Bourne, and reminding one of the choicest gems in the *Eloge de l'Yvresse*, or the *Vaux de Vire* of the old Norman Anacreon, Olivier Basselin.

Space will not allow me to trace the course of Maginn through the volumes of *Blackwood*. In vol. vii. is his Latin version of "Chevy Chase,

* See the obituary notice in the *Times*. In 1871, Mortimer Collins dedicated his clever novel, *Marquis and Merchant*, "to the Honourable Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley, who, both in Life and Literature, shows the true meaning of the Adage—'Whom the Gods love die young.'" This little enigma may be safely left for my readers to solve.

Fytte the Second," and in vol. viii., the "Semihoræ Biographicæ;" and here is also, in a paper entitled "Extracts from a Lost (and found) Memorandum Book," a project for getting rid of peripatetic beggars which may be useful in these days, and which for the inimitable gravity and apparent sincerity with which the absurd device is propounded, is almost worthy of comparison with Swift's notorious *Project for Eating Children.* In the number for April, 1854, appeared his "Story without a Tail," since republished in the *Tales from Blackwood.*

I must not omit to point out that in *Fraser's Magazine*, Jan., 1838, appeared the first of the celebrated "Homeric Ballads," of which there are sixteen in all, the concluding one, actually dictated from his death-bed to a friend, being the last *poetical* essay that proceeded from the Doctor's facile pen, as his last *prose* paper was a "leader" for the *Age.* It is needless to speak at length of these "Ballads," which are well known through the various reprints by Professor Conington, "the Modern Pythagorean," and others. Gladstone himself speaks of their "admirably turned Homeric tone;"* and Matthew Arnold says that they are vigorous and genuine poems in their own way, and not one continued *falsetto*, like the pinchbeck Roman Ballads of Lord Macaulay;" † while an able anonymous critic affirms that he does not know a book "better calculated to inspire a clever youth with a love of the Homeric poems." ‡

In the name of the Prophet, figs! Goldsmith, with the same pen that traced the undying lineaments of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, wrote for John Newbury, the publisher, a catchpenny pamphlet on the *Cock Lane Ghost*, —not included in his collected works till the appearance of Peter Cunningham's edition of 1854; Lockhart's range of subjects extended, as we have seen, "from poetry to dry rot;" and Maginn, who had sung the deeds of the Trojan heroes, did not disdain, in a novel entitled the *Red Barn*, to embody the strange story of Maria Martin, and the Polestead murder, of 1828. The book sold by thousands, but the authorship was never revealed. §

In 1838, Maginn translated some of the dramatic pieces of Lucian for *Fraser;* but notwithstanding their high merit, they did not seem to be popular, and were not continued.

In newspaper literature, he was one of the chief contributors to the *John Bull;* he was on the staff of the *Age*; he wrote for the *True Sun*; he was chosen by Murray foreign editor of the unfortunate and short-lived *Representative*, and in this capacity, resided for a while at Paris; and on the establishment of the *Standard* was appointed joint-editor with Dr. Gifford. It must be held, moreover, a singular proof of the estimation in which his abilities were held, that Murray,—that ἄναξ of booksellers, as Lord Byron termed him,—should have made overtures to him, at that time unknown to the public, so recently a junior schoolmaster in an Irish provincial town, and who had written no book, to undertake a life of the illustrious poet who had then just died. The letters and papers of Byron were actually placed in his hands; and it is probably true that

* *Gladstone on Homer*, 1858, vol. i. p. 3, *note.*

† *On Translating Homer:* Three Lectures given at Oxford by Matthew Arnold, M.A., Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. 1861, 8vo, p. 50.

‡ *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1866, p. 105.

§ I must confess never to have seen this book, but give the statement on the authority of the late John Timbs, F.S.A., in the *Leisure Hour*, Feb. 17, 1870, p. 605.

if he had executed the task we should have had a record emulating in its shameless profligacy the *Confessions* of Rousseau, the *Amours* of Faublas, and the *Vie* of Casanova. But Murray took alarm ; and it perhaps was as well for the cause of morality and the reputation of Byron, that the task of drawing up his life should have been ultimately placed in the hands of one who, having been a Whig all his life, knew what would please his party, and has finally given us that idealized portraiture which will convey the "wayward childe" to posterity as a travelling nobleman of average respectability.

The impulsive and versatile character of the genius of Maginn was not favourable for the production of literary work requiring continuity and concentration of effort. In this department, however, we must not forget a somewhat remarkable novel from his pen, entitled *Whitehall; or the Days of King George IV.*, an octavo volume, published by W. Marsh, without date (1827), or author's name. This is styled by Jerdan "a singular example of wild genius," and another authority characterized it as "one of the most wild and extraordinary productions of the day, overflowing with madcap wit and quaint humour, and containing sketches of all the leading characters of the time, from George IV. down to Jack Ketch, the hangman. To the last-named office, by an inimitable stroke of humour, is appointed Mr. Tierney, who, having come up to town, with an earnest desire to be made Prime Minister, and having in vain solicited that or some other place, finally, in despair, accepts the office of executioner, and performs the last ceremonies of the law on Mr. Huskisson, who, he tells us, 'amid the acclamations of surrounding thousands, died easily and instantaneously.' This work is very rare, but it will well repay any one who will take the trouble of searching for it through the old bookshops of London." * This very curious book, in which a fair joke is somewhat spoiled, it must be confessed, by being wire-drawn through 330 pages and encrusted with a certain amount of ill-nature and coarseness, is noticed in the *Qaurterly Review* (Jan., 1828), where its true object is pointed out, —"to laugh down the *Brambletye House* species of novel," and its study recommended to those "well-meaning youths who imagine that a few scraps of plundered antiquarianism, a prophetical beldam, a bore, and a rebellion are enough to make a Waverley novel." The book may, indeed, be regarded as a satire on Horace Smith, and a series of parodies of his so-called historical fictions. Just as a taste of its quality,—and to serve as a pendant to Byron's versified satire on the banker-poet,—I shall transcribe an extract,—the prose portrait of "Sam Hodges" :—

"This singular and eccentric man was never seen by strangers, but with astonishment. Nature, which made him by profession a punster, seemed to have intended his very person for a sort of joke. He was about four feet high, and his head was at least a quarter of that size. It hung heavily to one side, and his countenance, of an unearthly paleness, drooped like an overgrown turnip hanging upon a pole. His under jaw projected considerably, and gave him the appearance of a perpetual grin. His lack-lustre eye shot its leaden beams from under shaggy eyebrows, and his locks, untamed by brush or comb, hung in grizzly knots over his wrinkled brow. Lord Byron,† with that disregard for decorum of language which so conspicuously marked the conversations of that celebrated poet,

* *Dublin University Magazine*, vol. xxiii. p. 36.

† Here we are referred to *Conversations of Lord Byron*, "by Captain Pimp," p. 337, etc.

used rather blasphemously to call him a caricature of a crucifixion. Strange being! Yet under that odd and repulsive appearance he possessed wit unbounded, jocularity unceasing, deliberate courage, magnanimous philanthropy. Sage in council, jocose at table, valiant in action, luxurious in ease, he was the idol of London. Wherever he went, joy brightened every countenance, and the very phrase, 'It's a saying of Sam's,' became proverbial to express the highest degree of wit. In this particular, indeed, he was unequalled; none, in fact, approached him, except the illustrious Hallam, who, we are informed by some of the principal critical works of the age, wrote a jocular treatise on the Middle Ages which has not come down to posterity, but which, in his own generation, appears to have excited a universal laugh wherever it was mentioned." *

Another novel, which had originally appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, was reissued in separate form, after his death, and assumes an importance not its own from the designs of the inimitable George Cruikshank, by which it is illustrated; this is *John Manesty; or the Liverpool Merchant*, 1844, 2 vols. 8vo. The collector, too, may care to be reminded of that little pocket "La Rochefoucauld" of the diner-out and man-about-town, *The Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.* Blackwood, 1849.

I have alluded to Maginn's skill in *Parody;* in this branch of humorous literature he was truly *facile princeps*, the greatest of his time, if not of all time. His effusions in this way are scattered here and there, but the curious reader may find some specimens in W. Jerdan's *Autobiography*, vol. iii., p. 82. As a *Song-writer* he was not excelled even by Procter ("Barry Cornwall"); and as a *Conversationist*, his table-talk is represented by one who had enjoyed it, to be "an outpouring of the gorgeous stores wherewith his mind was laden, flowing on like the storied Pactolus, all golden"—

"Quidquid come loquens, atque omnia dulcia linquens," †

—and to be devoid alike of the turgid pomposity of Johnson, and of the often tedious monotony of Coleridge. The learned Heinsius was pronounced by our own Selden "quam severarum tum amænarum literarum Sol"; and Buchanan, the Scottish poet, was characterized as "omni liberali eruditione non leviter tinctus, sed penitus imbutus." Such hyperbolic phrases of eulogy, which the scholars of old were wont to apply to each other, find a parallel in those by which the friends and immediate contemporaries of William Maginn have expressed their estimation of the genius and attainments of the departed scholar. Hear only one, capable of judging, and who knew him from the very commencement of his literary career to its mournful close,—the late William Jerdan—"There is scarcely any species of literature of which he has not left examples as masterly as any in the language. Romancist, Parodist, Politician, Satirist, Linguist, Poet, Critic, Scholar,—pre-eminent in all, and in the last all but universal,—the efflux of his genius inexhaustible."

But here I am warned to bring these notes to a conclusion, and hasten to the closing scene, over which I would fain draw the curtain. With the induration of intemperate habits, and the want of ordinary prudence,—his

* Page 85.

† I have restored this line, which occurs among the *Fragmenta* of Cicero; it seems incredible that a scholar should have misquoted it as Kenealy has done.

"only fault," said Macnish, was that he was careless of the morrow,—Maginn had been gradually descending in the world, till at length he became a prey to all the ills,—barring, indeed, the fourth,—which

> "————————the scholar's life assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the patron and the gaol" *—

and which are happily more characteristic of the age which produced his countrymen, Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Dermody, than his own. Finally, a speculation to reprint, under the title of *Magazine Miscellanies*, the choicest of his contributions to serial literature, not having been successful, Maginn, in 1842, was thrown into the Fleet Prison for the expenses. Hence he emerged penniless, and in the last stage of consumption. In this sad condition, he was enabled to retreat to Walton-upon-Thames, and there he breathed his last, Aug. 20, 1842, in the forty-ninth year of his age, like Sheridan, utterly forsaken by the party for which he had done so much, and in ignorance of the noble munificence of Sir Robert Peel,† whose gift of £100, in answer to the touching appeal made to him on behalf of the dying scholar, only arrived in time to pay his burial fees. Alas! poor Yorick.

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1844, appeared a long, affectionate and scholarly,—if laboured and pedantic—biographical notice of Maginn. This has been attributed to D. M. Moir; but was actually written by his reverent and faithful friend and townsman, the late Edward Vaughan Kenealy, LL.D. The portrait prefixed to this,—a sort of imitation of ours in *Fraser*,—is by Mr. Samuel Skillin, of Cork; it is pronounced an admirable likeness, but its artistic inferiority is at once manifest, on comparing it with the masterly sketch by Maclise.

In the following year, 1845, was published by Churton of Holles Street, a charming little volume by the since notorious writer to whom I have just alluded; a rare mixture of Attic learning and Irish fun, which the lover of classical *deliciæ* will do well to hunt up, and place,—if he has the luck to meet with it, for it, too, is now a rare book,—by the side of the *Reliques of Father Prout*. It is entitled *Brallaghan; or the Deipnosophists;* and besides the humorous characterizations of Maginn and the other members of the Fraserian party, it contains at the end an affectionate and touching tribute to the deceased scholar, and a generous estimate of his character as a writer, and a man. One passage from this and I have done :—

"His funeral was quite private, and was attended only by a very few friends, who loved him fondly while he lived, and venerate his memory now that he is gone; and the tears that fell upon his grave were the last sad tribute to as true and warm and beautiful a soul as ever animated a human breast. The place in which he is buried is one that his own choice might have selected, for the Spirit of Repose itself seems to dwell around it, and lends a new charm to its rustic beauty. No noise is ever heard there but the rustling of the trees, or the gay chirp of the summer

* Dr. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

† This generous conduct on the part of the great statesman is the more to be commemorated, when we know that he had no personal knowledge of Maginn; that he had, a year or two before, contributed a like sum, through Lockhart, with a special stipulation of secresy, on the occasion of a private subscription to relieve him from some instant necessity; and that, moreover, he had been most bitterly assailed in every form of satire, by Maginn, who, as an Irish Orangeman, had unflinchingly opposed Sir Robert's pro-Catholic policy of 1829.

blackbirds, or the echo of the solemn hymns as they ascend to heaven in music on the Sabbath. Strangely contrasted, indeed, is its peacefulness with the troublous scenes of his many-coloured life, and provocative of pensive reflection the gentle silence that invests it like a spell. The rude villager, as he passes over his grave, little dreams of the splendid intellect that slumbers beneath, or the host of sweet and noble traits that lived within the heart already mouldering under his feet into a clod of the valley. But his genius has already sanctified the ground, lending to it the magic which entwines itself with the homes or tombs of celebrated men, rendering it henceforward a classic and muse-haunted solitude, to which history will point, and making it for all time a spot to which the scholar will piously resort, and where the young enthusiast of books will linger long and idolatrously in the soft sunlight, or beneath the radiant stars."

The following witty and pathetic lines,—termed by one of our leading newspaper critics "a vicious epitaph," *—were written on his deceased friend, by Lockhart :—

"Here, early to bed, lies kind William Maginn,
Who with genius, wit, learning, life's trophies to win,
Had neither great lord, nor rich cit of his kin,
Nor discretion to set himself up as to tin ;
So, his portion soon spent, like the poor heir of Lynn,
He turn'd author, while yet was no beard on his chin ;
And whoever was out, or whoever was in,
For your Tories his fine Irish brains he would spin ;
Who received prose and rhyme with a promising grin,
'Go ahead, you queer fish, and more power to your fin !'
But to save from starvation stirr'd never a pin.
Light for long was his heart, though his breeches were thin,
Else his acting, for certain, was equal to Quin ;
But at last he was beat, and sought help from the bin,
(All the same to the Doctor, from claret to gin),
Which led swiftly to gaol, with consumption therein.
It was much, when the bones rattled loose in his skin,
He got leave to die here, out of Babylon's din.
Barring drink and the girls, I ne'er heard of a sin,
Many worse, better few, than bright, broken Maginn."

Walton-on-Thames, August, 1842.

I would touch with the softest hand upon the vice which, in these beautiful lines, is spoken of as having brought this gifted son of genius to disgrace, disease and death. "The rock upon which Steele and Burns split,"—says one who knew him,—"the sole blot upon Addison, the only stigma upon Charles Lamb, that which exiled Fox from the cabinet of England, and reduced Sheridan to poverty and shame, was the ruin, too, of the late William Maginn." Here, in expending the moral character of the man, it is but fair to take into account the possibility that he was unhappy in his domestic relations. I say "possibility," because there is a discrepancy of evidence which I am unable to reconcile from my own knowledge. Kenealy says that he loved his children with devotion, and that "their presence always brought brightness to his eyes ;" but he adds,—if indeed he was the author of the obituary article I have referred to,—that he had "the misfortune to render applicable to him the bitterest part of the epigram of Phillipides, Αἰσχραν γυνάικ' ἐγήμας." On the other

* *The Daily News*, Nov. 13, 1873. The reader will judge of the propriety of the appellation.



T. Crofton Croker

AUTHOR OF "THE IRISH FAIRY LEGENDS."

hand, a better authority,—John Gibson Lockhart,—speaks of the widow of his friend as "a most respectable gentlewoman;" nor did he, it is well to add, relax his exertions on her behalf, till he had secured for her "comfortable quarters in Bath," where she survived till 1859.* Of the children so loved, the only son received a cadetship in the East Indies from Sir Robert Peel's last government; one daughter died young; and a second married Mr. P. Scott, H.E.I.C.S., who is, I think, known as a writer of verses.

It may be pretty safely assumed that "Charlie Shandon," of *Pendennis*, was intended as a portraiture of Maginn,—correct, doubtless, in many respects, but cruel, cynical, *Thackerayish!*

An adequate life of Maginn would be an interesting work, and could not fail to throw much light upon the journalistic and serial literature of his brief period. What has become of the materials, which, it was understood, the late Thornton Hunt, a man in every way fitted for the performance of this desiderated task, had been long employed in bringing together? As to republication of the works themselves, the booksellers seem to have in view the failure which attended Maginn's own attempt to bring into collected form his scattered contributions to periodical literature. The *Magazine Miscellanies*, to which I have referred as a last link in the author's chain of misfortunes, are so rare that twenty years' search among the London *bouquinistes* will hardly result in the recovery of an odd number or two. Mr. W. Carpenter is fortunate in possessing *nine*,—probably all published,—the contents of which he gave in *Notes and Queries* (First Series, vol. ii. p. 13, 1850). Almost equally difficult of procuration is the Transatlantic collection of Maginn's writings, published in New York, under the editorship of J. Shelton Mackenzie, LL.D., a review of which will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for June, 1859. What have become of the *collectanea* of Mr. Tucker Hunt (the brother of F. Knight Hunt, author of the *Fourth Estate*, etc.), which we were led to believe would some day see the light? Surely the time has arrived when some enterprising publisher would find his account in collecting and giving forth, if not a complete,—this I am afraid is impossible, not only from the vast mass of material, but the death of those who possessed knowledge to discriminate,—at least a partial gathering of Maginn's fugitive and scattered pieces. Surely a *selection* would sell; and if judiciously made would still serve to hand down to later ages a portraiture of the man,—the extent and profundity of his learning, the brilliancy of his wit, the richness of his humour, the versatility of his genius,—and vindicate his claim to a proximate niche in the temple of fame with the great foregone masters in his own peculiar line of writing,—with Lucian, with Aristophanes, with Rabelais, and with Swift.

IX.—CROFTON CROKER.

IT has been suggested that "Crofty" was an "original nursling of the Fairies"; but whether Cluricaune, Phooka, or Lepricaune is left to conjecture. This from his exiguity of bulk,—Maginn gives him 4 feet 10½ inches of height, and 7¾ stone of weight,—but what matters bulk or

* *Illustrated News*, June 11th, 1859.

stature? Dr. Watts, too, was a little man; and when taunted with the smallness of his person, is said to have exclaimed :—

"Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I would be measured by my *soul*,
The *mind's* the standard of the man!"

The story may be true, or not; it is at least *ben trovato*. Croker might well submit to the same test; for if he has not left the shade of a great name upon the earth, he attained a respectable place in the republic of letters, and has left behind him the sweet savour of an honourable and useful career.

Thomas Crofton Croker,—to give him his whole name,—was, like Maginn, a Corcagian, born in the "beautiful city," on the lovely banks of

"The spreading Lee, that, like an island fair,
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood,"

on the 15th January, 1798. In a paper on "Irish Minstrelsy," which he contributed to *Fraser* in the second month of its existence (March, 1830), he, with pardonable, yet characteristic, egotism, translates, from the original Irish, as "a specimen of the improvisatory power of the professional Keener," a long string of impromptu verses on his departure from his native city :—

"I liked your dark eyebrows,
And eyes bright and merry,
And your cheeks that resemble
The hawthorn berry.
Master Crofton, your country
You leave but for dangers—
To meet with false Saxons,
And cold-hearted strangers,"

—and then the old objurgation against *perfide Albion*:

"The country of Saxons
Takes all of our quality,
And, I've heard it from many,
Has small hospitality.
That little's the welcome
For the Irish among them;
But their only delight is
To cheat and to wrong them," *

—and so on, interminably. Well, the beldame was Irish, and I do not suppose for a moment that she ever thought that her favourite had met with his deserts; but I think that a glance at his career will result in the belief that it was a reasonably successful one. Upon his arrival in England, his first visit was paid to his countryman, Tom Moore, at Sloperton Cottage, Wiltshire; he shortly proceeded to London, where it was not long before he received from John Wilson Croker (a namesake, but in no way related), the appointment at the Admiralty, which he held for nearly thirty years, retiring in 1850, as senior clerk of the first class. In literature he is perhaps best known by his *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland*, which first appeared in 1825. This was translated the same year into German by the brothers Grimm, with

* The particular Keen, of which these verses form part, is appended to the volume *Keens of the South of Ireland*, Collected, Edited, and chiefly Translated by T. Crofton Croker. Printed for the Percy Society, No. xlvi., June, 1844.

an elaborate introduction; and in 1828 into French, by P. A. Dufau. The second English edition was illustrated with etchings by Maclise;* and the work,—which was held to constitute its author "the honourable member for Fairyland,"—was afterwards condensed by Murray for his "Family Library," in which form,—the tales diminished in number by one-fifth, and all superfluous annotations left out,—with the exquisite little wood-cuts after W. H. Brooke, we generally see it. Although Croker has somehow managed to get all the credit of the book, it was undoubtedly a composite production, of which it is probably impossible, now that Thomas Keightley is not here to help us,† to apportion the shares correctly to their different authors. The son of Mr. Croker, in the memoir of his father, prefixed to the *Walk from London to Fulham*, gives no hint that others were concerned in the fabrication of the work; but a more immediate contemporary, A. A. Watts, is severe upon the subject:—

"————See Crofton Croker,
That dull, inveterate, would-be joker;
I wish he'd take a friendly hint,
And when he next appears in print,
Would tell us how he came to claim,
And to the book prefix his name—
Those Fairy Legends, terse and smart,
Of which he penn'd so small a part;
Wherefore he owned them all himself,
And gave his friends nor fame, nor pelf?"‡

My friend, the Rev. Charles Arthur Maginn, M.A., Rector of Killanally, Cork, informs me that he has in his possession a copy of the *Fairy Legends*, in which he noted down from the direct statement of his brother, the "Doctor," the tales contributed by him to the work. These were four in number,—"The Legend of Knocksheogowna," "The Legend of Bottle Hill," "Fairies or no Fairies," and "Daniel O'Rourke,"—the last named certainly one of the best in the collection. The remaining "Legends" have to be distributed among Croker, Keightley, Humphries, Lynch and others.

Crofton Croker was author also of *Researches in the South of Ireland*, 1824; *Legends of the Lakes*, 1829; and numerous contributions to the *Gentleman's* and *Fraser's Magazine*,—besides, as Maginn puts it, "various pretty antiquarian papers in a thousand unheard-of vehicles." In 1837, he translated and published (F. and W. Boone, New Bond Street, small 8vo, pp. 139) *The Tour of the French Traveller, M. de la Boullaye le Gouz, in Ireland*, A.D. 1644, with Notes and Illustrative Extracts contributed by James Roche, Esq., of Cork, the Rev. Francis Mahony, Thomas Wright, Esq., B.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the editor; and in 1839, he collected and edited, with Introduction, the *Popular Songs of Ireland*, published by Henry Colbourn, small 8vo, pp. 340.

Another, and certainly not the least interesting of his publications, is his *Walk from London to Fulham*, 8vo, Tegg, 1860. This is a posthumous republication of a series of papers which had previously appeared

* "The etchings which have been added to this edition are from sketches by Mr. McClise, a young Irish artist of considerable promise, who I trust will receive that patronage which he so justly merits."—Vol. i. 2nd ed. 1826, p. iv.

† Thomas Keightley, author of *Fairy Mythology*, the *History of Rome, Greece*, and *England*, and many other books, died Nov. 4, 1872, in the 84th year of his age.

‡ *Literary Souvenir*, 1832, p. 236.

in *Fraser's Magazine.* They were subsequently collected, after the author's death, by J. F. Dillon Croker, F.S.A., etc., who has prefaced the volume by a memoir of his father, and are illustrated by the late Mr. Fairholt. They constitute a literary and antiquarian itinerary of the route between the extremities of which the author had for so many years travelled backwards and forwards like a pendulum,—to take a simile from the symbolical initial letter at the beginning of the book,—and contain descriptions of many localities changed or forgotten, and individual celebrities now long since passed away.

Croker married Marianne, daughter of Francis Nicholson, the eminent landscape aquarellist, who died March 6th, 1844, aged 91 years. This lady survived her husband by two months only, dying October 6th, 1854. All three slumber in the same grave.

Between the years 1837 and 1846, Croker inhabited a charming cottage at Fulham, which bore, as a legend on the gate-piers informed the passers-by, the romantic appellation of "Rosamond's Bower." Of this residence, with its garden, and its store of curiosities, pictures and books, a privately printed description, of which but a very few copies were distributed to his friends, was prepared by its inmate—

"Parva domus ! nemorosa quies——"

Here Croker was visited by Lucy Aikin, daughter of the once famous Dr. Aikin, whom Lamb, or some wicked wag, styled "an aching void,"—and a host of other celebrities. Here, when Major-General Sir Charles O'Donnell was seated at lunch, Moore himself dropped in, and partook of the repast. This event was commemorated by the proud and happy host by an inscription on the back of the chair which the poet had occupied, which produced a careless little epigram from "Father Prout":—

"This is to tell o' days
When on this Cathedra,
He of the 'Melodies'
Solemnly sat, agrah !"

Among the curiosities collected by Croker was what he considered to be the betrothal ring of Shakespeare, the "Gimmal Ring," which had been placed by the bard's own hand upon the finger of his betrothed bride, Anne Hathaway. This relic is fully described in Mr. Fairholt's little book, *The Home of Shakespeare;* and also in a letter from Croker himself to Mrs. Balmanno, preserved in that lady's interesting volume, *Pen and Pencil* (New York, 1858, small 4to), p. 163, where an engraving of the ring is given. At the sale of Croker's effects in December, 1854, this ring became the property of Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, who already possessed a rival ring, of, it is said, inferior workmanship, of which a representation is given in his *Life of Shakespeare.*

I am reminded, as I write, that the last letter written by Croker (July 21, 1854), was written to his friend Balmanno, and may be read in the book I have mentioned (p. 170). In it he speaks of an approaching "powerful operation," and hints that it may be the last letter he may have it in his power to write to any one.

The literary pilgrim will seek in vain for "Rosamond's Bower,"—unless, indeed, he is aware of the fact that the successor to Croker in its tenancy,—Mr. Thomas James Bell,—altered the fantastic appellation to "Audley Cottage."



THE AUTHOR OF "THE UNDYING ONE."

Croker was described by Sir Walter Scott, who breakfasted with him at Lockhart's, as "little as a dwarf, keen-eyed as a hawk, and of easy pre-possessing manners,—something like Tom Moore." There is a whole-length of him, in oil, by Maclise, in the possession of Richard Sainthill, Esq., of Cork; and a pen sketch in the *Dublin University Magazine*, for August, 1849, greatly inferior to Maclise's outline here before us, accompanied by a long memoir, of which the materials were evidently furnished by himself. He will also be recognized in one of the figures in his fellow-townsman, Maclise's picture, "Snap-Apple Night;" and he appears, in very characteristic miniature, in the engraving of the Druidical remains at Gur Lough, in the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, for February, 1833.

Lastly, should the curious reader pick up a volume which has belonged to Croker's library, he will find detailed with amiable vanity upon the book-plate,—a veritable curiosity among *ex libris*,—either indicating the possessor's residence, "Rosamond's Bower, Fulham," or "3, Gloucester Road, Old Brompton," the various learned societies, with dates of membership, to which he belonged; with the information, *ad calcem*, that he was Founder and President (1828 to 1848), of the "Society of Noviomagus."*

It was at this latter residence that our amiable antiquary died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, on August 8, 1854.

X.—MRS. NORTON.

"FAIR MRS. NORTON!"—we are tempted to ejaculate with *Fraser*,—"whom can we better choose for a beginning of our illustrious literary portraits, when, diverging from the inferior sex, our pencil dares to portray the angels of the craft?" And what an exquisite delineation it is that we here have of the fairest of the "Three Graces," as the Sheridan sisterhood were called in their lovely spring-time,—of this Sappho of our days, as she was termed,—the "Byron of modern poetesses," according to the *Quarterly*,—beautiful "Boudhist," as she was "baptized" by "Balaam Bulwer!" A charming portrait, truly,—"whimsical," as D. G. Rossetti so well puts it, "as in the spirit of the series,—yet truly appreciative,—of that noble beauty which in Caroline Norton inspired the best genius of her long summer-day."

This installation of the gifted authoress of *The Undying One* must be taken as the fulfilment of a kind of promise, made some six months before, at the close of an eulogistic review of that poem (*Fraser's Magazine*, ii. 180), to give the lovely poetess a place in the "Gallery."

The terrible "Doctor" was evidently in his softer mood, as he illustrated with pen the tracing of the pencil of Maclise; *Regina* was looking

* The Noviomagians are a club composed exclusively of members of the Society of Antiquaries. Their professed object is the discovery of the site of the ancient city of Noviomagus,—perhaps the Noviomagos of Ptolemy. Some would place it in Surrey, some in Kent, and some in Sussex; but pending identification of the precise spot, the members dine together between the months of December and April.

up; the *Siamese Twins**—Bulwer's, I mean—had received due castigation; the last glass of gin-toddy was deftly mixed; or—which is more probable, for the Doctor was an Irishman,—he had for the nonce divested himself of tooth and claw, like the amorous lion of Babrius, and was prostrate before the throne of beauty.

But it is time to ascend to the dry facts of history. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, Lady Stirling-Maxwell, otherwise and better known as the Hon. Mrs. Norton, was the second daughter of Thomas Sheridan, and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and his first wife, the celebrated Miss Linley. She was born in 1808; and prematurely stimulated by the sense that she was co-heiress of the family genius, produced, when scarcely out of her teens, a satirical piece, *The Dandies' Rout*,—not the *Dandies' Ball*, as Maginn says, which was the work of an earlier writer,—in which the coxcombries of the day were happily touched off by pen and by pencil. By and by (1829) came the *Sorrows of Rosalie*, which the Ettrick Shepherd so extravagantly lauded in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ;* and (1831) *The Undying One*,—a poem founded on that mysterious legend of antiquity which has exercised the genius of C. F. D. Schubart among the Germans, Eugène Sue among the French, and Shelley, Galt, Croly, and in our own immediate day, Moncure D. Conway, among ourselves,—which was praised by *Fraser*, and thought worthy of the higher commendation of the "blue and yellow."

In 1840, we have *The Dream and other Poems*, for which the *Quarterly* hailed her the "Byron of her sex"; in 1845, *The Child of the Islands;* in 1847, *Aunt Carry's Ballads*, a book of poems for children; in 1862, *The Lady of La Garaye*.

In the region of prose fiction, Mrs. Norton was equally successful; her nice discrimination of character, refined satire, sympathy with all that is good and true, and absence of affectation, combining with her clear and elegant style, and a captivating tone of sadness, to give her a high place among the novelists of her day. I can but allude to her sad, sad story, *Stuart of Dunleath*, 1835; *Lost and Saved*, 1863; and *Old Sir Douglas*, 1858, which are her best novels.

Beside these substantive works, Mrs. Norton's anonymous, or scattered contributions to periodicals, home and foreign,—poems, art-criticism, tales, reviews, etc.,—are very numerous; but no attempt can be made to indicate them here. In *Macmillan's Magazine*, for Jan., 1861, appeared an important letter from her pen, in defence of the character of her grandfather, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, unjustly aspersed, as she contended, by the writers whose pen-names are "Grace and Philip Wharton," in their work entitled *The Wits and Beaux of Society*. In this letter, she speaks of her projected *Lives of the Sheridans*, as "a task relinquished, with many others, in the grief caused by the illness and death of her son."

Born to some competence, heir of an illustrious name, dowered with high and diversified talents, and loveliest among the lovely "children of

* It was from this now forgotten satire, which had been recently reviewed in *Fraser*, that Maginn got the phrase I have cited above:—

"Here's Lady Gower, a charming face,
To heavenly vision to exhort one;
And here, I think, we seem to trace
A future Boudhist, Nat, in Norton."

Siamese Twins, p. 122.

the Islands," the lot of Mrs. Norton seemed to possess all the elements of happiness. But there existed some fatal factor,—some lurking cypher, as it were—to mar the sweet equation of life ; and domestic misery, wounded affection, and unmerited shame, was its well-known story. In 1829, when she was hardly out of her tutelage, she married Mr. George Chapple Norton, a briefless barrister of small fortune, younger brother of the third Lord Grantley,* and described as a selfish, worthless, indolent sensualist. In 1830, on the accession to office of Lord Grey, the once gay and still elegant Lord Melbourne was appointed Home-Secretary. He had been the contemporary and friend of Tom Sheridan, and had cultivated the acquaintance of his fascinating daughter. Giving heed to her entreaties, he appointed her husband to a vacancy (Lambeth) in the Divisional Magistracy of London ; obtained for him the Recordership of Guildford ; and induced the king to sign a patent for the legal use of the prenominal "Honourable." All went well for a time, and Norton's gratitude,—always fed by expectation of future benefits,—was effusive. But the minister had to remonstrate with the magistrate on the score of irregular attendance at his court ; had no more lucrative office in his gift ; and objected to indefinite pecuniary loans. *Inde iræ!* Now came mean, petty and vicarious revenge,—ill-treatment of his wife, which Leycester Stanhope and Edward Ellice were powerless to improve,—attempts to get by threats what toadyism had failed to obtain,—and finally the struggle to extort from his *quondam* patron the sum of £10,000 damages as compensation for alleged criminal intercourse with his wife. The trial took place June 22, 1836,—"Norton *v.* Melbourne,"—before Lord Chief-Justice Tindal and a special jury. Sir William Follett led for the plaintiff, but with a bad case, broke down hopelessly. The witnesses, chiefly servants who had been discarded for immoral character, were laughed out of court. The verdict for the defendant, given by the jury after a conference of a few seconds, was received with loud bursts of applause ; and the Attorney-General, Sir John Campbell (with whom was Mr. Sergeant Talfourd), who led for Lord Melbourne, at the conclusion of the case late on in the evening, proceeded to the House of Commons, where he received quite an ovation. The examination of the witnesses for the plaintiff, in the sixpenny report of the trial before me, "Embellished with a Portrait and Memoir of the Hon. Mrs. Norton," led to details of the most filthy character, much, indeed, being suggested by asterisks as unfit for publication. After this disgraceful and scandalous affair, the couple lived apart for forty years,—squabbling from time to time about the management of their children, financial arrangements, and the copyright of her books, which the chivalric husband, who, happily for him lived before the passing of the Women's Property Act, took care to legally secure for his own benefit, as soon as they were severally issued. This sort of thing it was that extorted from the injured authoress a privately printed volume in 1854, entitled *English Laws for Women in the Nineteenth Century ;* and in the following year, in pamphlet form, her impressive but too diffuse, *Letter to the Queen on*

* The Grantleys derive from the old baronial family of Coigniers (Conyers), which came into England at the time of the Conquest. It was the complicity of the Nortons with the Earls of Westmoreland and Northumberland, in an insurrection "to re-establish the holy religion of their ancestors," in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the retribution which ensued, that suggested to Wordsworth his *White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons*, and is the subject of several ballads in the Percy collection.

Lord Chancellor Cranworth's Marriage and Divorce Bill (Longmans, 8vo, pp. 155), in both of which will be found severe strictures on the state of society and the marriage-law in England, with a narrative of the circumstances connected with her own unfortunate experience.

In some sort, the ill-used lady had her revenge. Her unworthy husband died Feb. 24, 1875, just before his elder brother, the third Lord Grantley. Accordingly he missed the long expected barony, to which he was next in remainder; and this devolved upon his second son by the wife who survived him to enjoy its reflected glories.

Here I am reminded of another scandal. In March, 1879, before Sir James Hannen, in the Probate Division, was heard the case, Norton *v.* Norton and Grantley," the petitioner being Colonel Norton, who had been serving under the notorious and ill-used (Colonel) Baker Pasha in Turkey, and the respondent the present Lord Grantley, the son of Mrs. Norton. Here it was the husband's suit for a divorce on account of his wife's adultery with the co-respondent. There was a claim for damages against the latter; but that having been withdrawn, Sir Henry James said he could not defend the case on the part of the respondent, and there would therefore be an end of it. Under these circumstances, the jury, under the direction of the learned judge, gave a verdict for the petitioner; and the court pronounced a decree *nisi* with costs.

In the year following that in which the death of her husband released her from conjugal thraldom, one of the oldest, the most valued and the most faithful of her friends,* gave her the shelter of his name and position; and she became the wife of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, M.P., of Pollok, Renfrewshire. This gentleman, better known in literature as Sir William Stirling, succeeded to the title, under the special limitation assigned to the baronetcy by the patent of 1707, on the death without issue of his maternal uncle, Sir John Maxwell, eighth baronet, in 1865; and subsequently assumed the additional surname of "Maxwell." After his graduation at Trinity College, Cambridge, he had lived for a considerable time on the Continent, engaged in the study of literature and art. As result of his researches, he gave us in 1848 his *Annals of the Artists of Spain;* and subsequently *The Cloister Life of Charles V.*, and *Velasquez and his Works.* In 1863, he was elected Rector of the University of St. Andrews; in 1871, Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh: in 1875, Chancellor of the University of Glasgow; and he was a trustee of the British Museum, and the National Portrait Gallery. Lady Stirling-Maxwell did not long survive this marriage, which seemed to promise some reparation for her bewitched widowhood. She died three months after, on June 15th, 1877; and her husband shortly followed her to the grave, dying in Venice, in the following January, in the sixty-first year of his age.

Sir William Stirling-Maxwell possessed one of the finest collections of *Emblemata* in existence. In 1860, he printed for private circulation *A Collection of Books of Proverbs, Emblems, Apophthegms, Epitaphs and Ana, being a Catalogue of those at Keir;* a volume now very rarely to be met with. The number of works then chronicled was about

* "Truest of all, the friend, who at the last,
Gave her marred life the shelter of his name,
And a short sunshine o'er her evening cast,
Denied her in the morning of her fame."
Punch, June, 1877.

two hundred and twenty-five ; ten years later, he informed me that his collection had increased to one thousand two hundred and fifty, but that he was deterred by the bulk from printing a complete list, though his MS. catalogue had been accurately kept up. He contemplated the publication of a "mere list," and requested my assistance in the matter ; but he died before the design was carried out, and this department of bibliography sustained a loss, which will not speedily be supplied from other quarters. It was rumoured that Sir William had left behind him an autobiographic account of the more noteworthy incidents of his own time, including facts not hitherto known, relating to the Melbourne-Norton episode. Will they ever see the light?

I have spoken of Mrs. Norton as one of the "Three Graces," an appellation by which the daughters of Thomas Sheridan were known in the morning of their beauty. Of the others, the elder, Helen Selina, whom many would rank above her sister in the tenderness and refinement of lyric verse, married, firstly Lord Dufferin, and secondly the Earl of Gifford ; while the younger, Jane Georgina, became the wife of Edward Adolphus, twelfth Duke of Somerset, and is still remembered by grey-beards as the "Queen of Beauty" at the Eglingtoun Tournament.

Within a few hours of the death of Lady Stirling-Maxwell, and to a month or two, at the same age, died a lady whose life, "passed in a frugal, poor, and peaceful home," offers a remarkable contrast to the brilliant, but unrestful, career of her contemporary. This was Miss Mary Carpenter, of Bristol, so well known for the active part she had taken in the reformatory movement, and in the promotion of "ragged schools," and female education. It hardly falls within my scope to attempt anything like a Plutarchian Σύγκρισις, or comparison between these ladies of such diverse paths in life ; so I refer my reader to the wise and witty *Punch*, for June 30th, 1877, in which through a score of admirable quatrains the contrast is depicted.

Shakespeare, jealously dogging the footfall of Time, implored him to pass his mistress by, and leave her beauty unmarred,—

> "Oh ! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
> Nor write rude lines there with thine antique pen."

Some such adjuration, one would think, had reached the ear of the unstaying one, since, despite the fifty years that had slipped away, O Posthumus, since Maclise traced in *Fraser* her lovely face and graceful form, the lineaments of our Corinna are still beautiful as seen in her later portraits. Those of T. Carrick and J. Hayter, in earlier life, are before me ; and there is a marble bust, executed in London so far back as 1832, by an admirable sculptor, my friend, Peter Hollins, still happily alive among us in his native Birmingham, of which the best praise would be that it was worthy of the original. (APPENDIX D.)

The following exquisitely polished lines, with which I cannot resist the temptation to round off this notice, were written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton :—

"THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

> "The queenly spirit of a Star
> That longed to tread the earth,
> Passed into mortal mould,—the hour
> Made holy by thy birth ;

And kept its lustre and its power,
To teach the earth,
The wond'ring earth,
What shapes immortals are!

"No human beauty ever bore
An aspect thus divine;
The crown the brows of Seraphs wore
Hath left its mark on thine;—
Th' unconscious glories round thee bear
The stamp divine
Of One divine,
Who trod the spheres of yore.

"Oh! radiant stranger, dost thou dream
That thine may ever be
The hopes and joys of human things?
—They were not meant for thee!
Below, for thee,
No home for thee,
Bright Daughter of the Beam!

"The yearning in thine absent eyes
Is for thy native shore;
And heaven is heard in every wind
Thy heartstrings wandering o'er;
In vain thou'st sought with us to find
The life before,
The light before
Thy spirit left the skies.

"And Mirth may flash around, and Love
May breathe its wildest vow;
But neither Mirth, nor Love, shall chase
The shadow from thy brow;
There's naught in fate that can efface
From that pale brow,
That stately brow,
The memories born above.

"To mortals mortal change is given,
The sunshine as the rain!
To them the comfort and the care—
The pleasure and the pain!
To thee and thine our very air
Is silent pain,
A heavy pain!
—On earth thou askest heaven!"

XI.—JOHN WILSON.

WE most of us know the story of the circumforaneous tradesman who stole his besoms ready-made; and some of us may perchance have honoured his custom in its casual observance. This has its advantages. That was not a bad epigram indited by old Townsend,—sometime vicar of Kingston-on-Sea, a celibate, misogynist, and old crony of Wordsworth



THE EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

and Southey—when some burglars had made a nocturnal raid on his parsonage :—

> "They came and prigg'd my linen, my stockings and my store,
> But they couldn't prig my sermons for they were prigg'd before!"

—according to which, if I avail myself of a *sermo*, where I find it, ready to my hand, I shall be at least allowed to retain my plunder in tranquillity.

"What can be said of Professor Wilson worthy of his various merits? Nothing. Were we to reprint Lockhart's graphic account of him in *Peter's Letters*, it would not tell half his fame. A poet, who, having had the calamity of obtaining Oxford prizes, and incurred the misfortune of having been praised by the *Edinburgh Review*, for some juvenile indiscretions in the way of rhyme, wrote the *City of the Plague*, which even the envious Lord Byron placed among the great works of the age, and which all real critics put higher than his poetical Lordship's best productions in the way of tragedy, a moral professor who dings down the fame of Dugald Stewart, a paltry triumph, we own, if truly considered, over a small person, but a trial of no trivial moment, if the voice of Edinburgh be counted of any avail, an orator who, sober or convivial, morning or evening, can pour forth gushes of eloquence the most stirring, and fun the most rejoicing, a novelist who has chosen a somewhat peculiar department, but who, in his *Lights and Shadows*, etc., gives forth continually fine touches of original thought, and bursts of real pathos, a sixteen stoner who has tried it without the gloves with the game chicken, and got none the worse, a cocker, a racer, a six-bottler, a twenty-four tumblerer, an out and outer, a true, upright, knocking-down, poetical, prosaic, moral, professorial, hard-drinking, fierce-eating, good-looking, honourable, straightforward Tory. Let us not forget that he has leapt twenty-seven feet in a standing leap, on plain ground! Byron never ceased boasting of the petty feat of swimming three or four miles with the tide, as something wondrous. What is it to Wilson's leaping? A gipsy, a magazine, a wit, a six-foot club man, an unflinching ultra in the worst of times!—In what is he not great?"

It is very hard to have to say something about a man of whose genius a great master has proclaimed that nothing worthy *can* be said. But half a century has passed over this dictum, and given me at least a few facts to place upon record.

JOHN WILSON was born May 19, 1785, at Paisley; a town noted not only for the production of shawls, but as the birth-place of Tannahill, Alexander Wilson, and more than one other Scottish poet; and where Motherwell, if not born, passed his boyhood and youth. He received his earlier education at the University of Glasgow, under such men as Richardson, Jardine, Miller and Young; and proceeded thence to Oxford, where he graduated B.A., 1807; M.A., 1808; gaining the Newdigate prize for poetry in the teeth of three thousand competitors, and the reputation of being the best boxer, the highest leaper, the most ardent cocker, and the fastest runner among his fellow students. He was, moreover, a Radical and Democrat of so advanced a type, that he thought it wrong to employ a servant to black his boots, and was wont to perform that necessary operation himself.

Of an inheritance of £40,000, derived from his father, a wealthy manufacturer,—his mother was lineally descended, on the female side

from the great Marquis of Montrose,—a great part was lost by the failure of a mercantile concern in which it had been embarked. Soon after quitting the university, he purchased the beautiful estate of Elleray, on the noble lake of Windermere, which led to his intimacy with Wordsworth, Southey, Quillinan, Coleridge and De Quincey. Here he contributed some fine letters to Coleridge's *Friend*, under the signature of "Mathetes"; and hence, quite as much as from the character of his poems, his general association with the "Lake School." In 1812, appeared *The Isle of Palms;* and in 1816, *The City of the Plague.* These poems, together with those by which they were accompanied, or which subsequently appeared in the magazines of the day, gave the author a high place among modern bards. The characteristics of his poetry are exuberance of fancy; tenderness and pathos; sympathy with the beauties of nature, and the charms of rural and contemplative life; and touching pictures of religious confidence and innocent love. These qualities constitute the charm of Wilson's lesser poems, which will continue to please; but in the more sustained flights of his muse become, in spite of the classical purity of their diction, almost monotonous in their even, sustained and uncontrasted progression. Their early critic was Jeffrey, who welcomed the new aspirant, and strove to withdraw him from the "pond-poets" over the border. Of Wilson's novels,—*The Foresters, Margaret Lindsay,** *The Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*,—it can only be said that they possess excellencies and defects very similar to those of his poetry. In 1814, he came to reside in Edinburgh, and was called to the bar, but never practised. In 1817, was started *Blackwood's Magazine*, with its indiscriminate Toryism,—its unjust and unreasoning abuse of what it was pleased to term the "Cockney School," with Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt at its head,—and its glorification of everything north of the Tweed, and whatever chanced to be written in what was grandiloquently termed the British "Doric." Wilson, Lockhart and Maginn were on the staff, and *Blackwood's* had already become known,—as was said,—as the *Blackguard's;* when the two latter gravitating to London,—Lockhart in 1826, to edit the *Quarterly*, and Maginn, in 1830, to establish *Fraser's*,—Wilson was left to alter the character of the magazine, and give it the high literary and critical standing which it so long maintained.

Still, it must be admitted that John Wilson, in criticism as in other walks of literature, too often made a reckless use of his vast powers, and allowed judgment to be swayed by politics or nationality. Time has reversed many of his verdicts; and there is much truth, as well as beauty, in the dictum of a modern writer†:—"Christopher North, Cock of the walk, whose crowings have now long given place to much sweet singing that they often tried to drown; and who, for all his Jove-like head, cloud-capped in Scotch sentiment and humour, was but a bantam Thunderer after all. . . . There they lie, broken weeds in the furrows traced by time's ploughshare for the harvest which they would fain have choked." One review, and one only, did Wilson write for the "blue and yellow."

* This beautiful story has been translated into French by Mme. La Comtesse M——, 4 vols. 12mo; and is preceded by a "Notice" by M. de Barante, characterized by a subtle and genial appreciation worthy of the author of the *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne.*

† D. G. Rossetti.

This was an article on the fourth canto of *Childe Harold.* He possessed many of the qualities which go to form a great critic ; and was, indeed, pre-eminently great, when the catholicity of his sympathies was not impaired by political or national prejudice. Here, too, he was truly original in style ; at once subtle in analysis, precise in discrimination, genial in tone, and rich in imaginative illustration. In the union of these characteristics, I do not know that he had a precursor, or that he has since been surpassed.

In 1820, by the death of Thomas Brown, who, himself, had succeeded Dugald Stewart, the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant, and Wilson,—to whom a fixed income had become necessary,—was urged by his friends, and especially by Sir Walter Scott, to become a candidate. His opponent was Sir William Hamilton,—unfortunately his early friend,—a gentleman, a scholar, a logician and metaphysician of the highest rank. The contest was of the keenest, but its bitterness was confined to the partisans of the candidates. Wilson was as yet an untried, and comparatively unknown man ; but his Conservatism,—time had worked its wonders for him, and he had long shed his radical skin,—gained him the day, and he was elected to the vacant chair mainly by political influence. This was not as it should have been ; and there can be no question that Sir William Hamilton was the fitter man. The experiment, however, turned out better than could have been anticipated. Wilson had, perhaps, as was said, to *cram* for his lectures ; but they were prepared with great care, and delighted his auditory by their fire, originality and eloquence, and the happy combination of literature, philosophy and poetry which they exhibited.

Not to speak here of the immortal "Noctes Ambrosianæ" would indeed be an unpardonable omission. How capital is the motto, in the humorously amplified rendering into English of the old Greek lines, which stands at the head of each number in *Blackwood* :—

> "This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,
> An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days ;
> Meaning :—'*Tis right for good wine-bibbing people*
> *Not to let the jug pass round the board like a cripple,*
> *But gaily to chat while discussing their tipple.*'
> An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis,
> And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes."

Who is there who would not have given his very ears to be present at the ever memorable *noctes cænæque* of our northern Athens, and listen to the converse of these deipnosophists of modern times ; when North and Hogg, and the rest of the Northern Lights were in their glory ; and when, as has been well said, the brilliant wit, the merry song, and, from time to time, the grave and interesting discussion, gave to the sanded parlour of a common alehouse, the air of the Palæstra at Tusculum, or the Amaltheum of Cumæ. Here we have Wilson at his best, giving us the reflex of his many-sided intellect, alternating poetry with politics, wit with wisdom, pathos with bathos, fun with philosophy, literary gossip with metaphysical discussion, gastronomy with asthetics,—and this by means of the most skilful and artistic *ordonnance* of heterogeneous and apparently unmanageable qualities and characters. Perhaps the domain of literature hardly contains so remarkable an instance of the union

of brilliant and diverse powers combining to form a marvellous and harmonious whole. The character of the "Shepherd" is a glorious conception; and it is as he is made to speak, and look, and do, in the Ambrosian *symposia*, that James Hogg will go down to posterity. O'Doherty had laid down the principle that a journalist should never deny a thing that he had *not* written, nor acknowledge one that he *had*. Hogg found that his literary associates acted on this axiom, and determined that he would sign his name to every thing he published, that, as he says, he might be answerable to the world only for his own offences. But, says he, "as soon as the rascals perceived this, they signed my name as fast as I did. They then contrived the incomparable 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' for the sole purpose of putting into the mouth of the Shepherd all the sentiments which they durst not avowedly say themselves, and those too often applying to my best friends."

Wilson's portrait for the "Gallery" was not taken *ad vivum*, but from the statue at Edinburgh, by Macdonald. *Sic sedebat.* The pugilistic encounter, and the cocks *dimicantes gratis*, of which we catch a glimpse without, remind us of the predilections of his ardent youth;* but the poet-philosopher is in his latter days, and his gaze is not upon the shows of the outer world, as he sits, rapt in sublime and solitary meditation,—as it were, "waiting and wondering on vaster shores than lie by the seas of time." † It is a fine conception, though it, perhaps, hardly recalls the Christopher North of our thoughts; and we would fain have the intellectual as well as the physical Titan in his earlier years,—"a cross between the man, the eagle and the lion," as George Gilfillan described him; or in the guise in which rumour spoke of him to Hogg, as "a man from the mountains in Wales, or the West of England, with hair like eagles' feathers, and nails like birds' claws."

Wilson never entirely recovered from the shock produced by the death of his wife, a beautiful and most amiable woman, in 1837; and his writings, subsequent to this bereavement, betray more of effort with less of power than his earlier productions. An attack of paralysis compelled him to abandon his chair in 1853, when a pension of £200 was conferred upon him by Lord John Russell. This he did not enjoy long, dying at Edinburgh, in the following year, in the 69th year of his age.

The eldest daughter of Wilson married her cousin, J. Ferrier, nephew of the authoress of the novels, *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, etc., so highly praised by Sir Walter Scott. The second was the wife of the late John Thomson Gordon, Sheriff of Midlothian, and died in March, 1874. In 1862, impelled rather by filial devotion than a recognition of the Horatian precept—

> "———versate diu quid ferre recusent,
> Quid valeant humeri————"

—she produced a *Memoir* of her gifted father. It is to be regretted that the task did not fall into abler hands. Few men who have written so much have left behind them such scanty materials for biography as Professor Wilson, and the daughter had not the faculty,—nor was it to be expected from her,—of evolving the father from her inner consciousness. Still the book, in spite of its deficiency of literary merit, may be read with interest; and the very nature of the subject has carried

* *Athenæum*, No. 1827, p. 555. † Thomas Aird.



"THE AUTHOR OF OUR VILLAGE".

it through several editions. It is reviewed in the *Quarterly*, vol. cxiii. Besides this may be consulted Lockhart's "graphic account" of him in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, vol. iii. p. 256; a long chapter in one of Gilfillan's *Galleries;* two most excellent papers on his poetry in Hogg's *Instructor*, contributed, if I mistake not, by the Rev. P. Landreth, of Cupar Fifanorum. There is also a scarce volume entitled *Heartbreak: the Trials of Literary Life; or Recollections of Christopher North* (1859, 8vo).

There is a good story told of "Christopher" and one other of his daughters, on the occasion of her being sought to wife by William Edmonstoune Aytoun, author of *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, the mock-heroical tragedy of *Firmilian* (that well-directed attack on the "spasmodic school" of poetry), the *Bon Gualtier Ballads* (in conjunction with Theodore Martin), and successor to Wilson himself in the editorship of *Blackwood's Magazine*. "You must speak to papa," naturally said the young lady, when the amorous swain proposed. Aytoun acquiesced; but too diffident to attack the sire himself, the young lady undertook the task. Christopher was agreeable; but, said he, "if your suitor is so shamefaced, I had better write my reply, and pin it to your back." He did so, and the young lady returned to the drawing-room, where the expectant lover read the answer to his request,—"With the author's compliments!"

XII.—MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"In our village,"—I take the description as I find it, for it is a capital imitation of the manner and style of the subject of this notice,—"we have an authoress too, and her name is Mary Mitford. Now, let nobody suppose that Mary, on account of the pretty alliteration of her name, is one of the fine and romantic young ladies who grace pastorals in prose and verse. On the contrary, our Mary is a good-humoured spinster of a certain age, inclined, we do not know whether with her own consent, or not, to *embonpoint*, and the very reverse of picturesqueness. There are, however, very few girls in our village, or twenty villages beyond it, that can dress up so pretty a basket of good-looking and sweet-smelling natural flowers, all of the true English soil, not foreign and flaunting like the flaring dahlias that one class of bouquet-gatherers thrust under our noses with so much pretence, nor smelling of turf and whiskey like the strong-scented bog-lilies which are offered to us by the basket-women of the provinces; nor yet at all resembling the faded imitation roses picked up in second-hand saloons, and vended as genuine posies by draggletail damsels, who endeavour to pass themselves off as ladies' maids, generally without character. And Mary's basket is arranged in so neat, so nice, so trim, so comely, or, to say all in one word, so very English a manner, that it is a perfect pleasure to see her hopping with it to market."

This amiable and accomplished lady was born at Alresford, in Hampshire, December 16, 1786. Her father, George Mitford, M.D., appears to have been one of those men who manifest an extraordinary talent in getting rid of money;—in whose cases the total disappearance, "without

a wreck behind," of any given sum,—whether earned, inherited, borrowed, gained, accepted, or what not,—is simply a question of time. In this manner went all his own fortune, which was considerable ; the sum settled upon his wife ; bequests from relations ; legacies left to his daughter at various times ; and a sum of £20,000, won in a London lottery,—the lucky number, 2224, having been fixed upon, and pertinaciously adhered to, in spite of the difficulty in obtaining it, by little Mary, when just ten years old !

Then came the actual necessity of literary exertion,—and that of a remunerative kind. At her career as a woman of letters, the briefest glance must suffice. In dramatic literature she has displayed no inconsiderable ability, and is known as the author of several plays which enjoyed a fair share of success at the time of their appearance. Of these may be mentioned *Julian*, and *Foscari*, as most striking in dramatic power ; together with *Rienzi*, which Macready thought "an extraordinary tragedy,—for a woman to have written." Another drama,—*Charles the First*, which really seems to me ultra-royal in tendency, was suppressed, like the *Alasco* of Sir Martin Archer Shee, R.A., by George Colman, the deputy Licenser for the Stage, acting under the authority of the Lord Chamberlain. Both plays appear alike innocent to me, and I am at a loss to understand their exclusion from the theatre. Miss Mitford has also written a volume of *Dramatic Scenes* (1827, 8vo), marked by much vivid and pathetic action. These, however, will hardly survive ; neither, too, her minor poems, spirited and graceful as some of them are. It is rather by her *Belford Regis*, and *Our Village*, that she must hope to be remembered by posterity. In these works we are presented with a series of pictures of English country life, painted at once with the minute fidelity of a Flemish artist, and the refined grace of a pure-minded and educated lady. The papers known in their collected form as *Our Village*, were at first offered to Campbell, the poet, for publication in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but were unaccountably rejected by him as unsuitable ; and the *Lady's Magazine* (1819) had the honour of giving them to the world. They were next collected in one volume, in 1823 ; a second series appeared in 1826 ; a third in 1828 ; a fourth in 1830 ; and a fifth in 1832. These simple and natural delineations of English country life at once found favour with the public, and will, in all probability, continue to be read. They charm one in youth, and, like a blind man's bride, retain all their freshness and beauty for us in "hoary eld." When heated from the lava-flood of modern and foreign fiction, it is refreshing to turn to these pure and tranquil streams, where we seem, as it were, to experience a spiritual rebaptism, and the perturbed soul regains a wholesome serenity.

In 1837, a literary pension of £100 per annum was conferred upon Miss Mitford by Lord Melbourne ; a sum the exiguity of which she did not find derogatory, when she reflected that it was the same as was bestowed upon Felicia Hemans and Mary Somerville.

On the death of her father in 1832,—she had lost her mother in 1830,—she left the cottage at Three-Mile Cross, where she had lived so long, and which she loved so well. Here Haydon, says S. C. Hall, in his *Memories*, had "talked better pictures than he painted,"—here Talfourd had brought the delightful gaiety of his brilliant youth,—here Amelia Opie, Jane Porter, Cary (the translator of Dante), and a host of others, had visited the authoress in her humble home, and made her shabby little parlour more

glorious by their presence than a regal saloon. It was to Swallowfield that she migrated,—a few miles from Strathfieldsaye, the doors of which were ever open to her; and Eversley, where Charles Kingsley lived and laboured, and whence he would often come to enjoy a rest and chat in Mary's cosy cottage.

It is sad to record that the lot of one who composed for us such pure and graceful episodes of English life was not itself easy and devoid of care. It was, indeed, hardly so; a literary career, even when successful, is fraught with frequent anxiety and disappointment; and that of Mary Russell Mitford was no exception to the rule. Her latter days were, to some extent, clouded over by narrow means and disease; she put the last touches to her novel *Atherton,* as a letter to her constant friend, Mr. Bennoch, informs us, "when very few people could even have held a pen." Finally, esteemed and regretted by all who knew her, she died at her residence, Swallowfield Cottage, near Reading, January 10, 1855, aged 68. Three days before her death,—in almost her last letter,—she wrote: "It has pleased Providence to preserve to me my calmness of mind, clearness of intellect, and also my power of reading by day and by night; and, which is still more, my love of poetry and literature, and my enjoyment of little things."

As materials for her biography we have her own *Recollections of a Literary Life and Selections from my Favourite Poets and Prose-writers* (1851, 3 vols. 8vo),—a made-up book, singularly deficient in interest, with an almost entire absence of personal recollections of any kind whatsoever. It must not therefore be sought for as an autobiographical narrative; but, in her own words, as an attempt to make others relish a few favourite authors as she relished them herself. Then we have the *Memoirs and Letters of Charles Boner, with Letters by Mary Russell Mitford to him during Ten Years,* edited by R. M. Kettle (2 vols. Bentley, 1871, 8vo); the *Letters of Mary Russell Mitford,* edited by Henry Chorley (1872, 2 vols. 8vo); an article by the writer last mentioned in the *Quarterly Review,* No. cclv., January, 1870, on "Miss Austen and Miss Mitford;" the *Life of Mary Russell Mitford, etc., related in a Selection from her Letters to her Friends* (1870, 3 vols. 8vo); *The Friendships of Mary Russell Mitford,* in Letters from her Literary Correspondence, edited by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange (1882, 8vo); an obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. xliii. p. 428); the *Memories* of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall; and lastly, some very interesting "Recollections of Miss Mitford," published soon after her death in the *Art Journal,* to which they were contributed by her faithful and confidential friend, Mr. Francis Bennoch, a city merchant, with additions by the editor of that admirable serial.

In person, Miss Mitford was certainly, if the truth must out, like Thomson, "more fat than bard beseems." She was described by Jerdan, with truly British lack of gallantry, as "short, rotund and unshapely." My friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, from whom better things might have been expected, talks of her as a "stout little lady, tightened up in a shawl," and alludes to her "roly-poly figure, most vexatiously dumpy." This latter is the very phrase which Jerdan says Lord Byron was wont to apply to women of her build. Obnoxious, however, as all these phrases are, they can hardly be thought misapplied to a lady whose appearance elicited from so kindly and refined a person as "L. E. L." (Miss Landon, the

poetess) the exclamation: "Good heavens! a Sancho Panza in petticoats!" In her manners, this much maligned lady was easy, amiable and interesting, as in her writings,—*teste* Jerdan,—natural, intellectual and delightful. The lineaments of her outward woman are preserved to us in her portrait by Haydon, prefixed to her *Dramatic Works*, 1854; another by S. Freeman, in her *Recollections;* a third, in *La Belle Assemblée*, for June, 1823, after a painting by Miss Drummond; another in the *New Monthly Magazine*, for October, 1831; a charming stippled head, engraved by Thomson, from a drawing by F. R. Say, giving a favourable idea of the kindliness of her humour, and the keenness of her powers of observation; and lastly, the engraving from the well-known portrait, painted by her friend, John Lucas,—the preference shown to which, over that painted by Haydon, awoke ill-feeling in the mind of the jealous artist, and an estrangement for a time between him and the fair authoress. This latter portrait,—that by Lucas, I mean,—was presented by Miss Mitford to her friend, Mr. James S. Fields, the eminent publisher of Boston, U.S.A., from whose pen we have *Yesterdays with Authors* (1872, 8vo), where the letters of Miss Mitford, from 1848 to 1854, occupy pages 263–350 of the volume.

There may be some who will thank me for recording a very charming book, in which an acute and kindly foreign observer has given us his own impressions of English country life, with especial reference to its institutions, social and educational. This is entitled *La Vie de Village en Angleterre; ou Souvenirs d'un Exilé* (Paris, 1862, 8vo), and, though published without the name of the author, may be stated to have been written by M. Charles de Remusat.

Mary Russell Mitford was buried at Swallowfield, in a spot chosen by herself, where now a simple granite cross marks the resting-place of one of the most simple, graphic, and unaffected of our female writers.

XIII.—DON TELESFORO DE TRUEBA Y COZIO.

"WHO amongst our readers,"—I may ask with a genial and unusually well-informed writer in *The Hour** newspaper,—"has ever heard so much as the name of Don Telesforo de Trueba y Cozio, whom he will ever find in the act of dancing, and admiring his own shadow the while through his spectacles? We remember him well, and in this very posture, and can testify to the excellence of the likeness. He was one of the pleasantest and most amiable of men, and when we read of the doings of Spanish patriots of the present day, we are forced, in spite of ourselves, to put the most favourable construction on their most outrageous vagaries, from our recollection of the fine qualities and accomplishments of the author of the *Exquisites.*"

Maginn avowed that he had little to say about this dapper, self-satisfied gentleman, and I must confess that I have not much more. My readers may regard him as a fly in amber, and wonder, so completely are his

* November 12, 1873.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXQUISITES."

name and fame now things of the past, to what he is indebted for being thus embalmed in the "Gallery,"—

"The thing, we know, is neither rich, nor rare."

The answer is,—his pleasing appearance and gentlemanly manner, his reputation as a linguist, his temporary success as a dramatic author and a novelist, his membership of the Garrick Club, his fame as a contributor to the *Metropolitan* and other magazines, and the *prestige* which invariably attaches to a well-bred, well-educated foreigner, of assured position, in lion-loving London.

However this may be, Trueba, though fond enough of notoriety, hardly felt grateful for the manner in which it was conferred, and was angry with the artist for handing him down to posterity, absorbed in self-complacency and the solitary performance of his Terpsichorean evolutions. "Why should this be?" asks *Fraser* (August, 1831, p. 20). "All works of art should be consistent; one would not paint a puppy with a lion's head, a goose with the wings and long neck of an ostrich, or a donkey with the head and ears of the bearded pard." This occurs in a short notice of Trueba's novel, *Paris and London*, a trashy, flippant, indecent affair, dedicated to Bulwer, and now quite forgotten. Thus, attitude and occupation alike appropriate—

"The Don, to tune of gay quadrille,
Floats double, Don and shadow,"

and we have Trueba himself before us, an elegant trifler,—

"Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis."

Let his shade therefore be grateful for his undeserved occupancy of a place in our "Gallery," and the immortality therewith involved.

The mother of Trueba, a lady of fortune, and a staunch Liberal, left Spain on the overthrow of the constitutional party, and took up her residence in Paris. Her son was educated in this country; and thus English was so far his vernacular tongue that, as Maginn wickedly said, "he could no more write Spanish than Lord Palmerston, or Dr. Bowring." He became an author, and wrote several novels,—*The Castilian*, *The Incognito*, *Salvador the Guerilla*, *Gomez Arias*,—of the merits of which, as I do not chance to have met with one of them, I will not attempt to speak. Besides these, he was author of several farces, which obtained a certain amount of success in their day: such as *Call again To-morrow*, *Mr. and Mrs. Pringle*, etc.; also a comedy, *The Exquisites*, which may still be remembered by octogenarian play-goers, and which was reviewed by Leigh Hunt in *The Tatler*. Then came another, entitled *Men of Pleasure*, which was unsuccessfully performed at Drury Lane, in June, 1832; and a third, which appeared with better fate, at the Victoria, in January, 1834, under the title of *The Royal Fugitive; or Triumph of Justice*. I believe that he also wrote pieces in French, which achieved success on the Parisian stage; and that he is not unknown as a dramatic author,—in spite of the Doctor's assertion that he was innocent of Castilian,—in his own country and language.

In 1829, Trueba wrote for *Constable's Miscellany* the "Life of Herman Cortes," an able and apparently impartial biography of that extraordinary man; and in the following year, for the same serial, the "History of the

Conquest of Peru by the Spaniards." His *Romance of the History of Spain* (3 vols. 8vo, 1831) is an interesting and well-written collection of tales founded on the historical or legendary history of his native country.

Sydney Smith, dining on some occasion with Rogers and Tom Moore, made allusion,in his own peculiar style, to literary lions, and the reception they were wont to meet with, on their first appearance on the horizon of London. "Here's a new man arrived; quick! put on the stew-pan,—fry away,—we'll soon have it out of him!" I don't know that this was exactly the fate of Trueba; but he was, doubtless, to some extent spoilt by being petted. "A man," acutely says Maginn, "who consents to be shown as a lion, runs the risk of being at last metamorphosed into an ass." He was a clever fellow enough; and if he had really and honestly worked, something might have been got out of him. As it was, "he wrote passable novels in irreproachable English"; but we need no Aristarchus to tell us that "they were not quite equal to the workmanship of his countryman, Cervantes." Where are they now? Echo answers, "Where?"—

"A boundless contiguity of *waste!*"

Trueba returned to Spain in 1834, and was speedily elected a member of the Chamber of Procuradores, and Secretary of Committee, where his talents as a linguist, and knowledge of English life and society, must have made him eminently useful. But his career was short; his death taking place October 4, 1835, at the age of about thirty, in Paris,—whither he had fled, as *Fraser* subsequently records, from Madrid, "his death accelerated, as was said, by the terrors of the murderous Spanish contest, into which he had thrust himself, without any suspicion of the danger he was drawing upon his head."

XIV.—EARL OF MUNSTER.

A REFERENCE to that bulky volume which has been called the Englishman's Bible,—*Burke's Peerage*,—will show that this gentleman was the eldest illegitimate son of King William IV., when Duke of Clarence, by Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress. He distinguished himself in many engagements in the Peninsular war, especially at Fuentes d'Onore, where he was wounded, and again at Toulouse; acquiring by his conduct and military abilities the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, by whom he was much esteemed.

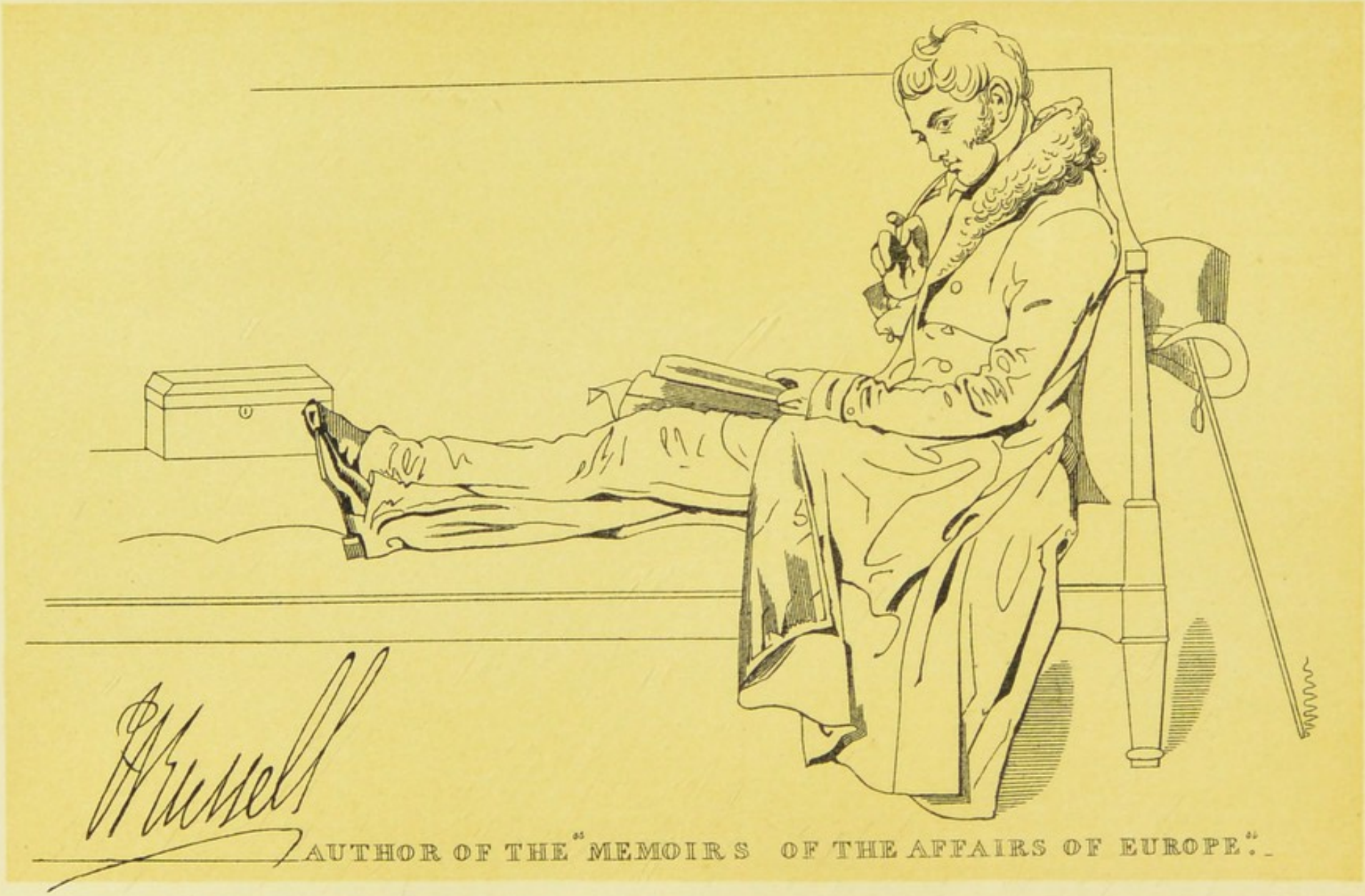
In 1830, he was elevated to the peerage, under the title of Earl of Munster, Viscount Fitzclarence, and Baron Tewkesbury, in the peerage of the United Kingdom; with special remainder, in default of male issue, to his three brothers, primogeniturely, and their male descendants. This creation of the peerage of Munster gave rise to no small amount of clamour and discord in its day; unlike the treaty known by the same appellation, which gave religious peace to the Empire in 1648.

"Campaigning with the Tenth," says the authority before me, "at the close of the Peninsular war, he was dismissed with the other officers of that regiment, for having committed an unprecedented breach of etiquette in that corps,—by fighting! Quentin knew far better what was the duty



Munster

AUTHOR OF A "JOURNEY FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.



AUTHOR OF THE "MEMOIRS OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE."

of a dandy regiment, and kept a prudent position in the rear. Fitzclarence had the impertinence to charge and break the enemy's line; for which he was broken himself, and sent to India." There he prepared himself by hard and honest work, for honourable mention in some future supplement to Walpole's *Royal and Noble Authors*. His *Journey Overland from India* has been pronounced "a masterpiece in its way"; and Miss Landon spoke of it as "one of the most interesting and able works of the time." This was prepared for the press by William Jerdan, and probably owes much of its finish and condensation to his practised hand. The Earl of Munster was also a contributor to the *United Service Journal*.

His studies in Oriental strategy, and the interest which he took in all matters connected with the East, led him to exert himself in the formation of the Royal Asiatic Society, of which he was one of the original members; he became in due course a member of Council; and was raised to the Presidency in 1841.

In 1842, he was unfortunately attacked by a cerebral disorder, and destroyed himself in a fit of insanity, on March 20th of that year, in the forty-ninth year of his age. At the time of this melancholy occurrence he was preparing for the press an *Account of the Free Bands of Military Adventurers in the Middle Ages, and Memoirs of the Turkish Empire;* an idea of the merits of which may be gained from his observations on "The Employment of Mahomedan Mercenaries in the Christian Armies," published at Paris, in February, 1827, in the 56th *cahier* of the *Journal Asiatique*.

I conclude with the distich, light-heartedly penned, with no foreboding of the future, by the exhibitor of the "Gallery,"—

> "To one who can right well pen, sword, or gun stir—
> Colonel Fitz-Clarence, Earl of song-famed Munster." *

XV.—LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

MAGINN, who hated a Whig more bitterly, if possible, than a water-drinker, is rather severe on "little Johnny Russell," who with curling locks and fur-collared coat, may be imagined as reclining on a Ministerial bench, and meditating over the important and interesting contents of a Blue Book. Still, amid the absurd injustice of the illustrative remarks, we cannot but admit, that in citing the couplet:—

> "When once he begins, he never will flinch,
> But repeats the same note the whole day like a finch,—

and in attributing to the nascent statesman as his leading characteristics, "pride, pertinacity and frigidity, with a taste for attempting departments of literature foreign to his nature," the literary caricaturist accurately laid his finger on the most conspicuous failings of the present subject of the crayon of Maclise.

Professor Von Raumer, who visited England in 1835, was disappointed with the appearance of Lord John. "From the engravings of him," says

* "Monomia, sweet dwelling of song." See *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1831, p. 556.

he, "I expected to see a tall thin man, instead of which I found a little, sharp, cunning-looking fellow, with nothing of an imposing presence";* but on the other hand, a great poet writes:—

"Jack R—ss—ll charms me with his quiet air,
His simple phrase, and purpose undesigned;
Smooth without languor, polished without glare;
Feeling his way, until his coil is twined,
Then darting all his meaning on the mind!" †

Everybody knows that he was the youngest son of the sixth Duke of Bedford, by his first marriage, and that he was born in London, on the 18th August, 1792.

By posterity, he will be better known as a diplomatist and politician than as a man of letters. "In him," said the *Times*, on the occasion of his death, "we have lost a man who illustrates the history of England for half a century better, perhaps, than any other person of his time. During his long season of toil there were more brilliant political intellects, more striking masters of debate, and men more gifted with the various qualities of party leadership. There were, on the whole, statesmen of greater foresight, and more executive ability. There were statesmen who exercised a far more powerful fascination on the minds of rich and poor. But there was no other man so closely identified with the political movements which will make fifty or sixty years of our history memorable to the future."

The political career of Lord John Russell extended over the period allotted alike by experience and biblical authority to the life of man. To understand and estimate his life and actions as a statesman, we must call to mind who and what he was. Belonging to the aristocracy of the realm, and born in the purple of a ducal house, his infancy and youth were passed at a period when the stupid tyranny of George III. was administered by men whose entire theory of government was the repression of opinion, and compulsory subordination to the divine right of kings. But, fortunately for him, he was sent for education to Edinburgh, and there imbibed the principles of constitutional liberty, without the infecting prejudices which characterized the teaching of Oxford and Cambridge. England then groaned under the heel of Toryism; and its people were slaves alike in politics, in religion, and in industrial life. Their mouths were gagged, their progress was impeded and held synonymous with revolution, books and schools were scarce and few, the universities were closed, and the press for them had no existence. But why proceed? The ground is wide and slippery, and must be passed over with fleeting foot. Lord John Russell, whatever may be his shortcomings, his failures and his mistakes, was an honest and consistent reformer. It was doubtless a mistake to proclaim the Act of 1832 a "final" measure,—whence his nickname, "Finality John;"—but he lived to see his error, and in 1852 introduced a Reform Bill which went further in the right direction. The ball is still rolling, and the goal of to-day is the starting-point of to-morrow. It was Earl Russell who saved England

* The words in the original are, "ein kleiner, feiner, klug-aus-sehender Mann," which Mrs. Austin, in her translation, euphemizes into "a small man, with a refined and intelligent, though not an imposing air."

† *The Modern Orlando*, by Dr. Croly, 1848, 8vo, page 168.

from the cruel, bigotted, ruthless policy of the olden world; and when his long career was closed by that awful event to which piety brings no indefinite delay, the unanimous feeling of her grateful people might have been expressed in the words of Cicero, "*Luctuosum hoc suis; acerbum patriæ; grave bonis omnibus.*"

It is, however, rather as a man of letters, that Earl Russell claims attention as a member of our "Gallery;" in which character, if space were at my command, I might consider his pretensions as an essayist, a tragedian, a novelist, an historian, a biographer, an editor, a writer on constitutional history, and a political pamphleteer. Sydney Smith it was who said of him that he was "ready to undertake *any*thing and *every*-thing,—to build St. Paul's,—cut for the stone,—or command the Channel fleet;" and this pretentious ambition seems to have led him into every walk of literature. One of his earliest publications was a slim octavo volume, entitled *Essays and Sketches of Life and Character*, 1820. To these words was added the statement that the various pieces were published from the MS. of "a gentleman who had left his lodgings;" and the volume was prefaced by a narrative, signed "Joseph Skillett," the lodging-house keeper, who is supposed to publish the papers to pay himself the rent which his lodger had forgotten to liquidate. These bibliographical facts may be worth recording, as this preface was afterwards suppressed, and the book supplied with a new title-page, on which the words "second edition," with the date 1821, appeared, with the addition of a dedication to "Thomas Moore, Esq., who advised the publication of the following fragments."

Next to this comes *The Nun of Arrouca*, a tale (Murray, 1822),—a tome which few of my readers have ever even heard of. It was rigidly suppressed by the author; is consequently very rare; and will fetch its two guineas any day.

Of his lordship's dramatic lucubrations, which were pronounced dead and buried sixty years ago, silence may be held on the principle *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* The best known is *Don Carlos*, which is now as completely forgotten as Otway's play under the same title. Yet this latter in its day had met with unbounded applause, while the admirable *Orphan*, and the still nobler *Venice Preserved*, had received but a moderate share of public approbation. This error of contemporary judgment is ridiculed by the Duke of Buckingham in his well-known *Session of the Poets*,—an imitation of a satire of Boileau:—

> "Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,
> Who swears, for heroicks, he writes best of any;
> *Don Carlos* his pockets so amply had filled,
> That his mange was quite cur'd, and his lice were all kill'd,"

—which may serve as a specimen of the refined criticism of the day.*

But to return from my short *excursus*. Of the labours of Lord John Russell in other departments of literature, I cannot now speak. The student may gain something from his *Essay on the British Constitution;* but his *History of Europe since the Peace of Utrecht* will hardly, I fancy, repay the trouble of exhumation. As a biographer, in his *Life and Letters of Thomas Moore* he has provoked an inodorous comparison with Boswell and Lockhart. He was ever distinguished by his love and

* *Works of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham*, ii. 151.

reverence for literature; and will be remembered as the friend of men of letters, and for his generosity to them, when in need of assistance.

As a minister and politician men do, and will, form opinions widely diverse as to his conduct and abilities. But I doubt not that the ultimate verdict of posterity will be that he was, through his long career, when all his solecisms and shortcomings as a diplomatist are taken into account, a consistent Liberal according to his lights,—an honest man,—and a faithful servant, alike of his queen and his countrymen. His life was a life of labour, and I could enumerate, if space allowed, a score of diplomatic offices which he filled with more or less distinction. He was raised to the peerage, under the title of Earl Russell, in 1861, and he died May 28th, 1878, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. He was succeeded in the peerage by a grandson, thirteen years of age, the son of the late Lord Amberley.

XVI.—RIGHT HON. JOHN WILSON CROKER.

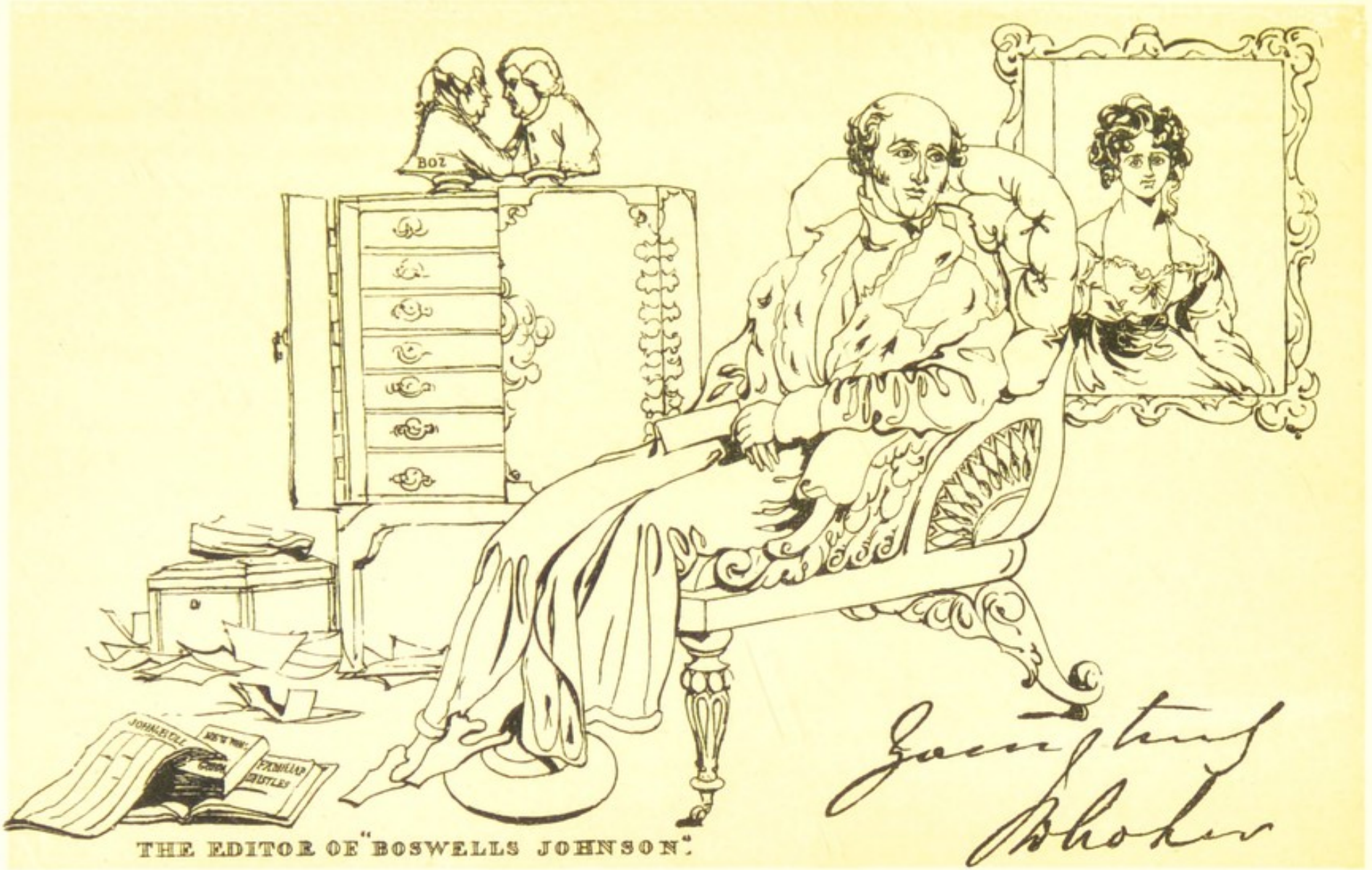
It is Southey who somewhere says that bad poets make malevolent critics, just as weak wine turns to vinegar; and he elsewhere expresses a doubt whether any man ever criticised a good poem maliciously who had not written a bad one himself. So poor Haydon wrote, in consolatory vein, to Mary Russell Mitford smarting under adverse judgment,—"all the critics in the papers are *ci-devant* poets, painters, and tragedy-writers who have failed. A successful tragedy, and by a lady, rouses their mortified pride, and damnation is their only balm. Be assured of this." So, long before Southey and Haydon, in the prologue to his *Conquest of Granada*, wrote Dryden:—

> "They who write ill, and they who ne'er durst write,
> Turn critics out of mere revenge and spite."

There is a seductiveness in antithesis which leads us to inquire closely into the truth of any axiom where this figure of speech has place; but I believe, notwithstanding, that the principle here laid down is perfectly true; and that William Gifford and John Wilson Croker are not in any respect exceptions to its applicability. Both of these men were critics of the most acrimonious and venomous malignity, in whose hands the *ferula* of Aristarchus became a poisoned dagger; and yet both produced substantive works of no mean ability. One, the *Magnus Apollo* of Lord Byron, was author of *The Baviad* and *Mæviad*, those terse and vigorous satires which annihilated the school of "Della Crusca;" and the other, in his *Familiar Epistles to Frederick E. Jones, Esq., on the Present State of the Irish Stage*,* which drove poor Edwin, the comedian, to the bottle which killed him,† gave evidence of that power of invective and sarcasm which was, in the future, to become the tool of private malice and party ferocity. Still these pieces themselves were purely critical in character,

* The copy before me, the presentation one from Croker to Gifford, is the fourth edition, Dublin, 1805, 8vo.

† *Our Actresses*, by Mrs. C. B. Wilson.



THE EDITOR OF "BOSWELLS JOHNSON".

and differing in no essential respect from their author's subsequent prose diatribes in the *Quarterly Review*, or the *Courier*, cannot be held to invalidate the rule so neatly formulated by Dryden and Southey.

Croker, though of English descent, was an Irishman by the accident of birth, and first saw the light in County Galway, in December, 1780. He was educated at the University of Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1800. He sat for many years for Downpatrick in the House of Commons, and, for the first five years of his parliamentary career, represented his University; but he had been among the most strenuous opponents of the Reform Bill, and resolutely withdrew from public affairs upon the dissolution which followed that momentous measure. He was Secretary to the Admiralty, from 1809 to 1830; and, in 1828, became a Privy Councillor. "He was a bigoted Tory," says Edmund Yates, "a violent partisan, and a most malevolent and unscrupulous critic."* In the spring of 1809, Croker, in association with Sir Walter Scott, George Canning, Merritt, and George Ellis, set on foot the *Quarterly Review*, as an equipoise to the *Edinburgh*, which had become obnoxious to the Tory party, and hated for the reckless ferocity of its criticism. It is difficult, if not impossible, at this length of time, to discriminate between the articles of Gifford and those of Croker,—*par nobile fratrum*,—and no doubt many are attributed to the latter which were actually written by the former. But still it was undoubtedly Croker who wrote that virulent review of Lord John Russell's *Life of Moore*, which gave such distress to the poet's widow, who could not be made to believe that it was Croker's, as she had believed him her husband's friend;† it was Croker, who left the munificent hospitality of Drayton Manor, only to cut up his host in a political article; and it was Croker who, in the *London Courier*, penned that bitter notice of his friend Scott's *Letters of Malachi Malagrowther*, which evoked such a delicate and touching rebuke from their author, then succumbing to adversity and disease. It was Croker, again,—at least the dramatist always thought so,—who wrote that trenchant review of Galt's tragedy, *Majolo*, which was a cruel blow to the declining and ruined author. It was he who was the arch-enemy of Lady Morgan, charging her in the *Quarterly* with blasphemy, profligacy, and disloyalty,—not to mention that unkindliest cut of all, his epithet of "female Methuselah,"—for all of which Miladi well avenged herself, when she pilloried him before her readers and admirers, who were only increased in number by the unreasoning abuse, in the character of "Crawley junior," in her *Florence Macarthy*. Finally, it was Croker, of whom a competent judge of his character said that he was "a man who would go a hundred miles through sleet and snow, in a December night, to search a parish register, for the sake of showing that a man was illegitimate, or a woman older than she said she was."

The miserable man whose portrait is before us,—"tasteless and shameless," as Mr. Rossetti has it,—so willing to wound, so fearless to strike, so anxious to inflict pain,—and that without the excuse of the critic in Bulwer's tale,‡ that "he was in distress, and the only thing the magazines would buy of him was abuse,"—met with a retribution

* *Life and Correspondence of Charles Mathews*, p. 251.

† The correspondence on this subject,—in which I must say Croker seemed to have the best of it,—first appeared in the *Times*, but has been reprinted in pamphlet form.

‡ *The Student* ("The World as it is").

which tended doubtless, in some sort, to embitter his latter days. Disraeli, in his *Coningsby*, under the transparent fiction of "Rigby," has held up Croker and his pretensions to the ridicule and contempt of his contemporaries, with a success but very imperfectly impaired by the retaliative review in the *Quarterly;* Macaulay, an old opponent, who had long waited his opportunity, did his best by every artifice that could be employed by an unprincipled and disingenuous political enemy, to destroy by his article in the *Edinburgh* on Croker's admirable edition of *Boswell's Johnson*, any reputation for industry, sagacity and learning which the editor had enjoyed; and finally, he must have keenly felt the injury which his social footing had received by the revelations on the trial of Lord Hertford's valet,—though here there was to console him, his lordship's bequest of £21,000, and his cellar of wine!

The earlier works of Croker are now but little known, but many are worth the trouble of hunting up. In *An Intercepted Letter from Canton* (1805, 8vo), will be found a curious satirical account of Dublin at that date; his *Battle of Talavera* (1809, 8vo), and his *Songs of Trafalgar*, afford evidence, together with his fine verses on the death of his friend, George Canning, of no mean poetical abilities; his *Stories from the History of England for Children* served as model, as Sir Walter Scott states in his preface, for that great novelist's *Tales of a Grandfather;* his annotated edition of *Boswell's Johnson* is, in the best sense, a "book which no gentleman's library can be without"; the notes and literary illustrations collected by him, and incorporated in the edition of Pope now publishing under the editorial care of the Rev. Whitwell Elvin (Murray, 1871, etc.), conduce to render this the most valuable extant; and the little volume, in appropriate sanguine cover, *The History of the Guillotine*, is full of curious information, and worth far more than the shilling it costs.

Croker died at his seat at West Moulsey,—where, about his hospitable "round table," the men of his time most distinguished for wit and learning had been wont to assemble,—August 10, 1857, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

XVII.—TYDUS-POOH-POOH.

"BETWEEN my knees my forehead was,—
My lips, drawn in, said not, Alas!
My hair was over in the grass,
My naked ears heard the day pass." !!!

AS I occasionally quote from the older poets, I rejoice that, looking at this queer drawing, a quatrain comes into my head from the pen of a modern poet, Mr. W. M. Rossetti; and which the admirers of the new "school" no doubt consider rhythmical, polished, and pregnant with intelligent meaning. Let it serve as a specimen.

"To a grateful and discerning public, who can appreciate talent and do justice to worth, we gladly submit the effigy of our MAN OF GENIUS. Yes; this is TYDUS-POOH-POOH, the translator of the poetry of the



Tydus-pooh-pooh—

OUR MAN OF GENIUS.

Sandwich Islands! Behold the bard, who, erst, in his native country, degenerate England, sang unhonoured and unpraised—how praised, how honoured now! Not only is his Hyperion brow with

'Laureate crown adorned,'

and he reigns the undisputed monarch of Owhyheian literature, but he also rejoices in the knowledge that England at length bows to the supremacy of his genius—that his country proudly glories in her son."

Further on in the pages of *Fraser* (vol. xxi. p. 22), it may be read that this queer enigmatical plate is "merely a joke, the point of which is now forgotten." It was probably best so then, and even now the little mystery may not be worth the pains of elucidation. I would, however, just hint, suggestively and interrogatively, that the original of this odd caricature portrait was no other than the celebrated scholar, linguist, and political economist, Dr.,—more recently Sir John,—Bowring, so well known by his translations from the Russian, Servian, Polish, Magyar, Danish, Swedish, Frisian, Dutch, Esthonian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Icelandic poetry. Are we not to regard the strange effigy as a symbol or type of a concealed individuality? I fancy that it is possible to trace in the countenance before us, disfigured as it is, the features of the eminent scholar with whom I would associate it; and comparing it, as I do at this moment, with the engraved portrait by W. Holl, from the painting by B. E. Duppa, I feel the more confirmed in my opinion. Then again, is it not intended that the very name, "Bow-ring," is intended to be evolved, rebus fashion, either from the sort of *bow* which may be discerned in the head-gear, or more feasibly the *bower* in the back, and the *ring* which adorns the nasal organ of the principal figure? Anyway, I refer the curious to *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 334, for a clue which their ingenuity may enable them to follow up with success.

Sir John Bowring was born at Exeter in 1792. He became in early life (1820) the friend and political pupil of Jeremy Bentham, whose principles he advocated in the *Westminster Review*, established in 1823, and carried on by the aid of funds supplied by the latter. Of this the editorial duties were at first discharged conjointly by Mr. Southern and himself; then by himself alone, till, later on, they fell into the hands of Colonel Perronet Thompson, the celebrated author of the *Catechism of the Corn Laws*, and justly considered one of the most able and eloquent advocates of the Utilitarian Philosophy. Dr. Bowring subsequently acted as executor to his master,—wrote his life, with no very great ability or success,—and edited his works, in ill-arranged, ill-printed, incorrect, and incomplete fashion. The following lines from his pen, are little known, and are worthy of preservation :—

"JEREMY BENTHAM.

"I have travell'd the world, and that old man's fame,
Wherever I went, shone brightly;
To his country alone, belongs the shame
To think of his labours lightly.

"The words of wisdom I oft have heard
From that old man's bosom falling;
And ne'er to my soul had wisdom appear'd
So lovely and so enthralling.

"No halo was round that old man's head;
But his locks as the rime frost hoary,
While the wind with their snowy relics play'd,
Seemed fairer than crown of glory.

"In him have I seen, what I joy to see,—
In divinest union blended,
An infant-child's simplicity,
With a sage's state attended.

"He dwells, like a sun, the world above,
Though by folly and envy shrouded,
But soon shall emerge in the light of love,
And pursue his path unclouded.

"That sun shall the mists of night disperse,
Whose fetters so long have bound it;
The centre of its own universe,
And thousands of planets round it."

But deeply versed as Dr. Bowring was in the economics of literature and commerce, it is rather as a polylinguist that he is especially to be remembered. In this regard he was more remarkable than Cardinal Mezzofanti himself, as his acquirements were not merely verbal, but made ancillary to literary purposes. He himself estimated the number of languages which he knew, at *two hundred*, of which he spoke one hundred. *Credat Judæus.* Forty he is said to have known critically, including many from different classes. He retained his marvellous powers to the last; and, dying at his residence, Mount Radford, in the vicinity of his native city, November 23rd, 1872, in the eighty-first year of his age, stood, so far as I know, at the head of the linguists of the world.

Sir John Bowring served his Government ten years in China, as Plenipotentiary and Chief Superintendent of Trade. His salary for the discharge of the duties of this important office was £4000 per annum; and on his retirement in July, 1859, he had a pension of one-third of the amount conferred upon him, which he continued to receive till his death. This may seem a large amount for a short service; but it must be remembered that he had brought special acquirements to his duties, and had rendered important services to the state.

Dying thus, in easy retirement, and close to the place of his birth, the prophecy of *Fraser* was not, in his case, fulfilled:—

"By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourn'd."

XVIII.—WASHINGTON IRVING.

IT is well said by *Fraser*, as he points to the εἴδωλον of Washington Irving,—the first, by the way, to which the pseudonymous signature, "Alfred Croquis," is appended,—that, "in his modest deportment and easy attitude, we see all the grace and dignity of an English gentleman." Here I need hardly say, in explanation, that Washington Irving was an American, having been born in New York, April 3rd, 1783, and that he had made his first appearance in London in 1818, about twelve years



THE AUTHOR OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."

before this sketch appeared. Americans were then but little known in society or literature, and the accounts of their personal and domestic manners which had been given to us by such travellers as Mrs. Trollope and Captain Basil Hall, had not impressed us strongly in their favour. Beyond certain peculiarities of speech, and dress,—a habit of sitting with the feet higher than the head,—the custom of smoking, chewing, and expectorating on the carpet,—and "a thousand other *gaucheries*,"—we knew little enough of our "Transatlantic brethren"; and it was past our conception that "anything in the shape of a gentlemanly biped should come from America." Thus it came to pass that Washington Irving at once took, as it were by assault, a high place among us as an author and as a man. He still continues to retain it; and it would be difficult to name any one, among foreigners at least,—if we are so to rank this genial author,—who is so certain of enjoying in the future a definite and permanent rank among English classical writers. He is an elegant essayist, a refined humorist, a picturesque historian, and a graphic biographer; and by the kindly and altogether genial spirit with which his writings are interfused, has done much, just at the moment when it was most wanted, to unite by a living bond of unity two great nations, which must ever have, to a great extent, a common language and literature.

It was, I have said, in 1818, that Irving, on the failure of certain commercial enterprises, came to London. Here he met with two young artists who had preceded him, Charles Robert Leslie and Gilbert Stuart Newton,* and the trio,—all under an inspiration and promise of future fame which Time has in each case to some extent fulfilled,—became soon united in habits of close friendship and commensality. He had already gained some reputation in his native country by his *Salmagundi*, and *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, which latter work may be said to inaugurate American literature. His fame and name, moreover, were not altogether unknown among ourselves; and *Knickerbocker* had found its way even to remote Abbotsford, where Sir Walter Scott found mighty enjoyment in its quaint humour, reading it aloud to his family and friends, till, as he records, "our sides have been absolutely sore with laughing." His sister Sarah was married to a merchant at Birmingham, Mr. Henry Van Wart; and while a guest at their house, at Newhall Hill, he had amused himself by writing a series of papers to which he had given the name of *The Sketch Book*. On his arrival in London he offered these, together with certain numbers already printed in America, to that "Prince of Printers,"—as he called him,—John Murray, for examination; and it cannot but appear somewhat inexplicable to us, looking at the book now as an established classic, and perhaps the favourite among all his writings,—"typifying in its pages the pure diction and graces of Addison, and a revived portraiture of the times of Sir Roger de Coverley," as *Fraser* has it,—that it was rejected as unsuitable by the great bibliopole, who failed to see in it the elements of success, and who only ultimately took it up, when the failure of Miller, who had it in hand, compelled its author to seek elsewhere for protection once more.

How comes about this state of things? It has been said that booksellers

* It is customary to speak of these eminent artists as Americans, but the appellation is hardly correct. The former, who became a Royal Academician, and died in 1859, was a native of London; the latter, who finished his days in a madhouse in 1835, was born in Canada, and was a British subject at least.

are the only tradesmen who are not expected to know anything of the commodity in which they deal; but one would fancy that some insight at least into the commercial value of the article was requisite. And yet what a host of books could be mentioned, of high genius and popular acceptance, which, either "returned" at their outset, or insufficiently paid for, have left their authors to starve, while they have subsequently proved mines of wealth to the trading community, which at first rejected them! Thus Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, the most successful hit on the modern stage, was "returned"; no one would undertake Fielding's immortal *Tom Jones*, though the author offered the copyright for £20; Blair's *Grave* was rejected by at least two publishers in succession; Symmons estimated the *Paradise Lost* of Milton at no higher sum than £5; Miller would not give Thomson a farthing for *Winter;* Burns visited every publisher in London with his *Justice*, and asked £50 for the MS. in vain; Cave could get no one to join him in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* Buchan would willingly have sold his *Domestic Medicine* for £100, but could not get it, though, after it had passed through twenty-five editions, it was sold in thirty-two shares at £50 each; Cowper had terribly hard work with Johnson to prevail on him to publish the first volume of his poems, but could get nothing for the copyright; Bloomfield offered his *Farmer's Boy* to Phillips for a paltry dozen copies for himself, but the bookseller would have none on't; Beresford would gladly have disposed of his *Miseries of Human Life*, which has since realized £5000, for £20, but there was no bidder; Scott's *Waverley*, which has produced £10,000 at least, was hawked about among unwilling London publishers for £25 or £30; Murray refused Byron's *Don Juan*, though glad enough, when it had achieved success, as in the case of Irving's *Sketch Book*, to become its proprietor; the *Robbers* of Schiller could find no publisher; and the only man in London who had sagacity enough to see the saleability of the *Rejected Addresses* of the brothers Smith was Miller, again, who publishing it on the half-profit system, was glad, later on, to give £1000 for the copyright of it, and *Horace in London.* But why increase the list? There is a veteran author, still happily among us, Mr. Richard Hengist Horne, who, born with the century, remembers the battle of Trafalgar and was present at the funeral of Nelson. Many years ago,—in 1843,—he wrote an epic poem, which he could find no publisher to undertake, on the ground that epics did not sell. He resolved to belie the dictum, and published the poem himself, an octavo volume of 138 pages, *at the price of one farthing*, as indicated on the title-page. The number printed was limited, and only one copy was sold to each applicant. The edition was out of print in a few hours, and it was republished at five shillings. I was glad to give half a guinea for my original farthing copy, and it is now worth twice the amount. But *quorsum hæc?*—as Cicero is fond of asking. Why, this same Mr. Horne is author also of a scarce and curious volume to which I will refer the reader for an inquiry into the nature of the conspiracy which seems to exist for the purpose of debarring works of merit and interest from the reading world.*

I have spoken of Birmingham in connection with *The Sketch Book.* It was at Mr. Van Wart's house, at Edgbaston, that Irving wrote the immortal *Rip Van Winkle.* The *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* was suggested

* *Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public.* London, Effingham Wilson, 1833, 8vo. "What centuries of unjust deeds are here!"

by his brother-in-law. The *Stout Gentleman* was written, too, at Birmingham. Many of his letters to Leslie are dated from that town, and headed "Edgbaston Castle," or "Van Tromp House"; and it was the magnificent mansion of the Holtes at Aston, now the property of the town, which served as an ideal model for his *Bracebridge Hall.* Some interesting reminiscences of Washington Irving in Birmingham were communicated to the *Illustrated Midland News*, of Sept. 25, 1869, by Elihu Burritt, the learned American blacksmith, who long held a Consular position in that town.

When in London, Irving took up his residence for a while in Canonbury House, Islington. To the literary pilgrim from the far West, this "land of the grey old past" is the Mecca and Medina of his youthful aspirations. "None but those who have experienced it," says Irving, in one of his own charming essays, "can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered." * We can thus understand the feelings with which the young American enthusiast of letters made choice, as abode, of the ancient red-brick tower of Canonbury. It derives its name from having been built upon the site of the country residence of the Prior of the Canons of St. Bartholomew, and was, according to tradition, a hunting seat of Queen Elizabeth, where she was wont to take the air when "Merry Islington" was a woodland solitude. The Tower was built by Sir John Spencer of Crosby Place, whose only daughter and heiress eloped hence, concealed in a baker's basket, to become the wife of William, second Lord Compton, created in 1618 Earl of Northampton, a lineal ancestor of the ninth Earl and first Marquis of Northampton, the present owner of Canonbury. Here subsequently lived Ephraim Chambers, whose *Encyclopædia* is the basis and parent of all subsequent Cyclopædias in the English and other European languages; and here, too, he died in 1740, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Here also Newbery, the children's bookseller, lodged; and in his rooms Goldsmith often hid from his creditors, and consecrated the spot to all time by writing there his *Deserted Village*, and the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield.* William Woodfall, too, the publisher of the letters of "Junius," once had lodgings in this historic tower. Here Irving installed himself; exploring the neighbourhood, and eating his solitary dinners at the "Black Bull," which, according to tradition, was a country seat of Sir Walter Raleigh. Here he sat and sipped his modest glass in a quaint old room, wherein imagination whispered many a council had been held. But all this soon came to an end. On the next Sunday the world and his wife came thronging to Canonbury Castle; the road was alive with the tread of feet and the clack of tongues; and the would-be hermit found that his retreat was a show-house, and the tower and its contents thrown open to cockney visitors at sixpence a head!

Maginn would fain have known if this genial writer was affiliated to the great smoke-guild, whose members are scattered all over the world,—in simple words, whether or not he was a smoker. "To judge," says he, "by his gentlemanly appearance he ought to be one. Smoking is, and always has been, a healthful and fashionable English custom; there were

* *Sketch Book* ("The Voyage").

schools and professors established here for the purpose of teaching the mystery of smoking, on the first introduction of the Virginian weed, and the mode of exspifflicating the smoke out of one's mouth is at present, as it were, a *Shibboleth* demonstrative of an English gentleman." This momentous query I cannot determine; but being myself moderately addicted to the occasional "taking of fumes by pipes to dry and comfort," as the sage of Verulam hath it, I should not be sorry to have the question resolved in the affirmative,—I should not be sorry, moreover, to know that, like Tom Campbell, he imbibed the Nicotian solace through what the "Doctor" somewhat irreverently terms the "impure channel" of a halfpenny pipe. This is a primitive and time-honoured method, while the *cigarro* is a modern and coxcombical innovation. I am acquainted with the various forms of "drinking tobacco," as our forefathers termed the process, and speak not unadvisedly. I have smoked Kanaster at Berlin in the capacious porcelain bowl of the German student, and in the mighty *meer-schaum* of the Viennese; I have inhaled *caporal* through a *brûle-gueule* in a Parisian *mansarde;* I am moderately familiar with the ostentatious *nargeeleh* of the Persians, the *hookah* of the Turks, the simpler *cutty-pipe* of the Scotch, the *dudheen* of the Irish, and the *briar-root* of everybody,—*cum multis aliis*,—and solemnly declare, as the result of my experience, that nothing, in point of economy, elegance and convenience, excels the "Broseley straw," or "Churchwarden," of English manufacture:—

"Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,

. . . . . .

Lip of wax, and eye of fire;"

as Isaac Hawkins Browne has it, among his fine imitations. It was while manipulating such an instrument,—for it is marvellous how little it has changed in form since the introduction of tobacco,—that Raleigh or Tarlton (the story is told of both) was inundated with water by his servant, aghast at the unwonted incandescence of his master. It was the right thing in Shakespeare's time for your brave gallant to smoke his "clay" upon the very stage (how odd it is that the great bard makes no mention of Tobacco,—Ben Jonson is full of allusions to it!), and there he sat:—

"————————attended by his page,
That only serves to fill those pipes with smoke
For which he pawned hath his riding cloak." *

Pope allots to

"History her pot, Theology her pipe,"

and truth to say, the parsons have rivalled the poets in their devotion to the herb of Santa Croce,—"divine Tobacco," as Spenser has it. It is fine to think of Robert Hall lighting his Broseley at the pulpit-lamps at the close of his sermon, and of Samuel Parr half hidden by fuliginous clouds, a yard or so behind the bowl of a huge "churchwarden." It is fine, too, to think of Charles Lamb,—as *he* was wont to think of Charles Cotton, in that delectable chamber, "piscatoribus sacrum,"—of Hobbes, and Barrow, and Aldrich, and Newton, and Milton, and the host of glorious intelligences who have delighted in a pipe; and we are thankful

* *Springes to Catch Woodcocks.* By Henry Parrot, 1613.



Yours ever
H. Brougham

THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

for the innocent enjoyment which is intensified by such a multitude of pleasant associations. Let us think, at last, as we reverse the exhausted bowl, and replace it in its nook, of the fine monitory symbolism that resides in the familiar implement, as expressed in an ancient distich:—

"Mens ignis, tubulus corpus mihi, vitaque fumus,
Herba penus, clavus fata, suprema cinis:"

which has been thus quaintly Englished:—

"Of lordly man how humbling is the type,
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco-pipe,
His mind, the fire; his frame, the tube of clay;
His breath, the smoke thus idly puff'd away;
His food, the herb that fills the hollow bowl;
Death is the stopper; ashes end the whole."

Washington Irving never married. He was engaged early in life to a young lady of rare beauty and worth. She died; and the bereaved man thenceforth contented himself with the memory of his vanished love, sought no other bride, and lived for literature, friendship and nature. His latter years,—after long sojourn in the storied countries of the elder world,—were passed at his delightful residence, "Sunnyside," on the banks of the Hudson river, about twenty-five miles from the city of New York. Here he was visited by Frederika Bremer, who has left us a charming description of the man and his home; and here he died suddenly of heart-disease, November 28th, 1860, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

Thackeray, whom the death of Irving inspired with one of the best of his *Roundabout Papers*, styles him the "Goldsmith of our time," associating him with Macaulay as our "Gibbon." There is an obituary notice of him in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. liii. p. 82; there is his *Life and Letters*, by his nephew, the Rev. Pierre E. Irving (H. G. Bohn, 1862–3, 4 vols. 8vo); there is a Transatlantic volume, *Irvingiana, a Memorial of Washington Irving*, New York, 1860, 4to; and there is an article in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, "Washington Irving," from the pen of Mr. Richard Garnett, written with characteristic taste, fulness of knowledge, and delicacy of judgment.

I ought not, even in this imperfect memoir, to omit to state that it was Washington Irving, who, in 1830, was selected with Henry Hallam, to receive one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals of the Royal Society of Literature, instituted by George IV., for eminence in historical composition. He also received the honorary degree of D.C.L., from the University of Oxford.

XIX.—THE LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.

THE ordinary intellect that seeks repose in inactivity stands amazed at the productiveness of those rarer minds which find their needful rest in change of action. It is the fallowness of land compared with the rotation of crops; where it is to a difference of procedure, no less than to the

nature of the soil, that we are to attribute the varying result. The productions of genius differ from those of talent in kind rather than in degree; though nothing is more common than to see referred to the former that which happens to be merely larger in quantity than the ordinary effects of the latter. To Lord Brougham I should ascribe little genius, in the proper acceptation of the word; but vast natural powers highly cultivated, and a mighty talent for continuity and concentration of effort and attention. Some would say that this *is* genius,—adopting the accepted theory of a writer of our own times who would have it that this quality consists, first of all, in a grand capacity for taking trouble; than which no definition could be more erroneous and deceptive. Labour is the midwife of genius; not itself, or its mother. If many of the most laborious works are the least informed by genius, the converse is no less true.

How fine is the description of Brougham by Sydney Smith:—

"Look at the gigantic Brougham, sworn in at twelve o'clock, and before six P.M. he has a bill on the table abolishing the abuses of a court which has been the curse of England for centuries. For twenty-five years did Lord Eldon sit in that court, surrounded with misery and sorrow, which he never held up a finger to alleviate; the widow and the orphan cried to him as vainly as the town-crier, when he offers a small reward for a full purse! The bankrupt of the court became the lunatic of the court. Estates mouldered away, and mansions fell down, but the fees came in and all was well; but in an instant the iron mace of Brougham shivered to atoms the House of Fraud and Delay. And this is the man who will help to govern you, who bottoms his reputation on doing good to you, who knows that to reform abuses is the safest base of fame, and the surest instrument of power, who uses the highest gift of reason and the most splendid efforts of genius to rectify all those abuses which all the genius and talent of this profession have hitherto been employed to justify and protect. Look you to Brougham, and turn you to that side where he waves his long and lean finger, and mark well that face which nature has marked so forcibly, which dissolves pensions, turns jobbers into honest men, scares away the plunderer of the public, and is a terror to him that does evil to the people!"

But on the same subject, Brougham's own words are still finer, in the peroration of his magnificent speech on "The Present State of the Law," February 7th, 1828:—

"It was the boast of Augustus,—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost,—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble,—a praise not unworthy of a great prince, and to which the present reign has its claim also. But how much nobler will be our sovereign's boast when he shall have it to say that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, and left it a living letter; found it the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence."

It was said of Brougham that though he was in the head and front of the movement, he was *behind the Times*,—this in allusion to his supposed editorship, as indicated, truthfully or not, beneath the sketch of Maclise. He was also said to be at the "top and bottom of the law;" for he happened to hold at the same time the highest position in that

profession,—the Lord Chancellorship; and the lowest which a gentleman can hold,—that of Sergeant at Arms to the Court of Exchequer.

When this legal Hercules had spent years in attempting to cleanse the Augean stable of abuse, he was raised to the peerage, and went to the upper House. Thereupon the following quatrain was written :—

"Why is Lord Brougham like a sweeping-man,
That close by the pavement walks?
Because when he's done all the sweep that he can,
He takes up his Broom and Valks!"

What a pile of literature has this man left behind him! Much necessarily written in haste and open to correction. He stood high as a mathematician. A paper on Optics, written before he was out of his teens, was judged by the Royal Society worthy of preservation among its "Transactions;" and he wrote much for the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,"—not the "Confusion of Useless Knowledge," as its enemies irreverently termed it,—of which he was long chairman. It is impossible to point out his share in this praiseworthy work with certainty; but to him are doubtless to be attributed some at least of the errors wittily exposed by the author of a lengthy pamphlet, published at the time, entitled *The Blunders of a Big Wig; or Paul Pry's Peeps into the Sixpenny Sciences*, London, 1827, 8vo.

There is little doubt that to Brougham, and not to Jeffrey, is to be ascribed the celebrated article in the *Edinburgh Review* on Byron's *Hours of Idleness*, which produced, by way of retaliation, the satire *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*,—and possibly much besides :—

"Facit indignatio versus."

These are of the "follies of the wise," and Brougham was full of such —impulsive as a woman, hasty and wayward as a child, made up of inconsistencies and contradictions. Maginn describes him happily :— "On the woolsack, leaping through cases, as Harlequin does through a hoop, without touching them; wonderful in agility, and most dexterous in dispatch; exciting the astonishment of the audience, and winning the tribute of a clap from the upper gallery of the press; in the House of Lords, as droll as Punchinello, and about as dignified; in the *Edinburgh Review* as airy as Jeffrey, and as deep as Mackintosh; in the *Times* as oracular as a Stock-Exchange reporter on the evening before settling day; in the Beefsteak Club as comical as he is in the House of Lords,—great over a bottle, over a case, over a debate, over an article, it is impossible to say in which he is greatest; but truth compels us to lament that he had not originally turned his talents to the stage, for he certainly would have beaten Mathews out of the field in the versatility of the characters he could perform, and driven Yates into despair by the rapidity with which he altered his dresses!"

The following quatrain, in the same vein of humorous satire, is attributed, I know not whether with truth, to Jeremy Bentham :—

"Oh, Brougham, a strange mystery you are,
Nil fuit unquam sibi tam dispar;
So foolish and so wise,—so great, so small,
Everything now,—to-morrow nought at all!"

—reminding us of Pope's antithetical summary of the character of a greater Chancellor even than Brougham :—

"If parts attract thee, think how BACON shined,
The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind!"

—or Tom Moore's indignant distich on Jean Jacques Rousseau :—

"Be all at once that's brightest, worst,
Sublimest, meanest, in creation!"

Look at the caricatures of him in *Punch*,—especially that where we have him as "citizen of all nations," with varying head-dress and upper garments, while the uncouth features and the continuations of shepherd's plaid, are a fixed quantity!

There is a brilliant article on Brougham in Robert Gilfillan's *Gallery of Literary Portraits;* Hazlitt very ably discusses his character as an orator in his *Spirit of the Age*, treating Brougham as the representative of the Scottish School, whose oratory is the result of *mechanism*, as distinguished from the Irish, whose eloquence, according to him, is the offspring of impulse. The parallel is ingeniously drawn, and the conclusion not devoid of truth. He has been termed a Marcellus in attack; he was, at least, no Fabius in defence.

In the witty and clever *New Whig Guide*, which is understood to have been the joint production of John Wilson Croker, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Palmerston, is to be found the inimitable "Trial of Henry Brougham for Mutiny,"—certainly the prose-gem of the collection. The authorship of this has always been allotted to Peel.

To venture an opinion of my own, the *Biographies* of Brougham are among the most valuable of his literary labours. It is impossible to read without pleasure and profit his lives of the Chathams; the liberal, large-hearted estimate of Voltaire; and the notices of the other philosophers, and men of letters of the time of George III.

In olden times the epithet πένταθλος was bestowed on Eratosthenes, from his pre-eminence in various pursuits. Some such surname is applicable to Brougham, who has written on every imaginable subject, from the higher mathematics to lithotomy, and of whom it was ill-naturedly said that if he had only known a little of Chancery law, he would have had a smattering of everything. It may astonish some to be informed that this literary universalist has also adventured into the realms of fiction. But the book-collector, great at least in title pages, had long known the existence of a novel, in the orthodox three-volume form, and octavo size, entitled *Albert Lunel; or the Château of Languedoc*, the customary attribution of which to his lordship's pen had never been questioned. The bibliographic history of this work is somewhat curious. The title-page sets forth that it was published by Charles Knight in 1844; but, as may be learnt from Bohn's edition of Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual*, it was so rigidly suppressed that only five copies, which had been presented to friends, remained in circulation. Its value was estimated at five guineas; and certainly, on the rare occasions when a copy has found its way into the market, it has fetched an extravagant price. After the death of the author, the motives or necessity for suppression would seem to have ceased; and early in 1872, a number of copies were sold off, so that a set was attainable for half-a-dozen shillings. It has been reprinted

in three volumes (?), and also, if I mistake not, in cheaper, one volume form. The number, however, of the original copies evulgated in the way I have mentioned, was, I was informed, very limited; so that, in all probability *Albert Lunel* will soon again be classed among rare books. Moreover, the facts which I have detailed, being either unknown, or conveniently ignored, the statement of "Lowndes" will be quoted in the future as a justification of the character of excessive rarity, continued "suppression," and the extortion of a high price from the bibliomaniac. The readers of *Figaro* (Oct. 5th, 1872) may remember an article in which the style and morality of *Albert Lunel* was commented upon with a severity, which, whether justifiable or not, had the effect of speedily clearing the bookseller's shelves of the copies still on hand; and certain doubts expressed as to the authorship of the book, which were set at rest in a succeeding number, by a letter from Mr. C. H. Clarke, of Paternoster Row, the publisher concerned with the re-issue.

There are some men whose external configuration is not less remarkable and characteristic than their intellectual and moral idiosyncracies. Such a man was Lord Brougham, whose lineaments, familiar to us by portraits innumerable, from the time of his early renown as the fearless champion of Queen Caroline, to the later transcripts from photographs, are thus portrayed in an able parallel between him and Canning (1823), in the *Leisure Hour* for Aug. 1st, 1868, probably from the pen of William Jerdan.

"The features of Brougham were harsh in the extreme, while his forehead shot up to a great elevation; his chin was very long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a flimsy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man."

The ancients termed the Nose *honestamentum faciei*, and Lavater held that it was the foundation, or abutment, of the brain. With the Romans, the word used to designate this remarkable organ was also employed, by metonymy, to express *sagacity;* and a man of shrewd judgment was styled "nacutius," or said to be *homo emunctæ naris*. Some individuals have received nick-names from certain peculiarities of their nasal organs. Thus Ovid, the poet, is known to us as "Naso"; our own Wilson, the landscapist, earned the appellation of "Nosey"; Michael Angelo, Davenant and Thackeray had received injuries which fix their features upon our memory; and Lord Elgin,—on whose face this organ was conspicuous by its absence,—will go down to posterity in the epigram :—

"Noseless himself, he brought home noseless blocks,"—

for the completion of which my reader may turn to his Byron.

An ingenious gentleman, inspired at once by the importance of the subject, and the fame of the learned Slawkenbergius, immortalized by Sterne in the pages of *Tristram Shandy*, has written a treatise entitled *Nasology; or Hints towards a Classification of Noses* (1848, 8vo; reprinted by Bentley, under the title of *Notes on Noses*, 1852). The writer goes on pretty well in illustration of his system, till he is fairly brought to a standstill by the consideration of the olfactory protuberance appertaining to the

subject of this memoir, which he is finally forced to regard as entirely *sui generis*, and requiring a class for itself alone. After speaking of the various orders in which noses may be arranged, and the significance of these as to the character of their possessors, he says :—

"It now only remains to treat of some obstinate noses which will not come within our classification.

"One of these is that curious formation, a compound of Roman, Greek, Cogitative, and Celestial, with the addition of a button at the end, prefixed to the front of my Lord Brougham. We are bound from its situation, to admit that it is a nose, and we must therefore treat of it; but it's a queer one. 'Sure, such a nose was never seen.'

"It is a most eccentric nose; it comes within no possible category; it is like no other man's; it has good points, and bad points, and no points at all. When you think it is going right on for a Roman, it suddenly becomes a Greek; when you have written it down Cogitative, it becomes as sharp as a knife. At first view it seems a Celestial; but Celestial it is not; its celestiality is not heavenward, but right out into illimitable space, pointing—we know not where. It is a regular Proteus; when you have caught it in one shape, it instantly becomes another. Turn it, and twist it, and view it, how, when, or where you will, it is never to be seen twice in the same shape, and all you can say of it is, that it's a queer one. And such exactly is my Lord Brougham; verily my Lord Brougham, and my Lord Brougham's nose, have not their likeness in heaven or earth—and the button at the end is the cause of all!

"Thus Lord Brougham's nose is an exception to our classification; it is not, as has been asserted, an exception to our system. On the contrary, it is manifestly a strong corroboration of it. The only exceptions are those when the *character does not correspond with the nose*, and of those we have yet to hear."

I fancy all this might be summed up in a few lines :—

Your nose of all noses the nose is,
  Tremendous Lord Brougham and V.;
To you all the way down from Moses,
  Such an organ who ever did see?
In character truly Protean,
  'Tis a snorter—a snout,—a proboscis,—
Now African, now European,
  The classificator it poses.

But to be serious. Decade after decade rolled away; allies and opponents alike vanished from the scene; it was hardly that here and there a veteran of the old battle-fields lagged now superfluous on the stage. Still, Time, *edax rerum*, seemed to pass oblivious by the granite form of Henry Brougham :—

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
  Should keep in tune so long!"

He was already an octogenarian when, in a dedication which has been pronounced by no mean authority, a model of propriety and grace, he presented his treatise upon the *Constitution of England* to that Queen under whose reign that constitution has been observed alike in letter and in spirit. In the same year that he thus inscribed a *political* work to the Queen of England, he dedicated a *scientific* work to the University of



R. Montgomery

THE AUTHOR OF "SATAN

Edinburgh, which had selected him for its Chancellor in 1860. This volume is a collection of various treatises upon mathematics and physics, written between 1796 and 1858, upon the most diverse subjects,—general theorems of geometry, the problems of Keppler, the principles of dynamics, the differential calculus, the architecture of the cells of bees, analytical and experimental researches into the nature of light, the attraction of forces, and lastly, the admirable speech which he delivered at Grantham upon the occasion of inaugurating the monument to Sir Isaac Newton.

This illustrious man and extraordinary character was born at Edinburgh, in September, 1778, and died at his seat at Cannes, in the south of France, May 8th, 1868. If he had lived four months longer, he would have entered upon his ninety-first year.

I shall conclude with an eloquent passage from an address delivered by the eminent French historian, M. Mignet, at one of the annual public meetings of the "Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques," a branch of the French Institute :—

"Henry Lord Brougham belongs to the number of the great men of his time and of his country. Endowed with extraordinary genius, possessed of vast knowledge, gifted with brilliant talents, animated by incomparable ardour, he devoted the thoughts of his mind, the enthusiasm of his soul, the resources of his knowledge, the brilliancy of his talents to the service of the noblest causes—to the progress of justice, of law, of intelligence, of humanity. A Reformer without a chimæra, a Conservative without a prejudice, he never separated, either in his writings or in his actions, what was expedient from what was right, and it was his pride to keep in accord the free advancement of man, and the moral order of society. He was also the defender of political liberty, the persuasive advocate of civil equity, the zealous promoter of public education, the eloquent supporter of human emancipation. Illustrious by his works, memorable by his services, Lord Brougham must be counted among those great men who honour the country whose glory they sustain, who maintain what is right, and strengthen what is good, and who, by the brilliancy of their talents, and the generosity of their souls, are held by posterity in everlasting esteem."

XX.—ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

"Bob Gomery there, on tilted chair,
Sits double, Bob and shadow ;
E'en Satan's fire failed to inspire,
His verses all so bad, oh !"

When Miss Betsey Trotwood is informed by the mother of David Copperfield of the title of her husband's "residence," the old lady asked with asperity, "Why 'Rookery'?" In like interrogative spirit my reader may demand, "Why 'Gomery'?" Well, there seems some reason to believe that the gentleman so styled was actually the issue of Gomery, a celebrated clown ; and that, consequently, the aristocratic addition to his patronymic is a self-authorized assumption. The fact is, Montgomery, in his early satire, *The Age Reviewed* (1827, 8vo, p. 145), had attacked A. A. Watts

under the appellation of "Scriblerus," and accused him of assuming the name of "Alaric," in reference, as he was pleased to imagine, "to the similarity of his disposition with that of the Goth." Watts retaliated upon his assailant in the *Literary Souvenir*, for 1832, as—

"———————that thing of trick and flummery,
The maudlin, mawkish, mock Montgomery!"

—asserting in a note that the poet was "the son of Gomery, the well-known clown of Bath," and charging him, in turn, with having appropriated a name to which he had no just claim. However this may be, vulgarity of origin can only, now-a-days, be taken as conferring additional credit upon literary or social eminence; and as for mere name, one has surely a perfect right to alter one's own, to change it for another, or, as probably in this case, to supply a prefix which had been previously elided.

The career of Robert Montgomery is soon told. His first attempt in literature, so far as I know, was the metrical satire to which I have alluded. This is an imitation,—*longo intervallo*,—of Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, and hardly repays reference, except here and there for forgotten literary gossip. Then came another satire of smaller size, *The Puffiad* (1828, 8vo) not now often met with. In the same year appeared *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, written, it is said, in the author's nineteenth year, and which has gone through something like thirty editions. Of this poem I will indulge in no further criticism than to record that it was wickedly said the book itself was a perfect refutation of the theory involved in its title:—

"'God's Omnipresence' I believed,
And yet was wondrously deceived;
For not long since I chanc'd to look
In young Montgomery's maudlin book,
And can with confidence declare
That not a trace of God is *there!*"

But, on the other hand, the poem had its admirers, even among men of talent, who possibly in admiration of its tone of piety, were blind to the bad taste which characterized it throughout. In this way, Sharon Turner manifested his approbation by transmitting to the poor and struggling poet a welcome present of ten guineas, gave him an introduction to his domestic circle, and thus by refining his taste and manners conduced in no slight degree to the prosperity and esteem which he afterwards attained. The poem was praised, too, by other competent judges, such as Professor Wilson, Crabbe, Southey, Bowles and Alison; it received in *Blackwood* (vol. xxiii. p. 751) a notice, on the whole, favourable; and it was eulogized by the minor papers, the *Literary Gazette*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Literary Chronicle*. There can be little doubt that Montgomery was a sincerely pious man, and an earnest minister of religion; and if this was the case, it matters little what the world thought of his poetry. This was doubtless turgid, bombastic, florid, and characterized by every existing variety of bad taste. But still it took. The subjects,—absurdly ambitious,—were awfully momentous, and had an interest for every one. Moreover, loudness and pretence are always pretty sure to attract attention; for, as Bishop Jewel has it, "vessels never give so great a sound as when they are empty." Still, in this case, there is little doubt that the calmer

judgment of the critics had been disturbed by their religious sentiments, for the final verdict is certainly on the other side. Macaulay, perhaps remembering the epithet "pert" (*Age Reviewed*, p. 111), and disgusted with the literary puffery of the author of *The Puffiad*, castigated this offence with a scorpion lash in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1830, where the following passage may serve to give a taste of the critic's quality :—"His works have received more enthusiastic praise, and have deserved more unmixed contempt, than any, which as far as our knowledge extends, have appeared within the last three or four years. His writings bear the same relation to poetry which a Turkey carpet bears to a picture . . . ." The great critic could not in this case have been inspired with the feelings of political antagonism which influenced him in his savage articles on Croker and Sadler; and it was an act of gratuitous cruelty to reproduce in his collected essays a criticism which the editor of his *Life and Letters* admits poisoned, if it did not really destroy, the life of its object. William Jerdan* asks how it is that Montgomery's poems have become "a bye-word for all that is contemptible in poetry, and his name abused, as of the worst in the Dunciad"; and adds that "to the dispassionate and competent judge there is enough to warrant his extensive popularity,—many beauties in style and composition,—and the suasive inculcation of moral and religious sentiment." The fact is, it was the fashion then-a-days to abuse Robert Montgomery, as it is now Martin Farquhar Tupper. It is pleasant to censure, for the man who blames asserts himself to be superior to the object of his reprehension; and the ball of opinion once set rolling, the herd are ready to pursue its direction, with cry of parrot-imitation, or like the silly flock that follow the bell-wether.

Besides the attack of Macaulay, *Blackwood* had a severe article on "Canting Poetry," of which that of Montgomery furnished the text, in the number for August, 1829, p. 239. As for the poem *Oxford*, it was very severely handled by the author of a contemporary satire, *A Poetical Epistle, addressed to Robert Montgomery, etc. An Hyperborean Sacrifice*, (Oxford, 1831, 8vo), who is unable to express his opinion of the author of that unfortunate poem with proper decorum :—

> "For your name of itself sets with laughter a twitching
> The face of each college from chapel to kitchen;
> It has pass'd to a bye-word,—we tell it with pain,—
> For all that is vacant, and vague, and inane." †

Presently, the bard who had sung the praises of the Deity proceeded, —as *Fraser* has it in a condemnatory article (vol. i. p. 95),—to "take hold of Satan by his horns." The poem thus alluded to was published by Maunder in 1830, and gained for the youthful bard the distinctive appellation which differentiates him from James of Sheffield, who somewhere alludes to the "other Montgomery who writes Satanic poetry," and which made Tom Hood speak of him as "Robert the Devil." It is as the author of this particular poem that he figures in our plate, where, if the source of his inspiration is delicately suggester, a closer inspection will show that there is just that little "miss" between pen-point and finger-tip which is as good as a thousand miles. Thus the writer of one of the many imitations of a popular satire makes the author

* *Men I have Known*, p. 443. † Page 9.

and the subject of his poem pass each other without recognition,—at least on the side of the poet :—

"Then meeting the *Brummagem* Milton next,
Full of theological flummery,
They passed, for the bard knew nothing of 'Satan,'
Though Satan knew Mont. . . . y," *

—where the explanation of the epithet is given in a note, "Brummagem, or Bromicham,—synonym of the adjective *base,—of no sterling value.*"

In opposition to these adverse criticisms, a champion stepped forward to do battle for the poet. This was a Mr. Edward Clarkson, who, in 1830, published a book entitled *Robert Montgomery and his Reviewers; with some Remarks on the Present State of English Poetry and the Laws of Criticism*, London, 8vo, pp. 164. This little volume is well and generously written, but hardly hits the mark. Its errors, verbal and critical, are pointed out in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 721 ; and later in the same periodical it is proclaimed, "Regina said, 'Let Bob Montgomery, the rhyming monkey, and Ned Clarkson, his accompanying bear, be utterly annihilated from the face of the earth,' and lo ! annihilated they were immediately, and no one wastes a moment about the existence or small doings of such puny worthless pismires." †

As I write, an epigrammatical quatrain comes to my memory, though without the *unde derivatur* to make it complete :—

"ON A VERY WORDY VERSE BUILDER.

"That Homer sometimes sleeps they say,
His readers think a bore ;
With Bob it goes the other way,
He wakes,—his readers snore !"

A man of Montgomery's vanity would often have his portrait painted. There is one before me by Thomson from a painting by Derby ; there is another by C. Grant ; while Maclise has had in his eye the Byronic portrait by Hobday, the original of which, according to Macaulay, "appears to be doing his very best to look like a man of genius, though with less success than his strenuous exertions deserve." Poet or poetaster, he may think himself well off ; "damned with faint praise," or consigned to the lower depths of Tartarus with unmitigated condemnation, it is much, as I take it, to have obtained a permanent niche in *Fraser's* Pantheon, where he sits serene in imperturbable complacency,

"Æternumque tenet per sæcula nomen."

I think that it was just after the publication of the *Omnipresence of the Deity* that Montgomery entered himself at Oxford, with a view of reading for holy orders. He properly, says his critic in *Fraser*, chose Lincoln as his college,—"of which he may rival its glorious bell,—the mighty Tom,—in the volume, sonorousness and emptiness of its windy music." He graduated B.A., 1833 ; M.A., 1838 ; being placed in the fourth class, *in literis humanioribus*, at the examination at the end of Easter term, 1833. When ordained, he speedily took rank as a popular preacher, and was ever ready to give his services for the benefit of religion or

* *The Real Devil's Walk*, p. 23. † Vol. iv. p. 8.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT."

charity. He became eventually minister of Percy Chapel, St. Pancras; and died at Brighton, December, 1855, in his forty-ninth year.

I ought not to omit to mention that the critical remarks by *Fraser* on Robert Montgomery are among those of which it was admitted, at a later period, that "though not remarkably harsh, they were uncalled for and unjust." In fact, the poetry of this writer still finds readers and admirers, while better is forgotten; and for the justification of such, I do not hesitate to conclude by the expression of my full belief that, in the words of old Fuller,—taken literally,—it "will be admired by judicious posterity, while Fame has a trumpet left her, and any breath to blow therein."

"Farewell to the poet of fustian and flummery,
Whose verses, said 'Fraser,' were metrical mummery;
Imitation Miltonics, and such like mere Brummery,
But I'm sure if you read of his works the mere summary,—
(If his stilted heroics don't render you too merry,—)
'Omnipresence,' and 'Satan,' and 'Woman,'—a rum array,—
You'll think that the critics were writing in some hurry,
When they said that his poems were stupid humdrummery,
Magniloquent twaddle, and trite fee-faw-fummery;
That detraction should merit pursue is custommary,
And the strings of the lyre of Apollo to strum awry,
Debars not from Fraser's 'Illustrious' chummery,
And a niche in the 'Gallery,' sunshiny and summery,—
So sing 'Io, Pæan!' for Robert Montgomery!"

XXI.—JAMES HOGG.

SURELY, if any country in the world, it is "invincible romantic Scotia" who has just cause to be proud of her peasant-poets,—those glorious *αὐτόχθονες*, who, drawing their inspiration from the natural scenes and oral traditions of their own storied land, and with small aid from society or education, pour forth their souls in untutored song, with all the glee and spontaneity of the lark at heaven's gate. Many there are; but of all who have thus strung their names upon time's eternal bead-roll, three stand forth in the foremost rank. These are ROBERT BURNS, JAMES HOGG, and ALLAN CUNNINGHAM,—verily a triad, an equal to which Scotland may safely challenge the whole world to produce.

Of these, BURNS is essentially the poet of human feeling and passion, whose burning thoughts find response in every bosom, and whose utterances kindle sympathetic feeling with all the rapidity of the electrical current. HOGG, on the other hand, has little footing on the nether world;—he is the bard of a weird and imaginative realm,—of the spirits that haunt the lonely glen and the storied stream,—of the fairy, the brownie, and the mournful wraith of the unburied victim. CUNNINGHAM, lastly, is the minstrel of the border foray and feud, the knightly joust, the men and the deeds of other times, which he brings before us with a picturesqueness and reality perhaps excelled by no other lyrist.

What's in a name? Charles Lamb once wrote a farce entitled *Mr. H.*, which is, as Talfourd says, the apotheosis of the alphabet, and teaches

the value of a good patronymic. The little piece was not even ephemeral, for it only had a stage existence of one night. It is charming to read, but had not body enough for continued dramatic life; nor does the name of its hero, which turned out to be "Hogsflesh," seem sufficiently cacophonous to afford a *raison d'être* for the mystery by which it was surrounded. "Hogg" may be thought less objectionable, as abstract in nature, and indicating the "whole animal." However this may be, it is as the "Ettrick Shepherd" that James Hogg, of whom I now have to say a few words, is generally known. This extraordinary being was born in the forest of Ettrick, in Selkirkshire, Jan. 25th, 1772; was bred up as a shepherd and cowherd, and never had more than six months education in his life. He first began to write ballads at twenty-four years of age, in the very year of the death of Burns, who, as Hogg did not learn till the following one, had been a ploughman-poet,—had been born on the same day of the same month as himself,—and whose *Tam O'Shanter*, then heard for the first time, fairly ravished its hearer, whose favourite it ever after remained. This was the crisis of his life; the very pivot on which his destinies were to turn. He thought within himself that he, as a shepherd, had more time on his hands than a ploughman; but then wept at the reflection that he was not able to write. However, he resolved to be a poet, and follow in the steps of his great predecessor. We must now pass over a decade during which our Shepherd had written and sung many a song, published the *Mountain Bard*, and written *Hogg on Sheep*, for which Constable gave him £86, and the Highland Society a premium,—and arrive at the year 1810. Then it was that poor Hogg, brought to insolvency by the farming speculations into which the unwonted possession of capital had seduced him, "in utter desperation took his plaid about his shoulders," and wended his way to "Embro," to push his fortunes as a literary man. At this epoch he says of himself, "I never had been once in any polished society, had read next to nothing, was now in the thirty-eighth year of my age, and knew no more of human life and manners than a child." In 1813, when forty years of age, he published *The Queen's Wake*, and in 1832, when he prefaced the solitary volume that appeared of the projected *Altrive Tales*, with so interesting an autobiography, he could enumerate some three-score of volumes as the production of his pen,—which, as he truly says, "if the quality were at all proportionate to the quantity, are enough for any man's life."

Of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Hogg boasts of being "the beginner and almost sole instigator; and here, in October, 1817, was published the thrice-celebrated 'Chaldee Manuscript,'" of which, at the foot of the portrait before us, he appears as the author. This curious piece, written certainly in part by him, and in part by Wilson and Lockhart, professed to give in Scriptural phraseology, a sort of history of the magazine, in course of which, the seceders, Pringle and Cleghorn, and the supporters of the rival publisher, Constable, together with most of the literary notables of the day, are saterized, or alluded to, under the guise of beasts and birds. The appearance of this witty lampoon caused the greatest excitement; the number of the magazine containing it went off like wildfire. A "second edition" was issued; but lo! the reprehensible *jeu d'esprit* was withdrawn, and its place supplied with inoffensive matter. Hence the rage for "private copies," as they were termed; that is, those containing the libellous article, with MS. marginal explanations. These

have, of course, been carefully hoarded up, or destroyed in many cases, and are now rarely met with. The one of which I am the lucky possessor contains, besides other relevant matter, a MS. key to the characters in the handwriting of the great James Watt, to whom the magazine and the information would doubtless be furnished by some of his old literary associates in the North.

One of the victims who supposed himself injured, proceeded against *Blackwood*, and recovered damages to a considerable amount; numerous pamphlets and broadsides appeared on both sides, all of which are now of the utmost rarity. William Hone cited the article, as a religious parody, in his celebrated and successful defence from the charge of "printing and publishing a certain impious, profane and scandalous libel on that part of our Church-service called the Catechism, with intent to excite impiety and irreligion in the minds of his majesty's liege subjects, to ridicule and scandalize the Christian religion, and to bring into contempt the Catechism," before Mr. Justice Abbott, in Guildhall, Dec. 18th, 1817,—stating that it was "written with a great deal of ability," and that it was based on a certain chapter of Ezekiel.* Space does not allow me to say more on the subject, and I must content myself with referring those among my readers who may desire to see this once celebrated satire to the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. iv., where, with the elision of a few verses, it is reprinted; and to articles in *Notes and Queries*, third series, vol. v. pp. 314, 317; and vol. vii. p. 469.

The most concise certainly, and perhaps not the least correct of the criticisms upon Hogg is that pronounced in the *Noctes* upon one of his novels, *The Three Perils of Man*, which is said to be "like all his things, a mixture of the admirable, the execrable and the tolerable." The critic adds, "Hogg is a true genius in his own style—one of the most wonderful creatures in the world, taking all things together." Perhaps it is to his beautiful poem, *Kilmeny*, that I should point as the best specimen of his peculiar power. This is an episode in the larger poem, *The Queen's Wake*, and purports to be a narrative of the reminiscences of a child who has been spirited away in her sinless purity, into fairy-land, and after a time permitted to return to the habits and duties of mundane life. In this beautiful piece the genius of Hogg is in its proper element. The story is told in a spontaneous strain of the most exquisite imaginative poetry, so vaguely picturesque in its descriptions, so abstract and ideal in its imagery, so resonant with tones which are not of this world, that the fancy is taken captive with its wild, unearthly charm.

Hogg is one of the chief compotators of the *Noctes*. Till he got to Edinburgh, he had led a very temperate life; but he was evidently to the manner born, and took to his grog like a poet. One of his first publishers, Jamie Robertson, he describes happily as "a kind-hearted, confused body, who loved a joke and a dram." The two worthies met each day to consult about the publication, and uniformly proceeded to "a dark house in the Cowgate," where they drank with the printers till Hogg's brain was so dizzy, that on leaving, he could hardly walk. Long before this, however, he records how, when the two Cunninghams, father and son, had sought him out when herding his master's ewes on a Nithsdale hill, the elder produced a "strong bottle," with which they retired into the lonely bothy, and talked, and boozed, far into the afternoon. It was

* *First Trial of William Hone*, page 18.

Lockhart's store of Jamaica rum which enabled the Shepherd, as he confesses, to overcome his rustic timidity; while Sym—the "Timothy Tickler" of *Blackwood's*—and he were wont to fiddle and fuddle the long night through, to prove which of the twain had the softest heart and the strongest head.

These are poor Hogg's own ingenuous confessions, and are, moreover, in strict accordance with a certain fixed principle and theory of life held by him. This was sorely disturbed when, visiting Keswick, and having sent an invitation to Greta Hall, asking Southey to come to his inn, and "drink one half-mutchkin with him;" the poet indeed came and stayed an hour and a half, but showed no disposition to imbibe. "I was," says Hogg, "a grieved as well as an astonished man when I found that he refused all participation in my beverage of rum-punch. For a poet to refuse his glass was to me a phenomenon; and I confess I doubted in my own mind, and doubt to this day, if perfect sobriety and transcendant poetical genius can exist together. In Scotland I am sure they cannot. With regard to the English, I shall leave them to settle that among themselves, as they have little that is worth drinking."

Well, this is a position I am not prepared to dispute. Plutarch tells us that the Muses themselves were given to fuddling; and Horace says that their breath of a morning indicated addiction to stronger waters than those of Helicon. The latter bard, indeed, goes so far as to assert that no teetotaller can possibly write pleasing or lasting verse:—

"Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus,————" *

thus paraphrased by a witty modern:—

"If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a bard to the skies." †

In like vein John Phillips says:—

"———— the Muses still require
Humid regalement, nor will aught avail
Imploring Phœbus with unmoistened lips." ‡

Even Milton is on this side of the question, and in his *Epistle to Carlo Deodati*, asks:—

"Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poësin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat."

It is true that on the other side we have Wordsworth somewhere declaring himself

"A simple water-drinking bard,"—

and Huetius, the learned bishop of Avranches, forsaking the vine so dear to his countrymen, imputes special poetic gifts to the not inebriating cup which our own Cowper has immortalized:—

"—— Theæ quisquis crebro se proluit haustu,
Tradidit huic artes dexter Apollo suas,
Et caput implicuit lauro, curruque levatum
Sacra coronatis ad juga vexit equis." §

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* *Epist.* xix. † *Horace in London.* ‡ *Cider*, ii. 397.
§ P. D. Huetii, *Poëmata*, 1700, 12mo, p. 22.

—with which, perhaps, insufficient counterpoise, I must leave the vexed question for the consideration of my readers.

Maginn had a high opinion of the Ettrick Shepherd. Of him, he said, "In his simplicity consisted his excellence. Had he attempted anything great he would have made himself ridiculous. He was every inch a man; full of fun and feeling, without the heaviness of Scott."

It is pleasing to know that this artless, genuine child of Nature saw no reason to be discontented, in retrospect, with the part it had been allotted him to play on this world's stage. "One may think," said he, on writing his *Memoir*, in 1832, "that I must have worn out a life of misery and wretchedness; but the case has been quite the reverse. I never knew either man or woman who has been so uniformly happy as I have been; which has been partly owing to a good constitution, and partly from the conviction that a heavenly gift, conferring the powers of immortal song, was inherent in my soul. Indeed, so uniformly smooth and happy has my married life been, that, on a retrospect, I cannot distinguish one part from another, save by some remarkably good days of fishing, shooting and curling on the ice." The autobiographical sketch,—a piece of inimitable artlessness and egotism,—from which I have transcribed the foregoing passage, was prefixed by Hogg to "vol. i."—it was the only one published—of a projected selection of "the author's most approved writings," which was to be completed in twelve volumes, appearing on alternate months, and "printed uniformly with the Waverley Novels." The title was *Altrive Tales; collected among the Peasantry of Scotland and from Foreign Adventurers.* By the Ettrick Shepherd. With Illustrations by George Cruikshank (London, James Cochrane and Co., Pall Mall, 1832, 8vo). Some of the Tales had appeared before, and some were to be original; and the assemblage was made, "not as an ostentatious display," as the Shepherd declares in his prospectus, "but as an Inheritance to his Children, and a Legacy to his Country." The design, I presume, did not appear to promise success; it was never carried out, as I have stated, and three years later, at his farm at Altrive, on Nov. 21, 1835,—

> "Death upon the braes of Yarrow,
> Closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes,"—

and James Hogg departed from the life in which he had found so much innocent enjoyment. His "Poetical Works," with his life by Professor Wilson, were published by Blackie, in 1850–2, 5 vols. 12mo, and there is an account of him in *Chambers's Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, No. 123. There is an earlier gathering of his smaller poetical pieces, a charming little volume for the pocket, now scarce enough, entitled, *Songs by the Ettrick Shepherd. Now first collected.* (Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London, 1831, small 8vo.) Each ballad is introduced to the reader by a short prose note, written in a tone of the most delicious and artless vanity. One, "The Minstrel Boy," he says, "was written as a *per contra* to Mr. Moore's song to the same air; but either he, or his publishers, or both, set up their birses, and caused it, and a great many more to be cancelled,—the most ridiculous of all things in my opinion, I ever knew. It was manifestly because they saw mine were the best." Of another, "The Maid of the Sea," he says, that he was forced by Moore to cancel it also, "for nothing that I know of, but because it

ran counter to his." He adds, "I have neither forgot nor forgiven it; and I have a great mind to force him to cancel *Lalla Rookh*, for stealing it wholly from *The Queen's Wake*, which is so apparent in the plan, that every London judge will give it in my favour. . . . He had better have left my trivial songs alone." The ballad, "Donald M'Gillavry," was originally published in the *Jacobite Relics* (vol. i.), and Hogg chuckles mightily to think that by omitting to state that it was an original composition of his own, the *Edinburgh Review* was "entrapped into a high but unintentional compliment to the author," and that the sagacious critic selected, as the best specimen of the true old Jacobite song, "a trifle of his (Hogg's) own, which he put in to fill up a page!"

XXII.—THE BARON VON GOETHE.

FOR the exquisite prose sketch which accompanied this portrait on its first appearance at the court of "Regina," was called into requisition the pen of an Englishman of letters who, at that time, and even now, may be said to have done more than any other scholar to bring his countrymen acquainted with the riches of German literature. I need hardly say that I allude to THOMAS CARLYLE, among whose *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* this smaller gem is included. Nothing would have given me greater satisfaction than to quote so beautiful and characteristic a piece of writing in its entirety; but as it is so readily accessible, I content myself with pointing out its character, and the place where it is to be found. The portrait which it so happily illustrates, and which is here before us, was not taken *ad vivum*, but copied from one by Stieler of Munich. "It proved," says a note to my edition,—an American one,—of Carlyle, "a total failure and involuntary caricature,—resembling, as was said at the time, a wretched old-clothes man, carrying behind his back a hat which he seemed to have stolen." This passage I only transcribe to express some dissent from the opinion expressed in it, the portrait,—this copy of which is set down to Thackeray, with much probability, in the *Autographic Mirror*, 1864,—appearing to me, in many respects, a worthy and suggestive resemblance of the great patriarch of German literature, and indicating to some extent that decision of character and potency of will, by means of which, as we are told, he was once able to ward off an infectious fever by which he was menaced.

It is as the author of *Faust** that Goethe here appears before us, and it is probably with this divine production that his name is still, and ever will be, more intimately associated, than with any other of his works, transcendantly great as many of them are. I was yet young in German when I commenced the study of this immortal work, and knew little of it besides

* This poem, which is styled by Bunsen "Die Tragödie der Seele," was commenced as far back as 1774, when some of the episodes were sketched out. The whole was remodelled in 1790 by the author, when the first separate edition, entitled *Faust ein Fragment*, was given to the world. But the complete poem, such as we now possess it, was not published till 1806.



THE AUTHOR OF "FAUST."

the contents of my *Lesebuch*, and the "Studenten Lieder," carolled nightly in a Parisian *mansarde* by a joyous group from the Fatherland,—myself the only "Engländer"—dispersed for ever this many a long day, like that "gallant company" whose fate awoke the regrets of him who sung, in Byron's line, how Corinth of the double sea was lost and won. Strong was the dissuasion from friendly voices, who told of the manifold difficulties of a work the interpretation of which had baffled the strongest minds of Germany; still, nothing daunted, I adventured, and soon found, to my own surprise, that, aided by my *Wörterbuch* and Mr. Hayward's admirable prose translation, I was making easy and satisfactory progress in my delightful task. The obstacles arising from grammatical construction I found to be neither numerous nor important; while the obscurities of meaning,—of which, doubtless, there are many and great,—hardly affected the continuity of progress, or diminished the pleasure which the mere poetry afforded. I therefore have said thus much in venturing to recommend a like experiment to those other students of High Dutch to whom the fancied difficulties of *Faust* have hitherto made it a sealed book.

Many a deep impression have the waves of time washed away since those early days, but I yet recall, in all their vivid glow, the feeling which the first reading of this sublime poem awakened in my soul. It was as a wind to awaken each slumbering emotion of the mind; a lightning flash to kindle every current of sympathy; a mirror reflecting to the spirit's gaze its own unfamiliar characters and lineaments. It possesses an infinite variety which is never staled by custom, and each new perusal will bring you under the dominion of words that ring in the brain and take possession of the thoughts as no other poem or work but this,—and Shakespeare,—alone can ever do. I read it wandering through Rhineland,—in native Frankfort,—in friendly Weimar,—and in beautiful Berlin, "light of the world;" *—and longer study and wider apprehension have only increased the opinion I then formed of the beauty of its poetry, the profundity of its meaning, and the almost universality of its significance.

What manner of book, then, is this? What is its meaning and object? Primarily, *Faust* may be considered simply as a dramatic poem, having for its object, like the *Doctor Faustus* of our own "Marlowe of the mighty line," the exhibition and illustration of the old tradition of a scholar, who, made mad by hard study and much learning, has, or believes that he has, intercourse with the Evil One, in the guise of Mephistopheles.† This is the superficial, and, as far as it goes, a correct view. But then, if we would gain a clue to its further interpretation, and a better hope of fairly plucking the heart out of its mystery, we must not forget that we have the author's own testimony as to the almost entirely *subjective* character of the work, and the passionate and perplexed condition of his mind at the time of its composition;‡ and thus endeavour to regard it as an autopathography, shadowing forth the spiritual life of its author, and the pains and sorrows through whose purging fires his soul passed to its eventide grandeur and serenity.

But this is not all. *Faust* is a work of supreme genius, and consequently possesses in a superlative degree, quite apart from its mere

* "Lumen Orbi,"—anagram of *Berolinum*.

† See a paper on "The Devil and Dr. Faustus," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, December, 1866.

‡ Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe*, vol. ii. p. 342.

objective and exoteric form, that invariable and critical characteristic of all works of genius, by virtue of which they become interfused with, and reciprocated by, the various idiosyncrasies, mental and moral, to which they gain access, in such manner that, imparting and deriving, informing and informed, generating and acquiring new life, their assimilation with the receptive soul and intellect becomes so complete, that the mutual agencies and relations of these with them are thenceforth and evermore indissoluble and indiscriminable.

Hence it is that the esoteric interpretations of *Faust* are almost as numerous as its readers; each one giving that of which his own mind is the unconscious factor. In this way, one student has held that the poet merely intended to convey a body of practical lessons on the wisdom of life; another, that his object was a delineation of the eternal struggle between the component elements, corporeal and psychical, of the human dualism; a third, that the poem is to be regarded as an εἰρήνευσις, a striving to reconcile the great contradictions of the world, and establish peace between the real and the ideal; a fourth, that the leading idea,—as in the Apuleian fable of *Cupid and Psyche*,—is the redemption of the soul, polluted by sensual passion, through the purifying influence of a childlike and innocent love; a fifth,—and this, if my memory does not lead me astray, was the opinion of our own Coleridge, who thought, in this view, that the book was a failure,*—that the dramatic action was intended to evolve the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of learning, caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled, like that which in Cornelius Agrippa produced his ever memorable diatribe on the Vanity of the Arts and Sciences;† while others, lastly, have regarded the piece as nothing more nor less than a daring attempt to afford a pantheistic solution of the great enigma of the universe.

Now there is an entire absence of evidence, external as well as internal, as to the truth and value of either, or any, of these fanciful hypotheses. The student is therefore free to adopt which he pleases, to evolve a new one for himself if he thinks fit, or simply luxuriate sensuously in the objective beauties of language and rhythm. But in any case, the theory formed must be regarded and pursued as a radiating path from a common central standpoint,—the exhibition and illustration of the nursery story, suggested emphatically to the mind of the poet by the similarity of his own feelings, with regard to the acquisition of knowledge and the conviction of its vanity and ineptitude, to those of the hero of the old familiar tradition.

Faust is, I repeat, a work of supreme genius; worthy to take its place, as it undoubtedly will through the ages, in succession to the four or five sublime cardinal productions of the human intellect,—to the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, to what time has left us of the divine trilogy of Æschylus, to the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, and to the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare. But if it is thus grand in conception, it is no less perfect in mechanical execution. In this aspect it is perfect. It has none of the affected ruggedness and the studied obscurity, which seems now-a-days necessary to tickle a palate cloyed with the vapid graces and luscious

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. iii. p. 21.

† *De Incertitudine et Vanitate Omnium Scientiarum et Artium*, Francofurti, 1714.

sweets of the old school. I do not believe that there is a halting rhythm, a faulty line, or an imperfect rhyme in the entire poem, which thus stands forth in antipodal majesty and beauty, contrasted with those monstrous superfœtations of conceit upon inanity,—if not mere impostures,—which, native in origin or imported from America, have in these latter years brought burning disgrace upon the sacred name of poetry.*

To revert for a brief moment to *Faust*. I do not know that a *Goethiana* has yet been published, though Goethe, like Shakespeare and Voltaire, has created a literature of his own, and needs a bibliographer. The *Meisterstück* itself has, either in part or whole, been translated a score of times into English—by Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, Hayward (prose), Talbot, Anster, Blackie, Syme, Sir George Lefevre, Captain Knox, Filmore, Archer Gurney,† Bernays (prose), Anna Swanwick (for *Bohn's Library*), John Hills, Theodore Martin, Bayard Taylor, Galvan, and others, in part by Shelley and Carlyle, and anonymously (1834),—and there is already a whole library of *Vorlesungen* and "Essays." A paper, on "The English Translations of Goethe's *Faust*," will be found in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for September, 1872; but the English reader may be well content with the *prose* translation of Mr. A. Hayward, of which many editions have already appeared,‡ with its admirable introduction and elucidatory notes; the "Remarks" upon this by D. Boileau (1834, 8vo); Dr. Koller's *Faust Papers* (1835, small 8vo); and the metrical version of Anna Swanwick, published by H. G. Bohn, which is at once faithful and mellifluous. In the original German, the editions are of course innumerable; from the *duodecimo* at half a thaler, to the magnificent folio (Stuttgardt, 1854) with the twenty-four beautiful illustrations of Engelbert Siebertz, which will take the heart out of a ten-pound note.

To the "second part" of *Faust*, I cannot now do more than briefly allude; and can neither here attempt to offer a solution, or a demonstration of its relative continuity in respect to the earlier poem. According to Eckermann, who was a kind of "Boswell" to the great man, Goethe affirmed that in it was displayed a far richer world than in the former part; that it was less subjective in character: and that the atmosphere was higher, broader, clearer and more passionless. For a paper on it, reference may be made to *Fraser's Magazine*, October, 1863. It has been

* Take, for instance, the notable "Walt Whitman" hoax. An eminent literator, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, laid a cunning plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American "poet" who had never written a word of poetry in his life; and who, in all he had written, was bombastic, coarse, conceited, and irreverent, or generally meaningless. He reprinted him in England, wrote an eulogistic preface, and engaged some really clever fellows,—Professor Dowden, A. C. Swinburne, Robert Buchanan, etc.—to aid the scheme by unstinted and indiscriminate laudation. The bait took. Men who had never read Washington Irving or Whittier echoed the cuckoo-cry, and "Walt Whitman" was the noblest Transatlantic "tone" yet heard! Professor Bayne, in an able article in the *Contemporary Review* (December, 1875), pretty well shook the bran out of the puppet "poet;" but the impetus he got at starting still carries him on, and like a spent ball, he may yet roll on languidly for a time. The book is worth having, too, as a literary curiosity.

† The manifold faults and errors of Mr. Gurney's version are pointed out in the *Westminster Review*, vol. xxxviii. p. 532.

‡ The eighth edition lies before me, published in 1864, 12mo; but I question whether the translator has made any alterations or additions of any importance since the second (Moxon, 1834), a handsome volume in octavo. Mr. Hayward's translation is reviewed in *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1833, p. 532.

translated into *prose* by Dr. Bernays; into verse by Archer Gurney (1842), and later (1871) by the late Mr. Bayard Taylor.

It is a natural enough transition from *Faust* to *Reynard the Fox*. Of this charming apologue of the Middle Ages, which Grimm would claim to be of German or Flemish origin, but which is clearly traceable to that fertile source of fictitious story, the fables of Bidpai, an English version was among the earliest productions of the press of Caxton,—re-edited by Mr. Thoms for the Percy Society in 1844. Retaining its hold upon the public through the intervening centuries, it has continued to appear in every variety of form, in prose and in verse, down to the version by Mr. Holloway in 1852. But it is in the *Reineke Fuchs* of Goethe that the still verdant allegory has been wrought to a pitch of consummate perfection, as an exhibition of the triumph of cunning and hypocrisy, and a trenchant satire upon the world and its ways. This, too, may be had of any size, and at any price; but the lover of luxurious editions will look out for an original copy of the *pracht-Ausgabe*, in quarto form, with the exquisite illustrations, either on steel or wood, according to price, from the designs of Wilhelm von Kaulbach. If, on the other hand, he is innocent of German, he may console himself with the spirited and Hudibrastic rendering of Goethe's version by Thomas James Arnold (1855, 8vo, pp. 320), with the clever illustrations of Joseph Wolf; or the later issue of the same (royal 8vo, 1861), with the seventy wood-cut designs of Von Kaulbach, from the larger work; or, finally, the version by E. W. Holloway, 1852, quarto, with the thirty-seven engravings on steel from the designs of H. Leutemann.

Such is the fullness and manysidedness of the genius of Goethe, and so full of energy and activity his long literary career, that the briefest notice of his various productions would demand a far greater space than I have here at my disposal. It is to him that the Germans are, in a great measure, indebted for the present condition of their noble language, and their appreciation of its qualities and capabilities. When the *Sorrows of Werther*, in 1774, announced the dawn of a genius which was destined for immortality, the dispute between the adherents of Gottsched and Bodmer was yet unsettled, and it was still an open question whether the nascent literature was to receive its early influence from the traditions and examples of the French or English writers. It was Goethe unquestionably, who, by his earlier works, helped, in the face of reproach and ridicule, to decide the wavering national taste. It was mainly by his example that the language was freed from formal restraint; that heterogeneous accretions were excluded; and its powers of expression developed by the formation of notional compounds, in accordance with the rules of verbal analogy. Hence it is that the German language, by an ever-changing co-ordination of its own primal elements, is, after the Greek, perhaps the richest and most flexible of the various modes of human speech; and that the Germans possess the advantage, enjoyed to a large extent by ourselves, of being able to study, in almost archetypal perfection, the masterpieces of other literatures. The French, on the other hand, have scarcely a good translation in their language, while their "creaking lyre," once the envy of the Germans, is ill adapted, at least for the higher forms of poetical expression. The German, indeed, it essentially the language of *poetry;* while, were I called upon to assign to the other idioms of Europe the department for which each was best

fitted, I should indicate the English for *oratory*, the French for *conversation*, the Italian for *song*, and the Spanish for *love*—that is, the expression of the tender passion.

More than one generation has passed away since that which first wept over the sufferings of the youthful *Werther* (1774), or imitated his eccentricities. It is a work of true genius, instinct with profound pathos and energic passion. We have two or three translations; but all are more or less inadequate, and this may account for the comparative oblivion into which it has fallen.

There is one little point in *Wilhelm Meister* (1795) which may be worthy of mention, as it exhibits Goethe, who, it will be remembered, was educated for the bar, as an original and accurate observer of medical symptoms. He states that his father was attacked by right hemiplegia, and describes, in a clear and simple manner, how this was accompanied by *aphasia*, or loss of the proper use of speech. Now this is interesting, inasmuch as we have no description of the phenomenon by a *medical* author before 1836, in Trousseau's *Clinical Medicine* (Sydenham Society), and Reynolds's *System of Medicine*, 2nd ed. vol. ii. p. 454. I need not say that *Wilhelm Meister*, with its exquisite creation of Mignon, is known to us by the powerful version of Carlyle.

In the drama of *Egmont* occurs the character of "Clara," than which exists no more lovely example of the constancy and devotion of woman. The *Iphigenia auf Tauris* is a classical production, refreshing to the vexed spirit as a Greek statue. It has been pronounced almost worthy of Sophocles himself; but fine as it undoubtedly is, it must be held inferior, alike in theme and treatment, to the *Samson Agonistes* of Milton, —the most successful attempt of a modern, according to Goethe himself, to catch life from the breath of the antique spirit. Those who are curious to see how it reads in Greek may turn to the masterly version of Theodore Koch, or those parts of it which have been translated by Professor Hermann of Leipsic.

An evergreen favourite is *Hermann and Dorothea* (1797), an idyllic epos of truly Homeric character, written after the ancient models in hexameters, full of pastoral beauty and axiomatic wisdom. Then there is the *Wahlverwandschaften* (1809), a romance of great beauty and power, but, perhaps to some minds, dangerous in theory; *Cellini* (1803), in its Italianized German;* *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, a biopathography of intense interest; ballads, songs and minor poems, exhibiting elegance, facility and consummate finish; and lastly, his correspondence with Lavater, Schiller, Von Bernsdorff, Zeller, Schultz, and Bettina von Arnim, *geborene* Brentano,—embodying a vast amount of literature and criticism.

In English, we have Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics of Goethe;* the various essays of Thomas Carlyle; Eckermann's *Conversations;* and the masterly and exhaustive life by the late G. H. Lewes. Reference may also be made with profit to the *Critical Essays and Literary Notes* of the late Bayard Taylor (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1880, 8vo). Here especially are two chapters on Weimar, in which are graphic sketches of the still surviving members of the circle of which Goethe was once the centre. The admirable *Lectures on Goethe* of Hermann Grimm had not appeared when these essays were originally printed; but the essential estimate of Goethe's moral character by the two men will not be found to

* Translated into English by the late John Oxenford. (H. G. Bohn, 1848, 8vo.)

differ greatly. Any way, we have much yet to learn from the unpublished diaries and other important documents still in the possession of the great man's grandsons, and which they have yet refused to impart to the public. Bayard Taylor has no great opinion of the *Life* by Lewes, which he considered not a biography, but an elaborate apology; written by a man, clever no doubt, but informed by no real sympathy with the spirit of the master's life.

The external lineaments of the great author are well preserved for us by the excellent portrait in the ordinary German editions of *Faust;* the engravings from the portrait by George Dawe, R.A.; the monument in Frankfort by Schwanthaler; the jove-like bust of Rauch; and the marble effigy in the library of his native city, where we see him in sitting posture, by Marchesi.

To this illustrious man a long and prosperous career was allotted. Born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, August 28, 1749, he reigned for more than half a century at Weimar, the acknowledged primate of the intellectual life of Germany. Of him, Lord Byron, in the dedication of *Werner*, professed himself "one of his humblest admirers;" and in that of *Sardanapalus*, addressed him as "the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country, and illustrated that of Europe." He belonged to the ministry,—was the friend and counsellor of his own sovereign,—and received honourable distinctions from other monarchs. But the "paths of glory," and those of obscurity, converge alike to one common centre; and after an existence of nearly a century, which had been entirely devoted to science, literature, and art, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe rendered up his spirit at Weimar, on the 22nd of March, 1832, in the eighty-third year of his age, with the memorable words upon his lips,—to which some would apply a secondary meaning,—"Dass mehr Licht hereinkomme."

"Rest thou soft in heavenly slumbers,
Near thy friend and prince reclined;
For thy life was nobly spent,
In culturing thine age's mind.
Till space and time have passed away,
Thy name shall live in mortal breast;
Then rest thee on thy tranquil couch
By earth adored: in Heaven thrice blessed.

A last word upon the first. *Fraser*, in the heading of this portrait, fell into the same error which Byron had previously done, in his letter to "Baron Goethe." (Prefatory matter to *Marino Faliero.*) The fact is, Goethe was ennobled, having the "Von" prefixed to his name; but he never received the title of "Baron." To speak of him with this prefix to his name is no less absurd than to say "Lord Gladstone."

XXIII.—ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

WHETHER I regard his long and honourable life, exclusively devoted to the best interests of literature,—the pure and elevating pleasure which his writings have bestowed,—the influence which they have had in diffusing



AUTHOR OF "LIFE & CHARACTER OF CHARLES I."

that taste for historical and literary investigation which is a marked characteristic of the age,—the impartiality of his judicial decisions,—the catholicity of his sentiments,—the philosophic tone of his criticism,—or the industry and conscientiousness of his research,—I commence a few notes upon the literary career of ISAAC D'ISRAELI, with feelings of profound respect and gratitude.

He was born at Enfield, May, 1766, and was the only child of Benjamin D'Israeli, a Venetian merchant, long settled in this country, and descended from a line of merchants, whose home for generations had been the once proud Queen of the Adriatic. His early education was received in this country, whence he proceeded to Holland, acquiring at Amsterdam and Leyden several modern tongues; and then to France (1786), where he became imbued with that taste for the French language and literature which never afterwards left him

It must have been shortly after his return that he wrote those two curious letters to Dr. Vicesimus Knox, dated severally April 10th and 20th, 1786, which were printed for the first time in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, July, 1848 (vol. xxx. p. 29), and which exhibit his early ambition to distinguish himself in a literary career. In 1789 he wrote *A Poetical Epistle on the Abuse of Satire*, and in 1790, *A Defence of Poetry*,* which he afterwards suppressed, burning the entire edition, except a few copies which had been sold. In 1791–3 appeared the *Curiosities of Literature*, a work which was the first to make revelation of the fact that we possessed in our own literature materials for historical and literary investigation hardly inferior to the celebrated *Mémoires pour Servir* of the French. Next appeared the *Dissertation on Anecdotes* (1793), *Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character* (1795), —a favourite with Lord Byron and Bulwer; *Miscellanies; or, Literary Recreations* (1796). All of these are standard works, and have been often reprinted. Besides these, D'Israeli was author of many books which are not so well known; he was a literary projector, full of industry and energy, and much of his earlier career as an author is buried in obscurity. I believe he had a hand in the compilation of two bulky tomes, entitled *Varieties of Literature, from Foreign Literary Journals and Original MSS., now first published* (London, Debrett, 1795, 2 vols. 8vo). W. Tooke was also engaged in this, and assistance was lent by Pratt, Mavor, and other literary friends, whose respective parts it is impossible now to ascertain. Buy the book when you can get it; it is full of curious matter. Just after this appeared *Vaurien; or, Sketches of the Times:* a philosophical novel (1797, 2 vols. 8vo), the title of which was, perhaps, prophetic; and *Romances* (1798, 8vo, 2nd ed. 1801), the principal tale in which—"Mejnoun and Leila, the Arabian Petrarch and Laura,"—is worth mentioning, as it is said to be the first Eastern story written by a European, in which the proprieties of custom and manner have received careful attention,† though in this respect it is still inferior to that marvellous Oriental romance, *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, written by the gifted son of the author. The *notes*, moreover, to this tale exhibit considerable diversity of reading. Next we have a volume of *Narrative*

* I give the title of this scarce book for the benefit of those whom it may concern:—*A Defence of Poetry, addressed to Henry James Pye, Esq.; to which is added a Specimen of a new Version of Telemachus.* By I. D'Israeli, 1790, 4to.

† W. C. Taylor, LL.D., in *Bentley's Miscellany*, vol. xxiii. p. 219.

Poems (1803, 4to); and a novel, entitled *Despotism; or, the Fall of the Jesuits* (1811, 2 vols. 8vo). I have also before me the curious Rabelaisian piece, commonly attributed to D'Israeli, entitled *Flim-Flams; or, the Life and Errors of my Uncle and his Friends. With Illustrations and Obscurities by Messieurs Tag, Rag and Bobtail. A literary romance* (London, Murray, 3 vols. 12mo, 1806). This very curious medley is profusely illustrated by clever satirical etchings, by Richard Dagley, author of *Death's Doings* (2 vols, 8vo, 1827), and to the "curious reader" is well worth the trouble and cost of acquisition.

The work may be described as an account of a supposed Uncle by a supposed Nephew. It does not profess to give a life of this worthy, but an account of his character and pursuits. The class of individuals to whom the author states that he belonged, has, not unhappily, the appellation of "Philos," or lovers of anything, bestowed upon them. This uncle, described as having a face like a snipe, and a very small receptacle for brains in his skull, is conducted in the narrative through almost every walk of Literature and Philosophy; attaching himself rather to that which is new, than to that which is useful. The tone of satire is not ill-natured, and even the allusions to particular persons are hardly of a nature to give offence. There is a large amount of learning in the notes, where the authority will be found for all the absurdities ridiculed.

The unfortunate J. Selby Watson—the awful termination of whose social career was brought before us some years ago—would throw some doubt upon the authorship of this book, which he characterizes as "a production filled with pointless attempts at satirical description and dialogue, and abortive efforts at wit, and written altogether in a style and manner utterly at variance with D'Israeli's acknowledged works." * These remarks, however, are especially in allusion to the passage in which Professor Porson is ridiculed (vol. iii. p. 262), which Mr. Watson would ascribe to Edward Dubois.†

D'Israeli had doubtless met with the rare work of J. Pierius Valerianus, *De Literatorum Infelicitate* (Venetiis, 1620),‡ or the curious lines by Thomas Heywood, *De dura et misera sorte Poetarum.*§ These may have not improbably suggested to him his treatises on the *Quarrels* and *Calamities* of Authors—titles which hardly convey a just idea of the wide range of literary history which they embrace. To the collected edition of these is now appended the *Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James the First, including a Sketch of his Age.*

I have spoken of D'Israeli's early education at Amsterdam and Leyden. There can be little doubt, even if we had not the internal evidence of his later works in support of the belief, that, inspired by the Jewish influence of these cities, no less than by his own tastes and family traditions, he became deeply initiated in Hebrew and Rabbinical literature. Upon a mind like his the works of Maimonides, Moses Ben Mizraim, Aben Ezra, Manasseh Ben Israel, and Moses Mendelssohn, would have a deep and abiding influence; and taking the last great writer as a model—the Jews say "from Moses to Moses there is none like Moses,"—he was wise enough to escape the snares of Rabbinism and

* *Life of Porson*, by J. Selby Watson, p. 383.
† Author of *The Wreath* (1799); *My Pocket-Book* (1807); died Jan. 10th, 1850.
‡ Reprinted by Sir Egerton Brydges (Genevæ, 1821, 8vo).
§ *Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels*, 1635, folio, p. 245.

Talmudism; to have small regard for the authoritative commentaries with which the authors of the Mishna and Gemara have overlaid and perverted the Mosaic legislation; and, standing aloof as a cool and speculative philosopher, to shun association with political and religious parties. It is to the pervading spirit and habit of thought thus acquired that we are indebted for his *Genius of Judaism* (London, Moxon, 8vo, 1833), a work at once philosophic in tone, able in treatment, and learned in illustration. It is now a scarce book, and has fallen into an oblivion so complete that ordinary readers are not even aware of its existence.

It was an article by D'Israeli on *Spence's Anecdotes*, in the *Quarterly Review*, in which he attempted a vindication of the moral and poetical character of Pope, which produced the famous controversy as to the merits of that poet, which was carried on in some score of pamphlets by Bowles, Lord Byron, Gilchrist, M'Dermot, Thomas Campbell, and others.

At a later period of his literary career, D'Israeli's character for accuracy of research was somewhat rudely assailed by the publication of Mr. Bolton Corney's *Curiosities of Literature Illustrated*, of which I have before me the second edition, "revised and acuminated," 1838, 8vo. A review of this will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ix. p. 61. D'Israeli replied in a pamphlet entitled *The Illustrator Illustrated* (1838), which is also noticed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ix. p. 369.

About 1839 this useful and interesting writer was stricken with blindness. As in the case of our own Milton, the American Prescott, and the French historian Thierry, this awful calamity did not altogether interrupt his valuable labours. By the aid of his daughter, who, to use his own touching expressions of paternal gratitude, "so often lent the light of her eyes, the intelligence of her voice, and the careful work of her hand," the stricken author—"in the midst of his library, distant from it," surrounded by "unfinished labours, frustrated designs,"—was enabled to revise and correct his *Miscellanies of Literature*, for Moxon's collective edition of 1840; to produce that interesting series of papers which form a kind of sequel to the *Curiosities* and the *Miscellanies*, and bear the title of *Amenities;* and to revise his great work on the *Life and Reign of Charles the First*, which, on its first appearance, had procured for its author the honorary title of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, conferred as a mark of respect by the authorities of that ancient seat of learning, in the words of its public orator,—"*optimi regis optimo defensori.*"

Isaac D'Israeli was fortunate in his own career in having steered clear of the two misfortunes which formed the subject of his best known works. Although one of the *genus irritabile*, he managed to escape—except, indeed, in his squabble with Bolton Corney,—participation in the "Quarrels of Authors"; and although a literary man by profession, he was not an instance,—unless, again, we think of his blindness,—of the "Calamities" of the tribe. As a Jew by origin, he may be cited, himself, as a "Curiosity of Literature"; for "among all the writers of the present day there was none who had so thoroughly imbibed the English feeling of affectionate regard for our history, even in its most minute branches, whether literary or political; or was so deeply impressed with a reverent love for all the great institutions of our country. No Tory Doctor of Oxford was a warmer champion of the good old cause; not Anthony

Wood himself, a more unwearied searcher into the history of our literature." Thus the course of Isaac D'Israeli was fitly described by *Fraser* as "prosperous and quiet, from agreeable youth to respectable old age." He attained to patriarchal years; dying at the age of 81, at his seat, Bradenham House, Bucks, Jan. 19th, 1848. He had lost his wife, to whom he had been united more than forty years, in the spring of the previous year; and he left behind him four children,—a daughter, alluded to above,—and three sons, of whom the eldest, the late Lord Beaconsfield, the celebrated novelist and statesman, is known as an author wherever the English language has penetrated, and as a diplomatist wherever English politics are a matter of importance or interest.

There is a portrait of Isaac D'Israeli by Drummond, in the *Monthly Mirror*, for January, 1797; another by Denning in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and prefixed to Moxon's edition of the *Curiosities;* and a sketch by Count D'Orsay, in 1848, a woodcut from which illustrates the notice of the original in the *Illustrated London News*, Jan. 29th, 1848. Madden, in his *Life of Lady Blessington* (iii. 78), speaks of this as "one of the best likenesses"; but he falls into the natural error, in which he is followed by the writer of the obituary notice of D'Israeli, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. xxx. p. 99), of attributing the sketch before us from *Fraser*, by "Alfred Croquis," the signature of *Maclise*, to "Alfred Crowquill," the recognized *pseudonym* of the well-known comic draughtsman, Alfred Henry Forrester, who died in May, 1872, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

XXIV.—THE ANTIQUARIES.

THIS cartoon requires a "key," and I borrow one, for the nonce, from the original exhibitor of the "Gallery."

"Behold," says he, "a selection of no unfair specimens of the component parts of 'The Antiquaries,' from its noble president, 'Athenian Aberdeen,' to the 'Atlas of the Society,' as the facetious Sir Harris Nicholas, the ex-fellow, justly styled that energetic pourer-out of coffee, its broad-shouldered, and square-built clerk, Mr. Martin! Vice-presidents, secretaries and members, are here also displayed, not 'tricked out,' as the heralds say, with their holiday faces, but as they actually look and talk, and congregate into groups, at three-quarters past eight of the clock upon the evenings of Thursday in each week respectively, between the months of November and May inclusive. Here stand and sit the A.S.S.es, great and small, long and short; in witness whereof behold the lengthy Jerdan, peering through his glass at every person and thing around him; while the five-feet nothingness of Crofty Croker has taken up a position under Jerdan's elbow, sipping his coffee in the blessed unconsciousness of the fairyhood of his situation. Behind this size-ace of our species we think we recognize Mr. John Bowyer Nichols, to whom Mr. Secretary Ellis is explaining some passage which his want of articulation, and breathless and sputtering haste to close the reading punctually at the half-hour, has rendered doubtful to Mr. Nichols—in order that it may be satisfactorily reported by Sylvanus Urban. Next to Ellis we have no difficulty in identifying his coadjutor, the ingenious Nicholas



A FEW OF THE P.S.A's.

Carlisle, who simpers with becoming complacency at the agreeable manner in which the evening has gone off. Why the Society has two secretaries, is a question that has been asked in these reforming times. The necessity is obvious—because one can't read, and the other can't write.

"In the elderly young gentleman seated at the coffee end of the table we acknowledge the Deputy Keeper of His Majesty's State Papers, Mr. Lemon to wit, full of wonder and delight at everything. Beyond him is the Byronic Mr. William Henry Rosser, who has the courage to display his *pomum Adami* to the keenness of the east wind and the unerring pencil of our Croquis. Of whom the group may be composed which has assembled beneath the vacated chair of the president, we pause not to inquire; but, shaping our course from thence down the table, we behold the ghost-like resemblance of the ex-Medico-Botanico Star-bearer of the ex-Emperor Don Pedro—the illustrious Johnny Frost! Mr. Kempe, we think we may conclude from the action of his hand, is turning a deaf ear to ex-Director Frost, and giving all his attention to the remarks of Mr. Rosser. Beneath the classic Kempe we behold the wood-cutter Brooke, poring over some old print or other—one of antiquated costume, perhaps, of which, in a week or two hence, we shall see a translation by him, with all the embellishments of a rich and poetic fancy, yet strictly preserving its antiquarian character.

"A full-length of old Caley is before us—there is no mistaking him; the build of his head, and his hands in the true antiquarian attitude, behind his back, leave no doubt upon the subject; and he is talking to our friend D'Israeli, of whom having spoken in our last number, we need say nothing more here than to correct an error of the press by which this curiosity of literature was called Israel instead of Isaac. The bald, square-faced, round-headed gentleman, whom Mr. Martin is so actively engaged in assisting to coffee, it strikes us, must be intended for the late President of the Royal Society, Mr. Davies Gilbert. If our conjecture be correct, we think our friend Croquis has not been so happy in the portrait as usual. But who can question the group exhibiting the President, supported by his Vices, right and left, Whig and Tory—the historian of the Middle Ages, the 'learned Hallam, much renowned for Greek'—and the shrewd-looking Hamilton?"

An antiquary, says "Hudibras" Butler,* is "an old frippery philosopher, that has so strange a natural affection to worm-eaten speculations, that it is apparent he has a worm in his skull, and says that, with Scaliger, he would sell the empire of Germany for an old song." In similar vein of satire, another quaint old writer of "characters" describes such a person as "a man strangely thrifty of times past, and an enemy indeed to his maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and stinking. . . . He never looks at himself till he is grey-haired, and then he is pleased with his own antiquity. His grave does not fright him, for he has been used to sepulchres, and he likes death the better because it gathers him to his fathers."† Puckle admits an Antiquary into his "Club," and depicts him as "an idolater of ages past, and who seems to esteem everything, as Dutchmen do cheese, the better for being mouldy." Poor "Shakespeare" Ireland, who, when a lad in his teens, had so finely bamboozled the black-letter buzzards and coney-catching com-

* *Remains of Samuel Butler*, vol. ii. p. 62.

† *Microcosmography; or, a Piece of the World Discovered.* Ed. 1811, pp. 22-24.

mentators of his day, does not forget our friends when manning his *Modern Ship of Fools*:—

"——Dolts, by whom a trifle's cherish'd,
Which 'neath Time's withering hand hath perish'd;
Whose sapient brain from modern works no pleasure knows;
Dotes on crack'd *urn Etruscan—bust* without a nose." *

Well, the "Antiquaries" can bear this innocent fun-poking, or I should not have revived it. Not but that there are among them yet, and always will be, fit subjects for the satirist—feeble, credulous, shallow-brained men, who,—

"Vetera extollentes, recentium incuriosi,"—

ride their stumbling hobby to the very death, miss the end in devotion to the means, and expend their minds amid *les infiniments petits*, whether of bibliography, verbal criticism, book-collecting, or any other pursuit connected with "antiquarianism."

But these are the weaker brethren, from whom we may turn, when our laugh is over, to pay our respects to the "antiquaries" proper—men really deserving of the name—unobtrusive and earnest scholars, to whom we are indebted for all that we know of the past; for correct texts, elucidatory comments, recovered manuscripts, instructive collections, and the preservation of the evanescent memorials, the "trivial fond records" of bygone days, from which, better than formal chronicles or splendid monuments, we gain the form and pressure of the elder time.

What a funny question that is of Wordsworth's,—

"Is it a party in a parlour?
Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd:
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damn'd!" †

Charles Lamb was amazingly tickled by it, and it will be sought for in vain in the later editions of *Peter Bell*. These facts must justify its introduction here; for, now I have written it, I cannot, for the life of me, see the applicability of any part of it; except, indeed, the latter half of the third line, and then for "tea" we must read "coffee."

The *present* is naturally all in all to the "young man," and it is generally when Time has thinned the flowing locks, and written strange defeatures in the face, that we become addicted to the study of the *past*. Hence it is that the individuals of our group are already elderly,—"by'r lady, inclining to threescore,"—and that it comes to pass that not one now remains to be reminded of other days by this happy reproduction of a *symposium* of five brief decades ago.

The first to obey the dread summons was "old" JOHN CALEY. This gentleman died August 28th, 1834, aged 71. He held the office of Keeper of the Records in the Augmentation Office and Chapter House, West-

* *Stultifera Navis: the Modern Ship of Fools*, 1807, p. 125.

† An erudite critic in the *Examiner*, for January 3rd, 1874, took upon himself to assert that these lines were not by Wordsworth. He will find them, all the same, in the original edition of *Peter Bell*, 1819, 8vo. If their relevancy in this place may not appear such as to justify their retention, I must fall back, for my excuse, upon the opinion of the late Mortimer Collins, who, writing of Wordsworth, asks—"Why, O why, did his friends advise him to expunge that immortal stanza, superior to almost anything in Dante?"

minster. He was author of many communications to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and, in conjunction with the late Sir Henry Ellis and Dr. Bandinel, edited the new edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*. He was also Secretary to the National Record Commission, from 1801 till its dissolution in 1831, and was joint editor of fourteen works published by the Commission, a list of which willl be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1834, page 374.

The next death demanding record is that of ROBERT LEMON, which took place in his fifty-seventh year, July 29th, 1835. This gentleman was Deputy Keeper of his Majesty's State Papers, formerly in Scotland Yard, and more recently in St. George's Street, and a long gallery over the Treasury-passage. This Augean stable was thoroughly cleansed by the indefatigable labours of this officer in 1823; one result being the discovery of the MS. of the lost work of Milton, *De Doctrinâ Christianâ*, which was presented to George IV., and entrusted to Dr. Charles Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, for publication. A house was built for the reception of the State Papers in St. James's Park, with private accommodation for the keeper, and here it was that Mr. Lemon died. The name of this gentleman is mentioned, with a well-deserved compliment, by Sir Walter Scott, in a postscript, appended in 1829, to the "cabinet" edition of *Rob Roy*, in alluding to some documents relating to that extraordinary person.

The third to depart was JOHN FROST—perhaps the youngest of the party—who died at Berlin, March 17th, 1840, at the early age of 37. He was born in 1803, and is now best known as the founder of the Medico-Botanical Society of London. He was early admitted to a fellowship in the Society of Antiquaries, and became a candidate for a like honour in the Royal Society. Here he was blackballed, and thereupon perpetrated the inconceivable folly of challenging the secretary to fight a duel! But he was a man full of foibles, inordinately vain and conceited, and pertinacious, even to impudence, in the attainment of an object. He was Secretary to the Royal Humane Society; but resigned this respectable and lucrative post without due consideration, and was unable, when he regretted the step too late, to regain his position. Becoming involved in certain responsibilities, which he had unwisely taken upon himself, he was forced to leave London. He first went to Paris, where he resided under the name of James Fitzjames; and next proceeded to Berlin, where he was said to be practising the medical profession with some success, when death overtook him. He married Mdlle. Harriette Yosy, daughter of the well-known authoress of *Switzerland and its Costumes*. The best account of him is given by the Rev. John Barham, the author of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, in a letter published in his *Life and Letters*, edited by his son. This letter is reproduced in J. F. Clarke's *Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession* (1874, 8vo, p. 267), where also will be found ample details of the founder of the Medico-Botanical Society.

A few months later was summoned DAVIES GILBERT, a gentleman of high scientific and literary attainments, who died December 24th, 1840, in the seventy-third year of his age. He belonged to a family of high respectability long settled in Cornwall; his paternal name was Giddy, but this he exchanged, by Royal permission, for that which he subsequently bore, on his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Thomas Gilbert, Esq., of Eastbourne, Sussex. It is worthy of note that Mr. Giddy was one of the first to recognize the latent talents of Humphry Davy, and did much

to promote their development, introducing him to his friend, the celebrated Dr. Beddoes, who became afterwards notorious for his democratic proclivities. Later, when Davy had become a great chemist and had earned a title, he became President of the Royal Society. His old friend and patron, Mr. Gilbert, was then treasurer, and when the philosopher was forced by ill-health to leave England for a time, filled the vacated chair. He was subsequently elected to the honours of the Presidency, but, three years later, upon its being understood that H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex was ambitious of occupying the position of scientific primate in England, he resigned the post (1831), continuing, however, to act as Vice. He had graduated M.A. at Oxford, and received from that University, in 1832, the degree of D.C.L., the highest compliment which that body has it in its power to bestow. He was author, *inter alia*, of *A Collection of Ancient Christmas Carols, with the Tunes to which they were formerly sung in the West of England* (1823, 8vo), and some valuable works on the Cornish topography and language, of which latter philology has to lament that the memorials preserved are so sparse and imperfect.

He was followed, after a short interval, by A. J. KEMPE, who died August 21st, 1846, in his sixty-second year. Early in life this gentleman was author of a poem *The Battle of Trafalgar* (4to, 1806). He was editor of the *Losely Manuscripts* (8vo, 1836), and he contributed the letterpress to his brother-in-law's (Mr. C. A. Stothard) beautiful work, *The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain.* He was an unfailing contributor to the *Archæologia* and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in which he published a series of papers, entitled "Londiniana," and an article (in 1830), "Tavistock and its Abbey," partly written by the Rev. E. A. Bray, vicar of Tavistock, and incorporated by Mrs. Bray, in her work on *The Borders of the Tamar and Tavy*, in letters addressed to Southey, the Poet Laureate. Mr. Kempe was also interested in Archery, and contributed some interesting papers to the *Gentleman's Magazine* on the subject ; a few copies of these were reprinted, for private circulation only, in 1832, with the contributions of Sir Samuel Rush, and a bibliography of archery, by Mr. John Gough Nichols.

(The lady mentioned above was formerly Miss Anne Eliza Kempe, and was the only sister of the antiquary. Her former husband was Charles Alfred Stothard, F.S.A., the second son of the historical painter, and himself a draughtsman of consummate ability. He died from an accident, being killed on the spot by a fall from a ladder, when making a drawing from some ancient stained glass in the church of Beer-Ferrers, Devon. His widow afterwards married the Rev. E. A. Bray, vicar of Tavistock, and is well known as Mrs. Bray, by her novels, *Trelawny*, *Tales of the Heart*, etc. ; and by her *Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A.* (Murray, 4to, 1851),—a work of deep interest, exquisite beauty, and most refined taste, although open to the charge of exaggeration of eulogy. She has also written a life of her former husband, Charles A. Stothard, F.S.A. The life of this lady was protracted till Jan. 1883, when she died in the ninety-third year of her age, leaving to the British Museum the beautiful collection of drawings made by Charles Stothard, for his *Monumental Effigies.*

The next on the fatal list is NICHOLAS CARLISLE, F.R.S. He was half-brother of the celebrated surgeon, Sir Anthony Carlisle, and is known by his *Concise Description of the Endowed Grammar Schools of England and Wales* (1818, 2 vols. 8vo) ; his *Collections for the History of the Ancient Families of Carlisle* (1822), and *Bland* (1826), in 4to ; his *Hints on*

Rural Residences (1825, small 4to), a cento of extracts from Price, Repton, Papworth, and others; his *Memoirs of the Life and Works of William Wyon, Esq., A.R.A., Chief Engineer of the Royal Mint*, with postscript and supplement as to the relative merits of Wyon and Pistrucci (1837, 8vo); his *Concise Account of Foreign Orders of Knighthood*, etc. (1839, royal 8vo); and other works. He died August 27th, 1849.

Then follows W. H. ROSSER, who died May 27th, 1848, aged 56. He became a Fellow in 1823, and was a constant attendant upon the meetings, the reports of which he had the credit of contributing to the *Literary Gazette*. In 1835 he exhibited the body of an Egyptian ibis, or ardea, the mummy of which he had unrolled. (See *Archæologia*, xxvi. 483.) He afterwards amplified his paper, and published it, with engravings, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1836, p. 145. Among other peculiarities of costume or appearance, it may be noted that Mr. Rosser refused to muffle his neck in the fashionable "stock" or cravat, and disdained to adopt the Wellingtonian investment for his nether limbs, adhering to the manly Hessian boot as long as he lived.

With short interval, departed FRANCIS MARTIN, Clarenceux King of Arms, who died June 3rd, 1848. He entered the College of Heralds as Bluemantle Pursuivant, June 17th, 1797; was made Windsor Herald, April 24th, 1819; Norroy King of Arms, February 5th, 1839; and Clarenceux, April 28th, 1846. He had also filled the office of Treasurer of the College of Arms since 1840.

Just two months later,—alas!—

> 'How soon has brother follow'd brother,
> From sunshine to the sunless land,"—

died, at the early age of 49, in the vicinity of Boulogne, Sir NICHOLAS HARRIS NICOLAS, a Knight of the Hanoverian Guelphic Order, and Chancellor and Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Few names on the roll of antiquarian literature, especially that branch of it which is devoted to Genealogy, deserve so high a place as that of this gentleman, who may claim a place after Camden, Dugdale, and Selden. I can only just allude to his *Notitia Historica* (1824), on which was modelled the very useful *Chronology of History* (1833), published in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia;* the *Synopsis of the Peerage* (1825); his edition of *Davidson's Poetical Rhapsody* (1826), and of the curious *Flagellum Parliamentarium*, attributed to Andrew Marvell (1827, 12mo); the *Memoirs and Letters of Joseph Ritson* (1833, 2 vols. 8vo); the *Literary Remains of Lady Jane Grey* (1826); and a long shelf-ful of other works of equal value and interest. In 1826 he became, in conjunction with Henry Southern, editor of the *Retrospective Review*, of which a new series was then commenced.

The next to depart of our group was HENRY HALLAM, *ὁ πάνυ*, the celebrated historian of *The Middle Ages*, and *The Literature of Europe*, etc., works which are too well known to need comment here. He died in January, 1859, in the eighty-second year of his age. It was to his son, Arthur Henry Hallam, a young man of remarkable promise, who died in 1833, that his friend Tennyson inscribed that remarkable series of poems, which are published under the title of *In Memoriam*. All this is known; but how the historian became "renowned for Greek" may be forgotten, and will bear telling again. It appears that Richard Payne Knight had

inserted some Greek verses in his *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste* (1805, 8vo). Hallam was credited, in error, with having reviewed this in the *Edinburgh*, and consequently with being the author of certain severe remarks on one of the verses, "which he did not discover were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity." *

On July 11th, of this year also, at his residence, Bolton Row, Mayfair, died W. R. HAMILTON, F.R.S., aged 82.

On January 12th, 1860, died at Chichester, in the eighty-eighth year of his age, W. H. BROOKE, an artist of great merit, belonging to a class which is probably now extinct. He studied under Samuel Drummond, A.R.A., who, in his etching from his own painting of "The Death of Nelson," has introduced a portrait of his pupil as one of the sailors. He was a friend of Singleton and Stothard, whom, in grace of composition and outline, he much resembled. He was "the faithful and cherished friend" of C. A. Stothard, and was held in the highest esteem by the more illustrious father, who considered that, as an artist, he possessed great genius, and regretted that he could not devote himself more entirely to the study of the higher branch of the art for which Nature had designed him.† It was Mr. Brooke to whom we are indebted for the charming vignettes in Major's first illustrated edition of *The Complete Angler* of Izaak Walton (1823, 8vo); for those for the first authorized edition of Moore's *Irish Melodies*, the *Fairy Legends, of the South of Ireland*, and the *Fairy Mythology*, of Keightley. In 1815 he was engaged on the *Satirist*, for which he produced some clever etchings; many of his drawings on wood, about this time, were engraved by Thomson, Branston, and other eminent xylographers. He illustrated the earlier editions of Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry; The Siamese Twins*, of Bulwer; and contributed several etchings to the *Collectanea* of his friend, Mr. Roach Smith, and the elegant *Book of Archery* of G. A. Hansard, 8vo, 1841.

On December 14th, 1860, at the age of 76, was gathered to his fathers the fourth EARL OF ABERDEEN, long the President of the "Society of Antiquaries." He is "the travelled Thane," the "sullen Aberdeen," of Byron, whose anger, as a poetic pilgrim, was awakened by what he considered the desecration of classic sites, by the removal of their monuments to a northern and uncongenial clime. This nobleman was a contributor, when very young, to the *Edinburgh Review;* wrote *An Inquiry into the Principles of Beauty in Grecian Architecture* (1822), which, I think, is appended, as an introduction, to Wilkins's translation of Vitruvius. As a Minister, the Earl of Aberdeen was not popular. His foreign policy was censured, as supposed, perhaps wrongly, to indicate a preference for absolute rather than constitutional government. His manner, moreover, was somewhat cold and austere; and he was supposed not to sympathize with the public mind in the war with Russia in the Crimea. Hence the clever lines, which appeared at this period, and of which I cite the first and last stanzas :—

"'There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,'
When blood runs quick in all besides;
The dilettante Scot serene,
Shows his blank face, whate'er betides.

* Note to *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.* See also *Hypocrisy: a Satire.* By the Rev. C. C. Colton. Tiverton, 1812, 8vo, p. 22.

† See *Life of Thomas Stothard, R.A.*, by Mrs. Bray, p. 205, *note.*

When Russian treason's dragg'd to bar,
Despite each diplomatic screen,—
When England brands the lying Czar,—
'There's cauld kail in Aberdeen.'

"Still 'cauld kail in Aberdeen,'
At lies and truth—at loss and gain;
But what are we, thus meek and mean,
To brook command of such a brain?
Up! England, up! and with a shout
To startle e'en that stoic spleen,—
In honest Saxon, thunder out,—
Down with 'cauld kail' and Aberdeen!"

We next have to record the death of the literary veteran, JOHN BOWYER NICHOLS, the middle term in a series of printers, who, by their high characters and learned labours, have conferred additional lustre on the typographic art. He was born July 15th, 1779, and died October 19th, 1863, in the 85th year of his age. He succeeded to a share in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which he held in common with the descendants of EDWARD CAVE, and DAVID HENRY; in 1833, he became sole proprietor, and in the year following, transferred a share to the late William Pickering, when the editorial management was placed in the hands of the Rev. John Mitford. This share he repurchased, and in 1856, conveyed the whole property to Mr. J. H. Parker, of Oxford. This celebrated serial, which has been called "The Old Parr of Magazines," was commenced in 1731, and continued to flourish for upwards of one hundred years, under the conduct of three editors only, each of whom had been a journeyman printer. "Peter Pindar"—Dr. Walcot—wrote of it:—

"John's Magazine all Magazines excels;
And what's still better too for John,—it *sells*,"

—a distich, of which if the former line continued to express a fact, the latter ceased, unfortunately, for some years, to be truthful. We must infer that this veteran favourite for a time lost its hold on the fickle public,—a circumstance for which I would fain find some other cause than the decline, as a class, of the "Gentlemen" who had upheld it. Sundry changes took place in its form during its later years of existence; and the magazine which bears the old name is a different thing altogether from the original *Gentleman's*, and, in the eyes of those old fogies,—as I suppose they would be termed,—who loved and reverenced its progenitor, what the reprint of Burton's *Anatomy* was to Charles Lamb, "a heartless sight." Mr. Nichols was a frequent contributor to its pages, under the signature of "N. R. S.," the final letters of his name; he republished that curious book, *The Life and Errors of John Dunton*, in 2 vols. 8vo; he continued and completed the very important work of his father, *The Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, a sequel to the equally well-known *Literary Anecdotes*, from which Macaulay said that he had derived more pleasure and information than from any other books with which he was acquainted; he was also, like his father, a commentator upon Hogarth, having published, in 1833, a volume very useful to the collector, entitled *Anecdotes of William Hogarth, written by himself*, etc.,—a work which, it is well to observe, has no relation whatever to that under a similar title,*

* *Biographical Anecdotes of William Hogarth, with a Catalogue of his Works chronologically arranged, and Occasional Remarks*, 1785, 8vo.

by his father John Nichols, of which the *third* edition, "enlarged and corrected," appeared in 1785, and is one of the most interesting books of art-anecdote with which I am acquainted. The library of Mr. Nichols was sold by Sothebys, on May 24th, and six following days, 1865, and realized £6175 2*s.* 1*d.* Edward Lord Thurlow,—a "true poet," according to Leigh Hunt, though Lord Byron *did* style some of his verses "d——d nonsense,"—indited an eulogistic sonnet to "the Amiable and Learned Historian and Antiquary, John Nicholls (*sic*), Esq., F.S.A."; and there is a caricature etching of him by Thomas Rowlandson, in 1790, which represents him seated at a rustic table, the *Gentleman's Magazine* at his feet, and his literary productions scattered about :—

"With anger foaming and of vengeance full,
Why belloweth John Nichols like a bull?"

The last name on our mortuary bead-roll is that of the venerable, and highly-respected SIR HENRY ELLIS, who died at his residence, 24, Bedford Square, January 15th, 1869, in the ninety-second year of his age. He was the responsible editor of the important edition of the *Monasticon* of William Dugdale, published in 1817–30, 6 vols. folio; and was author of the general introduction to the *Doomsday Book*. To literary students he was equally well known as the principal librarian of the British Museum, an office to which he was appointed in 1827, and which he held for thirty years.

Of the other "characters" of whom I have not made mention, JERDAN, CROKER, and D'ISRAELI have had separate portraits and notices, and need no further record here. They, too, have passed away; all are gone alike; the guests have departed, and the banquet-hall is deserted. The harmless revelry is over; the learned gossip hushed; the quaint forms have vanished for ever; the curious collections are dispersed; and were I permitted to compare small things with great,—this, our Antiquaries' parlour, with that larger chamber, the world,—I might close these brief records with the magnificent peroration with which Raleigh concludes the last page of his *Historie*:—

"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could aduice, thou hast perswaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawne together all the farre-stretched greatnesse, all the pride, crueltie, and ambition of man, and couered it all ouer with these two narrow words, *Hîc jacet*." *

XXV.—LOUIS EUSTACHE UDE.

"THE Shepherd's crook beside the Sceptre," says Claude Melnotte,—the ladle of the *cuisinier* compared with the pen of the poet, ejaculates my reader—LOUIS EUSTACHE UDE check by jowl with GOETHE;—the *French Cook* alongside of *Lalla Rookh!* Well, why not? If the "Devil sends Cooks," according to Garrick's often quoted saying, there is, too,

* *Historie of the World*, ed. 1614, p. 669.

the "Satanic school" of poetry; a state of things which led Byron, its Coryphæus, to see the propriety of the collocation :—

> "Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
> The works thou deemest most divine (?)—
> The *Art of Cookery* and mine,
> My Murray!"

"Aristology" was defined by the late Mortimer Collins to be "the science which provides for man his best meal in the best way." The question,—"Do you think God made good things only for fools?"—was once put by Descartes to a Marquis who twitted him on his fondness for tit-bits; and Dr. Johnson, we know, expressed great contempt for folks who professed indifference as to what they ate. "Sir," said he, "I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything else." The best definition of man,—that which most precisely demarcates him,—is that he is "a cooking animal"; a question as to his opinion of which put by Boswell to Burke, elicited the reply, "Your definition is a good one, and I now see the force of the old proverb, 'There is reason in the roasting of eggs.'" Homer is as great on the cookery of his heroes, and their prowess at the board, as on their deeds in battle and at council; and the science of cookery might be traced through Athenæus, Diogenes Laertius, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, Apicius and Petronius Arbiter. But we have not now to do with the loathsome memories of Vitellius, and such questionable luxuries as puppies (a dainty in old Rome as in China now-a-days), asses' colts (which Pliny tells us were in high favour with Mæcenas), sows' udders, camels' heels, dormice fattened on acorns and walnuts, assafœtida salad, and a *porphyrio* which had committed suicide by hanging! It is modern Gastronomy that engages our attention; the tracing of which would be an interesting study, from classic times, through the Middle Ages, down to our own days, and its gradual development as a branch of the fine arts among our Gallic neighbours. There, surviving the Revolution and the distractions of the First Empire, it awoke with new vigour under Louis XVIII., and the classic *restaurateur* of the period, Beauvilliers, who induced the ecstatic Brillat-Savarin to construct and elaborate, in his immortal work, the true æsthetics of the palate, and the philosophy of the art described by Lady Morgan, as the standard and gauge of French civilization.

Gastronomy, I venture to assert, is a recondite art and science, whose professors are entitled to be considered gentlemen and men of learning. Witness such men as VATEL, the *mâitre d'hôtel* of Condé, that Cato or Decius of the gridiron, who transfixed himself with his own skewer because the fish failed to arrive in time for his master's dinner; the CHEVALIER GAUDET, who, driven penniless from France at the outbreak of the first Revolution, made a fortune here by preparing salads at ten guineas apiece,—always approaching the sacred bowl in full-dress costume, with his sword by his side; and SOYER, who has written a history of Cookery, in which the mere perusal of the titles of the authorities cited is a liberal education.* Further than this, I hold the theory, which I have not space to develop here, that Gastronomy has claims to be considered one of the Fine Arts, the appreciation of which is a natural faculty, born with

* *The Pantropheon; or History of Food and its Preparations from the earliest Ages of the World.* London, 1853, 8vo.

us, and not acquired, though it can be improved and developed. I would urge that *flavours* have their gamut, like *sounds;* and thus, resembling the notes of a musical instrument, blend, like them, in various harmonious combinations. Thus, one set forms a distinct octave; a second, another; so that, by the unscientific admixture of different octaves, feeble and unpalatable flavours result. Perhaps Dugald Stewart had some inkling of this, when, discussing sweets and bitters, he said that "both are equally essential to those effects which, in the *art of cookery*, correspond to that composite beauty which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create";* and Arbuthnot, too, before him, when he boldly asked, "What is a bagpipe, the mother of all music, but a pudding of harmony? Or what is music itself but a palatable cookery of sounds?"†

But this is a transcendental view of the question, which demands a high order of intellect for its reception and comprehension, and I descend,—for it is necessary to lower one's self to the intelligence of one's readers—to a more practical consideration of the subject.

In old times, Æsop informs us, a misunderstanding took place between the BELLY and the MEMBERS; the latter struck work and the former was compelled by cogent necessity to show its place and importance in the harmonious whole before its recalcitrant colleagues could be induced to resume their laborious functions. For "colleagues," indeed, I should have said "subjects," for, as a quaint old poet has it:—

> "Qui stomachum regem totius corporis esse
> Contendunt, verâ niti ratione videntur,"‡

and thus the Art which ministers to the necessities and pleasures of the monarch must be one of gravity and importance.

Some French versifier has the quatrain:—

> "Plus moraliste que gourmand,
> Ami, si j'aime uu peu la table,
> Je n'ai pas tort; la table rend
> L'homme plus doux, et plus traitable."

He is quite right in his philosophy. All those great minds who have sought to sway others have acted upon the principle that the stomach was the way to the heart. *Eamus quo ducit gula;* the *mouth*, perhaps, should have been said,—for to pursue my former analogy, just as the man who has no music in his soul,—that is, who is incapable of appreciating the difference between one note and another,—is fit for everything that is bad, so the owners of those palates to which all tastes are indifferent, and which

> "Distinguish not rare peacock from vile swan,
> Nor Mareotic juice from Cæcuban,"

are hard to be dealt with by the *argumentum ad gulam*, which diplomatists have ordinarily found so potent. "A hungry belly has no ears," says the proverb; and wise men have long laid the truth to their hearts. Tacitus informs us that the ancient Germans never undertook

* *Philosophical Essays.*
† "A Dissertation on Dumpling," etc. (*Miscellaneous Works*, vol. i. p. 65).
‡ Q. Serenus Samonicus *de Medicinâ*, etc.



AUTHOR OF "THE FRENCH COOK".

anything of importance without a feast, and that those who gave the best dinners were the most popular. When Napoleon deputed the Abbé de Pradt to gain Poland to his cause, his sole instructions were, "Tenez bonne table, et soignez les femmes." It is much the same with us in England. "To this hour," says Carlyle, "no public matter, with whatever serious argument, can be settled in England, till it have been dined upon, perhaps repeatedly dined upon." There can be no doubt that the dinners at the houses of Lansdowne and Holland have converted to Whiggery many a vacillating politician ; and Tom Moore dispatched the Foreign Secretary and a fine turtle together on a sea-voyage, in order

> "To soften the heart of a *Diplomate*
> Who is known to dote upon verdant fat,
> And to let admiring Europe see
> That *calipash* and *calipee*
> Are the English forms of diplomacy." *

Brillat-Savarin says, "Dis-moi ce que tu manges, je te dirai ce que tu es ;" and Esquiros believes that a man is of Teutonic or Celtic descent as he is addicted to the juice of the hop or the vine as a beverage. Whatever truth there may be in these theories, it is, at least, a matter of interest to know what manner of meat or drink great men have held in especial preference. But they have been more reticent about their *eating* than their *reading*, and we know less about their favourite *meats* than their favourite *books*. We like to listen to their gastronomic whims and fancies, —Father Prout on *Eggs*,—Thackeray on *Bouillabaisse*, Sala on *Caviar*. We take pleasure in learning,—it may be that the authority is bad,—that the favourite dish of the great Carême was "bullock's liver and onions." Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Piozzi tells us, took especial delight in "a leg of pork boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie with plums and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef." These are not bad things, though the taste which dictated them has been pronounced in these denationalized days, somewhat coarse ; but many of us would have joined issue with the lexicographer, when, during the second course, he called for the butter-boat of lobster sauce, and poured its contents over his plum-pudding ! Parr,—I mean the "Brummagem Doctor" and not him of "life-pill" celebrity, whose fame Taylor, the Water-Poet, has sung,—says, "There are certainly one or two luxuries to which I am addicted : the first is a shoulder of mutton not underroasted, and richly incrusted with flour and salt ; the second is a plain suet pudding ; the third is a plain family plum-pudding ; and the fourth, a kind of high festival dish, consists of hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." It was the opinion, indeed, of this renowned scholar, that "particular tastes in eating went with scholarship,—such as liking fries and stews, σπλάγχνα πασαντο, liver, heart, etc., ; whilst whole joints are the favourites of men of grosser propensities." This idea is corroborated by Posidonius, who says that, in his time, the Barbarians of the North were wont to dine on whole joints brought to table. William IV.,—not that it much matters,—delighted in a roast fowl and a black bottle of sherry. Burns has written a poem in praise of a Scotch "haggis" ; and O'Doherty admits the excellence of this national dish. Charles Lamb has left us a *Disserta-*

* *Moore's Poems* ("Dream of Turtle by Sir William Curtis").

tion on Roast Pig, not less exquisite in savour than the dish which he has immortalized; and, in this connection, Southey, too, boasts himself as one

> "———————who, in all forms
> Of pork,—baked, roasted, toasted, boil'd, or broil'd,
> Fresh, salted, pickled, season'd, moist or dry,
> Whether ham, bacon, sausage, souse, or brawn,
> Leg, blade-bone, bald-rib, griskin, chine, or chop,
> Profess myself a genuine philopig," *

—though whether he was acquainted with that celebrated preparation of swine-flesh in which the ancients so delighted,—the "porcus Trojanus,"—the quondam Laureate leaves to conjecture.

Hume, when accused by a lady of being an epicure, replied, "No, madam; I am only a glutton." That is, he was a *gourmand*, rather than a *gourmet*,—solicitous rather as to the *quantity* than the *quality* of his viands. This, at least, is the signification which these terms have now come to possess, even among the French, whatever they may have had in former times. They indicate, moreover, classes of eaters who do not well come together. Thus, while in the latter category I should place the nervous and dyspeptic author of *Pelham*, and indeed see many reasons in that clever novel to induce to this opinion, I should have little doubt that to the former class belonged that ireful guest, who, leaving the classic and refined table of his Amphitryon with the cravings of hunger still unappeased, indited the epigram :—

> 'You see,' says Sir Ned, as we enter his doors,
> 'I have furnished my rooms *à la Louis Quatorze.*'
> 'Then I wish,' said a guest, 'when you ask us to eat,
> You would furnish your board *à la Louis Dixhuit;*
> The eye cannot feast when the stomach is starving,
> So, pray, less of your *gilding*, and more of your *carving.*'"

I suppose that this is a case where it may be said with truth of the lines,—which by the way are attributed to Egerton Warburton,—*facit indignatio versus.*

To sum up the foregoing. Eaters may be divided into three classes, according to the manner of their eating. The lowest in the scale of taste, is the *Glutton*,—the victim of the disease known in medicine as *bulimia.* He is all practice and no theory. Next comes the *Gourmand*, who unites

* "Epistle to Allan Cunningham" (*The Anniversary*, 1829, p. 20.)
The modern pork-butcher dissects after a different fashion; and it has already become a matter of some difficulty, when put to it, to state definitely what joint of the carcase is indicated by a term which still seems familiar enough. The following passage, from a still older poem, may, in this way, exercise the ingenuity of the reader, and place on record here some old-fashioned terms :—

"RECITATIVE.

> "Hog! Porker! Roaster! Boar-stag! Barbicue!
> Cheeks! Chines! Crow! Chitterlings! and Harselet new!
> Springs! Spare-ribs! Sausages! Sous'd-lugs! and Face!
> With piping-hot Pease-pudding—plenteous place!
> Hands! Hocks! Hams! Haggis! with high seas'ning filled!
> Gammons! Green Griskins! on grid-irons grill'd!
> Liver and Lights! from Plucks that moment drawn!
> Pigs' Puddings! Black and White! with Canterbury Brawn!"
>
> *The Rolliad*, 1799, 8vo ("Probationary Odes for the Laureateship," p. 273).

theory with practice, and occupies the *juste milieu*. Highest of all, we have the *Gourmet*, who is purely theoretical, and cares little about practice. An individual specimen of Class 1, I should term a "Gastrophile"; of Class 2, a "Gastronomer"; and of Class 3, a "Gastrologer."

It is difficult to tell stories about dining without half a score of Sydney Smith's,—that most brilliant of diners-out,—coming into one's head. Paley chose a *watch* as an evidence of "design;" but the witty Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's made effectual use of a *cook*. One day, at a dinner table, it chanced that an atheistic Frenchman, who did not remember Voltaire's happy line,* was strong on the non-existence of a creative deity, and proved, at least to his own satisfaction, that the world was a fortuitous concourse of atoms. But he was but a Frenchman after all, and the excellence of the dishes touched him in a tender place. "What a capital cook they must have here!" whispered he to his neighbour. "Surely," replied Sydney, "you don't believe in a cook!"

Another good thing was said by him of a poet's dinner. It was the custom of Sam Rogers not to have his lights on the dinner-table, but to dispose them so as to illuminate the fine pictures overhead,—a custom which extorted from the witty parson the remark that "above, all was brightness, while below was darkness and gnashing of teeth."

That was no bad idea of Quin's,—I know not who put it into his head,—when he saw the body of Duke Humphrey at Saint Alban's:—

"A plague on Egypt's arts, I say,
Embalm the *dead!* On senseless clay
Rich wines and spices waste?
Like Sturgeon, or like Brawn, shall I
Bound in a precious pickle lie,
Which I shall never taste!

"Let me embalm this flesh of mine,
With Turtle fat, or Bordeaux wine,
And spoil th' Egyptian trade!
Than Humphrey's Duke more happy I
Embalm'd alive old Quin shall die,
A mummy ready made!"

There is a very charming book entitled *The Secret of Long Life* (London, 4to, 1872), the production of a genial and scholarly writer,—poor Mortimer Collins, who, if he possessed, did not avail himself of the secret of which he treats, for he died, a victim in great measure to the worry and labour of a literary life, before he had completed his half century. In this volume he takes occasion to break the prose of an aristological chapter by adding to it "a cycle of sonnets adapted to the dinners of the year,"—that is, one for each month. "Careless trifles," the writer calls them; but as they are not only germane to the matter on hand, but, as I judge them, most exquisitely polished and classical compositions, I should hold it sin, when writing on the subject, to fail, since I cannot transcribe,—at least to indicate to my readers the book in which these "pure and perfect chrysolites" may be found.

It is one of the maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty that, "in whatever country one is, one should chose the dishes of the country." The *dictum* is a wise one; we have in England a national cookery which in the opinion of the great Ude himself, is, "*when well done*, superior to that

* "Si Dieu n'existait pas it faudrait l'inventer."

of any country in the world." Under the same conviction, one cannot help recording one's absolute contempt for the snobby, servile custom of neglecting our admirable indigenous cookery, as those knowing gentlemen who have visited the *gourmands'* haunts in the Paris of the past are wont to do, for such abominations as *cartes à la Française* and *diners à la Russe*,—things which on the table of a British citizen are about as execrable, and bear about the same relation to their originals, as *rosbif* on the Boulevards, or a *bifteck* in the Palais Royal. Horace had an honest abhorrence of all such exotic kick-shaws :—

> "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,
> Bring me a chop and a couple of 'tatus.'"

"We do not want," says a clever writer, "cunning culinary contrivances in the land of the shorthorn sirloin and the southdown saddle,—in a country whose esquires have venison in their parks and pheasants in their coverts." It is a mistake, too, of analogous character to intrude into one epoch the style of cookery that belonged to another and long anterior one. Hence the humorous catastrophe which befel the gastronomic experiment on the culinary properties of land-snails, made, as Sir Walter Scott informs us, by Drs. Black and Hutton, respectively of chemical and geological fame. These gentlemen had learnt that the epicures of old considered these *testaceæ* great delicacies, and that the Italians still esteem them ; and thought it a pity that they should be lost to the modern kitchen. The Snails were accordingly caught and stewed; and a huge dish of them was placed before the friends, whose stomachs already revolted at the aspect of the filthy mess. They slowly began their meal, and managed to swallow a few mouthfuls. But philosophers are but men, after all ; and with a little hesitancy as to who should take the initiative, the modern-antique dish was ordered away with every expression of disgust and abhorrence. I wonder if the learned doctors had ever read that most racy and comical "Dinner after the Manner of the Ancients," described by Smollett, in his *Peregrine Pickle* (vol. ii. chap. 10), and so inimitably illustrated by George Cruikshank, in his *Points of Humour* (1823, Part i. "Point 6"). Of equal absurdity, —if we may judge from the sesquipedalian titles, barbarous hybrids of Greek and Latin formation, which they give to their dishes—are the annual dinners of the Palæontographical Society. Their Bill of Fare, —to use the good old English phrase,—is entitled (for 1871) "Scheda Prandii," in ignorance of the fact that "Prandium" is not Latin for the meal in question. Let me recommend to the consideration of the dinner committee a curious book entitled : *Tabella Cibaria : The Bill of Fare, a Latin Poem implicitly translated and fully explained in copious and interesting Notes, relating to the Pleasures of Gastronomy, and the Mysterious Art of Cookery* (London, 1820, 4to).*

* The author of this very clever and amusing book, one of the wittiest *jeux d'esprit* of the day, was the Abbé Angel Denis McQuin, a frequent and valuable contributor to the *Literary Gazette* in its best days. In that magazine he wrote a series of papers entitled *Etymological Gleanings ;* an able essay on the *Satyricon*, attributed to Petronius Arbiter (1882) ; and an historical account of Fonthill Abbey, with a biography of the family of Beckford, of the wealthy representative of which he was a personal friend. On the restoration of Louis XVIII., in 1814, he returned to France, where he regained a considerable part of his funded property ; though his landed possessions were gone for ever. He came back eventually to London, where he died in 1823. The *Tabella Cibaria* is now a scarce book.

I am not writing entirely without "book,"—or rather "books,"—for, besides the work I have just mentioned, I have at my elbow a whole shelf of "Gastronomiana." There is the *De Arte Coquinariâ*, attributed to Cælius Apicius, and republished in London in 1705 by Dr. Martin Lister; together with the happy Horatian satire upon it, *The Art of Cookery*, by the witty Dr. William King, of the Commons; there is the *Diæteticon, sive de Re Cibariâ* of Ludovicus Nonnus (Antverpiæ, 1627, 8vo); there is the *Physiologie du Gôut, ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante* of Brillat-Savarin (1828, 2 vols. 8vo); *La Gastronomie, Poëme.* Par I. Berchoux (Paris, 1819); the *Code Gourmand, Manuel Complète de Gastronomie* (Paris, 1828); the *Curiosités Gastronomiques de tous les temps et de tous les pays*, Par Louis Nicolardot (Paris, 1868); and *La Gastronomie Historique* par Le Marquis de Cussy; there is the *Pantropheon, or the History of Food, and its Preparations from the earliest Ages of the World*, by A. Soyer (1853, 8vo) *; *Cælebs in Search of a Cook, with divers Recipes and other delectable things relating to the Gastronomic Art; The Art of Dining, or Gastronomy and Gastronomers* (1853, 8vo);† *What shall we have for Dinner?* by Lady Maria Clutterbuck (1851); *Memoirs of Alexis Soyer, the "Regenerator"* (1859); *The Hand-Book of Dining*, by Leonard Francis Simpson (1859, 8vo); *Memoirs of a Stomach, edited by a Minister of the Interior*, 11th ed.; *Gastronomy, or the School for Good Living* (1822, 8vo); *Essays, Moral, Philosophical and Stomachical, on the Important Science of Good Living*, by Launcelot Sturgeon (1822, 8vo); *The Epicure's Almanac, and Diary of Good Living*, by Benson E. Hill (1841–3, 2 vols. 8vo); *Apician Morsels, or Tales of the Table, Kitchen and Larder* (1834, 8vo); *Illustrations of Eating, displaying the Omnivorous Character of Man, and exhibiting the Natives of Various Countries at Feeding Time*, by a Beef-Eater (1847, 12mo); *The Knife and Fork for* 1849, *laid by the "Alderman," with Cuts by Kenny Meadows* (1849, 12mo); *London at Dinner, or Where to Dine* (1858); *Hints for the Table, or the Economy of Good Living* (1859); *Table Traits and something on them*, by the late Dr. Doran; *A Book about the Table*, by John Cordy Jeaffreson (2 vols. 1875, 8vo); *cum multis aliis.*

But I must not quite forget UDE himself,—though I do not suppose that any one cares much about him personally. The career of this gentleman was so diversified at to earn for him the title of the "Gil Blas" of the kitchen. Dedicated to the service of the *Dieu ventru* in his early years, he seems, with that strange misapprehension of his own talents and true destiny which has possessed so many of the sons of genius, to have abandoned the career thus opened to him, and became, in turn, a jeweller, an engraver, a printer, a haberdasher, a commercial traveller, an *agent de change*, and an inspector of gambling houses. Relinquishing the latter function, he reverted to his original calling, and became in due time *mâitre d'hôtel* to Madame Letitia Buonaparte. Arithmetic is called one of the fixed sciences, and yet hundreds of situations are hastily abandoned, characters lost, and enmities made, on account of some speculative difference of opinion arising between employers and employed, with regard to some purely elementary question. Something

* Reviewed in the *United Service Gazette*, September, 1853; and by the late Dr. Doran, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xl. p. 450.

† By A. Hayward: originally published in the *Quarterly Review*, July, 1835, and February, 1836.

of this paltry character led to a rupture between Madame Buonaparte and her *chef*, and the latter transferred his talents to this country. Here he soon found an engagement under the Earl of Sefton at three hundred guineas per annum. He was also, at one time, *chef de cuisine* to the Duke of York, and at another, head of the culinary department of the too celebrated establishment in St. James's of the ex-fishmonger, Crockford. It is pleasing to record that a provision for the old age of the *artiste* was thoughtfully made by his former master, the Earl of Sefton, who, at his death, left him an annuity of £100. It was the demise of his former employer, the Duke of York, that extorted from Ude the touching ejaculation, "Ah, *mon pauvre Duc!* how moche you vill miss me vere you are gone!"

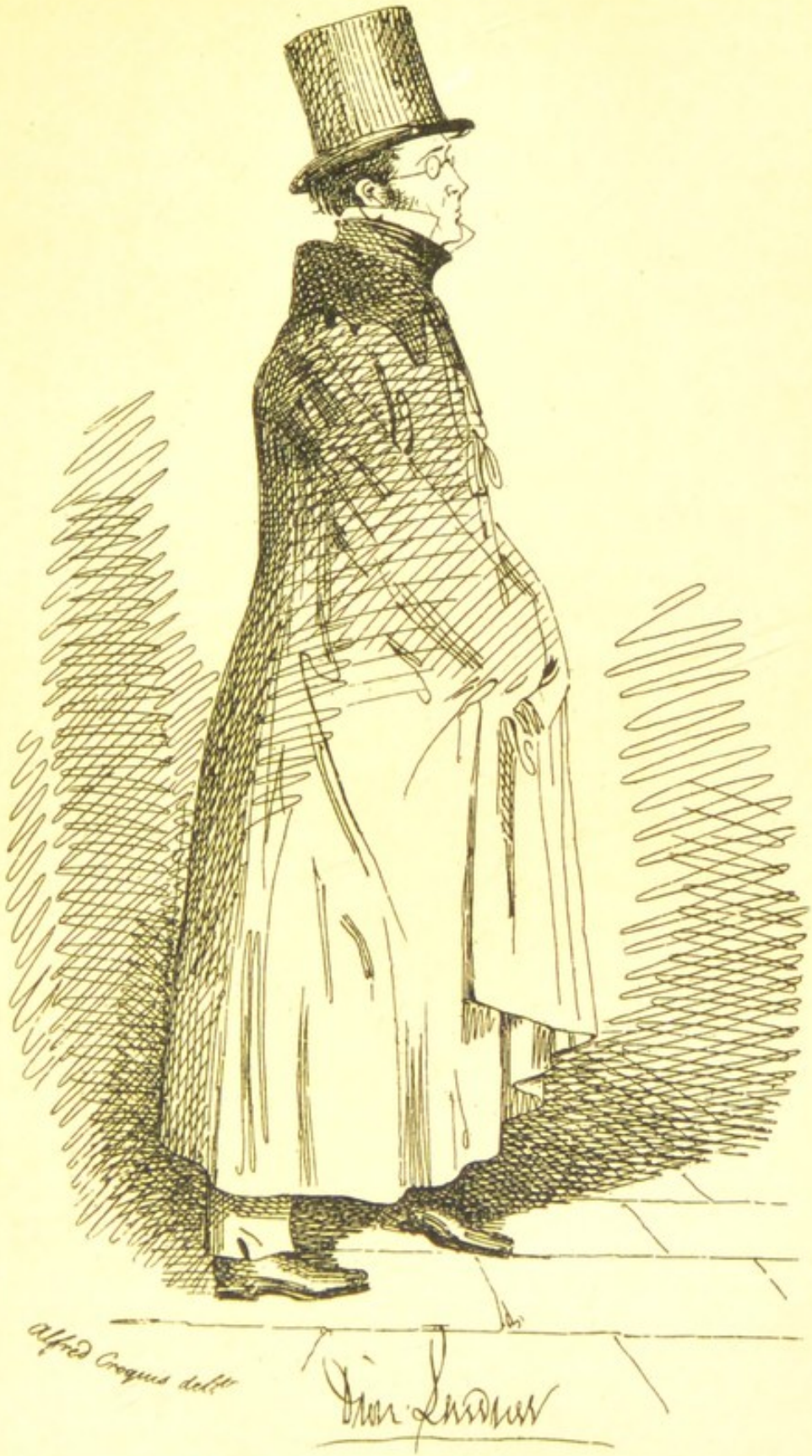
A few words,—and those not my own,—about the portrait before us. "Our artist," says *Fraser*, "has taken him in a moment of inspiration, when resting his chin upon a ladle, he is meditating the divine things to be produced by the hour of repast. Visions of Cookery sublime,—courses, *entrées*, *hors d'œuvres*, chase one another through his prolific brain. The thought now kindling in his culinary eye will ripen into a dinner, and the curl of his nose is prognosticatory of perfumes far surpassing any which come upon the perfumed breezes of Araby the blest!" Ude had been long resident in this country, and had acquired the right to the title of an "Anglicised Frenchman." Whether he knew enough of the language to write the book which led *Fraser* to style him "the first author of the day," even with revision,—or whether he was like the Frenchman spoken of by Dickens, whose ignorance of English was intelligible if you considered that he had been only thirty years in the country,—I cannot say; but in any case, with his higher opinion of English cookery, he could not put in the plea of the French hotel-keeper at Dresden, who, although a resident for twenty years, could not speak a word of German, and replied to the astonishment expressed by a guest with the simple query, "*A quoi bon, monsieur, apprendre la langue d'un peuple qui ne possède pas une cuisine?*"

"Valete, et favete *linguis*."

XXVI.—REVEREND DOCTOR LARDNER.

I CAN testify that the portrait before us is a graphic and suggestive representation of the outward form of the learned Professor, having—albeit when very young—not only seen him in the flesh, but enjoyed the advantage of an introduction to, and conversation with, him. This must have been very shortly before his exodus from Britain,—of which more anon.

Dr. Lardner was born in Dublin, April 3rd, 1793. He was the son of a solicitor, and commenced life early in his father's office. Not liking this, he entered himself at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1812. Here he took several prizes, and graduated B.A. in 1817. For the next ten years he remained in the University, and in 1828 published his edition of the *First Six Books of Euclid*, which became established as a class-book, and still remains, in my opinion, the most comprehensive and philosophical of the various editions of Euclid, and the best adapted to the requirements of



THE EDITOR OF "THE CABINET CYCLOPEDIA".

the solitary student. On the establishment of the University of London (now University College), in 1827, Dr. Lardner, at the invitation of Lord Brougham, accepted the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, and shortly afterwards projected his well-known *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, in which he himself wrote the treatises on "Mechanics," "Hydrostatics and Pneumatics," "Heat," "Arithmetic," and "Geometry." It was to be commenced with the History of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, respectively by Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore. It was in 1829 that the last entered into the engagement; but it was not till 1835 that the first volume was completed. It was a piece of grievous task-work to Moore, and certainly contributed a "nail to his coffin." All must join in the regret expressed by Lord John Russell that he did not, as originally proposed, confine himself to one volume. His time was absorbed, his health impaired, and his faculties dragged down to an uncongenial task. On the conclusion of the work with the fifth volume in 1846, his energies were so completely annihilated that he was positively unable to write the preface. Of course Lardner had frequently to apply the spur, for which Moore took revenge by styling him "Dionysius the Tyrant." In addition to these, the most eminent men of the day collaborated, and the series was completed in 135 volumes. It was for this work, in 1830, that Sir John Herschel wrote that "Preliminary Discourse upon Natural Philosophy," which has been pronounced to be the complement of the "Novum Organum," and, indeed, the greatest book of its class since the days of Bacon. Engaged in the prosecution of these and other literary enterprises, the career of the Doctor went on prosperously till it received a rude shock in 1840. Without going deeply into particulars, I briefly state that in this year, at the Lewes Assizes, an action was brought against Dr. Lardner, by Captain Heaviside, of Brighton, for criminal conversation with his wife. The damages were laid at £10,000, and it was shown in evidence that a large property was settled on Mrs. Heaviside, who was the mother of three children (the eldest being fourteen years of age), and whom Dr. Lardner had only known for thirteen weeks when the elopement took place. This was the only fact alleged in mitigation of damages, which the jury—with a verdict, of course, for the plaintiff, who had already administered personal castigation, with detriment, as was alleged, to the wig and spectacles of the amorous philosopher,—assessed at £8000. Now here was a term, the arbitrary introduction of which into the already stated equation of ways and means, baffled even the mathematical skill of the Doctor, and he only effected its elimination by the abandonment of his country and position. He at once proceeded to the United States, in the various towns of which, and in Cuba, he lectured with success. In 1845 he returned to Europe, and took up his residence in Paris. Here he held the appointment of foreign correspondent to the *Daily News*,* and died April 29th, 1859, aged 66.

The *Fraserians* may laugh at the pretensions of Dr. Lardner, and "Father Prout" dub him "a man of letters," from the number that he appended to his name; but it must be admitted that he was possessed of great abilities, and that the public is largely indebted to him as a pioneer of education. Few men have done more than he to extend and popu-

* *Men of the Time*, ed. 1856. (This writer is surely in error when he states that Dr. Lardner was a graduate of, and resident in, Trinity College, *Cambridge*).

larize scientific knowledge among the people, a task for which he was well qualified by his experience and acquirements, and the elegance, perspicuity, and precision of his style.

Dr. Lardner was married, in 1815, to Miss Cecilia Flood, a niece of the celebrated Irish orator, the contemporary of Grattan. In 1820 the parties separated by mutual consent, and in 1849 a formal divorce took place, when the Doctor married Mrs. Heaviside. In 1864 some discreditable family disclosures were made in the Rolls Court, Dublin, in the case "*Re* Lardner's Trusts, *ex parte* Boyd," from which it appeared that the divorced wife died in 1862. I have the documents before me, but do not know that they contain much of interest to the general reader, while they might inflict pain on survivors. So much, however, was necessary for an explanation of an allusion in the facetious song with which I conclude these "Notes," and concerning the concoction of which "Father Prout" hatches an amusing story.

According to the veridical narration of the learned incumbent of Watergrasshill, Dr. Lardner made a special trip to Paris to induce Béranger, the poet, to whom he had previously conveyed a "handsome remuneration," through Dr. Bowring, to sing or say a good word about the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, which the latter translated the *Encyclopédie des Cabinets d'*—— (I leave the reader to fill in the word). Lardner gave the poet a dinner, we are informed, "on the strength of the expected commendatory poem, when the following song was composed after the third bottle":—

"L'ÉPÉE DE DAMOCLÈS.

"De Damoclès l'épée est bien connue,
En songe à table il m'a semblé la voir;
Sous cette épée, et menaçante et nue,
Denis l'ancien me forçait à m'asseoir.
Je m'écriais que mon destin s'achève,—
La coupe en main, au doux bruits des concerts,
O vieux Denis, je me ris de ton glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes vers!

"'Que du mépris la haine au moins me sauve!'
Dit ce pédant, qui rompt un fil leger;
Le fer pesant tombe sur ma tête chauve,
J'entends ces mots, 'Denis sçait se venger!'
Me voilà mort, et poursuivant mon rève,—
La coupe en main, je répète aux enfers,
O vieux Denis je me ris de ton glaive,
Je bois, je chante, et je siffle tes vers!"

"THE DINNER OF DIONYSIUS.

"Oh! who hath not heard of the sword which old Dennis
Hung over the head of a stoic?
And how the stern sage bore that terrible menace,
With a fortitude not quite heroic?
There's a Dennis, the 'tyrant of Cecily' hight*
(Most sincerely I pity his lady, ah!).
Now this Dennis is doom'd for his sins to indite
A 'Cabinet Cyclopædia.'

* This is in allusion to the bill, then before the Lords, for divorce from his wife whose Christian name was *Cecilia*.



AUTHOR OF "THE SIAMESE TWINS".

"He press'd me to dine, and he placed on my head
An appropriate garland of poppies ;
And lo ! from the ceiling there hung by a thread
A bale of unsaleable copies.
'Puff my writings,' he cried, 'or your skull shall be crush'd !'
'That I cannot,' I answer'd, with honesty flush'd.
'Be your name Dionysius, or Thady, ah !
Old Dennis, my boy, though, I were to enjoy
But *one* glass, and *one* song, still *one* laugh, loud and long,
I should have at your Cyclopædia !'"

XXVII.—EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

WHATEVER may be the place allotted to LORD LYTTON in the future history of English literature, it must be conceded that, not only in the judgment of ourselves, but in that of Continental Europe, he stood forth in his own time as the most prominent and typical representative of the "Literary Character." This position,—honourable in itself, whether to be confirmed by the judgment of posterity or not,—he owed to that love of literature, and earnest devotion to it as an art, which was the prevailing characteristic of his life. With the prayer of the Mantuan,—

"Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ
Quarum sacra fero ingenti perculsus amore,
Accipiant,"—

he chose his high vocation when yet a school-boy, and ever obedient to its demands, devoted his after life to the development of his powers with a love which no other object could alienate, and an industry which neither difficulty nor disappointment could tire. Inheriting an historical name, and the fortune and position of an English gentleman, he regarded these accidents,—in the words of his own "Melnotte,"—"as the incentives to exertion, not the title-deeds of sloth ;" and closing his ears to the siren voices of pleasures and indolence, laboured more intensely in his art than any bookseller's hireling drudge,—toiling after the ever-fleeting Perfection with a fixity of purpose which the golden apples of life had no charm to relax or divert. There is no muse whom he did not woo in her turn, and there is none who refused him her favouring smile. He was the "Admirable Crichton" of modern literature ; succeeding in all that he undertook,—Novels, Histories, Satires, Essays, Poems, Orations and Dramas ; great in all branches, a supreme master in some ; touching every kind of writing, and touching none which he did not adorn ; and thus rendering applicable to himself, in a greater degree than to any other contemporary man of letters, the celebrated eulogy of Johnson on Goldsmith.

Is there for instance, a cleverer novel,—of its kind,—in the language than *Pelham ?* Of an altogether different school, what can be named to surpass *My Novel* and *The Caxtons ? Money* is one of the finest comedies in the language,—"worthy to be put on the same boards, played by the same actors, and before the same audience as *The School for Scandal.*" *The Lady of Lyons* is perhaps the most charmingly beautiful of all the productions of the modern drama, and there is not an actress on the stage who does not prefer the part of "Pauline" to

every other. *The Lost Tales of Miletus* will ever charm the scholar with their elegant diction and playful fancy. The translations from Schiller are stated by Carlyle himself to be those from which an English reader can gain the most adequate idea of the lyrics of the great German poet. *The Student* contains essays,—never duly appreciated,—of singular power and brilliance. There is a terseness, a power, and a polish in the poem *St. Stephen's*, which prove its author a successful disciple in the school of Dryden and Pope. A speech of his in the House,—it was delivered on the occasion of one of Lord John Russell's abortive Reform Bills,—may be cited as one of the finest pieces of oratory of our own times. As a satirist, his *Siamese Twins* and the *New Timon*, place him above mediocrity. His *Athens* is a brilliant historical fragment, though now the least known of all the productions of his various and fertile brain. And, lastly, his early poem, *Milton*,—his minor fugitive pieces in verse,—and his *King Arthur*,—are all pervaded with such graces of language and fancy, as to give their author a high place,—though not, it must be admitted, the highest,—in the Walhalla of British poetry.

It is to this very manysidedness and fertility of the genius of Bulwer that is to be ascribed much of the doubt and detraction with which it has been viewed by his contemporaries. The *homo unius libri* was regarded in mediæval times as a dangerous adversary, and one to be guarded against with sedulous anxiety. That the "Jack of all trades is master of none" is a proverb of our own, not the less true because vulgar and homely. By the widening of the horizon of knowledge, and the discovery of vast territories in the domain of mind unknown to former voyagers, the attempt at universality has become more and more, in these latter days, futile and injurious. It was said happily of Edouard Fournier by Jules Janin, "Cet homme-là sait tout; il ne sait que cela; mais il le sait bien": yet Fournier remains an obscure *littérateur*. In art, in literature, in the professions, this is a day for specialism. Universality of knowledge is held incompatible with sterlingness and profundity; and the ambition for omniscience, which might once have been indulged in with advantage and reputation, will certainly conduct its votary, whatever may be his talents, and however favourable his circumstances, to the secondary position allotted to the Bowrings and the Bulwers of our own immediate times.

It does not fall within my purpose to attempt a critical examination of the works and genius of this great writer,—a task for which space, and the requisite knowledge are alike wanting,—and I must confine myself to the few desultory reflections that may occur to me.

It is now getting on for seventy years since a young Englishman fresh from college printed at Paris for private circulation a hundred copies of a volume of poems entitled *Weeds and Wild Flowers* (1820, royal 8vo). The book was dedicated to a brother-collegian, then reading for the Bar, whose future success in his chosen profession,—he became subsequently Lord Cockburn and Solicitor-General for Scotland,—was, with keen prescience, foretold by the neophyte author. The slender tome is excessively rare, as most of the copies were called in by the writer, in his anxiety, it is said, to suppress the satiric sketch "Almacks" (pp. 46–61), with the bitter lampoon on the Duke of Wellington, whom the youthful bard, in a still earlier poem, had characterized as "godlike." In the self-same year, too, was printed at London another little volume,

which is more readily to be met with, though still of considerable rarity. This is entitled: *Ismael: an Oriental Tale, with other Poems.* By Edward George Lytton Bulwer. Written between the age of thirteen and fifteen. London, 1820, 12mo, pp. 198.

But these *primitiæ* I merely mention as bibliographic curiosities; with perhaps little enough in them to excite much astonishment, or announce the advent of a great poetic genius. This, however, can hardly be said of the prize poem, *Sculpture*, which carried off the Chancellor's gold medal, in 1825; a set of verses which, though scarcely worthy to rank with the *Palestine* of Heber, the *Athens* of Praed, the *Apollo Belvidere* of Milman, or the *Timbuctoo* of the present Laureate, contains, among much that is yet crude and juvenile, many indications of poetic ability. It is the custom to decry "prize-poems," and Jerdan * has the remark that Cambridge has scarcely produced a single one worthy of the after-fame of a successful writer; but I quite concur with Professor Wilson, who held them in high estimation, and mentions many with the warmest eulogy.†

Although, as I have said, there are hardly any departments of English literature in which Bulwer has not made essay—attaining supreme excellence in some, and rising above mediocrity in all,—it is as a NOVELIST that, first and foremost, his pretensions have to be regarded. Here we have several marked distinctions of class. Of one, *Pelham* (1828) may be taken as a type. A first work is always most characteristic of the mind of its author; and this, which at once raised its youthful author to a high rank among living writers of fiction, is a witty, smart, epigrammatic novel, exciting wonder as to how its precocious knowledge of men and manners had been come at, and delighting by its thrilling incident, powerful descriptions, and the vividness of its dramatic situations. What more picturesque than the ride home from the races, and the finding of the body of the murdered Tyrrell? What more pathetically humorous than the visit to the old college chum, Christopher Clutterbuck?‡ What more graphic than the visit to the flash crib, and the escape with the repentant accomplice from the clutches of Brimstone Bess? One often hears the assertion that Bulwer has written "nothing better" than *Pelham;* and this may be accepted as a truth, with the modifying words "in this line." *Zanoni* belongs to a different class, and in this, too, the author reaches his culminating point. Here we have not to do with the heroes and villains of everyday life, but with beings who belong, in part, to another sphere, and deal with mysterious and occult agencies. The forgotten lore of the Cabala is unfolded; the extinguished furnace of the alchemist lighted anew; the solitary lamp of the Rosicrucian re-illumed. The motto of this extraordinary book might well have been taken from the Introduction,—"It is a romance, and it is not a romance. It is a truth for those who can comprehend it, and an extravagance for those who cannot." Here, then, we have another of those works, which, like *Faust*, dealing in types or symbols,—as, indeed, every work of true art does,—is objectively correlated with the thoughts and feelings of other minds, and has, according to the diversities of these,

* *Literary Gazette*, vol. 155, p. 586. † *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, vol. i. p. 59.

‡ It was a remark in this chapter, indicating no great respect for verbal criticism, which called forth the late Dr. Donaldson's coarse attack upon the author. See *The Theatre of the Greeks*, 6th edition, 1849, *note* to p. 44.

an instructive and various significance. It is nothing that the author cannot, or does not choose, to tell us himself what lesson he intended to convey, or pronounce which of the many "keys" or explanations which readers,—some, no doubt, acting upon Leigh Hunt's instructions,—

> "Make all you read on him
> Seem what *you* thought of it;
> Palm your own creed on him,
> Though he knew nought of it;"—

have forwarded for his approbation. The most cursory student of the book must have some dawning of the fact that something is intended to be suggested to his mind more subtle and impalpable than that which is embodied to his senses. Then comes the attempt to discover what this is, and the absurdities into which interpreters fall, from unaided and unskilful search. The science of signs is the very folly of wisdom, as Rabelais* has shown with equal wit and truth. But in this case a clue is offered to the reader, which, though not the author's own, is at least so far admitted and adopted by him as may be signified by his selecting it from others as the production of "one of the most eminent of living writers,"† and appending it to his edition of the novel of 1853. According to this "key," by the character of Mejnour we are to understand *Science;* by Zanoni, *Idealism;* by Viola, the *Human Intellect and Heart;* by the child, *Newborn Instinct;* by Aidon-ai, *Faith;* by the Dweller on the Threshold, *Fear;* by Mervale, *Conventionalism;* by Nicot, *Passion;* by Glyndon, *Unsustained Aspiration;* and so on,—while the main object of the whole is to show that the universal Human Lot is, after all, that of the highest privilege. Thus, *Conventionalism* goes plodding on; *Selfish Passion* perishes; *Instinct* sleeps; and *Idealism* learns the lesson that self-sacrifice is the means of true redemption. Here, then, is one interpretation, and this is truth to him that troweth it. But it will not be true to all; for, as an old Platonist has it, "a hundred men may read the same book by the aid of the same lamp, yet all may differ on the text; inasmuch as the lamp only lights the characters,—the mind must divine the meaning."

A third class of Lord Lytton's novels consists of those comprised in the "Caxton" series, where, it has been observed, the genius of the writer, when grafted on a stock of Sterne, attained to a power which the scion, in its own roots, never obtained. Here we have the most minute, and, at the same time, broad and masterly delineations of character and incident, in language of the utmost polish and refinement. So perfected, indeed, has the style become, that it is almost vicious from the absence of vice. We miss the sparkling vivacity of the earlier novels, and long, now and then, for the *negligentia non ingrata* which Cicero advises the orator to let appear in his discourse. But it is natural not to admire perfection; and, after all, we cannot but wonder at the artistic skill by which the novelist has avoided monotony by the alternation of pathos, humour, and the various elements of his narration. *Pelham*, perhaps, sinned by being too pointed and epigrammatic; since its composition the author had laboured and studied as few men have done, and he had to avoid another extreme, and beware of that excess of strength which becomes the most certain weakness. Again, regarding Lord Lytton as

* *Pantagruel*, liv. ii. chap. xix.

† It need hardly be said that the mystagogue in this instance was no other than the late Harriet Martineau.

one of our most representative men of letters, it is curious to observe how little national he was as a writer. Scott and Galt were eminently Scotch; Carleton and Banim, Irish; Dickens and Thackeray, English; Paul de Kock and Balzac, French; and so on; but Lord Lytton is cosmopolitan, and gives little or no indication of his nationality in his works, which might, indeed, be translations from another language. This arises, in part, from the subjective character of his intellect, and the prevalence of his imaginative over his reasoning faculties.

I have already spoken of *The Student*,—that brilliant series of essays, which, light and discursive as they may be, seem to bring us into more intimate communion with the mind of Bulwer than his more pretending and laboured works. They have hardly met with the appreciation they deserve; but it appears to me that they cannot be read without pleasure, and the reflection, like to that which Bentley made on Bishop Pearson, that "the very sweepings of his study are gold dust."

Criticism has its teetotum as well as Time. As a minor curiosity of literature, and an illustration of the worthlessness of anonymous opinion,—at least in this country,—it is amusing to find that the same *Blackwood*, which became the scene of Bulwer's latest triumphs, could write but a few short years before:—"If we were called upon to point out the most disgusting abominations to be found in the whole range of contemporary literature, we have no hesitation in saying we should feel it our duty to lay our finger on the Bolingbroke-Balaam of that last and worst of an insufferable charlatan's productions,—*Devereux*." *

After *The Siamese Twins, a Tale of the Times* † (1831, 8vo), a serio-comic satire, with its clever outline plates by W. H. Brooke, and the fine fragment of *Milton*, ‡ appended thereunto, Bulwer's first important work in rhyme was *The New Timon*, which appeared anonymously in 1846. I mention it specially here because it was in its pages that the attack on Tennyson appeared which called forth that memorable retort in the columns of *Punch*, which constitute the first and last appearance of the Laureate in the pages of that wise and witty serial. The *casus belli* lay in the following lines:—

> "Not mine, not mine—O Muse, forbid!—the boon
> Of borrow'd notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,
> The jingling medley of purloin'd conceits,
> Outbabying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keats;
> Where all the airs of patchwork pastoral chime,
> To drown the ears in Tennysonian rhyme!
> . . . . . .
> Let school-miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
> On 'darling little rooms, so warm and light';
> Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious strain,
> And catch the 'blue fly singing i' the pane';
> Though prais'd by critics and ador'd by Blues,
> Though Peel with pudding plump the puling Muse,
> Though Theban taste the Saxon purse controls,
> And pensions Tennyson while starves a Knowles."§

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1829, p. 562.

† Reviewed in *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 195; and the *Quarterly Review*, No. cv.

‡ This poem, written in Bulwer's college days and previously printed in Paris, is based on the tradition of the Italian lady seeing Milton asleep under a tree, and leaving verses behind her expressive of her admiration of his beauty.

§ These lines were eliminated from subsequent issues; for instance, they are not found in the "Fourth edition, Corrected" (1846, Henry Colburn), which is before me.

As may be imagined, the outraged poet did not allow the attack to remain unnoticed long. The *Quarrels of Authors* serve at least to give us a keener relish for the *Amenities of Literature;* and as the present generation was in its long-clothes when the Laureate penned his "retort courteous," and possibly has never even heard of the lines, it may thank me for reproducing them here. They are as follows :—

"THE NEW TIMON AND THE POET.

"We know him, out of Shakespeare's art,
And those full curses which he spoke—
The *old* Timon, with his noble heart,
That strongly loathing, gently broke.

"So died the *Old*; here comes the *New*,
Regard him : a familiar face—
I thought we knew him. What! it's you,—
The padded man that wears the stays;

"Who kill'd the girls, and thrill'd the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote;
O Lion! you that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillottes!*

"And once you tried the Muses too—
You fail'd, sir; therefore, now you turn!
You fall on those who are to you
As captain is to subaltern.

"But men of long enduring hopes,
And careless what the hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels, when they try to sting.

"An Artist, sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have a great poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

"But you, sir, you are hard to please,
You never look but half content,
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

"And what with spites, and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears
'They call this man as great as me!'

"What profits how to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot, a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt?

"You talk of tinsel! Why, we see
Old marks of rouge upon your cheeks!
You prate of nature! *You* are he
That split his life upon the cliques.

"A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame—
It looks too arrogant a jest,
The fierce old man, to take *his* name!
You band-box, off, and let him rest!"

Poor stuff, this, the reader may exclaim. Weak, washy and diffuse; much of it mere abuse, and the rest obscure and meaningless. The satire of Bulwer, on the other hand, was fair enough; and legitimately evoked

to castigate the puerilities and affectations of the "school" to which Tennyson belongs.

Was Bulwer, himself, a great poet? This is a question, our answer to which must depend, I imagine, on the rank which is, or rather will be, assigned to *King Arthur*, among the great poems of the world. It is by this that he himself is willing to be judged, and in the preface to the later editions he alludes with dignity and grace to the comparative estimates formed of it by himself and by others. The verdict is, it is not a great poem; nor is it a poem which a great poet could possibly have written. Like all the writings of its author, it is pervaded by the spirit of poetry. In it there are numberless passages of power, of beauty, of tenderness and of grace. It has variety of language, as a contemporary critic has well said, grace of style, melody of versification, abundance of striking images, boldness, delicacy, taste, picturesqueness,—but, as the Italians say, *ci manca il quasi*, it lacks that indefinable something which constitutes poetry. "The trail of the prose writer,—though the poetic prose writer,—is over all."

The sketch by Maclise before us may be regarded as another attack upon the author of *The Siamese Twins*. At least, Bulwer himself always regarded and spoke of it as such; considering it as part of the system of abuse and misrepresentation of which he was the subject in the pages of *Fraser*. In a letter to myself,—one of the last he ever wrote,—he alludes in a tone of sadness to these early satires upon his writings and his person. "There seldom at that time appeared," writes he, "a number of *Fraser's Magazine* which did not contain some notice of myself or my writings couched in language more scurrilous than has ever in my experience been applied to any other author by contributors to the Periodical Press, and the portrait you refer to was intended to be an offensive caricature by the artist, Maclise, with whom I was then unacquainted, though many years later we became friends. I have no feeling of soreness left for the uncivil notices, and whether the portrait be a caricature or not, matters very little now." There is, by the way, among the drawings of the Forster bequest, in the South Kensington Museum, another sketch of Bulwer by Maclise (1832), representing him in an easy chair, with his legs fully stretched out, and smoking a pipe, the straight stem of which almost reaches down to his slippers.

The infelicity of Bulwer's domestic life is too generally known to allow its mention here, especially as connected with literature, to be a matter of impropriety. In 1827, he married Rosina, the daughter of Francis Wheeler, Esq., an Irish gentleman of property. The lady was beautiful, witty and intelligent; but she was capricious, and self-willed, and Bulwer would have done well had he listened to the advice of his best friends,—Disraeli among the number,—who endeavoured to convince him how unfit she was to be the wife of a man of his exacting disposition, and nervous, sensitive temperament. The ill-matched couple soon separated; and Paris was for a time kept alive by the scandals which ensued. Bulwer's elder brother, Henry,—the late Lord Dalling,—unwisely set on foot a system of *espionage*, with the view of obtaining grounds for an application for divorce; but this was unsuccessful, for though aided by his agents, the English Embassy, and the French police, he failed to discover the slightest circumstance affecting the reputation of the object of their supervision. She was one of the wittiest women of her day, and possessed an

unrivalled power of virulent and incisive satire. Such, indeed, was her reputation for cleverness that it was currently reported by the rivals and detractors of Bulwer that he was indebted to her for important aid in the composition of some of his best works,—*The Pilgrims of the Rhine* being especially indicated. Thackeray styled her "The Countess Guiscard," and likened her to that character mentioned by Addison, who appeared either angel or devil, according as it happened to be light or shadow in which she met your view. In 1839, appeared *Cheveley; or the Man of Honour*, dedicated to "No One Nobody, Esq., of No Hall, No Where," of which her husband is the hero. If we do not know Bulwer, the fault lies with ourselves. The most subjective of writers, he has depicted himself in every novel he has written, starting up before us everywhere unexpectedly, the very Proteus of self-representation. Miss Landon has portrayed him in her *Romance and Reality;* and here, in *Cheveley*, his own wife turns him inside out, and shows us the seamy side of the garment. There is brilliant writing in the book, and a promise of literary talent which was not fulfilled by her subsequent works. *The Budget of the Bubble Family*, another three-volume novel, abounds with a personality and vulgarity which alienated many of the friends of the authoress, and did much to avenge the husband for the bitterness of his wife's attacks. Here, her mother-in-law, whose efforts to effect a reconciliation were known to all, was exhibited as a vulgar, illiterate woman; Henry Bulwer is the hateful scoundrel of the story; and the French political barrister, and ex-minister of State, Odillon Barrot, who had acted against her interests in the old Parisian miseries, is depicted in the most odious light that resentment could suggest. A full account of the persecutions to which she had been subjected was given by her ladyship in a volume entitled, *A Blighted Life*, in which Bulwer is described as one of the worst of men,—"false, cunning, cruel and unscrupulous."* Finally, on the occasion of his presenting himself as a candidate for Parliament, she made a sudden rush upon the hustings, at the conclusion of his speech, harangued the mob in a strain of coarse and impassioned invective, and revealed to the world the odious secrets of the prison-house. After this sad affair, she disappeared from the world, and remained in obscurity till her death, so recently as March, 1882, recalled to greybeards the beauty and the wrongs of Rosina, Lady Lytton.

During the Melbourne Administration of 1835, Bulwer was created a baronet. In 1836, he was elected, for the second time, Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow; and in 1866, he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Lytton. He died at Torquay, January 18th, 1873, leaving special instructions in his will that he should be buried in the family mausoleum at Knebworth, that his epitaph should be written in the English language, and that the cost of his funeral should be restricted to that fitting for an English gentleman. It has been said,—and probably with some truth,—that he was the last literary man, of the present day at least, concerning whose place of sepulture a care will be felt; and thus it seems well to record that the final wishes of the poet-novelist were so far disregarded, that, in accordance with an universal desire, the great Abbey received all that was mortal of his remains. From the minute instructions which

* This book was reprinted in 1880, and sold for the consideration of half-a-crown, at 3, Falcon Court, 32, Strand.



Allan Cunningham

AUTHOR OF THE LIVES OF THE BRITISH PAINTERS," &c.

he gave as to the disposal of his body, one would suppose that he suffered from a morbid apprehension of premature interment. It was not to be removed, or placed in its coffin, till three medical men of standing had inspected it separately, and declared in writing that the signs of decomposition had commenced ; all dissection or autopsy of the remains was forbidden, except there should be a suspicion that he had not died a natural death ; and every approved means, short of mangling the body, was to be used to restore it to life, if any doubt of decease existed, or there appeared a possibility of catalepsy or trance.

Of Bulwer's two children by his ill-starred marriage, one,—a daughter, —died early. He was succeeded in the title by his son, the Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, late Viceroy of India, and advantageously known in literature by the pseudonym of "Owen Meredith."

XXVIII.—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

"TRADITION'S lyre he plays,
With firm and skilful hand,
Singing the olden lays
Of his dear native land,"

—so sings a "brither Scot,"—the "Modern Pythagorean" hight,—of this the last in the glorious trinity of peasant-poets whom I linked together in my notes upon the "Ettrick Shepherd." Nor is ALLAN CUNNINGHAM unworthy of this honourable association ; for we have the authority of Sir Walter himself to justify our opinion that, in regard to the noble volume of Scottish song,—"no man—not even Burns—has contributed more beautiful effusions to enrich it." * Whence comes it, we are tempted to ask, that the spirit of Poetry,—forsaking the verdant Mount of Phocis, and Castalia's spring, beloved of old,—finds her chosen home amid the misty hills and heather-covered moors of this wild and rugged land? Why, rather than those who have lingered awhile in the groves of Academus, does she choose for her exponents the large-handed, rough-featured sons of toil, and voices unmodulated by the culture of learning and society? The answer is manifold. First, there is the national character,—that *præfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, which carries the hardy Northmen, and keeps them erect, wherever the cause is noblest, and the battle of life the fiercest. Then there is the sublime, inspiring, natural scenery of their own historic land,—their

"Caledonia, stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child ;"

and the traditions with which their infancy is fed, of a country which has for centuries been the battlefield of national and religious liberty. The pastoral occupation, again, with its day-long hours of solitary self-commune and introspection, conduces, among other causes, to the development of the poetic temperament, and kindles an enthusiasm for the unknown and

* Letter to Allan Cunningham (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, p. 441).

the unseen, which is prompt to break forth into ardent, unbidden song. There is yet another potent agency. If the Scottish peasant owes little or nothing to education, his imagination is unrestrained by the trammels of classicism, and unpolluted by the lore of an outworn and effete mythology. But, deep down in his soul, a part of his very self, is enrooted a profound religious feeling, that sense of relation with, and dependence upon, the supreme Spirit of the universe, without which nothing great has ever been, or ever will be, said or done; it is with the living coal from the altar that his soul is enkindled; and the very language in which he spontaneously utters his thoughts, is informed by that sublime strain of poetry and prophecy which was his earliest teaching at his mother's knee, and which now, in his hardy manhood, he does not neglect, as he seeks the daily lesson of humility and piety in that Sacred Book,—

"The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride,"

whose well-worn leaves serve at once to remind him of the past, instruct him in the present, and speak to him of the future.

James Hogg, in one of his many autobiographical narratives, gives a pleasant account of the visit paid to him, when herding his master's ewes on the great hill of Queensberry, by the brothers, James and Allan Cunningham. The latter is described as "a dark, ungainly youth of about eighteen, with a boardly frame for his age, and strongly-marked, manly features,—the very model of Burns, and exactly such a man. Had they been of the same age, it would not have been easy to distinguish the one from the other." They spent the afternoon reciting their own verses; partaking of the Shepherd's "scrip and store of sweet milk;" and finishing up with a "strong bottle," which the elder Cunningham had with him, and which "served to keep up their spirits to a late hour." On another occasion, the youthful bard, when gaining his daily bread as a stone-cutter in Nithsdale, made pilgrimage on foot to Edinburgh, for the sole purpose of seeing the author of *Marmion*,—afterwards to become a fast friend,—as he passed along the street.

The title, "Honest Allan," so applicable that it has "stuck," was given to him by Sir Walter Scott, who pronounced him "a leal and true Scotsman of the old cast." In this sponsorial act, Sir Walter doubtless had in his mind the same epithet bestowed upon another Allan,—the "Scottish Theocritus,"—by Robert Burns, in those beautiful stanzas which are as applicable to the one as to the other of the peasant-poets, though their lives were separated by half a century of time:—

"In this braw age of wit and lear,
Will nane the Shepherd's whistle mair
Blaw sweetly in its native air
And rural grace;
And wi' the far-fam'd *Grecian*, share
A rival place?

"Yes! there is ane; a Scottish callan!
There's ane; come forrit honest *Allan!*
Thou need na jouk behind the hallan,
A chiel sae clever;
The teeth o' Time may gnaw *Tantallan*,
But thou's for ever.

"Thou paints auld Nature to the nines,
In thy sweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden stream thro' myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes sweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell!" *

But after all, was the title applicable? Let us hear Christopher North, who tells another story:—"The most famous thieves in our time have been Rob, James, and Allan. But the thief of all thieves is the Nithsdale and Galloway thief. . . . Thief and forger as he is, we often wonder why he is permitted to live. Many is the sweet stanza he has stolen from Time,—that silly auld carle who kens not even his own,—many the life-like line, and many the strange single word that seems to possess the power of all the parts of speech." † This is partly in allusion to the share which the young poet had in the *Nithsdale and Galloway Relics* of Cromek, much of which was unquestionably the composition of Allan, or had been so happily "tinkered up" by him (as Hogg has it) as to become his own. A good deal has been done in this way to meet the demand of the lovers of antiquity. There was a certain Rev. Robert Lambe, who, half a century ago, was a capital hand at the fabrication of "ancient ballads." He it was who foisted the well-known *Laidly Worm* on Evans, who included it in the first edition of his collection. The plan of this gentleman was to get his "innocent impostures" printed at Newcastle. Hence they were distributed among the peasantry by hawkers and flying stationers, and thus fell under the notice of collectors, who received them without demur as genuine relics of antiquity. In this way, some of them are supposed to have gained admission—as others by Surtees certainly have—into Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, and similar collections. Hogg, the moment Cromek's book came to his hand, discerned the strains of his friend, and, describing the sensations of delight with which he heard Morrison read "The Mermaid of Galloway," kept naming the author at every verse. It was his constant belief and assertion that his friend Allan was *author of all that was beautiful in the work.* Scott was of the same opinion, and Hogg wrote a review, in which he "laid the saddle," as he says, "on the right horse"; but Jeffrey, though "convinced of the fraud which had been attempted to be played off on the public, did not think it worthy of exposure," and returned the article. Maginn, himself, saw through the deception. "Who," asks he, "that has any taste for ballad-poetry will have let slip from his memory those beautiful specimens of that style of composition in its most exquisite perfection which, under the pretence of being fragments of Galloway and Nithsdale songs, were published by an especial ass of the name of Cromek, on whom Allan—in that particular not honest Allan, but about as dishonest as Chatterton—palmed them as genuine? They are simply *chefs-d'œuvre*, and are almost, but not entirely, equalled by the Jacobite relics, which he, at an earlier period, but in a similar mood of humbug and inspiration, gave to the not-altogether-unsuspecting, nor the altogether-in-such-arts-unpractised, Hogg. It is foolish to compare either him or Hogg with Burns,—they are all three Scotch, and all three makers of verses; but there the similarity ends. Cunningham has his

* *On Pastoral Poetry.*

† "Winter Rhapsody." Fytte the First (*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxix. p. 300).

own merits,—he will never be able to write a song with Burns; but Burns never could have have turned off a ballad like him." If, however, there was any doubt about these north-country ballads, it was laid at rest by the publication, a few years ago, of a letter from Allan himself to his brother James, dated from London, September 8th, 1810. "Well," writes he, "we have at last printed that volume of *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*. It is beautifully printed and hot-pressed in octavo, and contains 400 pages. I am convinced it will edify you greatly, but it may not be made public until December. I will try to send you a copy, so don't buy one. The thing which pleases me in it, every article but two little scraps was contributed by me, both poetry and prose.*

In 1822 appeared *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a Dramatic Poem, etc.,—the time of which is at the close of the Commonwealth, under the second Cromwell; the scene, the Castle of Caerlaverock, on the Scottish side of the sea of Solway; and the story partly traditional and partly imaginary. Sir Walter Scott expressed a high opinion of the beauty of its poetry, and the "fine tone of supernatural impulse" spread over the action; but he justly thought it unfit for dramatic representation by reason of its length, and some obscurity in the development of the plot.

But the genius of Cunningham, unlike that of Hogg, was essentially lyrical. It was incapable of continued flight, and was best evinced in the poetry of songs and ballads, where concentration was necessitated, as Allan did not know when to hold his hand. Scott classed "among the best songs going," "The Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea," and the touching piece, "It's Hame, and it's Hame," which Mrs. Lockhart, his daughter, sang so charmingly. The magnificent ballad "Sir Roland Græme" is one of the finest specimens of word-painting out of Homer,—full of dash, vigour, and energy. Then there are "The Mermaid of Galloway,"†—which suggested to Hilton, the Royal Academician, a picture which once formed part of the collection of Sir John Fleming Leicester,—"She's gane to dwell in Heaven," "Bonnie Lady Anne," "The Lord's Marie," and many others, which are, in their way, of the very highest order of merit. It is, indeed, upon these, and his contributions to Cromek's *Relics*, that his reputation must rest. His genius,—unlike, again, in this respect, that of Hogg,—ripened in early life, before he had mixed with the world, or derived any assistance from books. His prose, it is true, was improved by culture, but his verse deteriorated, or, at any rate, lost that particular merit which gave it its value. Among his prose works the most remarkable, and the one by which he is now chiefly remembered, is his *Lives of the Most Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects* (6 vols. 12mo), written for Murray's "Family Library," in 1830–3. These volumes will ever be read with a certain amount of pleasure on account of their subject, and the fluent style in which they are written. But it must be admitted that the several lives are wanting in that breadth of knowledge and sagacity of discrimination which must be possessed by any one who pretends, at the present day, to the character of an art-critic. The spirit, moreover, in which the lives are written is not free from partiality;

* *Life of Allan Cunningham*, by the Rev. David Hogg. Dumfries and London, 1875, p. 79.

† This must not be confounded with the poem, *The Maid of Galloway*, which was written by James Murray, the "Blind Bard of Galloway," who died so recently as August, 1880.

there is little reference to authority; the tone is not unfrequently contemptuous; and the frequent errors incurred the strictures of the German critic, Passavant, in his *Kunstreise durch England* (p. 346). Cunningham was also the author of a *Life of Burns*, which, though a contribution to the biography of the poet of some value, is yet inferior in delicacy and refinement to those of Currie and Lockhart. We have also a *Life of Sir David Wilkie* (1843, 3 vols. 8vo), a posthumous publication; *Paul Jones* and *Sir Michael Scott*, novels; *The Maid of Elvar*, a poem; *Lord Roldan*, a romance; and other productions for the booksellers, now forgotten, of whose merits, or otherwise, I do not remember enough to enable me to speak.

Few men have been more esteemed in life than the subject of these notes. He was described by one who knew him well as "a self-educated self-reliant, self-asserting man, open-handed and straightforward, with unusual sagacity and rare common sense." The warm-hearted Hogg, alluding to his first interview with Allan, says, "Thus began at that bothy in the wilderness a friendship and a mutual attachment between two aspiring Scottish peasants, over which the shadow of a cloud has never yet passed,"—and further says of his friend, "He is all heart together: without reserve either of expression or manner; you at once see the unaffected benevolence, warmth of feeling, and firm independence of a man conscious of his own rectitude and mental energies." Nor has the Shepherd less regard for the intellectual capabilities of his early friend. "I was astonished," says he, "at the luxuriousness of his fancy. It was boundless; but it was the luxury of a rich garden overrun with rampant weeds. He was likewise then a great mannerist in expression, and no one could mistake his verses for those of any other man. I remember seeing some imitations of Ossian by him, which I thought exceedingly good; and it struck me that that style of composition was peculiarly fitted for his vast and fervent imagination." Lockhart, Jerdan, and Sir Walter Scott were his friends through life; and it was through the interest of the latter that cadetships were obtained for his two sons. In London, besides his literary engagements, he obtained an honourable employment as a kind of "clerk of works" in the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor. Here the poetical character of his mind, no less than his connection with publishers and the press generally, was of great service to his employer, while the pecuniary *honorarium*, and the association with the literary and other celebrities who crowded to the studio of the fashionable artist, were of no less advantage to himself. His lot would thus, in its externals, seem to have been pretty prosperous. But such a career as his is attended with worry and anxiety, care and disappointment, that the world knows not of; and its recompense is inadequate, even when successful. All this wears a man out before his time, and so it was, I am afraid, with "honest Allan," who died at the early age of 56, October 29th, 1842.

I was well acquainted with the late PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A., the eldest son of Allan; a genial man, a careful antiquary, and an elegant writer. For many years he contributed the column of antiquarian gossip and "Table Talk" to the *Illustrated London News;* he wrote the *Life of Drummond of Hawthornden;* the *Life of Inigo Jones* (for the Shakespeare Society); the *Handbook of London* (Murray); the "Memoir" of J. M. W. Turner, prefixed to John Burnet's *Turner and His Works;*

the *Handbook of Westminster Abbey; The Story of Nell Gwynn and the Sayings of Charles the Second* (London, 1852, 8vo); *Modern London;* the *Songs of England and Scotland;* and edited and annotated *Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, the *Letters of Horace Walpole*, and the *Works of Oliver Goldsmith*. He held a clerkship in the Audit Office till failing health compelled him to leave London, when, in 1860, he retired on a pension. He married in 1841, Zenobia, daughter of John Martin, the celebrated painter of "The Deluge," and "The Feast of Belshazzar"; and died at St. Alban's, Herts, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, in May, 1869. *Plures crapula quam gladius;* Peter Cunningham ought to have been alive at the present moment.

XXIX.—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

"THERE'S something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,"

—as the poet of *Peter Bell* says; and we may add, there's something in an easy chair—for in one, as our readers will observe by casting their eyes upon the opposite picture, sits that poet aforesaid, namely William Wordsworth himself, *in propria personâ*. So far *Fraser*.

The influence which the genius of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH has had upon our poetic literature, and the position which will be allotted to him in its future history, involve questions of too great importance to allow of their being discussed with anything like commensurate amplitude in the limited space at my command. A brief attempt may, nevertheless, be made.

A broad glance over the domain of English literature results in its division into three great epochs, or ages. The *first*, or Elizabethan, at the latter part of the sixteenth, and extending over the seventeenth century, and deriving its pervading influence, in great measure, from the literature of Italy; the *second*, or Augustan, during the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and indebted to France for its imitative impulse; lastly, the *third*, which, rather taking its inspiration from Germany, sprang into birth with the century which has now entered upon its latter quarter. In the *first* great era of our national poetry, after Minot, Chaucer, and Gower, we have Spenser, Shakespeare, and Sir Philip Sidney. Then Milton, and Donne, and Cowley, and—for we may include these, too, among poets—Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Bacon, and Sir Thomas Browne. This literature was, what literature ever has been and ever will be, the reflex of the age—its habits and modes of thought—of which it is the offspring, and we find it, accordingly, natural, impetuous, unrestrained, heroic and tender. Civilization now became diffused; polish and refinement of manners followed; and nature shrank back before the approach of art and luxury. The *second* era now comes on, with DRYDEN, POPE, and SWIFT as its presiding genii. Tumultuous passion, effervescent emotion, the grandeur of humanity, and the sublimity of nature, are no longer the themes of the poet. It was rather with those artificial and



W. Wordsworth

AUTHOR OF "THE EXCURSION."

conventional materials so happily summarized by Cowper, that he sought —and with consummate ability, too,—to co-ordinate in his polished verse :—

> "————Roses for the cheeks,
> And lilies for the brows of faded age ;
> Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald ;
> Heaven, earth, and ocean, plundered of their sweets ;
> Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
> Sermons, and City feasts, and favourite airs ;
> Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits ;
> And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
> At his own wonders, wondering for his bread." *

Here, too, the poetry of the age was representative of its character,—artificial, imitative, licentious and frivolous. Nature herself was pruned into regularity ; the lawn shaven, the tree clipped, and the garden cut up in geometrical parterres. But Dryden had manly energy, and transcendant ability : Pope was a "poet of a thousand years" ;—and their influence extended to the commencement of the present century. At that period the classical school had become degenerate and effete in the hands of such poets as Darwin, Hayley, Pye, Seward, and the Della Cruscans. Reversing the rules of art, as illustrated by Homer, Hesiod, and Theocritus, in the earliest times, some of these writers,—Darwin especially, who was a man of great talent,—had endeavoured to treat poetically scientific and other subjects, which, being wholly incompatible with pathos and passion, were deficient in the essential elements of poetry. The others were entirely false, feeble, and artificial, and owed their evanescent popularity to florid metaphor, command of language, and polish of versification. But already there were glimpses of a brighter dayspring. Goldsmith and Johnson had appeared ; Akenside and Thomson followed ; and broader daylight shone before the path of COWPER. Ridicule became once more the test of truth ; Frere and Canning, in the *Anti-Jacobin*, laughed down the *Loves of the Plants*, and Gifford in his *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, annihilated the pretensions of Laura Matilda and the Della Cruscans. In Scotland, Burns had poured forth his heart in passionate song, and untimeously passed away ; but he had left behind him, like Cowper, an influence over the nascent era which cannot be overrated. Crabbe, too, was sternly painting nature ; and Campbell and Southey, each more or less influenced by old traditions, were preparing for less restricted flight. Society had been rudely upturned. Old modes and habits of thought were disturbed by the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau among the French ; by the great political and social Revolution, of which they were the precursors ; by the speculative theories of the French Academicians ; by the *Illuminati*, the mysticists, and the transcendental school of German philosophy.

It is now time to speak of WORDSWORTH. Born April 7th, 1770, at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, he was educated at Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. Wandering over to France, full of hope and enthusiasm, he was an eye-witness of those terrible scenes by which the sacred cause of liberty was polluted, and the progress of democracy almost hopelessly checked. Disillusioned and regretful, he returned to his native home, in the mountain district of the North of England.

* *The Task*, book iv.

Here, in the midst of the most glorious scenery in the world, he laid down that plan of future life to which he ever after adhered with a singleness and tenacity of purpose to which we shall hardly find a parallel. His main object was the studious culture of his faculties as a poet, by communion with nature in her grandest aspects ; by the study of books ; by intercourse with congenial minds ; and lastly, by the enjoyment of those amenities of social and domestic life which had so marked and purifying an influence over the lives of Cowper, Southey, and Scott.

It was in 1798, in conjunction with Coleridge, that he published the first volume of his *Lyrical Ballads*. In them he first gave examples of that peculiar theory of poetry which he developed, to a greater or less extent, throughout the entire course of his subsequent poems. He considered that incidents and situations might be chosen from ordinary life, and described or related in the general language of men, and yet have the power of exciting the sympathy of the reader, by the colouring which they might receive from the imagination, and their reference to the primary and universal laws of human nature. In 1800 appeared the second volume, in the preface to which the author defines his object to be an experiment as to how far the purposes of poetry might be fulfilled, "by fitting to material arrangement a selection of the real language of men, in a state of vivid sensation." It is quite out of my power to discuss here the truth of the principle involved in these propositions, or the extent to which the author has carried it out in his works. Sir Joshua Reynolds has been accused of having laid down rules, and achieved his own fame by their infringement. So Wordsworth, I think, has set at nought his own precepts in those higher flights of his muse by which he will be remembered ; though, at the same time, I cannot deny that his theory has had a certain influence upon his practice,—sometimes by rendering his poetry commonplace, puerile, and affected, but more generally by investing it with that noble and dignified simplicity which is one of its greatest charms.

It was in the nature of things that so daring an innovator would meet, on the one hand with warm support, on the other with strenuous opposition. "No man of his generation," said *Fraser*, "has been so much praised and abused." That this should be the case accords with his own prophecy in the preface to his *Lyrical Ballads*, which was accordingly described in the *Edinburgh* as the most puerile and insane trash that poetaster ever produced. Brougham, actuated possibly by some local feeling, led the cry. Byron caught it up, even when he was lashing the pack from which it emanated ; though, later on, he saw its injustice, and recanted. Jeffrey, who boasted that he had crushed *The Excursion*,—"He might as well attempt to crush Skiddaw !" said Southey,—commenced an article on this, the greatest didactic poem in the language, with the ominous words, "This will never do !" Nevertheless *The Excursion* survives, and where is the crusher ?

Yet, after all, it is a matter of question whether the glory of having been the pioneer of the new school, and thus inaugurating the return to simplicity and nature from which the feebler imitators of Dryden and Pope had so widely diverged, is not due, in part at least, to another writer. *The Songs of Innocence* (1789), and *The Songs of Experience* (1794), of William Blake, the *vates ignotus*, appeared some years before the enunciation of Wordsworth's principles of poetry, and yet these volumes abound

with passages, which in manner and feeling, in subject and metre, cannot but strike the reader with their resemblance to the earlier poems of the bard of Rydal.

How beautiful is the tribute of Felicia Hemans :—

> "True bard and holy ! Thou art even as one
> Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
> In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
> Sees where the springs of living waters lie,"

—and of Sergeant Talfourd, in the House of Commons :—

"He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age ; and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory round the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest."

A discordant key is, however, struck by another great poet :—

"What a pitiful wretch that Wordsworth ! That such a man should be a poet ! I can compare him but with Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian tyrants, and, at the same time, the most natural and tender of lyric poets." * But here the reprobation is purely political.

Wordsworth is already a classic ; his name is canonized in the world's breviary as one of its best and noblest poets. It is in him, as Wilson hints, that is to be found a union of the severe grandeur of the Grecian with the wilder charm of the romantic school. Scott knew no man more to be venerated for uprightness of heart and loftiness of genius. † Hogg points out the richness of his poetry, especially for quotations :—"For these they are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation, too, that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottoes and quotations, and all of them are alike rich. These are the Old Testament, Shakespeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth ; and strange to say, *The Excursion* abounds most in them." Wordsworth was essentially the poet of Nature ; the world has never witnessed a self-dedication nobler or more complete than his to his great mistress, and to the general cultivation of his art for its highest and purest purposes. It is on the sure foundation of nature and truth that his reputation is laid, and not on the shifting sands of fashion and conventionalism. It is thus that may be predicted for him a certain immortality, together with the increasing gratitude and reverence of mankind for the noble moral lesson of his life, and the teachings of the whole body of his poetry. For what have these been but the fostering of love between man and man ; the avoidance of the insidious materialism into which the love of nature may degenerate ; that dignity and grace reside in humble feelings, and susceptibility in humble bosoms ; that the forms of nature, lovely as they are, have no life, except as related to man and his Maker ; that there is a certain correlation between the mind and the external world ; that the earth is dark, unless illumined by the imagination ; and, finally, that noble poetry can be constructed without the aid of supernatural machinery, or artificial excitants. For these, and many more such precepts, and for the restoration of our poetical literature to truth and nature, let us be

* Letter from Shelley to J. L. Peacock. See *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1860, p. 302.

† *Memoirs* by Lockhart, p. 441.

fervently grateful to William Wordsworth, and piously repeat his own words,—

"Blessings be with him, and eternal praise,
—The POET, who, on earth, has made us heirs
Of Truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

When Mortimer Collins visited Wordsworth, at Rydal Mount, in 1848,—walked with him upon the terrace that commanded a line of lakes,—and passed by the noble laurels which the poet had planted from slips he had cut off those set by Petrarch over Virgil's tomb,—he listened to many a noble sentence, "pregnant with meaning." The conversation turned upon longevity. Wordsworth—"speaking as if he were an old Roman senator dressed like an English farmer,"—remarked, "Height of hill, and movement of water are health-giving. They are associated with primeval soil, and an air always fresh and stimulant. If you want to judge of the truth of this, look at the obituary notices in the *Westmoreland Gazette*."

To him also was allotted great length of days,—of which it may be said with perfect truth that his own wish was fulfilled in their being

"Bound each to each by natural piety,"

—so uninterruptedly did they pass in the unostentatious discharge of religious duty, the performance of his self-allotted tasks, and the cultivation of the sweet and ennobling charities of domestic life.

The office which he had long held of Stamp Distributer for the district he had been permitted to resign in favour of his son. In 1843, he had succeeded Southey as poet laureate; and his life was rendered easy by a pension of £300 conferred upon him in 1842, from the government of Sir Robert Peel. That he remained a poor man, may seem strange to those who are accustomed to hear talk of the golden rewards which, in these latter days, are conferred upon men whose productions are to those of William Wordsworth as so many mediæval gurgoyles to a row of Corinthian capitals. "But that he aimed at achieving a loftier purpose than temporary applause," says S. C. Hall, "he would long since have thrown aside the pen; for the fact will be classed among the marvels of the age, that the poetry of Wordsworth scarcely paid the cost of publication." *

William Wordsworth died April 23rd, 1850, at the age of 80, and was buried in the little centry-garth of St. Oswald's, Grasmere, between, as De Quincey records, "a yew-tree of his own planting, and an aged thorn." On his tombstone is an inscription from the pen of Keble, in which he is styled, "a chief minister, not only of noblest poesy, but of high and Sacred truth." Surely the tender lover of Nature, and high-priest of her mysteries, could have no fitter resting-place than this Westmoreland churchyard, where, as some one has written, "the turf is washed green by summer dew, and winter rain, and in early spring is beautifully dappled with lichens and golden moss?" This reads very prettily, and represents the thing as it should be. But what are the facts? The literary pilgrim who may chance to visit the spot will follow a narrow muddy path among the grave mounds, till he reaches a gloomy dingy corner, with a group of blue-black head-stones of funereal slate. Everything round the place is decayed and blighted; no green grass is there; all is dull, dark

* *Book of Ballads*, p. 314.


Alfred Croquis del.
David Brewster

and depressing. The poet's corner is ill-drained; and there is a tiny moat of water round the base of the stone curb, in which is fixed the iron railing that surrounds the grave. Yet here is a remarkable group of memorial tombs. Near to the poet lie all the beloved members of his household. Here slumbers his favourite sister, Dorothy; here, too, Mrs. Wordsworth,—Dora Wordsworth,—her husband, Edward Quillinan, the poet, and translator of the *Lusiad*,—the two infant children of Wordsworth,—and behind these, Hartley Coleridge, that "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," whose bier the poet followed one snowy day in January, unwitting that, before the trees were again clad with verdure, he would be borne along the same narrow path to his own long rest. Surely something should be done to rescue the poet's monument from decay, and render it more in accordance with the verdant foliage and the sunbright hills around, of which he sung so lovingly and so well.

As to the fidelity of the portrait before us, we have the testimony of a well-informed writer.* "It is," says he, "exceedingly good,—that of a man wrapped up in himself, like Buddha, absorbed in his own excellence, and with a mind so full of its own resources, as to be quite independent of companionship." To myself, I must confess, it is hardly satisfactory. It seems to want dignity, and to smack too strongly of the lean-and-slippered pantaloonism of the fifth age. There is, besides, no lack of portraitures of Wordsworth; among which may be mentioned the one by R. Carruthers, where the poet, in meditative mood, leans his head upon his hand. But, the best likeness is afforded by Chantrey's bust, executed for one of the poet's best friends, Sir George Beaumont, of which it was said by Coleridge that it was more like than the original. His portrait was also introduced by B. R. Haydon, in his well-known picture, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem."

There are names which ring, even at second-hand, with an echo which hushes all others. So I felt the other day when I read an obituary notice of William Wordsworth, the last surviving son of the poet, who died at the Stepping-Stones, Rydal, Feb. 7, 1883. He was magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Cumberland, and Stamp Distributer for that county.

XXX.—SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

It may be doubted whether, in technical excellence, fidelity of resemblance, or subtlety and refinement of characterization, the entire circuit of the "Gallery" has anything to exhibit superior to this most charming portrait. It suggests at once, the man, in the midst of that "home-life" which his daughter has described so well, and the Philosopher, pondering upon eternal truths; while, at the same time, in its purity and simplicity, it seems to present the very personification of abstract thought.

David Brewster was born, December 10th, 1781, at Jedburgh, where his father was master of the Grammar School. He was intended for the ministry, and at the age of twelve entered the University of Edinburgh,

* *All the Year Round*, December 13th, 1873.

where, at the age of nineteen, he received the degree of M.A. He duly obtained his licence to preach; but finding early that science had superior charms, the youthful minister soon quitted the pulpit for the workshop and the observatory. Before he was fairly out of his teens he had gained some repute as a scientific investigator, and became editor of the *Edinburgh Magazine*. He speedily was made LL.D. of the University of Aberdeen, M.A. of Cambridge, a member of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and, in 1816, member of the Royal Society of London. He was also elected a member of the Institute of France, which, in 1816, awarded him half the prize of 3,000 francs, offered by that body for the two most important discoveries made in Europe, in physical science, during the preceding two years. It was just at this period that he invented that beautiful scientific toy the *Kaleidoscope*, to the leading principles of which he was led by an accidental circumstance which occurred to him in the course of a series of experiments on the polarization of light by successive reflections between plates of glass, an account of which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1815, and rewarded by the Royal Society of London with the Copley medal. It is difficult now to realize the sensation caused at the time by this discovery. Honours flowed upon the inventor, and men of science from all parts of the world sought him out in his quiet retreat at Allerley, near Melrose. Having brought the instrument to perfection, the inventor was, by the advice of his friends, induced to take out a patent for it. It was described under two different forms in the specification, and opticians in London and elsewhere were duly authorized to fabricate and sell it. The demand was at once prodigious, and Brewster ought to have realized a large fortune. But, "though it made a hundred shopmen rich, it never brought the inventor sixpence,"—an extreme statement, perhaps, though true in spirit. He had, it appears, divulgated the principles of the instrument, before he had secured the invention to himself. It was, moreover, simple in construction and capable of pleasing, even when made without scientific accuracy. Hence it was largely pirated; no fewer than two hundred thousand, it is calculated, having been sold in three months in London and Paris alone. Of this number it is asserted by Sir David, himself, that not perhaps one thousand were constructed upon true scientific principles, or gave anything like a correct idea of the power of the instrument. An apology, it is true, has been made for the freebooters, to the effect that the invention did not belong to Brewster, and that he did nothing more than work out the ideas of other men. This is hardly the place to discuss the question, but I may just observe that it is a well-known fact that the multiplication of images by the inclination of reflecting surfaces, or mirrors, at small angles, had long previously been treated of in works upon optics. Both Father Kircher—that great mechanical genius—and Baptista Porta had given descriptions of a polygonal speculum; that is, of an instrument consisting of mirrors united at their edges, and opening like a book, so as to multiply the images of objects. Bradley, the astronomer, had also, in 1717, constructed an instrument in which, by the inclination of two mirrors placed upon an object, such as an engraving, several images were obtained and disposed, by successive reflections, about a centre. But neither these, nor also a theorem of Professor Wood's which has been brought forward, have any further analogy with Brewster's invention than that they, too, multiply the reflected figures; whereas the essential property of the

Kaleidoscope is, that it is applicable to objects which may be movable, and placed at any distance from the eye of the observer. But this is somewhat dry, I am afraid; so, by way of relief, and to show that this popular instrument possesses another, and perchance unsuspected property, that of symbolizing the passions and phases of life, as well as symmetrically reflecting bits of coloured glass, I transcribe the following sonnet:—

"LIFE.

"I saw a child with a Kaleidoscope,
Turning at will the tesselated field;
And straight my mental eye became unseal'd,
I learnt of life, and read its horoscope:
Behold, how fitfully the patterns change!
The scene is azure now with hues of Hope;
Now sober'd grey by Disappointment strange;
With Love's own roses blushing, warm and bright,
Black with Hate's heat, or white with Envy's cold;
Made glorious by Religion's purple light;
Or sicklied o'er with yellow lust of Gold:
So, good or evil coming, peace or strife,
Zeal when in youth, and Avarice when old,
In changeful, chanceful phases passes Life." *

Sir David Brewster has given an account of his invention in his *Treatise on the Kaleidoscope* (Edinburgh, 1819), which has gone through several editions. Dr. Roget has shown how the properties of the instrument may be enlarged by employing a number of mirrors, instead of two, united at their edges, so as to form a hollow prism. These are called "polycentral," and are triascopic, tetrascopic, or hexascopic, according to the number of mirrors.†

Another of Sir David's contributions to practical science may here be mentioned, on account of the interest which it excited at the time, from the advantage to the maritime navigation of the kingdom which it was supposed would result from it. This was an improvement in the construction of the illuminating department of lighthouses, by the substitution of polyzonal lenses instead of parabolic reflectors,—an adaptation, if I mistake not, of an invention of Buffon, the naturalist. Notwithstanding the supposed importance of this principle, I believe that its practical application has been confined to France. In connection with photography, may be mentioned the important invention of the refracting stereoscope.

It would be a pleasant task, had I space, to enumerate the honours of which this eminent man was the recipient. In 1832 he was knighted by William IV., and in January, 1849, he was elected one of the eight foreign associate members of the National Institute of France, vacant by the death of the celebrated chemist Berzelius. The Royal Society awarded him, in 1819, the Rumford gold and silver medals; and he was corresponding member of most of the chief scientific associations in Europe. His contributions to literature also were important. He edited, and largely wrote in, the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which was not completed till 1830. He wrote the treatise on "Optics" for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*. In 1819, conjointly with Professor Jameson, he founded the *Edinburgh Philosophic Journal*, and subsequently the *Edinburgh Journal*

* *An Author's Mind; the Book of Title Pages*, p. 36. London, 1841.
† *Annals of Philosophy*, vol. xi.

of Science. For more than twenty years he had a paper in nearly every number of the *North British Review.* We have also from his pen a series of memoirs entitled *The Martyrs of Science*, and a *Life of Sir Isaac Newton*, which is a most valuable contribution to scientific biography. It is, indeed, more than this; for he has had the honesty to supply, no doubt in violence to his own feelings and prejudices as a Trinitarian, the matter which Horsley, styling "rubbish," suppressed by pious fraud, but which is of the highest value as indicative of the theological opinions of the great philosopher. "What the gifted mind of Newton believed to be truth," says he, "I dare not pronounce to be error." While speaking of the scientific labours of Brewster, it should not be forgotten that it was he who, in 1831, proposed that meeting at York which led to the establishment of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

One of the later, and not the least interesting, of the incidents in the career of Sir David Brewster as a man of letters, was his controversy with Dr. Whewell on the subject of the "Plurality of Worlds." The latter, who had perhaps felt some difficulties connected with the doctrine of the Incarnation, had written a book teeming with that universality of learning and richness of illustration of which he was master, to show the improbability that the planets were inhabited by other races similar to, but yet distinct from, the human family; and arguing, further, that they were as yet unfit for habitation. Brewster, whose interest in clerical matters had not ceased when he quitted the Scottish pulpit, but formed an insoluble compound with his scientific predilections, was strangely excited by this book. He first criticised it somewhat angrily in the *North British Review*, and then wrote a more lengthy answer, in which he endeavoured to show that the existence of more worlds than one is not only the "creed of the philosopher, but the hope of the Christian."

As another proof of the interest which Sir David took in matters ecclesiastical and religious, it must not be forgotten that he was one of the foremost in the movement which led to the establishment of the Free Church of Scotland. Connected, too, with this, or rather with his peculiar mental idiosyncrasy, is the interest which he ever took in Magic, Clairvoyance, and Spirit-rapping; phenomena which he at first sought to explain away, but latterly, it was said, was disposed to attribute to Satanic agency. It was the same tendency of inquiry which led, earlier in life, to his *Letters on Natural Magic, addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart.*, written in 1832, for Murray's *Family Library*, and which have been pronounced "as diverting as so many Arabian tales."

This eminent man died at his seat at Allerley, "just forenent Melrose," February 10th, 1868, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. It is worthy of note that his first wife, whom he married in 1810, and who died in 1850, was Juliet, the youngest daughter and co-heiress of James Macpherson, Esq., of Belleville, M.P., who will be remembered in all time as the translator,—or author,—of *The Poems of Ossian.*

On December 10th, 1881, was celebrated the centenary of the birth of Sir David Brewster. There has been a "Burns Centenary," and a "Scott Centenary," but these differ from that of Brewster, inasmuch as their heroes had, at their occurrence, long passed into the realms of song and story; while, by reason of the length of age to which he had attained, the memory of the Border philosopher was yet green in the memory of thousands who had known and loved him.



AUTHOR OF THE "LIFE OF LORENZO DI MEDICI".

Jedburgh, the little town of his birth, was on this occasion in a state of vast excitement. This is a peculiarly interesting place, of great antiquity, and the scene of perpetual raids and forays up to the time of the junction of the two Crowns. Its Castle was one of the strongest of the Border forts, and stood on the site now occupied by the county prison. It was of great importance as being on the very line of separation, and close to one of the chief passes through the Cheviot Hills. The Abbey has been pronounced the most perfect and beautiful example of the Saxon (Norman) and early Gothic in Scotland. It was at Jedburgh that Mary of Scotland was staying when she was seized with that illness her recovery from which became, in her after years of misfortune, a subject of regret. The very house in which she stayed for a month was, at the close of last century, occupied by a Dr. Lindsay, the charms of whose daughter, "sweet Isabella Lindsay," were sung by Burns, who lodged here for some time, at 27, Canongate, and speaks of the "charming romantic situation, with gardens and orchards intermingled among the houses." Jedburgh has also been honoured with the company of the "Young Pretender," and Wordsworth, the poet. The Lordship and Barony have been for the past two hundred and fifty years in the possession of the family of Lothian; and, at the expense of the present holder of the title, the house in the Canongate in which Brewster was born has been fitted up as a model lodging-house.

I have already alluded to the interesting, if rather desultory, *Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, 1869, 12mo.

XXXI.—WILLIAM ROSCOE.

"BUT, hark what solemn strains from Arno's vales
Breathe raptures wafted on the Tuscan gales!
LORENZO rears again his awful head,
And feels his ancient glories round him spread;
The Muses, starting from their trance, revive,
And, at their ROSCOE's bidding, wake and live." *

"Liverpool," says Fraser, "is proud of having produced Roscoe. Washington Irving's observations, in his *Geoffrey Crayon*, on the occasion of his landing in that city, and his reflections on the sale of Roscoe's library, will be recollected by all who have any feeling for generous writing." Among such there cannot, by any possibility, be included any of the readers of this memoir; and I shall accordingly waive all further notice of the paper in *The Sketch-Book*, and content myself with a reference to the hardly less admirable parody upon it, which will be found in a witty little volume, entitled *Warreniana*." † Here it is no longer "Geoffrey Crayon," and the *Liverpool Athenæum*; but an anonymous American, and "No. 30, Strand;" it is not ROSCOE the historian who excites the reverential emotions of the traveller, but WARREN the Blacking-maker; he is not thinking of the "voice that has

* *Pursuits of Literature*, ed. 1808, p. 234.

† *Warreniana; with Notes Critical and Explanatory*, (by W. F. Deacon.) London, 1824, 12mo.

gone forth to the ends of the earth," but "the blacking with which he has cleaned his shoes even in the solitudes of America!" Warren, in short, "is the literary landmark of the place;" and though "the popular graces of his poetry" had made the pilgrim familiar with the name, "it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired." But to be serious.

WILLIAM ROSCOE was born March 8th, 1753, at Mount Pleasant, Liverpool, where his father was a publican and market gardener. He commenced life as a bookseller's assistant, but after a month's trial, not liking the confinement, left the occupation, and became articled in the following year to an attorney at Liverpool. He practised law with success in his native town for some years, but finding his aversion for business increase in direct ratio with his love for art and literature, he retired, in 1796, from his practice, with a moderate competency. In the following year he visited London, and with a view to practise at the bar, entered himself at Gray's Inn. Here, however, he did not keep more than one term; and returning to Liverpool, purchased a part of the Allerton estate, on which he proposed to fix his future residence, and devote the remainder of his life to the cultivation of literature, and the pursuits of a country gentleman.

Happy would it have been for William Roscoe if he had adhered to the plan which he had thus laid down. But if man proposes, he disposes not,—

"We do but *row*, 'tis fate that *steers*;"—

and after an anchorage of a brief twelve months in the quiet haven of domestic and literary life, he found himself once more out at sea, on the storm-tossed ocean of commerce. His friend William Clarke, who, when residing for his health at Florence, had rendered such service to the historian by collecting materials to illustrate the age and life of "Lorenzo," was at the head of an extensive banking-house. The year 1799 found this in a position of some embarrassment, and the aid of Roscoe was, in turn, sought as confidential adviser. The difficulties were removed, chiefly through his instrumentality; and the continuance of his aid and influence was sought as an active partner. In an evil hour,—whether through a desire to make a sacrifice to friendship, whether from anticipation of pecuniary advantage,—Roscoe bade farewell for ever to his lettered ease, and exchanged the "golden reign" of Leo, for that of the Banker,—a metaphorical reminiscence for an anticipation still more unreal and illusive. *Hoc fonte derivata clades!*

Before the taking of this fatal step, the *History of Lorenzo the Magnificent* had been given to the world. Happily,—in one sense, at least,—after Roscoe had become a banker, he enjoyed a few years of tranquillity, during which he had time to produce the necessary continuation of that important work, the *History of the Life and Pontificate of Leo X.*, the illustrious son of the subject of his former labours. I need not speak of these works, which have long been classical. They elicited in this country the approbation of such men as Matthias, Parr, Hayley, Vincent, Currie, Heber, and Malone; they were welcomed with enthusiasm by the scholars of the Continent, especially those of Italy, and translated into Italian, French, and German; reprinted in America, and have gone through many editions in the country of their production. If further proof of their excellence be needed, I have only to mention,

that the whole body of professed critics, with the *Edinburgh Review* at its head, fell foul of the later work, on account of the liberality and generosity of its sentiments, and more especially the view which the author took of the cruelties perpetrated by the early Reformers; and that the ultra Romanists themselves were no better pleased, as evinced by the fact that the Italian version was consigned by Leo XII., to the *Index Expurgatorius*. Other unfavourable opinions have, it is true, found occasional expression. Sismondi* has dealt with their alleged historical faults in no reticent spirit; and English critics have reprehended the too uniform smoothness and elegance of the style, which belongs to that school of Blair, which, it has been said, has done so much to debase and emasculate the language. Bishop Hurd found *Lorenzo* "ingenious and learned;" but was inclined to tax the author with Infidelity and Jacobinism. The following quatrain is from his Commonplace Book :—

"ON SOME LATE HISTORIANS.

"Teach me, Historic Muse, to mix
Impiety with politics,
So shall I write, *nil aliud posco*,
Like my lov'd Gibbon, Hume, and Roscoe." †

I remember, in bygone days (about 1846), once hearing Michelet, himself but a second-rate writer, speak in disparaging terms of Roscoe, in a lecture-room in Paris; but these are exceptions, and it can hardly be doubted that these histories will continue to be read as long as a taste for elegant literature shall exist among us.

It is well for the fame of Roscoe as a man of letters, that he had thus early completed the great works on which it must rest. In 1816, the banking-house with which he was connected fell once more into those difficulties, the occurrence of which has now unhappily become, at least in this country, a recognized feature of a commercial career. Time and opportunity were granted for extrication, chiefly from confidence in Roscoe and respect for his character. But this proved in vain, and the necessity becoming apparent of realizing, not only the assets of the concern, but the private property of the partners, Roscoe at once, with heroic fortitude, resolved to offer to public sale his whole personal effects, including his library, pictures, engravings, and other works of art, which it had been an important part of the business of his life to bring together, and of which he made such a noble use. After the deprivation of sight, —the calamity of Homer, Milton, D'Israeli, Prescott, and Thierry,— surely the greatest misfortune which can happen to a man of letters is the loss of his books. There is a noble class of intellect which, dealing rather with the abstract,—knowing, as it would seem, much from intuition,—and retaining, moreover, all that has ever come within its grasp,—may come, at length, to be able to dispense, in great measure, with that from which it derived its fulness. The possessor of such a mind can say, with a fine old poet :—

"I scorne fortune, and was ever free
From that dead wealth depending on her power;

* In the *Histoire des Republique Italiennes du Moyen Age.*

† *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Richard Hurd, D.D.*, etc., by the Rev. Francis Kilvert. 1860, 8vo, p. 251.

My treasure still I beare about with me,
Which neither time nor tyrants can devoure." *

But there is also another and inferior order of mind, as well as a more concrete branch of literary work, which has to do with facts or figures; and neither of these can dispense with the extraneous aid of books. As was said of old, *Scire ubi aliquid invenire possis magna pars eruditionis est*, and in this case the learning perishes with the means of reference, as well as the labour and the pleasure of a life. The world cannot estimate the extent of such a loss, and may thus receive pardon for allowing it to occur. "The scholar only knows," says Washington Irving, "how dear these silent, yet eloquent, companions of pure thoughts and innocent hours become in the season of adversity. When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, these only retain their steady value. When friends grow cold, and the converse of intimates languishes into vapid simplicity and commonplace, these only continue the unaltered countenance of happier days, and cheer us with that true friendship which never deceived hope, nor deserted sorrow."

Here is an expression of feelings which cannot fail to find a responsive echo in the mind of every lover of books; and who, among these, is there who will not sympathize with Roscoe in the anguish which the forced severance from these objects of his love brought to his soul, and admire the manly philosophy with which he prepared his mind to meet the blow? The following exquisite sonnet was composed by him at this period, and expresses at once his grief and his fortitude:—

"As one who destined from his friends to part,
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;
Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;
For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
And all your sacred fellowship restore;
When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

An eminent man of letters on the other side of the Channel,—"Le Bibliophile Jacob," *alias* M. Paul Lacroix, a writer to whom all lovers of books must owe a debt of gratitude,—appears to have suffered a loss similar to that of Roscoe, and alludes to it in touching language. In the preface to his reprint of the *Moyen de Parvenir* of Beroalde de Verville, the following passage occurs:—"Mon commentaire n'est qu'une faible rémìniscence de celui que j'avais préparé, il y a cinq ans, et qui a été égaré pendant un voyage. I'avais, à cet époque, comme instrumens et comme matériaux, une excellente bibliothèque que des revers de fortune m'ont forcé de vendre aux enchères. Sous Louis XIV. ce fut Boileau qui acheta la bibliothèque de Patru; sous Louis XV., ce fut Catherine II. qui acheta celle de Diderot; sous le gouvernement parlementaire, où les gens de lettres deviennent ministres, un homme de lettres qui vend sa bibliothèque ne peut s'addresser qu'au public, et n'a pas la consolation de

* *Recreations with the Muses*, by William Earl of Sterline. Folio, 1637. ("Tragedy of Crœsus.")

voir ses livres passer tous à la fois dans des mains royales ou lettrées. Mais, comme je ne me lasse pas de le répéter, qu'importent les livres ? qu'importent les écrivains qui les font ?"

The "Catalogues" of Roscoe's various collections were very extensive, and were prepared by their owner with his own hand, in order that they should be considered worthy a place in libraries, and thus remain a permanent record of the literary and artistic treasures once possessed by him. The sales were well attended, and the biddings high : the books realized £5,150 ; the engravings and etchings, £1,915 : and the paintings and drawings, £2,826. Besides these sale "Catalogues," which are now difficult to meet with, there is another and later memorial of the famous collection, in the shape of a slender tome, entitled *Roscoe's Library ; or, Old Books and Old Times*, by the Rev. James Aspinall, M.A. (London and Liverpool, 1853, 8vo, pp. 77),—a volume which, in addition to its bibliographic information, contains some interesting details of celebrated libraries and their dispersion.

It would probably have been better, alike for the character of Liverpool and the happiness of Roscoe, had these collections been preserved to him. The merchants of his native city are doubtless clever book-keepers ; but in their ledger account with their distinguished townsman, they had strangely miscalculated the amount at his credit. But at Liverpool, as Irving found, he who was known as an *author* elsewhere, was "spoken of as the *banker*," and here the balance was on the wrong side. A good deal, too, may be said *per contra*. Roscoe's independence of feeling would probably have led him to refuse the gift ; much of the collection was merely ornamental ; and the total value was little short of £10,000. An attempt was, indeed, made by a few liberal-minded friends * to secure for his use the working portion of his library. It was found, ultimately, that he could not retain even this ; and the volumes, which had been carefully selected by Mr. Shepherd, were finally presented to the Liverpool Athenæum ; the use of them, and the faculty of their removal from the library, being reserved, for his lifetime, to their former possessor.

Four years of intense business labour and anxiety now ensued ; at the close of which it became obvious that the proposed plan for settling the affairs of the bank could not be carried out. Actions at law were commenced ; the personal liberty of Roscoe was imperilled ; and it became necessary, after all, to seek relief in bankruptcy. He obtained his certificate in 1820, and found himself, at the age of 70, bookless and a beggar, in infirm health and broken spirits. Here, once more a few friends stepped forward, collected a sum of £2,500, and vested it in trustees for the benefit of the historian and his family. In 1822, he published his important *Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, with a reply therein to the strictures and criticisms of Sismondi, who, it is pleasing to know, subsequently visited his literary antagonist at Liverpool, and passed several pleasant days with him, as his guest. In the same year, too, he drew up a very curious account of a poor Welsh fisher-lad,† who, though in the utmost indigence, and of weak intellect in other directions, had

* The Rev. W. Shepherd, author of the *Life of Poggio Bracciolini ;* Mr. William Rathbone ; J. Brooke Yates, etc.

† *Memoir of Richard Roberts Jones, of Aberdaron, in the County of Carnarvon, in North Wales, exhibiting a remarkable instance of a Partial Power and Cultivation of Intellect.* London, 1822, 8vo, pp. 50.

managed to obtain an extraordinary knowledge of languages. He was critically acquainted with Hebrew, Greek and Latin; Welsh was his mother-tongue; English he had learnt as a foreign language; and he both read and spoke with fluency French and Italian. This extraordinary character had an interview with the eminent scholar, Dr. Samuel Parr. Latin was too simple to engage their attention, but they discussed the refinements of Greek, and the works of the critics who had illustrated it. They then went off into Hebrew and its analogous tongues, when it became apparent that the lad,—who in point of attire, would have shamed a beggar,—was getting the best of it. The Doctor now tried to take refuge in Chaldee, but soon had to beat a precipitate retreat. When Jones was asked what he thought of his interlocutor, he replied with faint praise, "He is less ignorant than most men." Roscoe draws a parallel between the circumstances of the early life of the subject of his memoir, and those of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher; and compares him, in the character of his mind, and the earnestness of his pursuits, with Magliabechi, the learned librarian of the Grand Duke's library at Florence. Under more favourable circumstances, he might also have been no mean rival to the Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose linguistic acquirements will be the marvel of all succeeding ages to the end of time. I have said this much from the curiosity of the subject, for the authorship of the pamphlet is not generally known, and I do not think that Canon Williams has mentioned "Dick of Aberdaron" in his Dictionary. A fine portrait is prefixed to Roscoe's memoir, from which it is apparent that the plate was etched by Mrs. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, from a drawing by John Williamson, an eminent portrait-painter of Liverpool. When this portrait was shown to Dick, he turned it about from side to side, and at length exclaimed, "It is my own." Roscoe then asked him to write a suitable inscription of his name, etc., to put under it; when the ragged lad, who had not the least idea of his head being engraved, or an inscription required, opened his waistcoat, and unwound from his body a piece of white calico, five or six feet long by three broad, on which there appeared in large leters, inscribed by himself, the words, "Verbum Dei Libertas," and beneath, the legend: "R. Johannes, Caernarvonensis, Linguæ Hebrææ professor, Rabbi Nathan unus e discipulis, et veritatis libertatisque indignissimus Martyr." There is also a spirited wood-cut, showing the eccentric scholar, at full length, reading from a book supported by his two hands.

Roscoe joined proficiency as a draughtsman to his other varied accomplishments. Many of the etchings in his great work on monandrian plants were produced from drawings by himself. He etched with the dry-point several book-plates for his friends; and executed the admission ticket for the Exhibition for Promoting Painting and Design in Liverpool, in 1787; and to the exhibition of the previous year he contributed two drawings in crayon ("Portrait of a Gentleman," and "Boy Sleeping," Nos. 142 and 143).

Perhaps it may be new to some that it was his pen which furnished the admirable preface to the *Catalogue of the Etchings of Rembrandt* of his friend and brother-in-law, Daulby. He also wrote the preface to Strutt's *Dictionary of Engravers* (1785–6, 2 vols. 4to), an admirable introduction to the subject, which has been translated into most of the modern languages. He translated the *Nurse* of Luigi Tansillo (Liverpool,

McCreery, 1798, 4to), a beautiful specimen of local typography ;* and produced many other works of minor importance,—pamphlets on the slave-trade, speeches, addresses on various occasions political and literary, etc.,—of which I cannot even make mention.

As a poet, he is known by those beautiful verses,—"O'er the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," of which an imitation is given in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, No. 53. His poetical works were, for the first time, collected and published by Ward and Lock, London, small square 8vo, 1857, pp. 104.

About the year 1821, George IV. founded the Royal Society of Literature, which was incorporated by Charter in 1825. The King made a contribution to the new society of one thousand guineas a year, to be distributed among ten literary men, who were to receive the title of "Royal Associates," and be chosen at the discretion of the Council. The gentlemen selected as the original recipients of this bounty were :— Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Rev. Edward Davies, Rev. John Jamieson, D.D., Rev. Thomas Robert Malthus, Thomas James Matthias, James Millingen, Sir William Ouseley, WILLIAM ROSCOE, Rev. Henry John Todd, and Sharon Turner.

To the credit of Roscoe's discrimination it should not be forgotten, that he early discovered and encouraged the genius of the late John Gibson, the eminent sculptor, who was a frequent visitor at Allerton Hall, and by whom, in 1827, a bust of the historian in marble was presented to the Liverpool Royal Institution, "in gratitude to one to whom he was indebted for what little merit he might possess as a sculptor ; who first inspired him with ideas worthy of his profession, and kindled within him an ardent love of fame in the pursuit of it."

It was well said by old George Buchanan :—

> "Sola doctorum monumenta vatum
> Nesciunt fati imperium severi ;
> Sola contemnunt Phlegethontis et Orci
> Jura superbi,"—

and WILLIAM ROSCOE, who in the chances and changes of life had ennobled prosperity, dignified adversity, and thus showed himself equal to either fortune, has cast a lustre by his genius over the town of his nativity which will shine bright when the story of her commerce shall be as vague as that of Tyre and Sidon. He died at his residence, Toxteth Park, Liverpool, June 30th, 1831, in his eighty-first year, "ultimus suorum ;" and at the close of his long career saw occasion to "thank the Almighty for having permitted him to pass a life of much happiness, which, though somewhat chequered by vicissitude, had been, on the whole, one of great enjoyment."

* There is a second edition, Liverpool, 1800, 8vo. In looking over Roscoe's preface to his translation, I perceive that he has omitted to make mention of a very rare book by Tansillo, entitled *Stanza di Cultura sopra gli Horte de le Donne*, 1587, 12mo. This is a poem of extreme licentiousness, and is probably one of those which led Pius IV. to insert his writings in the *Index*. Tansillo was deeply grieved by this, and begged hard for removal of the censure, pleading that if his verses were dirty, his life was cleanly :—

> "Fu, gran Padre, la carta
> Vana talor, la vita sempre onesta,
> E tal sarà quanto di lei mi resta."

The life of Roscoe was written by his son Henry (London, 1833, 2 vols. 8vo), and has two portraits prefixed,—one from a painting by John Williamson, the other engraved from the medallion by Gibson. The best miniature of Roscoe is said to be one by Thomas Hargreaves. The bust by Sir Francis Chantrey, at the Gallery of Arts, is said to be "one of those mistaken idealizations which are too often indulged in by the most eminent of artists." * There is, besides, the monument, with bust, by Davis, in the Renshaw Street Chapel; a bust by Spence, of which an engraving is before me; a portrait, drawn and engraved by Thompson, in the *European Magazine*, July, 1822; another engraved by Hopwood "from an original picture;" and perchance others which have not found their way into my portfolio.

XXXII.—PRINCE DE TALLEYRAND.

As in the conflict and turmoil of the elements principles are evolved which would otherwise have remained in unsuspected latency, so in the antagonism of men's passions and interests qualities become developed which bring their possessors into prominence, and claim for them important parts upon the stage of life. Of this the great French Revolution, at the close of the last century, may be taken as an illustration, where, mighty as were its immediate and subsequent influences upon society, an amount of energy and intellect was quickened into action commensurate in importance with the event itself. Of all the actors in that great and terrible drama,—those extraordinary men who, born of the circumstances, in their turn acted upon these, and seemed to mould them to their will in the working out of their destinies,—two personages, closely associated, yet widely diverse in aim, character, and fate, stand forth alike in majesty of genius, and the historic interest which attaches to their careers. One of these was NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the son of an obscure Corsican; the other, CHARLES MAURICE DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, the scion of an ancient and illustrious family of France.

As this extraordinary man belonged to a profession in which words are employed to conceal thought; in which, to use his own words in his *éloge* of M. de F. Reinhard—which constitute his portrait,—it was necessary that he should possess the "faculty of appearing open at the same time that he remained impenetrable; of being in reality reserved, although perfectly frank in his manners"; and in which, as Sir Walter Scott said, if he wished to be communicative, "he would have a thousand reasons for perverting the truth"; it is not remarkable that his real character is yet, and probably ever will remain, an impenetrable mystery. Here, at all events, I can scarcely attempt an elucidation.

His career was truly a wonderful one. Born February 13th, 1754, he had more than attained his majority when Voltaire made his memorable visit to Paris. Talleyrand was introduced to him, and received an

* *Roscoe, and the Influence of his Writings on the Fine Arts.* "Read before the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire. By Joseph Mayer, Esq., Honorary Curator." Liverpool, 1853, 8vo, page 36.



Alfred Crowquill del.

Ah mauvaise de talleyrand

AUTHOR OF "PALMERSTON, UNE COMEDIE DE DEUX ANS."

impression from the two interviews which resulted, which remained till the close of his life. The effects of a fall having rendered him lame, and therefore unfit for a military career, he entered the Church as a profession. He became, in due course, Abbé de Périgord, and Bishop of Autun (1788). In this capacity he became a member of the *Etats Généraux;* but soon resigned his bishopric, renounced his ecclesiastical character, and devoted himself to diplomacy. In 1792 he visited England on a secret mission; having returned to France, and, through Danton, narrowly escaped assassination, he went to the United States, where he remained till 1796, when he was recalled by a decree of the Convention. When Napoleon became First Consul, Talleyrand remained in office as Foreign Minister. In 1803, released from ecclesiastical restraints by a brief from Pius VII., he married. Then came the day of his rivalry with Fouché, resulting in his ultimate advantage, and his elevation by Napoleon (1806) to the rank of Prince Benevento, and Grand Chamberlain of the Empire. He was Commissioner for France at the Congress of Vienna; on the return of Louis XVIII. in 1815, he resumed the portfolio of Foreign Affairs as President of the Council; soon resigned this, but remained about the person of the King, in virtue of his title as Chamberlain; and became the leader of the Opposition in the Chamber of Peers. At the Revolution of 1830, Talleyrand was a septuagenarian. His powers, however, had undergone no declension, and he proceeded to London, as Ambassador, residing there till 1835. The story is probably of the *ben trovato* order, that, when he swore allegiance to Louis Philippe, he exclaimed, "Thank God, this is the *thirteenth* I have taken." Three years later, after an illness of only six days, on May 20th, 1838, and in the eighty-fourth year of his age, the marvellous career of this extraordinary man was terminated by death, an event which he met with the same imperturbable fortitude with which he had passed through all the grand crises of his life.

"Everybody knows that he is a rogue," said Maginn, "but nobody thinks he is a fool." Still, Talleyrand, if a selfish, does not appear to have been, in any sense of the word, a bad man. No act of cruelty has been substantiated against him. He was a friend of freedom of thought and expression; sought to abolish feudalism, and establish constitutional government and national religion; he was a promoter of education, and a lover of art and literature. His weapons were witticisms, rather than daggers and dungeons; he attracted by grace of manner; retained affection by acts of real kindness; and made long friendships. The son of Theobald Wolfe Tone bears grateful testimony to the interest taken by Talleyrand in the fate of the "patriot's" widow and children, and his exertions in their behalf.* The estimate of the historian Mignet † is favourable to his character; and his *éloge* of Reinhard, pronounced at the Académie only three months before his own death, is a masterpiece of elegant and laudatory declamation. ‡

On the other hand, there is a character of Talleyrand in the *Historic Fancies* of the Hon. George Sydney Smythe, M.P. (London, 8vo, 1844), which I cannot forbear transcribing, though the writer may have been led too far by a love of epigram. "Such," says he, "was treachery in theory. Another aristocrat it was, who raised its practice into a science, and

* *Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone.*
† *Notices Historiques*, par M. Mignet. Paris, 1853, 2 vols. 8vo.
‡ *Eloge de M. le Comte de Reinhard.* Paris. 1838, 8vo.

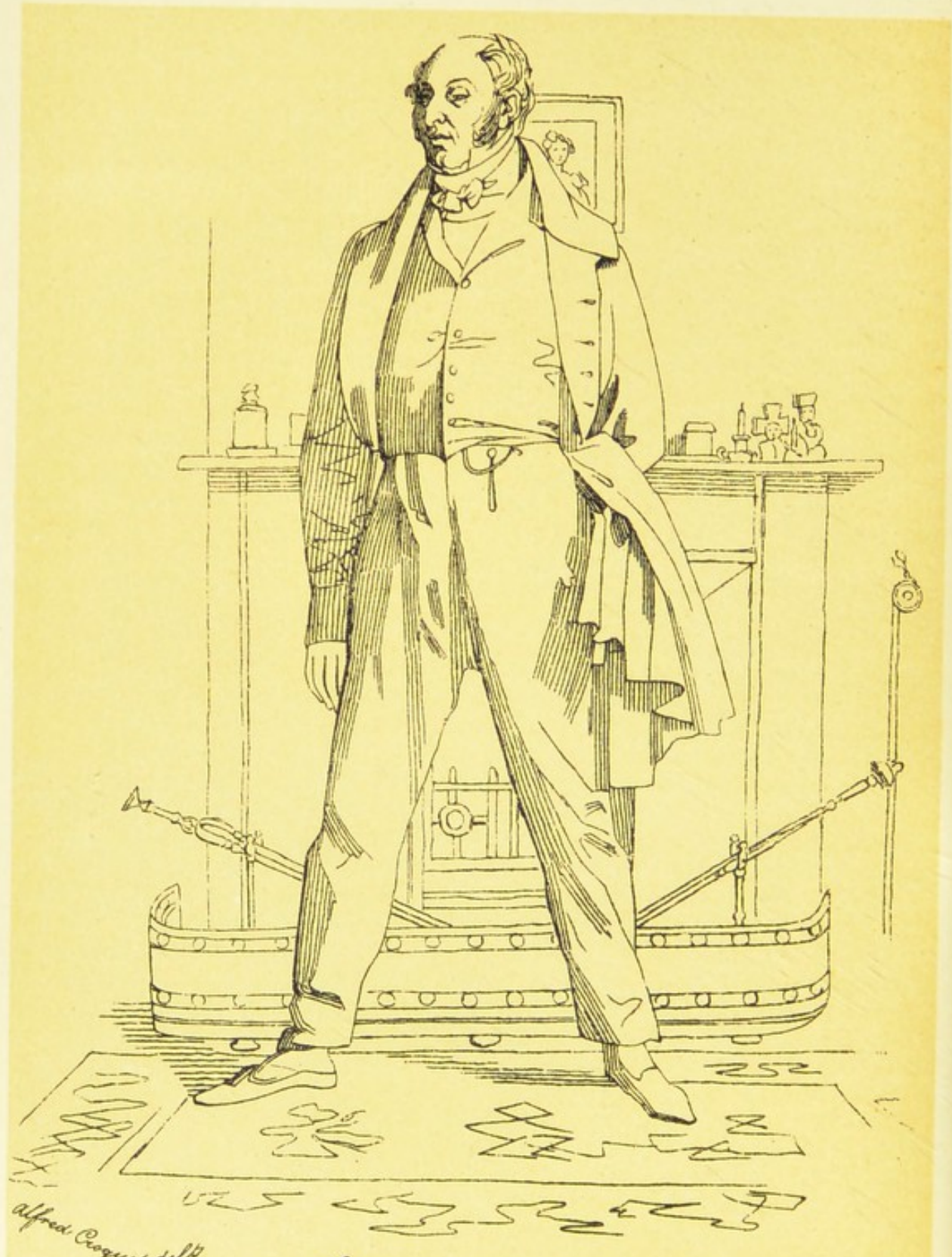
realized a standard of falsehood which the Borgias were unequal to attain. That De Talleyrand, of whom it has been said that he regarded speech only as a means to conceal his thoughts ; oaths only as stepping-stones to personal advancement ; whose eulogy has been written that he elevated silence into eloquence, talent into genius, experience into divination ; who exercised these rare gifts to undo every authority, and betray every power which employed him, was as fine a gentleman as Voltaire. He, too, was the idol of a drawing-room. His epigrams would have been *caviare* to the multitude ; but they were aptly seasoned to the palate of a worn-out and paradoxical society. His wit was never so brilliant as among applauding Duchesses and delighted coxcombs. The monarchy, as a principle, he despised, because he despised its obligations. The people he hated, because he feared them ; and the last years of his life were devoted to defeat and thwart every endeavour to enfranchise and enlighten them."

Talleyrand had been married, as I have said. His wife was a Madame Grant, to whom he was legally united at the Mairie of the 10th *Arrondissement*, in Paris, in 1803. He had previously been in cohabitation with her, and made her his wife on her divorce from M. Grant, in 1798. Twenty years before, Sir Philip Francis had seen and admired her in India.

Who has not heard of the *bons mots* of Talleyrand. Perhaps the best is the monosyllabic "*Déjà !*" to the friend who in sickness told him he was experiencing the tortures of hell. In his quarrel with Fouché, on the latter saying, "You need not triumph in your rank ; under a usurpation, the greatest scoundrel may be the Prime Minister if he pleases." "How fortunate," was the caustic reply, "that you *condescended* to be *Minister of Police*." When he met the Duc de Montmorency at the same party with M. de Rothschild, after the latter had been ennobled by the Emperor of Austria, Talleyrand seized the opportunity to "present M. le premier Baron Juif to M. le premier Baron Chrétien." To his secretary, who was blotting the superfluous ink from a memorial, he said, "You will never do for a French ambassador. Don't you know that blotting-paper reveals secrets?" and, with like caution, when a lady requested his autograph for her album, he wrote at the top of the page, to prevent such a contingency as a promissory note appearing some day above it. To a man afflicted with *strabismus*—vulgo, a squint,—who asked him, "Comment vont les affaires?" he tersely replied, "Comme vous voyez." It was he who gave to the young diplomatist the counsel, now become proverbial, "Surtout, point de zèle, mon jeune ami, point de zèle!"* To Bobus Smith, who spoke casually in conversation of the beauty of his mother, he said with an inimitable air of simple assumption, "C'était donc votre père qui n'était pas beau." When Rhallière (according to Champfort) said to him, "Je ne sais pourquoi j'ai la réputation d'être méchant,—je n'ai fait qu'une méchanceté dans ma vie,"—he responded by the question, "Et quand finira-t-elle?" He could also *act* a good thing as well as *say* one, as when,—take the anecdote for what it may be worth,—on the death of Charles X., he is said to have driven through the city for a couple of days wearing a white hat, on which he placed or removed a piece of crape as he passed through the *quartier* of the Carlists or that of the Tuileries.

The portrait by Maclise before us is certainly sufficiently hideous, reminding one of a morbid preparation in spirits, or one of those objects

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xii. p. 481.



James Morier

AUTHOR OF "HAJJI BABA IN ENGLAND."

of natural history which we see in glass cases, impaled on a pin. Still, it is an admirable drawing, and probably hardly caricatured as to likeness. *Fraser* says subsequently of its appearance in the "Gallery," that "perhaps it should not have been there at all, but how could we resist the opportunity of giving another, and, as we know, a most characteristic sketch, of the wonderful old man?"

But I must say a further word or two on this portraiture before us, inasmuch as it has been thought by competent critics to be the most remarkable and important of the entire series. The following are the remarks of Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in the very able paper in the *Academy* which followed that by myself in *Notes and Queries*, in which I first drew attention to the great merit and interest of the Maclise sketches.* "But one picture," writes he, "stands out from the rest in mental power, and ranks Maclise as a great master of tragic satire. It is that which grimly shows us the senile torpor of Talleyrand, as he sits in after-dinner sleep between the spread board and the fire-place, surveyed from the mantelshelf by the busts of all the sovereigns he had served. His elbows are on the chair-arms; his hands hang; his knees, fallen open, reveal the waste places of shrivelled age; the book he read, as the love he lived by, has dropped between his feet; his chap-fallen mask is spread upwards as the scalp rests on the cushioned chair-back; the wick gutters in the wasting candle beside him; and his last Master claims him now. All he was, is gone; and water or fire for the world after him,—what care had he? The picture is more than a satire; it might be called a diagram of Damnation; a ghastly historical verdict which becomes the image of man for ever. This is one of the few drawings which Maclise has signed with his *nom-de-plume* at full length; and he had reason to be proud of it." A fine description, truly, of a fine work; yet illustrative of the subjectiveness of art, and the fact that we can only get from it that which we take to it,—when we find that this same portrait elicits from the writer of an article in *All the Year Round* nothing but the exclamation: "What a guy was Talleyrand!" †

The library of the Prince-Bishop was sold by Sotheby and Co., 1816, May 8th, and seventeen following days; and realized £8,399.

The character of this remarkable man may be studied in the *Memoirs of his Public and Private Life, and Intrigues in Boudoirs and Cabinets* (1805, 2 vols. 12mo); and in the *Correspondence of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII., during the Congress of Vienna, with Notes, etc.*, by M. G. Pullain (2 vols. 8vo).

Some years ago a life of Talleyrand by W. M. Thackeray was announced by Messrs. Chapman and Hall; but it never saw the light.

XXXIII.—JAMES MORIER.

"PRAY, General, can you tell us who this Morier really is?" asks of old Damar one of the returned officers in the *Lady of Lyons;* and I can

* The date of my article in *Notes and Queries* was March 11th, 1871; that of Mr. Rossetti, in the *Academy*, was April 15th, in the same year.

† "Forty Years Ago," *All the Year Round*, December 13th, 1873.

fancy a similar question as to this other Morier, from many of my more juvenile readers, who, if they ever heard of "Hajji Baba" at all, think of him as flourishing in some remote antiquity, just as those who remember his advent on the literary horizon, then regarded the "Turkish Spy," or the "Citizen of the world!" JAMES MORIER, who is here fitly represented, in his Persian character as a fire-worshipper, and in his English one as occupying the position so characteristic of his countrymen, was an author of much repute in his day; the occupant of a handsome house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square; and the possessor of almost as many nick-nackeries as Rogers or Soane. He was, according to the *Quarterly*,—at least so states *Fraser*,—the best novelist of his day; his novels, says *Fraser* himself, show a more intimate acquaintance with the manner and literature of Persia than those of Bulwer do of England; and he was an amateur artist of such excellence that the conductor of our "Gallery" had serious thoughts of laying his portfolio under contribution.

It was happily said of Morier that, in his writings, he was never at home but when he was abroad; which may possibly mean that our comparative ignorance of the manners and customs of the East render us less susceptible to falsity of local colour than when these are committed in English delineations. One of the best of his novels was *Zohrab, the Hostage* (1832), where we find described the life of that Aga Mohammed Shah, from whose strategy the Russians took a lesson where they made a desert before the French. Next came *Ayesha, the Maid of Kars* (1834) in which we have a clever picture of Persian life and manners, and the *Kuzzilbash*, of which I remember nothing beyond the title. But Morier's most celebrated book is *The Adventures of Hajji Baba*, where the hero, a sort of Oriental Gil Blas, and the son of a barber at Ispahan, enacts almost every part in the drama of life, and narrates his adventures in the East and the West. These novels were clever, and held their ground in spite of its occupancy by the clever *Anastatius* of "Furniture" Hope, but are now not so much asked for as the latter, which has the reputation of being "scarce," and has got to be considered, moreover, one of those books that "no gentleman's library can be without." The satire in *Hajji Baba* was so truthful, says Dr. Angus, that the Minister of State of Persia, where Morier was for some time secretary to the Embassy, was instructed by the King to complain of that "foolish business of a book," as reflecting unduly on the Persian Court.

Morier was apparently among those authors who have gradually faded out of sight and memory, chiefly, perhaps, from their not having followed up in their later years the impression produced by their earlier writings; and he seems to have slipped out of the world, almost without notice, in the year 1849. In that same year was re-issued by Bentley a sort of novel, entitled *Martin Toutrond; or the Adventures of a Frenchman in London.* To this work, which appears to me but the rinsings of a *testa* which did not retain the merest suspicion of the Falernian with which it may have been *semel imbuta*, the publisher prefixed a statement to the effect that he was permitted by the family of Mr. Morier to announce that it was the production of that distinguished novelist, and moreover that it was originally written in French, but never published, and was translated by the author himself into English.



AUTHOR OF "CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON."

XXXIV.—COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

"'LADY BLESSINGTON!' cried the glad usher aloud,
As she swam through the doorway, like moon from a cloud;
I know not which most her face beam'd with,—fine creature!
Enjoyment, or judgment, or wit, or good nature.
Perhaps you have known what it is to feel longings
To pat silken shoulders at routs, and such throngings;—
Well, think what it is at a vision like that!
A Grace after dinner! A Venus grown fat!
Some 'elderly gentleman' risk'd an objection;
But this only made us all swear her 'perfection.'
His arms the host threw round the liberal bodice,
And kiss'd her, exactly as god might do goddess." *

It is Leigh Hunt who thus introduces the "brilliant Countess," the "most gorgeous Lady Blessington,"—to use the "liquorish epithet" which the "Brummagem Doctor," Parr of Hatton, bestowed upon her; and as she thus swims before us, in his graphic lines, as queen regnant of the brilliant *coterie* of Gore House, we sadly contrast her with the fugitive, and broken-spirited exile, who, a few years later, had a passing dream of emulating, in another and foreign home, the historic glories of the Hôtel Rambouillet or the Abbaye-aux Bois.

The early life of Lady Blessington cannot be described without the upturning of a vast amount of scandalous history. I do not feel disposed to undertake the task, for which, indeed, there is the less necessity, as it is told without much reticence by Madden,† Grantley Berkeley,‡ and the anonymous writer of an amusing book of gossip.§

She was born September 1st, 1790—or thereabouts, as there is some doubt as to the exact year. Her father, whose name was Power, farmed and hunted in Tipperary, and was one of those small Irish gentlemen who are designated in that country as *squireens*. She married unhappily; returned home; lost her husband (1817), and four months after she had thus become a widow by law, as she had long been in fact, married Charles John Gardiner, second Viscount Mountjoy and first Earl of Blessington. This eccentric nobleman had a rent-roll of some £30,000 per annum; and so, as Dr. Madden remarks, "the Blessingtons' splendid mansion in St. James's Square in a short time became the rendezvous of the *élite* of London celebrities of all kinds of distinction; the first *literati*, statesmen, artists, eminent men of all professions, in a short time became habitual visitors at the abode of the new-married lord and lady."

Well, a coronet and £30,000 a year cover a multitude of sins in moral London. There is an awkward decade in the lady's career about which her more respectable biographers are discreetly silent; and the gentleman, who had for his first wife married his former mistress, now, for his

* *Blue-Stocking Revels; or the Feast of the Violets.*

† *Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, by R. R. Madden. London, 1855, 3 vols. 8vo.

‡ *Life and Recollections of Hon. Grantley Berkeley.* 1865, vol. iii. p. 201.

§ *Anecdotes and Pasquinades, and Mess-Table Stories: a Book of After-dinner Entertainment, to promote mirth and good Digestion.* London, 1857, 8vo, p. 17.

second, married her who had been his friend's. But what is vice in the poor is merely eccentricity in the rich; and the remembrance which years of repentant virtue will not live down in the one case, fades away in the other before such a tribute to moral prejudices as an aristocratic marriage. Three or four years of this splendid hospitality wearied the noble couple; the London establishment was broken up, and the Blessingtons started for the Continent, accompanied by one of her ladyship's sisters, and Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian, who died so recently as June, 1878.

This was in 1822, in which year it is worthy of note that Lady Blessington had made her *début* in the literary world by the publication of a slender volume entitled *The Magic Lantern; or, Sketches of Scenes in the Metropolis* (London, 8vo, pp. 72), which, in the succeeding year, was followed by another, now, like its predecessor, quite forgotten, which was called *Sketches and Fragments* (London, Longmans, 8vo, pp. 166). The fruit of her Continental experiences was her *Idler in Italy*, and her *Conversations with Lord Byron:* the former perhaps the best, because the most genuine of her works; the latter, according to Grantley Berkeley, about as real as the "Conversations" of Walter Savage Landor. Byron was greatly taken by the wit and beauty of his fair interlocutress, and, to prolong her stay, wished her to take a pretty villa near Genoa, called "Il Paradiso," a title which suggested what Moore calls an "impromptu," in apparent ignorance that the lines are only a modification, to suit the new circumstances, of the verses which Pope had addressed, a century before, to Lady Mary Wortley Montague:—

"Beneath Blessington's eyes,
The reclaim'd Paradise,
Should be free as the former from evil;
But if the new Eve
For an apple should grieve
What mortal would not play the Devil?"—(1823.)

In 1829 Lord Blessington was carried off by apoplexy, and his lady left with an income of £2,000 a year. In 1829 she took up her abode in London—first at Seamore Place, Mayfair; and, later, at Gore House, Kensington. There were, at this epoch, three centres of fashionable society in London, where all that had acquired celebrity in literature, art, or social talent, were wont to congregate. These were severally presided over by three remarkable women,—the Countess of Blessington, Lady Holland, and the Countess of Charleville,—the rival queens of the intellectual life of London. Here, in the house which had been the quiet home of Wilberforce,* the first of these three modern graces sought to

* James Smith, in a letter dated November 10th, 1836, has left us a capital epigram on this varied occupancy of Gore House:—

"GORE HOUSE: AN IMPROMPTU.

"Mild Wilberforce, by all beloved,
Once owned this hallowed spot,
Whose zealous eloquence improved
The fettered Negro's lot;
Yet here still Slavery attacks,
When Blessington invites;
The chains from which *he* freed the Blacks,
She rivets on the Whites."

27, *Craven Street.*

rival the social fame of a Sévigné or a Récamier, and soon presided queen of a brilliant court, composed of all that was witty or distinguished among, at least, the *masculine* notorieties of London. Here, in the words of her biographer, she became "accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation. . . . The swinging of the censer before her fair face never ceased in those *salons*, and soft accents of homage to her beauty and her talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in that well-known *fauteuil* of hers, holding high court in queenly state—'the most gorgeous Lady Blessington.' . . . She lived for distinction on the stage of literary society before the footlights, and always *en scène*." Meantime she was editing *Keepsakes* and *Books of Beauty*, feeding and flattering literary lions, and producing in rapid succession novel after novel: *The Repealers*, *The Two Friends*, *The Victims of Society*, *The Governess*, *The Confessions of an Elderly Lady*, *The Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman*, *Strathern*, *Meredith*, and others. These were the productions of a naturally clever woman, with much acquired knowledge of the world, keenness of perception, and goodness of heart. They are smart, witty, and frequently awake and retain interest; but they display no original talent, or constructive ability, and can hardly be said to rise above mediocrity, or take their place in the first class even of fashionable novels. Besides these, an elegant little book is before me—a sort of companion to O'Doherty's maxims,—*Desultory Thoughts and Reflections* (1838, 12mo),—which is specially interesting, as exhibiting the mind of its fair authoress in its more genuine and significant workings.

In 1840 was published by Longmans an elegant quarto volume entitled,—*The Belle of the Season. By the Countess of Blessington. Splendidly illustrated from Drawings by A. E. Chalon, R.A., Painter to the Queen, etc., Under the Superintendence of Mr. Charles Heath.* Here the progress of a fashionable beauty, from her "presentation" to her "marriage," is traced in easy verse by her ladyship, and illustrated by the facile and mannered artist,—himself one of the most courtly and polished of gentlemen—for whose charming *aquarelles* the fair authoress, and her lovely sister, the Countess of St. Marceault, served as models and prototypes. One of these, "The Maiden's Chamber,"—perhaps the best and most interesting of the series, as representing the lady alone, and with the greatest strictness and fidelity—is before me as I write. She is seated in her boudoir, book in hand, in soft abstraction; harp, easel, writing-desk and embroidery frame are round about her; and in all the glory of the costume of the period,—flowered cap with silk "streamers," lace "Bertha," "Bishop sleeves," bordered "tablier" and open-work *mitaines*,—she seems the very ideal of the fashionable *bas-bleu* in general, and the titled editress of the *Keepsake* in particular.

It was during this brilliant part of her career,—the fact is trivial, but may seem worthy of record,—that Lady Blessington astonished the fly-catchers of the Parks by the novel style of her carriage, the body of which was usually green, and the wheels white picked out with green and crimson. She was the first to introduce "picking out" in carriage-architecture, and she persevered in its use for ten or a dozen years before it became generally adopted. Seated in this splendid equipage, accompanied by her sister, "dressed in the wildest Grecian fashion of the day," drawn by "high-stepping dark thorough-breds," and with coachman

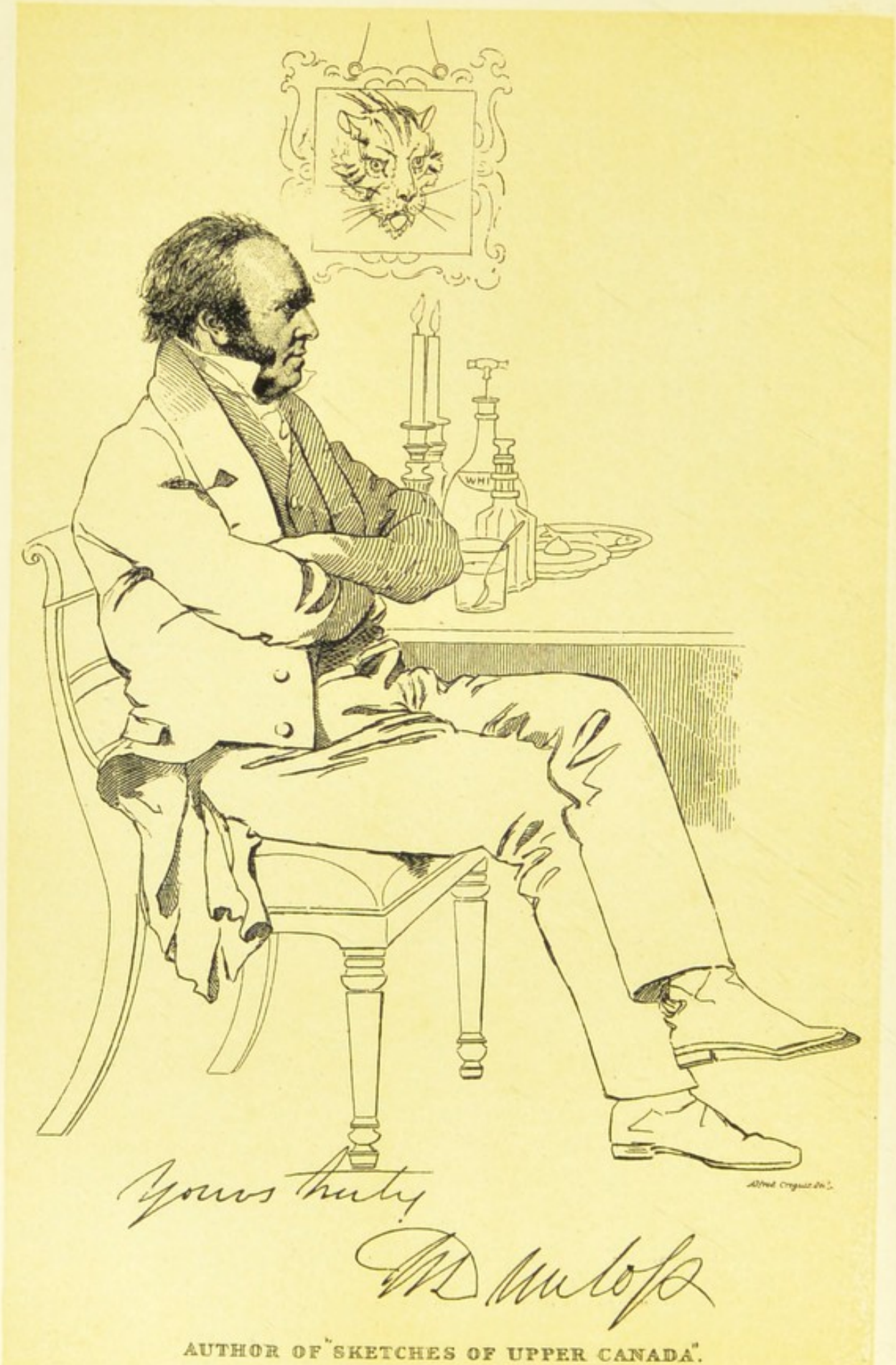
and footman to match, the whole "turn-out" has been well described as "a feast for vulgar eyes." *

This gilded but wretched existence went on for a time; then the crash came, exciting only wonder at the tardiness of its advent. This was in the spring of 1849. Duns of every variety appeared upon the scene, and Howell & James put in an execution for a debt of £4,000. Then came the auction. "Every room," says Dr. Madden, "was thronged; the well-known library-saloon, in which the *conversazioni* took place, was crowded,—but not with guests. The arm-chair, in which the lady of the mansion was wont to sit, was occupied by a stout, coarse gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, busily engaged in examining a marble hand extended on a book, the fingers of which were modelled from a cast of those of the absent mistress of the establishment. People, as they passed through the room, poked the furniture, pulled about the precious objects of art and ornament of various kinds that lay upon the table, and some made jests and ribald jokes on the scene they witnessed. . . . It was a total smash—a crash on a grand scale of ruin: a compulsory sale in the house of a noble lady—a sweeping clearance of all its treasures." The only person affected, be it recorded to his credit, was the author of *Vanity Fair*. "M. Thackeray est venu aussi," wrote to his mistress the French valet of the Countess, "et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'aie vu réellement affectée à votre départ." It is singular, by the way, that the first sketch in Lady Blessington's first book is entitled "The Auction," and gives a graphic account of the scene of ruin, and the heartless conduct of attendant "friends," in language which is exactly applicable to her own domestic catastrophe of thirty years later. The sale at Gore House realized upwards of £13,000; the Marquis of Hertford being the purchaser of Sir Thomas Lawrence's famous portrait of Lady Blessington for £336, which was about four times its original price. That of Lord Blessington, also by Sir Thomas, only commanded £68 5*s*.

Lady Blessington went to Paris. In that great centre of social refinement, the unfortunate lady,—to whom was not inappropriate the phrase which had been applied to the Duchesse d'Etampes, who, in the time of Francis I., was styled "la plus belle des savantes, et la plus savante des belles," and of whom it might almost be said, as Brantôme has written of another, but not a fairer, Marguerite,† that "elle étoit si parfaite en sçavoir et sapience qu'on lui donna le nom de Minerve de France,"—endeavoured to revive her unforgotten London glories. On the 3rd of June, 1849, she moved into her new apartments, which she had had fitted up in the old luxurious style, in the Rue du Cirque, Champs Elysées, where her delightful *réunions* were looked forward to as *oases* in the Republican desert; and on the following day, just twenty years after the Earl, her husband, had experienced his fatal seizure, and as it were on the same spot of the same city,—she was stricken with apoplexy, which, complicated as it was with heart-disease of twenty-five years standing, carried her off in the afternoon of the same day. She died in the arms of M. Simon, her homœopathic medical attendant, and this so peaceably, "that it was impossible to perceive the moment when her spirit passed away."

* Patmore's *My Friends and Acquaintance*, vol. i. p. 195; *The Story of the London Parks*, by Jacob Larwood, p. 261.

† Duchesse de Berri, afterwards Duchesse de Savoie, *circa* 1550.



AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA".

On the wall of the sepulchral chamber where the remains of Lady Blessington, embalmed by Ganal, are deposited, are two inscriptions: one in English by "Barry Cornwall" (Bryan W. Procter) of no very great merit,—the other, in Latin, altered ftom one written by Walter Savage Landor, which was not adopted *literatim*, possibly because it contained no reference to a future state. As it is superior as a lapidary inscription to the one substituted for it, and its author wrote a long letter to the *Athenæum* complaining of the alterations,—by whom effected I do not know,—it may not seem unfitting to round off this notice by its transcription :—

"Infra sepvltvm est id omne qvod sepeliri potest
mvlieris qvondam pvlcherrimæ.
Ingenivm svvm svmmo stvdio colvit,
aliorvm pari adjvvit
Benefacta sva celare novit ; ingenivm non ita.
Erga omnes erat larga bonitate
peregrinis eleganter hospitalis.
Venit Lvtetiam Parisiorvm Aprili mense :
qvarto Ivnii die svpremvm svvm obiit."

XXXV.—THE TIGER.

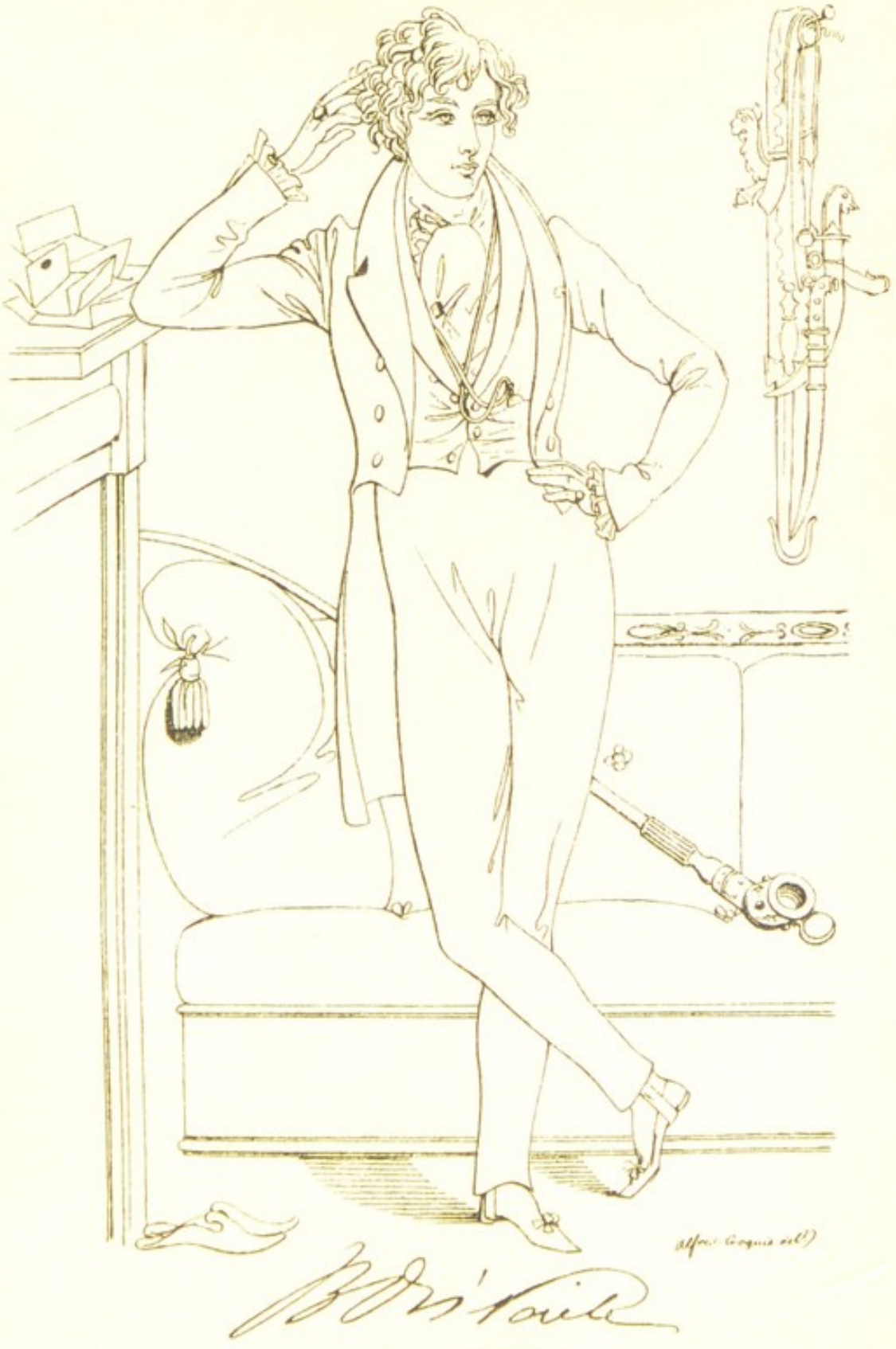
"*Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?*" What manner of man is this whose portraiture is before us? To what deed of bravery in the jungle did he owe his apellation? What has he done to be entitled to a place among "Illustrious Literary Characters?" Well, kissing goes by favour ; and so, in more instances than this one, the smiles of Regina. WILLIAM DUNLOP was a disciple of Æsculapius, and practised the art and mystery of physic in the Northern Athens ; where I fancy he delivered certain lectures on Medical Jurisprudence, and published an edition,—but of this I am not at all sure,—of Beck's treatise on *Forensic Medicine*. Here Maginn made his acquaintance, and many were the noggins of "cock-tail, flip, gin-sling and other antifogmatics" which the bibulous doctors *utriusque facultatis*, consumed together. In 1825, Dunlop left Edinburgh, and proceeded to London! Here, in 1826, he strenuously assisted John Galt in the formation of the Canada Company ; and finally left England with him for the opening paradise of Ontario. As a fruit of his sojourn in the far west, he gave us his *Letters of a Backwoodsman*, published by Murray in 1832, and reviewed by Maginn in *Fraser*, and by John Wilson in *Blackwood*. For boldness of outline, and firmness of touch, the "Gallery" presents few more striking specimens than the portrait before us ; while the energy displayed in the expression of the face, and in the natural language of the attitude, indicate that the original must have been a man about whom something might be said. But I must frankly confess that I am not, at this writing, in the possession of a single additional fact in his career to entertain my readers withal ; so, following the example of Herodotus, the grand-sire of all history, when he is tired of a subject, or thinks that he has tired his readers, or perchance has nothing more to say, I simply add,—let it suffice to have said thus much of WILLIAM DUNLOP, "The Tiger!"

XXXVI.—BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

THIS graceful portraiture of the great novelist and statesman in his younger days,—looking, for all the world, like Apollo masquerading in a suit of Beau Brummell's, and waiting, it might be, for the announcement of the cab which was to convey him to one of the brilliant *réunions* of Gore House,—cannot be more appropriately introduced than by a prose description of the glories of his dress and person, at that now distant time. "His ringlets of silken black hair," says my authority,* who has, it may be well to remark, a strong literary and political prejudice against his subject, "his flashing eyes, his effeminate and lisping voice, his dress-coat of black velvet, lined with white satin; his white kid gloves, with his wrist surrounded by a long hanging fringe of black silk, and his ivory cane, of which the handle, inlaid with gold, was relieved by more black silk, in the shape of a tassel. Every one laughed at him for being affected, but the women declared that his was an affectation of the best style, and they felt his personal vanity was a flattering homage to their most notorious weakness. Such was the perfumed boy-exquisite who forced his way into the *salons* of peeresses. Men held him in light esteem; but observant women, who, as a rule, are more discerning judges of young men than themselves, prophesied that he would live to be a great man." To complete the depiction, I may add the portrait of another writer, who knew him about the same period, and rather regarded the mental promise and qualities of the youthful exquisite:—"Many years ago, upwards of twenty, I frequently met Mr. D'Israeli at Lady Blessington's abode in Seamore Place. It needed no ghost from the grave, or rapping spirit from the invisible world, to predicate, even then, the success of the young D'Israeli in public life. Though in general society he was usually silent and reserved, he was closely observant. It required generally a subject of more than common interest to produce the fitting degree of enthusiasm to animate him, and to stimulate him into the exercise of his marvellous powers of conversation. When duly excited, however, his command of language was truly wonderful, his power of sarcasm unsurpassed, the readiness of his wit, the quickness of his perception, the grasp of mind that enabled him to seize on all the parts of any subject under discussion, persons would only call in question who had never been in his company at the period I refer to."† Once more:—"D'Israeli," writes 'Namby Pamby' Willis, describing an evening party at the Countess of Blessington's, "had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, a conspicuous object. . . . D'Israeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw. He is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action and the strength of his lungs,

* Jeaffreson's *Novels and Novelists.*

† *Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington*, by R. R. Madden. 1855.



AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GREY."

would seem to be a victim of consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking, lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats. A thick heavy mass of jet-black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carelessness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

'With thy incomparable oil, Macassar!'"

It is almost superfluous to state that the remarkable personage thus described was the eldest son of Isaac D'Israeli, the well-known author of the *Curiosities of Literature*, etc.; and was born in 1805. Two centuries before the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had banished to our own shores so much of the industrial talent and energy of France, the similar bigotry of Torquemada and the Inquisition had caused the exodus from the Iberian peninsula of those two heretical races, the Moors and the Jews, who were the quickening intellect to the haughty and impassive people among whom they dwelt. Among those thus banished from the land, which, according to tradition, had been the home of his family for more than a thousand years, was the ancestor of the subject of these notes. He belonged to that pure Sephardim race whose boast is that it has never left the shores of the Mediterranean. He proceeded to Venice, and there, abandoning the name which he had been forced to assume in Spain, he made choice of one which, while it indicated his nationality and his creed, had never been borne, so far as he could ascertain, by any other family. For four centuries the family lived and traded with success in their new home; till, at length, about 1748, the grandfather of Benjamin was induced to remove to England, attracted at once by commercial considerations and the prospect of more perfect religious tolerance. Of his son Isaac, I have already sufficiently spoken. As his ancestors had been sagacious and practical merchants, and he was a complete and typical man of letters, so the characteristics of both seemed to be combined in the character of their illustrious descendant;—the clear-headed, far-seeing ability of the former, with the more imaginative and literary tendencies of the latter. This is the man who has been taunted, as occasion served, as a "Jew," and an "adventurer." The Jews!—as a modern writer* says, "the mystery of their very name is enough to break the head, and perhaps the heart;"—and what, if D'Israeli *did* belong to this wonderful race, of whose fate, characteristics, position, and destiny, he has himself said so much and so well? Why, if antiquity of origin, purity of blood, and isolation of caste, constitute nobility, this man must have been a noble amongst nobles, a very aristocrat of aristocrats; and knowing, to a mathematical demonstration, that his lineal ancestor was present at the building of the Temple, have treated with the most perfect and absolute scorn the pretensions of shoddy wealth and mushroom aristocracy, rejoicing in the fond belief that its ancestor was turnspit in the kitchen of a Norman marauder, or bastard of his denationalized and profligate

* *Charles Auchester*, vol. ii. p. 20.

successor! But while Christians, with a singular disregard of what they owe to the Jewish race, have taunted D'Israeli with being a Jew, the Jews themselves have censured him for being a Christian. But both are wrong; inasmuch as he is not a Jew,—except, indeed, ethnologically, which, as I take it, does not mean much,—nor an apostate. It is true, that, in his infancy, he was admitted into the community of Israel; but his father, who had quarrelled with his synagogue, did not educate his son in Judaism. The precocious talents of the youth attracted the notice of Samuel Rogers, the poet, who was wont to visit the elder D'Israeli at Hackney, and who, regretting to see so intelligent a youth without religious instruction, took him to Hackney Church. The parent made no opposition, and from this event dates the complete severance of the son from the communion of his fathers. He became a Christian, and a great genius was,—so at least it has been said,—lost to the Jewish people.

But is this indeed so? It is somewhat curious, while reflecting on the so-called "apostasy" of D'Israeli, to remark that when his long career came to an end, none of his biographers ventured to name him as a thinking and believing Christian. On the other hand, the orthodox Jewish organs of this country and of the Continent, claimed him as a true adherent of the religion of his race. In the vestry of the Spanish and Portuguese synagogues may be seen the registry of his birth, and his circumcision. On the occasion of his last illness, prayers were offered for his recovery in various synagogues,—notably in that of Belgrave Street, Leeds; and in the Norwich synagogue, on the seventh day of Passover, a special yiskah was made hy Rabbi Benjamin Samuel. The significance of this need not be pointed out to those who are sufficiently acquainted with Jewish observances to know that Jews neither seek to make converts, or pray otherwise for Gentiles, than that the Lord may pour forth the vials of his wrath on unbelievers. A Jew, moreover, Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild, Bart., M.P., was one of the executors named in his will. All this for what it may be worth.

A general misconception exists with regard to the social circumstances under which Benjamin D'Israeli commenced his career. It is believed that he began life in an humble position, and had a hard struggle with the *res angusta domi*, which the Roman poet tells us hinders the emergence of those whose virtues it impedes. But such was not the case. His grandfather accumulated a fortune as a merchant; retired early from commerce to a pleasant house at Enfield; was the host of Sir Horace Mann, the friend of Walpole; played whist with the neighbouring gentry; and enjoyed a luxurious existence till he was nearly ninety. His father inherited a fortune, and made money by his books; lived finally at his spacious mansion at Bradenham, Bucks; gave his son a liberal education, and enabled him to indulge in prolonged Eastern travel; and was fully entitled to rank with the county families, a privilege of which his entire devotion to literature rendered him careless. Thus the D'Israeli family were in opulent circumstances, and the subject of these notes enjoyed from boyhood an excellent social position, and the example and companionship of men eminent in literature and politics.

"Born in a library," as he himself has told us, "and trained from early childhood by learned men who did not share the passions or the prejudices of our political and social life," it is not surprising that the sensitive, ambitious, imaginative youth early sought to attain distinction

in the domain of literary fiction. When about twenty years of age he burst upon the world with his *Vivian Grey*. As the history of a youth of genius and ambition, panting for political and literary fame, the book may be considered as an autobiography. It is full of faults—in style, taste, conception, and execution; and yet perhaps, regarding it as a first essay, a more remarkable book can hardly be found in the history of literature. A "Key" was published, of which—such was the interest excited by the novel—the *tenth* edition appeared in 1827. According to this, "Vivian Grey" was the author; "Sherborne," D'Israeli the elder; "Marquis of Carabas," Lord Lyndhurst; "Stanislaus Hoax," Theodore Hook; "Duke of Juggernaut," Duke of Norfolk; "Prince of Little Lilliput," Prince Leopold; "Mrs. Million," Mrs. Coutts; "Foaming Fudge," Brougham; "Lord Prima Donna," Lord William Lennox; "Prince Xtmnpqrtosklw," Prince Gortschakof; "Fitzborn," Sir Robert Peel; "Charlatan Gas," Canning; "Lord Past Century," Eldon; "Marquis of Grandgoût," Lord Hertford; "Mrs. Felix Lorraine," Lady Caroline Lamb; while Southey, Brummell, Esterhazy, Metternich, and other celebrities of the period, are freely introduced and satirized.

In 1826, John Murray started the *Representative*, which was placed under the editorial management of Lockhart. It is often said that our juvenile author was connected with this unfortunate paper, and that the unpleasantries resulting from its fate and discontinuance, led to a disruption of the friendship which had for many years existed between the elder D'Israeli and the publisher, to whom he had long acted as general literary adviser. This is stated even in so respectable an authority as the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the "obituary" of the former; but is entirely at variance with the fact, as we have the explicit statement of the son that he never wrote, or was asked to write, one single word in it.

An author is born, not made; it is seldom that a father, however great a lover of literature himself, attempts to devote his son to it as a profession. Thus D'Israeli the elder determined to bring up his clever boy to the law, and he was duly articled to a legal firm,—Messrs. Swain and Co. in the Old Jewry, still in existence under another style. But here he was discontented, and it is a tradition in the office that he passed the hours of business, "when he should engross," in reading poetry. This led to a change of plan. Benjamin was released from his indentures; his brother James succeeded to the vacant stool, completed his articles under the firm, and, in the fullness of time, became an attorney.

It is impossible in this place to do more than briefly allude to the literary career of Benjamin D'Israeli. *The Revolutionary Epic*, a poem written on his return from the East, though a fragment, gave evidence, in its conception and scope, of a noble ambition and a wide capacity. Only fifty copies were printed for presentation to friends; but it was reprinted in 1864. *Contarini Fleming; a Psychological Autobiography*, was probably inspired by the *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe, and elicited the remark from Heine that it was one of the most original works ever written. Next came a book the style of which is adumbrated in Maginn's happy parody: "O reader dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair and forehead fair, and nose so high and gleaming eye, of Benjamin D'Is-ra-e-li, the wondrous boy who wrote *Alroy*, in rhyme and prose, only to show, how long ago, victorious Judah's lion-banner rose, etc." This is *The Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, a romance, the scene of which is laid in Syria in the twelfth

century, and whose hero, David Alroy, "the Prince of the Captivity," is supposed by his followers to be a descendant of David, King of Israel. Of this, and *The Rise of Iskander*, it may be said that amid the rhetorical extravagance which has brought some ridicule upon them, there is yet a fine Oriental glow of colouring, and poetry of description, and that *Alroy* is the finest Eastern romance since *Vathek*. *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla* is a satire in the manner of Swift. *The Letters of Runnymede*, which first appeared in the *Times*, possess great ability ; but while inspired by, are yet inferior to, those of *Junius*. Of his other political works, *Ixion in Heaven*, *Speeches*, *Essays*, I cannot speak ; and must content myself with the bare mention of *The Life of Lord George Bentinck*. Two works of fiction may claim more than a word,—*Henrietta Temple* and *Venetia*. The former is a love story, in which the rise and progress of the tender passion is traced in natures fitted to refine and intensify its development. Love is made the subject of destiny, and treated as a principle, which, though latent, only awaits occasion and circumstance to burst into flame, and enkindle the whole soul. In the latter, the characters of Shelley and Byron,—the fate of the one and the conjugal misfortunes of the other,—are, with perhaps somewhat questionable taste, made the subjects of delineation, and afford a study of enthralling interest. It is rather unfortunate with regard to the greater part of one of the chapters (that in which "Lord Cadurcis," i.e. *Byron*, is described), that it had been previously written by one Macaulay, in his essay on *Moore's Life of Byron*, in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1831. *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixere!* Of *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, *Tancred*, *Lothair* and *Endymion*, I cannot here pretend, if indeed it were needed, to offer a criticism.

Of *Coningsby* there has also been published a "key" (Sherwood and Co., 1844), in which sixty of the prototypes are indicated. Here the author himself is not among the number ; and by "Sidonia," is said to be represented Baron A. de Rothschild, of Naples.

In the autumn of 1839, he published a tragedy, entitled *Count Alarcos*. The plot was taken from an old Spanish ballad, which, in his preface, he tells us, he first heard sung in the sierras of Andalusia, and which then seemed to him "rife with all the materials of a tragic drama." There is something terrible, and even revolting, in the story, which required a larger amount of dramatic and poetic power than the play can be said to possess, to render it attractive. When produced on the stage at Astley's, it did not meet with great success.

The political history of Disraeli is that of his epoch, of which he was the most conspicuous figure, and must be sought for elsewhere. Its salient episodes have been told over and over again, and are within the knowledge of all. There was his maiden speech at Marylebone in December, 1837, when, being asked "on what he stood," he made the memorable reply "On my head!" There was his logomachy with O'Connell, who taunted him with being the "heir-at-law of the blasphemous thief who died upon the cross ;" and his challenge to the son of the Agitator to give "satisfaction" in *duello*, vicariously for his father. Then there was his memorable laugh-down in 1837, when he prophesied that the day would come when the House would hear him,—and hear him it did, a week afterwards, when he made a brief but effective speech in support of Sergeant Talfourd's Bill to amend the law of Copyright. His quarrel with Sir Robert Peel and his connection with the "Young England" party, help

us on to the time when he unfolded his first budget, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1852, and those still more recent events which are yet fresh in memory.

In February, 1868, Lord Derby, whose health was failing, recommended the Queen to appoint Mr. Disraeli First Lord of the Treasury; when *Punch* had a cartoon, "*Vivian Grey* sent for!" Thus the finical Dandy, the romantic novelist, the mystical speculator, the man of whom John Bright so absurdly said that he "had not a drop of English blood in his veins," the theoretic dreamer who preached the supremacy of a despised race, the bombastic orator who twenty-two years before had been laughed down in the House of Commons, became Prime Minister of England! When he resigned in the following December, a Peerage was offered him; but this he declined, accepting, however, the distinction on behalf of his wife, who became accordingly Viscountess Beaconsfield. This lady, it may be well here to mention, was the widow of Wyndham Lewis, of Hughenden Manor, Bucks, the colleague of Disraeli in the representation of Maidstone. As daughter of Captain Viney Evans, R.N., of Bramford Speke, Devon, and heir-at-law of General Sir James Viney, of Taynton Manor, Gloucestershire, she brought her husband the Hughenden estate and an ample fortune. But she brought him much more,—practical wisdom, good sense, brilliant accomplishments, and the most affectionate devotion. This met with a fitting return. Disraeli dedicated *Sybil* to her, as "the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife"; at a harvest-home at Hughenden, he spoke of her as "the best wife in England;" at Edinburgh, in 1867, he made allusion to "that gracious lady to whom he owed so much of the happiness and success of his life"; and, in short, he took every opportunity of testifying to the warmth and depth of his feeling for her. His marriage to this lady took place in September, 1839.

In like manner the wife of Pitt was made Lady Chatham in 1761, whereas he did not receive the honours of the peerage till 1766; and, in later times, the wife of Lord Campbell became Lady Stratheden, while her husband, the future Lord Chancellor, was still in the House of Commons.

Lady Beaconsfield died in December, 1872, at the age of 83 years; and in 1876, a peerage being once more offered to her husband, he accepted the honour and became Earl of Beaconsfield and Viscount Hughenden.

Both one and the other title awaken historic associations. Beaconsfield and Hughenden are within an easy walk of each other, in a district great with the memories of the illustrious. BEACONSFIELD was, a century ago, the loved home of another great English statesman; and it was as Earl Beaconsfield that he too was to have been raised to the peerage. The writ, indeed, was already made out; but the death of his son broke the heart of Burke; and he refused the distinction which he could not transmit to his beloved child. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would have been better to have held the appellation sacred, and sought elsewhere for a virgin title. HUGHENDEN, about a mile from the important and ancient town of High Wycombe, is a spot rich with historic interest. Within a short distance is Great Hampden, where lived the celebrated patriot of the same name. His very house is still to be seen; and hard by, Chalgrove, where he received the wound of which he died, and the old village churchyard where his remains are lying. The Manor House of

Hughenden is a square handsome building, built upon the site of the hall of the old lords; and will now be to all time a hallowed spot. Here the favourite peacocks, in which the late Earl so delighted, used to strut and scream; and here are growing to lofty maturity the cedars of Lebanon, which spring from slips brought by him from Palestine. On the northern side of the house is a tree which was planted by the Prince of Wales, when he visited his mother's friend in 1880; and on the south lawn are two fir-trees which were planted by her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice, when the Queen paid a visit to the Earl in 1877.

The Jews are a long-lived race; and the Disraeli family exemplify the rule. The father of the new Earl—the "Curiosity of Literature,"—lived to be 82; his mother, daughter of George Basevi, of Brighton, the Hebrew architect who designed the fine Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, died early at 71; his grandfather, Benjamin also, lived to be 86; and the mother of this latter, Mrs. Seybrook, was a nonagenarian. Earl Beaconsfield, himself, was destined to enjoy his new honours yet for a few years. On the 19th March, 1881, he dined with the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House; on the following day he became unwell, and sent for his old friend and medical adviser, Dr. Kidd. Exactly one month later, 19th April, 1881, "calmly, as if in sleep," to quote the official bulletin, this most remarkable man passed away, in full possession of his faculties, and his hands clasped in those of friends who loved him for his noble and endearing qualities. His last words were, "I am overwhelmed!"

An able writer commenting on the career which I have so imperfectly sketched, remarks: "Marvellous, indeed, has that career been. It is unlike anything in the biography of other English statesmen. . . . What is the secret of success by which a man who, at one time, had coquetted with O'Connell, at another time had been a suitor to Mr. Joseph Hume, next a panegyrist and then an assailant of Sir Robert Peel, has attained a position in Parliament and the country to which Burke never ventured to aspire, and which Canning attained at the cost of health, peace of mind, and life itself?"*

Success like that of the Earl of Beaconsfield can hardly be attained without the creation of enemies, political and literary; but even these must admire the indomitable energy, the tenacity of purpose, and the brilliance of ability which gained for their possessor the position he reached. To these qualities other and unbiassed observers of his career will be disposed to add the higher praise of goodness of heart, purity of morals, rectitude of purpose, and honesty of principle, to cumulate the name which had descended to him through long centuries, without even the shadow of a reproach.

The "brown tree" of Sir George Beaumont seems an occasional necessity in literary as well as pictorial description. I here introduce it in the shape of a passage from that notorious print, *The Englishman* (June, 1878), "edited by Kenealy," with the feeling that the writer was not to be envied in whose mind such reflections could be excited by the appearance of the aged statesman and man of letters:—"How pitiable was the spectacle of Disraeli the other day, as I passed him in Whitehall, crawling slowly like a snake up towards the statue of Charles I. The lack-lustre, lifeless, squint-eye, swivelling towards the banqueting-house. He wore dirt-coloured trousers, and a frock tightly buttoned across his

* *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1868.

quivering frame. But the expression of the man,—oh, how mean it was! The kicked of Lord Lyndhurst, the loathed of Peel, the despised of O'Connell, the flunkey who allowed Lord Derby to pay for his political dinners; the lineal descendant and heir-at-law of Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Christ; the shambling, sneaking tool of Cairns; the man who always smiles and sniggers when John Brown condescends to shake his hand,—all these were there; and I sighed as I saw this wretched trickster." This is vitriolic in its mordency; but it's pleasant to find that one is at the last drop.

It has been said with truth that when the history of the Jewish race in the nineteenth century comes to be written, no name will occupy a more important place in its pages than that of Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield.* He will be cited as a brilliant example of the precocity of the Jewish intellect, of its enduring vitality, of its power to erect its possessor to the loftiest place among his fellow-men, and of its entire beneficence as a factor in the culture of humanity. The inheritor of social degradation, he achieved the highest dignity and nobility; born with maimed and defective rights, he soared to the highest grade of citizenship; living in an age of change, and amid the collision of old monopolies with the new and licentious spirit of equalism, he persistently strove for one definite and intelligible cause with the tenacity, the courage and the practical wisdom of the great historic race from which he was so proud to trace his descent. Of the results of his policy it is premature to speak; it is time alone which is the test of statesmanship. But it may at least be said that it was by no unworthy means that he attained his ends; it was by no personal vices that he rose to power. The most impressive figure in the Victorian era, it was simply by the right of the fittest that he became the ruler of a great party,—that, through it, he was the true governor of a mighty empire, and, to a certain extent, swayed even the destinies of the world. And this wondrous influence, early acquired, he retained long, a striking example at once of the early maturity and long endurance of intellectual power. He was famous by his writings before he had attained his majority; when he had long exceeded the limit assigned by Moses to the life of man, he presided in the Areopagus of Europe.

Solomon said there was nothing new, I do not know how many thousand years ago; and it is doubtless as difficult, in these later days, to do anything which has not been done before, as to construct a name which has not, at some period or other, been borne by some one. That Sephardim Jew, who, centuries ago, invented as he thought, the patronymic which was destined in his progeny to become so illustrious, was unaware that the designation had been hit on before. Among the papers of the Home Office may be found the "Petition of Benjamin Disraeli, for a patent in England for his invention of making women's chip-hats and bonnets, and the materials called platt or platting." The date of this document is 1767. Again, in Stewart & Watson's *Dublin Almanack* for 1810, the name of "Benjamin D'Israeli, of Beechey Park," appears as High Sheriff for the County of Carlow. He was a stock-broker in Dublin, and realized a fortune. Nothing is known of his progenitors, and he left no male issue. An inscription on a tombstone in St. Peter's Churchyard, Dublin, records that "The Remains of Benjamin Disraeli, Esq. are

* The *Jewish Chronicle* and the *Jewish World*.

deposited here. He departed this life on the 9th day of August, in the year 1814, aged 48." * Of course there is the possibility that these two Benjamins were, in some way, descended from the Venetian merchants.

In Beaconsfield Churchyard, on a spot selected by her Majesty Queen Victoria, immediately above the seat habitually occupied by the Earl, is a monument commissioned by her from Mr. R. C. Belt, to perpetuate his memory. In the centre is a profile portrait, and beneath a tablet bearing an inscription which was written by her Majesty, and forms a touching memorial of that friendship which so rarely exists between sovereign and subject :—

"To
The Dear and Honoured Memory of
BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD,
This memorial is placed by
His grateful and affectionate
Sovereign and Friend
Victoria R.I.
'Kings love him that speaketh right.'
Proverbs xvi. 13.
Feb. 27, 1882."

XXXVII.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

THERE are certain anecdotes by which, through an impulsive act, or an unpremeditated saying, a better insight may be gained into character, and a more certain key to the hidden springs of thought, than is afforded by whole pages of minute and laborious analysis. Of such nature I take to be one, which is related in *The New Spirit of the Age*, by R. Hengist Horne :—

Leigh Hunt and Carlyle were once present among a small party of equally well-known men. It chanced that the conversation rested with these two, both first-rate talkers, and the others sat well pleased to listen. Leigh Hunt had said something about the Islands of the Blest, or El Dorado, or the Millennium, and was flowing on in his bright and hopeful way, when Carlyle dropped some heavy tree-trunk across Hunt's pleasant stream, and banked it up with philosophical doubts and objections at every interval of the speaker's joyous progress. But the unmitigated Hunt never ceased his overflowing anticipations, nor the saturnine Carlyle his infinite demurs to those finite flourishings. The listeners laughed and applauded by turns, and had now fairly pitted them against each other, as the philosopher of hopefulness and the unhopeful. The contest continued with all that ready wit and philosophy, that mixture of pleasantry and profundity, that extensive knowledge of books and character, with their ready application in argument or illustration, and that perfect ease and good nature, which distinguished each of these men. The opponents were so well matched, that it was quite clear that the contest would never come to an end. But the night was far advanced, and the party broke up. They sallied forth, and leaving the close room, the candles, and the arguments behind them, suddenly found themselves in presence of a most brilliant, starlight night. They all looked up. "Now," thought

* *Notes and Queries*, 5th Series, vol. vi. p. 47.



Yours faithfully,

T. Carlyle.

TRANSLATOR OF "WILHELM MEISTER".

Hunt, "Carlyle's done for; he can have no answer to that." "There," shouted Hunt, "look up there! look at that glorious harmony, that sings with infinite voices an eternal song of hope in the soul of man." Carlyle looked up. They all remained silent to hear what he would say. They began to think that he was silenced at last,—he was a mortal man. But out of that silence came a few low-toned words, in a broad Scotch accent. And who on earth could have anticipated what the voice said?—"Eh, it's a sad sight!" Hunt sat down on a stone step. They all laughed, then looked very thoughtful. Had the finite measured itself with infinity, instead of surrendering itself up to the influence? Again they laughed, then bade each other good night, and betook themselves homeward with slow and serious pace. There might be some reason for sadness too. That brilliant firmament probably contained infinite worlds, each full of struggling and suffering beings,—of beings who had to die,—for life in the stars implies that those bright worlds should also be full of graves. But all that life, like ours, knowing not whence it came, nor whither it goeth; and the brilliant universe, and its great movement, having, perhaps, no more certain knowledge of itself, nor of its ultimate destination, than hath one of the suffering specks that compose this small spot we inherit.

Here we have once more the pendant shield, where the surface appears to be gold or silver, according to the direction by which the wandering knights approach it; here, this lower earth, a subject of grief or gratulation to the one or the other type of mind, as the possessors of which every observer worthy of the name may be classified. "I have often said," remarks Horace Walpole, "and oftener think, that this world is a comedy to those that *think*, a tragedy to those who *feel*,—a solution why Democritus laughed, and Heraclitus wept . . . the quintessence of all I have learnt in fifty years." So, the last words of Rabelais were: "Tire le rideau, la farce est jouée"; and our own Gay proclaimed that death had only taught him that life was the farce he had always thought it to be. But this is hardly seemly. Not to speak of the awfulness of that supreme moment, which precludes a jest,—when Adrian would check his soul's wonted hilarity,—

"Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos,"—

we have the highest authority for the belief that "sorrow is better than laughter"; and we are told that CHRIST wept more than once, while we have no record even of a smile. But, enough.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born in 1795, at Ecclefechan, in Dumfriesshire, where his father was a small farmer; entered the University of Edinburgh at the age of 14; and was intended for the ministry. But this was probably the view of his parents rather than his own; for, after the fashion of Dionysius of Syracuse among the ancients, and Milton and Johnson among the moderns, he became a pedagogue, and taught mathematics in a Fifeshire school, where he remained about a couple of years. His next step was to choose a priesthood and a church after his own fashion; for, says he, "of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes, at present extant in the world, there is no class comparable for importance to that priesthood of the writers of books;" and further, "the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, books, these are the real working, effective Church of a modern country." By all which, I mean to imply

that he determined to devote himself to literature as the profession and business of his life. He commenced his literary career in 1823 by writing for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, in which his articles on Montaigne and Montesquieu may be pointed out. From this starting point, the life of Carlyle, as a man of letters, may be conveniently divided into three periods. During the *first*, extending to the year 1827, he produced his various translations from the German, including *Wilhelm Meister*, which was not very courteously received by the critics, notably Jeffrey; and others, which Maginn says are so "Teutonical in raiment, in the structure of sentence, the modulation of phrase, and the round-about, hubble-bubble, rumfustianish, roly-poly growlery of style, that it is with difficulty we can recognize them to be translations at all." Now, too, he effected a translation of Legendre's *Geometry* (Edinburgh, 1824, 8vo), which was edited by Sir David Brewster, and to which he prefixed,—to borrow the words of Professor de Morgan,—"a thoughtful and ingenious essay on Proportion, as good a substitute for the fifth book of Euclid as could have been given in the space, and quite enough to show that he would have been a distinguished teacher and thinker on first principles." *The Life of Schiller*, too, was produced during this period, and first appeared by instalments in the *London Magazine*. The *second* period, will commence in 1827, in the thirty-second year of his age, when he married Miss Jane Welch, a lineal descendant of John Knox, and a lady of some property. At this time, he lived alternately at Comely Bank and Craigenputtock, contributing to Reviews, and manifesting the first decided proofs of individuality of opinion. It was in 1830–3 that he produced the extraordinary work *Sartor Resartus*, which, rejected by all the leading publishers, had to be cut up into sections, and appear piece-meal in *Fraser's Magazine*. In depth and originality of thought, dry humour, tender pathos, and quaint Gothicism of style, this book has no equal in English literature. With the subtle wit of Sterne, the fantastic spirit of Richter, and the power of Rabelais, it propounds, with a purity and exaltation of tone, a system of philosophy as profound as that of Fichte. But these are days when we have to read as we run; and even then can only half read. What chance, then, has a book which can be characterized as one,—in the words of M. Philarète Chasles,*—"qu'il faut relire au moins cinq fois pour le comprendre un peu"? Thus, *Sartor Resartus* was to many foolishness and a stumbling-block; while some, even among earnest readers,—like "A. K. H. B," † had to confess that they could see nothing in it, and tried in vain to get through it. It is somewhat curious that it was first published in separate form in America; and that the best burlesque of the "second-hand pen-mongery" of Carlyle is by an American author, James Russell Lowell, at the end of his *Biglow Papers*. It was business connected with the publication of this remarkable book which led Carlyle to London; and with his final settlement in the Metropolis, in 1834, the *third* period of his career may be said to have commenced.

In 1837, appeared that series of brilliant and graphic episodes which is called the *History of the French Revolution*,—the only one of his works, if I mistake not, which has been translated into French,—and where, if we do not find the dignity and simplicity of history, the various episodes of that terrible period are brought before us, in Homeric fashion,

* *Revue de Deux Mondes.* † *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1861.

with most impressive and life-like reality. To read it, it has been said, constitutes an epoch in one's intellectual life, so wonderfully is the past revivified with the generative breath of a vast and energic imagination. Then there is the life of his friend, John Sterling, which has been pronounced one of the finest biographies ever written; and that record of patient and conscientious industry, *The Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell, with Elucidations*, which gave Englishmen a new conception of the hero of the Commonwealth. In these books, the soul of the writer is so completely thrown, every faculty employed, and such labour in the collection and presentment of facts evinced, that one can well give credit to his saying that he never wrote a book of any importance without making himself ill by it. Another important work is *The Life of Frederick the Great* (of Prussia), of whom the author once said to an Edinburgh friend that he "tried to put some humanity into him, but found it a hard task." The contents of five volumes of essays, collected from the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Foreign Quarterly*, the *Westminster Review*, *Fraser*, the *Examiner*, etc., I cannot particularize; or do more than merely mention *Hero-Worship*, *Chartism*, the *Latter-day Pamphlets*, etc. *Past and Present*, a vast favourite with many readers, was reviewed by Mazzini in the *British and Foreign Review*, with an energetic protest against some of its teachings. This was just at the time that the opening of the letters of the Italian patriot stirred up so much indignation in the minds of Carlyle and others, who were apparently in happy ignorance that the very *raison d'être* of the Post Office is that the correspondence of the kingdom should be under the inspection of government, as "the best means to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designs against the commonwealth."* In all these works, amid much that is startling in paradox, plenty of sound sense and generous philosophy may be found,—always provided that the reader has undergone the necessary "baphometic fire-baptism," to qualify him to penetrate the author's melodramatic extravagances of style. From these, I must remark, the earlier writings are comparatively free; they are fresh, nervous, and vigorous, though yet with a certain originality of diction which marks the author. "Le style," said Buffon, "c'est l'homme même." It is in the later works that we find "the fierce fuliginous fire" that so often scares the on-looker; *Smelfungus*, *Sauerteig*, and *Dryasdust* come before us with "damnable iteration;" and "phantasms," "galaxies," and "sea-green heroes" dance before us in all the "mazes of metaphorical confusion." Carlyle himself, in his essay on Richter, has drawn the distinction between "singularity," and "affectation," and warned us against too lightly imputing the latter, which "is the product of falsehood, a heavy sin, and the parent of numerous heavy sins," in cases of the former, where, "if the nature and condition of man be really and truly, not conceitedly and untruly, singular, so also will his manner be, so also it ought to be." Thus, it is not meet lightly to decide upon the merits or demerits of Thomas Carlyle, as a writer of English. We all know that apart from superficial affectations,—or singularities,—as they may be, he was a vigorous word-wielder, and an original thinker. He was a hater of humbugs, a demolisher of shams, a pricker of wind-bags, a shaker out of bran; a genuine man, of generous impulses, honest hate, enduring affection, and tender memories. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as

* Blackstone's *Commentaries*, book i. ch. viii.

to his characteristics, and his influence and value as a man of letters, all thoughtful readers must admit their large indebtedness to him, and object to his mannerisms as they may, be forced after all to admit, in his own words, that "on the whole, genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere star-gazers must at last compose ourselves; must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe it, and calculate its laws."*

In 1868, Carlyle accepted the invitation to be nominated as Lord Rector of his Alma Mater, the University of Edinburgh. His rival in the candidature was Benjamin Disraeli; whom, about this period, he described as "a clever conscious juggler; a superlative Hebrew conjurer, spell-binding all the great Lords, great Parties, great Interests of England, and leading them by the nose like helpless, mesmerized, somnambulent cattle." He gained the election by a considerable majority, and in due course delivered the rectorial address which is before the public.

In 1873, the services which he had rendered to the literature and history of Germany were recognized by the Emperor, who conferred upon him the "Ordre pour le mérite" of the Chapter of the Civil Class, vacant by the death of Alessandro Manzoni.

In 1875, the degree of LL.D. was offered to him by the University of Harvard College, U.S. This he refused, on the ground that American Universities are mere "semblances,"—their degrees, "the silliest sham feathers,"—and that he was unwilling to join in "heading the long line of D.D.'s and LL.D.'s,—a line of pompous little fellows hobbling down to posterity on the crutches of two or three letters of the alphabet, passing to the oblivion of all universities and small potatoes." But still, notwithstanding this righteous scorn, Harvard College is a time-honoured institution, and on the roll of its graduates are men in whose company it is no disgrace to be seen. Among its professors or students are the names of Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Channing, Clarke, Ticknor, Everett and Alger; while among those who have accepted the honorary distinction rejected by Carlyle are such men as Franklin, Washington, Lafayette, Jefferson, Granville Sharp, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Washington Irving, Sir C. Lyell, Sir Henry Holland, Lord Ellesmere, John Stuart Mill, and doubtless a host of others who do not come to my mind.

On April 21st, 1866, Carlyle lost the wife who had been "the true and loving help-mate of her husband for forty years, and by act and word unweariedly forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worth that he did or attempted." In the inscription which he wrote for her tomb-stone, he says: "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common; but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart which are rare." By her death,—which was sudden,—as he says, "the light of his life went out." A pleasantly suggestive story, relating to this much-loved wife, will not be known to my readers. Leigh Hunt had brought to the Chelsea home some intelligence or other of so gratifying nature,—we may be sure that it bore specially on the Seer himself,—that Mrs. Carlyle jumped up from her chair, and kissed the herald. On the following morning, the poet sent her some little present, with the following verse, worthy of a place among the *Basia* of Secundus:—

* *Miscellanies*, i pp. 15, 16.

"Jenny kissed me when we met,
Springing from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your book, put that in!
Say I'm ugly—say I'm sad,—
Say that health and wealth have missed me,—
Say I'm growing old—but add—
Jenny kissed me!"

On February 5th, 1881, in the tranquil exhaustion of a ripe old age, this true SAGE of modern times passed away at his home in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he had lived for fifty years; and,—as the *Times* remarked,—the world seemed duller, colder, and darker, in that this one grey old man had left it.

No time was lost in collecting funds to provide for a public monument of the philosopher. The work was entrusted to Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A., with the result of a most admirable statue in bronze, life-size, representing Carlyle as he was in his latter days, in an attitude of thought, seated in an arm-chair, and wearing his well-known dressing-gown. "For this noble piece of portraiture," Mr. Ruskin wrote of it, "I cannot trust myself to express my personal gratitude, or to speak at all of the high and harmonious measure in which it seems to me to express the mind and features of my dear master." It is appropriately placed in the little public garden, at the end of Great Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where Carlyle had spent the last forty years of his life. There, on October 26th, 1882, in presence of many of those who were his attached friends in life, it was unveiled by Professor Tyndall, who delivered an eloquent address on the occasion. Among those who assisted were Lord Houghton, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Swanwick, Moncure D. Conway, Robert Browning, Dr. Martineau, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, and others. A simple inscription on the massive pedestal, of Aberdeen granite, records the dates of the birth and death of the remarkable man in whose honour it is erected.

With that recognition of true nobility and desire to give it the mint-mark of society, which is characteristic of a lofty and generous mind, titles were offered, at the same epoch, by the Earl of Beaconsfield, to Carlyle and Tennyson. The intended honour was, in each case, declined.

It was said by Margaret Fuller Ossoli that she never appreciated the work Carlyle had done for his age till she visited England;* and we ourselves stand in a like inability, unless we look upon our country abstractedly, and, as it were, with the eyes of an intelligent foreigner. But however cursorily we may regard the purport of his mission, and the scope of his teaching, we can but see that beneath, and apart from, philosophic mysticism, Teutonic garb, and Puritan spirit, there is evident, in the entire series of his writings, a general and earnest striving to raise humanity to a more exalted conception of DUTY, and the necessity of its accomplishment; a consignment of all human shams and unrealities to "universal burning-up, as in hell-fire"; a revolt against Mammon-worship, and a contempt for the mockeries and frivolities of society; an implacable antagonism against the falsehood, the hypocrisy, and the scepticism which, in the world, are more and more relaxing the chain of sentiments and ideas which link earth to heaven. Imbued with

* *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller Ossoli*, by R. W. Emerson and W. H. Channing.

prejudices that sometimes obscured his sagacity, he yet had a profound reverence for Truth when he encountered and recognized it. Holding the opinion that a man was his own high-priest in the hierarchy of his individuality, he has been ranked among unbelievers by the utterers of a formal shibboleth, and the professors of the "religion of the rotatory calibash." The keynote of his teaching was sincerity, truth, earnestness, and duty. In his apprehension the material conquests of man had small significance; and all those marvels of science as applied to industrial invention, on which the age so prides itself, he counted as nought in the progress of humanity; holding as his loftiest ideal of true manhood that the individual man should become a tabernacle of the living God.

Of biographic records there are already plenty. There are the *Reminiscences* by J. A. Froude (1881, 2 vols. 8vo); *Memoirs of the Life and Writings*, by R. H. Shepherd (1881, 2 vols. 8vo); *Thomas Carlyle, a History of the First Forty Years of his Life*, 1795–1835, by J. A. Froude (1882, 2 vols. 8vo); *Bibliography of Thomas Carlyle*, by R. H. Shepherd 1881, 8vo); *Thomas Carlyle, the Man and his Books, Illustrated by Personal Reminiscences, Table-Talk, and Anecdotes of himself and his Friends*, by William Howie Wylie (1881, 8vo); *Thomas Carlyle*, by Moncure D. Conway (1881, 8vo); and articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, April 15th, 1849, June 15th and September 1st, 1850, and ("Carlyle and Sterling") July 1st, 1852.

It may not be amiss to mention for the benefit of those who may, in future days, wish to make a more extended study of the genius of this extraordinary man, that a bibliographic record of the various books, pamphlets, and essays in the periodical press on his life and works, will be found in *Notes and Queries*, 6th Series, vol. iv.

XXXVIII.—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

COLERIDGE, whose effigy is now before us in the third step of that animal which formed the subject of the Sphinx's riddle,—the "noticeable man with large grey eyes,"—the "founder of the romantic school of poetry,"—the "Platonist of the nineteenth century,"—the "pourer forth of wisdom in language as mellifluous as that of Nestor,"—may be regarded, as these epithets indicate, under the triform aspect of a POET, a THINKER, and a TALKER. To take first the last,—which was, perhaps, not least,—as a TALKER he was doubtless superlatively great;—that is, in a certain sense; and it is by his talking that the outcome of his life is partly to be measured. Nor improperly so; for although *talking* and *doing* are incompatible, the one ceasing when the other begins, yet, inasmuch as the extremes meet, when *talking* exists in a certain quantity and quality, it arrives at the dignity and importance of *doing*. And thus it comes to pass that, in the case of Coleridge, his son Derwent, and some few others, *talking* and *doing* are one and the same thing. It was in *monologue*, not *conversation*, that Coleridge shone. He rambled on uninterruptedly for hours; his auditors intoxicated by the ambrosial ichor that fell from the lips of the "old man eloquent," and



S. T. Coleridge

AUTHOR OF "CHRISTABEL".

careless about the logical sequence, or even the very subject, of his rambling discourse. Like the knightly hero of Butler, in *Hudibras*,—

> "————————he could not ope
> His mouth, but out there flew a trope."

"Did you ever hear me preach?" said he to Lamb. "I n-n-never heard you do anything else," was the stuttering reply. "Coleridge was a marvellous talker," said Rogers;* "one morning when Hookham Frere also breakfasted with me, Coleridge talked for three hours without intermission about poetry,—and so admirably, that I wish every word he uttered had been written down." The same authority goes on to say:—"Sometimes his harangues were quite unintelligible, not only to myself but to others," an illustration of which we gain from another source better than from the reminiscences of Mr. Dyce. "Wordsworth and myself," said Rogers, "had walked to Highgate to call on Coleridge, when he was living at Gillman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house, we walked for some time without speaking. 'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful, indeed,' said I. 'What a depth of thought, what richness of expression!' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that ever I heard!' rejoined I. Another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' R. 'Not precisely.' W. 'Or about the plurality of worlds?' R. 'I can't say I did. In fact, if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' W. 'No more did I.'"† Thus these honest interlocutors unconsciously echoed the words of Saint Augustin, who records of the speech of some Coleridge of his day:—"Verborum flumen ubique vidi, mentis et judicii vix guttam." If all spectators, hearers, and readers were as candid, many a wind-bag would fall to earth for want of the puff of spurious praise which keeps it aloft. But the flock will continue to follow the bell-wether, vanity fear the imputation of ignorance, and *omne ignotum pro magnifico* be the rule of common judgment to the end of time.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, who made a journey to England for the special purpose of visiting Carlyle, does not seem to have been greatly impressed by Coleridge, and diagnosed of his case that he "suffered from a determination of words to the mouth." Leigh Hunt, on the other hand, said, "If the world is to remain always as it is, give me, to all eternity, new talk of Coleridge, and new essays of Charles Lamb; they will reconcile it beyond all others, and that is much;" and Götzenburger, a German artist who visited England records, "I saw there many men of talent, but only three men of genius,—Coleridge, Flaxman and Blake; and of the three, Blake was the greatest."‡

As a POET, Coleridge is unquestionably great; and here, too, greater by his influence and principles than his actual achievements. He had no "finger industry," as he said to Cottle, who was pressing him for "copy," though his brain was always at work,—small comfort to the expectant compositor! Hence it is,—to his ill-health and his fatal habits,—that his morning promise,—probably no other poet had done what he had

* *Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers*, by Rev. Alexander Dyce, p. 207.
† *Edinburgh Review*, No. ccxi. p. 103.
‡ Gilchrist's *Life of William Blake*, 1st ed. vol. i. p. 337.

done at thirty,—has never been fulfilled, and that the monument of his fame in the British Walhalla is a mere Torso, showing only by its fragmentary magnificence what the entire figure seemed destined to be.

His most graceful poem,—*Christabel*,—remained twenty years unpublished; but, says Fraser, "not unknown. And when its example had raised the ballad epic, or poetical novel, to its highest and most magnificent state, it made its appearance, in the eyes of the general reading public, an imitation of its own progeny." Pope had, a century before, bidden the aspirant :—

> "From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
> And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;"

but had still, by his practice, cast a cold spell over English poetry. Coleridge was one of the first to free himself from the restraint of the icy fetters, and led the way with this weird, beautiful creation, in which "the spiritual and material are so exquisitely blended that it is difficult to know where they run into each other." * There is no noubt that he, eminently a copyist and a follower of other minds, had been largely influenced by Goethe, Herder, and the ballad and romantic poets of the German "Sturm und Drang" period, just as this had cast off the authority of classical tradition, and followed the unrestricted flight of Homer, Shakespeare, Ossian, and the ballad literature so industriously collected by Percy, Ritson, and Evans. With rapid infection, Scott caught the sacred flame, and the whole cope of heaven was soon ablaze with new and unfamiliar fires.

Christabel—or rather *Christobell*—still remains a fragment :—

> "Ah! who shall lift the wand of magic power,
> And the lost clue regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain."

An attempt, however, has of course been made to complete this beautiful poem. A "continuation" will be found in the *European Magazine*, April, 1815, No. 57; and there is a clever parody, under the title of *Christabess, by S. T. Colebritche, Esq., a right woeful Poem, translated from the doggerel by Sir Vinegar Sponge* (London, 8vo, 1816). No burlesque, however, on the style and manner of Coleridge could possibly be happier than that of the late Mr. Prowse, in Tom Hood's *Comic Almanac* for 1868 :—

> "It is an old Philosopher,
> He stoppeth one of three :—
> 'By thy gleaming face and snowy hair,
> Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?'
> He held aloft a mystic scroll,
> With the letters 'S. T. C.,'" etc.

This capital parody,—I wish I could give it in its entirety—leads me to the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*,—an extraordinary work as to the true scope and purport of which a misapprehension exists which I cannot now attempt to correct. Of this a parody will be found in *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 571, and there is an excellent translation into German in the *Gedichte* of Ferdinand Freiligrath (1843, 8vo, p. 387). It is in this poem that the passage occurs which has been cited to show that Coleridge had a prevision of the Atmospheric Railway : of which said

* D. M. Moir.

passage it may be asked, if it does not mean this, what on earth or in heaven does it mean?—

"But why drives on that ship so fast?
Without or wave or wind;
The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind."

This suggestive poem was, about the year 1868, illustrated by twenty-five "poetic and dramatic scenes, designed and etched by David Scott, S.A.," (imperial folio); and in 1863, the Art Union of London issued twenty plates, in oblong folio, designed in outline by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A.

Leigh Hunt considered the poetry of Coleridge "on the whole to have been the finest of its line,—that is to say, the most quintessential, the most purely emanating from imaginative feeling, unadulterated by thoughts and matter;" * and elsewhere expressed the opinion, that, in the production of this kind of verse, there has been "no greater name than his since the days of Milton." † Of its extreme beauty of rhythm it is remarked by Mr. Monkhouse, in his recent *Life of J. M. W. Turner* (p. 160), that "Coleridge, whose verses exceed almost all other English verses in beauty of sound, could not tell one note of music from another." No wonder. What is called a "musical ear," and the perception of melody of versification, are two totally different things, entirely unconnected with each other.

What about Coleridge as a PHILOSOPHER. Those still among us, in whose ears the music of his voice yet lingers, may exclaim exultingly to us, who only know his conversational glories by tradition,—"quid si ipsum audiissetis?"—as Æschines said to the Rhodians, when they were enchanted by the mere perusal of the speeches of Demosthenes. It is doubtless in a great degree to the suasive power of this marvellous eloquence that is to be attributed the impress which he made upon the intellectual life of Cambridge. He must be regarded as the true founder of a school, whose influence is, day by day, gaining expansion; the author, as it has been said, of the latitudinarian *cultus*, "the order of whose succession may be indicated in the names of Maurice, Julian Hare, and Charles Kingsley," whose tutor on Dartmoor had been Derwent, the poet's son. But as for the vaunted "philosophy" of Coleridge, we have it in many forms before us, and can now judge of it, abstractedly, for ourselves. The *Times* newspaper says somewhere that it is wholly incredulous as to his depth, and that it regards his "philosophy" as "the most monstrous sham since Swedenborg." ‡ Tenneman, too, places him as "no systematic writer, but a metaphysical dilettante." § To his "philosophy" may, indeed, be applied the epigram, which he is said to have written himself upon *Christabel*:—

"Your poem must eternal be,
Dear sir, it cannot fail;
For 'tis incomprehensible,
And wants both head and tail;"

and to himself, as a metaphysician, the lines of Shelley:—

* Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, p. 281; *Imagination and Fancy*, p. 286.

† Preface to the edition of the *Poetical Works* of Leigh Hunt, published by Moxon in 1846.

‡ *Bentley's Miscellany*, vol. xl. p. 211.

§ *History of Philosophy*, Bohn's ed. p. 490.

"All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new, at sea or land,
But his own soul, which was a mist."

Lovers of obscurity should be reminded that it is because of the muddiness, not the depth, of the water, that they cannot see the pebbles in the bed of the stream. I should almost be vain enough to say with Madame de Staël, when reproached for not understanding Goethe,—"Monsieur, je comprends tout ce qui mérite d'être compris ; ce que je ne comprends pas n'est rien." But this seems, like every other thing, a matter of taste. Chalmers complained to Irving of the obscurity of Coleridge ; but the latter replied, "You Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist." Very good ; but it should be remembered that natural objects are magnified when seen through a hazy medium, and that a street-lamp must not be set down as the sun because a London fog has invested it with a portentous halo. I have honestly tried to make myself acquainted with the general views and bearings of Coleridge's "Philosophy," but without success. I have found it obscure, turgid, immethodic, and mystical ; a pathless forest, horrent with transcendental terminology, and penetrated by no straggling ray of the *lumen siccum* of the Baconian metaphysics. Besides, what there is cannot be called his own. It has already been pointed out, beyond the power of refutation, that he is largely indebted for his philosophy and his profoundest views on the æsthetics of art to Schelling, a philosopher of the German school. From this writer Coleridge has adopted much, garbled more, and often translated, without the slightest acknowledgment, entire pages *verbatim*. Another less-known metaphysician, Maasz, he has laid under heavy contributions. The brothers Stolberg afforded him the original, almost word for word, for his fine lines, "To a Cataract" ; Frederica Brun (*see* Preface to *Table Talk*), many of the principal ideas in his admired "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni" ; and lastly, Schiller, the exquisite distiches, in which the classical metres are so happily described and exemplified,* as follows :—

HOMERIC HEXAMETER.

"Strongly it bears us along, in swelling and limitless billows ;
Nothing before, and nothing behind, but the sky and the ocean.

OVIDIAN ELEGIAC METRE.

"In the Hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;
In the Pentameter aye falling in melody back."

This is a somewhat painful subject, and opens up a curious question, not only as to the psychological condition of the man who could thus appropriate the thoughts and very words of others without acknowledgment, but also the critical character of the readers, who accepted as a marvellous system of "philosophy" the garbled and mutilated transcendentalism of a young German philosopher who had just left his teens! But I have no further space to discuss the matter, and refer the curious reader to *Tait's Magazine*, September, 1834 ; the *British Magazine*, January, 1835 ; and *Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1840. It is but fair,

* For the originals, see *Schiller's Werke*, band i. p. 62, ed. Stuttgart u. Tübingen, 1852.

however, to state that there is good evidence that Schelling himself held Coleridge in high esteem, and said that it was an "utter shame" to accuse him of plagiarizing from him.*

It has been pointed out, in an able paper in the *Cornhill Magazine* (October, 1860, p. 426), that Coleridge, in his *Essay towards the Formation of a more Comprehensive Theory of Life*,—though giving utterance to some opinions which are doubtful or obscure,—seems to have anticipated, so far as his general view is concerned, almost the entire advance of physiological knowledge since his day. His idea is, that physical life is a process, or a mode of operation, of the same powers which we recognize under other names, as magnetism, electricity, or chemical affinity. These, by their own properties, effect all the results observed in life, but they are grouped in a special way, the various forms of action being so united, as to constitute, out of many parts, a mutually dependent whole. The distinctive character of living things is the exhibition in them of a "principle of individuation," which constitutes them units, separated from, while yet partakers in, that which is around them. "Life," he says, "supposes an universal principle in nature, with a limiting power in every particular animal, constantly acting to individualize, and, as it were, figure the former. Thus Life is not a thing, but an act and a process." And, tracing the chain of organic being upwards, through its various grades, he points out how the great characteristic of advancing elevation in the scale of life consists in the ever more perfect individualization of the creature; its being marked off from the rest of creation, and placed in an attitude of freedom to use and subordinate her process.

It would appear that to some extent a charge of ingratitude and disingenuousness may lie against Coleridge. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for June, 1838 (pp. 577–590), an account of the various writings of the poet for the newspapers is given by Daniel Stuart. Here his misstatements as to the inadequacy of the remuneration he had received from the proprietors of the *Morning Post*, the *Courier*, etc., are pointed out,—both in the *Biographia Literaria*, and the *Life* by Mr. Gillman, and also by Henry Nelson Coleridge, in his *Remains* of the poet. Here also his pecuniary obligations to Mr. Sharp are mentioned, and letters given *in extenso*, full of expressions of gratitude and friendship,—all which was forgotten in the *Biographia*.

A few hasty facts in the life of S. T. Coleridge. He was born at Ottery St. Mary's, Devon, October 21st, 1772; educated at Christ's Hospital; entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1791, where he gained the Browne Medal for his Greek ode on the Slave-trade, and was one of four selected candidates for the University Scholarship, vacant by the election of Porson (who was examiner on the occasion) to the Greek Professorship; left the University without a degree, and enlisted as a private in the 15th Dragoons; got his discharge; joined Southey at Bristol, and started the *Watchman;* married in 1795; became a Unitarian preacher at Taunton; was enabled by the Wedgwoods to go to Germany,—

> "The land where Professors in plenty be,
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The land that produces a Kant with a K,
> And many a cant with a C;
> Where Hegel taught to his profit and fame,
> That something and nothing were one and the same;"

---

* *Poems and Remains of A. H. Clough*, 1869, vol. i. p. 103.

studied at Göttingen ; returned, and betook himself to the Lakes ; in 1804, visited his friend, Dr. Stoddart, at Malta, and for fifteen months acted there as secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor of the island ; returned to England ; undertook the literary and poetical department of the *Morning Post;* delivered a course of lectures in 1808, on poetry and the fine arts, at the Royal Institution ; published the *Friend;* left the Lakes finally in 1810 ; took up his abode in London with Basil Montague, the "water-drinking barrister" (son of Lord Sandwich and the murdered Miss Reay) ; went, about 1816, to stay a week with his friend Mr. Gillman, a surgeon residing at the Grove, Highgate, and remained there for the rest of his life, dying, after a long illness, July 25th, 1834, in the sixty-second year of his age.

There are some capital lines,—as good as if they had proceeded from the beery pen of "Drunken Barnaby," himself,—by the late Mortimer Collins, in his clever novel *The Marquis and Merchant* (vol. iii. p. 206). He speaks of "the capital of Berkshire,"—where John Bunyan, in days of persecution, came to preach, disguised as a waggoner,—where Coleridge was discovered as a private of cavalry, under the name of Silas Tomkin Comberbatch :—

> "At Reading too, when trial was warmest,
> Bunyan, that sturdy Nonconformist,
> Whose *Pilgrim's Progress* is the raptest
> Of books, came preaching at the Baptist
> Chapel, in the frock of a waggoner.
> —Time passes : lo, who draws his flaggon here?
> Who, in a tap-room vowed to Bacchus,
> Lovingly reads Horatius Flaccus?
> How came that queer fish to arrive at
> The level of a cavalry private?
> Who shall, in magic irresistible,
> Hereafter clothe the tale of *Christabel;*
> And make his *Ancient Mariner's* glistening
> Eye compel the world to listening."

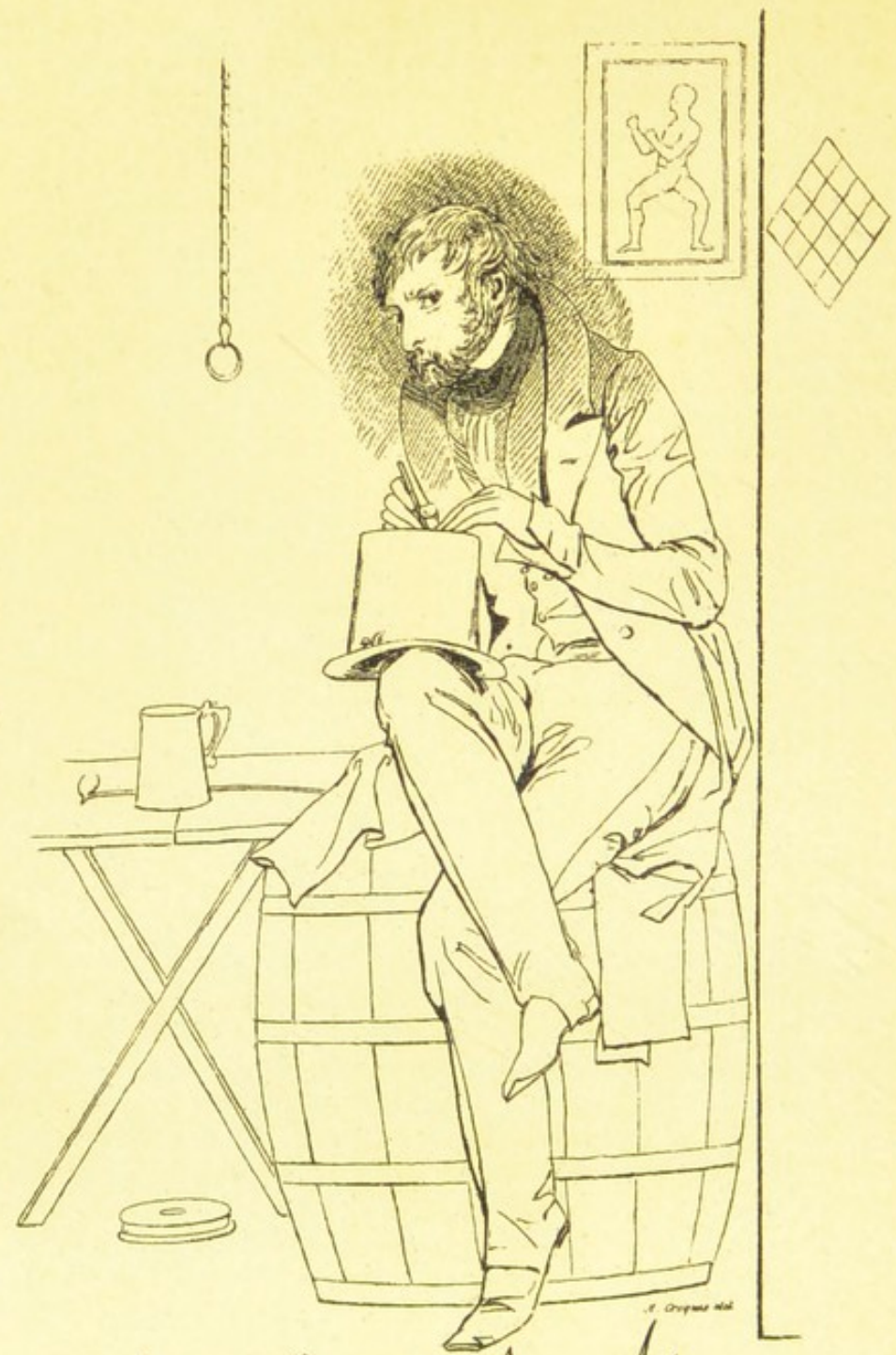
The romantic incident in the career of Coleridge alluded to in these lines is so well known, and so clearly indicated here as to render any further elucidation superfluous.

If, in the former half of the present century, the hates were bitter and unreasoning, the loves were strong and the praise exaggerated. Each clique seemed to resolve itself into a society for mutual adulation, and its members sought to outdo each other in the laudation they bestowed. Thus the "Opium Eater," De Quincey, absurdly styles Coleridge "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." W. L. Landor calls this "impiety to Shakespeare," and "treason to Milton ;" but, in an equally absurd spirit of hyperbole, expressed the thought that every one besides, including Bacon, Byron and Scott, is to him as a gun-flint compared to a granite mountain!* From such an eulogist one may well pray to be spared :—

> "'Tis hard to say, so coarse the daub he lays,
> Which sullies most, the censure or the praise."

Lamb loved his early friend to idolatry, and never overgot his death. "What was his mansion," said he, "is converted into a chapel." The

* Letter to Lady Blessington (Madden's *Life of Lady Blessington*, ii. 370).



AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF TIME"

tablet to his memory in Highgate church records "that his disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic. He was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend, the gentlest and kindest teacher, the most engaging home companion." This is proved, to a great extent, by the love which he excited. But he cannot be said to have possessed strength or decision of character; he may have loved truth, but he failed to attain it; he was a slave to the use of opium, and sacrificed his social obligations for it; he broke engagements, and "knew not the sanctity of a pledged word."* J. and T. Wedgwood allowed him £150 per annum to finish his education in Germany; Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, was profuse in liberality to him; Southey kept his wife and children; he received for many years a pension of £100 per annum as one of the ten Royal Associates of the Royal Society of Literature;† and, finally, was indebted to the Gillmans, of Highgate, for a home, and all the comforts of life, from middle life to its close,—when he might almost have said, with the younger Scaliger,—"Ego ab obitu patris mei semper eleemosynis vixi."

Coleridge wrote, in his lifetime, an epitaph for himself, which is perhaps worthy of record here,—though what is meant by the last two lines, if my life depended upon it, I could not say:—

"Stop, Christian passer-by; stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breath. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
O, lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.
That he, who many a year with toil of breath
Found death in life, may here find life in death;
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He asked and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

XXXIX.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"HERE we have the sketcher sketched; and, as is fit, he is sketched sketching. Here is GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,—*the* GEORGE CRUIKSHANK—seated upon the head of a barrel, catching inspiration from the scenes presented to him in a pot-house, and consigning the ideas of the moment to immortality on the crown of his hat."

This is all very well; and George at the time, as he has often confessed to myself, felt hugely flattered at being thus early nitched among the "Illustrious" in Regina's "Gallery." But qualms came over him with the progress of time; and in a letter to a friend he expressed

* Essays from the *Times*, 1851, p. 205.

† "George IV., the vilest wretch in Europe, gave him £100 a year; enough, in London, to buy three turnips and half an egg, a day. Those men surely were the most dexterous of courtiers, who resolved to show William that his brother was not the vilest, by dashing the half egg and three turnips from the plate of Coleridge. No such action as this is recorded of any administration in the British annals, and I am convinced that there is not a state in Europe, or Asia, in which the paltriest minister of the puniest despot would recommend it."—W. S. Landor to Lady Blessington (*Life of Lady Blessington*, vol. ii. p. 362). Landor's indignant remarks will be hardly thought uncalled for. Coleridge received the annuity during the remainder of the life of George IV. In the first year of the next reign, the payment was stopped without notice, and in the middle of a current quarter.—See Preface to Coleridge's *Table-Talk*.

"horror" at being so depicted, and that a Rechabite such as he, should go down to posterity indebted for support to a beer-barrel, and able to pursue his graphic labours in the obnoxious propinquity of a tankard and a tobacco-pipe! He had, moreover, other grounds for objecting to the portrait; and these, as stated in a letter to myself, under date of April 30th, 1873, are worthy of being placed on record. "I think it right to tell you," writes he, "that Maclise and I were friends, and that I held him in esteem as a worthy man and a great artist; but you will please to observe that this sketch was made by him before we became acquainted, and is therefore not only not like me, but represents me doing what I never did in the whole course of my life,—that is, *making a sketch of any one.* All the characters which I have placed before the public are from the *brain* —after studying and observing Nature,—and not from any sketches made upon the spot."

I have read of an ingenious gentleman who succeeded in cramming the *Iliad* into a nut-shell; and John Poole, in *Peter Priggins*, mentions a waiter at the Star Hotel, Oxford, who boasted that he was clever enough to pack a quart of wine in a pint decanter! But these seem minor feats when compared with the attempt to set forth upon this narrow page a hundredth part of what I think and feel about the genius and character of my old friend, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, or anything like a commensurate summary of his life and works.

He was born in London, September 27th, 1792, where his father, Isaac Cruikshank, of Scotch descent, was an artist of some eminence; his caricatures being equal to those of any of his contemporaries with the exception of Gillray and Rowlandson, his book illustrations showing much of the elegance of the elder Corbould, and his miniature portraits combining grace, fidelity and careful execution. The lad's earliest playthings were the pencil and the etching-point, and there is extant a drawing by him, dated 1799, when he was seven years old. In 1804, he received payment for a child's lottery picture; and in 1805, made a sketch of Nelson's funeral car, and a caricature etching of the fashions of the day. It was doubtless a fortunate thing for the young caricaturist that the two leading artists in his own especial line had already had their day. Rowlandson was getting on in years, and his art was, to some extent, becoming obsolete. Gillray had fallen into habits of drinking; and when, in 1811, he finally sunk into mental imbecility, the rising etcher, who must already have gained some reputation, was employed to complete the plates left unfinished by that lurid genius. A year or two later, he was getting into full work; and just then produced, *inter alia*, the folding coloured frontispiece, full of life, vigour, and Hogarthian humour, to a work entitled *Metropolitan Grievances*, and etched for his brother, Robert, the capital "Sparring Match at the Fives Court," which gives a fictitious value to the first volume of Pierce Egan's *Boxiana.* His work at this time is, more or less, in the manner of his predecessors; and many a large cartoon, satirizing Buonaparte, the Regent, or some obnoxious bishop, is still preserved in the "cabinets of the curious," and bearing his name, attest his industry and gradual improvement in the branch of art which had fallen to his lot.

But a circumstance which greatly influenced his career, and made every section of the public acquainted with his name and talents, was his connection with WILLIAM HONE, so celebrated for his *religious* parodies,

and the *political* prosecutions of which they were made the instruments. It is the fashion to decry * this writer, and speak of his anti-Georgian squibs (1819), as only deriving currency from the designs of the caricaturist. But this is an error ; for Hone was a man of much ability, and possessed a large store of literary and antiquarian information. As the friend of Charles Lamb and "Barry Cornwall," he could hardly be a stupid or worthless person ; and the pamphlets of which I speak—the *Political House that Jack Built*, the *Queen's Matrimonial Ladder*, and, above all, the *Political Showman—at Home!*—are not only clever in themselves, but possess now an historical importance, which, together with their illustrations, is raising them every day in value to the collector. In 1827, their author put together as many complete sets as he could ; appended two pamphlets in answer to Rose's bitter attacks upon him in the *Quarterly* (October, 1821, and August, 1824); added a preface and title-page, on which is a vignette of author and artist seated together at a table, with the epigraph from Burns,—"We twa hae paidl't ;" and styled the volume *Facetiæ and Miscellanies*. There is nothing more interesting, characteristic, and valuable in the whole cycle of "Cruikshankiana." Buy it when you can ; but see that it contains the often eliminated "toy," in "black and white," called "The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder ;" and the equally rare "Bank Restriction Note,—Not to be Imitated," signed by "Jack Ketch," and symbolically adorned with fetter, halter and gibbet. This piece demands more than a passing notice, as its production was always spoken of by George as "the great event of his artistic life ;" and a work upon which, as a successful effort in the cause of humanity, he ever looked back with the liveliest satisfaction. It came about in this way. Happening to pass Newgate on his way to the Royal Exchange, in 1818, he was struck with the grim spectacle of a row of unfortunates,—among whom were two women,—dangling from the gallows ; and on inquiry learnt that they had been convicted of passing one-pound forged Bank of England notes. With the terrible sight in his memory, he hurried home, and drew and etched the "Note." Hone happened to come in, and with an eye to business, took possession of the plate. The next thing the careless artist heard of his work,—he has often told it me with a laugh,—was that the exhibition of the "Note" had caused such an amount of excitement, that the Lord Mayor had had to send the constabulary to clear away the crowd from Hone's window in Ludgate Hill. In fact, the demand was so great that the "Notes" could not be printed fast enough to satisfy it, and George had to sit up all night to etch another plate. Hone cleared nearly a thousand pounds by the sale, at one shilling each ;—and the artist,—the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hanged after this for a similar delinquency. Much has been said of the exiguity of his remuneration for this and similar work, and Maginn says that all that he knew of a "press," in the hands of his employers, was as a "screw." Be this as it may, I imagine that Hone, whose interest it obviously was to keep him content, paid him just as well as others ; and I can testify, from my own conversations with the artist, that he made no complaint. Among the rarer pamphlets of the time is a virulent attack

* In a contemporary satire of great bitterness, he is described as :—

"Pimp general to this boasted age of reason,
Huckster of lechery, blasphemy and treason."

Slop's Shave at a Broken Hone, 1820, p. 6.

upon the pamphleteer, entitled *Slop's Shave at a Broken* HONE (1820, 8vo), in which are the following lines :—

"I grant exceptions sometimes may occur ;
For instance, such dull boggling slang as *you* sell,
However coarse, attention would not stir,
Nor barrow-women of their pence bamboozle,
Without a wood-cut to explain the sense,
And help along its lame incompetence.

"Therefore the wisest job that ever you did
(Next to your well-known 'Trial,' and 'Subscription'),
Was your flash bargain with a wag concluded,
To aid your theadbare talent for description ;
For who, in fits at Cruiky's droll designs,
Can stay to criticize lop-sided rhymes?

"Make much of that droll dog, and feed him fat :
Your gains would fall off sadly in amount,
Should he once think your letter-press too flat,
And take to writing on his own account :
Your libels then would sell about as quick, sir,
As bare quack labels would without th' elixir." *

At a later period, Hone paid an affectionate tribute to the friend whose talents had been of such inestimable service to him. He rejoiced that his "little pieces acquainted every rank of society in the British dominions with the power of the artist, whose genius had been wasted on mere caricature till it embodied his ideas and feelings." He praises the "multiform fertility of the freest pencil that ever drew a line on a block"; and adds, "his conception of original fancy seems intuitive, and yet his elaboration of a *fac-simile* would glisten the peering eye of a bibliomaniac." †

Poor Hone, whose admirable *Every Day Book*, *Table-Book*, and *Year-Book*, are still favourites with all, from the scholar to the mechanic, having failed successively as bookseller, publisher and author, came finally to grief as an eating-house keeper, in Gracechurch Street. His troubled career closed in utter poverty on November 6th, 1843, and Cruikshank attended his funeral in company with Charles Dickens. On this sad occasion, the warm-hearted artist was so incensed by some disparaging remarks which fell from the Independent minister who conducted the service, on the religious character of the defunct, that he whispered to his companion, in a voice broken by sobs, that,—"if it wasn't a clergyman,—and if it wasn't a funeral,—he'd punch his head !"

This, however, is somewhat anticipatory, and I must retrace my steps. But before I leave the subject of POLITICAL CARICATURE, which Cruikshank, early in his career abandoned for more congenial paths of art, I will just notice one volume which perhaps belongs to this department more strictly than to any other. This is *The Life of Napoleon : a Hudibrastic Poem in Fifteen Cantos, by Doctor Syntax* (1817, 8vo),—a rare and covetable curiosity now, albeit the verse is mere doggerel, and the thirty coloured plates by George Cruikshank are equally coarse in sentiment and execution. It was one of the numerous books suggested by the success of the united labours of Combe and Rowlandson.

* Page 8.
† *Aspersions Answered*, by William Hone, 1824, 8vo, p. 49.

It is now as a CARICATURIST OF SOCIAL LIFE, and an ILLUSTRATOR OF BOOKS, that I shall speak of the artist. It was just about the same period,—1821,—when he was drawing on wood for Hone caricatures of a profligate Prince and an obnoxious Ministry, that an epidemic infatuation was caused by the appearance of one of those typical books which are, in the highest degree, significant of the form and pressure of their social epoch. This was the famous *Life in London; or the Day and Night Scenes of Jerry Hawthorn, Esq., and his Elegant Friend, Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic, the Oxonian, in their Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis;* embellished with thirty-six coloured "scenes from life," designed and etched by I. R. and G. Cruikshank, and many very clever designs on wood by the same artists. The author of the book, which created a perfect *furore*, was "Fancy's child," the once celebrated Pierce Egan;* and the story is, as the artist has often related it to myself, that finding that he had misconceived the object of the author, and that the book was rather a guide to, than a dissuasive from, the vicious haunts and amusements of the Metropolis, he soon retired from the firm, in which, from relative age, he figured as junior partner. Certain it is that the greater part of the work was done by the elder brother,—the plates throughout, some of which are of great excellence, showing unmistakable traces of his style. The text I will not attempt to criticize; but, though alluded to by a contemporary writer as "a curious specimen of the most singular and superlative stupidity that the thrice-sodden brains of a hireling scribbler ever yet inflicted on the patience of the public,"† merit of some kind must be conceded to it, if only that of exactly hitting the taste of the day. Thus the book attained a popularity only equalled, on grounds to us more obvious, by the works of Dickens, at a later date. It was dramatized by Jerrold, Barrymore, and the Dibdins; by the author himself for Covent Garden; and by Moncrieff for the Adelphi, under the management of Yates, where it had a run of three hundred nights. It was pirated and imitated in various forms;‡ balladized; translated into French; turned into "a Whimsical and Equestrian Drama" for Davies's Royal Ampitheatre, and a "*Mill*-Dramatic Burletta" for the Surrey. The "Rambles and Sprees" of Tom and Jerry were depicted on tea-boards,—the "laughable phiz of the eccentric Bob Logic" grinned on snuff-box lids,—while the actors of the parts, who, notwithstanding the applause they nightly received, became actually tired and worn-out by the repetition of their characters,—Mr. Russell and Pierce Egan himself as "Bob Logic," Oxberry and Reeves as "Jerry Hawthorn," and Wrench as "Corinthian Tom" (the prototype of whom was said to be the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort),—were handed down to posterity by engravings.

Ten years later, Pierce Egan published the *Finish* to his immortal work, a volume of the same size as its predecessor, and illustrated by an equal number of coloured plates, this time all by the elder brother, Isaac Robert. Both volumes have been reprinted; but I need not say

* This worthy died August 3rd, 1849, aged 77 years; and must not be confounded with his son, of the same name, author of *The Pilgrims of the Thames in Search of the National*, and other novels, who died at Ravensbourne, Kent, July 6th, 1880.

† *Warreniana*, by W. T. Deacon. London, 1824, p. 192.

‡ Pierce Egan states in the *Finish* that the notorious Catnach, in less than twelve hours after the publication of the original, produced a pirated edition for street sale for twopence.

that one and the other are, in the original issues, sufficiently rare. Moreover, though a more squeamish generation, that hides its head under its wing like a hunted ostrich, may relegate them to an upper shelf, they are well worthy of preservation and remembrance, as a picture of the manners, and a record of the taste and doings, of a by-gone day.*

One of the numberless imitations of the *Life in London*, published in the succeeding year (1822) deserves a special mention. This is David Carey's *Life in Paris, comprising the Rambles, Sprees and Amours of Dick Wildfire of Corinthian celebrity, and his Bang-up Companions, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton, with the Whimsical Adventures of the Halibut Family.* This volume contains twenty-one clever coloured plates, all by George Cruikshank, "representing scenes from real life." Hogarth had visited Paris, and described it admirably in four words, which will not bear reproduction; but his successor had never seen the French capital, and with the intuition of true genius, must have evolved the "real life" from his inner consciousness.

The next two decades of work must be glanced over in the briefest of summaries. In 1823, appeared the admirable *Points of Humour*, a series of etched illustrations of various chosen passages from Smollett, Burns, etc. In 1825–7, the amusing volumes known as *Mornings in Bow Street*, a selection of the more humorous Police Reports from the *Morning Herald*, interpreted by a series of most exquisite wood-cuts. In 1826, the artist may be said to have made his first appearance as an author, by the publication of his admirable *Illustrations of Phrenology*, which he followed up in the next year by the companion series, *Illustrations of Time*, of which both, in simple effective etching, and broad, innocent humour, are equal to anything from his hand. In 1828, he produced the etchings for J. Payne Collier's learned and interesting dissertation on *Punch and Judy*, and the capital illustrations for Charles Wilson's catalogue of his collection of engravings. In 1830, appeared the *Three Courses and a Dessert* of Mr. Charles Clarke,—an author who has somehow slipped out of knowledge,—with its excellent wood-cut designs; and in 1833, *Sunday in London*, with its charming vignettes, also on the block.

In 1831–2, Cruikshank illustrated Fielding, Smollett, and Goldsmith for the *Novelist's Library* of Thomas Roscoe, in 17 vols., 8vo, for which he executed upwards of forty etchings; and in 1835–45, the novels of Sir Walter Scott, in 36 vols., which contain thirty-five etchings from his hand.

It was in 1835 also, that the *Comic Almanack* made its first appearance. This once popular annual, in various forms, and under the successive editorship of Horace Mayhew, Henry Mayhew, and Robert B. Brough, continued to appear year by year, till 1853, with original contributions by Thackeray and other wits, and some of the artist's most spirited and characteristic designs.

In 1836, was published the *Elysium of Animals* of the late Egerton Smith, of Liverpool, with one etching by our artist, "The Knacker's

* Robert,—or more properly, Isaac Robert,—Cruikshank, an artist highly esteemed in his day, but whose fame has been unjustly absorbed in that of his younger and abler brother, died of bronchitis, March 13th, 1856, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. His old friend, and literary coadjutor in *Cumberland's British Theatre*, the late George Daniel, of Islington, has left a feeling tribute to his memory in his interesting little volume, *Love's last Labour not Lost* (Pickering, 1863, 12mo), p. 173.

Yard, or the Horse's last Home." I mention it here because this admirable plate has been pronounced by a competent authority "scarcely below Rembrandt in force and largeness of style, while it is informed by an earnestness of purpose which the art of Rembrandt never aims at,"—the critic adding, that, "in this respect, Cruikshank has a close affinity with Bewick."*

It was also in this same year, that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK associated his name for all time with that of CHARLES DICKENS, by his truly inimitable designs for the immortal *Sketches by Boz*,—and in February, 1837, in the second number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, he commenced the illustration of *Oliver Twist*. In these celebrated designs, which are too familiarly known to need individualization, the artist may be said to have shown an inventive capacity equal to that of the author. He has here manifested his supreme competence to depict the low, squalid, criminal and tragic aspects of that life he knew so well,—his instinctive seizure on the most dramatic incidents,—and his power of suggesting a complete story by a few isolated and striking scenes. It cannot be denied that "Phiz,"—the late Hablot Knight Brown,—who next took up the needle, proved a coadjutor of extraordinary skill and congeniality of humour; but all must feel a shade of regret that the association between the greatest humoristic writer and artist that the century has produced, was not more permanent and continuous. Cruikshank illustrated, in all, fourteen volumes of *Bentley's Miscellany*, contributing no fewer than one hundred and twenty-nine plates, to illustrate successively *Oliver Twist*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Guy Fawkes*, the *Ingoldsby Legends*, *Nights at Sea*, *Stanley Thorn*, and various miscellaneous articles.

In 1841, thinking that he might just as well carry the public for his own benefit as for that of others, he determined to start a vehicle for himself. This he termed *The Omnibus;* and with the assistance of poor Laman Blanchard as conductor, drove it to the extent of an octavo volume. This he discontinued in 1842, in order to collaborate with Ainsworth in the magazine, just then set on foot, in rivalry with Bentley. Here and elsewhere, in all, he illustrated seven novels for Ainsworth,—*Rookwood*, *Jack Sheppard*, *Guy Fawkes*, *The Tower of London*, *The Miser's Daughter*, *Windsor Castle*, and *St. James's, or the Court of Queen Anne*,—making for them,—to use his own words,—"ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR of the very best designs and etchings, which he had ever produced." Meantime had appeared his amusing *Bachelor's Own Book, being the Progress of Mr. Lambkin in the Pursuit of Pleasure and Amusement, and also in Search of Health and Happiness*, having engraved title, and twenty-four humorous plates, with engraved descriptions.

In 1845, Ainsworth having sold his "Magazine" to the publishers,—to the infinite chagrin of the artist, and in violation, as he would imply, of a tacit understanding,—Cruikshank attempted once more to gain the favour of the public by a serial of his own, and issued the first number of a still handsomer and more elaborately illustrated magazine, under the title of the *Table Book*, edited by his friends, Mark Lemon, and Gilbert à Beckett. The etched illustrations in this volume are very admirable,—barring a growing puerility of sentiment. The one entitled "Sic Transit" is, however, in the artist's best style, free, vigorous, and

* *Essays on Art*, by F. T. Palgrave, p. 181.

natural; while the first in the book, "The Triumph of Cupid," gives an excellent portrait of the artist seated in a "reverie" before his fireplace, and smoking a huge pipe, in the fumes from which are developed hundreds of tiny figures, in various conditions of subjection to the mighty son of Venus. This was in George's unregenerate days, while yet a lover of the weed, for he says in his opening paper, that "if his brain is ever illuminated by an electric spark, the bowl of his meerschaum is the place in which it is deposited; the pipe acting as a conductor, along which flashes of inspiration are conveyed with every whiff, while the smoke curls itself into a variety of objects." This plate is also remarkable for the executive elaboration of its detail,—though, in this respect, like that other curiosity of etching, "Passing Events, or the Tail of the Comet of 1853," and certain plates of this period and later, finish and minuteness are perhaps carried further than the style of the artist could bear without deterioration. Another most admirable plate demands some indication before I put the *Table Book* out of my hands. This is inscribed "The Folly of Crime," and represents, as the centre piece, a murderer, knife in hand, falling into an abyss in pursuit of a bowl of treasure, held aloft by a mocking demon, eluding by his own descent, the frenzied clutch of the madman. Winged fiends exultingly hover above; and in compartments around, the rewards of crime are strikingly depicted. Of this piece, an able critic remarks,—"There seems to me quite as much thought, and art, and moral power about this work, as about any of Hogarth's or Dürer's; and I am firmly convinced that Cruikshank, when he dies (which may God long avert) and death has given a sacred character to his works, in our national collection of English art (if we ever have one) will be one of our most venerated old masters."*

With the twelfth number, the *Table Book* came to a close. The artist considered it to be the first volume of an annual series, and on the last page, announced a successor, to be called *Our Own Times*, but it never saw the light.

The same year, 1845, marks the appearance of Maxwell's graphic *History of the Irish Rebellion* in 1798, with twenty most admirable etchings, the original drawings for which, finished works of art of marvellous delicacy and feeling, are now preserved in the Westminster Aquarium. As for the etchings, I do not know that the artist has ever produced anything more remarkable, whether we regard the technical excellence of the work, the wonderful comprehension of Irish character, or the dramatic intensity of the awful scenes depicted.

Of equal, if not of still greater, excellence in the more serious branches of art, are the elaborately finished etchings to illustrate Brough's *Life of Sir John Falstaff*, which bears date 1858, and on the feeling and pathos of which, I regret not to be able to say more.

Thus George Cruikshank was not a mere comic artist, for he took the whole domain of literature and human life for his subject. After the fashion of him of whom Churchill speaks:—

> "When Humour was thy province, for some crime,
> Pride struck thee with the frenzy of Sublime,"

—Cruikshank,—like Liston and Charles Matthews (the elder), who

* *British Artists from Hogarth to Turner*, by Walter Thornbury, vol. ii. p. 64.

thought their *forte* was Tragedy—considered the Epic, or Historic, his proper domain. In this idea, however, it must be remembered that he is supported by Ruskin, who asserts that his "tragic power, though rarely developed, and warped by caricature, is as great as his grotesque." Hence the wide range of his art; and we stand amazed at the versatility of the genius which now illustrates a play of Shakespeare, and now the works of "Tim Bobbin;" now *Paradise Lost* and now *John Gilpin;* one day makes designs for Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, and another for *Bombastes Furioso* and *Tom Thumb;* impartially caricatures Whig and Tory alike; is just as familiar with the King and the Ministry as with a Jew "fence" or a flying dustman; and elaborates the careful designs for Pettigrew's treatise on *Egyptian Mummies* with the same *gusto* as he hunts up the itinerant showman, and sketches the historic episodes of *Punch and Judy!*

I must hold my pen. The mere designation of the landmarks in this artist's long and industrious career demands more than the whole space that I have at my disposal. It was the boast of Rowlandson that he had etched as much copper as would sheathe a first-rate man-of-war. Cruikshank might not have been able to say this, for his works were on a smaller scale; but his productiveness was something quite amazing, especially when we consider that it was all marked by honesty and earnestness, never bore a trace of "scamping," and was wholly irrespective of fee or reward, the artist taking whatever offered, and doing what he had to do with his whole might, and the utmost simplicity and directness of purpose. Thus one may well believe that his life was, as he once described it to myself, like that of a squirrel in its cage, illustrating by the paddling movement of his hands the rotatory labours of the little animal. Some idea of this may have been gained by the "Cruikshank Exhibition" of more than a thousand etchings, at Exeter Hall, in July, 1863, to which Mr. F. T. Palgrave devotes a paper in his *Essays on Art*, where this able critic points out our artist's affinity to Bewick, and styles him "decidedly the first illustrative designer of the time."

I have briefly spoken of Cruikshank as a POLITICAL CARICATURIST, an ILLUSTRATOR OF BOOKS, and a SATIRIST OF SOCIAL MANNERS; but there was yet another department of art in which he was supremely great,—the SUPERNATURAL. Here he was truly *facile princeps*,—the most graphic explorer of the realms of Fairy-land,—the most sagacious expounder of Demonry and Goblindom. It was said by Peter Pindar of Fuseli, that he was the "fittest artist on earth to be appointed hobgoblin draughtsman to the Devil;" and it may with equal truth be said of George Cruikshank that he was,—or deserved to be,—sergeant-painter to Queen Mab, Titania, and the entire "Court of Fayrie." I cite in evidence his weird illustrations to *Peter Schlemihl* in 1824; those for Victor Hugo's *Hans of Iceland* in 1825; the twelve admirable etchings for Sir Walter Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* in 1830; the twenty-two etchings for the *German Popular Stories* of the Brothers Grimm,—of which Hamerton says that "he has not found their equal in comic etching anywhere," and Ruskin, that they are "unrivalled in masterfulness of touch since Rembrandt, and in some qualities of delineation unrivalled even by him;" his pictures in oil to illustrate Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream;* the exquisite etchings to the *Pentamerone* of Giambattista Basile; the *Discourse concerning Ghosts* (1864), written as well as illus-

trated by himself; and the inimitable *Fairy Library*, his manner of treating which is noteworthy as having occasioned a controversy and a quarrel between Charles Dickens and himself.

A few words must be said of Cruikshank's labours in the cause of TEMPERANCE. He was an earnest and single-hearted man, throwing himself into whatever cause he embraced with a devotedness which colder blooded mortals are apt to term fanaticism. He was a man of a single eye, and could not serve two masters. Thus his style suffered by the contraction of his ideas and sympathies, his art became associated with the vulgarity which characterizes the movement, old friends were alienated, and remunerative work passed into other hands. In 1848, appeared the celebrated *Bottle*; with, shortly after, its sequel, *The Drunkard's Children*. Here in sixteen Hogarthian plates, with a poetical commentary of merit by Dr. Charles Mackay, is traced the progress of a drunkard and his family from respectability to ruin. In view of the expected largeness of demand, which precluded the use of the copper-plate, recourse was had to the then new process of glyphography, with the result that the effect of the illustrations is flat and lifeless. Nevertheless the thing was a huge success. Many thousands were sold in a few days at a shilling each; it was pirated in America; dramatized; represented at eight London theatres at once; and it suggested a fine sonnet from the scholarly pen of Matthew Arnold. A volume would be needed to chronicle his labours in the cause. The artist gave himself up, heart and soul, thereto; and was ever ready with gratuitous help,—or what amounted to this,—in its promotion. His huge picture, or rather cartoon, in oils, "The Worship of Bacchus," measuring thirteen feet by eight feet, and containing a thousand figures, was commenced when a septuagenarian, and occupied years of labour. The artist, who regarded it as his *magnum opus*, exhibited it before the Queen, and accompanied it on a lecturing tour through the provinces,—by which he incurred a heavy pecuniary loss. This picture, painted in 1862, was presented to the National Gallery in 1869, by sundry friends of the painter. It has been engraved; the artist himself outlining the figures, and Mr. H. Mottram completing the work. Whatever may be the shortcomings of this picture in a strictly art point of view, it will remain at once an evidence of the painter's genius, and an exemplification of the evils of that giant vice which is rampant among us,—our great national shame of drunkenness, which has probably produced more misery and crime than all other vices put together. George Cruikshank may have carried his hatred of this vile habit beyond reasonable limits; but be this as it may, all honour must be given to the great artist, with whom the desire to benefit his kind became the mainspring of action, and who devoted the maturity of his talents to improve and reform the world, that, in his younger days, he was contented to amuse.

The artist whose career covers three quarters of a century finds at last that he has alike survived his generation, his art, and himself. Thus it was with George Cruikshank, who became an old master during his life-time, and had to make public exhibition of the continuous work of over sixty years, with the professed object of convincing a doubting public "that he was not his own grandfather!" It is something certainly for a man to—

> "Enjoy the honour destined to his name,
> And live *instanter* with his future fame;"

but this kind of thing "butters no parsnips," and it is hard to find that your talent has ceased to "draw," or procure you the means of subsistence, while collectors are giving fabulous prices for early scraps, long since out of your hands, and the very existence of which you have forgotten. Cruikshank had lived and worked before the days of liberal art-remuneration; he had done his work honestly and well; he had "muddled away his income by paying his debts;" he had kept a respectable establishment; given and lent freely; and had sustained heavy losses in enterprises connected with his profession. A new generation had come on which knew not George,—or, knowing him, regarded him as already belonging to the past. His income had never been very large; and in 1875, he assured a friend that for the last ten years he had not made a shilling by his art. Moreover he was a crochety man; somewhat impracticable in business; and was apt to offend, or take offence at, his best friends. Thus, when pressed by the late Mark Lemon to draw on his own terms for *Punch*,—that admirable print which must have given John Leech, during his twenty-three years' connection with it, upwards of £40,000,—he definitely refused to have anything to do with it, on account of what he termed its "personalities," and, in fact, never made a single design for it. Hence we may find some explanation for the circumstance, which at first may seem strange, that an artist of such amazing energy of productiveness, whose name was a household word in our homes, and whose work would seem to have given popularity and value to anything with which it was associated, failed to accumulate wealth for himself as well as for others. "He has been obliged to sell his wit for bread, week by week," says Thackeray,—in that generous article in the *Westminster Review* (1840), which did so much to quicken the public appreciation of the higher qualities of the artist, and on the composition of which the writer ever looked back with such peculiar gratification,—"to wring laughter, day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill-health or depression,—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight, for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool." It is something, however, to remember that his honourable poverty was, in some measure, alleviated by a pension of £100 from the Civil List,—since, by the direction of the Earl of Beaconsfield, continued to his respected widow,—and that he also enjoyed a pension of £50 from the Royal Academy's "Turner" Annuities. Thackeray had asked if there was no way in which the country could acknowledge "the long services and brave career of such a benefactor;" and in 1866, it was sought to give practical answer to this question by the collection of a "Subscription Testimonial," by way of *viaticum* for the evening journey of the pilgrim whose day-march had been so nobly and independently accomplished. A committee was formed, under the presidency of JOHN RUSKIN, composed of several hundred men of eminence in art and literature, all anxious to promote the object proposed. The labours of this body were brought to a close with, I regret to chronicle, an altogether inadequate result. Whether the artist, who had long become, in the best sense of the word, an old master, had outlived his art and his generation; whether his self-sacrificing labours in the cause of temperance had interfered with his reputation and productiveness as an artist, and caused him to be regarded rather as a philanthropist, to be rewarded in inverse proportion to the benefits he confers,—I know not; in either case, the testimonial

amounted to a few paltry hundreds only,—a sum of little use to a man who had sacrificed so much money, time, and labour, in the cause of humanity. Thackeray began and ended his essay in the *Westminster* with a charge of ingratitude. Its iteration here seems hardly misplaced; but it is to be hoped that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, if ever so lightly stung by the thanklessness of his age, found consolation in the retrospect of his illustrious and useful career; the high estimation in which his character was held by his contemporaries; and his certain acceptation by posterity as the skilfullest etcher after REMBRANDT, and the greatest master of moral satire in art since the days of HOGARTH.

Yet another dozen years, and the artist approached the conclusion of his ninth decade. In 1875, he produced two illustrations for a volume published by Simpkins, entitled *Peeps at Life by the London Hermit;* and in the same year was published by Chatto and Windus, Mrs. Octavian Blewitt's story, *The Rose and Lily, how they became the Emblems of England and France*, a fairy tale, with an impressively suggestive frontispiece. "Designed and etched by George Cruikshank, age 83—1875." This was probably the last book illustrated by his hand; as a letter in the *Times* of December 6th, 1877, concerning the statue of Bruce for the battlefield of Bannockburn, of which he claimed to be the rightful designer, was his last appearance before the public. Retaining even in this advanced age much of the exuberant vitality, the sprightliness of fancy, the warmth of heart, and the cheerfulness of disposition which had characterized him through life, he seemed to realize Sir Walter Scott's beautiful description of King René:—

> "A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
> Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
> With such wild visions as the setting sun
> Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
> Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues."

But, alas! though Art is immortal, the Artist dies,—

> "———————— nec pietas moram
> Rugis, et instanti senectæ
> Afferet, indomitæque morti."

Early in 1878, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was attacked by bronchitis,—the same madady which just at the same period carried off two honoured veterans in literature,—Professor Creasy and Doctor Doran. He made successful battle against the disease, and hopes were entertained of his final recovery. But this was not to be; and on February 1st, 1878, a universal feeling of sorrow was occasioned by the intelligence that the great master who had lived in the reigns of four English monarchs, and delighted by his art as many successive generations of men, had passed away from among us. In compliance with a generally expressed public wish, the Dean of St. Paul's gave his consent for the final deposition of the remains of the artist in the Crypt of the Cathedral.

George Cruikshank may be considered as the last of a quaternion of great typical masters of Pictorial Satire, the order of whose succession is indicated by the names of William Hogarth, James Gillray, Thomas Rowlandson, and himself. These men, with the individuality of true genius, moved in separate orbits, with such infrequent tangentiation that

the suggested comparison is impracticable and nugatory. Confining myself, then, to the subject of these remarks, it is sufficient to say, that, while he may be pronounced inferior to each of the artists I have named in one or more points, he yet reached the highest eminence in certain peculiar walks of his own. In the depiction of low, vicious, and vulgar life,—in the ludicrous, the quaint, the weird, the pathetic, and the terrible,—he was unsurpassed. No one has touched with a nicer humour the manners of his day, and the frivolities and affectations of fashionable life; no one so felicitously illustrated the mysteries of folk-lore and popular superstition. Like Hogarth, he possessed a supreme faculty of graphic narration, and an unerring tact in the seizure of dramatic incident. Not that it is to be inferred that he is a perfect artist,—that his genius had no limitations,—or that he was entirely free from mannerism and puerility. He had no eye for æsthetic beauty; and was at sea when he attempted to delineate the refinement of a gentleman, the elegance of a lady, or the simplicity of a child. "He cannot hit," said Blackwood, "the quiet arrogance of the only true aristocracy in the world." The habitual license of the caricaturist, no less than the absence of early training, is evidenced in the conventionality of his forms, and the frequent incorrectness of his drawing. But he possessed a rare talent of preserving to every figure an individuality of its own, of fixing evanescent motion, and crowding his design with life and action without confusion. As an ETCHER, if he cannot with justice be said to possess supreme mastery over all the technical resources of the needle, he is broad, simple, honest, and effective; uses no superfluous means; pervades his work with colour; and exhibits a command of light and shade only inferior to that of Rembrandt. In this branch of art, he was contented to follow the traditions of his immediate predecessors, as received by them from Hogarth and Mortimer, in contradistinction to the French school, which, inaugurated by Tony Johannot, has effected a so-called "revival" among ourselves; and which, aiming at effect, atmosphere, and chiaroscuro, is often slovenly in technics, deficient in simple fidelity of form, and "tricky" in execution.

Looking upon the life-work of Cruikshank as a humouristic artist, we are forced to recognize that by his example and influence he emancipated Comic Art from the grossness and brutality with which, till his day, it had been associated; that he raised it to a higher point than it had before attained; and that he did much to gain for it the position which it ought to occupy. He never transgressed the narrow line that separates wit from buffoonery, pandered to sensuality, glorified vice, or raised a laugh at the expense of decency. Satire never, in his hands, degenerated into savagery or scurrility. A moral purpose ever underlaid his humour; he sought to instruct or improve when he amused. "He has told us," finely says Thackeray, "a thousand new truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome nature, caused a single painful or guilty blush. How little do we think of his extraordinary power, and how ungrateful we are to him!"

As a MAN, few have evoked so large an amount of love and esteem from their contemporaries; as an ARTIST, perhaps no one has been at once so favoured by the public, and received such commendation from those who assume the function of judgment in matters of taste. Simple,

intelligible, and popular, in all that he did, he had gained an impregnable lodgment in the hearts of the people, a generation before his merits as an artist had been recognized by the critics. His talents and his energy might have gained him success in any of the ordinary branches of art; but he instinctively took a domain or walk of his own, and made it and himself famous. His genius was strictly autochthonic; he was a man *sui generis;* belonged to no School or Academy; held no diploma or titular distinction; had neither rival nor imitator; studied under no master; had no disciple; and left no successor. "None but himself can be his parallel." The Men and Women who figure in this "Gallery" which I am attempting to illustrate, are no ordinary mortals, run by a prentice hand into one common mould by the gross, "for Human Nature's daily food,"—but, nevertheless, to the one singular character which has formed the subject of the foregoing memoir, I cannot help thinking is supremely applicable the predicate so neatly formulated by Ariosto:—

"Natura il fece, e poi ruppa la stampa." *

XL.—DOCTOR MOIR.

As there is an M, in Monmouth and in Macedon, so there is a Δ in Egypt and in Edinburgh,—at least, if by this latter is understood the magazine of old Ebony, whose pages for thirty long years and more,—from the period when a lad of 19 he committed his first verses to the press,—

"Delta, triangular bard,"

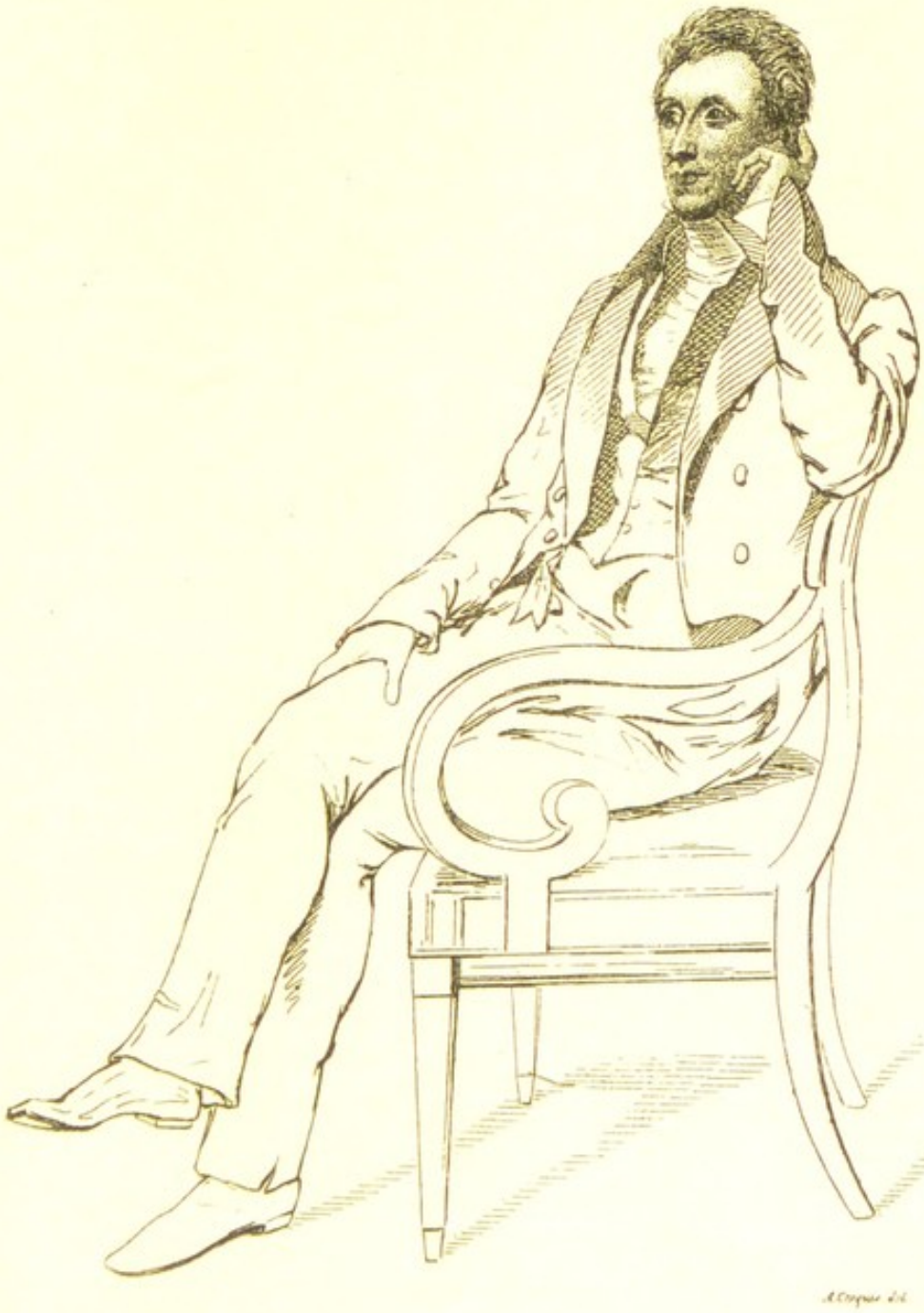
—as some one styles him,—continued to enrich with a supply of poetical contributions,—the last, "The Lament of Selim," leaving his hand little more than a fortnight before his death.

This eminent physician, poet, and critic was born January, 1798, at that ancient borough whose antiquity in the past, and proud continuance in the future, is announced in the prophetic quatrain:—

"Musselburgh it was a burgh
When Edinburgh was nane,
And Musselburgh will be a burgh
When Edinburgh is gane."

The long series of poems which he contributed to *Blackwood* is uniformly distinguished by command of language, piety of tone, delicacy of fancy, and purity of thought. "Delta," says Professor Wilson, "has produced many original pieces, which will possess a permanent place in the poetry of Scotland." Jeffrey wrote to him, thanking him for the gratification which he had received from his poems, and ascribing to them "more genuine pathos than anything almost that he had ever read in verse"; and Dr. Butler, the Bishop of Lichfield, singled out his lines on Mount St. Bernard, as worthy of a Latin version, which forms one of the happiest pieces in the *Arundines Cami.*

* *Orl. Fur.* cant. x. st. 84.



Wm Lyon Rud

David M. Thom

AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH."

It was also in *Blackwood* that was commenced one of the most felicitous pieces of Scotch humour that has ever appeared,—the "Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith." This admirable imaginary biography was subsequently completed, dedicated to Galt, "by his sincere friend and admirer," and issued by Blackwood in 1828. In the depiction of Scottish character in the humbler walks of life,—in quiet, refined humour,—in simple pathos,—I know nothing superior to it, and rank it with *The Cottagers of Glenburnie* of Miss Hamilton, the *Castle Rackrent* of Miss Edgeworth, and the *Cranford* of our own Mrs. Gaskell. Regarding this as an original creation, I consider that it alone is sufficient to obtain for its author a high place among those authors who, like Scott and Galt, have used fiction as a vehicle for the delineation of national character; while it is, as Maginn truly observes, "admirably descriptive of a class of persons fast wearing out even in that land of originals, Scotland, as well as of manners that are no longer common."

The position of Dr. Moir as a critic depends upon his *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century* (Blackwood, 8vo, 1851). This is a reprint of six lectures, originally delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Association, in the session of 1850–1. A notice of it forms the subject of an essay in Gilfillan's *Literary Portraits*, where its merits and demerits are fairly pointed out. His definition of poetry,—"Objects or subjects seen through the mirror of imagination, and descanted on in harmonious language," he admits to be imperfect. So is that of Aristotle, Dr. Johnson, and Leigh Hunt; and we still await a satisfactory explanation. The book, however, is genial, eloquent, and enthusiastic; but erroneous in classification, and mistaken as to the fate of poetry and its necessary declension, in an era of science and discovery.

Dr. Moir also edited the poems of Mrs. Hemans, the greatest female poet that this country has yet produced; wrote a *Life of John Galt;* and was author of *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine, being a View of the Progress of the Healing Art among the Egyptians, Greek, Romans, and Arabians* (1831), a work of great erudition and research.

In private life, the subject of this brief notice was greatly and deservedly beloved. "The world," says *Fraser*, "has but the moiety of a notion of a little part of his worth, when it thinks that his poetry comprehends all the merit which entitle him to the praise and goodwill of our courteous readers."

It was when visiting his old and valued friend Thomas Aird that he was attacked with peritonitis. Dr. Christison, of Edinburgh, was called in; but he grew worse, and died on the Sunday morning, three days after his attack, July 6th, 1851, aged 53. On the 11th of July he was buried at Musselburgh, where he had so long practised, and was interred near to that fondly loved boy whose early fate he had sung in his well-known "Casa Wappy," a poem hardly less true and pathetic than Cowper's lines "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture."

His poetical works have been collected and published by his friend Thomas Aird,—himself a poet of rare poetical genius,—who has prefaced the volumes with a Life, which in power of language and generosity of feeling may be pronounced a model of appreciative biography.

XLI.—MISS LANDON

"LADY! for thee a holier key shall harmonize the chord—
In Heaven's defence, Omnipotence drew an avenging sword;
But when the bolt had crush'd revolt, one angel, fair though frail,
Retain'd his lute, fond attribute! to charm that gloomy vale.
The lyre he kept, his wild hand swept; the music he'd awaken
Would sweetly thrill from the lonely hill where he sat apart forsaken.
There he'd lament his banishment, his thoughts to grief abandon,
And weep his full; 'twas pitiful to see him weep, fair LANDON.

"He wept his fault! Hell's gloomy vault grew vocal with his song;
But all throughout, derision's shout burst from the guilty throng:
God pitying view'd his fortitude in that unhallow'd den;
Freed him from hell, but bade him dwell amid the sons of men.
Lady, for us, an exile thus, immortal Poesy
Came upon earth and lutes gave birth to sweetest minstrelsy;
And poets wrought their spell-words, taught by that angelic mind,
And music lent soft blandishment to fascinate mankind.

"Religion rose! men sought repose in the shadow of her wings;
Music for her walk'd harbinger, and Genius touch'd the strings:
Tears from the tree of Araby cast on her altar burn'd,
But earth and wave most fragrance gave where Poetry sojourn'd.
Vainly, with hate inveterate, hell labour'd in its rage,
To persecute that angel's lute, and cross his pilgrimage;
Unmoved and calm, his songs pour'd balm on sorrow all the while:
Vice he unmask'd, but virtue bask'd in the radiance of his smile.

"Oh! where, among the fair and young, or in what kingly court,
In what gay path, where Pleasure hath her favourite resort,
Where hast thou gone, angelic one? Back to thy native skies?
Or dost thou dwell in cloister'd cell, in pensive hermit's guise?
Methinks I ken a denizen of this our island—nay,
Leave me to guess, fair poetess! queen of the matchless lay!
The thrilling line, lady! is thine; the spirit pure and free;
And England views that angel muse, LANDON! reveal'd in THEE!"

These fine lines, addressed to L. E. L., as the "Angel of Poetry," are a paraphrastic translation by "Father Prout," of that exquisite poem,—

"Je veux pour vous prendre un ton moins frivole,"—

one of the noblest and highest-wrought amid the songs of Béranger, and may seem a not inappropriate introduction to my few remarks upon this, the brightest, best-loved, earliest-lost, of the daughters of Song.

But first a word about the portrait before us,—the "funnily drawn plate of Miss Landon," as Rossetti terms it. It may, by the uninitiated in matters of art, be, at first sight, thought somewhat stiff and artificial; but Mr. Rossetti would cite it as an instance where the artist "allowed himself to render character by playful exaggeration of the most obvious kind"; and points out that "the kitten-like *mignonnerie* required is attained by an amusing excess of daintiness in the proportions, with the duly charming result nevertheless." There is, also by Maclise, a charming stipple portrait, engraved by J. Thomson, as vignette title to the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, for 1840, the editorship of which was then assumed by



AUTHOR OF "ROMANCE AND REALITY."

Mary Howitt. The three-line epigraph has a mournful note of prevision :—

"Alas ! hope is not prophecy,—we dream,
But rarely does the glad fulfilment come,
We leave our land—and we return no more."

Laman Blanchard, who wrote her *Life* and edited her *Remains* (Colburn, 1841, 8vo), wrote a baker's dozen of quaint, clever quatrains, "On first seeing the Portrait of L. E. L." After exhausting the possible significance of the familiar trinity of initials, he concludes :—

"Now fancy's dead ; no thought can strike,
No guess, solution, stricture ;
And L. E. L. is—simply like
This dainty little picture.

"Life to her Lays ! However Fame
'Mongst brightest names may set hers,
These three initials—nameless name—
Shall never be *dead letters !*"

Poor L. E. L. ! Many of us may yet remember the shock of grief, the vague terror, the dark surmise, that succeeded the news of her early fate, and the pity for one, of nature so tender, so refined, and so susceptible, who had thus early perished among strangers, in an unfamiliar home, and on a savage coast. But I anticipate.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, August 14th, 1802. I shall not dwell upon her early life, of which it is supposed that she has given the history in the last tale in her *Traits and Trials of Early Life* (1837). She had plenty of anxiety and trouble, we know. She was thrown an orphan upon the world ; deprived of the patrimony that should have been hers, and neglected by the family that should have educated and provided for her. But she pushed bravely on, and found friends. Jerdan had sight of the earliest fruits of her muse, and encouraged them with his approbation (1822). To the *Literary Gazette* she was a very copious contributor for years, and the friendship of its genial conductor did much to stimulate her efforts, and gain for her acceptance with the public. Her earliest substantive work was published by Warren, of Bond Street, and is now quite forgotten. It is entitled *The Fate of Adelaide, a Swiss Tale of Romance, and other Poems.* Then followed her other works ; first, *The Improvisatrice and other Poems*, in 1824, and in due succession, *The Troubadour*, *The Golden Violet*, *The Venetian Bracelet*, and *The Vow of the Peacock*,—all poems. These are full of elegant fancy and tender feeling ; conventional rather than natural ; wanting in individuality of character, and deficient in the concentration of thought and evidence of culture which characterize the higher orders of poetry. Many of these defects are probably due to early education and impulsiveness of character ; and there is evidence that she was endeavouring, at the time of her death, to increase and systematize her knowledge, and refine her taste. In prose fiction, I only call to mind, at the present moment, her novels *Romance and Reality*, *Francesca Carrara*, and *Ethel Churchill.* Like her poems, these are marked by brilliant beauties and striking defects. In the two latter, which exhibit a marked improvement, the fair authoress has shown, under the characters of "Guido" and "Walter Maynard," her admiration of genius, and the view which she took of its probable fate ;

under those of "Francesca" and "Ethel," the sufferings which fall to the lot of high-minded and sensitive women.

Of the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, which was edited by L. E. L., from its commencement in 1832 to 1839, and in which she was wont to say that some of her best poetry had appeared, I have already spoken. Another set of volumes of miniature size, bear on their title-pages the same well-known initials, and deserve special mention, as veritable curiosities of bibliography. I allude to the *Bijou Almanachs*, the proprietor of which was a personage well known to the London press,—A. Schloss,—sometime secretary to Staudigl, the singer, and afterwards employed in the office of Dickens's *Household Words*. The issue of 1837 was dedicated to Queen Adelaide. It was richly bound in gilt vellum; illustrated with miniature portraits of Malibran, Pastor and others, with fairy-like leaves of music; was enclosed in a case of purple velvet; and actually supplied with a magnifying glass to enable the reader to master its contents! It was in the issue of 1839 that the editress bade farewell to England.

Latet anguis in herbâ. If the childhood of L. E. L. was not devoid of care, a dark cloud hangs over her womanhood, which I shall hardly feel inclined here to dispel or penetrate. Rumour was busy with her name, and slander whispered dark suspicions as to her maiden purity. Mrs. Thomson, in her *Recollections of Literary Characters*, speaks of "one false step"; Laman Blanchard, in his *Life and Remains of L. E. L.*, vaguely hints at a mystery; Madden, in his *Life of Lady Blessington*, does the same; and Grantley Berkeley, in his *Life and Reminiscences*, offers (vol. iii. p. 185) "The true story of L. E. L.," but does not conclusively solve the enigma. According to the latter authority,—on which I do not place much reliance,—the fair poetess appealed to him to protect her from the persecutions of Dr. Maginn, who was making use of the critical power which he wielded, to compass her "personal seduction." Acting upon the advice of her chosen champion, Miss Landon excluded the "Doctor" from her house. The latter learnt the cause of the novel treatment, and revenged himself, by his truculent and scurrilous review of *Berkeley Castle*, upon its supposed cause. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*,—Fraser's flogging, Maginn's duel, the action-at-law, and the final kicks at the dead lion in the *Reminiscences* of the honourable author. Other stories are afloat, and other names have been mentioned. A letter from Lady Blessington (January 29th, 1839) speaks of *two* editors, both married men, as by public report, Miss Landon's lovers. Mrs. S. C. Hall, while defending her purity, conflictingly acknowledges that her conduct with Maginn was "extremely imprudent"; and admits that she engaged in a correspondence with him that excited the jealousy of his wife; while Berkeley styles one of her alleged paramours "a hoary ruffian," and openly calls Maginn her "murderer." S. C. Hall—and no one was more competent to judge—speaks of the "misconception which embittered her whole life, which made Fame a mockery, and Glory a deceit";—and, attributing it, in the main, to the "large secretiveness which was her bane," says that "a slander more utterly groundless was never propagated." Bulwer, in a noble vindicatory letter* to Laman Blanchard, alludes to the "calumny," to which, he says, he would never

* See "Memoir of Laman Blanchard," prefixed to his *Poetical Works* (London, 1876), p. 56.

listen ; and exclaims, "even if partially true, what excuses! Friendless, alone, with that lively fancy,—no mother, no guide, no protector. Who could be more exposed? Who should be more pitied?" But I have said enough, and leave the matter for the further investigation of the curious reader, in aid of which I have given the foregoing indications. Certain it is that Maginn was deeply attached to Miss Landon ; his feeling for the fair poetess constituting, according to his biographer, Kenealy, "one of the most remarkable features of his life." He is said to have contributed at least a fourth of the poetry in the *Drawing-Room Scrap-Book*, when it was under her guidance ; he was disconsolate at her death, and almost lost his senses for two days ; and he fancied that he saw, and conversed with, her attendant spirit, in the last hours of his life.

About 1826, the time approached for the marriage of L. E. L. to a gentleman who had long been her literary adviser and firm friend ; and it was thought right that the reports which affected her fair fame should be traced, if possible, to their source. This was done ; and I believe that it was satisfactorily shown to all parties that they were destitute of foundation. The name of the gentleman in question has been hitherto withheld ; but I see no cause for reticence now, and believe that I am correct in stating that it was the late John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, who was to have been honoured with the hand of the poetess. His behaviour throughout was of the most honourable character, and he was perfectly willing to carry out the engagement. But the lady determined to break it off ; the mental worry and pain brought a severe illness upon her ; and a few months after her recovery, to the astonishment of all her friends, she accepted a proposition of matrimony from Mr. George Maclean, Governor of Cape Coast Settlement, in West Africa. She was married June 7th, 1838, by her brother, the Rev. Whittington Landon, and "given away" by her staunch friend and admirer Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer ; sailed from Portsmouth July 5th ; landed at the Cape August 16th, after a prosperous voyage, during which her pen was not idle ; and was at once installed as the responsible mistress of Cape Coast Castle.

Two short months of apparent peace and contentment passed away in her new home, to the duties and habits of which she seemed to be growing accustomed, when on October 15th, 1838, she was found dead on the floor of her bedroom, with an empty bottle in her hand, labelled "*Acid. Hydrocyanicum Dilutum Pharm. Lond.* 1836,"—that terrible agent which Shelley termed the "golden key to the chamber of perpetual rest," and which he said it was a comfort always to have about one. An inquest took place, on which her husband deposed that she was subject to spasms and hysterical affections, and had been in the habit of using the medicine as a remedy, as prescribed by her former medical attendant in London. Mr. Cobbold, her then medical adviser, gave his opinion that death had been caused by an improper use of the medicine ; and the jury returned the verdict that it was the result "of her having incautiously taken an overdose of prussic acid, which from evidence, it appeared she was in the habit of taking as a remedy for spasmodic affections to which she was subject." With the opinion thus expressed we must be content, though doubt and dissatisfaction prevailed at the time. The husband, whose reluctance to fulfil his matrimonial engagement, had been subject of public comment, fell under grave suspicion ;

and dark hints were rife of a treacherous page, a poisoned cup of coffee, and a native mistress. A rigid inquiry into all the circumstances of the fearful tragedy was made by Dr. Madden, who visited Cape Coast a few months after its occurrence, and resulted in the conviction that the unfortunate lady had actually died of an overdose of prussic acid, administered by herself; but whether accidentally or designedly, there was no further evidence to show. Here, however, it is right to mention, as militating against the conclusion involved in the latter supposition, that two letters are extant, the one written probably on the evening before her decease, and the other on the fatal morning. The latter was produced by Mr. Maclean at the inquest, as affording evidence of the happy and contented state of the writer's mind; and the former, which was on its way to England, is not less cheerful in tone. Both are addressed to Mrs. S. C. Hall, one of the earliest and most esteemed of her friends; were published by that lady in the *Times;* and thence transferred to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1839, p. 150. Other important evidence in the elucidation of the mystery is not wanting. Bulwer, in the letter to Blanchard which I have already cited, writes, "I conclude from your letter that the persecutors were not contented with exile, and that their malice found her in Africa." Shortly after the news of the sad occurrence, the suspicious death became the subject of conversation at the table of Dr. Anthony Todd Thomson the eminent physician. "I knew her well," said he, "and attended her from her infancy; she was the last woman whom I should have supposed likely to destroy herself. She was said to have died from prussic acid. Now I fitted out the medicine chest she took with her to Cape Coast Castle, and know that there was no prussic acid in her possession. I am convinced that she did not die from its effects, and we must seek for her death from some other cause." *

I must conclude. As Lord Byron was wont to date the later events of his life from "his *funeral* with Miss Milbanke," so the "baked meats" of poor L. E. L.'s marriage might have furnished forth her burial breakfast. It has been remarked that the features of Charles Stuart bore an expression of sadness prophetic of his doom; and in like manner, a peculiar and marked characteristic of Miss Landon's writings is the pervading feeling of blight, disappointment, and misery, and the prevision of untimely and solitary death :—

> "Sad were my shades; methinks they had
> Almost a tone of prophecy—
> I ever had from earliest youth,
> A feeling what my fate would be." †

"Whether," writes the late William Howitt, "the melancholy belief in the tendency of the great subject of her writings, both in prose and poetry; this irresistible annunciation, like another Cassandra, of woe and desolation; this evolution of scenes and characters in her last work, bearing such dark resemblance to those of her own after-experience; this tendency in all her plots to a tragic catastrophe, and this final tragedy itself,—whether these be all mere coincidences, or not, they are still but

* *Autobiographical Reminiscences of the Medical Profession*, by J. F. Clarke, 1874, 8vo, page 308.

† *The Improvisatrice*, p. 3.

the parts of an unsolved mystery. If they be, they are more than strange, and ought to make us superstitious. But surely, if ever

'Coming events cast their shadow before,'

they did so in the foreboding tone of this gifted spirit."

Still, after all, this kind of thing may be but the natural reaction of a gay and joyous temperament, delighting in contrast,—just as Thomson, who used to lie in bed all day because there was nothing worth getting up for, was eloquent in praise of early rising. But this peculiarity is, nevertheless, curious as a coincidence; as also is the frequent mention of *prussic acid* in connection with one of her characters—"Lady Marchmont," in *Ethel Churchill*.

As I began with verse, so do I round off with some fine stanzas, by Charles Swain, to the memory of L. E. L., in the *Friendship's Offering* shortly after her death:—

"Still mourns Erinna—ever by that coast,
Whose dismal winds shriek to each weeping cloud;
Whose waves sweep solemn as a funeral host,
Still mourns the Loves' own Minstrel, in her shroud;
The Sappho of that Isle, in genius proud;
The IMPROVVISATRICE of our land;
The daughter of our soil—our fame-endow'd!
For *her* Erinna seeks the fatal strand,
And lifts to distant shores her woe-prophetic hand!

"The blighted one! the breast, whose sister-tear
Sprang to each touch of feeling—heaves no more!
Our LANDON, silent on her funeral bier,
Far from our hearth, sleeps on a foreign shore.
The voice of her,—the song-inspired,—is o'er.
Oh! she who wept for others, found no tone
To soothe the many parting griefs she bore;
Nor had a tear for that sweet spirit lone,—
All sorrows found a balm save that fair minstrel's one!

"Thou, who receivedst her rose-encircled head,
Our Minstrel, in the bloom of her young fame,
Give back our lost and loved! Restore our dead!
Return once more her first and dearest name!
We *claim* her ashes! 'tis a nation's claim!
Her, in her wealth of mind, to thee we gave;
Yet plead we for the dust of that dear frame;
Oh, bear our world-lamented o'er the wave!
Let England hold at last,—'tis all she asks—her grave!"—1840.

The plea was never answered; and L. E. L. sleeps on in the barren sands of Africa, where "the mournful music of the billows, to which she listened in her solitary sea-girt dwelling, is now the dirge that resounds o'er her distant grave."

XLII.—MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

"Ah! welcome home, Martineau, turning statistics
To stories, and puzzling your philogamistics;
I own I don't see any more than Dame Nature,
Why love should await dear good Harriet's dictature,
But great is earth's want of some love-legislature."

So, in his *Blue Stocking Revels, or the Feast of the Violets*, sings genial Leigh Hunt, whom we summon once more, as Master of the ceremonies, to usher in another of the fairer members of this, our "Gallery." Welcome, once and again, MISS MARTINEAU; who, though you may rather belong to the Marthas, who are "careful about many things," than the Maries who choose "the better part," have yet earned our respect and gratitude for a long and consistent life of labour, whose sole object was the improvement and benefit of your generation.

Miss Martineau was born at Norwich, June 12th, 1802, and was descended from a French family, which settled in that city, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and carried on there the manufacture of silk for several generations. She was the youngest of eight children, and when her father, who was supposed to be wealthy, fell into commercial difficulties, she determined to cultivate a talent for composition, which she had early shown, and bravely turned to literature as a means of independent support. Her first appearance in print was about the year 1821, in the organ of the Unitarian body, *The Monthly Repository*, in which Talfourd first made essay of his nascent power. In 1823, she published a volume of *Devotional Exercises for Young People;* in 1824, her *Christmas Day;* and in 1825, the sequel, *The Friend.* In 1826, appeared *The Rioters*, and *Principle and Practice;* and in 1827, *The Turn-Out*, and *Mary Campbell.* In 1828, we have a tale, *My Servant Rachel;* a series of "Tracts," on questions concerning the operative classes; and a sequel to *Principle and Practice.* In 1830, a work entitled *Traditions of Palestine* enabled her to present a series of interesting and graphic sketches of the Holy Land at the time of Christ. In 1830, the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association offered premiums for the best essays on the "Introduction and Promotion of Christian Unitarianism among the Roman Catholics, the Jews, and the Mahometans." The comparative merits of the competitive essays were decided upon by three distinct sets of arbitrators; and by each set, the prize was awarded to the essay written by Miss Martineau. One is entitled *The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets;* the second, *Providence, as manifested through Israel;* and the third,—which I have alone read, and which is certainly an able performance,—*The Essential Faith of the Universal Church deduced from the Sacred Records* (1831, 8vo, pp. 88).

It was about this same time that Miss Martineau, stimulated by the perusal of Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations*, conceived the idea of writing a series of tales, of monthly issue, with the object of exemplifying the leading doctrines of Political Economy by imaginative illustration. She submitted her plan to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but the



Harriet Martineau.

AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRATIONS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY"

committee of that body rejected it, on the ground that facts could not be clothed with advantage in the garb of fiction. Perhaps this is generally true. The novelist may take history, if he chooses, as the foundation of his story, but it will always be read with the suspicion that facts have been moulded,—as, indeed, they generally are,—to suit the writer's idea of poetic justice or artistic development. Thus, very little is gained ; and though the book may keep its place as a work of imagination, it will fail, however truthful it may be, as a relation of historical or biographical facts.

However this may be, between those who objected to the teaching of political science by the aid of fiction, and those who did not want fiction to have any didactive purpose, the authoress encountered no small amount of discouragement and difficulty before she found a publisher with sufficient enterprise for the proposed undertaking. At last, however, the first volume or number of the *Illustrations of Political Economy* saw the light, and proved by its immediate and great success, that its writer had formed no undue estimate of her own abilities, or erroneous judgment as to the propriety of her method of treating the subject. The succeeding volumes were expected with impatience ; edition after edition was exhausted ; and the tales were translated, one by one, into French and German. As felicitous illustrations of important truths they are of great and enduring value ; and they will doubtless continue to be read for their interest as works of fiction and admired for the ingenuity which the writer has shown in avoiding that artificiality of construction which seems necessitated by the restriction of a plot to the special object which it is intended to subserve.

To this series, may be added six tales, entitled *Illustrations of Taxation ;* and four others, called *Poor Law and Paupers.* These are, perhaps, unequal in merit ; but they were no doubt the means of inducting many a reader into the mysteries of Political and Social Economics, who, but for the attractive guise of the mystagogue, would never have ventured to lift the veil.

To make adequate pause at each landmark in the literary career of so industrious and prolific a writer as Miss Martineau would require a volume. In 1837, she paid a visit to the United States, where she remained for a period of two years. This sojourn resulted in the production of her *Society in America,* which is full of interesting details as to the politics, domestic economy and social life of that country ; and, a year later, to a work entitled *Retrospect of Western Travel,* in which are recorded those more personal impressions which did not find place in the earlier work, and reminiscences of the eminent persons with whom she had come in contact. In 1839, appeared her first novel, *Deerbrook,* in the orthodox three-volume form ; a production which, perhaps, hardly sustained the reputation which her political tales had gained her as a writer of fiction—certainly not as a teacher of social economy. To her next novel, which exhibits a marked improvement in dramatic interest and constructive skill, may be applied the remarks which I have already made on the propriety of employing fiction to enforce or illustrate fact. This novel, *The Hour and the Man,* of which the sable patriot, Toussaint L'Ouverture, is the hero, would probably have attained a higher estimation, if it had appeared professedly as a simple biography. Lamartine, it will be remembered, has also chosen, as the subject of a drama, the career of this extraordinary man, who has, once for all, vindicated the capacity of

the Negro race for moral and intellectual greatness; and by his own cruel fate in a French dungeon, reconciled us to the lingering death of Napoleon at St. Helena,—if only on the principle of retributive justice :—

"————————nec lex æquior ulla est,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ."

About this time, also, she produced the beautiful series of tales for children, entitled *The Playfellow*,—including "The Settlers at Home," "The Peasant and the Prince," "Feats on the Fiord," and "The Crofton Boys,"—a collection which placed her in a high rank as a writer for the young.

At this period, Miss Martineau fell into ill-health, of which her *Life in the Sick Room* affords the details. This went on for several years; till, all hope of recovery by orthodox means having been abandoned, she determined to make trial of the curative powers of Mesmerism. The result of the experiment, as related by herself in the columns of the *Athenæum*, was the perfect restoration of her mental and physical energies. Of this she gave evidence, *more suo*, by the production of her *Forest and Game Law Tales*, three volumes in which the effect of these enactments in ancient and modern times is discussed, and their special bearing on the classes of society more immediately affected by them. In 1846, she wrote a pretty tale, *The Billow and the Rock;* and in this year started on an expedition to the East, in company with her brother, the Rev. James Martineau, and other friends. This resulted in the publication of *Eastern Life Past and Present*, a work in which her impressions are recorded in her usual graphic and vigorous style, albeit impaired to some extent by a certain tone of speculative scepticism which shocked religious readers to no small extent. This culminated, a year or two later, in downright Atheism, as expounded in her *Letters on the Laws of Man's Social Nature and Development*, being a correspondence between herself and Mr. H. G. Atkinson, a Mesmerist, and published in 1851. This book is duly pronounced by good, religious people "shallow and illogical in reasoning"; based, it would seem, solely on a profound faith in her correspondent's infallibility as a teacher, to which faith all higher and purer beliefs are sacrificed; a book that could injure no one "whose judgment was not warped by a similar influence." Since, then, "her arguments refute themselves," and her statements are "too silly to do any harm," why do pious folk wax angry about the book?—

"Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?"

Well, so it is, and always will be. A certain wise man once, on being questioned as to his "religion," replied that he was of the religion of all wise men; and on being further pressed as to the nature of that religion, said that that was just what wise men kept to themselves. It is perhaps to be regretted that Miss Martineau was not "wise" in the same sense. Anyway, the conclusions, long established, are :—(1) That the question of the existence, or the non-existence of a God, by the *à priori* mode, or any other, is best left alone; and (2) that so far as your estimation by society is concerned, it is better (as some Frenchman has said) to believe in a God with a hundred arms, and a hundred legs, than none at all!

Just at this time Charles Knight was in want of some able hand to take up his *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace*, which he

had already commenced, but was forced to relinquish. He applied to Miss Martineau, with the result that the *History* was carried on and concluded with a vigour and impartiality which ensured its reception by the public, and did vast credit to her in her new character of historian.

To Charles Knight's series she contributed a useful little manual, *How to Observe*; and with that regard for usefulness in the abstract which ever characterized her labours, descended from her higher platform, to engage in the compilation of four "Guides,"—*The Maid of all Work*, *The Housemaid*, *The Lady's Maid*, and *The Dressmaker*. Her *Household Education*,—a very popular work,—originally appeared in *The People's Journal*; and she was also author of a *Complete Guide to the Lakes*.

I can only glance at the literary occupations in which the later years of the life of Miss Martineau was unceasingly employed. She wrote leading articles for the *Daily News*; reviews for the *Westminster*; a series of papers in *Household Words*, in which the industries of Birmingham,—a town in which she took a keen interest, her brother being a leading merchant and manufacturer there, and her nephews, at the present moment, ranking among its most useful and honourable citizens,—are treated of in a popular and engaging style; social sketches for *Once a Week*; a work entitled *British Rule in India* (1857); another on army reform, *England and her Soldiers* (1859); *Health, Husbandry and Handicraft* (1861); pamphlets on political and educational questions, too numerous to particularize; and a free and epitomized translation of the *Positive Philosophy* of Auguste Comte.

In 1846, she had purchased a little farm, the "Knoll," near Ambleside, and here she continued to reside, applying herself to agricultural matters with an energy and success, which showed her fitness also to conduct the practical business of common life. Here she employed her later years in the composition of an *Autobiography*, which was published after her death by Smith, Elder & Co. This she divides into six periods, of which the most interesting are the third and fourth, which include the space between her thirtieth and forty-third year. The book abounds with sketches of personal character, of which it may be said that the general tone is hardly characterized by the good-nature and liberality of interpretation which the reader might have wished to find. She has nothing kind, for instance, to say of the gifted family of the Kembles, who are shown forth, one and all, as conceited, vulgar and insincere. She accords to the distinguished artist, Sir Charles Eastlake, but a "limited understanding." Macaulay she pronounces to have had "no heart," and his nephew and biographer, Trevelyan, "no head." Thackeray, the snob-taker, was appropriately, a snob himself. She considers N. P. Willis a lying dandy. Lord Althorp she holds to be "one of nature's graziers." She falls foul of Earl Russell, and the whole Whig party as conceited incapables; and she pronounces Lord Brougham to be a creature at once obscene and treacherous. Lord Jeffrey was "one of the most egregious flatterers of vain women in general." Finally, she is equally unjust to herself, for she makes no attempt to set adequately before her readers the physical and other disadvantages under which she herself laboured. Her description of Sydney Smith is good when she depicts him in a morning call, sitting down "broad and comfortable" in the middle of her sofa, "with his hands on his stick, as if to support himself in a vast development of voice," and then beginning, "like the great bell of St. Paul's, making her start at

the first stroke." The mischief of the thing is, that no effective answer can be made to the injurious opinions expressed in this posthumous book, which, as it waited her own decease for its publication, should have been delayed till the death of the parties named, and even that of their immediate descendants.

It is well to mention that a Government pension was on three occasions offered to the subject of these notes. One by Lord Grey, or Lord Brougham,—I forget which,—in 1832; again, in 1839, by Lord Melbourne; and lastly, by Mr. Gladstone. Unlike Dr. Johnson, who vilified pensioners, and then himself accepted a pension, Miss Martineau firmly declined the proposed honour, although naturally gratified by such an admission of her claims, on the ground that acceptance was inconsistent with her expressed opinions on the subject of taxation. This noble and disinterested sacrifice to principle was, it must be remembered, made at a time when failing health rendered literary exertion impossible, and pecuniary anxieties were impending which a certain income, however small, would have removed; and must gain the respect even of those who consider erroneous her notions on the metaphysical nature of the Deity.

It was at Ambleside, on June 27th, 1876, that this existence, which may be said to have been entirely and unselfishly devoted to the promotion of the happiness and well-being of mankind, came to a close. Her Will, by which her personalty, sworn under £10,000, is suitably divided among her brothers and sisters, an old servant, and a few friends, contains one peculiar provision which indicates the desire of the testatrix, even when dead, to benefit the living. "It is my desire," she says, "from an interest in the progress of scientific investigation, that my Skull should be given to Henry George Atkinson, of Upper Gloucester Place, London, and also my Brain, if my death should take place within such distance of his then present abode, as to enable him to have it for the purposes of scientific observation." By the second codicil, dated October 5th, 1872, this direction is revoked; "but," the codicil proceeds, "I wish to leave it on record that this alteration in my testamentary directions is not caused by any change of opinion as to the importance of scientific observation on such subjects, but is made in consequence merely of a change of circumstances in my individual case." The "circumstances" alluded to were doubtless these. When the removal of Miss Martineau to London took place, the "Burke and Hare" murders, and "body-snatching" generally, were the special horrors of the day. The only authorized supply of "subjects" for dissection was from the gallows; and philanthropic persons sought by selling the reversion of their bodies (a transaction which, legally, does not hold good), or like Jeremy Bentham, leaving them to some institution, or medical expert, by a special bequest (also nugatory), to dissolve the association of disgrace with the necessary procedure of dissection. The difficulty was, in great measure, relieved by the passing of Mr. Warburton's Bill; and hence the necessity for such an arrangement as that made by Miss Martineau ceased to exist. The singular provision had, however, become known; and shortly after the execution of the document, the testatrix received a letter from the celebrated aurist, Mr. Toynbee, asking her point-blank to bequeath him a "legacy of her ears." She had suffered from deafness all her life; a large amount of mischief and misery was caused by the

ignorance of surgeons with regard to the auditory apparatus; and this ignorance could only be removed by such means as he proposed. The lady to whom this strange request was made, says with grim humour, that she felt "rather amused when she caught herself in a feeling of shame, as it were, at having only one pair of ears,—at having no duplicate for Mr. Toynbee, after having disposed otherwise of her skull." She, however, told him how the matter actually stood; and a meeting took place between the doctor and the legatee, "to ascertain whether one head could, in any way, be made to answer both their objects."

An autopsy of her body was eventually made by Dr. T. M. Greenhow, of Leeds; a full detail of the appearances at which will be found in the *British Medical Journal*, for April 14th, 1877, p. 449.

Sincere conviction and fearless utterance are of vast benefit to society, even when the former is erroneous, and the latter unpopular. Nothing is more remarkable in the character of Miss Martineau than the decision with which she formed opinions, and the courage with which she expressed them. At her day, this was a matter of greater singularity and difficulty than at the present one; and the amount of suspicion, ridicule, misconception, and dislike which it engendered was correspondingly greater. The sketch of Maclise is, of course, a caricature; but an innocent one. Croker's article in the *Quarterly*, bearing on Miss Martineau's adoption of the principles of Malthus, is coarse and ungenerous. Tom Moore addressed her in a parody, "Come live with me and be my Blue." Maginn ungallantly hints that no one who inspects her portrait can wonder at her celibate proclivities, or is likely to attempt the seduction of the "fair philosopher" from her doctrines on the population question. He further adds with reference to Maclise's caricature:—"There she sits cooking—

> '——————rows
> Of chubby duodecimos';

certain of applause from those whose praise is ruin, and of the regret of all who feel respect for the female sex, and sorrow for perverted talent, or, at least, industry." Of the personal appearance of the strong-minded lady, William Howitt enables us to form an amusing conception by giving us the words of an old woman who met her at Ambleside:—"Is it a woman, or a man, or what sort of an animal is it? said I to myself; there she came, stride, stride, stride,—great heavy shoes, stout leather leggings on, and a knapsack on her back!—they say she mows her own grass, and digs her own cabbages and taturs!" There is no harm in any of this; nor will there be thought to be, I hope, in the verses with which I round off these notes,—notes, which so far as my own judgment is concerned, are intended to be entirely respectful, and appreciative of the character and abilities of one of the most remarkable and admirable women whom this country and century have produced.

"AN ODE TO MISS HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Come, let us touch the string,
And try a song to sing,
  Though this is somewhat difficult at starting, O!
And in our case more than ever,
When a desperate endeavour,
  Is made to sing the praise of Harry Martineau!

"We might get on pretty well,
With the pretty L. E. L.,
Our compliments unlimitedly carting, O!
We'd call her fair, not wise,
And we'd laud her laughing eyes,—
But this would never do with Harry Martineau!

"For wisdom is *her* forte;
And, Lord knows, to pay your court
To women who talk wisdom is departing,—O!
From the very laws of chatter,
Which, like the laws of matter,
Shine clear before the soul of Harry Martineau!

"Oh! how she shows her reading,
When she writes about good breeding,
And tells us what good housewives have their heart in, O!
She points the way to riches,
If they would resign the breeches—
But that is all my eye to Harry Martineau!

"She'll also tell you how, man,
To be a perfect ploughman,
And how to give a pound a touch at parting, O!
That'll bring it back again,
With a rich attendant train;
But that we fear's my eye and Harry Martineau!

"Of bacon, eggs, and butter,
Rare philosophy she'll utter;
Not a thing about your house but she'll take part in, O!
As to mine, with all my soul,
She might take (and pay) the whole—
But that is all my eye and Harry Martineau!

"Her political economy
Is as true as Deuteronomy;
And the monster of Distress she sticks a dart in, O!
Yet still he stalks about,
And makes a mighty rout,
But that we hope's my eye and Harry Martineau!

"So having said my say, sir,
And done my best to praise her,—
A task, which, when a youngster, I'd some art in, O!
As perhaps I may have now, sir,—
With this I make my bow, sir,—
All lustre to the eyes of Harry Martineau!"*

XLIII.—GRANT THORBURN.

"OUR well-informed readers do not require to be told that upwards of thirteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine regular subscribers to any monthly work is an acquisition not to be attained without great assiduity, and, we may add, some talent. We shall not, however, descant on our

* *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1834.



Grant Thorburn

THE ORIGINAL LAWRIE TODD.

own laudable endeavours ; although the portrait which faces this article of the celebrated Mr. THORBURN, the original 'Lawrie Todd,' bears witness that they are of no ordinary kind.

"As soon as our number of the autobiography of this eminent gentleman reached America, the whole Republic was set astir, as if the election of the president was contested. Mr. Thorburn was obliged to forego the weighing of seeds, the feeding of birds, and the culling of flowers ; in short, to do nothing all day but to state to the ladies and gentlemen who resorted to his store, the reasons which had hitherto prevented him from visiting London, with his precious manuscript of the instances of special providence which he himself had experienced. Indeed, the crowd became so great to hear him that he was obliged to ascend into one of his galleries ; and there, mounted on a barrel-head, by which he became visible to the crowd below, to hold forth on the subject.

"All, however, that he could urge was of no avail. The ladies and gentlemen assembled on the occasion highly applauded, no doubt, his eloquent speech ; but they could not listen to his argument. 'London,' they said, 'was the mart of the mind ; and though it was becoming his innate modesty to profess his contentation at the great *éclat* he had attained, still they thought that the candle of so rare a genius should not be hidden under such a bushel as New York.' Accordingly, his blushes and diffidence were overcome, and he was constrained to come over the sea ; and here he is, his likeness illuminating the pages of REGINA, and his person irradiating the streets and social parties of London—the press is big with his important work, and the day of the deliverance of which is at hand—as may be seen by the following advertisement, published *verbatim* in all the London daily papers :—

"'TO THE PUBLIC.

"'As Mr. John Galt in his *Lawrie Todd*, and Sundrie other Periodicals, Magazines, Newspapers, etc., in Europe and america have published So many *Scraps* and *Fragments* of my Life, I think its a duty I owe the Public and myself to send forth a true Copie.—I think the events of my life are more Strange in realietie, than many which I have read in fiction, and as I owe the giver of all good a Large Debt of Gratitude, I think its my dutie to make Sure that the world shall know it,—it will be published in a few days by Mr. James Fraser, No. 215, Regent Street, which is the only true history of my Life ever printed in Britain.

(Signed) "'GRANT THORBURN, Seedsman, New York.

"'Now at No. 14, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden,
16th Novr. 1833.'

"It is not, however, so much by this announcement that the curiosity of our numerous particular readers, nor that of the public in general, ought to be excited, as by the nature of the book itself. For of late it has not been quite so much the fashion as it ought to have been, for literary men to acknowledge their experiences of a special providence ; although it cannot be supposed that the teachers of the earth are less sensible of its aid than the rest of the human race. We therefore solicit attention to this great feature of the forthcoming volume, convinced that it will not only afford amusement in the perusal, but edification in that somewhat obsolete manner which our ancestors, with all their often-referred-to wisdom, deemed not unbecoming to feel and to confess. To be serious, Mr. Thorburn's book, written entirely by himself, will be no ordinary treat to those who discern the hand of Sustaining Succour in the various

vicissitudes of private life, as well as in the more obstreperous transactions of the world, and humbly recognize that Impartial Power which beholds alike, unmoved from its purposes,

"'A hero perish and a sparrow fall.'"

So far Maginn, in December, 1833; even at this time of writing, half a century further on in the grooves of time, it is just within the range of possibility that some literary ghoul of the present day may have read *Lawrie Todd* and will not be sorry to make acquaintances with the original (in every sense of the word) "Simon Pure," whose career forms the subject of that once famous book, just as the adventures of Alexander Selkirk suggested *Robinson Crusoe* to Defoe, and the leading incidents in the lives of Byron and Shelley furnished Disraeli with the plot of *Venetia*.

In *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1833, is commenced the publication of "Mr. Thorburn's MS.," which occupies two numbers of the magazine, being concluded in that for July. It is prefaced by the following remarks :—

"Mr. Adam Fergusson, in his clever and graphic practical notes, made during a tour in Canada, mentions that he became acquainted with Mr. Thorburn, of New York, the '*very identical Lawrie Todd*,' and that, so far as the first volume of that entertaining work goes, Galt had exactly recorded his life and adventures."

This is not quite correct : *Lawrie Todd* is in nine parts, and only the first part contains the history of Mr. Thorburn. Here and there, anecdotes derived from him are interspersed through the narrative, but the first forty pages of the work comprehend the main part of his communication ; and even in it there are some fictitious additions introduced.

In the last edition of *Lawrie Todd*, Galt mentions in the first note, that the outlines of the following pages are derived from Mr. Thornton (Thorburn), of New York. "I have retained in them," says he, "all the truth and beauty of his original narrative : in the pathetic parts I have not ventured to offer any amendment, because I could not ; but I have dealt with more freedom in those that were lighter. I have enlarged the narrative, and added to the incidents ; but I have not presumed to think that I could improve a story which Nature had taken so much pains to relate. In this matter our readers are enabled to judge for themselves. We have obtained Mr. Thorburn's original manuscript, which is subjoined," etc.

I need not transcribe further, as the reader possesses the necessary indications to pursue the story for himself. There is a good deal that is interesting and worthy of preservation in *Lawrie Todd*, which may be placed by the side of such books as the "Lives" of William Hutton and Benjamin Franklin. The Shepherd pronounces it "maist amusin'" in one of the *Noctes*, and it would probably ere this have received the honours of republication, but from the dilution which its valuable part has undergone from the cruel necessity of spinning out into three poor volumes the materials which might have made one good one. Still it is interspersed with quaint Scotch humour, shrewd philosophy, and practical wisdom ; and at the time of its publication—though in this respect it is now obsolete—had a certain value for intending emigrants, which helped its sale. *Lawrie Todd*, I repeat, is still an interesting book, and its worthy original no bad illustration of that principle of "self-help,"—or "help-self,"



John Ross

AUTHOR OF "VOYAGE TO BAFFIN'S BAY."

which, I take it, is much about the same thing,—about which so much has been said or written of late. Not that examples are rare ; they tread on one's toes, and blow their trumpets in one's ears everywhere. It might seem better and nobler to "help others" ; but where are we to find the illustrative examples ?

XLIV.—CAPTAIN ROSS.

"As the season is yet young, any animal will do for a lion ; and the animal now dressed in the skin is Captain Ross, who is playing the part at the various *soirées* and *conversazioni*, such as they are, which are now giving. In one respect it will be admitted that he is well qualified for showing off ; for both in movement and countenance he bears no small similitude to a walrus, one of the greatest personages about the Pole ; and he gets through the various straits, creeks, and bays of a miscellaneous party of prattlers, with the same kind of heavy alacrity that we may conceive distinguished his attempts to find a north-west passage.

"He is depicted in the process of undergoing the suffering of his voyage. It is evident that when we all thought him dead, he was not only alive, but in excellent spirits, and making gallant battle against the cold. If Croquis be correct in his sketch, and he took as much pains as possible to insure correctness, the Captain was in full thaw, and as little likely to be congealed as any of us. On this point, however, we shall suspend our opinion, keeping it as stationary as the needle on the magnetic pole, which we are told Captain Ross has found, until his *quarto* makes its appearance in due season.

"But we regret to say that considerable doubt exists,—not, indeed, as to the appearance of the work, because that is a necessary appendage to the voyage—"Go *slide*—make book,"—but as to the value of its contents. If the Captain has seen the magnetic pole, to use the language of a Scotch newspaper, which evidently considered it to be somewhat like a barber's pole stuck up in the way of a fingerpost for the loadstone, he has seen nothing else. His discoveries, as far as we can learn, have been precisely nothing—always excepting Lake Landon (a queer compliment, by the way, to a poetess to connect her name with all that is cold, frozen, hard, and cheerless) ; and a punster might be tempted to say that, as he lost his Fury in a Sound, so does his Tale signify nothing. We have stories, indeed, of skies darkened for months, in which the only indication of mid-day was a glimmering streak on the verge of the horizon,—of tribes who never drank water or heard of fire,—of unwashed natives sitting on beds of eternal ice, waiting for the appearance of a seal to catch him, their only article of food,—of Esquimaux ladies, though not exactly of the fair sex, perpetually oiled, if not perfumed,—of omens, dreams, and portents of expectant widowers in the ice, and anticipating widows on shore,—of bears paying visits occasionally through the roofs of houses concocted of snow, —of a pining after greenery, the want of which prevailed to an extent that would have broken the heart of Leigh Hunt, and five hundred other pastorals of Hampstead and the adjacent parishes,—and a few more

anecdotes of the same kind; but we believe that even they are very scanty, and that neither geography nor science in any of their branches have profited a whit by the embedding of Captain Ross within the regions of thick-ribbed ice. *Nous verrons!* In the meantime we leave him to the contemplation of our readers, in the act of sipping his brandy and water with thirsty lip; which we think our excellent friend the sketcher has drawn in a manner to excite the emulation of all the wine, or brandy, or beer bibbers on the face of the terraqueous globe.

"Let nobody fancy for a moment that we are blaming Captain Ross for taking care of himself while out upon his chilly voyage. Far be from us such a thought. The only thing for which we think he ought to be condemned was for going at all. He had failed once, and that should have been quite satisfactory. We take it for granted that he will never think of failing a third time. He should now be satisfied with the full glory that he has proved, if not exactly that there is no north-west passage at all, yet that he decidedly is not the man to find it.

"This is quite fame enough for any one, and upon the strength of it he may continue to lionize until some worthier specimen of the species is caught in the due season, and then he will melt and dissolve away. We confess that we shall be happy to find ourselves altogether mistaken in our anticipations as to the contents of his forthcoming book; but from all that we can gather we fear that our account will prove correct. We must conclude our notice by assuring our readers that the likeness in the accompanying sketch is very striking; and though we happen never to have seen the Captain dipping with so much alacrity into a tumbler, we can easily conceive that Croquis, having caught him in the fact, has, with great fidelity,

"'Fixed him in that glorious shape.'"

CAPTAIN ROSS was so much better known in his own day than in ours that I willingly avail myself of the services of a contemporary, to manuduct him to the honours of our "Gallery." Indeed, however "Illustrious" the grog-sipping old worthy may have seemed as an Arctic explorer, the title, now at least, hardly seems appropriate as a "literary character." He has, however, written *Memoirs of Lord de Saumarez*, *Letters to Young Sea Officers*, and a *Treatise on Steam Navigation*, which give him a place in the great guild of literature. He was born in 1777, was fifteen years a midshipman, and was appointed a commander of the *Briseis* in 1812, on the Baltic station. In 1818 he was named to the command of an expedition to explore Baffin's Bay, and search for a north-west passage to the Pacific. One of the vessels was commanded by Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Edward, Parry, who subsequently, in his own discoveries, followed out the indications of his less fortunate superior. Captain Ross, who was now obliged to have recourse to private enterprise, sailed once more from the Thames, in 1827, to solve, if possible, the question of a north-west passage. Not returning, an expedition was fitted out in 1833, under Captain Back, whose outfit was provided by a sum of £7000, raised by subscription. Captain Ross and his companions returned to England in the October following, and gave the narrative of his expedition in a quarto volume, published in 1835. In 1838 he became British Consul at Stockholm, and remained there in that capacity till 1844. He had, in former days, pledged himself to make search for his friend Sir John Franklin, if



AUTHOR OF "MARY DE CLIFFORD."

he should be lost; and when the fate of the latter became a matter of fear, he remembered this, and, at the age of seventy-three, set sail in a small vessel of 90 tons only (the *Felix*), wintered in the ice, and would have stayed a second year had his means allowed. For this cause, for which he gave up his half-pay and his pensions, he was unsuccessful in obtaining the smallest help from the Admiralty. He was, moreover, excluded altogether from the Arctic counsels, in which, one would have thought, his experience would have been valuable, and published a pamphlet exposing the treatment to which he had been subjected. Still he had received many honours: was knighted in 1834; received a pocketful of gold medals, the freedom of many important seaports, swords, and other acknowledgments; besides a pension of £150 per annum,—with which, and his reputation of a hardy gallant seaman, an experienced commander, and a stanch faithful friend, he might well be content.

Rear-Admiral Sir John Ross, Knt., C.B., died in 1856, at the age of 79.

XLV.—SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

THE name of this literary veteran is especially sweet to the ear of the bibliophile, not from the number of books he has written, but the small number he has printed,—not from the productions of his own intellect, but rather the "restitution" he has afforded to those of others, by his critical notices or his elegant reprints. Many of these were fifty years ago, black swans of the book-hunter. "Several," says *Fraser*, "are already dear to the bibliomaniac, and, as years roll by, others will become so, in consequence of the very few copies he has allowed to be printed; and this remark is more particularly applicable to those published on the Continent."

Of one of his earlier, and, indeed, more valuable works, Lord Byron speaks,—"Redde the *Ruminator*,—a collection of essays by a strange, but able, old man." These volumes,* which numbered among the contributors to their pages, R. P. Gillies, Archdeacon Wrangham, the Rev. Montague Pennington, and Capel Lofft, have always been favourites of my own; and I endorse the opinion of Dr. Nathan Drake, who says, "I am acquainted with no essays which display a more exquisite taste, and excite a higher relish for the productions of genius." Another early work is the tale, *Mary de Clifford*, first published, I think, in 1800, the mention of which, I confess, recalls little or none of the "pensive pleasure," spoken of by Maginn, as produced by its perusal in years gone by. The writer speaks in his preface of the "exquisite delight" which he has received from the "novels of Mrs. Smith," and as he attributes this to a "peculiar congeniality of all the ideas in which he has been habituated to indulge," I presume that he has taken those admired productions as a standard, and am not surprised that they, and his own sentimental story, are allowed to slumber together. There is an interesting essay on Sir Egerton Brydges in the *Literary Leaves* † of David Lester Richardson. Here his struggles to obtain a permanent and con-

* 2 vols. small 8vo, 1813.

† London, 1840, 2 vols. 8vo; vol. i. p. 289.

spicuous place in literature are contrasted with the small success he has obtained. This is the more remarkable, as he was always ready to swim with the stream of popular taste. During the rage for poetry, from the time of Cowper to Byron, he courted the Muses with toil and ardour; when Minerva-press novels were the rage, Sir Egerton was ready with a whole shelf-ful of sentimental fictions; when Charlotte Smith and W. L. Bowles had made the "sonnet" fashionable, our poet cultivated this form of poetic composition; and when Lord Byron died, our aspirant was soon ready with a bulky volume of *Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius* of the lamented bard, of which Moore says that "they contain many just and striking views." Among other causes of failure were haste and want of concentration. In the *preface* to one of his rarer books, he says, "he who cannot throw out his ideas at once must fail: with every retouch the spirit evaporates. No one, while correcting, can resume the same train of ideas, and he will therefore unconsciously break the natural associations. The right word is always that which rises with the idea." * Now, this may be right in theory; but it is not found to answer in practice. Easy writing, as we know, is often very hard reading. Horace will always please,—whose rule for poetry was "nonum prematur in annum," before publication; and the *Rime* of Cardinal Bembo will never fail to be admired, which are said to have passed through forty divisions in their composer's desk, receiving correction at each transition before they were committed to the press. Again, a man with a grievance is always a bore:—

"Curæ leves loquuntur; ingentes stupent,"

—or, as a French writer, Bertaud, tersely puts it:—

"Les grandes douleurs sont muettes,"—

both axioms on which the world acts, whether they express a truth or not, and gives little sympathy to those who are always grumbling. This was the case with Sir Egerton Brydges, who was ever complaining of his own "wrongs," the "malice and hard-heartedness of the world," his "struggles to court the balm and oblivion of literature," and the "innumerable arts to wrest this from him, or make him abandon it." Like Rousseau, he seems to have believed that all the world was in a conspiracy against him, and that just as the Lords had debarred his access to the House of Peers, the critics were striving to exclude him from the Temple of the Muses. To expose these machinations was the main object of his otherwise interesting *Autobiography, Times, Opinions and Contemporaries of Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., per legem terræ Baron Chandos of Sudeley* (1834, 2 vols. 8vo). † This had been preceded by a much more interesting book, which is hard to get hold of, as it appeared in Paris, and the few copies printed were all for presents. This is entitled *A Note on the Suppression of Memoirs, announced by the Author in June*, 1825, *containing numerous Strictures on Contemporary Public Characters* (Paris, September, 1825, 12mo, pp. 92). Sir Egerton had intended to publish a *private* autobiography, but, changing his plan, he determined to make it *public* in character: hence the smaller *Note*, and the larger subsequent work. With regard to the often-iterated charge of malice, persecution, and injustice, a few words may be said. In 1790, on the death of the last

* *The Lake of Geneva:* a Poem (Geneva, 1832, 2 vols. 4to). *Twenty-five copies only.*

† Reviewed at considerable length in the *Quarterly Review*, No. cii.

Duke of Chandos, the subject of these remarks induced his elder brother, the Rev. E. T. Brydges, to prefer a claim to the barony, alleging his descent from a younger son of the first Brydges who bore the title. The claim was considered at full length by the House of Peers, who, in 1803, pronounced its decision, "that the petitioner had *not* made out his claim to the title and dignity of Baron Chandos.' That this decision was in accordance with right and justice is conclusively shown by Mr. G. F. Beltz, the Lancaster Herald, in his *Review of the Chandos Peerage Case, adjudicated* 1803, *and of the Pretentions of Sir S. E. Brydges, Bart., to designate himself, per legem terræ, Baron Chandos of Sudeley* (8vo, 1834). From this laborious and minute analysis, it appears that the claim was entirely groundless; that the connection between the Bridges of Harbledown, near Canterbury, *yeoman*, and the Brydges, *Lords Chandos*, was at once imaginary and *fabricated;* and that, moreover, John Bridges, the great-grandfather of Sir Egerton, was nothing more nor less than a *grocer* at Canterbury; that both his wives were grocers' daughters, and that all their kinsmen were of the same rank in life. It was on his *mother's* side alone that he had any cause for genealogical pride; that it was that directed his mind to the subject, and incited him to grasp at a peerage, which was just becoming extinct, on the failure of a family, whose name happened to be similar to his own. His elder brother died without issue in 1807, and on his death Sir Egerton began to sign himself, *per legem terræ, B. C. of S.*, maintaining that although his claim had been negatived by Parliament, he could, when he chose it, assert his rights by common law.

Allusions to his titled ancestry and noble connections appear on nearly every page of the writings of Sir Egerton Brydges; and one is irresistibly led into the subject of pedigree when talking about him. I have referred above to the mother of Sir Egerton, as having claim to aristocratic descent. It may not be amiss therefore to state that she was daughter and co-heiress of the Rev. William Egerton, LL.D., Prebendary of Canterbury, who was grandson of John, second Earl of Bridgwater by Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of William, Duke of Newcastle. The younger brother of Sir Egerton was Sir John William Head Brydges, Knt., who married Lady Isabella Anne Beresford, daughter of George, first Marquis of Waterford, and sister of the Lord Archbishop of Armagh. He resided at Wootton Court, Kent, where he died September 6th, in his seventy-fifth year.

Reverting from a subject, on which it is the most charitable conclusion that Sir Egerton had become a monomaniac, it would be agreeable, if space permitted, to speak at length of the services which he so disinterestedly rendered to literature through a long life, more especially by such serials as the *Censura Literaria*,* and *Restituta*,† and his charmingly tasteful reprints of our older and less known authors. I have a list before me which, including original works, amounts to no less than one hundred and twenty separate publications. A summary of the more important of these is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. viii. (New Series) p. 537; in Martin's *Catalogue of Privately Printed Books*, pp. 370–544; and at the end of a poem by him, entitled *Modern Aristocracy; or the Bard's Reception* (Geneva, 8vo, 1831, pp. 52), where will also be found some genealogical details, and the "arms and quarterings" of the author, amounting in number to thirty! It was in 1810, that he took up his residence at Lee Priory, in Kent; and here, in 1813,

* 10 vols. 8vo, 1805–9.

† 4 vols. 8vo, 1816.

he established the PRIVATE PRESS, from which so many original productions and charming reprints were issued. A few details respecting this from one of the works which it produced, which, from its rarity, will not be accessible to many of my readers, may not inappropriately find a place here. After some egotistical matter on Continental travelling, etc., the writer proceeds :—

"The LEE PRESS was set up at the earnest and repeated desire, and for the exclusive benefit, of the two printers, originally engaged in it. As I would have disdained to have had any concern with the produce, so I deemed it prudent to take every precaution which I could suggest, to protect myself from every part of the expense.

"These precautions were vain : the expenses were heavy to me while in England, and have been heavy to my Son, since my absence.

"The publications which I have given to the world in *thirty-seven* years, are beyond my power of enumeration. Of all, which have been at my own risk (and they have been not a few), neither the expenses, nor probably one-half the expenses in printing and paper, have ever been returned to me. Of those undertaken by Booksellers, I have never received, nor asked, one shilling of *copy-money*. I am forced to make this declaration, because the base heart of mankind, thirsting only for lucre, thinks that I, like them, could only be actuated by mercenary motives in my multifarious labours.

"I have now completed my fifty-ninth year, and the pecuniary returns of literature have never, up to this hour, reached the value of a single sixpence, except in the voluntary presents of books, which the publishers made to me for the immense labour in editing the new edition of COLLINS'S PEERAGE.

"On the other hand, I have spent a little fortune amongst Printers, Stationers, and Engravers ! This has been among the prime amusements of my life : and how could I have endured the gigantic injuries and oppressions by which I have been pursued, unless my mind had indulged itself in some favourite and oblivious recreation ?

"The same passion adheres to me amid the inconveniences of a migratory life, and in the three last years I have equally sought occupation in the employment of Foreign Presses." *

The operations of the Lee Priory Press were carried on till the year 1823, although its owner had quitted England for a Continental residence five years previously.

It was not the first time in this country that the art and mystery of typography had been carried on, in his own private residence, by a gentleman and a scholar. More than two centuries earlier, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Parker had a Press and a staff of artists, in his own Palace of Lambeth ; and there he printed, in sumptuous form, a few copies of his celebrated work on Ecclesiastical History, with the lives of the Archbishops of the See which he so admirably filled,—a folio volume of equal beauty and rarity, a copy of which is in the British Museum. Sir Horace Walpole—afterwards Earl of Orford—had also set the example of such a Press, at his beautiful villa of Strawberry Hill ; and thus gave an additional charm to his historic residence. This press continued in occasional employment for half a century, and produced a number of

* *Letters from the Continent*, by Sir Egerton Brydges. Kent : Printed at the Private Press of Lee Priory by John Warwick. 1821, 8vo. Part ii. *Preface*, p. 10.

works distinguished for curiosity and typographic elegance. Later on, at his romantic seat of Hafod, in South Wales, was established by Colonel Johnes the Private Press, where, in 1816, he printed the first edition of his translations of the French Chroniclers, Froissart, Joinville, Brocquière and Monstrelet. Of the Private Press in more recent days,—that of the late Beriah Botfield at Norton Hall, that of the late Charles Clarke at Great Totham, and others,—I have not now to speak.

After his departure from England, Sir Egerton Brydges wandered over France and Italy; finding employment, with ever ready pen, for the Press of every city where he sojourned for a time. Thus I have before me a series of works, in various sizes and languages, original or re-edited, with the imprints of Lee Priory, London, Paris, Rome, Naples, Florence, and Geneva. It was at the last mentioned city, at the Campagne de Watteville, near to "Les Délices," once the residence of Voltaire, that he took up his abode; removing, later on, to the Campagne Gros Jean, where he died, September 8th, 1837, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

I will not attempt a cold criticism of the original work of this strange, wayward, sensitive and disappointed old man. To me, as an early lover of books, I must confess that his very name has a charm which hardly depends upon the abstract merit of his writings; and when, years back, I took up my abode for a time in the city of the lake, I thought more of him, I am afraid, than of Milton and Diodati, Voltaire and Rousseau, Calvin and Beza, Lord Byron and Madame de Stael. I sought the acquaintance of Vignier, his printer, and Cherbuliez, his publisher, and obtained from them, and the bookstalls of the place, many a rare memorial, in the shape of book, pamphlet, and autograph letter. Many of these it is impossible now to lay hold of. Of the *Res Literariæ* only seventy-five copies were printed, and the three volumes into which it is divided, were issued respectively at Naples, Rome and Geneva. *The Anti-Critic*, 50 copies only, printed at Geneva, is as scarce. Of the *Libellus Gebensis. Poemata Selecta Latina Mediæ et Infimæ Ætatis* (Gebenis, 1822), there were "37 exemplaria sola." And of the *Lamento di Pietro Strozzi* (Geneva, 1821), only twelve copies were struck off. Others I have already alluded to, all more or less scarce. But one volume, *penes me*, I may place on record, as it is of the most absolute rarity, and among the most interesting and valuable of my *Brydgesiana*. It is of folio size, containing forty double columns, and is privately printed, without indication of place, date, or title-page. I believe, however, that it issued from the Genevan press, and that the year of its appearance was 1831. The title, as gained from the heading of chapter i., is *The Green Book; or Register of the Order of the Emerald Star;* and it purports to be an examination of the claims of nearly all the literary characters of the day to be admitted into this Chapteral Order, with the reasons for their acceptance or rejection. A list of some forty successful claimants enrolled at a previous meeting is given, among which are many members of our "Gallery,"—Wordsworth, Bowles, Roscoe, Hogg, Hallam, Godwin, and Brougham. Sir John Sinclair is rejected as a mere statistician; Ricardo, although he insisted that he was the first genius in Europe, because the Order would have nothing to do with the Stock Exchange; Samuel Butler, of Shrewsbury, on account of pedantry and self-conceit; Pinkerton, because he talked of the "tinsel of Virgil,'

and as an unveracious writer; Mitford, for the harsh and barbarous style of his *History of Greece;* Archdeacon Nares, for his conduct as editor of the *British Critic;* and Dr. Rees, in spite of his *Encyclopædia*, which he brings with him as a voucher. On the other hand, the claims of several men of letters are heard with favour; and John Nichols, Warren Hastings, John Henry Todd, and Samuel Parr, are elected without opposition.

Among the poems of this writer is one which, in delicacy of conception and beauty of imagery, is superior to any other of his original productions. This is his "Sonnet on Echo and Silence," in which his muse is so far *impar sibi*, that we are not astonished at the author's desire to vindicate his claim to its composition, especially as it had been attributed to Henry Brooke, in a collection of sonnets edited by Coleridge, at Bristol, some time afterwards, and spoken of by Wordsworth and Southey in the highest terms of praise. "It ought," said the author, "to be original, for it cost me intensity of thought to bring it into so narrow a shape." It was first published as one of his juvenile poems in 1785, and had then been "corrected over and over again," under the advice of Lord Chief Justice Abbott (Lord Tenterden), till, by repeated labour, it was brought as near perfection as its author could carry it.* Having, perchance, raised the curiosity of the reader, I here present this little gem, accompanied by the exquisite Latin version of Archdeacon Wrangham:—

"SONNET

"On Echo and Silence.

"(Written in the Author's 20th year.)

"In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the store to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the Muse to woo,
Through glens untrod, and woods that frown'd on high,
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy!
And, lo, she's gone! In robe of dark green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister, Silence, flew,
For quick the hunter's horn resounded to the sky!
In shade affrighted Silence melts away;
Not so her sister.—Hark! for onward still,
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill.
Ah, mark the merry maid in mockful play
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!"

"SONNET.

"Echo et Taciturnitas.

"Hâc arborum atque illâc ferebantur comæ,
Autumnus et fruges sinu collegerat:
Sylvestribus Musam in locis, per devios
Calles vagus nemorumque noctem, dum sequor,
Somno graves Nymphas stupens video duas·
Enque evolavit!—Viridi amicta tegmine
Echo soror Taciturnitatem deserit,

* *Recollections of Foreign Travel; or, Life, Literature, and Self-Knowledge*, by Sir Egerton Brydges. London, 1825, vol. ii. p. 18. The author was indebted for the primal idea to a short poem by John Walters, of Ruthen, who died about 1797, in which the suggestive words occur, "Echo and Silence, Sister-maids."



Daniel O'Connell

AUTHOR

of

"AGITATION".

R. T. Hall

AUTHOR

of the

"APOSTATE".

Venantium namque ivit ad cœlum fragor,
Umbrisque territa liquefit Taciturnitas ;
Secùs ac soror, properantibus quæ saltibus,
Rupes per collesque pernix emicat
Audita longè, celere præcipitans iter,
Jocosa jamque Virgo voces milliès
Imitata lætum replicat, audin? per nemus." *

It only remains to be added that Sir Egerton Brydges was born at Wootton Court, in Kent, November 30th, 1762 ; entered at Queen's College, Cambridge, 1780, which he left without obtaining a degree ; was called to the Bar in 1787 ; elected F.A.S., 1795 ; removed to Lee Priory in 1810, where he established his private press in 1813 ; received the Knighthood of the foreign Order of St. Joachim in 1808 ; became M.P. for Maidstone in 1812 ; obtained patent for baronetcy in 1814 ; quitted England for Continental residence in 1818 (the press at Lee Priory being finally discontinued in 1823) ; and that he died at Campagne Gros Jean, near Geneva, in his seventy-fifth year, September 8th, 1837. He was married twice, and had fifteen children, the fourth of whom, by the first marriage, became the wife of Edward Quillinan, the well-known poet.

It is probable that Maclise had no opportunity of making his sketch *ad vivum*. In the Forster collection, in the South Kensington Museum, is a carefully executed water-colour drawing of Sir Egerton Brydges, by F. Danby, which is the prototype of this in our "Gallery."

XLVI.—DANIEL O'CONNELL AND RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE great AGITATOR has very little claim upon our attention as a "Literary character," and it is hardly within my scope to trace, however briefly, his political life.

He was born on August 6th, 1775,—the very year in which the Americans first asserted their claims to independence,—and passed his boyhood in a home, the crumbling ivied walls of which now alone remain, on a jutting promontory of the romantic harbour of Valencia. He received his early education, with his brother Maurice, at the seminary of the Rev. Mr. Harrington, at Redington, near the Cove of Cork,—as Queenstown was then called,—the first school kept by a priest of the Roman communion, since the abolition of the penal laws. From this establishment, the lads proceeded in due course to the ecclesiastical colleges of Douay and St. Omer, the president of which, Dr. Stapylton, thus, on their departure, prophetically wrote to the uncle of his pupils :—"With respect to the elder, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about

* F. W. Cestriæ, *Januar.*, 1831, in *Anglo-Genevan Critical Journal.* Geneva, 1831, part ii. p. 230. Only fifty copies.

him ; and that is, that I was never so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society."

It was on the 21st December, 1793, the very day in which Louis XVI. was beheaded at Paris, that the brothers set out for Calais, on their return to England. They had witnessed the horrors of the French Revolution ; and the elder often said that the sight and remembrance almost made him a Tory in heart. In 1794, he became a law-student in Lincoln's Inn ; and in 1798—that unhappy year for his country,—he was called to the Bar, being one of the first admitted after the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities. With his career as an ADVOCATE I have not now to do. If he had chosen to pursue it, the highest rewards of professional ambition were within his grasp. He had the reputation of being one of the ablest lawyers of his day ; and there was some truth in his boast that he could drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament. No advocate at the Irish Bar was so successful in gaining verdicts. He swayed a jury by an irresistible influence ; and, as was said, played upon the passions, the sympathies, and the prejudices of men, as if they were the chords of some musical instrument. He possessed, moreover, a subtlety of argument which baffled the ingenuity of the subtlest judicial intellects. He declined to be Chief Baron of the Exchequer ; he refused the Mastership of the Rolls ; he might have been Lord Chancellor with a peerage. But he gave all up to follow a chimæra ; and declined office and title that he might serve his country as he judged best, with undivided energy and talent.

As a STATESMAN and PATRIOT, the life-long watchword of O'Connell was "Repeal." His first political speech, on the 13th January, 1800, was to oppose the not then accomplished Union ; his last, in Ireland, in 1847, was against the same measure, and in favour of elevating his country from the condition of a mere province to a place among the nationalities of Europe. Here was consistency at least, however diverse may be the opinions as to his sincerity and the effects of his policy. In 1828, he became Member of Parliament for Clare ; and was enabled in the following year to take his seat by the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, being the first member of his creed who had sat in the house since the time of James the Second. But here crept in a little difficulty. On being introduced to the House by Lord Duncannon, he refused to take the oath of Supremacy ; and, as he was elected before the passing of the Emancipation Act, he had to be re-elected by his constituency. He sat successively for Waterford, Kerry (his native county), and Dublin (1832–6). Having been petitioned against, and unseated, he became representative for Kilkenny ; but at the general election in 1837, he was once more returned for Dublin ; and in 1841, for County Cork. Thus, altogether, he had a seat in the House of Commons for eighteen years, in seven several parliaments, and for six different constituencies.

In 1841, came renewed "agitation" for Repeal in Ireland ; and monster meetings were held on the Royal hill at Tara, the Curragh of Kildare, the rath of Mullaghmast, and other spots of traditionary interest. At the proposed meeting at Clontarf, Government interfered. O'Connell was prosecuted, sentenced to pay a fine of £2000, and suffer a year's imprisonment. The judgment was reversed, it is true, by the House of Lords ; but the prosecution had its effect, and the credit of O'Connell, and the resources of the Repeal Association, were alike impaired. Every

one has heard of the "begging-box" of O'Connell, which "Father Prout" likened to the copper money of Woods, in a former day, and cries,—"Oh, for a Drapier to expose that second and most impudent scheme for victimizing a deluded and starving peasantry!"

I have already spoken of what O'Connell gave up when he undertook the career of professional agitator; and this should be fairly taken into account when we are disposed to stigmatize him as the "big beggar-man," and count up the few thousands, per annum, which he collected in pence from his poorer countrymen. Anyway, notwithstanding the vast sums which passed through his hands in the disposal of the entire patronage of Ireland with which he was entrusted by Government, he died without a shilling. Indeed, during the latter years of his life he was in circumstances of pecuniary embarrassment; and we have it on the authority of Mr. Percy Boyd, that having occasion for the sum of £500, he was compelled to mortgage his law-library,—that when the advance was called in, another lender was applied to,—and that the mortgage, thus transferred from time to time, was in existence till the day of his death.

O'Connell is well described by Lord Lytton in his powerful poem, the *New Timon*:—

"But not to Erin's coarser chief deny,
Large if his faults, time's large apology;
Child of a land that ne'er had known repose,
Our rights and blessings, Ireland's wrongs and woes,
Hate at St. Omer's into caution drilled,
In Dublin Law-courts subtilized and skilled;
Hate in the man, whatever else appear,
Fickle or false, was steadfast and sincere;
But with that hate a nobler passion dwelt,
To hate the Saxon was to love the Celt,
Had that fierce railer sprung from English sires,
His creed a Protestant's, his birth a Squire's,
No blander Pollio, whom our Bar affords,
Had graced the Woolsack, and cajoled My Lords
Pass by his faults, his art be here allowed,
Mighty as Chatham, give him but a crowd;
Hear him in Senates,—second-rate at best,
Clear in a statement, happy in a jest.
Sought he to shine, then certain to displease;
Tawdry, yet coarse-grained; tinsel upon frieze.
His Titan strength must touch what gave it birth,
Hear him to mobs, and on his native earth."

In 1846,—soon after the foregoing description was penned by Bulwer,—the Whigs returned to power; and O'Connell found that his day was over. He turned his back upon the scene of his triumphs, and set forth on a devotional pilgrimage to the great capital of his faith. This he was not destined to reach; he was seized with a fatal illness at Genoa, and in that lovely city, on May 15th, 1847, in the seventy-second year of his age he closed by a tranquil death, a long and troublous career of excitement and agitation. His body was embalmed, and transferred to the cemetery of Glasnevin in the city of Dublin; his heart was deposited in a cinerary vase of silver, and deposited in the Church of San Andrea della Valle, in Rome, where magnificent obsequies were celebrated by the command of the Pope.

His excellent wife,—a relation of his own, daughter of Edward O'Connell, M.D., of Tralee,—had died in 1836. She brought him four

sons and three daughters; and what with the survivors of these,—their children, their grandchildren, and their great-grandchildren,—there may be reckoned up at the present moment, nearly one hundred direct descendants of Daniel O'Connell.

In August, 1875, the Centenary of the birth of this remarkable man was celebrated at Dublin. It consisted of a procession of all the trades and Religious Orders of Ireland,—including five hundred teetotallers from Liverpool,—and other bodies; and the placing of a bust on a pedestal in Sackville Street, while an oration was read, which was to have been delivered by Lord O'Hagan, who was unable to attend on account of the illness of his daughter. The Lord Mayor, the Roman Catholic priests, and the more aristocratic part of the visitors, assisted at a grand banquet at the Exhibition Hall; while the trades dined together, in humbler fashion, at the Rotunda. On the following day, there was a banquet, with a like motive, in London, Mitchell Henry, M.P., in the chair; and the centenary was also held in various cities in England, Scotland, Italy and the United States. It was then determined to erect in Dublin a fitting monument to the memory of the great patriot. The cost was to be £18,000, and this was raised, with no small difficulty, by public subscription. The people who owed their emancipation to O'Connell, did not show their gratitude by the liberality of their subscriptions; and but for the constant spurring and whipping of the Press, and the accumulation of interest, the matter would probably have altogether lapsed. The entire amount collected in two years was a little over £8000; and the foundation stone was then laid, on August 8th, 1864. The monument was at last completed; and on August 15th, 1882, with suitable formalities, presented to the Irish nation. The sculptor was Foley; and the work is said to be worthy at once of the artist and his subject. It consists of a granite base (still unfinished), supporting a massive column on which are emblematic figures in bronze, admirably sculptured by Foley himself, with the colossal figure of the "Liberator," in his characteristic cloak, surmounting the whole. The likeness is said to be good, and the attitude easy, natural and dignified. The sculptor died before his work, so long in hand, was completed; and much credit is due to his successor, Mr. Brock, who seems to have caught his master's inspiration, and wrought out his ideal to final perfection.

It was greatly to be regretted that this centenary celebration of one of the greatest and sincerest of Ireland's sons, which might have served to unite Irishmen of all creeds and parties in the spirit of freedom and patriotism, should have been allowed to degenerate into a display of Ultramontane bigotry, and the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Repealers and Home Rulers. This culminated in the post-prandial row at the banquet in the Exhibition Hall, so essentially Irish and characteristic of the soil. But it must be remembered,—though it was somewhat difficult to realize the fact amid the universal national pæan which was then uplifted over the name and fame of the Liberator,—that he was looked upon, even in his own day, with contempt and suspicion by the leading patriots of the opposite party. The maxim of O'Connell was, "Constitutional agitation, and absence of physical force." As Bulwer so well says:—

"Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,
He breaks no statute and he creeps through all;—

First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
'Rebellion's art is never to rebel,—
Elude all danger, but defy all laws,'—
He stands himself the safe sublime he draws!
In him behold all contrasts which belong
To minds abased, but passions rous'd, by wrong;
The blood all fervour, and the brain all guile,—
The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile." *

On the other hand, the Young Ireland party, headed by the writers of the *Nation*,—Smith O'Brien, Thomas F. Meagher, Terence B. McManus, John Mitchel and others—advocated the same doctrines as the Fords, Devoys, and O'Donovan Rossas of the present day,—viz. the liberation of Ireland by force of arms, the accomplishment of her severance from the Empire, and entire national independence. One of the foremost of this band, Michael Doheney, a barrister of peasant extraction, of great natural ability, managed, after the arrest of his fellow rebels, to escape; and after wandering about for a time in the company of James Stephens, the Fenian head-centre, got safely to America. There he wrote a graphic account of the Irish struggle of 1848, which he called *The Felon's Track*, and in it drew the character of O'Connell with unsparing hand. "It is impossible," says he, "fully to appreciate the pernicious effect of Mr. O'Connell's teaching, without reviewing in minute detail the leading circumstances of his wonderful career, and the matchless and countless resources with which he upheld his fatal system. . . . In view of his recent struggles, there can be no doubt of the tendency of his policy to demoralize, disgrace, enfeeble and corrupt the Irish people. . . . So successful had he been in deceiving the champions of intolerance, that of all the great qualities displayed in that wonderful struggle, that which was most prized was the cunning of evasion. It left behind it an enduring and destructive influence. Dissimulation in political action began to be regarded as a public virtue, and long afterwards, when men sought to assert the dignity of truth, their candour was charged against them as a heinous crime."

From the same standpoint, John Mitchel, in his remarkable publication, *The Jail Journal*, draws a vigorous and graphic portrait of the great orator, as he organized and worked the movement for Catholic Relief:—

"At the head of that open and legal agitation, was a man of giant proportions, in body and in mind, with no profound learning indeed, even in his own profession of law, but with a vast and varied knowledge of human nature, in all its strength, and especially in all its weakness; with a voice like thunder and earthquake, yet musical and soft at will, as the song of birds; with a genius and fancy tempestuous, playful, cloudy, fiery, mournful, merry, lofty and mean by turns, as the mood was on him; a humour broad, bacchant, riant, genial and jovial; with profound and spontaneous national feeling, and superhuman and subterhuman passions; yet with a boundless fund of masterly affectation, and consummate histrionism. Hating and loving heartily, outrageous in his merriment, and passionate in his lamentation, he had the power to make other men hate or love, laugh or weep, at his good pleasure,—insomuch that Daniel O'Connell, by virtue of being more intensely Irish, carrying to a more

* *The New Timon*, fourth edition, 1846, p. 38.

extravagant pitch all Irish strength, and passion, and weakness, than other Irishmen, led and swayed his people by a kind of divine, or else a diabolic, right. He led them, as I believe, all wrong, for forty years. He was a Lawyer, and never could come to the point of denying and defying all British law. He was a Catholic, sincere and devout, and would not see that the Church had ever been the enemy of Irish freedom. He was an Aristocrat by position and taste, and the name of a Republic was odious to him. Moreover, his success as a Catholic Agitator ruined both him and his country. By mere agitation, by harmless exhibition of numerical force, by imposing demonstrations (which are fatal nonsense), and by eternally half unsheathing a visionary sword, which friends and foes alike knew to be a phantom, he had, as he believed, coerced the British Government to pass a Relief Bill, and admit Catholics to Parliament, and some offices."

The same writer subsequently gives us his own estimate of the character and temperament of his political rival:—

"Poor old Dan!—wonderful, mighty, jovial, and mean old man, with silver tongue, and smile of witchery, and heart of melting ruth,—lying tongue, smile of treachery, heart of unfathomable fraud! What a royal, yet vulgar soul, with the keen eye and potent sweep of a generous eagle of Cair Tual,—with the base servility of a hound, and the cold cruelty of a spider! Think of his speech for John Magee, the most powerful forensic achievement since Demosthenes, and then think of the 'gorgeous and gossamer' theory of moral and political agitation, the most astounding *organon* of public swindling since first man bethought him of obtaining money under false pretences. And after one has thought of all this, and more, what then can a man *say?* What but pray that Irish earth may lie light on O'Connell's breast, and that the good God, who knew how to create so wondrous a creature, may have mercy on his soul."

The opinion formed by Thomas Carlyle of O'Connell may be seen in a very characteristic letter from him to his friend, the late James Hannay, dated Addiscombe Farm, Croydon, September 5th, 1855, and communicated by Mr. Dillon Croker to the *Athenæum*. After expressing the "real regard and great affection" which he felt for Duffy, and his constant recognition of "his fine truthful intellect, and ardent human character, in the worst tumult of Irish confusion," he speaks of his troublous course, "tumbling in the wake of that monster of blarney Big O, and his 'justice for Ireland,'—the ugliest impostor generated in my time," and expresses "a permanent wish to steer clear to windward of O'Connellism, and of anti do, in all their branches."

In the plate before us, the "bulky and swaggering" figure of O'Connell as, with patronizing hand, he paws the "slim, cowering, ill-cut, and haunchless" body of the member for Tipperary, is admirably rendered. "The countenance of O'Connell," says Maginn, "is that of ten thousand of his countrymen,—good-humoured in surface, but indicative of deep, deep, treachery within. It says as plainly as features can say,—'I have you now, my good fellow—there, then,—I pat you on the back; and if you are to be hanged to-morrow, I shall feel great pleasure in sending you the gallows.'"

Reference may be made to the *Memoirs of O'Connell*, by Huish (1836, Virtue, 8vo); *Reminiscences by a Munster Farmer* (1847, Tallis, 8vo);

Last Days of O'Connell, by Maccabe (1847, Dolman, 8vo); *Life and Conduct* (1847, Strange, 12mo); *Personal Recollections* (1848, Chapman and Hall, 2 vols. 8vo); the *Times* Newspaper, August 16th, 1882; and the admirable summary by Mr. Lecky of the general effect of O'Connell's life upon Irish parties and politics, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*.

John Mitchel, in the passage I have cited, speaks of Daniel O'Connell as an "Aristocrat by position and taste." He was, indeed, the head of a Milesian Sept, which had held sway in Limerick and in Kerry as Kings or Chiefs in olden times, till its territories were wrested from it by the right of the stronger. But however rival parties may differ as to the result and effects of his policy, his marvellous genius and abilities must ever give him a high rank among the foremost of his age and nation; his untiring advocacy of their civil rights must ever entitle him to the gratitude of his co-religionists; and it must not be forgotten that the warmth of his heart and the sincerity of his friendship gained him the unmeasured love and esteem of his followers and contemporaries.

RICHARD LALOR SHIEL.

"FAR different he, who in a later day,
Shot o'er those floors a sportive meteor ray,
The glittering wisp of that morass, Repeal,
Delighting all, convincing no one, SHIEL,
The Kean of Orators; with equal art
He cons a whisper, and prepares a start—
What fire, what freshness!—why suspend the praise?
Does he believe one syllable he says?
Perhaps! Who knows?—it is the old debate;
Do actors feel the rage they simulate?"

—So far Bulwer, in his fine poem, *St. Stephen's* (part iii.) of the remaining member of the dual unit now under consideration; and who, perhaps, can lay somewhat better claim to a place among literary celebrities than his more imposing companion. He was born in Dublin in 1793; and after receiving his education at Stoneyhurst and Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with distinction, entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, with a view to practice at the English Bar. His father, however, who had been a successful merchant at Cadiz, having become unfortunate, the student was compelled to return to Ireland, where, in 1814, he was called to the Bar. Here he was achieving already some success, when the formation of the Catholic Association opened another and more seductive field for his oratory and talents. In that famous assembly he was second to O'Connell alone; often, indeed, surpassing his chief in power of captivation, by the grace of diction and the elegant play of imagination. As an author,—and it is in this aspect that he especially claims our notice here,—he achieved a considerable reputation. He wrote several successful tragedies,—one of which, *Evadne; or the Statue*, still retains possession of the stage. Another, *Adelaide*, to which the splendid histrionic ability of Miss O'Neil secured a temporary favour,—as also the dramas, *The Apostate*, *Bellamira* (together with *Evadne*, of which I have spoken),—were written by him to provide funds for his expenses, and produced him some £2000. His articles, also, in

the *New Monthly Magazine*, in the palmy days of Campbell's editorship, attracted considerable notice, especially his able sketches of the Irish Bar. As a barrister, he never attained much success; for, although his oratorical powers were admitted, he never inspired great confidence in his legal knowledge. By and by, on the passing of the Emancipation Act, he entered the British Parliament, where I do not care to follow him too closely. His impassioned eloquence, though his voice was wanting in compass and power, soon gave him a high rank in the House; and on the subsidence of O'Connell, it was thought by many that the sceptre of the great Agitator would fall into his hands. But his strong alliance with the Whig party forbade this; and with the change of a word, the line became applicable to him which Goldsmith wrote upon Burke:—

"To *place* he gave up, what was meant for mankind."

He continued, indeed, to be occasionally heard; but he constantly enjoyed some appointment of profit under the crown. Besides being a Queen's Counsel, in 1839 he accepted office as Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and was sworn in as Privy Councillor. He was also successively a Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, and Judge Advocate General. In 1850, he accepted the post of British Minister Plenipotentiary at Florence; a step by which he adroitly escaped the necessity of either supporting or opposing the anti-Papal measure* of her Majesty's Ministers, from whom he held the office of Master of the Mint.

He was destined to enjoy his new position for a short time only. His first wife was Miss O'Halloran, niece of Sir William McMahon, Bart., Master of the Rolls in Ireland; his second, whom he married in 1830, was Mrs. Power, a lady of some fortune, daughter of John Lalor, Esq., of Crana, near Clonmell, and the relict of Edmund Power, Esq., of Gurteen, in the county of Tipperary. This lady had a son by her former husband; and his melancholy end by suicide, from the pressure, as was said, of pecuniary difficulties, produced such a shock to the highly nervous organization and enfeebled constitution of his step-father, that he succumbed to the blow. He died at Florence, May 25th, 1851, in the fifty-eighth year of his age; the immediate cause of his death being gout in the stomach.

Biographical records of the great orator are not wanting. There are the *Memoirs of Shiel*, by Torrens McCullagh (1855, 2 vols. 8vo); *Sketches, Legal and Political*, edited by Savage (1855, 2 vols. 8vo); and *Speeches, with Memoir*, by T. McNevin (2nd ed. 1860, 8vo).

* The "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill."



Yours faithfully
Theodore S. Hook

AUTHOR OF "SAYINGS AND DOINGS".

XLVII.—THEODORE E. HOOK.

"LORD of the squib, and primate of the pun,
Fat THEODORE, thy wreaths for these are won!
The *ton's* hired Comus thou,—thy brains each week
Can void in columns puns thou dar'st not speak;
Who, prompt like thee, can hatch an unclean joke,
Or give to b——y wit the master-stroke?
So meaningly, who throw the smutty hint,—
Thou punning improvisator in print?
May George enrol thee for his Windsor fool,
A dinner wit, surpassing Villiers' school!"

—So far, with indignant pen, our old acquaintance, "Holy Bob," in his once famous satire, *The Age Reviewed.* Each of us knows the original, whether the portrait be faithful or not, and can say with George Colman, "Hook and I (eye) are old friends!"

THEODORE HOOK commenced life in the possession of everything that should have made it prosperous and happy. He inherited musical talent from his father and literary from his mother, He was educated at Harrow, where he was a contemporary of Lord Byron. Campbell spoke of him as a "wonderful creature"; and Coleridge declared him to be "as true a genius as Dante." His manners and person were elegant; he was endowed with a natural wit, which, probably has never been surpassed, and which enabled him, as Charles Lamb said, "even to make nonsense respected"; and he early secured friends by whom a prospect of fortune and honour was opened before him. Yet, in face of all, we are compelled to regard him, as we do his old friend and ally, Maginn, as an illustration of the sententious proposition of Dr. Johnson, in allusion to the fate of another literary man about town,—the unfortunate Savage,—that "those that disregard the common maxims of life will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Hook was born in London, September 22nd, 1788. It was not he, but his elder brother, Dean Hook, who died in 1828, who wrote the novels, *Pen Owen*, and *Percy Mallory;* but Theodore, himself, made an early *début*, at the age of seventeen, by his comic opera, *The Soldier's Return*, which was acted in 1805, and produced him £50. This was followed by a great number of farces, monologues, and comedies, including the better known *Invisible Girl*, written especially to exhibit the talent of his friend Jack Bannister; and *Tekeli*, a melodrama (1806), which produced a vast sensation in the world of playgoers.

In 1809 occurred the much-talked of "Berners-street Hoax," in which it is pretty well known that Hook had a hand; if, indeed, he was not its inventor and prime mover.* His joking proclivities had burst forth before this, and nearly cost him his matriculation. When asked by the Vice-Chancellor if he was prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, the flippant candidate briskly replied, "Oh yes, sir, quite ready; *Forty*, if you please"; and an apology was necessary to soothe the ire of the dignitary.

* See *Life and Remains of Theodore Hook*, by the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, vol i. p. 72.

Hook is the "Stanislaus Hoax" of D'Israeli's *Vivian Grey;* and a record of his practical jokes, "boisterous buffooneries," mad adventures, and fits of frolic and drollery, would fill a volume. Many of these are, indeed, narrated in his *Sayings and Doings, Gilbert Gurney,* and *Jack Brag;* but as Lockhart says, "they are nothing without the commentary of that bright eye, the deep gurgling glee of his voice—the electrical felicity of his pantomime,—for, in truth, he was as great an actor as could have been produced by rolling up Liston and Terry and Matthews into one." Much, therefore, of Hook died with him, or only survived in the memory of friends, soon to pass away like himself. He has been blamed for thus expending his genius at dinner-tables, and with boon-companions, or of being one of those who,—

"To *parties* give up what was meant for mankind;"

but it must be remembered that much of the charm of a joke often depends upon the graces of its utterer, and that this was especially the case with Hook, of whom it might emphatically be said, as Cicero wrote of Antony,—"In eo facetiæ quæ nullâ arte tradi possunt." Many of his best things, too, would hardly bear repetition, for there is doubtless some truth in Montgomery's satire. "Hook," says the author of *The Modern Dunciad,** "is a good table companion, and well worth his dinner to entertain a company. His levities, when they steer clear of indecency and profaneness, are amusing, and to those not read in *Joe Miller* have an air of novelty." I must not leave the subject of Theodore Hook's witticisms without recording my own abhorrence of practical jokes and their perpetrators. Nothing is at once so vulgar, so cruel, and so dangerous in its possible consequences. Deriving pleasure from the infliction of pain on another, the practical joker is devoid of the essential property of true gentlemanliness, and deserves to be branded as a common nuisance. When Hook took upon himself to invite poor "Romeo" Coates to a *fête* at Carlton House, it is greatly to the credit of the Prince Regent that he expressed regret that entrance had been refused him, and sent his secretary next morning to apologize in person.

In 1813 came Hook's appointment to the offices of Accountant-General and Treasurer at Mauritius, at a salary equivalent to £2000 per annum. Here he remained five years, at the end of which time a deficiency of some £12,000 was discovered in his accounts, and he was compelled to return, not, as he said to an inquiring friend, exactly from ill-health,—for here, too, he could not help a joke,—but "on account of something wrong in the *chest.*" Not having it in his power to make good this serious deficit, he was provided with a lodging in the prison of King's Bench, where he remained for two years. In March, 1825, he was set at liberty; but informed that he was "in no degree exonerated from his liability, if he should hereafter have the means of discharging it." Lockhart, in his excellent article on Theodore Hook,† has investigated this affair with sufficient minuteness. He is inclined to exculpate Hook from everything but negligence, and expresses great regret that the latter did not apply his superfluous means to the reduction of the debt, which he himself admitted. He received £1000 for each series of *Sayings and Doings;* the editorship of the *John Bull,* of which he was almost the

* The late George Daniel, of Islington, of bibliomaniacal celebrity.

† In the *Quarterly Review,* vol. lxxi. p. 53; reprinted by Murray, 1852.

sole writer, long produced him £2000 per annum; and his other novels and literary works must have been a large source of profit. Surely, out of these sums he could have paid something into the Exchequer from time to time in liquidation of the liability, and thus not only maintained his self-respect, but possibly obtained a chance of enjoying, at some future day, the renewed patronage of the Crown or its Ministers.

It was in 1830 that Hook started his magazine, *The Arcadian*. Lockhart says that he never saw but one number, and that this "contained a long ballad of provoking pungency, satirizing Holland House, and styled 'The Silver Po.'" This ballad is now before me; it will be found in the number for April 1st, 1820, p. 117, and consists of twenty-five stanzas, signed "M. B." It is too long to give here, even it were quite suitable for reproduction in this more modest age. The magazine is certainly of excessive rarity; as is also the pamphlet, *penes me*—of which, too, Lockhart says he has "in vain endeavoured to recover a copy,"—entitled *Tentamen; or, an Essay towards the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London*. By Vicesimus Blenkinsop, A.S.S., etc. (1821, 8vo, pp. 43). In this satire, which occasioned considerable attention, and went through three or four editions, Whittington represents Alderman Wood, and "hys catte," Queen Caroline. It is, of course, on the Georgian side of the question.*

Hook wrote many novels; besides those I have already named, *Maxwell*, *The Parson's Daughter*, *Love and Pride*, and others *quæ nunc perscribere longum est*. Here are the good and evil qualities which I have had to signalize in other cases. Knowledge of the world, insight into character, dramatic ability; marred by diffusiveness, prolixity, and repetition. We long for the "harvest of the quiet eye"; the terse narrative, the quiet characterization, the unobtrusive yet telling incident. Hook was the parent of the modern fashionable novel; and some of his tales may yet live in spite of their faults. "Confound haste and hurry," says Tickler, in the *Noctes* (No. lviii.). "Who that has read his *Sayings and Doings*, and, above all, *Maxwell*, will doubt that had he given himself time for consideration and reflection, we should have been hailing him ere now, *nem. con.*, as another Smollett, if not another Le Sage?"

Theodore Hook was doubtless a very smart fellow, and few men were better qualified to judge of intellectual capacity than William Maginn; but it must be admitted that in the literary vaticination of the latter there is more of the partiality of the crony, than the judicial calmness of the critic:—

"His novels are the only ones of the day that will go down to posterity, except those of Walter Scott and Maria Edgeworth; he, Theodore, being the sole English, and, more especially, the sole town representative in this narrow circle of immortals. His songs will be edited with curious notes a hundred years hence by some Tory Lord Holland, if, at that period of mundane history, there should be any such animal as either a Tory or a Lord. His good sayings will be bound up with those of Talleyrand, Jekyll, Rogers, Hill, Somerville, Murray, Alvanley, Rothschild, and Luttrell; and perhaps the party who were contented to be sustained by his arguments, and cheered with his merriment, but who never gave them anything but their claret and their "hip, hip, hurrah!" will by that time have erected a "round tower" to his memory also, and inscribed it with

* My copy is the third edition, with portrait of the Alderman on the title-page.

the unadorned name and surname of a GREAT WIT and a GOOD FELLOW, who long ago ought to have belted a riband, broad as Charles, Lord Farnborough's, across the manly chest of THEODORE, VISCOUNT HOOK, BARON CROOK OF FULHAM."

It would never do to speak of Theodore Hook without alluding to his talents for improvisation. A genius for this is rare among us ; and our language is hardly so well adapted for its display as the plastic Italian to which it is native. Here Hook was *facile princeps*,—undoubtedly the greatest which this country has ever produced. "We remember once," says one who knew him, "to have heard Mr. Hook sing a song upon a company of sixty persons, each verse containing an epigram. Sheridan was present, and was perfectly astounded at his extraordinary faculty. He could not, he declared, have imagined such power possible, if he had not witnessed it. No description, he further said, could have convinced him of so peculiar an instance of genius, and he protested that he should not have believed it to have been an unstudied effort, had he not seen proof that no anticipation could have been formed of what might arise to furnish matter and opportunities for the exercise of this rare talent."*

Fancy,—to cite an illustration of this marvellous gift which just occurs to my memory,—an interruption in the midst of an improvisation at his own house, by the announcement of a servant, in unintentioned rhythm :—

"Please Mr. Winter has called for the taxes,"

and Hook, nothing put out, rattling on,—

"I advise you to give him whatever he axes ;
Mr. Winter's a man who stands no sort of flummery,
For though *Winter's* his name, his process is *summery!*"

Even when in the "durance vile" of Shire Lane, under an Exchequer writ (August, 1823),—with Maginn for a companion in misfortune,—he had no reluctance to make sport for the Philistines, out of his own calamity and disgrace. He had become a great favourite with the sheriff's officer, Mr. Hemp ; and when the eve of his departure arrived, after a sojourn of some nine months, he was regaled by the hospital functionary with a farewell banquet. At its close an improvisation took place, in course of which the prison officers and inmates were shown up in successive verses, each rounded off with the chorus :—

"Let him hang with a curse,—this atrocious, pernicious
Scoundrel that emptied the till at Mauritius !"

I must hasten to the end. Regret for the past, mental worry and labour in the present, and anxiety for the future, made Theodore Hook an old man when he ought still to have been a young one. Add to these agencies, dinners, drink (he got at last to be able to take nothing but brandy), and late hours, which poor Theodore had a way to avoid by going home at three or four in the morning,—and we need not wonder that his constitution gave way. He died, after an illness of three weeks, at his residence at Fulham, August 24th, 1841, in the fifty-third year of his age ; deeply in debt, and leaving five children, whose existence was unsanctioned by law or religion, entirely unprovided for. The sale of his

* See note by Edmund Yates to his abridgment of the *Life and Correspondence of Charles Mathews* (Routledge, 1860, 8vo).

books and other effects produced £2500, which was surrendered to the Crown, as the privileged creditor. A subscription was, however, promptly set on foot for his illegitimate children and their mother. This amounted to nearly £3000, of which the late King of Hanover, to his credit, gave £500.

There is a well-written little book, published by the Religious Tract Society, entitled *The Mirage of Life*. It consists of a series of biographical sketches of certain chosen "men of the world," who have had the misfortune to seek for happiness in worldly pursuits, and meet with the disappointment which those Eastern travellers incur, who are induced to follow the delusive atmospheric phenomena which present themselves in the desert. Beau Brummell is selected as the type of the "Man of Fashion"; William Beckford, of Fonthill, as the "Man of Wealth"; Lord Clive as the "Hero"; William Pitt as the "Statesman"; Sheridan as the "Orator"; B. R. Haydon as the "Artist"; Sir Walter Scott as the "Man of Literature"; Lord Byron as the "Poet"; Lord Chesterfield as the "Man of the World"; Emma, Lady Hamilton, as the "Beauty"; Napoleon Buonaparte as the "Monarch"; and Theodore Hook as the "Man of Wit and Humour,"—the chapter to this last concluding with the verse: "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness" (*Proverbs* xiv. 12, 13). It may readily be admitted that true happiness is not to be found in the world, but rather in the cultivation of a devotional spirit. Thus it is hardly worth while to cavil at the choice of the personages thus held up to the pity and censure of the Christian reader, on the ground that none of them, with the exception perhaps of Scott and Chesterfield, can, in the face of their serious personal indiscretions, be set forth as typical instances of a wise and temperate use of the advantages offered them by the world. But the little well-intentioned book is worthy of mention here on account of its illustrations by John Tenniel, one of which represents Theodore Hook, at a gay social party, singing an extempore comic song, and accompanying his own voice with the piano.

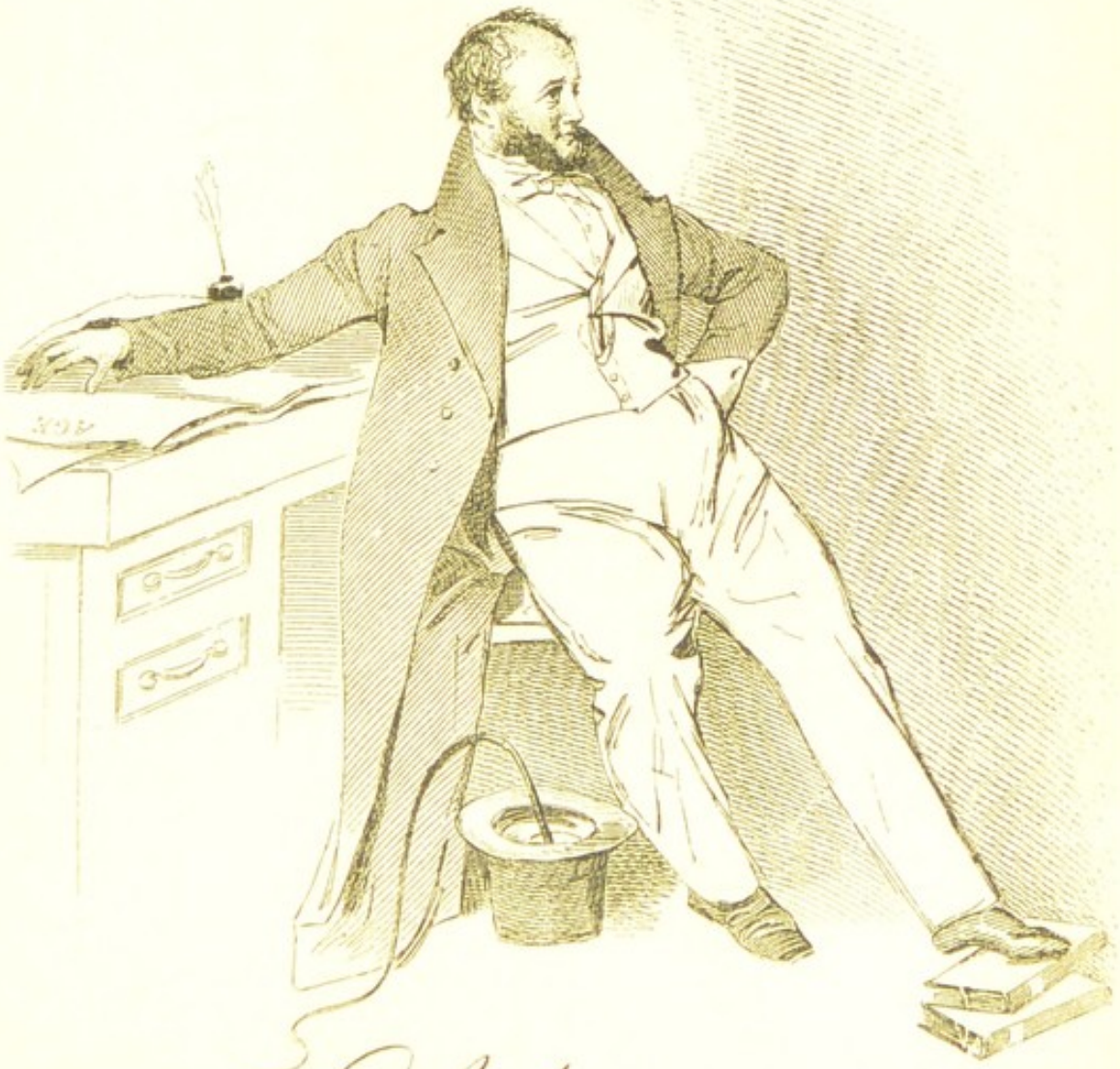
For the rest, it should not be forgotten that Theodore Hook was a man warm in his friendships; of humane and charitable disposition; and of open-handed, generous nature. He was beloved and regretted by all who knew him; and possessed to the last such charm of grace and manner, that, at the Athenæum, his favourite club, it is said that the dinners fell off to the extent of £300 per annum when he disappeared from his accustomed corner, near the door of the coffee-room.

In *The Life and Remains of Theodore Hook*, by the Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham, B.A. (Bentley, 1849, 2 vols., 8vo), will be found two portraits of the humorist,—one after a drawing by Bennett, the other from a painting by E. W. Eddis.

XLVIII.—CHARLES MOLLOY WESTMACOTT.

EXCEPT as belonging to a typical period, and associated with events to which Time has given an extraneous interest, I cannot confess to much sympathy with the impudent, self-satisfied, rosy-gilled little journalist whose admirable portraiture we have now before us. The account given of his genealogy by Maginn,—who seems, from some cause or other, to have regarded with especial kindness a man whom he should have held as the very dirt beneath his feet,—is, in the main, correct; and I believe that his title to the high artistic appellation of "Westmacott" depends solely on his own arrogant assumption. I will not dispute his right to that of "Molloy," which was the name of his mother, the pretty widow of Kensington, who kept the King's Arms, close by the gate, now some ninety years ago, and was derived from the son of a respectable master chimney-sweeper, whose shed and premises were aforetime to be seen in a narrow street or court running from the lower end of Drury Lane to the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. But enough of this. *Stemmata quid faciunt?* asks the poet; and I was only led to rake among forgotten rubbish by the consideration that if it was ever fair to revive a scandalous story, it was so in the case of one who notoriously made market of the scandals of others.

Those who have penetrated the *arcana* of London journalism need not be informed of what is meant by the terms "ink-making" and "black-mail," by which is implied that detestable system of literary terrorism which, although existing before his time, and suspected, at least, in far more reputable quarters, was further methodized and perfected by Westmacott than any free-pen of his own licentious period. Of similar practices, the late Barnard Gregory, Renton Nicholson, and others, have been, at a more recent day, accused; but however true the charges may be in their cases, I believe that the offences were of minor character, and venture to assert, for the credit of journalism, that their known commission at the present day would entail upon the guilty exclusion from the guild on which their practices bring disgrace and contempt. The *modus operandi* was as follows:—Sometimes a vague rumour, or hint of scandal, accompanied perchance by a suggestive newspaper paragraph, was conveyed to one or more of the parties implicated, with a threat of further inquiry into its truth, and a full exposure of the circumstances which excited the sender's virtuous indignation. This, if the selected victim was a man of nervous, timid temperament, often produced the desired effect; and, although possibly entirely innocent of the allegation, he preferred to purchase silence, and escape the suspicion which publicity does not fail to attach to a name. If, on the other hand, no notice was taken of the communication, the screw received some further turns. A narrative was drawn up, and printed off, in the form of a newspaper paragraph; this was transmitted to the parties concerned, with a letter, intimating that it had been "received from a correspondent," and that the publisher thought fit, prior to publication, to ascertain whether those whose names were mentioned desired to correct, modify, or cancel any part of the statement. There is no doubt that very large sums have been extorted by these



THE EDITOR OF THE "AGE".

scoundrelly means, and a vast amount of anxiety and misery occasioned. Not to grope in the mud for forgotten slander, I shall content myself here by saying that Westmacott became acquainted, in the course of his *excavations*, with a certain scandalous intrigue, in which members of the Court, a general officer, and even persons of a loftier station, were implicated. The usual means were had recourse to, and the screw "put on"; till finally he was induced to deliver up the *pièces justificatives* for the consideration of a sum amounting, if I am not greatly mistaken, to not much less than £5000. This, with sundry other "pulls," and the more legitimate gains of his editorship, enabled Westmacott to fit up a classic *Tusculanum* between Barnes and Richmond, with books and pictures within, as befitted an owner of Ciceronian tastes, and surrounded by grounds, in which might be seen, as in the Groves of Blarney,—

"All heathen gods,
And nymphs so fair,
All standing naked
In the open air!"

How long this lasted, I know not; neither am I acquainted with the circumstances which led to his *exodus* from these shores. He took up his residence in Paris, where I knew something of him; and in that city he died about August, 1868.

In 1823, we have from his pen a rival volume to George Cruikshank's inimitable *Points of Humour*. This is entitled *Points of Misery, or Fables for Mankind: Prose and Verse, chiefly original.* By Charles Westmacott. *Illustrated with Twenty Designs by Robert Cruikshank* (royal 8vo, Sherwood & Co.); in 1824, we have *British Galleries of Painting and Sculpture, comprising a General, Historical, and Critical Catalogue, with Separate Notices of Every Work of Fine Art in the Principal Collections*, etc. (Sherwood & Co., 8vo, pp. 240). In 1825, he visited Paris, in company with the admirable caricature artist, Thomas Rowlandson; and in that year was published, also by Sherwoods, a collection of extracts which had appeared in the previous season, entitled *The Spirit of the Public Journals for the Year* 1824, *with Explanatory Notes.* Illustrations on wood by T. Rowlandson, R. and G. Cruikshank, Lane, and Findlay. Westmacott also wrote the *Annual Critical Catalogue to the Royal Academy.*

It is proverbially unwise to stir up dirty puddles, and it must be admitted that Grantley Berkeley hardly acted with sound discretion when he chose for the subject of a novel the historical achievements of a family so rife of scandals as that to which he belonged. To some of these I must take permission now to refer. Frederick Augustus, the 5th Earl of Berkeley, married, May 16th, 1796, Miss Mary Cole, the daughter of a butcher at Gloucester. This lady had, however, previously borne him four children, the eldest of whom was the notorious William Fitzhardinge, better known as Colonel Berkeley, from the position which he held in the South Gloucester Militia. On the death of the Earl in 1810, this Colonel Berkeley, who sat in the lower House under the courtesy title of Viscount Dursley, presented a petition to the Crown for a writ of summons as Earl Berkeley, basing his claim to the peerage on an alleged private marriage of his parents, previous to that which was generally acknowledged. The petition was referred by the Prince Regent to the House of Lords,

who, after due investigation of the matter, came to the decision that the petitioner had failed to substantiate his claim. The inheritance of the family distinction was confirmed by the committee of privilege to Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge, the fifth son actually, but the first after the marriage of 1796; he, however, with great magnanimity, refused to claim the earldom, inasmuch as his doing so would imply acquiescence in the decision of the Lords, which bastardized his brothers, and cast a slur upon the fair fame of his mother.

Now, this Colonel Berkeley, who was a man of considerable personal attractions, was passionately devoted to the stage, and possessed histrionic ability of no mean order; and so it came to pass that when the lovely and celebrated Maria Foote came to star it at Cheltenham, he gallantly offered his services to perform for her benefit. As the great man of the place, and having some reputation for dramatic talent, the performance attracted a crowded audience; and the lady was grateful for the opportune assistance. On his side, the aristocratic Lothario, who was already notorious for his gallantries, did not neglect his opportunity. He could not marry, he declared, as he was just then petitioning the Crown to grant him the dormant peerage, and a marriage with an actress could not fail to prejudice his suit. To cut matters short, the lovely but frail Maria yielded to his vows, and continued to live under his protection, till, at the birth of her second child, she was forced to the conviction that he did not intend to fulfil his promise. During the five years that this connection had lasted, she was not without offers from suitors of wealth and distinction; and at the very moment when she formed the resolution of breaking for ever with her noble seducer, she found in the person of one of these a suitable object for the transference of her affection. This was a gentleman of considerable fortune, Joseph Hayne, Esq., of Burderop Park, Wiltshire, known to his contemporaries by the *soubriquet* of "Pea-Green," which he gained in that dandiacal epoch from the colour of his coat. Large as was his income, it was much less than that of another favoured child of fortune, named Hughes, the son, as was said, of a slop-seller in Ratcliffe Highway, who, having succeded to the enormous fortune —some £40,000 per annum—of his uncle, Admiral Sir Alexander Ball, added the name of this latter to his own, and became known as the "Golden Ball." Thus it was that Hayne, as a *lunar* light, acquired the nickname of the "*Silver* Ball"; and, by and by, that of the "*Foote*-Ball," when it became notorious that he had fallen under the sway of the lovely actress. Well, this gentleman seems to have had such attachment to our heroine as his nature permitted, and to have been really desirous of carrying out his engagement, even when acquainted with the facts, which, indeed, were sufficiently notorious, of her connection with Berkeley. But he appears to have been a weak-minded creature, and could not withstand the influence of his friends. Promise after promise was made and broken, and the pardon of the outraged lady as often sought and obtained. Tired out at last by his vacillating conduct, Miss Foote was advised to bring an action against her pea-green lover for breach of promise of marriage, the damages being laid at £10,000. The trial took place in 1825, in the Court of the King's Bench; and created such excitement in the public mind, that the Lord Chief Justice directed that if order could not be maintained, a requisition for assistance should be dispatched to the office of the Secretary of State. Mrs. Foote, the mother

of Maria, was under examination for upwards of four hours; but the ingenuity of Scarlett failed to weaken her evidence, and the jury finally returned a verdict for the Plaintiff, with damages £3000.

In a story like this, Westmacott could not fail to see admirable materials for his purpose, and having somehow become possessed of certain documents of importance, came to the conclusion that an honest penny was to be turned, either by the publication or the suppression of the facts. Negotiations for the latter failed, and accordingly, in 1825, were published by Sherwood & Co., two octavo volumes entitled *Fitzalleyne of Berkeley: A Romance of the Present Times.* By Bernard Blackmantle, author of *The English Spy.* The circumstances which I have detailed as an induction to these precious tomes constitute the *farrago libelli;* and the *dramatis personæ* are, under a colourable disguise, those whom I have mentioned. Thus "Samuel Pous" is Samuel Foote; "Maria Pous," his lovely daughter; "Fitzalleyne of Berkeley" is the lady-killing Colonel,—"William the Conqueror," as he was termed by the buxom damsels of Cheltenham; "Lord A——y" is the Regent's friend, Alvanley; "Major H——r" is George Hanger, not so well known as Lord Coleraine; "Mr. Optimus" is Tom Best, under whose fatal pistol poor Lord Camelford fell; "Mary Carbon" is Mary Cole, the butcher's daughter of Gloucester, afterwards Countess of Berkeley; and the "Pea-green Count" is the nincompoop, Hayne. The book was bought and read, for newspapers in those days were fewer and more reticent than they now are. Suppression was attempted, and partially effected; but *Fitzalleyne*, though rare, occasionally turns up at the booksellers'; and the curious reader, who chances to meet with a copy, may find the key which I have afforded him, serviceable to the due intelligence of the contents. It is, of course, beyond my province to pursue with minuteness the further careers of the hero and heroine. The "black Earl,"—for he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Segrave, by letters patent, dated September, 1831, and ten years later elevated to the Earldom of Fitzhardinge,—continued notorious for his devotion to the fair daughters of Thespis, and died in the solitary grandeur of his castle, unmarried, in 1857. The lovely Maria, who had missed one husband whose distinction was the *colour* of his coat, managed, without much delay, to secure another who had achieved reputation for the *cut* and *material* of the same garment, and who was, moreover, a peer of the realm. Her marriage, in 1831, to one of the butterflies of fashion, Charles Stanhope, Viscount Petersham, who had, by the recent decease of his father, the third earl, acceded to the dignity of the Earldom of Harrington, was a nine days' wonder of an epoch fruitful in such surprises. The frailties of her early career were not forgotten, you may be sure, by a faultless world and a moral Court, albeit the new Countess admirably conformed to her high position, and no breath of suspicion sullied her private conduct. Her noble husband felt acutely this ostracism of his wife; he took little part in public affairs, and according to the gossip of the day, when the Queen, who happened to be in Derbyshire, expressed a wish to see Elvaston Castle, his lordship intimated that it was not open to the public, but that if her Majesty put her desire as a command, he should, of course, obey. Frequenters of the park five and twenty years ago were familiar with the appearance of the Earl and his lady in their elegant, but eccentric, equipage. Here

everything was *brown*,—the body of the coach, the horses, the harness, the livery, even the glazed top-hats of the coachman and outriders,—in testimony, as was said, of the gallant Earl's *quondam* devotion to the fair widow, Mary Browne, who became the wife of Viscount Mountjoy, Earl of Blessington, and mother to the accomplished and unfortunate lady who was sacrificed to the pecuniary requisitions of Alfred, Count D'Orsay. The Countess of Harrington outlived the lover of her youth by a decade of years, dying so recently as December 27th, 1867.

I now have to record a singular brace of volumes, also known to be the production of Westmacott, and to which, as a veritable *chronique scandaleuse* of the time, a value is now attached which would hardly be due to their merits proper. These were entitled *The English Spy: an Original Work, Characteristic, Satirical, and Humorous, comprising Scenes and Sketches in every Rank of Society; being Portraits of the Illustrious, Eminent, Eccentric, and Notorious, drawn from the Life by Bernard Blackmantle* (Sherwood & Co., 1826, 2 vols. royal 8vo).* In the pages of this extraordinary work figure all the notabilities of the day, either openly or under slight disguise; and Tom Best, White-headed Bob, "Pea-green" Hayne, Colonel Berkeley, Beau Brummell, Pierce Egan, the "Golden" Ball, Dr. Kett (known as "Horse Kett," from his equine length of visage), Charles Mathews, Jemmy Gordon, and a host of others of equal notoriety, mingle, cheek by jowl, in the vivid and moving panorama. The volumes contain no less than seventy-two large coloured engravings, after the fashion of those in the *Life in London*. The great majority of these are by Robert Cruikshank, and contain numerous portraits. One or two were contributed by G. M. Brightly and J. Wageman, and two by the inimitable Rowlandson, one of which (vol. i. p. 411) gives a most admirable delineation of the Life Academy at Somerset House, in which the R.A.'s,—West, Shee, Haydon, Lawrence, Westmacott, Flaxman, and the rest,—their identity indicated by the initials on their mill-boards,—are gloating over the nude charms of a blonde and *Rubensesque* female model. Portraits of the author are liberally introduced, and we find him especially in one of the admirable vignettes on wood,—the last in the book,—where "Bob Transit," his companion, is a likeness of Robert Cruikshank.

In the following year (1826) we have *The Punster's Pocket-Book; or, the Art of Punning enlarged*. By Bernard Blackmantle. Illustrated with numerous original Designs by Robert Cruikshank. (8vo.) This somewhat elegant volume is a *rifacimento* of the *Ars Punica* of Dr. Sheridan, as enlarged by Swift; and is dedicated to George IV. in appropriate terms, "with the most fervent loyalty, the most sincere admiration, and the most profound respect."

Charles Molloy Westmacott belonged to a "rowdy" class of editors which may now be pronounced obsolete. In his days an organ of defamation was necessary to both political parties alike. The Tories had the *Age;* the Liberals the *Satirist;* two scandalous prints long since gone to their unhonoured graves, and whose resuscitation is impossible in these decent days, when the same business is done in an altogether different manner. Westmacott's paper may yet survive in some dusty file; but it is a matter of less consequence to disturb it, as its editor has

* I believe this work was continued under the title of the *St. James's Royal Magazine.*

left us *The Spirit of "The Age" Newspaper, Containing a Choice Selection of all the Exquisite and Extraordinary Articles, Jeux d'Esprits, Epigrams, Parodies and Political Satires which have appeared in Weekly Succession in "The Age"* (London, 1829, 8vo, pp. 268),—from which we may get an idea of the wretched stuff that passed for wit in the days "when George the Fourth was king."

The dog-whip nestling in the hat was a necessary ally to a man whose hand had been as that of Ishmael. But his weapon was sometimes turned against himself. On October 10th, 1830, a severe, and no doubt well-deserved, castigation was administered, at Covent Garden Theatre, upon him, by Charles Kemble, in return for some opprobrious epithets which, it was alleged, the editor of the *Age* had bestowed on his daughter Fanny. When this lady,—now, perhaps, better known as Mrs. Butler,—first appeared at that theatre in the character of "Juliet," the part of "Romeo" was sustained by her father. In some critical remarks upon her performance, Westmacott styled her a "doxy," which so incensed the latter, that, a few nights after, seeing the impudent scribbler in one of the dress boxes, he proceeded, as soon as the piece was over, and still in costume, to the place where he was seated, took him by the collar, dragged him into the lobby, and then and there, gave him a sound thrashing. The wounded critic repaired to the neighbouring Brydges Street for surgical aid; and generously offered the assistant whom he disturbed from his bed, the sum of one shilling for dressing his wounds, which the latter refused, saying that he would "put him on the pauper list."* The incensed actor was taken into custody; but I suppose that it was considered that he had justification for the assault, as the case was dismissed by the magistrates, though the injured person was unable to attend, by reason of his wounds. A horsewhipping, too, was threatened by the author of *Pelham*, who probably had good grounds for such a proceeding. The threat, however, was not carried out, and the "critic" revenged himself by his coarse and vulgar *Letter to E. L. Bulwer, from C. M. Westmacott* (Ridgway, 1833, 8vo, pp. 16).

Upon the death of the "worthy"—or "unworthy"—to whom these notes refer, his collections found their way over to England. I recollect the late Joseph Lilly having in his possession a manuscript, the divulgation of which, he said, would have struck with consternation a certain noble family. What became of it I do not know. Several of Westmacott's note-books were also offered for sale in the catalogue of Mr. Thomas Arthur for December, 1868, and contain some curious particulars. One gives an account of a conversation between George IV. and Beau Brummell, on the night of the Prince's marriage, indicating the cause of his estrangement from the Princess Caroline, and was obtained by Westmacott from Brummell himself; another relates to the dealings of the Duke of Gloucester and his executors with regard to a Mrs. Maguire and her son, and gives the history of Miss Jane Burdett, a natural daughter of the Duke of Kent; a third touches on the banishment of Sir John Conroy, the Queen's foster-father, Lady Flora Hastings and the Palace Tragedy; a fourth gives details of the Princess Charlotte's first lover, the Princess Amelia and

* The young gentleman who had thus the spirit to refuse his patient's paltry *honorarium* was Mr. J. F. Clarke, M.R.C.S., to whose very interesting *Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession* (London, Churchill, 1874) I am indebted for the details.

her offspring, Talleyrand's heartless conduct, the Cottage in Windsor Park,—*cum multis aliis*,—all of which I have only alluded to in illustration of what I have said about the character, habits, and pursuits of CHARLES MOLLOY WESTMACOTT.

A writer in *The Bookseller* (September 1st, 1868) gives a graphic account of Westmacott in the character of a host. "He made a grand display of himself, his talents, his intimacies with titled characters, and his ambitious views. So vulgar and presumptuous an exhibition, with all the self-conceit of Jack Brag, we had never witnessed; it was absolutely enjoyable from its arrogance and extravagance. . . . His impudence was so supreme that if the Creator of the world and man were the subject, Molloy would assert that he would have advised things better; and if pressed as to the *modus*, would condescend to particulars, to show that the whole management was not equal to what he would have contrived!"

I have before me an excellent portrait in stipple of "The Author of *The English Spy*, etc., engraved from an exhibition drawing by T. Wageman."

XLIX.—LEIGH HUNT.

IN the long and eventful career of this charming writer is so essentially involved the literary and political history of the present century, that it is impossible to give adequate consideration to any one of its varied aspects without occupying a larger space than I can here afford to all. Thus I can only offer a "fierce abridgment," leaving much that occurs to me altogether untouched; for, like Dr. Johnson, I find it more easy to be abstinent than temperate.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT,—for such was his name *in extenso*,—was born at Southgate, in Middlesex,—his father a West Indian, and his mother a Philadelphian,—October 19th, 1784. Like his life-long friends, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Barnes, afterwards editor of the *Times*, he was educated at Christ's Hospital, London; and while yet a schoolboy evinced his natural bent for literature by the composition of numerous pieces of poetry, which were published by his father in 1802, under the title of *Juvenilia: or a Collection of Poems written between the Ages of Twelve and Sixteen;* a volume a good deal sought for now-a-days on account of its fine frontispiece by Bartolozzi. At the age of fifteen, he left the Hospital; and after a short time passed in the office of one of his brothers, a lawyer, he obtained an appointment in the War Office. About this period, his elder brother, John, had established a weekly paper called *The News;* and to this he contributed a series of criticisms on the drama, in a style entirely new, a selection of which he republished in 1807, under the title of *Critical Essays on the Performances of the London Theatres.* These papers entitle their author to a high rank as a dramatic critic,—the highest, indeed, after Hazlitt himself. His judgments are marked by refinement of taste, felicity of expression, and nicety of discrimination; and the little volume is charming reading, even at this lapse of time. I am not, however, unaware that the author seems to have looked upon it with some disfavour, and says that "if he thought



Yours tr. Leigh Hunt.

AUTHOR OF "BYRON & HIS CONTEMPORARIES."

that it had a chance of survival, he should regret and qualify a good deal of uninformed judgment in it respecting the art of acting."

In 1808 he resigned his appointment at the War Office, to become joint editor and proprietor of the *Examiner* newspaper,—a journal which, under the management of the brothers, soon acquired a high reputation for the liberality of its politics and the ability of its criticism. But these were troublous times, and although his articles were rather literary than political in their motive, his paper managed to get involved in three several Government prosecutions. The first was in 1810, for an article on the Regency, in which the rule of George III. was commented on in a manner that gave offence: this prosecution was, however, abandoned. The second was in the following year, when the *casus belli* was a leader in which flogging in the army was denounced. He and his brother were tried before Lord Ellenborough, but, being defended by Brougham, were acquitted by the jury. The third occasion, however, paid for all. Hunt, in a rather severe article, called the Prince Regent an "Adonis of Fifty," and awoke the *spretæ injuria formæ* of the "first gentleman of Europe."* Here the sentence was a fine of £500 each, and two years' imprisonment. Like Béranger in La Force, Leigh Hunt passed the period of durance not unpleasantly amid books and flowers; solaced by public sympathy; and cheered by the visits of friends, such as Byron, Moore,† Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Cowden Clarke, Jeremy Bentham, "Aristophanes" Mitchell, Barnes of the *Times*, Alsager and others. The fine sonnet by John Keats, "written on the day that Mr. Hunt left prison," is a proof of the affection and respect with which the prisoner was regarded by his friends. He employed his enforced leisure in literary composition;

* The following, which is severe enough in all conscience, is one of the passages from the article, which was suggested by the fulsome adulation of the Prince, in the *Morning Post*:—"Who would have imagined that this 'Adonis in loveliness' was a corpulent gentleman of fifty; in short, that this delightful, blissful, wise, pleasureable, honourable, virtuous, true, and immortal prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in debt and disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century, without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity."—*The Examiner*, No. 221, March 22nd, 1812.

† The following beautiful and serious lines occur, where we should hardly expect to find them, in the "Twopenny Post-Bag" of Thomas Moore:—

"Go to your prisons,—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls
At morn and eve upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
To tell how gay the young world smiles abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers await you there;
Thoughts such as he, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories *never* knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd ones Heaven has placed it near,
Nor cease till all mankind are in its sphere!—
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh spirit than can warble free,
Through prison bars, its hymn of liberty!"

and *The Descent of Liberty, a Masque* (1815),—*The Feast of the Poets, with Notes, and other Pieces in Verse* (1815),—and the *Story of Rimini* (1816),—published after his release,—gave him a high place among the poets of the day. In 1818, appeared his *Foliage; or Poems Original and Translated from the Greek of Homer, Theocritus, Bion, Moschus and Anacreon, and from the Latin of Catullus.*

He who judges, will be judged by others. Hunt made bitter enemies by his *Feast of the Poets*,—greatly abridged and modified in succeeding editions, as also are many of his other pieces, the original issues of which should be sought for. His severe remarks on Sir Walter Scott, repented of afterwards, and among the passages cancelled, brought down upon him the undying enmity of the Scotch critics, who were never tired of laughing at his alleged Cockneyisms, his immortal "yellow breeches" and the "Cockney School of Poetry" generally.* The matchless impudence of these Northern lights, themselves imbued with the narrowest provinciality, is amusing enough; and we can afford to laugh at their Petrarchian *Sonetto*, in the great Edinburgh magazine :—

"Signor Le Hunto, gloria di Cocagna,
Chi scrive il poema della Rimini,
Che tutta apparenza ha, per Gemini,
D'esser cantato sopra la montagna
Di bel Ludgato, o nella campagna
D'Amsted, o sulla margi Serpentinini,
Com'esta Don Giovanni d'Endyimini,
Il gran poeta d'Ipecacuanha?
Tu sei il Re del Cocknio Parnasso,
Ed egli il herede apponente,
Tu sei un gran Giacasso ciertamente,
Ed egli ciertamente gran Giacasso!
Tu sei il Signor del Examinero;
Ed egli soave Signor del Glystero!" †

Besides the stings of these Scottish gad-flies, Leigh Hunt was long the chosen mark for the *Zoili* of his own city, all eager to strike the politician through the poet. Thus Gifford, the cobblering editor of the *Quarterly*, whose unmanly sneer at the crutches ‡ of poor Mary Robinson,—actress, poetess, and cast-off mistress of the Prince Regent,—had excited the indignation of the poet, went on misquoting and ridiculing the *Story of Rimini*, till pilloried by its author in his pamphlet *Ultra-Crepidarius* (1823, 8vo, pp. 40), reviewed, savagely of course, in *Blackwood* (vol. xv. p. 86), where its writer is politely styled "the weakest and wishy-washyest satirist, without exception, whose pen ever dribbled," etc.

* Leigh Hunt says he cared little for their jests about Londoners and Cockneys, which did not affect him, so far as his faith was concerned. "The Cockney School of Poetry," he adds, "is the most illustrious in England; for to say nothing of Pope and Gray, who were both veritable Cockneys, 'born within the sound of Bow Bell,' Milton was so, too; and Chaucer and Spenser were both natives of the city. Of the four greatest English poets, Shakespeare only was not a Londoner."—*Autobiography*, ed. 1860, p. 405.

† "Noctes Ambrosianæ," No. 1 (*Blackwood's Magazine*, March, 1822, p. 363).

‡ "See Thrale's gay widow with a satchel roam,
And bring, in pomp, her labour'd nothings home;
See Robinson forget her state, and move
On crutches tow'rds the grave, to 'Light o' Love.'"
The Baviad, 24.

There is a choice page of ribaldry, too, in *The Age Reviewed* of "Satan" Montgomery (p. 196), which I must leave my reader to search out for himself, if he thinks it worth his trouble. It was nothing but his friendship with Leigh Hunt that brought doom on poor Keats. The alliance between the men was well known, and the fiat went forth that he must be slain, as Byron has it :—

"Who killed John Keats?
'I,' says the *Quarterly*,
So savage and tartarly,—
'It was one of my feats!'"

It was in 1822, just before the publication of this satire, that Leigh Hunt made his memorable visit to Italy, on the invitation of Shelley and Byron, to assist them in carrying on the *Liberal*, a magazine, the opinions of which, both in literature and politics, were to be in entire accordance with its title. The death of Shelley, by drowning at sea, just upon his arrival (July, 1822), was a great blow to his fortunes. He was one of the sad party that assisted at the cremation of the poet, and his companion in fate, Captain Williams, on the desolate sea-shore of Via Reggio. It must have been an impressive and melancholy ceremony. The marble mountains behind,—the yellow sand and the blue sky,—the tideless wave before,—Byron, Trelawney, Captain Shenley, and the soldiers of the guard standing over the burning pile,—Leigh Hunt remaining in Byron's carriage, "now looking on, now drawing back with feelings that were not to be witnessed,"—the fire "bearing away towards heaven in vigorous amplitude, waving and quivering with a brightness of inconceivable beauty,"—but yet which had no power over the poet's heart, which, asbestos-like, remained unconsumed, though the pyre was fanned by the soft sea-breeze, and fed with salt, wine, frankincense, and the volume of Keats which was found hand-clutched in Shelley's bosom.

Byron, in a letter to Murray, speaks of the desolate condition of Hunt and his family. "I have done all for him," he wrote, "since he came here, but it is almost useless,—his wife is ill, his six children not very tractable, and in the affairs of this world he himself is a child. The death of Shelley left them totally aground, and I could not see them in such a state without using the common feelings of humanity, and what means were in my power, to set them afloat again." Hunt lived, indeed, for a time under Byron's roof; but friendship was hardly possible where, as the latter says, there was little or no community of feeling, thought or opinion. They parted, with less of mutual good feeling than when they met. The *Liberal* was discontinued; Byron himself died in 1824; and by and by the Hunts returned to England. In 1828 was published the well-known *Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, with Recollections of the Author's Life and his Visit to Italy* (8vo, 2 vols.); a work which seemed a stumbling-block and foolishness to the friends of Byron, especially his biographer Moore, and broached opinions regarding the character and habits of the noble poet which their author afterwards admitted were unnecessarily harsh and unjust. The book, indeed, was a serious mistake, and hurt his reputation.

While still in Italy, and at a period of his life beset with trials and difficulties, Leigh Hunt had employed himself by the composition of a volume, which, of great subjective interest, is now a bibliographic curiosity of no small value. This is entitled *Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief*

Reconciled, and consists of a series of cardiphonic thoughts, feelings and aspirations, connected with the best hopes and interests of man, both with regard to this world and the next. The manuscript of this having come under the eye of John Forster, this faithful friend and admirer of the author conceived that by printing it, and ensuring its circulation among men of letters, the real state of Leigh Hunt's opinions upon points on which he had been greatly misunderstood, would be made known, and an ultimate benefit conferred upon the literary world. The author readily gave his consent, and Mr. Forster,—the circumstance is not generally known, but I do not think that I am wrong in the attribution,—printed seventy-five copies only, at his own expense, and stated, in an anonymous preface, the circumstances attendant on the issue of the volume.

So early as 1818, he had set on foot a modest weekly periodical of essays, after the model of the *Spectator* of Addison, and the *Rambler* and *Idler* of Dr. Johnson. This was called *The Indicator;* and he now (1828), while contributing largely, with Lamb, Hazlitt and others to the serials of the day, including the *London Magazine*, determined to issue a kind of sequel to this, which was appropriately called the *Companion.* The two, which had become scarce, were republished together in 1834; and again by Moxon, in 1841, together with a collection of fugitive papers from the *London Journal*, the *Liberal*, the *Monthly Repository*, the *Tatler*, the *Round Table*, etc., under the title of *The Seer, or Common Places Refreshed*,—the whole constituting one of the most delightful volumes of light and fanciful essays in the language. It was, indeed, as an ESSAYIST that the genius of Leigh Hunt especially shone. As a JOURNALIST he cannot be placed in the foremost rank. His thought was refined, rather than vigorous; and his strong individuality was unfavourable to united working for a common object. He was, nevertheless, a hardy and pungent writer, who made the literature of politics respected. He was a fearless Liberal, striking those in high places where the blow was merited; and one who fought well for us that long fight for political freedom, the results of whose victory we enjoy to-day. But that which was, in some sort, the defect of his political writings, is the very charm of his light and discursive essays. With much of the quaint humour of Charles Lamb, though perhaps somewhat inferior to that unique genius in form and mode of expression, he has an equal, if not a greater breadth of thought, reminding us at times of Addison and Steele, with a delicacy and sensitiveness which is sometimes even morbid. He made himself the friend of those whom he addressed, and loved to regard his subject in all its bearings. Truth was to him a polygon, courting examination at each of its angles, and changing its character with the various standpoints at which it was seen. Many of these "Essays" will live with the language, and be the delight of great men of other generations, as they were of those who are gone. Thus, the favourite paper of Hazlitt was that on "Sleep"; Charles Lamb loved "Coaches and their Horses," the essay on the "Death of Little Children," and "Thoughts and Guesses on Human Nature"; Carlyle held in especial favour the charming paper, "My Books," written while the author was in Italy; the humour of Shelley was captivated by "Fair Revenge"; and Keats loved the piece on a hot summer day, entitled "A 'Now'"; while the prime favourites of Lord Holland were "The Old Gentleman," and "The Old Lady."

I must pass with rapid pen over the subsequent literary career of this

voluminous writer. In 1834, he founded another serial, the *London Journal*, which he continued to edit during that and the following year. In 1835, he published for the first time separately his celebrated poem *Captain Sword and Captain Pen.* In 1840, he gave to the world his *Legend of Florence*, which, previously neglected as it had been by a leading manager, was a great favourite with the Queen, who went several times to see it at Covent Garden, and commanded its performance before her at Windsor; and he also edited the Dramatic works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar. In earlier life, Leigh Hunt had had a propensity to write for the stage, and had produced certain other blank verse plays, of which, inasmuch as they were, even in his own recorded opinion, failures, much need not be said. One was called *The Secret Marriage* (afterwards *The Prince's Marriage*); another, *Lover's Amazements*, in three acts; a third, *The Double*, a piece of mixed prose and verse in two acts; a fourth, *Look to your Morals*, a prose afterpiece, or petty comedy. Of these, *Lover's Amazements* appeared upon the stage at the Lyceum Theatre so late as 1858, and met with a reception as favourable as that which greeted the *Legend of Florence.* In 1842, we have *The Palfrey, a Love Story of Old Times;* and in 1843, *One Hundred Romances of Real Life, Selected and Translated.* Next came a more important work of fiction, *Sir Ralph Esher, or Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II.*, reprinted in 1850. I must content myself also with a bare enumeration of still later literary labours, either original works or compilations. *Imagination and Fancy*, an analytical examination of the older poets, with a preliminary essay, appeared in 1844. *Wit and Humour*, a sort of companion, in 1846. *Stories from the Italian Poets, with Lives*, came out in 1846, and exhibit, in marked degree, his admirable quality, previously and elsewhere displayed, as a translator from the Italian. In this respect Leigh Hunt is truly *facile princeps.* In his hands our rugged Northern idiom is as flexible as the German. His *Bacchus in Tuscany* (1825, small 8vo), which I might have mentioned earlier, from the fine dithyrambic of Francesco Redi, is, as far as my knowledge extends, the best translation in verse in the language; and his version of the exquisite *Lutrin* of Boileau is, in its way, hardly less excellent.* In 1846 also, he published an edition of the *Dramatic Works of Sheridan*, with biography and notes. In 1847 appeared *Men, Women and Books, a Selection of Sketches, Essays and Critical Memoirs;* and in the same year, *A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*, to which the woodcut illustrations of Doyle have given an added charm and value. Horatio Smith bought the book, unwitting, till he opened it, that it was dedicated to himself,—a compliment which he felt very acceptable. "I cannot," he wrote to the author, "imagine anything more pleasant than to be thus embalmed in a *Jar of Honey*, and such honey, and such a jar!"

In 1848, Leigh Hunt published a work on a subject which his various and extensive knowledge of London and its celebrities enabled him to invest with a peculiar charm and interest. This was *The Town: its Remarkable Characters and Events* (2 vols. 8vo), a most delightful book of gossip about the streets of the metropolis, and the notable men who have inhabited them. Passing over *The Religion of the Heart, a*

* Frank Mahony ("Father Prout"), in a letter to the translator, alludes to this version of the Italian poem, which, the *padre* happily says, "you have truly rendered a 'Redi made easy' for all Cockneydom."

Manual of Faith and Duty (1853),—an expanded reprint of the privately printed volume, *Christianism*, to which I have already referred at length, —and a series of *Stories in Verse*, collected from his earlier writings (1855), we come to another pair of charming volumes, which form a companion to the *Town*. These were entitled *The Old Court Suburb, or Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical and Anecdotical* (1858),—since republished in a single volume.

In 1850, Leigh Hunt gave to the world his *Autobiography*, in 3 vols. 8vo,—of which, just ten years later, appeared "a new edition, revised by the auther, with further revision, and an introduction, by his eldest son,"* in one volume, 8vo. This is a charming book. The career of its writer had not been marked by striking events,—except, indeed, the *Examiner* attack on the Regent, the consequent imprisonment for two years in Horsemonger Lane Gaol,† and the visit to Italy,—and the interest consists in its subjective tone of thought, and the literary gossip about the brilliant men who were his friends and contemporaries. What Thomas Carlyle thought of the book may be seen by an extract from a letter, written "out of the fulness of the heart" after perusal, to its author, —than which a more generously appreciative and large-hearted expression is not to be found in the entire range of epistolary literature :—

"Well, I call this an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of human life, as in these three volumes." Again :—"A pious, ingenious, altogether *human* and worthy book; imaging with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown, though often in danger; *cannot* be drowned, but conquers, and leaves a track of radiance behind it; *that*, I think, comes out more clearly to me than in any other of your books ;— and that, I can venture to assure you, is the best of all results to readers in a book of written record. In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy, or litany, this long while, that has had so *religious* an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men."‡

On the 28th of February, 1847, an amateur performance was held at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, who was described in the programme as being "in unprosperous worldly circumstances, and in bad health." The play was Ben Jonson's comedy, *Every Man in his Humour*, and the "cast" might well justify a *vidi tantum* boast. I had the good fortune to be present, and the *mise-en-scène* comes vividly before me as I write. "Kiteley" was John Forster; "Old

* This was the late Thornton Hunt, born September 10th, 1810; died June 25th, 1873. He had been all his life connected with the press, and at the time of his death was chief of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*. The only substantive work of his with which I am acquainted is *The Foster Brother*, published in 1845, an historical romance of the fourteenth century.

† The two brothers, in accordance with the terms of their sentence, passed the period of their imprisonment in different gaols. John Hunt was consigned to Coldbath Fields.

‡ See Carlyle's Oration *On the Choice of Books*, Hotten's ed. p. 39; the *Athenæum*, June 18th, 1881, No. 2799, p. 815.

Knowell," G. H. Lewes; "Young Knowell," Frederick Dickens; "Well-bred," T. J. Thompson; "Master Stephen," Douglas Jerrold; "Master Matthew," John Leech; "Justice Clement," Dudley Costello; "Downright," Frank Stone; "Captain Bobadil," Charles Dickens; "Cash," Augustus Dickens; "Formal," George Cruikshank; "Cob," Augustus Egg; "Brainworm," Mark Lemon; "Mrs. Kiteley," Miss Emmeline Montague; "Bridget," Mrs. A. Wigan; and Cob's wife, Mrs. Caulfield. The interlude was *Turning the Tables;* and the entertainment concluded with Peake's farce of *Comfortable Lodgings, or Paris in* 1750, when the same actors took part. An admirable address in verse, written for the occasion by Sir E. L. Bulwer Lytton, at that time personally unacquainted with Hunt, was delivered, after the overture, by John Forster, who occupied the same post on the *Examiner*, as theatrical critic, which the beneficiary had held in former days. The following passage occurs in it:—

> "So comes this night to no rebellious throng,
> That kingliest claim, the poverty of song!
> The base may mock, the household asp may sting,
> The bard, like Lear, is 'every inch a king.'
> Want but anoints *his* head with holier balms—
> He claims your tribute, not implores your alms!
> Mild amid foes, amidst a prison free,
> He comes,—our grey-hair'd bard of Rimini!
> Comes with the pomp of memories in his train,
> Pathos and wit, sweet pleasure and sweet pain!
> Comes with familiar smile and cordial tone,
> Our hearth's wise cheerer!—Let us cheer his own."

Mr. Forster gives an account of these amateur performances in his *Life of Charles Dickens* (vol. ii. p. 342), and expressing his inability to find a copy of Bulwer's prologue, questions whether it was ever in print. Of course it was; I have it before me, and transcribe from it. On the Monday following, the same company performed with the same object at Manchester. On this occasion the opening address, of which I have also a printed copy, was written by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd.

But though Leigh Hunt was poor, he cannot be said to have been in circumstances of destitution. It was his fortune, by reason of protracted days, to see effected much of that change in public feeling and opinion which he had worked so strenuously to speed. In 1847, the same Government which forty years before had consigned him to a prison, found him worthy of a pension. Carlyle, it is pleasant to know, was one of the most strenuous promoters of the movement to obtain this, and the "Memoranda concerning Mr. Leigh Hunt," drawn up by him, is a most interesting document, equally honourable to himself and his friend. Here, *inter alia*, we are informed:—

"That Mr. Hunt is a man of most indisputably superior worth; a *Man of Genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character; also of most pure, and even exemplary private deportment; a man who can be other than loved only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium. . . .

"That such a man is rare in a Nation, and of high value there; not to be *procured* for a whole Nation's Revenue, or recovered when taken from

us ; and some £200 a year is the price which this one, whom we now have, is valued at ; with that sum he were lifted above his perplexities, perhaps saved from nameless wretchedness ! It is believed that, in hardly any other way could £200 abolish as much suffering, create as much benefit to one man, and through him to many and all." *

The matter, thus advocated, was at length brought to a successful issue ; and the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, "in whom," says Carlyle, "great part of England recognizes (with surprise at such a novelty) a man of insight, fidelity, and decision," had the gratification of informing the veteran of literature that an annuity of £200 a year should be settled upon him from the funds of the Civil List,—adding :—"the severe treatment you formerly received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement." He also enjoyed an annuity of half this amount,† settled upon him, in the same year, by Sir Percy Shelley, in accordance with the known wish of his illustrious father,—in defence of whom were the last words he ever wrote.

With this provision for the quiet evening of that day whose heat and burthen had been so well and bravely borne, Leigh Hunt continued to enjoy, in his Hammersmith cottage, his old books, and such old friends as time had spared him. He contributed occasionally to the serials of the day,—to *Household Words*,—and to *The Spectator*, for which he wrote a paper the week before his death. In 1859, he was planning a removal to London, to be nearer to his eldest son, and other friends ; but rapidly failing health seeming to render immediate change of air desirable, he was induced to remove to the house of his friend, Mr. Reynell, at Putney,—the printer, by the way, of *The Examiner*, the paper which he had founded just half a century before,—and here he breathed his last, without suffering, in the possession of all his faculties, and without a sigh or struggle, on Sunday, August 28th, 1859, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was buried in the place of his choice, the cemetery at Kensall Green, where his funeral was attended by his sons and grandsons,—Severn, the friend of Keats in Italy,—and Trelawney, the "Younger Son," the associate of Byron and Shelley. For the space of ten years there was nothing to mark the spot where he slept ; but at length, mainly through the exertions of S. C. Hall, the disgrace has been removed. A sum was raised by subscription ; and on October 19th, 1869, a graceful monument by Joseph Durham, A.R.A., was placed on the spot, and formally presented to the family in an impressive and eulogistic address by Lord Houghton. On one side of this memorial may be read the date of his birth and death ; on the other, the line

"Write me as one who loves his fellow-men,"—

from the beautiful little poem, *Abou Ben Adhem*,—significant as embodying his own theory of religion, in which theology is conspicuous by its absence—contributed by him many years before to the album of

* The entire document is given by Mr. Alexander Ireland, in an interesting communication to the *Athenæum*, of June 18th, 1881.

† Mr. S. C. Hall states that the annuity, which was to be continued to his wife, if she survived him, was £120, and that Sir Percy gave it at the suggestion of his mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley (*Book of Memories*, p. 248). Leigh Hunt, himself, mentions the smaller amount (*Correspondence*, ii. 80),—so I adhere to it.

Mrs. S. C. Hall. With regard to the scope and tendency of his long literary career, it would be impossible,—as I regard it,—to convey a more correct and adequate idea than that expressed in the concluding sentence of his son's "Introduction" to the edition of the *Autobiography*, published by him :—"To promote the happiness of his kind, to minister to the more educated appreciation of order and beauty, to open more widely the door of the library, and more widely the window of the library looking out upon nature,—these were the purposes that guided his studies, and animated his labour to the very last."

The assertion is made to this day, and will be repeated in the future, that Dickens, in *Bleak House*, pilloried his friend for public contempt, by grafting his incapacity for business, his airy frivolities and childish mannerisms, upon the selfishness and dishonesty of "Harold Skimpole." As Dickens warmly repudiated the imputation, and so affectionately referred to Leigh Hunt in *Household Words*, we are bound to believe that he had no such intention. It is not, however, denied, either by Dickens or his apologists, that "some of the innocent eccentricities of the fictitious character had been suggested by some of the humorous qualities of the poet's air, temper, etc." ;* and the question remains how far it was consistent with gentlemanliness of feeling to make such use of those peculiarities of his friend, which private and confidential intercourse alone could have made him acquainted with, and thus, without his knowledge or permission, exhibit his portrait, caricatured or not, to the world. I imagine that if John Tenniel, in a *Punch* cartoon, chose to surmount the body of a gorilla with the head of Gladstone, he would have some difficulty in convincing the public, that he had no intention of bringing contempt on the Minister.

What a fine stanza that is of Shelley, in his *Adonais*, where he depicts Leigh Hunt,—much as he was, says G. L. Craik, "to the last, in outward form, forty years later" :—

> "What softer voice is hushed o'er the dead?
> Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
> What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
> In mockery of monumental stone,
> The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
> If it be he, who, gentlest of the wise,
> Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one;
> Let me not vex with inharmonious sighs,
> The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice."

It was to Leigh Hunt that Shelley dedicated his fine tragedy, *The Cenci*. He says in his prose epistle : "Had I known a person more highly endowed than yourself with all that it becomes a man to possess, I had solicited for this work the ornament of his name. One more gentle, honourable, innocent and brave ; one of more exalted toleration for all who do and think evil, and yet himself is free from evil ; one who knows better how to receive, and how to confer a benefit, though he must ever confer far more than he can receive ; one of simpler, and in the highest sense of the words, of purer life and manners, I never knew ; and I had already been fortunate in friendships when your name was added to the list."

* See the *Athenæum*, No. 2221, May 21st, 1870, p. 673.

Shelley elsewhere describes his friend as—

"————one of those happy souls,
Which are the salt of the earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is, a tomb;
Who *is*, what others *seem*."

I have already spoken of Leigh Hunt as a JOURNALIST, an ESSAYIST, a THEATRICAL CRITIC and a DRAMATIST. There is yet another aspect in which he may be regarded.

As a TALKER, he was pre-eminently great, and had the faculty of throwing "light as from a painted window" on any subject which occupied his attention. How well does his friend Hazlitt bring before us his style and manner:—"Hunt has a fine vinous spirit about him. He sits at the head of a party with great gaiety and grace; has an elegant manner and turn of features; has continual sportive sallies of wit or fancy; tells a story capitally; mimics an actor or an acquaintance to admiration; laughs with great glee and good humour at his own and other people's jokes; understands the point of an *équivoque* or an observation immediately; has a taste for, and a knowledge of, books, of music, of medals; manages an argument adroitly; is genteel and gallant; and has a set of by-phrases and quaint allusions always at hand to produce a laugh." Keats, too, was mindful of the varied charms of his friend's discourse:—

"He who elegantly chats and talks,
The wrong'd Libertas,—who has told you stories
Of laurel chaplets, and Apollo's glories,
Of troops chivalrous marching through a city,
And tearful ladies made for love and pity."

As a POET, Leigh Hunt has written much that will live with the language, and crystallized into expression many a thought that assuredly will

"————on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle for ever."

The *Story of Rimini* (1816) * is the longest, and perhaps the best of his poems; and being, as Professor Craik observes, "indisputably the finest inspiration of Italian song that had yet been heard in our modern English literature," it gave its author a high and distinct place of his own among the poets of his day. It may, indeed, be pronounced one of the finest, if not the very finest, narrative poem in the language since Dryden. Its charm is its simple beauty and delicacy of expression; and although these qualities are obsolete in a day of spasm, fleshliness, ruggedness and obscurity, they will embalm it for the admiration of a future time when—

"Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore *poëmata*."

The poem also is worthy of especial note and study as a leading specimen of that fourth, or composite school, to which Shelley, Keats and "Barry

* "O! Crimini, Crimini!
What a nimini, pimini,
Story of Rimini!"
Barham's *Life of Theodore Hook*, ii. 250.

Cornwall" also belong. In origin, Italian, it has also received an influence from France and Germany, and is probably destined to be, in its further development, the cardinal mode of poetical expression among us. Byron selected the couplet on a fountain, in this poem, as one of the most poetical descriptions of a natural object he was acquainted with :—

> "Clear and compact, 'till at its height o'errun,
> It shakes its loosening silver in the sun."

Of Leigh Hunt's other poems, at which I have already glanced, I can only speak generally, worthy, as many of them are, of separate and extended notice. Genius is apparent in all that he wrote ; originality marks his handling of the commonest things. His pronounced individuality ; his keen perception of delicacies and refinements, unessential and often unremarked ; his penetrative insight into the subtleties of art, and his vast literary culture, enabled him, in spite of mannerism, and even occasional puerility, to inform every sentence which he wrote, as it were, with a living soul. While speaking, even thus briefly, of his poems, one fact should be noticed. The later editions of these earlier pieces differ greatly, from capricious alterations and cancellings, from the original issues. Of those especially in *Rimini*, the author spoke with regret in his *Autobiography*, and intimated his intention to restore the narrative to its first course. It was right, perhaps, to reverse some of the harsher and more palpably erroneous judgments in *The Feast of the Poets*, and we are thus afforded the very curious study of comparing the growth and alteration of opinion in the writer's mind. He had planned "a complete and final edition" of his poetical Works, and had brought his task almost to a close, so far as arrangement, classification and selection were concerned, when it was broken off by his death. The volume, edited by his eldest son, was published by Routledge in 1860, and in typography, illustrations, binding and general "get up," is a wretched, tawdry, vulgar affair, utterly unworthy of the poet and the poetry. But what annoys one the most is to find that the author, with that discritical perversity which made Hogarth think that by his *Sigismunda* he had rivalled Correggio, Milton that his *Paradise Regained* was superior to his greater and earlier epic, Liston and Charles Mathews that their true sphere was tragedy, and George Cruikshank that he was intended by nature to be an historical painter, has left out some of his very best and most characteristic pieces ! That the mother's favourite is the most ill-favoured bantling is a matter of daily notice, and possibly a wise ordination ; still it is remarkable that Leigh Hunt, with all his known capriciousness of feeling, should have excluded, as "not equal in conception or execution, to the estimate of his own maturer judgment," the very piece which was selected by a very competent critic, —the late Professor Craik,—as a characteristic specimen of the poet's manner and style of treatment, "attesting as powerfully as anything he has ever produced, the master's triumphant hand, in a style which he has made his own, and in which, with however many imitators, he has no rival.* But the reader,—who will thank me the more for preserving the piece, inasmuch as he will not find it where he would naturally look for it, —shall judge for himself :—

* *Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature in England*, etc. By Geo. L. Craik, M.A., vol. vi. p. 199.

"THE FANCY CONCERT.

"They talk'd of their concerts, their singers, and scores,
And pitied the fever that kept me indoors;
And I smiled in my thought, and said, 'O ye sweet fancies,
And animal spirits! that still in your dances
Come bringing me visions to comfort my care,
Now fetch me a concert,—imparadise air.

"Then a wind, like a storm out of Eden, came pouring
Fierce into my room, and made tremble the flooring,
And fill'd, with a sudden impetuous trample
Of heaven, its corners; and swell'd it to ample
Dimensions to breathe in, and space for all power;
Which falling as suddenly, lo! the sweet flower
Of an exquisite fairy-voice open'd its blessing;
And ever and aye, to its constant addressing,
There came, falling in with it, each in the last,
Flageolets one by one, and flutes blowing more fast,
And hautboys, and clarinets, acrid of reed,
And the violin, smoothlier sustaining the speed
As the rich tempest gather'd, and buzz-ringing moons
Of tambours, and huge basses, and giant bassoons;
And the golden trombone, that darteth its tongue
Like a bee of the gods; nor was absent the gong,
Like a sudden fate-bringing oracular sound
Of earth's iron genius, burst up from the ground,
A terrible slave come to wait on his masters
The gods, with exultings that clank'd like disasters;
And then spoke the organs, the very gods they,
Like thunders that roll on a wind-blowing day;
And, taking the rule of the roar in their hands,
Lo! the Genii of Music came out of all lands;
And one of them said, 'Will my lord tell his slave
What concert 'twould please his Firesideship to have?'

"Then I said, in a tone of immense will and pleasure,
'Let orchestras rise to some exquisite measure;
And let there be lights and be odours; and let
The lovers of music serenely be set;
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose-colour, fetch me the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And, with their own hands, let them play me their finest.'

"Then lo! was perform'd my immense will and pleasure,
And orchestras rose to an exquisite measure;
And lights were about me and odours; and set
Were the lovers of music, all wondrously met;
And then, with their singers in lily-white stoles,
And themselves clad in rose-colour, in came the souls
Of all the composers accounted divinest,
And, with their own hands, did they play me their finest.

"Oh! truly was Italy heard then, and Germany,
Melody's heart, and the rich brain of Harmony;
Pure Paisiello, whose airs are as new,
Though we know them by heart, as May-blossoms and dew;
And nature's twin-son, Pergolesi; and Bach,
Old father of fugues, with his endless fine talk;
And Gluck, who saw gods; and the learned sweet feeling
Of Haydn; and Winter, whose sorrows are healing;
And gentlest Corelli, whose bowing seems made

For a hand with a jewel ; and Handel array'd
In Olympian thunders, vast lord of the spheres,
Yet pious himself, with his blindness in tears,
A lover withal, and a conqueror, whose marches
Bring demigods under victorious arches ;
Then Arne, sweet and tricksome ; and masterly Purcell,
Lay-clerical soul ! and Mozart universal,
But chiefly with exquisite gallantries found,
With a grove in the distance of holier sound ;
Nor forgot was thy dulcitude, loving Sacchini ;
Nor love, young and dying, in shape of Bellini ;
Nor Weber, nor Himmel, nor Mirth's sweetest name,
Cimarosa ; much less the great organ-voiced fame
Of Marcello, that hush'd the Venetian sea ;
And strange was the shout, when it wept, hearing thee,
Thou soul full of grace as of grief, my heart cloven,
My poor, my most rich, my all-feeling Beethoven.
O'er all, like a passion, great Pasta was heard
As high as her heart, that truth-uttering bird ;
And Banti was there ; and Grassini, that goddess ;
Dark, deep-toned, large, lovely, with glorious bodice ;
And Mara ; and Malibran, stung to the tips
Of her fingers with pleasure ; and rich Fodor's lips
And, manly in face as in tone, Angrisani
And Naldi, thy whim ; and thy grace, Tramezzani ;
And was it a voice?—or what was it?—say—
That, like a fallen angel beginning to pray,
Was the soul of all tears and celestial despair !
Paganini it was, 'twixt his dark and flowing hair.

"So now we had instrument, now we had song—
Now chorus, a thousand-voiced one-hearted throng ;
Now pauses that pamper'd resumption, and now—
But who shall describe what was play'd us, or how?
'Twas wonder, 'twas transport, humility, pride ;
'Twas the heart of the mistress that sat by one's side ;
'Twas the Graces invisible, moulding the air
Into all that is shapely, and lovely, and fair,
And running our fancies their tenderest rounds
Of endearments and luxuries, turn'd into sounds ;
'Twas argument even, the logic of tones ;
'Twas memory, 'twas wishes, 'twas laughter, 'twas moans ;
'Twas pity and love, in pure impulse obey'd ;
'Twas the breath of the stuff of which passion is made.

"And these are the concerts I have at my will ;
Then dismiss them, and patiently think of your 'bill.'—
(*Aside*) Yet Lablache, after all, makes me long to go, still."

Leigh Hunt complained sadly, we are told, of the "pickpocket look, which the malice, or want of skill, of an engraver had conferred on that copy of his countenance which decorated his book about Lord Byron." Here we have him from the pencil of Maclise, somewhat later on, and already "beyond that *mezzo cammin* of which Dante sings,"—in his own words :—

"The thigh broad spread, the pressing thumb upon it,
And the jerk'd feather swaling in the bonnet,"—

"pursuing all the cockneyisms of his youth, fresh and verdant as when first they flourished in all the pride of amber-coloured silk inexpressibles, over the 'half mountain region of Hampstead.'" There is no lack of other portraits ; of which I have several, but they are artists' proofs, and I cannot indicate the painters or engravers. His face,—worn and sensitive

as that of Pope,—is seen to advantage in the vignette by Armytage, after a drawing by W. F. Williams, prefixed to the *Autobiography*; and there is a characteristic likeness of him, book in hand, photographed from the unfinished picture, painted from the life, in 1837, by Samuel Lawrence, in *The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt*, edited by his eldest son (London, Smith, Elder & Co., 1862, 2 vols. 8vo).

L.—WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

THIS delicately drawn portrait of the novelist, just at the time that he had achieved his reputation,—hair curled and oiled as that of an Assyrian bull, the gothic arch coat-collar, the high neckcloth and the tightly strapped trowsers,—exhibits as fine an exemplar as we could wish for, of the dandy of D'Orsay type, and pre-Victorian epoch.

The birth of AINSWORTH took place at Manchester in 1805. His father was of the law; and the lad was articled to a local solicitor with the view of adopting the paternal profession. Coming, however, to London to finish his terms, he became afflicted with the *cacoëthes scribendi*, the result of which was a slender volume of verse, published under the pen-name of "Cheviot Tichebourne," and dedicated to Charles Lamb. For that fine writer, Ainsworth had great veneration, and wrote some letters to him, accompanying a present of books, and pressing him to visit Manchester, the answers to which are preserved in Lamb's correspondence, as edited by Talfourd.

About a year later (1825) appeared a novel entitled *Sir John Chiverton*, which, with much of the erudity of youth, was characterized by a certain amount of talent, and even genius. It was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who noted in his diary (October 17th, 1826), that he had read it with interest, and thought it "a clever book," coupling with it in his praise the *Brambletye House* of Horace Smith, and claiming to be the originator of the style in which they were both written :—

"Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first and shew'd its use." *

This novel is generally ascribed to Ainsworth; but the attribution is erroneous, it having been actually the production of his friend and fellow-clerk in the office of Alexander Kay, of Manchester, Mr. John P. Aston, who is still practising his profession in London. The first edition bears the name of Ebers, of Bond Street, as publisher; but the second, which was a mere re-issue, was published by his friend Ainsworth himself, who then, having in 1826 married the daughter of Ebers, had given up the law for book-selling.

It may be supposed that, during the next eight years, the energies of the young publisher were absorbed by business, as it was not till 1834 that his next important work, *Rookwood*, made its appearance. Our author was now twenty-nine years of age; and was by the vast success of his book, at once lifted into fame and notoriety. This novel was avowedly modelled on those stirring productions of the leading French romancists,—Eugène Sue, Victor Hugo, and Alexandre Dumas,—the

* Swift.



W. H. Ainsworth.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD".

forcibly dramatic character of which had strongly excited his admiration, and, indeed, for a time,—for posterity will certainly reverse the judgment,—thrown into some eclipse even the fictions of Scott, and our own romantic school. In the concentration of his power upon the dramatic action of the story, and the avoidance of whatever did not seem subservient to the evolution of the plot and the proper comprehension of the situation, the young novelist sought to apply the treatment of the renowned French writers to episodes and personages of English story. *Rookwood* is a work of considerable, but unequal power; and with its once well-known "Romany Chant," and the brilliant episode of Dick Turpin's ride to York, established the author as a favourite with the novel-reading public. This latter chapter is a masterpiece of descriptive power, and, though its hero is but a subsidiary character, in great measure made the fortune of the book. "I wrote it" (the fourth book), says he to an interlocutor, "in twenty-four hours of continuous work. I had previously arranged the meeting at Kilburn Wells, and the death of Tom King—a work of some little time,—but from the moment I got Turpin on the high road, I wrote on and on till I landed him at York. I performed this literary feat, as you are pleased to call it, without the slightest sense of effort. I began in the morning, wrote all day, and as the night wore on, my subject had completely mastered me, and I had no power to leave Turpin on the high road. I was swept away by the curious excitement and novelty of the situation; and being personally a good horseman, passionately fond of horses, and possessed moreover of accurate knowledge of a great part of the country, I was thoroughly at home with my work, and galloped on with my pet highwayman merrily enough. I must, however, confess that when the work was in proof, I went over the ground between London and York to verify the distances and localities, and was not a little surprised at my accuracy." This is to the point; and its citation is the more necessary here to refute a statement, made by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L., upon the authority of the late Dr. Kenealy, and inserted in the fifth volume of an American edition of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, (in British Museum), to the effect that Maginn wrote the whole of Turpin's "Ride to York," as well as all the slang songs in *Rookwood*. There can be no truth in the statement; which should be regarded with suspicion, if only in consideration of the "authority" on which it depends. There is a smart review of *Rookwood*, comparing Ainsworth and Bulwer, to the advantage of the former, under the title of "High-Ways and Low-Ways, or Ainsworth's Dictionary, with Notes by Turpin," in *Fraser's Magazine*, for June, 1834.

Still emulous of the success of Dumas, and under the influence of that admiration which begets an imitative tendency, Ainsworth next applied himself to the production of a romance, the characters and incidents of which belong to the *Renaissance* period. In 1837 appeared *Crichton*, in 3 vols. 8vo. The hero is that "admirable" and almost mythical personage, whose traditional character and reputed accomplishments have been so capitally summed up by Ainsworth himself:—

"A song I'll write on
Matchless CRICHTON;
In wit, a bright one,
Form, a slight one,
Love, a light one!
Who talketh Greek with us
Like great Busbequius;
Knoweth the Cabala
Well as Mirandola;
Fate can reveal to us,
Like wise Cornelius;
Reasoneth like Socrates,

Or old Zenocrates ;
Whose system ethical,
Sound, dialectical,
Aristotelian,
Pantagruelian,
Like to Chameleon,
Choppeth and changeth,
Everywhere rangeth !
Who rides like Centaur,
Preaches like Mentor,
Drinks like Lyæus,
Sings like Tyrtæus,
Reads like Budæus,
Vaulteth like Tuccaro,
Painteth like Zucchero,
Diceth like Spaniard,
Danceth like galliard,
Tilts like Orlando,
Does all man can do !
'Qui pupas nobiles
Innumerabiles,
Amat amabiles ;
Atque Reginam
Navarræ divinam !'
Whose rare prosperity,
Grace and dexterity,
Courage, temerity,
Shall, for a verity,
Puzzle posterity !"

This novel sustained, if it did not greatly increase, the reputation of its author ; and besides its picturesque and graphic style of narrative, exhibited considerable reading and research. By its all accomplished hero,—if we are to credit Mr. Madden (*Life of Lady Blessington*, iii. 475), —Ainsworth intended to portray the varied talents and graces of his friend, Alfred Count d'Orsay.

Fielding and Defoe had chosen heroes from the criminal class ; but since their day the knights of the pistol, the crow-bar and the centre-bit had died,—the majority of them *suddenly*—"unwept, unhonoured and unsung" by the ungrateful world that benefited by the catastrophe. But now arose a new school of criminal romance. Bulwer put himself under a course of instruction such as that which "Mr. Job Jonson" imparts to *Pelham*, and achieved by his *Paul Clifford* a vast temporary success ; and Charles Dickens, in *Oliver Twist*, gave us the result of the patient observation and keen perception which he had brought to bear on the study of the London burglar and the Jew "fence." Ainsworth had discovered a new land of romance, and he now saw other adventurers invading the soil. He therefore cast about for another hero ; and speedily finding in "Jack Sheppard" a fit rival for "Turpin," he produced, in 1839, the novel which bears the name of this noted unworthy. The story, as the then rising novelist told it, pleased young and old alike ; and became so extraordinarily popular that no fewer than eight different versions were produced upon the London stage, and the sale exceeded that even of *Oliver Twist*. Nor was this popularity merely evanescent ; for I have seen it stated upon good authority that so long after its publication as the second half of the last decade, "Jack," found twelve thousand purchasers in five years. Anyway, whatever may be the abstract merits or demerits of the book, it is certain to enjoy a permanent life, if only from the inimitable etchings of GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, who has made the subject truly his own :—

"CRUIKSHANK, 'tis thine to gild with fame
Th' obscure, and raise the humble name ;
To make the form elude the grave,
And SHEPPARD from oblivion save.

"Tho' life in vain the wretch implores,
An exile on the farthest shores,
Thy pencil brings a kind reprieve,
And bids the dying robber live.

"This piece to latest time shall stand,
And show the wonders of thy hand.

Thus former masters graced their name,
And gave egregious robbers fame.

"Apelles, Alexander drew,
Cæsar is to Aurelius due;
Cromwell in Lely's work doth shine,
And Sheppard, CRUIKSHANK, lives in thine!"

To confess the truth, Sheppard enjoys a double immortality; for the foregoing verses, which I transcribe from *The Malefactors' Register; or, a New Newgate and Tyburn Calendar* (p. 408), were actually written to celebrate a former delineation, in oils, of the notorious burglar by SIR JAMES THORNHILL, who visited him in Newgate for the express purpose of taking him *ad vivum*, and whose *first sketch*, now before me, bears, in its vigour, not to speak of the autograph below, better evidence of its genuineness than a certificate "with five justices' hands to it, and witnesses more than a page would hold." Walter Thornbury, with that detestable spirit of detraction so peculiarly British, holds these novels of Ainsworth very cheap. "Even Dickens," says he, "had his fine gold jewelled by Cruikshank. Ainsworth's tawdry rubbish—now all but forgotten, and soon to sink deep in the mudpool of oblivion, was illuminated with a false splendour by this great humorist";* and elsewhere points out the great artist's "Rembrandtic nightmare of the 'Headsman sharpening his Axe,' from Ainsworth's melodramatic novel, *The Tower of London*,—a wonderful weird dusk, with no light but that which glimmers on the bald scalp of the hideous headsman, who, feeling the edge of his axe with his thumb, grins with a devilish foretaste of his pleasure on the morrow. I need scarcely say that all the poetry, dramatic force, mystery, and terror of the design is attributable to Cruikshank." I have already alluded to the controversy as to whether artist or writer has claim to the origination of these illustrated novels; whether, in short, these were "written up" to Cruikshank's etchings, or the latter merely illustrated what the novelist had already written. Cruikshank complained that his name was ignored in the announcements of *The Miser's Daughter*, as dramatized by Mr. Andrew Halliday; and I think that Mr. Ainsworth was entitled to a counter-growl,—like Master Pierce Egan in old days,—on the score that *his* works were catalogued by the booksellers under Cruikshank's name, and their currency attributed to that artist's illustrations. The first edition of *Rookwood* was published before any acquaintance existed between artist and novelist; but Cruikshank's services were called in to illustrate a later issue. *Jack Sheppard* was published in *Bentley's Miscellany;* Cruikshank made the designs for this, and asserts that it was the "only bit of MS. of the author that he ever saw in the whole course of his life." *Guy Fawkes* appeared in the same serial, and received, too, the advantage of the artist's master-hand; then came *The Tower of London*,—of which Cruikshank claimed the "original idea," published in monthly numbers, and in which he and Ainsworth were equal partners; *The Miser's Daughter; Windsor Castle*, the first part of which was illustrated by Tony Johannot, and the remainder by Cruikshank; and, finally, *St. James's; or, the Court of Queen Anne*, which was the last of Ainsworth's novels which Cruikshank illustrated.

I have pointed out elsewhere† that the capital drinking-song, "Jolly

* *British Artists from Hogarth to Turner*, vol. ii. p. 59.
† *Notes and Queries*, December 19th, 1863, p. 488.

Nose," which, put into the mouth of "Blueskin," in the novel, *Jack Sheppard*, became so famous by Paul Bedford's impersonation of the character, is a translation of one of the *Vaux-de-Vire* of the fine old Norman Anacreon, Olivier Basselin. These, with other *chansons-à-boire* of the same period, have been collected by the *Bibliophile Jacob*, and published by A. Delahays (Paris, 1858, 8vo), and thus placed within reach of lovers of the *esprit gaulois*. I give both versions for comparison :—

"À SON NEZ.

"Beau Nez, dont les rubis ont cousté mainte pipe
De vin blanc et clairet,
Et duquel la couleur richement participe
Du rouge et violet ;

"Gros Nez ! Qui te regarde à travers un grand verre,
Te juge encore plus beau.
Tu ne ressembles point au nez de quelque hère
Qui ne boit que de l'eau.

"Un coq d'Inde, sa gorge à toy semblable porte :
Combien de riches gens
N'ont pas si riche nez ! Pour te peindre en la sorte,
Il faut beaucoup de temps.

"Le verre est le pinceau, duquel on t'enlumine ;
Le vin est la couleur
Dont on t'a peint ainsi plus rouge qu'une guisgne
En beuvant du meilleur.

"On dit qu'il nuit aux yeux ; mais seront-ils les maistres ?
Le vin est la guarison
De mes maux : j'aime mieux perdre les deux fenestres
Que toute la maison."

"DRINKING SONG.

"Jolly Nose ! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
Were dug from the mines of Canary ;
And to keep up their lustre I moisten my lip
With hogsheads of claret and sherry.

"Jolly Nose ! he who sees thee across a broad glass,
Beholds thee in all thy perfection ;
And to the pale snout of a temperate ass
Entertains the profoundest objection.

"[For a turkey-cock's neck one might surely mistake thee :
Why there's many a well-to-do fellow
Can't boast such a nose ! What a time it must take thee
To get to a colouring so mellow.] *

"For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
And the choicest of wine is my colour ;
And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues,
The fuller I fill it,—the fuller.

"Jolly Nose ! there are fools who say drink hurts the sight :
Such dullards know nothing about it ;
'Tis better with wine to extinguish the light,
Than live always in darkness without it."

In an interesting paper in *Belgravia* for November, 1881, I find it stated by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, that the enumeration of the works of

* For the sake of completeness, I have supplied the stanza in brackets, which Mr. Ainsworth, judiciously for his purpose, omitted.

Ainsworth occupy no fewer than forty pages of the British Museum Catalogue. I cannot thus be expected to give a complete bibliography here, or do otherwise than pass over without mention many productions worthy of separate notice. Amid a whole library of works of fiction, manifesting the extraordinary fecundity and versatility of their author, and underlaid by a basis of historical knowledge and research, it is not easy to select any for special mention. In his *Tower of London* (1840) he dealt with a higher class of criminals, and thus conciliated that large class of readers which takes a vast interest in the depiction of vice when it is clad in velvet and broad-cloth, but finds it vulgar and repulsive when it is presented in fustian and high-lows. In *St. James's, or the Court of Queen Anne* (1844), we find a vivid picture of Court life, and a spirited defence of the private character of Marlborough. In the *Lancashire Witches* (1848), dedicated to his old friend, James Crossley, F.S.A., the President of the Chetham Society, he has, with considerable artistic skill, made use of the materials afforded by two works of the Chetham series—Potts's *Discovery*, and the *Journals* of Nicolas Assheton—to illustrate in a powerful and striking manner the grand superstition of his native county. To *The Flitch of Bacon* (1854), we owe a temporary revival to one of the most curious of our old English customs, that instituted more than seven hundred years before at Great Dunmow in Essex, of giving a "Gamon of Bacon" to a man and his wife who had taken an oath, pursuant to the ancient "Custom of Confession," if ever—

> "———you either married man or wife,
> By household brawles or contentious strife,
> Or otherwise, in bed or at boord,
> Did offend each other in deed or word,
> Or, since the Parish *Clerk* said *Amen*,
> You wish't yourselves unmarried agen,
> Or in a twelve months' time and a day,
> Repented not in thought any way;
> But continued true and just in desire,
> As when you joyned hands in the holy quire," etc.*

Two others,—*Mervyn Clitheroe* (1857) and *Ovingdean Grange* (1860),—may be finally mentioned, from their more or less autobiographic character; the former graphically bringing before us the localities and school associates of Ainsworth's boyhood,—the latter, describing life on the South Downs, a part of England with which he was well acquainted.

The various Editorial and Proprietary engagements of Ainsworth must have involved a vast amount of anxiety, labour, and responsibility. Very early in his career he published a literary serial, under the title of *The Manchester Iris;* and I am not sure that the first volume of *The Keepsake* was not edited by him. In 1840, on the retirement of Charles Dickens, he undertook the management of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in which he published *Guy Fawkes* and the *Tower of London.* To the *Sunday Times* he contributed *Old St. Paul's*, in weekly instalments. At the close of 1841, he, in turn, retired from *Bentley's*, and started the magazine which bore his own name, in which also several of his romances appeared. In 1845, he added to his already onerous tasks, the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in which he published his *Star Chamber*, and

* See Brand's *Popular Antiquities;* Hone's *Every Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 802; *History of the Dunmow Flitch*, by W. Andrews, (Tegg & Co., 1877); *Notes and Queries*, 6th S. vii. 135.

other novels ; and he subsequently became proprietor of the serial, with which, in London, he was earliest associated.

In 1855, was published *Ballads, Romantic, Fantastical and Humorous*, —re-issued in later days by Routledge, in the usual tawdry, dateless fashion, which London publishers perversely suppose to be favoured by the public, with illustrations on wood by Sir John Gilbert. The volume is of unique character, and contains pieces of such originality and merit that one is led to regret that the author did not further cultivate a kind of composition for which he showed a special talent. Here will be found many lyrics, the titles of which will recall to grey-beards the days of their youth,—"Nix my doll, pals," "Will Davies and Dick Turpin," "The Carpenter's Daughter," "Old Grindrod's Ghost," "The Headsman's Axe," "The Corpse-Candle," "Jolly Nose," "The Carrion-Crow," "The Mandrake," "The Churchyard Yew,"—and especially, a piece of a different class, "The Combat of the Thirty," written in 1855, and appended to the more recent edition, being a most spirited and picturesque version of a "Breton Lay of the Fourteenth Century," giving an account of the "Battle of Thirty Englishmen against Thirty Bretons, which took place in Brittany in the Year of Grace, One thousand three hundred and fifty, on Saturday, the Vigil of Sunday LÆTARE JERUSALEM,"* the details of which are further supplied by a missing chapter of Froissart, discovered among the MS. collections of the Prince de Soubise, and first published in 1824, by the finder, M. Buchon, in his *Chroniques Nationales et Etrangères.*

One of Ainsworth's earliest residences was the "Elms" at Kilburn. From this he removed to Kensal Manor House, on the Harrow Road, where, for a long series of years, he dispensed his genial and liberal hospitality to the large circle of friends,—chiefly literary men and artists, —who made it a rallying point. From this he removed to Brighton, and later on, to Tunbridge Wells. Subsequently, in the retirement befitting his advancing years, he resided with his eldest daughter, Fanny, at Hurstpierpoint. He had also a residence at St. Mary's Road, Reigate, Surrey ; and here he died, on Sunday, January 3rd, 1882, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. On the 9th of the same month, his remains were interred at the Kensal Green Cemetery ; the ceremony being of very quiet and simple character, in accordance with his express wish.

Among the ancestors of the novelist were, if I mistake not, Robert Ainsworth, the celebrated Latin lexicographer ; and his parental grandfather was Jeremiah Ainsworth, one of the founders of the Lancashire school of Geometry. A connection, on his mother's side, was Mr. John Badcock, who, under the pseudonym of "John Bee,"—or, more properly, "Ion Bee," is the author, *inter alia,* of *The Dictionary of the Turf, the Ring, the Chase, the Pit, of Bon Ton, and the Varieties of Life*, etc. (1823 8vo), and *The Living Picture of London* (1828, 8vo).

To the later editions of *Rookwood* is prefixed an interesting memoir of Ainsworth by Laman Blanchard ; and his own early friend, and his father's partner, James Crossley, F.S.A., of Manchester, contributed a biographical sketch of the novelist to the *Manchester School Register*, vol. iii. pp. 122–5, which also serves as an introduction to the Routledge reprint of the *Ballads.*

* March 27th, 1351. (New style).



Yours very sincerely

Tho. Hill

AUTHOR OF THE "MIRROR OF FASHION".

LI.—THOMAS HILL.

As the "Paul Pry" of Poole and Liston, the "Hull" of *Gilbert Gurney*, and the no less immortal "Jack Hobbleday" of *Little Pedlington*,—if not as an "Illustrious Literary Character,"—the "thrice-centenarian TOM HILL,—the "TOM HILL of all the realm of Cockayne,"—demands some record here, although he with Louis Eustache Ude and Grant Thorburn, are inserted in the "Gallery," as "no more than curiosities."* As to age, he was always considered quite a Methuselah. James Smith said that it was impossible to discover it, because his parish-register had been burnt in the Fire of London, and he took advantage of the circumstance to conceal the year of his nativity; and Theodore Hook capped this with a "Pooh, pooh!"—Hill's characteristic exclamation,—"he's one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms!" I hardly make him out to be quite so old as this would come to; but there is little doubt that he had past his 80th year, when he died, December 2nd, 1841, where for the preceding thirty years he had lived, in the second floor chambers, No. 2, James Street, Strand, and "London lost one of its choicest spirits and humanity one of her kindest-hearted sons."

As to the character of "Hull" in *Gilbert Gurney*, Lockhart says, "Hook has painted that good-natured, harmless little gossip to the life"; and adds (which one is glad to know), that the chapters were read in MS. to the prototype himself, who felt flattered by the notice given to him, and gave a joyful *imprimatur*. The same authority further says,—"As a mere octogenarian he was wonderful enough. No human being would from his appearance, gait, or habits, have guessed him to be sixty. Till within three months of his death, he rose at five usually, and brought the materials for his breakfast home with him to the Adelphi from a walk to Billingsgate; and at dinner he would eat and drink like an adjutant of five-and-twenty. One secret was, that a "banyan-day" uniformly followed a festivity. He then nursed himself most carefully on tea and dry toast, tasted neither meat nor wine, and went to bed by eight o'clock. But perhaps the grand secret was the easy imperturable serenity of his temper. He had been kind and generous in the days of his wealth, and though his evening was comparatively poor, his cheerful heart kept its even beat."†

It is as the proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror*, to which Kirke White contributed, that Southey makes allusion to Hill, speaking of him as "a gentleman who is himself a lover of English literature, and who has probably the most copious collection of English poetry in existence." This is perhaps the "puffery" to which Maginn alludes; for Lockhart styles Hill, in reference to this collection, "the most innocent and ignorant of the bibliomaniacs." This library was formed by him in his palmy days, when he carried on a prosperous business at Queenhithe, as a drysalter; and afterwards, when he lost the greater part of the fortune he had accumulated, by an unsuccessful speculation in indigo, was valued

* *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. xxi. p. 22.
† *Theodore Hook: a Sketch* (Murray, 1852, p. 25).

at £6000. Hill was, too, a Mecænas in his way, and was an early patron of Bloomfield and Kirke White. He read *The Farmer's Boy* in manuscript, and had sufficient judgment to recommend it to a publisher. He was a regular *quidnunc* in his manners; was always about, knew everything, and had always, in some mysterious way, seen what was to be seen before any one else. In allusion to this and his constant presence at the "private views" of exhibitions, it is recorded by a wag, that when he was asked if he had seen the new comet, he replied,—"Pooh, pooh! I was present at the private view." Hill led a long life and a merry one. He did not suffer the loss of his property to affect him greatly, and retired contentedly to the quiet haven of the Adelphi. His death took place from the natural progress of decay, his physician telling him,—"I can do no more for you; I have done all I can. I cannot cure age."

A better idea of the Hillian interlocution could hardly be gained than that afforded by Maginn's happy imitation:—"Well, Hill, how do things look at Billingsgate this morning? Covent Garden lively, Tom? What do you think of John Black permitting Bear Ellice to put his paw in the leader? Pooh, pooh, Hill! All Heber's concern gone yet? How does Cochrane get on with your worthy young friend, Lord Shammus, of Should-be?—stirring, eh? When did you dine with Murray, Tom? What is Wright about now? I think I could trace a certain fine *Roman* hand in the last *Fraser*. Ah, you wag! how could you do Hogg so? Pot and kettle, Tom, eh? Any more Ramsbottoms coming? Theodore hearty this summer? What's Lockhart thinking of for next number, old cock? Ah, those pea and thimble rogues! Now do tell me, what's Brougham's regular dose, Hill? Does Fricour still keep up his fame for the roast turbot? What has Southey got for his edition of Cowper? My eye! how the laureate puffed you in his preface to Kirke White! Why was Lady T—— so *werry* dolorous when Grizzle made his blubbering exit? What the deuce is that new print you've stuck up alongside of Parr? Ah, Tom! those were merry days when you, and I, and Perry, and John Kemble, ran our rigs together,—*sic transit*. Have you had a tumbler with Sir Morgan lately? How's James? Come, now, what *did* you turn by your tickets for the abbey, Tom? What's all this about Mulgrave, Hillock? You'll take the thing up at the Garrick, won't you? Fie! do you think we've forgotten all about *you* and the Bellamy? Ah, Tom, the White Hermitage! How you floored Dubois, Andrews, Smith, Twiss,—every mother's son of them, and then went up to sup with the Duchess, you dog! Lord, Lord! if you ever do make a die of it, how your cellar will cut up! Why the mischief don't you write your memoirs, Hill? Do by all means!—Life and Works, in the same shape with Byron's, Crabbe's, and so forth. Plenty of facts—pooh! pooh! bushels, bushels. I dare say the Emperor would not mind a thousand,—eh, Chimborazo?—Come, Tommy, 'tis eleven o'clock; get on your boots again; don't you forget your umbrella, my boy! Oh, Jupiter, how capitally Mathews hits off your grunt! Little Davy never did you better at Hampton."

Here is a passage which, as I transcribe it, suggests all that liberality of annotation which overrides the text of Grey's *Hudibras*, Warton's *Milton*, or a *Variorum* classic; but I must really leave the reader, who may think that the game is worth the candle, to hunt up the "Who's Who," and "What's What" for himself, while I seek to extract, for a

brief moment, the once well-known Amphytrion from his long and undisturbed slumber in the limbo of obliviosities.

Leigh Hunt was an occasional partaker of the Dominical *Symposia* at Sydenham. Here he would meet Thomas Campbell, the poet, who was a neighbour of the host; the brothers Smith, of the *Rejected Addresses*, of whom more anon; Theodore Hook, who has already received befitting notice; Mathews (the elder), the comedian;* the classical and witty barrister, Dubois,† who edited the *Monthly Mirror*, of which Hill was the proprietor; and others of more or less note. "Our host," says Hunt, "was a jovial bachelor, plump and rosy as an abbot; and no abbot could have presided over a more festive Sunday. The wine flowed merrily and long; the discourse kept pace with it; and next morning, in returning to town, we felt ourselves very thirsty. A pump by the roadside, with a plash round it, was a bewitching sight."

As I have spoken of JOHN POOLE and his *Little Pedlington*, a few words may not be inopportune here about one of the wittiest writers, and cleverest social satires, of the former half-century. About 1810, when scarcely out of his teens,—the date of his birth I do not know,—he gained some reputation in literature by the publication of a slender volume entitled *Hamlet Travestie, with Burlesque Annotations after the manner of Dr. Johnson and Geo. Steevens, Esq., and the various Commentators*, of which the sixth edition (1817, 8vo) is before me. This he followed up in 1812 by a similar parody of *Romeo and Juliet*, which hardly met with equal favour. About the same period he commenced a dramatic career of extraordinary success by a one-act interlude entitled *Intrigue;* which was succeeded by some half-century of pieces, many of which,—such as *Simpson & Co.*, *Turning the Tables*, *Deaf as a Post*, etc.,—still keep possession of the stage. But Poole's most remarkable production was *Paul Pry*, already alluded to, which, with such artists in the original cast as Farren, Pope, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Waylett, Madame Vestris and Liston, ran through two seasons (1825-6), at the Haymarket, and achieved a popularity, which has been kept up to the present day by the talent of Wright and Toole. In 1831, he wrote a *quasi* autobiographic sketch of himself, to accompany his portrait, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and therein gave an account of the origin of that immortal character, which he never would admit had been suggested by Tom Hill. Farce-writers are prone, in the titles of their pieces, to affect a certain alliterative

* The widow of the actor has given us an account of these pleasant "Sydenham Sundays," as they were called. See her *Memoirs of Charles Mathews*, iii. 626.

† It was this Edward Dubois who was actually author of a curious volume which I have seen ascribed to Thomas Hood and others. This was a humorous attack upon the "Tours" of Sir John Carr, and was entitled, *My Pocket Book; or Hints for "A Ryghte Merrie and Conceitede" Tour in Quarto; to be called "The Stranger in Ireland" in 1805, with humorous plates, by a Knight Errant* (3rd ed., London, 1808, 8vo). This excited the ire of the worthy knight, who brought an action for libel against Hood and Sharpe, the publishers, which resulted, July 25th, 1808, in a verdict for the defendants. In the same year, too, emanated from the press a "retort courteous" to the satire of Dubois. This was called *Old Nick's Pocket Book; or Hints for "a Ryghte Pedantique and Manglynge" Publication to be called "My Pocket Book." By Himself* (London, 8vo, 1808). Dubois was also author of a charming volume entitled *The Wreath; composed of selections from Sappho, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, etc., to which are added Remarks on Shakespeare, etc.* (London, 1799, 8vo). He became a magistrate in the Court of Requests, and died so recently as January 10th, 1850, "in spite of his love of port."

association, of which the familiar "Who's Who" of Poole is an example; and Mr. Blanchard points out that the same principle is illustrated in the names of the authors, inasmuch as, fifty years ago, Poole, Pocock, Peake and Planché had possession of the stage, just as Boucicault, Brough, Byron and Burnand, have, in later days, held the sovereignty of the boards. At this period, the reputation of Poole, as a humorous and witty writer, was such that, on the first appearance of the *Pickwick Papers*, the authorship was by many ascribed to him. To the *New Monthly Magazine*, at that time under the editorship of Mr. S. C. Hall, he was a favourite contributor; and in that serial appeared from his pen, by monthly instalments, one of the most remarkable, witty and genial satires which this century has produced. It was at first entitled *A New Guide Book;* and its purport was, not to puff into notoriety some newly discovered watering-place, but to ridicule the complacent ignorance, the fussy inanities, and the petty jealousies of a small provincial town. All this is done in the happiest vein imaginable; and the typical characters of such a place,—the local antiquary, with his "Museum," the Master of the Ceremonies, the leading Publican, the Portrait Painter, whom the jealousy of his Metropolitan brethren has kept out of the Academy, the small-beer Poet and Poetess,—not to forget the officious and pertinacious busy-body, little "Jack Hobbleday," of whom Hill, perhaps without much reason, has been supposed to be the prototype,—are all touched off in the most masterly and felicitous manner. As the papers were greatly admired, the writer was induced to continue them beyond his original intention. They became perhaps at last somewhat wire-drawn; and were finally republished in two volumes, under the title of *Little Pedlington and the Pedlingtonians* (1839, 2 vols. 8vo). With the publication in 1842 of *Phineas Quiddy or Sheer Industry* a novel in three volumes, octavo, which had also appeared in the *New Monthly*, the literary career of Poole may be said to have closed. He betook himself to Paris, where, falling into poverty and ill-health, a subscription was made for him. The Queen gave him a nomination to the Charter House, but, like poor John Timbs, he could not conform to the wholesome and necessary restraint of such an institution. He afterwards obtained, mainly through the instrumentality of Charles Dickens, a Crown pension of one hundred pounds, the quarterly instalments of which were, after the death of the great novelist, regularly conveyed by his son, together with the welcome news of the world, to the aged author, in his solitary lodgings in Kentish Town. Mr. S. C. Hall, who devotes a couple of pages to him in his charming *Book of Memories*, says that the last decade of his life, which was a scarcely ever interrupted course of self-sacrifice to *eau de vie*, was passed in Paris; and that he died in 1862. But this is erroneous. John Poole, it is true, disappeared from Paris about this time; but it was to take up his abode in London. As to the *cognac* I cannot speak; but his devotion to this beverage,—even if Mr. Hall is right,—can hardly be termed a "self-sacrifice," inasmuch as the consummation was not effected till ten years later, February 5th, 1872, when he died in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He had long outlived his generation, and few stood around the grave in Highgate Cemetery, where, on February 11th, were deposited the remains of the last survivor of one of the most brilliant literary brotherhoods that has ever catered for the amusement of the public.

One word more to "Hillock," the jovial and the jolly, before I betake



Yours ever G R Gleig

AUTHOR OF "THE SURALTERN

myself to "fresh fields and pastures new." Besides the library of which I have spoken, he also possessed a large collection of literary curiosities and relics, the sale of which,—library I think included,—by auction, occupied an entire week. Among them was Garrick's cup, formed from the mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare in his garden at New Place, Stratford-on-Avon. This fetched forty guineas. A small vase and pedestal, carved from the same mulberry-tree, and presented formerly to Garrick, was sold, with a coloured drawing of it, for ten guineas; and a block of wood, cut from the celebrated willow planted by Pope at his villa at Twickenham, brought a guinea. Now I need not tell my reader, who is *tant soit peu* a curio-hunter, that Shakespeare's mulberry-tree is distinguished by the same remarkable property of reproduction, which is possessed by the *vera crux;* and that, between one and the other, if the *membra disjecta* could be only brought together, we should have about enough timber for the construction of an old-fashioned "three-decker." Another Shakespeare cup,—I believe the very identical one presented to Garrick, at the time of the Jubilee, by the Mayor and Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon,—was purchased by Mr. J. Johnson, on May 5th, 1825, for the sum of one hundred and twenty-one guineas; and was by him sold, July 4th, 1846, for the lower amount of £40 8s. 6d., to Mr. Isaacs, of Upper Gower Street.* A third was in the possession of the late eminent bibliopole, Joseph Lilly; and I have seen, or heard of, many others. Garrick, at all events, could hardly have been "a cup too few."

LII.—REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG.

As the *ultimus Romanorum*,—the only *simulacrum* in our "Gallery" (if I may use a figure of speech), which the ruthless iconoclast, Time, has not hurled from its pedestal and shivered in the dust,—as the *facile atavus* of our existing literature,—and one who through a long and honourable course of nearly nine decades has done good service to the cause of religion, letters, and education,—it is impossible to regard, or speak of, the venerable subject of this memoir otherwise than with a feeling of the deepest interest and the profoundest respect.

There is a story in an early volume of *Blackwood*, called "The First and Last Dinner." It tells how a jovial party of young fellows, in the heyday of life, entered into a compact to dine together every year. No new member was to be added to their number, but the vacant chairs of any who should die were to be placed around the board at the successive meetings. One of the party, if I remember rightly, was drowned on the very day that the agreement was made; but still some years passed before the original number suffered diminution in the ordinary course of nature. But the mills of Time grind surely, if slowly; and year by year—

> "A narrower circle seemed to meet
> Around the board,—each vacant seat
> A dark and sad remembrance brought"—

* *Curiosities of London*, etc., by John Timbs, F.S.A., 1868, 8vo, 2nd ed. p. 2.

till, at last, himself in extreme old age, the last survivor of the merry brotherhood, took his solitary seat on the appointed day, with the tenantless chairs all in grim array to meet his eye, the echo of stilled laughter and past voices to fill his ears, and the memory of buried friendships to throw their dark shadow over his saddened retrospect! The *last* look, the *last* word, the *last* farewell, are all phrases of awfully suggestive import. Thus there is no room for wonder that the consideration of the *last* term of any series has ever had a powerful charm for thoughtful men. Chateaubriand has left us *Le Dernier Abencerage;* Cooper, *The Last of the Mohicans;* Eugène Sue, *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné;* John Galt, *The Last of the Lairds;* Cumberland, *The Last of the Family;* Colley Cibber, *Love's Last Shift* (which a clever Frenchman translated *La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour*); E. M. Ward has painted *The Last Sleep of Argyle;* and Bulwer,—who has harped pretty well on the string,—has written *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Last of the Barons*, *The Last of the Tribunes*, and *The Last of the Saxon Kings.* The imagination of Campbell has dared to anticipate that awful day, when the stars shall fall unto the earth, and heaven depart as a scroll; and his *Last Man* is a picture of terrible and ghastly significance. There is a *Last Man* also of Thomas Hood; and this, though depicted from a different standpoint, is not without a weird and grim suggestiveness of its own. Moreover, if placed among *Whims and Oddities,* it is only the more characteristic of that unique genius, in whom the grotesque and the pathetic so often intermerged. What is true of the race, is true also of the generation, the family, or the circle. And it is a sad and sorrowful thing, however we regard it,—this superfluous lagging of the veteran on the stage, to use Johnson's phrase,*—this hanging of the "Last Leaf" on the tree, to which Oliver Wendell Holmes so pathetically likens the forlornness of the old man who has survived the friends of his youth,—this "blooming alone" of *The Last Rose of Summer*, in Tom Moore's exquisite song,—this "staying to the last" at the feast of life, which suggested to the same poet one of his most touching verses:—

"When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in winter weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!"

Well, this is a train of reflection into which I have been, as it were, imperceptibly led,—and which, perhaps, I may have followed too far,—by the contemplation of the inimitable cartoon which stands at the forefront of this volume. I wondered if the LAST SURVIVOR of that gay Fraserian *symposium* ever gazed in like manner at the pictured representation, and what tricks might be played on his wandering thought by imagination and memory. Do wit and scholar vanish from the board, the hum of converse cease like a tale that is told, and he alone remain to do the honours of the feast,—there where he sits, on the left hand of

* *The Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Maginn, between Frank Mahony and Sir Egerton Brydges? Or do shadowy forms fill the vacant chairs, and jest, anecdote and repartee, sound, in lingering echo, on the ear of the dreamer? Does he ever visit, in fancy or reality, the once festive chamber? and has he ever wished, like "Master Humphrey" in the story of Dickens, that when he too, like all, should be dead, the house itself should be shut up, and the vacant chairs left in their accustomed places round the table?—for it would be pleasant, the old man fondly thought, to reflect that the shades of the departed might, perhaps, still assemble as of yore, and still join in ghostly converse.

But enough of this; let me try to get at a few facts. The Rev. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG was born in 1796, the son of a Scottish bishop. He was fitly educated at the knees of the "great mother of Churchmen and Tories"; but, fired with military zeal, enlisted himself as a volunteer in a regiment which chanced to pass through Oxford, on its way to Lisbon. He, by and by, obtained a commission in the 85th Regiment of Light Infantry; and enjoyed a career in the Peninsula which furnished materials for his most interesting book, *The Subaltern*, published in 1825. He served with distinction in the American campaign, and was severely wounded at what Fraser calls the "righteous capture" of Washington by the British forces, under General Ross; and, if I am not mistaken, he fought, and was again wounded, at Waterloo. He then retired on half-pay, completed his studies at Oxford, took holy orders, married, and was, in 1822, presented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the living of Ivy Church, Kent, valued in the *Clergy List* at £405 per annum. In 1844, he was appointed to the Chaplainship of Chelsea Hospital. In 1846, he became Chaplain-General to the forces; shortly after, a Prebendary of St. Paul's; and, having devised a scheme for the education of soldiers, he was appropriately made Inspector-General of Military Schools.

Mr. Gleig is a somewhat prolific author. Besides his *Subaltern*, of which I have spoken, he has written an account of the *Campaigns of Washington and New Orleans;* a *History of India; The Chronicles of Waltham; The Story of the Battle of Waterloo; Military History of Great Britain; The Country Curate* (a collection of tales); *Traditions of Chelsea Hospital; Lives* of Clive, Hastings, Munro and Wellington; and many others.

He has also been a large contributor to the leading critical serials. Many of his scattered papers have been collected under the title of *Essays: Biographical, Historical and Miscellaneous, Contributed to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews* (London, Longmans, 1858, 2 vols. 8vo). The essays in these volumes are as follows: Vol. I.—"Dr. Chalmers," "Defensive Armaments," "Natural Theology," "Military Bridges," and "The War in the Punjaub;" Vol. II.—"The Puritans," "General Miller," "India and its Army," "The Mädchenstein," and "Military Education."

There are also two volumes of *Sermons* from his pen, and he has edited a useful series of School-books.

According to Maginn, he is "a very good fellow,—of course a decided enemy to cant in every form; but a stanch Churchman,—orthodox as Lefroy, devout as Wetherell, kind-hearted as Inglis, jolly as Boyton, and zealous as Billy Holmes." But the Doctor hints at a contingency that has never happened, when he speaks of the reclaimed soldier perchance,

"in case of accidents," throwing off his gown, to "gird the sword upon his thigh, and go forth to batter other substances than the 'drum ecclesiastic'":—

"Thus if THE ROW were opening now,
Would flame once more the soul of Gleig;
The surpliced crew he'd then eschew,
To sport claymore and philibeg.
One rub-a-dub brings Parson Sub,
Where beams the banner of 'THE BEAU';
Nor Hume nor Place find softer grace
Than savage Soult, or scamp Junôt,
In fields Iberian long ago!"

MR. GLEIG seems by this time thoroughly indurated in that "habit of living" of which someone speaks; and I sincerely hope that he will not be called on to break it till he has contributed an instance of centenarianism to the scanty list admitted by my friend, Mr. Thoms. Not but what there is a certain degree of longevity, which,—all unwitting that he himself should furnish an example of it,—is termed "preposterous" by poor John Poole, who so amusingly touches upon the subject in one of his humorous essays, that I shall transcribe the passage,—if only as an anti-climax:—"At sixty-nine, a man will look with complacency on the approaching termination of his career, as an event to be expected in the ordinary course of nature. Once allow him to turn seventy, he has then escaped the fatal three-score and ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person, if he received notice of ejectment a day short of ninety. Ninety comes, and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on and overlooked him. He asks why Nature has so long delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a Statute of Limitations. In his more rational moments he talks of nothing but Old Parr. He burns his will, marries his housemaid, hectors his son and heir who is seventy, and canes his grandchild, a lad of fifty, for keeping late hours!"

LIII.—WILLIAM GODWIN.

"YONDER walks William Godwin! The marks of age press heavily upon him; but there gleams out of that strange face and above that stranger figure the eye of fire which lighted up with the conceptions of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Wonderful books! Once read, not only ever remembered but ever graven on the mind of those who know how to read. We can enter into the feeling of Lord Byron's exclamation, when, after asking Godwin why he did not write a new novel, his lordship received from the old man the answer, that it would kill him. 'And what matter,' said the poet; 'we should have another *St. Leon*.'"

"Godwin," said Northcote to Hazlitt, in one of their famous colloquies, "is a profligate in theory, and a bigot in conduct. He does not seem at all to practice what he preaches, though this does not appear to avail him anything." "Yes," replied Hazlitt, "he writes against himself. He has



William Gowin

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON MAN."

written against matrimony, and has been twice married. He has scouted all the commonplace duties, and yet he is a good husband and a kind father. He is a strange composition of contrary qualities. He is a cold formalist, and full of ardour and enthusiasm of mind; dealing in magnificent projects and petty cavils; naturally dull, and brilliant by dint of study; pedantic and playful; a dry logician, and a writer of romances." * Talfourd, in like strain, depicts the two-fold character of the old philosopher:—"He was a man of two beings, which held little discourse with each other,—the daring inventor of theories contrasted with air-drawn diagrams,—and the simple gentleman, who suffered nothing to disturb or excite him, beyond his study." S. C. Hall, in his *Book of Memories*, says, "Few who saw this man of calm exterior, quiet manners, and inexpressive features,—seeming generally half asleep when he walked, and even when he talked,—could have believed him to have originated three romances,—*Falkland*, *Caleb Williams*, and *St. Leon*,—not yet forgotten because of their terrible excitements,—and the work, *Political Justice*, which, for a time, created a sensation that was a fear in every state of Europe." This same incongruity seemed to attach to Godwin in everything. His stature was short, yet his massive head might have befitted a giant. His voice was thin and small, and the topics of his conversation usually trivial; yet he had, in the solitude of his study, promulgated theories which had convulsed nations and shaken thrones. His demeanour, we learn from Lamb's biographer, was drowsy and spiritless, nor could the most interesting society keep him awake after dinner; yet his imagination had kindled works which will never die, and he had achieved a reputation "which once filled the civilized world with its echoes."

GODWIN was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, March 3rd, 1756. His father was a Nonconformist minister, as had been his grandfather also. Godwin naturally took to the pulpit himself; but, the story goes, that his congregation would listen to his father's old sermons, but not his own; and that consequently, when the former were exhausted, there was nothing left for the son but a resignation of his charge. He then betook himself to London and Literature.

It was in 1793 that he blazed forth upon society, the "Comet of his Season," with his *Political Justice*. This was a book born of the ferment which agitated men's minds, and added to the perturbation of which it was the offspring. No book was ever so much read at one time, to be so completely forgotten at another. It did its work; aided in the formation of the opinion of the age; and, like the scaffolding about a building, may now be consigned to the fire, or the lumber-heap. Shelley, writing from Dublin in 1812, says of it:—"Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the general diffusion of its doctrines. What has followed? Have men ceased to fight? Have vice and misery vanished from the earth? Have the fireside communications, which it recommends, taken place? Out of the many who read that inestimable book, how many have been blinded by prejudice? How many, in short, have taken it up to gratify an ephemeral vanity, and when the hour of its novelty had passed, threw it aside, and yielded with fashion to the arguments of Mr. Malthus?" On the other hand, Maginn, in 1834, expresses the opinion that the principles of the *Political Justice*, "derived, as was pretended, from the Bible, would if they could have been acted upon, have subverted all the honourable

* *Conversations with Northcote*, 1830, 8vo, p. 122.

relations of society, and destroyed all the ennobling or redeeming feelings of the heart."

In 1797, he published *The Enquirer*, a series of essays, in which he still further illustrated his original theories. Five and twenty years later he was called upon to edit a new edition (1823, 8vo), to which he prefixed an "Advertisement," in which he says that, on reading over the Essays, he "scarcely finds a thought that is his present thought," or which, at least, he should not express otherwise, if then called to write upon their subjects for the first time; adding, in gloomy tone, "Alas! to what does it all amount? The toys of childhood, the toys of manhood, and the toys of old age, are still toys; and if it were hereafter possible for me to look down upon them from a future state, I should find them to be all alike laborious trifles."

It was, I think, in 1794, that *Caleb Williams* burst upon the world—a book which has been proclaimed, with that exaggerated eulogy which defeats its object, "the most powerful novel in the language." Gilfillan gives a graphic account of his first perusal in the dead of night, and in a lonely room. "There is about it," says he, "a stronger suction and swell of interest than in any novel we know, with the exception of one or two of Sir Walter's. You are in it ere you are aware. You put your hand playfully into a child's, and are surprised to find it held in the grasp of a giant. It becomes a fascination. Struggle you may, and kick; but he holds you by his glittering eye." Hazlitt used to observe of the two principal characters, that "the manner they are played into each other was equal to anything of the kind in the drama." I admire *Caleb Williams* myself, but must confess that I have always thought it somewhat over-rated,—though I will not go so far as Joseph Ritson, who proclaimed it "a very indifferent, or, rather, a despicable performance."* It is upon this novel that the reputation of Godwin must rest, and I believe that it is one which the world will not let die.

In 1799, Godwin published *St. Leon*, the most pathetic and imaginative of his novels. The object of this work is to show that it is beneficial to the individual to conform to the manners and usages of the society of which he is a unit, and that immunity from the sorrows and cares of humanity is a calamity instead of a blessing. For the general idea of the plot, Godwin was probably indebted to a passage in the very curious *Hermippus Redivivus; or, the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Grave*, by Dr. Campbell, from the German of Cohausen (London, 3rd ed., 1771, 8vo); and in like manner, it was from *Caleb Williams* that George Colman got the materials for his *Iron Chest*. There is a satire on *St. Leon*, entitled, *St. Godwin: a Tale of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Century*. By Count Reginald de St. Leon (London, 1800, 8vo). This curious book I am inclined to attribute to Edward Dubois.

A charming little book of Godwin's is his *Essay on Sepulchres; or, a Proposal for Erecting some Memorial of the Illustrious Dead in all Ages, on the Spot where their Remains have been interred* (London, 1809, small 8vo, pp. 116). This was the favourite of Charles Lamb, who affronted the author by telling him that it was "better than Hervey, but inferior to Sir Thomas Browne." Lamb calls it "a pretty, absurd book"; and Talfourd says of the scheme, that it is "quite chimerical in itself, but

* *Life of Ritson*, by Sir N. Harris Nicolas.

accompanied with solemn and touching musings on life and death, and fame, embodied in a style of singular refinement and beauty."

In 1797, Godwin, in conformity with those of the world, though in opposition to his own principles and those of the lady, obtained a legal sanction to his union with the celebrated and unfortunate MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. This writer, in her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, and the pieces preserved in her *Posthumous Works*, has ventured to expound theories, and discuss subjects, usually thought to be beyond the province of her sex; and thus, like Harriet Martineau in an after day, incurred at the hands of Maginn that ridicule and obloquy which is the modern form of the ostracism and lapidation of former times. Yet Mary Wollstonecraft was, if not perfect, a "woman nobly planned." Her principles may have been dangerous and her practice incorrect; but the emotions of her heart were ardent and sincere. She has left one book, at least, which ought to give her a permanent place in literature. This is her *Letters written during a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark* (1796, 8vo), of which it may safely be said that they contain more soul and feeling than any epistolary work in the language, and, more irresistibly make the reader in love with the writer. Dr. Thomas Brown, the Scotch metaphysician, held this book in the highest estimation, and accompanied a copy which he gave to a friend with some verses which were published in his poems, and subsequently expanded into the volume known as *The Wanderer in Norway;* and Mrs. Siddons wrote to Godwin, of the same work, that it was read by no one possessing "more reciprocity of feeling than herself, or more deeply impressed with admiration of the writer's extraordinary powers." I have before me a charming portrait of her, from the painting by Opie, which hung in the study of Southey, who wrote of the original as one,—

> "Who, among women, left no equal mind
> When from this world she passed——."

At the time of her marriage with Godwin she was pregnant; and she brought with her a natural daughter, about three years of age, the result of a former connection. A few months after, she died, having given birth some days previously, to a daughter, who received her mother's name. This child, who thus inherited genius from both her parents, was destined to become the young wife of the poet, Shelley, himself a widower; and give to the world that portentous conception, *Frankenstein*, which Charles Lamb pronounced "the most extraordinary realization of the idea of a being out of nature which had ever been offered," and which, as the production of a young girl of nineteen, is probably without a parallel in literature.*

Godwin was plunged into grief at the loss of his wife, and wrote her life †:—

* The curious reader may like to be referred to a paper entitled "The New Frankenstein," in *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1838; and a serial story, "Promethea," by Ellis J. Davis, in *St. James's Magazine*, 1877, where the subject is a sort of female Frankenstein.

† *Memoirs of the Author of the "Vindication of the Rights of Woman."* By William Godwin (London, 1798, 12mo). There is also a *Defence of the Character and Conduct of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, founded on Principles of Nature and Reason, as applied to the Peculiar Circumstances of her Case* (London, 1803, 12mo.)

"William hath penn'd a waggon load of stuff,
And Mary's life at last he needs must write,
Thinking her —— were not known enough,
Till fairly printed off in black and white," etc. *

This *Life* cost Godwin the friendship of Dr. Parr. He had been accustomed to visit at Hatton ; and wrote to the Doctor for an explanation of the causes which had led to the evident disruption of friendship between them. "In 1794," replied the Doctor, "I had not been shocked in common with all wise and good men, by a work which you entitle *Memoirs*, etc." He alludes, moreover, to sceptical expressions in *The Enquirer*,—to the dreadful effects of his correspondent's principles upon the conduct and happiness of certain of his young friends,—promises to return the books which had been sent to him,—and desires a cessation of visits and correspondence. † All this is impudent and arrogant enough ; though I do not forget that this unfortunate tribute to the memory of his wife evidently displeased the liberal Roscoe, whose quatrain, written by him on the fly-leaf of a copy, was transcribed from memory by Dr. Shepherd, of Liverpool, the biographer of Poggio Bracciolini :—

"Hard was thy fate in all the scenes of life,
As daughter, sister, mother, friend and wife ;
But harder still thy fate in death we own,
Thus mourn'd by Godwin, with a heart of stone."

However all this may be, I record my own opinion that Mary Wollstonecraft was a woman of passion, heart and genius ; and that her husband's little tribute to her memory is a slight but interesting memorial of an ill-directed and unhappy career. I have read a curious story somewhere of Miss Benger, the novelist, making a pilgrimage of some miles to the graveyard of St. Pancras, and there throwing herself on the tomb of the ill-starred woman, pouring forth, as she did so, a rapturous eulogy on the departed.

That those who are born to be hanged will never be drowned is one of those universal affirmatives, which, like the 5th Proposition of Euclid's first book, admits of a simple converse. There seems a hydropathic fatality, if I may so call it, in the awful series of calamities in which this unfortunate woman and her immediate connections were involved. She, herself, when neglected or abandoned by her first lover, Gilbert Imlay, attempted suicide by drowning from Putney Bridge ; her daughter, Fanny, by this same Imlay, actually destroyed herself by the same method of death ; Harriet (Westbrook), the deserted wife of Shelley, who married her daughter by Godwin, also accomplished her death by drowning ; and finally Shelley himself, as by a stroke of retributive justice, was drowned, as we have seen, in the Bay of Spezia !

In 1801, the widower remarried. His new wife was a Mrs. Clairmont, who had two children,—Clara and Charles,—by her former husband. By this wife, he had one son, who died in 1832 of Asiatic cholera, leaving behind him an unfinished novel, entitled *Transfusion*, the publication of which was superintended by the distressed father.

* *The Spirit of Anti-Jacobinism for* 1802 (London, 8vo, p. 360).

† Godwin subsequently defended himself in his *Thoughts occasioned by the Perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon, being a reply to the Attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh and others* (1801, 8vo).

In early life, Godwin was a bookseller on Snow Hill; and at this time was an industrious compiler of school histories of very meagre and unsatisfactory character, under the *pseudonym* of Edward Baldwin. One of these is a *Pantheon, or Ancient History of the Gods of Greece and Rome, etc. For the Use of Schools and Young Persons of both Sexes* (London, 1806, 8vo). The book is remarkable: (1) as containing plates by William Blake, and not recorded by Gilchrist; and (2) as being spoken of in a State Paper, preserved in the Record Office, as "an insidious and dangerous publication," which "professes to exalt the purity and show the superiority of Christianity over Heathen morality, . . . and then through the whole work improperly excites the curiosity of young persons to read the grossest stories on the subject, and artfully hints the wisdom of the morality of the heathen world." *

From the same *officina* also emanated a little tome, once only worth a few pence, but now of considerable curiosity and value. It is entitled *The Looking Glass: a True History of the Early Days of an Artist. Calculated to awaken the Emulation of Young Persons of both Sexes in the Pursuit of every laudable Attainment; particularly in the Cultivation of the Fine Arts.* By Theophilus Marcliffe. London: Printed for Thomas Hodgkins, at the Juvenile Library, Hanway Street (Opposite Soho Square), Oxford Street, and to be had of all Booksellers (1805, 18mo, pp. 118). I have been thus minute in my description of the lilliputian volume, because it was written by William Godwin,—because the artist whose "early days" it portrays is William Mulready, R.A.—because the illustrations are from youthful drawings by that artist, engraved by Blake,—and because, whereas it was published at one shilling and sixpence, it would now be cheap at a guinea!

The following, from the *Horace in London* of the "Adelphi" Smiths, is a happy adaptation of the Ode, "Parcius junctas quatiunt fenestras":—

"Our Temple youth, a lawless train,
Blockading Johnson's window-pane,
No longer laud thy solemn strain,
My Godwin!
Chaucer's a mighty tedious elf,
Fleetwood lives only for himself,
And Caleb Williams loves the shelf,
My Godwin!

"No longer cry the sprites unblest,
'Awake! Arise! stand forth confess'd!
For fallen, fallen is thy crest,
My Godwin!
Thy muse for meretricious feats,
Does quarto penance now in sheets,
Or cloathing parcels roams the streets,
My Godwin!

"Thy flame at Luna's lamp thou light'st,
Blank is the verse that thou indit'st,
Thy play is damn'd, yet still thou writ'st,
My Godwin!

* *Early Life of Shelley*, by Florence McCarthy, p. 161.

And still to wield the grey goose quill,
When Phœbus sinks, to feel no chill,
'With me is to be lovely still,'
My Godwin !

"Thy winged steed (a bit of blood)
Bore thee like Trunnion through the flood,
To leave thee sprawling in the mud,
My Godwin !
But carries now, with martial trot,
In glittering armour, Walter Scott,
A poet he—which thou art not,
My Godwin !

"Nay, nay, forbear these jealous wails,
Tho' he's upborne on fashion's gales,
Thy heavy bark attendant sails,
My Godwin !
Fate each by different streams conveys,
His skiff in Aganippe plays,
And thine in Lethe's whirlpool strays,
My Godwin !"

The latter years of William Godwin were rendered easy by an appointment which he received during the administration of Earl Grey, to the *quasi* sinecure office of Yeoman Usher of the Exchequer. "The last time I saw him," records Sergeant Talfourd, "he was heaving an immense key to unlock the musty treasures of which he was guardian,—how unlike those he had unlocked, with finer talisman, for the astonishment and alarm of one generation, and the delight of all others!" I think Maginn—who contrasts Godwin's modest stipend with the £10,000 given by the Whigs to Thomas "Babbletongue" Macaulay,—and S. C. Hall, undervalue the emoluments of this appointment, which I fancy were nearer £200 than £100 per annum. There was a residence attached to the office, adjoining the Speaker's Gateway, in New Palace Yard, Westminster; and here Godwin died, in the eighty-first year of his age, on April 7th, 1836, and was buried in Cripplegate Churchyard.

For his most elaborate work, the *Enquiry into Political Justice*, he received from Johnson, the publisher, £700; for *Caleb Williams* only £84; and for *St. Leon* no less than £400 guineas. He was painted by Northcote, R.A., in 1800; and at a later period by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who also made a spirited sketch of Godwin and Holcroft, sitting together, side by side, after the trial of the latter for High Treason.

There is an interesting biography, *William Godwin, his Friends and Contemporaries*. By C. Kegan Paul (1876, 2 vols. 8vo), of which a review will be found in the *Temple Bar Magazine* for March in the same year.



ONE OF THE AUTHORS OF "REJECTED ADDRESSES".

LIV.—JAMES SMITH.

"THERE sits JAMES SMITH,"—says *Fraser*,—"with his foot pressing a short cushion, his elbows propped by the arm of an easy-chair, his hand resting on a crutch, his hair departed from his head, his nose tinged with the colour of the dawn, and his whole man in a state of that repose which indicates that he has had much work in his way while sojourning in this world, and that, like Falstaff, he is taking his ease in his own inn, the Garrick,—a club of gentlemen which in a great measure would answer the description given by that worthy knight of his companions in arms, as being principally composed of 'gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus,—discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons of younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen.'"

It was said by Lady Blessington, that if JAMES SMITH had not been a *witty* man, he would have been a *great* one. I think this is probable enough, so often does the deep tide of genius run beneath the rippling surface of a joyous and humorsome spirit. There is a strong alliance between the humorous and the pathetic, though the former element in a man's nature more necessarily and frequently includes the latter, than the latter the former. Witty, facetious people have always a strong capacity for pathos,—witness Sterne, Balzac, Hood, Dickens, and a host of others; witness the French, at once the gayest and most melancholy of nations;—witness the Clown, generally the saddest of men, and the Comic actor,—as Liston,—who invariably believes that his real *forte* is Tragedy. On the other hand, the grave and serious writer does not necessarily possess the element of wit,—the faculty of appreciating humour, and giving it elegant and appropriate expression. Yet it is in the union of the two elements that the highest order of genius consists,—wit and wisdom in due alternation; the exhibition, turn by turn, of the comic side of tragedy and the tragic phrase of comedy. So it was with Homer, Aristophanes and Lucian; with Ariosto, Rabelais, Calderon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swift and Goethe; and so it will be—Dante, indeed, excepted—to the end of time. But this is no place for such a disquisition; and *filling* space warns me, as the *emptying* Clepsydra did the Roman orator, *ne in immensum evager*.

JAMES SMITH was the eldest son of Robert Smith, an eminent legal practitioner of London, who held for many years the office of solicitor to the Ordnance. He was born February 10th, 1775; was, in due time, articled to his father; taken into partnership; and succeeded to the appointment held by the latter. So early as 1802, James Smith and his brother Horace became associated with Cumberland, Croker, Sir J. B. Burgess, Herries, the notorious "Dr. Syntax" Combe, and others, as contributors to the *Pic-Nic* newspaper, founded by Colonel Greville. The existence of this was very short, as was also that of *The Cabinet*, into which it merged, which died in 1803; and in 1809, at the request of Cumberland, James Smith became a contributor to the *London Review*, one feature of which was the principle, that the name of the writer should be appended to every paper. He also wrote some of the prefaces to *Bell's British Theatre*, of which Cumberland had the responsibility; and

about the same time wrote largely for the *Monthly Mirror*, then the property of "Paul Pry" Hill, of whose liberal and genial hospitality at Sydenham, the brothers Smith were constant partakers. Here (1807–17), appeared originally the poetical imitations, entitled *Horace in London*, which were subsequently published by Miller, in a slender volume.

But it was in 1812, the year of the re-opening of Drury Lane Theatre, that the little book made its appearance, which, bandied about among the "trade," offered in vain to the most eminent publishers for nothing, and "rejected" as worthless, proved one of the most successful hits in literature. Its origin was as follows :—The Managers of the Theatre were anxious to inaugurate their new building by an opening address which should be worthy of the occasion. They accordingly advertised in the newspapers for such a composition, and received upwards of one hundred poems in answer, many doubtless of sufficient merit, and all, I believe, possessing one feature in common,—the use of the Phœnix as a metaphor to symbolize the rise of the new edifice from the ashes of the old one. Among the competitors were Edmund Bellchambers, George Daniel, W. T. Fitzgerald (the "Small Beer Poet")*, J. Gorton, Joseph Hume, R. P. Jodrell, W. Linley, Miss Mitford, J. Pytchers, Charles Brinsley Sheridan, J. Taylor, C. Vignolles, F. C. Waldron, Miss W. Worgman, and many others. There was one by Dr. Busby, entitled "A Monologue," which Lord Byron has happily parodied ; and one by Whitbread himself, under whose auspices the reconstruction of the theatre had been effected, in which, as Sheridan said, he had described the inevitable Phœnix, "like a poulterer,—green and red and yellow and blue ; he did not let us off a single feather."† The Committee were fairly bewildered by the contemplation of the mass of MSS. before them ; and in their utter inability to sufficiently consider, or satisfactorily judge, the several effusions, they determined,—with scant justice, it must be admitted, to the candidates who had expended so much labour and talent in responding to their advertisement—to cut the Gordian knot by "rejecting" them all, probably unread. In their dilemma they were relieved by the intervention of Lord Holland, who undertook the task of prevailing upon Lord Byron to supply them with an "Opening Address." This, under some pressure, his lordship at length consented to do,—"at the risk," as he justly said, "of offending a hundred scribblers, and a discerning public." He accordingly set to work,—managed, as he has stated, with some difficulty, to "keep out the Phœnix,"—and his "Address," *minus* some lines "rejected" by the Committee, was spoken at the opening of the theatre on Saturday, October 10th, 1812. Well, this singular concurrence of circumstances suggested to the brothers Smith that a little collection of *imaginary* "Addresses," in which the style and manner of certain of the leading poets of the day, should be parodied or caricatured, could not fail to be received with favour. It was essential that the book should be written, printed and published by the day of opening; and they had a

* "Poeta nascitur non *Fitz*,"—was the witty remark of Canning, when the merits of this poetaster, of "Literary Fund" celebrity, were under discussion.

† It is worthy of record that the *Original Manuscript Addresses*, forwarded to the Committee, in accordance with the advertisement of August 8th, 1812, "comprising upwards of 100 Poems, Letters and Interesting Documents, arranged and bound in 2 vols. 4to," were offered for the sum of £8 10s., in the catalogue of Messrs. Wills & Sotheran, for August, 1861.

space of just six weeks for the task. They set to work as well as their avocations permitted them, made their selection of poets to be imitated—a matter of some difficulty,—and apportioned the task between them. James wrote Nos. 2, 5, 7, 13, 14, 16, 17, and the *Travesties* Nos. 18, 19 and 20. He supplied also the first stanza to No. 4. For the remainder of the volume, his brother Horace, was responsible. Of the 18th edition, James wrote the *Notes* and Horace the *Preface*. It is worthy, too, of note that Horace actually wrote a genuine "Address" for the occasion, which was duly sent to the Committee, and, as the author candidly says, "shared the fate it merited, in being rejected." This is added, by way of "packing" to the imitations, with the initials "S. T. P.," and succeeded in mystifying the Edinburgh Reviewer, who pronounced (November, 1812), that it "exhibited no very prominent trait of absurdity." The book was entitled *Rejected Addresses; or the New Theatrum Poetarum;* and being completed all in due time "for our opening day," it became necessary to find a publisher. But here the brothers were destined to find that their "Addresses" were in another sense, "Rejected." Murray was offered the copyright for the modest sum of £20,—at least Walter Thornbury says so in his *Haunted London* (p. 147),—but declined; and it was finally John Miller, of Bow Street, Covent Garden, upon whom devolved the honour of ushering the witty booklet before the world. To him the authors repaired as a last resort; and he at once expressed his willingness to take upon himself the risk of publication, and give the authors half the profits, *if there should be any*. The fame of the witty tome spread like wildfire; edition after edition was exhausted; the brothers found their names lifted into sudden notoriety; the *Imitations of Horace* were collected and published on the same terms; and by and by, the gratified authors were enabled to sell their half copyright in the two books to Miller for no less than one thousand pounds! Seven years later, in 1819, after sixteen editions had been sold, Murray himself was glad to get the copyright for £131. It is curious that this same Miller, who was the only publisher in London who had sagacity enough to see the merit of the *Rejected Addresses*, also became the publisher of *The Sketch-Book* of Washington Irving, after it had been rejected, again by the same Murray, for the sole reason that it was "written by an American." The causes of the bibliopole's refusal of the former are given by John Timbs, in his *Lives of Wits and Humorists* (vol. ii. p. 360);—and correctly, as is asserted in an article on Washington Irving, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, February, 1863, probably by Cyrus Redding, who received the information from Murray himself. The best of the thing was that there was no gall in the ink of which the happy parodists made use; their satire was of such genial character that it "procured for the authors,"—as they boasted,—"the acquaintance, and conciliated the good-will of those whom they had the most audaciously burlesqued." Sir Walter Scott said to one of them that he certainly must have written himself the piece that bears his initials, "though he forgot on what occasion"; William Spencer, when warned by Lydia White, a notorious feeder of London lions, that he would meet at her table "one of those men who made that shameful attack," replied that this "was the very man upon earth he should like to know"; and Lord Byron wrote to Murray from Italy, "Tell him we forgive him, were he twenty times our satirist,"—adding that the Imitations were "the best things after the *Rolliad*."

Indeed, the only people offended or discontented were, as Mr. Hayward says, those who were left out!

Few books are better known, even at the present day, than this of which I have been speaking; and I should not have felt it necessary to say so much about it, if I had not learnt by experience that, *in re literariâ* at least, it is more satisfactory to assume the ignorance than the knowledge of one's readers. The book, indeed, has more than one point of attraction. Collectors prize it for the exquisite woodcut illustrations by George Cruikshank which are to be found in the later editions; lovers of wit and humour for the truly attic salt wherewith it is savoured; while all that know it will readily endorse the opinion of Jeffrey, who says, "I take the *Rejected Addresses* to be the very best imitations, and often of difficult originals, that ever were made." One effect of the popularity of the book, besides filling the authors' pockets, and giving them fame, was to restrain the elder coadjutor from risking the reputation he had gained as a wit by any literary undertaking, beyond short and anonymous pieces. He was aware that to retain a reputation, a writer, in subsequent productions, was expected by the public not only to transcend others but himself as well. He therefore laid down the principle, and acted upon it, that when a man had played a good game, he should retire from the tables, and leave off a winner. Such a course, he would say, was sanctioned by the authority of Bishop Warburton, who, when Anstey, author of the once equally popular *Bath Guide*, was presented to him, said, "Young man, I will give you a piece of advice: you have written a highly successful work,—never put pen to paper again." The prelate's counsel was doubtless sage, and especially so in the case of him to whom it was offered. But it is certainly not universally applicable, for just as there are pastures, which, after the first crop, yield a rich aftermath, so there are brains which, as Ben Jonson puts it, bear more than one skimming.

James Smith was, according to Mathews, "the only man that could write clever nonsense;" and it was he accordingly who was employed to concoct *The Country Cousins* (1820), the *Trip to France*, the *Trip to America*, and other monologues in which that inimitable actor achieved such wonderful success, about 1820. For this assistance he received from the generous comedian a sum of £1000,—"all for nonsense," he was wont to say, contrasting it with the miserable fifteen pounds which Milton got for his *Paradise Lost*. But this was not the only occasion in which he found nonsense *pay;* for having transmitted the following epigram to Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, who was suffering from gout and old age, while his mental faculties were unimpaired, the gratified old gentleman made a codicil to his will, bequeathing to the writer three hundred pounds:—

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout,
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out,
When you began to talk.
The power that props the body's length
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head."

This was at the rate of exactly £37 10s. per line, "according to

Cocker," and is probably better pay than poet has received for his verses, since Sannazarius was awarded four hundred gold pieces by the Venetian Senate, for his celebrated epigram, "De Mirabili Urbe Venetiis." James Smith never married. Another epigram, written in his niece's album, remains to attest his bachelorship :—

"Should I seek Hymen's tie,
As a poet I die,
Ye Benedicts mourn my distresses!
For what little fame
Is attach'd to my name,
Is derived from *Rejected Addresses*."

James Smith was not very good-naturedly or justly described (1834) by his contemporary Maginn, as "a pleasant, twaddling, pun-making, epigram-manufacturing, extempore-grinding, and painstaking elderly joker. He made one hit, and that was a good one; on the strength of which he has lived ever since, as indeed he deserved to live. We cannot recollect that he wrote anything in the book line except his contributions to the *Rejected Addresses*, unless he had a hand in such stuff as *Jokeby*, or *Horace in London*. His magazine papers in the *New Monthly* were rather monotonous; and his continually quoting of them for years afterwards has contributed in a great measure towards getting him, so generally as he is, considered to be a bore. But let him have his praise. His single talent was a *good* talent, and there is no reason why he should wrap it up in a napkin. We have already alluded to the universal diffusion of his name among us English folk, and its trite and ordinary sound in our ears. It is perhaps more congruous on that account with the station which he has chosen to hold in our literature. His place there is of the Smiths, Smithish." The "Doctor" makes, too, an unkindly cut at Smith's Garrick Club jokes, when he says that "if they are not quite as good as those of Falstaff, they have the merit of being at least as old."

Leigh Hunt, in his *Autobiography*, describes him as "a fair, stout, fresh-coloured man, with round features, . . . who used to read us trim verses, with rhymes as pat as butter. The best of his verses were in the *Rejected Addresses*,—and they were excellent, Isaac Hawkins Browne, with his *Pipe of Tobacco*, and all the rhyming *Jeux d'Esprit*, in all the Tracts, are extinguished in the comparison,—not excepting the *Probationary Odes*. William Roscoe, of Liverpool, met him in London, at Cadell's, and records that he was "highly entertained by his conviviality, wit and excellent singing." The external features of the *par nobile fratrum* are well preserved in the capital fac-simile of the chalk drawing by Harlowe, in the possession of Murray, which serves as frontispiece to the later editions of the *Rejected Addresses*, to which the admirable woodcuts after George Cruikshank give a yet additional value,—but still do not pull it up to the commercial value of the slenderer and shabbier, but "VERY RARE," *editio princeps* of 1812, which now "rules" at a couple of guineas!

A glance at the daily life of this genial and witty man will not be devoid of interest. Writing to a friend, he says:—"Let me enlighten you as to the general disposal of my time. I breakfast at nine, with a mind undisturbed by matters of business; I then write to you or to some editor, and then read till three o'clock. I then walk to the Union Club, read the Journals, hear Lord John Russell deified or *diablerized* (that

word is not a bad coinage), do the same with Sir Robert Peel or the Duke of Wellington, and then join a knot of conversationists by the fire till six o'clock, consisting of lawyers, merchants, members of Parliament, and gentlemen at large. We then and there discuss the Three per Cent. Consols (some of us preferring Dutch Two-and-a-half per Cent.), and speculate upon the probable rise, shape, and cost of the New Exchange. If Lady Harrington happen to drive past our window in her landau, we compare her equipage to the Algerine Ambassador's; and when politics happen to be discussed, rally Whigs, Radicals, and Conservatives alternately, but never seriously,—such subjects having a tendency to create acrimony. At six the room begins to be deserted; wherefore I adjourn to the dining-room, and gravely looking over the bill of fare, exclaim to the waiter, 'Haunch of mutton and apple tart.' These viands despatched, with the accompanying liquids and water, I mount upward to the library, take a book, and my seat in the arm-chair, and read till nine. Then call for a cup of coffee and a biscuit, resuming my book till eleven; afterwards return home to bed. If I have any book here which particularly excites my attention, I place my lamp on a table by my bedside, and read in bed until twelve. No danger of ignition, my lamp being quite safe, and my curtains moreen. Thus ends this strange eventful history" (*Mems. and Com. Miscellanies*, i. 67).

James Smith thought, with Southey, that a sudden death was the most desirable mode of *exit* from the world. He wrote:—

"I fear not, Fate, thy pendant shears,—
There are who pray for length of years;
To them, not me, allot 'em;
Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway, a palatable drink,
But wormwood at the bottom."

His wish was but in part granted. Although,—in the midst of temptations to be otherwise,—he had always been a strictly temperate man, he became in middle life a martyr to the gout. By this disease he was at length reduced to utter and helpless decrepitude, though he continued to enjoy life, and bore his sufferings with unruffled temper. S. C. Hall used to meet him at the "evenings" of Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place, where he was wont to wheel himself about the room in a sort of invalid chair,—having "something pleasant and often something witty to say to each of the guests,—usually full of pain which was "often showr by that expression of countenance which accompanies physical suffering, and his round good-humoured face, although it was seldom without a smile, generally contracted, and at times convulsed from internal agony." His last illness was short and not attended with pain. He died at his house, No. 27, Craven Street, Strand, "with all the calmness of a philosopher," as his brother Horace remarks, on December 24th, 1839, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. In the following year was published by his brother, *Memoirs and Comic Miscellanies, in Prose and Verse, of James Smith* (2 vols. 8vo). "Smith," said Charles Mathews, "is the only man that can write clever nonsense"; but here we have some clever sense, all alive with what S. C. Hall calls the "champagne sparkle" of the author. It was said by a contemporary that it was "difficult to pass an evening in his company without feeling in better humour with the world"; and the same may be said of his witty and humorsome writings.

James Smith was a man of social disposition, and loved to exchange the solitude of his own house for his club, and the cheerful homes of congenial friends. The houses which he most affected were those of Lord Mulgrave, J. W. Croker, Lord Abinger, the Countess of Blessington, Lord Harrington, and Charles Mathews, the elder. It was when dining with this last, and observing that Young, the actor, was among the guests, that he remarked that it was odd that the great satirist of Rome was *Juvenal*, and of England *Young;*—to which Theodore Hook replied that it was odder still that there was a *Young* present who was not *Juvenile*. Smith was of London, Londony,—cared nothing for the country,—and when visiting, would, as was said, exaggerate his gout to avoid being shown over the "improvements." For the society of painters he did not care. "I know nothing in their way," he said, "and they know nothing out of it." This was before the days of universal diffusion of "love of art,"—in other words, before it was recognized that money was to be made out of pictures, as objects of investment and speculation. Of an old lady, who, as was said, had separate book-cases for male and female authors, he said he supposed she did not wish to increase her library.

HORACE SMITH was a man of a different and a higher nature. Shelley wrote that in him were combined—

> "————————————Wit and sense,
> Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
> Make this dull world a business of delight."

Lady Morgan described him as "gay, tender, hospitable and intellectual"; and S. C. Hall says that he was "emphatically a good man,—of large sympathy and charity,—generous in giving even beyond his means,—eminent for rectitude in all the affairs and relations of life." He was not contented, like his brother James, to repose on his laurels in inglorious ease; but, without any financial pressure from without, became a laborious man of letters. His historical novels,—*Brambletye House*, *Walter Colyton*, *Reuben Apsley*, *The Tor Hill*, and some fifteen others—have been unmercifully abused, but may be read even now after those of Scott. Criticism in this country, like kissing, "goes by favour"; and few literary works are judged of according to their abstract qualities. Neglecting to ask to dinner, refusing to lend money, asking for it back when lent, employing a rival publisher, being of obnoxious politics, or holding religious opinions which do not happen to be the reviewer's "doxy,"—any one of these peculiarities is sufficient to excite the dull malignity of the *Superfine*, or the old-world imbecility of the *Turncoat;* and a critical *fiat* goes forth which effectually overawes the ninety-nine hundredths of the reading public who are unable to form an opinion of their own. It was said by the *Quarterly* that the *Whitehall, or the Days of George IV.*, of Dr. Maginn was indited "to write down the *Brambletye House* species of novel," and its careful perusal was recommended to "those well-meaning youths who imagine that a few scraps of blundered antiquarianism, a prophetical beldame, a bore and a rebellion, are enough to make a *Waverley* novel." Be this as it may, let my reader take up Maginn's ponderous joke, wire-drawn to nearly 400 pages,—it is really a very dull affair,—and the novel supposed to be ridiculed, and decide for himself which is the more readable. But it is quite beyond my province to defend the literary character of Horace Smith, but have

simply to record that he died at Tunbridge Wells, July 12th, 1849, in his seventieth year, and was buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church.

To the *New Monthly Magazine*, when under the management of S. C. Hall, Horace Smith had been a frequent contributor. So far back as 1826, a collection of his pieces in prose and verse, many of which had previously appeared in that serial, was published by Colburn, in 3 vols. 8vo, under the title of *Gaieties and Gravities; a series of Essays, Comic Tales and Fugitive Vagaries. Now first collected. By one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses."* The volumes are now scarce; but they contain some capital light reading, and are well worth the trouble of a search. Later in life, he contributed anonymously to the same magazine, through several volumes, a most interesting series of papers entitled "A Greybeard's Gossip about his Literary Acquaintance," which, it is a matter of extreme surprise to me, no one, in this age of reprints, has yet thought it worth his while to republish. In 1831, he compiled for Colburn and Bentley, a readable volume on *Festivals, Games and Amusements, Ancient and Modern.* Here he has given us a long chapter to show that the ancient Jews had no sports at all,—a full account of the "Olympia" of the Greeks, the "Circenses" of the Romans, the "Bull-fights" of the Spanish, and the "Danse" of the French—but has carefully omitted all mention of that truly distinctive pastime of his own nation, "Pugilism," out of which we have suffered ourselves to be laughed by maudlin sentimentalists at home, and foreigners abroad, to whom British pluck and endurance was a reproach, and the "Rules of the Prize Ring" a stumbling-block and an offence. Shortly after his death (1851), was published *The Poetical Works, Comic and Miscellaneous, now first collected, of Horace Smith, one of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses"* (London, Colburn, 2 vols. 8vo), with portrait by Finden, after Maskerrier. In these volumes will be found the verses which had previously appeared in *Gaieties and Gravities.*

Finally, I just mention, as a curiosity, *Quadrilling; a Favourite Song*, by the authors of *Rejected Addresses*, with Grotesque and Humorous Sketches, by W. H. Smith (folio, Birmingham, 1820). "VERY SCARCE."

LV.--COMTE D'ORSAY.

"SELF-LOVE," says Spurzheim, "draws the head and whole body upwards and backwards, and keeps them stiff." If this *dictum* of the renowned phrenologist is true, one would think that the quality under discussion was largely possessed by the original of the portraiture before us, as he delighted the Parks in the "thirties," and "with his whiskers and his cabriolet horse," as poor Whyte Melville had it, "fairly took the town by storm."

Twelve years or more had elapsed since Byron had made his acquaintance, and described him in his letters as a *Cupidon déchâiné*, and the very *idéal* of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution,—"that is to say," adds Maginn, "as a French gentleman, the breed of whom gradually diminishing for many years, has been at last pretty well extinguished by Louis Philippe, who certainly did not make any absurd pretensions to figure in that character." This dozen years was termed by Tacitus "*ingens spatium*


Alfred Crowquill
AUTHOR OF A JOURNAL.

humanæ vitæ," and though they seem to have left the graceful form of the Count unbowed and his ambrosial curls unshorn, they doubtless would be found, on closer examination, to justify the neat epigram which the "Doctor" turns off on the occasion :—

> "Believe me, dear Comte, that twelve years do not pass,
> And leave not some signs as they go ;
> They may fly with the *wings of the hawk*,—but, alas !
> They are mark'd by the *feet of the crow !*"

The Count D'Orsay was born in Paris in 1798, and was the son of that General of the same name, of whom the first Napoleon, grateful for his distinguished services in war, was wont to say that he was "aussi brave que beau." He was, moreover, a scion of that ancient family which shares with Voltaire the honour of giving a name to one of the quays that border the Seine. It was in the week after the Coronation of George IV. when the French Ambassador, the Duc de Grammont, gave an entertainment to the King and the Royal family, that D'Orsay, a relative of the Duc, made his first appearance in London. He came in the party of his beautiful sister, and her husband the Duc de Guiche, brother-in-law of Viscount Ossulston, son of the Earl of Tankerville. He at once took society captive, and was constituted by general acclaim the king of fashion. Captain Gronow well describes him "whisking along in his tilbury,"—he was "the last dandy," says Sidney, "who drove a curricle in the Park, and sent the costly, neck-breaking, magnificent carriage out of fashion,"—looking, adds Gronow, "like some gorgeous dragon-fly, skimming through the air, and though all was dazzling and showy, yet there was a kind of harmony which precluded every idea or accusation of bad taste."

Mr. S. Sidney, in his admirable *Book of the Horse*, from which I have quoted, calls him the "Alcibiades of that age," and brings him before us as the first of a remarkable triad of dandies who "caught the eye and dwelt in the memory of every young man from the country who saw them for the first time." The second was his "copy," the Earl of Chesterfield, with his golden locks, bestriding a flea-bitten grey, and raising his hat with a grace which his great ancestor, of epistolary fame, might well have envied. The third was the Earl of Sefton, the Ulysses of the Whig party and the world of fashion, celebrated for his wit, his dinners—Ude was his *chef*—and his profuse extravagance as master of the Quorn. We find also in Mr. Sidney's book (p. 290), a woodcut of the Count, curvetting on his sensational park hack, engraved from an oil-sketch by Sir Francis Grant (about 1830), in the collection of Sir Richard Wallace. There are sketches of him also by A. E. Chalon, R.A., from which, says Walter Thornbury, it may be judged that he was "a man six feet high, with a broad chest, narrow waist, and finely formed feet. His chestnut hair fell in long wavy masses,—his eyes were hazel,—his forehead was high and broad,—his features regular ; he was a good swordsman, a fine horseman, and a fair shot."* It was the talk of the day that he was in the habit of taking perfumed baths, and that his gold dressing-case was of such enormous dimensions that it required two men to carry it.

Nor was it simply as a man of tasteful dress and elegant manners that the Count held sway. His opinions in matters of art were listened to

* "London Parks," *Belgravia*, January, 1868.

with profound respect, even by such a man as the unfortunate painter, B. R. Haydon,—certainly one not prone to be influenced by the advice of others. "He was much improved," recorded the artist, who had received a visit from him, "and looked the glass of fashion and the mould of form, —really a complete Adonis,—not made up at all; he made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to; they were sound, impressive and grand; he bounded into his cab, and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus." *

Mrs. Mathews records that her husband "*loved* Count d'Orsay as much as he admired him. His amiable disposition, and extraordinary conversational talent made him always happy in his society, while his wit delighted him the more because it was untinged with bitterness. It was my husband's observation that he could enjoy Count d'Orsay's *bons mots* without any qualifying regret, for his witticisms possessed the rare charm of pungency united to good nature, while his pleasing accent (which, as he understands our language perfectly, is all that proclaims him a native of another country) added effect to his words." †

Finally,—for I must not occupy further space in the citation of contemporary opinion,—Charles Dickens writes: "At No. 5 (Kensington Gore) lived Count D'Orsay, whose name is synonymous with elegant and graceful accomplishments; and who, by those who knew him well, is affectionately remembered and regretted, as a man whose great abilities might have raised him to any distinction, and whose gentle heart even a world of fashion left unspoiled." ‡

The Sunday-school lad who did not remember the name of a certain letter, thought to mitigate the wrath of his examiner by stating that he "knowed it by sight." This is all that I can boast of Count d'Orsay; and doubtless it is on account of this that I have heart to say that if I professed to wield the *virgula* of the moralist,—which I do not,—a review of his career, in its more ethical aspects, could hardly fail to bring it into active operation. To marry a school-girl for the sake of her property, and abandon her almost at the church-door; to carry on for years an intimacy, which appeared at least disgraceful, with her step-mother; to acquire notoriety for other *bonnes fortunes*; to waste talents in *dilletanteism* while his debts were running up to some £120,000,— constitute elements in a life which are hardly calculated to ensure the respect or tolerance of those who are no longer influenced by the charm of language, the blandishment of manner, the graces of person, and the seduction of genius. But this is a vein in which I am not desirous to continue.

As Grantley Berkeley remarks, "D'Orsay was anything but a mere fop, nor was he a mere adventurer. He was a gallant gentleman of refined taste and aristocratic birth." But on these points I have already sufficiently spoken. It was in 1823, that Lord Byron made his acquaintance at Genoa, where he was acting as travelling companion to "Milor Blessington and *épouse*." Byron was greatly struck with the figure and manners of the young Frenchman, who allowed him an opportunity of perusing that marvellous MS. journal of which we have heard so much. Byron styled it a "very extraordinary production," and proclaimed that

* *Memoirs of B. R. Haydon*, vol. iii. p. 86.
† *Memoirs of Charles Mathews* (the elder), vol. i. p. 237.
‡ *Household Words*, No. 176, p. 536.

the youthful traveller,—surely the prototype of "Count Smorltork" in *Pickwick*, who thought a fortnight "a ver long time" to bestow on the study of a country like England,—had penetrated "the mystery of English *ennui*," at two and twenty, and done sundry other very wonderful things. I am inclined to fancy that the secret of Byron's admiration was to be found in the depreciatory tone of this mysterious "journal." This harmonized with his own absurd and morbid dislike of everything English; and together with a certain affectation of philosophy, and flippant grace of expression, natural to the French, sufficed to render it, in his judgment, a production of marvellous perspicuity and acuteness. "Our business with him is as an author," properly said Fraser, who asked, "Where is the 'Journal,' the extraordinary production, which gave a 'most melancholy, but true description of all that regards high life in England'?" Echo answers, "Where?" for its juvenilian—if not Juvenalian—writer did not respond to Fraser's flattering proposition to become "un de nos collaborateurs," and communicate the "Journal," and its *continuation*, to the columns of Regina. As for Byron, he continued to manifest his regard for his young friend; wrote him a friendly epistle; alluded to him in laudatory language in his letters to Lady Blessington; and enclosed to his fair correspondent a ring for "Alfred," which he wished him to keep as "formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character."

In 1827, D'Orsay was married at Genoa, to Lady Harriet Anne Gardiner, the only daughter of Lord Blessington, by his first wife. This marriage was in fulfilment of a contract, made in 1823, when the lady was only twelve years of age, and on the death of her brother, Lord Mountjoy, son and heir of the Earl of Blessington, between the latter and the Count, to the effect that the Earl should execute a will, settling his estates in Dublin on Alfred, Count D'Orsay, provided that he married Emily, known as Lady Harriet Gardiner, the testator's daughter by Mrs. Browne. In 1829, the infatuated Earl made a sudden exit from the world, in which he had kept up the game in such glorious fashion, that he had left his splendid estates burdened with mortgages, debts, annuities and judgments, to the extent of some £200,000 Then came the removal of Lady Blessington to London, the separation of the Countess D'Orsay,* a modern Iphigenia, from her gallant husband; and the installation of the latter at Gore House, Kensington,—formerly the tranquil home of Wilberforce,—with his career of sportsman, dandy, wit, artist and general *arbiter elegantiarum* of London society. Here it was that he developed those "admirable" graces of mind and person which enabled him to pose to Ainsworth for the portraiture of that earlier Crichton of the sixteenth century, the hero of his best novel. Look at this "tailor's Adonis," the "flashy man about town," as we have him before us in Maclise's admirable sketch, and exclaim with the *Athenæum*, "what a volume of humour there is in the slight exaggeration of his swagger!" Mark well this "sublime Avatar of the eighteen-thirties,"—in the words of D. G. Rosetti,—"a portrait no doubt as intensely true to impression, as impossible in fact." As we here have him in the Park, so was he constantly to be seen in the splendid Gore House *réunions* of which

* This lady—like Julia Alpinula of old, "infelicis matris infelix proles,"—possessed considerable talents. She was a frequent contributor to the earlier volumes of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, where *inter alia* (vol. i. p. 251), will be found some pathetic lines "To my Mother's Picture."

I have already spoken, where he was a constant attendant, delighting the motley crowd by high spirits, charming presence, humorous banter, witty talk, and a rare talent for "trotting out,"—that vulgarest of all amusements,—an eccentric *habitué* or chance visitor. Among those who held him in the highest esteem was the witty James Smith, of *Rejected Addresses* celebrity, who was wont to adduce him as a specimen of a perfect gentleman, and pronounced that, in the delightful union of gaiety and good sense he was absolutely unequalled. An admirable record of these bygone festivities is preserved in the series of profile sketches, one hundred and twenty-five, I think, in number, executed by the facile pencil of D'Orsay, and published by Mitchell, of Bond Street. These display powers which, with due cultivation, might have led to important results; but, as they are, remain specimens of amateur talent, and are sometimes feeble. In sculpture, also, D'Orsay was qualified to excel. His *statuettes*—take that of her Majesty on horseback as an example—are often graceful, and display originality of conception; they are, moreover, invariably refined, and somehow are invested with a lofty and aristocratic character, which was perchance wanting in the original. It should not be forgotten, too, that besides his general amiability, D'Orsay was liberal with his purse. A countryman in distress rarely preferred his claims in vain, and he was one of the most liberal supporters of the *Société de Bienfaisance.*

Presently came the long-expected crash at Gore House, as I have elsewhere related, and the Count and the Lady fled to Paris to escape incarceration. In 1849, Lady Blessington was carried off by apoplexy, and D'Orsay was left to work out his destiny alone. Afflicted to agony by the loss of his friend, D'Orsay undertook the preparation of a fitting monument for her whom he had loved well, if not wisely. In the village of Chambourcy, beyond the woodland precincts of St. Germain-en-Laye, where the rustic cemetery joins the domains of the family of De Grammont, is to be seen a monumental pyramid. The sepulchral chamber contains two massive *sarcophagi*, surmounted by tablets of white marble. In that on the left were deposited the remains of Marguerite, Countess of Blessington; while that on the right has now received those of Alfred, Count D'Orsay. It was currently reported that the Count never recovered the shock of Lady Blessington's death, and that his previously healthy frame became at once the subject of a complication of disorders, under which he sank. The fact, however, is that he survived the death of his old companion nearly four years, and died of an internal and far less sentimental disease than a broken heart. This was not, at first, considered dangerous; more latterly he was ordered by his physician to Dieppe, but here his health further declined. He returned to Paris, where all hope of his recovery was speedily abandoned, as it appeared that disease of the lungs had been added to the original malady. He died in that city, at the house of his sister, the Duchesse de Grammont, August 4th, 1852, in the fifty-fifth year of his age.

The funeral took place on the 7th of August, and was attended by the Emperor of the French, Alexandre Dumas *fils*, Emile de Girardin (the journalist), Count de la Tour du Pin, M. Bixio, Clesinger (the sculptor), Count de Montauban, and others. The Duc de Grammont, his brother-in-law, was confined to a sick-bed, but the Duchesse, his sister, who had nursed her brother in his illness, was present at the sad

scene. Many Englishmen, who had known the Count in his palmy days, were also in attendance ; among whom was to be observed an old man, one of the last relics of the Brummellian school of dandies. This was the celebrated Hughes Ball, commonly called, from his great wealth, the "Golden Ball," who, after trying in vain to make a noble alliance,* had created a nine days' wonder in the "circles of fashion" some thirty years before, by marrying Mercandotti, the Andalusian Venus, the most charming of all the daughters of Terpsichore, reported, in the scandal of the day, to be a natural daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of Fife. The "Golden Ball" lived for a time at his residence, the "Oatlands," till after losing a mint of money at the gaming table, and squandering three-fourths of his enormous fortune, he withdrew to Paris, where he ended his days, but a few years ago, in comparative obscurity. I have a charming volume before me, *The Prism of Imagination* (London, Longmans, 1844, 8vo), with illustrations to the tales by Henry Warren, and borders (to every page) and titles in colours and gold, by the late Owen Jones, architect, which is dedicated "To E. H. Ball Hughes, Esq., by his much-attached and affectionate sister, (the Baroness) E. C. De Calabrella." I crave indulgence for this brief *excursus*.

A good deal has been said of the ingratitude of the ex-Emperor of the French, as shown in his reception of Count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington. When an exile in London, and in narrow circumstances, he had been a frequent visitor at Gore House, and was always received with friendship and hospitality. That he should return this, when the revolution of Time's teetotum had placed him on a throne, and brought his former entertainers as ruined exiles to the capital where he held sway, was only to be supposed. But the expectations of the latter were probably extravagant, and the position of the former was one of some difficulty and embarrassment. But it must be remembered that D'Orsay was at once received by the President, and became one of his chief and most valued advisers. He was greatly opposed to the policy of the latter, and on the occurrence of the *coup d'état* of December 2nd, 1851, which he pronounced "the greatest political swindle that had ever been played on a nation," he exerted himself almost beyond the limits of prudence to soften the stroke of proscription. All this threw difficulties in the way,—which were probably not lessened by the conduct of Lady Blessington, whose well-known *mot*, "Et vous?" when asked, on a casual *rencontre*, by the head of the Republic how long she purposed to remain in France, may probably be taken as a type of similar impertinences. However this may be, those who put their trust in "Princes" know, on high authority, what they have to expect ; though this we hardly think is illustrated in the present case, where the President, as soon as the urgent necessity of D'Orsay was represented to him, at once attached

* Thus commemorated in a verse of the day :—

"Now, by my faith, it gives me pain
To see thee, cruel Lady J——
Regret the *golden Ball*.
'Tis useless now :—'the fox and grapes'
Remember, and avoid the apes,
Which wait an *old maid's* fall."

The English Spy, i. 194.

him to his person by the title and functions of Superintendent of the Fine Arts, and exclaimed, when informed of his death, that he had "lost his best friend."

I have now only to refer those "whom it may concern" to a curious and now scarce volume, entitled *D'Horsay; or, the Follies of the Day.* By a Man of Fashion (London: Strange, 1844, 8vo), with admirable etchings by George Standfast, and a general uplifting of the curtain upon the faults and foibles of the man and the day, by one who had evidently been behind the scenes. I have seen it attributed—I do not know with truth,—to the late John Mills, and believe that a copy has sold as high as £6. The personages introduced figure under flimsy disguises, and the reader will hardly need a "key" to indicate the originals of the Earl of Chesterlane, Mr. Pelham, General Reel, Lord George Bedtick, Mr. George Bobbins ("the Prince of Auctioneers"), the Marquis of Riverford, Lord Huntingcastle, Mister Sloughman, Joe Banks (the "Stunner"), the Earl of Byworden, the Countess of Rivington, the Earl of Raspberry-Hill, "the circumcised driver of the cabriolet" (Benjamin D'Israeli), and the Marquis of Hereford,—"the greatest debauchee the world has ever seen, a man without one redeeming quality in the multitude of his glaring damnable vices,"—the fearful scene of whose closing life is depicted in a chapter (the XIVth), which is sometimes wanting in the volume.

LVI.—CHARLES LAMB.

"Oh, thou whom old Homer would call, were he living,
Home-lover, thought-feeder, abundant-joke-giving;
Whose charity springs from deep knowledge, nor swerves
Into mere self-reflections, or scornful reserves;
In short, who wert made for two centuries ago,*
When Shakespeare knew men, and to write was to know." †

The etching before us, which looks woundily as if the head, at least, had been taken from the full-length, "scratched on copper from life, in 1825, by his friend, Brook Pulham,"—gives the outward form of that delightful being, to whom the fine lines above were indited by one of his oldest and best-loved friends,—of a writer who has excited a warmer personal feeling, and been more frequently brought before us by "biographies," "reminiscences," "letters" and "essays," than any other man since the days of Johnson. Dear Charles Lamb! Who is not familiar with thy outward form?—those gaiter-clad legs, which Hood

* "Charles Lamb was a living anachronism—a seventeenth century man, mislaid and brought to life, two hundred years too late. Never did author less belong to what was, nominally, his own time; he could neither sympathize with it, nor comprehend it; his quaintness of style and antiquarianism of taste were no affectation. He belonged to the school of his contemporaries; but they were contemporaries that never met him in the streets, but were mostly to be found in Poet's Corner, or under gravestones of the long ago. He was happy in this, however, that though shut out from his day and generation, his day and generation understood and appreciated him, for, with the exception of Goldsmith, no man of letters has ever been more sincerely loved, or tenderly regretted."—*Notes and Queries*, September 22nd, 1866.

† Leigh Hunt.



Jours ratherish unwell

Ch.s Lamb

THE AUTHOR OF 'ELIA'.

called "immaterial"; that noble head, which Leigh Hunt said was "worthy of Aristotle,—with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it"; that "slim, middle-aged man, in quaint uncontemporary habiliments," as Mr. Westwood, a neighbour, described him; those mobile and sensitive features, whence beamed forth, as he himself said of the glorious singer, Braham,—"a compound of the Jew, the Gentleman and the Angel." What is there yet unknown about Charles Lamb? Talfourd has given us his *Life and Letters*, and then,—when the *British Quarterly* had opened the cupboard-door,—in his *Final Memorials*, disclosed the skeleton within, in all its ghastly hideousness, and gave the world that life's lesson of affection, devotion and self-sacrifice. De Quincey then came with his reminiscences; "Barry Cornwall" with his loving record; Percy Fitzgerald, who tells of "his homes, his haunts and his books"; the Halls, with their ever pleasant and genial "Memories"; Barron Field, with his short but excellent memoir in the *Annual Biography and Obituary*, 1836; Percy Fitzgerald's *Life, Letters and Writings* (6 vols., 1876, 8vo); Mr. Alfred Ainger's essay, *English Men of Letters* (1882, 8vo); not to forget Carlyle's "unhappy tattle";—together with a host of articles in Reviews and Magazines,—Mr. Procter in the *Athenæum*, Mr. Forster in the *New Monthly*, Mr. Patmore in the *Court Magazine*, Mr. Moxon in *Leigh Hunt's London Journal*, and the Rev. J. Fuller Russell in *Notes and Queries* (April 1st, 1882).

> "———— quo fit ut omnis
> Votivâ pateat veluti descripta tabellâ,
> Vita senis."

What, then, can be said that has not been said before? what dish concocted that shall not prove a *crambe repetita?*

A word more about the outward man,—let me finish with the shell before I attempt to penetrate to the kernel.

One of his best pen-portraits is that given by Mrs. Mathews, in the *Life and Correspondence* of her husband, the celebrated monologuist (1860, p. 245). "Mr. Lamb's first appearance," the lady writes, "was not prepossessing. His figure was small and mean; and no man certainly was ever less beholden to his tailor. His 'bran' new suit of black cloth (in which he affected several times during the day to take great pride, and to cherish as a novelty that he had looked for and wanted), was drolly contrasted with his very rusty silk stockings, shown from his knees, and his much too large thick shoes without polish. His shirt rejoiced in a wide ill-plaited frill, and his very small tight, white neck-cloth was hemmed to a fine point at the ends that formed part of a little bow. His hair was black and sleek, but not formal, and his face the gravest I ever saw, but indicating great intellect, and resembling very much the portraits of King Charles I."—"His was no common face," said Thomas Hood; "none of those willow-pattern ones which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries; but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware,—one to the set,—unique, antique, quaint. You might have sworn to it piecemeal,—a separate affidavit to each feature."

Lamb hated "facts,"* and proclaimed himself "a matter-of-lie man"

* "All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts.'"—Oliver Wendell Holmes (*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, p. 2).

to some egotistical bore who was boasting, we may suppose, of his contempt for the imaginative. He elsewhere confesses that he is "ill at dates"; but I hope not to offend his peaceful shade by adducing a few both facts and dates, from a little autobiographical sketch, in his own handwriting, once in the manuscript collection of the late William Upcott, for whom it was written. It is as follows:—

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10th February, 1775; educated at Christ's Hospital; afterwards a clerk in the Accountants' Office, East India House; pensioned off from that service, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman-at-large;—can remember but few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste suâ manu*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which, as he told a dull fellow that charged him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a fierce smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the public a tale in prose, called *Rosamund Gray;* a dramatic sketch, called *John Woodvil;* a *Farewell Ode to Tobacco;* with sundry other poems, and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos, and pompously christened his works, though in fact they were his recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios. He is also the true Elia, whose essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since, and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw public attention to the old English Dramatists, in a work called *Specimens of English Dramatic Writers,* who lived about the time of Shakespeare, published about fifteen years since. In short, all his merits and demerits to set forth, would take to the end of Mr. Upcott's book, and then not be told truly."

Was he, by the way, of Hebrew extraction? Maginn expresses his belief that his family was Jewish, and that his real name was "Lomb." But this could hardly be the case. Read his fine paper on "Imperfect Sympathies," where he classes Jews with Scotchmen, Negroes and Quakers. He was, he said, "a bundle of prejudices, made up of likings and dislikings,—the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, antipathies." He had not the nerve, he said, to enter a Jewish synagogue,—he did not care to be in habits of familiar intercourse with any of that nation,—and he confessed that he did not "relish the approximation of Jew and Christian which had become so fashionable." He thought of his favourite, Braham, that he would have been "more in keeping if he had abided by the faith of his forefathers," and saw "the Hebrew spirit strong in him in spite of his proselytism!" No, Charles Lamb was not, consciously at least, of Jewish origin,—he did not belong to that wonderful, hardly used, and greatly misunderstood people,—except, indeed, in so far as we may all form part of the missing Tribes.

We get a good glimpse of him from the description of "Barry Corn-

wall," who, referring to the year 1817, writes :—"Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time might, by extending their walk a few yards into Russell Street, have noticed a small, spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning, and returned every afternoon as the hands of the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress ; which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen, penetrating eyes ; and he walked with a short, resolute step city-wards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass him by without recollecting his countenance : it was full of sensibility, and it came upon you like new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards ; it gave rise to meditation, and did you good. This small, half-clerical man, was—Charles Lamb."

Was he, by the way, quite as regular in his hours as Maginn and Procter assert? There is a tale of an interview with his "Directors," and a gentle reprimand for his late arrival at the desk, with Lamb's stuttered reply, "But if I do come late, gentlemen, you should take into consideration how soon I go away!" But here, probably, we may say of him what he said of Coleridge, when Leigh Hunt was complaining of his religious fervour : "N-n-never mind what he says,—he's full of f-f-fun." Any way, the alleged rejoinder is full of *ovine* humour, and has so much of the *bovine* in it that it might well find a place among the stories in Miss Edgeworth's bucolic essay on *Irish Bulls*.

As an ESSAYIST, Lamb was already known to a small circle by his magazine contributions ; but it was not till these were issued in a collected form, in 1818, that their merits became generally appreciated, and they then took the world by surprise. This might well be the case, for the *Essays of Elia* are productions perfectly *sui generis*,—unique in literature. They are unlike those of Montaigne, Addison, Cowley or Goldsmith, and yet possess points of resemblance to each. Many of them are worked up from letters written to his friends ; are eminently "non-sequaceous,"—as Coleridge would say,—exhibit very little constructive power,—and are of extremely narrow grasp. But they have compensating merits peculiar to themselves, and these of the highest order. If critical, they have a marvellous faculty of at once hitting the central point, as it were, of their subject with unerring accuracy ; and shedding a light upon the meaning which it never received before. Take, for instance, the essays on "Shakespeare," and the "Dramatic Writers," where more is said in fewer words than is to be found in any other commentator, and positions laid down, not one of which has ever been gainsaid. The same may be predicated of the *Essay on Hogarth*, which must henceforth be a constant accompaniment of every edition of that unequalled humorist, such a necessary help is it to the direction and methodisation of our own feelings and judgment upon the subject. Mr. Swinburne, in the hyper-eulogistic style of one all of whose geese are swans, says of Lamb that he was "the most supremely competent judge, and exquisite critic of lyrical and dramatic art that we have ever had." * Without going quite to this length, one may safely say that he manifested

* *William Blake : a Critical Essay*, by Algernon Charles Swinburne (London, 1868, 8vo, p. 8).

a most subtle and penetrative insight into the recondite beauties of the narrow range of the authors in whom he especially delighted, and that, with rare discrimination, he has, in his admirable *Specimens*, and his *Garrick Plays* (subsequently contributed to the *Table Book* of his friend Hone), garnered up for us many a precious gem from the dramatic dust-heap of time. As Coleridge said of him,—"he now and then irradiates; and the beam, though single, and fine as a hair, is yet rich with colours, and I both see and feel it." What need be said of his more discursive essays,—"unlicked, incondite things,—villanously pranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases," as he himself called them —tricksome and joyous in guise, intense in pathos, delicious in paradox? Wilful, errant, playful disquisitions they are,—where the humorist takes his stand upon some *punctum indifferens*,—a *tertium quid*,—midway between fact and fiction, truth and falsity, and makes no search for any eternal principles to which he may refer discrepant thought and feeling. Hence he who reads to "improve his mind" will hold them of little value; though, strangely enough, they have come now to be classed among the very books which their author so hated,—those "which no gentleman's library can be without." Truth, he held, was precious; not to be wasted on anybody. "Here comes a fool," said he, "let us be grave;" and wanted to examine phrenologically the head of the man who asked him if he did not think Milton was a clever fellow. It was Lamb, I believe, —pray excuse the interpolation as an *obiter dictum*,—who exclaimed to the grimy fisted whist-player, "My dear sir, if dirt were trumps, what hands you *would* hold!"

Of these essays, it is remarked by "A. K. H. B.," that "they would have wanted a great part of their indefinable charm, if their writer had not been trembling on the verge of insanity." This is probably true. We all know the story of the awful calamity which fell upon the house of Charles Lamb, and the shadow which it threw over his life:—the murder of his mother by his insane sister,* the recurring insanity of the latter, and the periodical visits of the brother and sister, strait-waistcoat in hand, to the asylum at Hoxton. We know that Charles himself was once deprived of his reason, and placed, for a time, under control; and that the preservation of his recovered intellect was, as we would fondly believe, the reward of his life of self-abnegation and fraternal devotion. In some minds, moreover, the partition between wit and madness is very

* A writer in the *Graphic* (February 27th, 1875) says: "With the curious inconsistency of that age, which sent scores of men and women to the gibbet for what we deem trivial offences, no judicial inquiry into the matter took place. Nowadays, the perpetrator of such a deed would have been tried for murder, and would, if found not guilty, on the ground of insanity, have been shut up for life." Here, however, the writer is in some little error. An inquest was held the next day, at which the jury, without hesitation, brought in a verdict of Lunacy. The unfortunate and irresponsible matricide was confined in a mad house, where, although she speedily recovered her reason, she remained, till the death of the father, a year or two after, seemed to justify the brother in obtaining her release, which he did, on entering upon a solemn engagement to take her under his care for life. The affair seems to have been suppressed with some care. In the account of the inquest, in the *Annual Register*, for 1796, no name is mentioned but that of Dr. Pitcairn; the simple statement being that "the Coroner's jury sat on the body of an old lady, in the neighbourhood of Holborn"; but, strangely enough, in the "Index," to that work, compiled so long after as 1826, may be found the *item*:—"Murder of Mrs. Lamb by her insane daughter." See also the *Times*, September 26th, 1796.

slender. Genius, it has been remarked, is, like the pearl in the oyster, a disease of the animal by which it is produced ;—but Lamb himself, who wrote a paper on the *Sanity of True Genius*, would have denied the analogy and contested the point. It was in 1795, that the sad occurrence to which I have alluded took place, and he, too, like his sister, was confined in Hoxton. Writing in the following year to Coleridge, he said :—"The six weeks that finished last year, and began this, your humble servant passed very agreeably in a madhouse. I am somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one ; but mad I was."

As a POET, Charles Lamb is once again original. He has produced but little, it is true ; but that little is perfect in its own way, and ensures for its author a niche all to himself in the temple of Parnassus. What more pathetic than his lines on his mother, first printed in the *Final Memorials* (p. 77) ; his "Old Familiar Faces" ; "The Three Friends" ; and "The Sabbath Bells"? Then there is the fierce energy of the "Farewell to Tobacco," and "The Gipsy's Malison," with its almost demoniacal force of expression. These are all pieces of perfect finish, and are marked by a wondrously refined artifice of rhyme, rhythm, phrase, and condensation of thought. One little bit of Lamb's poetry, by the way, has escaped the industry of the editor of *Eliana*,—the song of Thekla, in the "Piccolomini" of Coleridge (act ii., scene vii.), which that poet gives, as having been contributed by the author of *Rosamund Gray*, and appearing to him "to have caught the happiest manner of the old poets." Another piece, too, may be mentioned, and this, as I hold it, one of the happiest and most characteristic pieces that Lamb ever wrote. I allude to the little poem,—"scarcely worth recollecting," says Talfourd,—alluded to by Lamb in a letter to Moxon, October 24th, 1831, when hinting at a certain sum accruing to him for "Devil's money." The title of this is *Satan in Search of a Wife, with the whole Process of his Courtship and Marriage, and who Danced at the Wedding; by an Eye-witness* (Moxon, 1831, 12mo, pp. 36). This little book has somehow become exceedingly rare. I never saw but my own copy, which was first pointed out to me by the brother of the publisher ; and the editor of *Eliana*,—who consoles himself, fox and grape fashion, with the supposition that it was probably "the poorest thing the author ever printed"—was not able to recover one, and had to content himself with a few stanzas, which chanced to be quoted in an old number of the *Athenæum*. (APPENDIX E.)

The literary associations of Charles Lamb with his friends Southey, Coleridge, and Lloyd, naturally involved him in the charge of political, religious, and even moral heresy, which, with somewhat greater show of justice, had been brought against them. Thus, in the first number of *The Anti-Jacobin Magazine and Review*, was an etching by Gillray, in which Coleridge and Southey are represented with asses' heads ; and Lloyd and Lamb as "Toad" and "Frog." In the number for July, these associated poets were introduced as paying homage to Lepaux, a French charlatan of the day :—

> 'And ye five other wandering bards, that move
> In sweet accord of harmony and love ;
> C——dge and S—th—y, L——d, and L——b and Co.,
> Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux."

Even Byron, later on, caught up the cry, and wrote in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :—

"Yet, let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse, of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd."

This Charles Lloyd was the son of a well-known banker at Birmingham, belonging to the Society of Friends. He became a student at the University of Cambridge, and was introduced by Coleridge to Lamb, who conceived a great friendship for him. He was an easy writer of verse, and manifested considerable analytical power in his *London*, and later pieces. He was author of a novel, entitled *Edmund Oliver*, long consigned to Ogygian limbo, of which the earlier career of Coleridge, and his military adventure, form the chief points of interest.

Touching Lamb's poetry, another curious bibliographical fact may be recorded. In 1809, at "Godwin's Juvenile Library," appeared two small volumes, entitled *Poetry for Children*. By Charles and Mary Lamb. The entire edition was speedily sold off, and the work became absolutely lost. In 1877, however, a copy was discovered in South Australia, in the possession of the Hon. Mr. Sandover, of Adelaide. The poems are eighty-four in number; and of these only twenty-nine were previously known. The circumstance altogether may be regarded as one of the most extraordinary in literature.*

Willingly would I linger with Charles Lamb in his haunts;—the little pot-house, the "Salutation and Cat," near Smithfield, in whose sanded parlour he and Coleridge, full of bright hopes and glorious schemes, drank "egg-hot," and puffed "Oronoko," long after the chimes at midnight, while the Platonist built up his Pantisocracy in lofty talk;—or his various homes, especially that high, dark chamber, "No. 4, Inner Temple Lane," where, surrounded by old books and black-framed Hogarths, he and his sister regaled "with cold roast lamb or boiled beef, heaps of smoking roasted potatoes, and the vast jug of porter, often replenished by Becky, from the best tap in Fleet Street," such guests as Hazlitt, Rickman, Cary, Allan Cunningham, "Christopher North," Coleridge, Godwin,† Wordsworth, "Barry Cornwall," Hood, Kenney, George Dyer, Talfourd, Charles Lloyd, Leigh Hunt,‡ Liston (the actor), Miss Kelly,§ Basil Montague,

* A full account of the "discovery" of these volumes, and an analysis of their contents, will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1877.

† Godwin, on his first interview with Lamb, asked him if he was "Toad," or "Frog,"—alluding to Gillray's offensive caricature.

‡ See Leigh Hunt's charming *Poetical Epistle to Charles Lamb.*

§ Of all these loving friends of Charles Lamb, and frequenters of his simple home, "*eheu fugaces, Posthume, labunter anni!*"—one only now remains upon earth to cherish, in venerated age, the memory of the feast of reason and flow of soul of long past years. This is FRANCES MARIA KELLY, "the most unprofessional of actresses and unspoiled of women," now in the ninety-third year of her age. It was in December, 1799, that she made her first appearance on the boards of Drury Lane, in the operatic spectacle *Bluebeard*, by her uncle, Michael Kelly, whose entertaining *Reminiscences*, as edited by Theodore Hook (London, 1826, 2 vols. 8vo), are before the public. It is worthy of note that, on the very same evening, the great Edmund Kean, then a mere lad, the senior of Miss Kelly by three years only, first braved a London audience. It is, of course, not within my province, to trace, however cursorily, the dramatic career of this eminent actress, who, in her day, was the worthy associate of Sarah Siddons, John Kemble, Liston, Farren, Edmund Kean, Munden, Dorothy Jordan, and Macready; but she claims a record here as one of the most intimate and beloved friends of Lamb,—the subject of one (and as I suspect another) of his Sonnets,—and the "Barbara S." of the *Essays of Elia*. It is pleasing to learn that in November, 1852,—not all too soon, it may be thought,—this venerable and respected actress, became the

Charles Kemble, Barnes of the *Times*, B. R. Haydon (the unfortunate painter), Thelwall (the orator), Jem White, Ma ining, and "the gentlemanly murderer," Thomas Griffiths Wainwright,* and others. Here was to be found neither the lurid splendour of Kensington Gore, nor the courtly learning and politics of Holland House;—but furniture, that you were not afraid to spoil,—a welcome, hearty and homely,—talk, "farsed with pleasaunce,"—and books which were not to be referred to without a grace before and after, whose ragged coats the owner would piously kiss, and which, like those wherewith Pliny lined his Laurentian villa (Ep. ii. 17), were "non legendi, sed lectitandi."

According to Cowper, "man made the town," and man is naturally fond of his own creation. Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." Dr. Moseley complained of "the maddening noise of nothing which haunted you in the country." The Duke of Queensbury when told that London was "empty," replied with truth, "Yes, but it's fuller than the country!" And Jekyll,—or some one else, it doesn't matter who,—on being left an estate on the condition that he resided upon it, had the approach to the house paved like the streets of London, and hired a cab to drive up and down it all day. So, Lamb also was a dear lover of the town, with its never ceasing suggestiveness and haunting memories. We cannot conceive existence possible for him elsewhere. "I would live in London," said he, "shirtless, bookless. I love the sweet security of streets, and would set up my tabernacle there." We can well believe what he states of himself,—"My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not to be rooted up without blood,—a new state of things staggers me." Nevertheless, in 1822 he managed to get as far as Paris. There was a certain family which he refused to visit, because, as he said, "he could not take Mary,—and there seemed a kind of dishonesty in any pleasure he took without her." The much-loved sister therefore accompanied the brother on his trip; neither of the pair speaking a single word of the language. He thought Paris "a glorious, picturesque old city," to which London looked "mean and new." But he somewhat consoled himself with the reflection that the former had no St. Paul's, or Westminster Abbey. With the Quaker sect, with its supposed simplicity and artlessness, he confessed to "imperfect sympathy," and strove to account for it. "I am all over sophisticated," he said, "with humours, fancies craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whimwhams, which their simpler tastes could do without; I should starve at their simple banquet." With what a puzzled expression,

recipient, through the Prime Minister, Mr. Gladstone, of a grant from the Crown of £150 per annum.

Leaving this note as it stands, just one month later on, I record with regret that the "grim archer," who had made sundry futile vicarious attempts upon the life of the actress;—once in 1816, when, as she was performing the part of "Nanny" in *Modern Antiques*, at Drury Lane Theatre, a despairing admirer discharged a pistol at her; again subsequently, in Dublin, when a similar attempt was made upon her by another victim to her charms; and a third time, when she narrowly escaped shipwreck, as she was crossing to Ireland;—at length thought it time to take more direct aim, and brought to a close her career of nearly a century. She was born December 15th, 1790, and died December 9th, 1882; and was consequently in her ninety-third year.

* The "Janus Weathercock" of the *London Magazine;* the prototype of "Varney," in Bulwer's *Lucretia;* and the subject of Dickens's curious, and now scarce little monograph.

as of one who strives to decipher a hieroglyph, would he read that stanza of Shelley—

"Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little, or no fun done,—
Small justice shown, and still less pity." *

One who knew him less well (a right good scholar, too),—the late Walter Savage Landor,—has left some fine lines to commemorate his solitary interview :—

"Once, and once only have I seen thy face,
Elia! Once only has thy tripping tongue
Run o'er my heart, yet never has been left
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
Cordial old man! What youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what soul
In every utterance of thy purest breast!
Of all that ever wore man's form, 'tis thee
I first would spring to at the gate of heaven!"

and goes on to say, "The world will never see again two such delightful volumes as the *Essays of Elia;* no man living is capable of writing the worst twenty pages of them. The Continent has *Zadig*, and *Gil Blas;* we have *Elia*, and *Sir Roger de Coverley*."

In looking over my edition of the poetical works of Lamb (London, 1840), I fail to find the fine Latin verses which he wrote on the exhibition of his friend Haydon's grand picture of "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem." It was in 1820 that this artist, who terminated his unfortunate and imprudent career by suicide, June 22nd, 1846, completed, and exhibited,—but failed to sell,—in Bond Street, the picture referred to; and the lines of which I speak were communicated to the *Champion* † of May 7th, 1820. They have possibly not escaped the industry of later editors; but possessors of the earlier editions of the poems may perhaps now see them for the first time, and thank me for exhibiting their author in the new character of Latin epigrammatist. They are as follows :—

"*In Tabulam eximii pictoris*, B. R. HAYDONI, *in quâ Solymæi, adveniente Domino, palmas in viâ prosternentes, mirâ arte depinguntur.*

"Quid vult iste equitans? et quid velit ista virorum
Palmifera ingens turba, et vox tremebunda Hosanna!
Hosanna Christo semper semperque canamus.

"*Palma* fuit *Senior* pictor celeberrimus olim;
Sed palmau cedat, modò si foret ille superstes,
Palma, Haydone, tibi : tu palmas omnibus aufers.

"Palma negata macrum, donataque reddit opimum,
Si simul incipiat cum famâ increscere corpus,
Tu citò pinguesces, fies et, amicule, obesus.

"Affectant lauros pictores atque poëtæ,
Sin laurum invideant (sed quis tibi?) laurigerentes,
Pro lauro palmâ viridanti tempora cingas.

"CARLAGNULUS."

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* *Peter Bell the Third*, part iii.

† Then under the management of his friend, John Scott, a critic of distinguished ability, who subsequently became the editor of the *London Magazine*, and fell in a duel.

Translation.

"What rider's that? and who those myriads bringing
Him on his way with palms, Hosannas singing?
Hosanna to the Christ, HEAV'N—EARTH—should still be ringing.

"In days of old, old Palma won renown:
But Palma's self must yield the painter's crown,
Haydon, to thee. Thy palms put every other down.

"If Flaccus' sentence with the truth agree,
That "Palms awarded make men plump to be,"
Friend Horace, Haydon soon in bulk shall match with thee.

"Painters with poets for the laurel vie:
But should the laureate band thy claims deny,
Wear thou thy own green palm, Haydon, triumphantly.

"C. L."

The love between Lamb and Coleridge was a touching and beautiful thing. "The gentle creature," said the latter of his old friend, "who looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution." Coleridge died in 1834; and the event was a shock to Lamb which he never rightly overgot. To lose his sister was a calamity to the possibility of which he could not look forward. "I wish that I could throw into a heap," said he,—"a sort of hotch-pot, the remainder of our several existences, and so share them in equal divisions." But this fond desire was not to be realized. In 1833, cough and cramp had attacked him;—"We sleep three in a bed," he wrote. In this year he moved to his last abode, Church Street, Edmonton; and here he continued to enjoy, as he might, the *otiosa æternitas* of these later years, until, as Mr. Procter expresses it, "this lapsed into the great deep beyond," on December 27th, 1834. The sister, whom he had loved so purely, and for whom he had sacrificed so much, survived her brother thirteen years, her calamity hiding from her the magnitude of her loss, and her comforts watched over by their remaining friends. Landor has left some charming stanzas—

"TO THE SISTER OF ELIA.

"Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?

"He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears,
The love of friends, without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

"His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine:
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

"Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

"Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er deaths perennial snows,
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks,—he bids thee rest."

In the parish burial-ground of Edmonton there is a turfed grave, on the head and foot-stone of which are inscriptions which record the birth and death-dates of the loving pair, who slumber beneath in "dual loneliness." Wordsworth wrote some exquisite lines for the epitaph of his friend, but these do not appear. A writer in *Notes and Queries* (September 22nd, 1866), communicates the actual inscription, saying, perhaps somewhat too severely :—"How the above doggrel, as ungrammatical as nonsensical, came to be substituted . . . is a question I am unable to determine. As it is, the grave, etc., bespeak neither good taste nor charity on the part of his executors." This is surely not as it should be.

There are spots on the sun, and they say that the character of Charles Lamb was not altogether free from infirmity. Walter Thornbury tells that he "sotted over his nightly grog"; * Talfourd himself seeks not to deny that the excellencies of his friend, moral and intellectual, "were blended with a single frailty"; Kenealy speaks of "the only stigma" on his memory; and we know that "The Confessions of a Drunkard," and "The Farewell to Tobacco,"—he staggered Parr, even, with his ten pipes a night,—were the tear-blurred records of a self-accusing spirit. Be it so. *Summi enim sunt homines tantum* is an axiom as full of truth now as in the days of Quintilian, and needs no further illustration. Indeed, we love Lamb the better for the revelation; the better, that, not seeking to conceal his follies, as men love to do, so as to "present no mark to the foeman," or to palliate, or shuffle with, them, he admitted them in a touching and manly spirit: and frankly appealed for compassion to those, who yet standing, have to take heed lest they themselves fall. But enough; this is a subject on which I would fain have been silent, and should have said nothing, had not all been told already. Apelles painted Antigonus in profile that the loss of one of his eyes might not be visible; † and Fuller speaks of such a "handsome folding up of discourse," that "virtues are shown outside, and vices wrapped up in silence." Thus would I treat the memory of dear CHARLES LAMB, and all the sons of genius, inheritors in common of the frailties of lesser mortals. Farewell, then, to thee for a time, thou gentle spirit, in thy own words—

> "Free from self-seeking, envy, low design,
> We have not met a whiter soul than thine!" ‡

LVII.—PIERRE-JEAN DE BÉRANGER.

"How like him," ejaculates Maginn, "in attitude, mien, figure, look! He is depicted just as he is. There he sits in the apartment of the prison to which the absurd policy of the Ministers of the restored Bourbons consigned him, while they overlooked the real traitors who were undermining their throne; and he is shown in his usual simple,

* See "Barry Cornwall's" eloquent defence of his friend from the charge (*Charles Lamb: a Memoir*, 1st ed. 1866, pp. 122, 123).

† "Habet in picturâ speciem tota facies: Apelles tamen imaginem Antigoni latere tantum altero ostendit, ut amissi oculi deformitas lateret."—*Quintil. Inst. Orator.*, Lib. ii. Cap. xiii.

‡ "Epistle to Martin Charles Burney, Esq.," prefixed to *Rosamund Gray*.



AUTHOR OF LES SOUVENIRS DU PEUPLE.

unostentatious garb, divested equally of the ostentation of extreme plainness as of dandyism. He looks to be what he is—a man."

"Under the simple name of *Chansonnier*," wrote a great French author, "a man has arisen, who is one of the greatest poets that France has produced. With genius which assumes the manner of La Fontaine and Flaccus, he has sung, where he has chosen, as Tacitus has written."* The poet thus alluded to is P. J. DE BÉRANGER,—the great national song-writer of France,—that most perfect master of the modern lyre, who, in these latter days, in the bright city of the Seine, has invested the simple *chanson* with a dignity and grace unsurpassed by Horace, in his finest ode, on the banks of the Tiber, two thousand years ago.

This illustrious man, whose father was a poor improvident tailor of the Rue Montorgueil, Paris, negligent of his family, and lost in vain dreams of an illustrious ancestry, was born in that city, August 17th, 1780. At the age of nine or ten he became tavern-boy to his aunt, who kept a small *cabaret* in the suburbs of Péronne. Here the lad's vanity was hurt by having to wait on the guests, and his feeble constitution unfitted him for the labours of the stable; so he cast about for some more suitable employment. He tried the workshop of a jeweller, but did not learn much; and next found a place as clerk to a notary. By and by he succeeded in getting occupation in the printing-office of the well-known Laisnez, who had just established himself at Péronne. Here it was, while setting up the type for an edition of the works of André Chénier,—one of the most original of the poets of France, and author of that exquisite elegiac, *La jeune Captive*, written within the walls of the *Conciergerie*, and inspired by one of his fellow-prisoners, Mdlle. de Coigny,—that the youthful compositor conceived the idea of becoming a poet himself. He remained in the printing-office two years only, and accompanied his father to Paris. Here he spent three years in the endeavour to find employment, writing songs, pawning his watch, and wearing out his clothes. At last, pushed *à bout* by his necessities, he determined to solicit the protection of Lucien Buonaparte, brother to the First Consul, who had the reputation of being the patron of men of letters. To him he accordingly wrote, enclosing two dithyrambic poems (*Le Rétablissement du Culte*, and *Le Déluge*) for his approbation. From this illustrious and kind-hearted man, who became afterwards Prince de Canino, and is known as the author of an epic poem, *Charlemagne; ou L'Eglise Delivrée*, not without merit, our young bard received a speedy answer, inviting him to an interview. At this he was treated with a liberality and benevolence which he never forgot, and was assured by the Prince that he would assume the responsibility of watching over his destiny. Lucien himself had to quit Paris shortly, and proceeded to Rome. But he did not forget his promise, and sent to his *protégé*, from that city, a *procuration*, authorizing him to receive, and apply to his own uses, the *honorarium* to which he was entitled as a member of the Institute. Of this, arrears for three years were due, which were paid at once. Béranger handed over the greater part of the sum to his father, and was enabled thenceforth to provide pretty well for his own wants with the annual thousand francs which the *traitement* of an Academician was worth to him. The protection of his patron, although in exile, was useful to him in other ways. At the age of twenty-five, he managed to

* *Études Historiques*, par Chateaubriand ("Préface").

get employment in the *bureaux* of the painter, C. P. Landon, for whom he prepared and arranged the text of his magnificent work, *Les Annales du Musée* (1805–6). For this he got eighteen hundred francs a year, and was enabled to assist his grandmother and sister. He made an attempt to write for the stage, but in after days considered himself fortunate that he never even obtained the honour of a reading. In 1807, he lost his situation with Landon; and inspired by gratitude, attempted to find a publisher for a volume of pastorals, which he had dedicated to Prince Lucien, who was living forgotten at Rome. Here the *dédicace* caused the condemnation of the book at first sight, and it was not till twenty-five years later, in 1833, that he was able by some lines of prose, to express publicly, in a suitable manner, his gratitude to the illustrious *proscrit* whom he had then only seen twice since 1815. On the formation of the Imperial University, Béranger obtained, through Arnault, a place in one of the *bureaux*. This gave him leisure to study the best authors, and perfect his manner. Boileau had written, in his *Art Poétique*, "Il faut, même en chansons, du bon sens et de l'art," and Béranger thought that this humble and hasty species of composition was susceptible of an elevation and perfection of style of which it had not hitherto been thought worthy. He wrote and re-wrote. "Nothing," says he, "so enlightens as the flame of a manuscript which is committed to the fire. In that case I ought to see very clearly. I have known authors who never destroyed any of the verses that they composed. I have not preserved more than a quarter of mine; and I am conscious to-day that I have kept too many of them." *

From the year 1813 he dates his reputation, and this chiefly from the circulation in MS. of such songs as the "Sénateur," "Le petit Homme gris," "Les Gueux," and, above all, by "Le Roi d'Yvetot." There existed at this period a society of *chansonniers* and *littérateurs*, called the *Caveau*, in commemoration of the cellar rendered illustrious by the *réunions* of Piron, Collé, Panard, Gallet, and the Crébillons, *père et fils*. Originally founded in 1755, it had subsequently admitted Duclos, La Bruyère, Bernard, Moncrif, Boucher (the painter), Helvétius, and Rameau (the musician). The younger Crébillon visited England, and on his return introduced Garrick, Sterne and Wilkes. The revolution of 1789 dispersed the *convives*, who, in 1793, after the reign of terror had passed away, founded the *Diners de Vaudeville*.† The *Caveau* was presently resuscitated; and in 1815, when presided over by Désaugiers, Béranger, introduced by Arnault, was induced, somewhat reluctantly, to become a member. In this year he published his first volume of songs (*Chansons Morales et Autres, par P. J. Béranger, Convive du Caveau moderne; avec Gravures et Musique*, 1815, 8vo, chez Eymery). His connection with the society of the *Caveau*, thus commemorated, did not last long. The "Hundred Days" occurred; and a diversity of opinion among the body caused the secession of Béranger. This early volume contains many songs which, though contributing to gain for their author a popular reputation, are marked by the cynical license of a former day, and would have been removed by him from later editions, had they not become the property of the booksellers and the public. Béranger was now the song-

* *Memoirs of Béranger, written by Himself.* London, 1858, 8vo, p. 124.

† For a list of the members of this, its duration, and other details of the resumption of the *Caveau*, see *Paris Chantant* (Paris, 8vo, 1845, p. 99).

writer of the Opposition. During the "Hundred Days," the place of *censeur* of a newspaper, worth some 6000f. per annum, had been pressingly offered to him; but he proved the sincerity and disinterestedness of his convictions by refusing the appointment, although he was literally in want of necessaries at the time, having regularly handed over to the father of Madame Lucien Bonaparte, who was in distress, the sum which, till 1814, when the Prince was struck out of the Academy by a royal *ordonnance*, he was legally entitled to receive. But his poverty sat lightly on the honest bard, and was no embarrassment to him in the company of the wealthy friends which his character and talents had now procured him. It cost him no effort, as he tells us, to say "I am poor"; and he regards the phrase as "almost equal to a fortune." But the courage of the poet was put to another test. Louis XVIII. was fond of songs, and had said, "we must pardon many things in the author of the 'Roi d'Yvetot'"; so Béranger had retained his modest appointment, in spite of his verses. But he received a warning from the *Instruction Publique* that further publication would be considered a resignation of his place. Nothing daunted, he accepted the alternative, and in 1821 succeeded in inducing Firmin Didot to publish by subscription a collection of songs, both old and new, in two duodecimo volumes. Of this edition, the publication of which was facilitated by the support of the great bankers Lafitte and Bérard, 10,500 copies were printed. In good time it filled the pockets of the author, and earned him the title of "poet," which was first given to him by the *Edinburgh Review;* but it cost him his place; and a prosecution, which, in spite of the eloquent defence of Dupin *l'aîné*, resulted in a detention of three months in Sainte-Pélagie, and a fine of five hundred francs. But the former part of the sentence had small terrors for one who could say with Richard Lovelace—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for a hermitage;"

and occupying the chamber which had just been left by P. L. Courier, he found this a paradise compared with the fireless garret which had been his dwelling. In 1825 he entrusted to Ladvocat the publication of a *third* volume, which, with certain retrenchments insisted on by the authorities, was allowed to pass. In 1827, his friend Manuel died, and left an annuity of 1000f. to the poet, who renounced the legacy because he thought the testator had not duly considered the burdens he left behind him. In 1828 he published a *fourth* volume of songs; and feeling certain of a prosecution, hurried off to Havre, to enjoy a few days at the seaside, before his liberty should be infringed. On this occasion he was ably defended by Barthe, but was sentenced to nine months at La Force, and a fine of 10,000f. This sum was collected and paid by his admirers, and the prisoner received in his cell the visits of Victor Hugo,* Sainte-Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, and the most eminent men of

* It is fifty years since this renowned writer, still happily amongst us an octogenarian, followed up, by his play *Le Roi S'Amuse*, that revolt against the laws of classical unity, enunciated by Aristotle and observed by Racine, which he had inaugurated in his *Cromwell*, *Ernani*, and *Marion de Lorme*. Fierce had been the outcry from the old-school critics, and ardent the enthusiasm of the new party, who saw a *renaissance* for the fettered drama of their country. The opposing cliques might

the day. Meantime, the poet kept up, from behind the walls of his dungeon, so deadly a fire against the Government, that he contributed more effectually to promote its downfall than the more material weapons of the heroes of the "Three Days." When the revolution of July had taken place, it was proposed to make him an annual allowance of 6000f. by way of indemnification; but here again he refused, for, said he, "there are other victims whose necessities are far more pressing than mine." Béranger was now growing old; honourable proposals were renewed to him by the Government, but he rejected them, from an honest abhorrence of sinecures. Chateaubriand sought his acquaintance, and this seemed a recompense beyond anything that money could bestow. In 1833 he offered the last volume of what he called his "Mémoires Chantants" to the public, and tried hard, as he says, to fall into oblivion. He quitted Paris, and courted retreat and silence at Passy, Fontainebleau, and Tours. At the revolution of February he was elected member of the Constituent Assembly, but soon gave in his resignation, and retired once more to Passy. In this village he continued to live, till illness forced him to return to the capital for medical advice. He took up his abode in the Rue Vendôme, and became an object of solicitude and interest to the rank and intellect of the city. "La lampe qui s'éteint ne souffre pas," says Chateaubriand; and the last days of Béranger were a gradual declension, unaccompanied by mental disturbance or physical pain. "Jamais souverain," says Louise Colet,—the "chère muse" of so many of his letters,—"n'a été entouré, aux approches de la mort, des soins empressés, de la sympathie tendre, et des hommages douloureux qui ont rempli les trois dernières semaines de cette honnête et noble vieillesse." A vast crowd of all classes of society came daily to make inquiries, and inscribe their names in the registers deposited for that purpose upon tables placed in the courtyard of his modest hotel. His death-bed was solaced by the presence of his best-loved friends. There was Perrotin, his *fils d'adoption;* Antier, the companion of his youth; Lebrun, a member of the Academy, whose love and veneration for the dying poet was boundless. There also, to seat themselves around the *fauteuil* where their friend was easier than in his bed, came daily Arnould, Mignet, Thiers, Victor Cousin, Prosper Mérimée, Legouvé, Boulay-Paty, Champfleury, Lanfrey and many others; besides several friends of that gentler sex which is ever to be found "last at the cross, and first at the tomb." At length the end came; and on July 16th, 1857, in his seventy-sixth year, this great poet breathed his last. His funeral took place twenty-four hours after death, by order of Government; and it is not too much to say that the entire population of Paris,—of wont so self-absorbed, so busy, so preoccupied, but now of one heart and one thought,—in spirit or in person, assisted at the obsequies.

have fought out their battle, and the *Académie*, who could not induce Charles X. to interpose, undergone gradual conversion; but, in the new play, the dramatist—a pensioned Royalist,—exhibited so strong an anti-monarchical feeling, that the King trembled in his shoes, and *Le Roi S'Amuse*, which appeared at the Théâtre Français, on January, 1832, was next day formally interdicted by Government. Half a century has passed away, and carried off Kings and Emperors from the scene. *Le Roi S'Amuse* once more sees the light,—its half centenary and second performance take place on the same day,—and the illustrious author, his head whitened by eighty winters, and back from years of exile, sits side by side with a Republican President, to witness the jubilee representation of his long proscribed play!

I have sufficiently indicated the character of Béranger. He was an honest, independent man, indebted to no one, and seeking no advancement but that which resulted from his own energy and talents. It was his simple pride to live on the fruit of his own labours; and when extraneous assistance came, he always saw some one in greater stress than himself to receive its benefits. He promoted the success of the popular party, but refused to share in the rewards which it had to bestow. He owed no honours or emoluments to Government; he was not even a member of the Legion of Honour. The honours of the Academy he might probably have had by mere application; but this he constantly refused to make. An unsolicited election was hinted at by his friend Lebrun; but the modest poet deprecated the idea, believing that the peculiarities of his character and habits were incompatible with the usages of the body,—that he was a "poor ignorant fellow," unworthy of the honour,—and preferring to die, as he had lived, a simple writer of songs. At a subsequent period, he reiterated his refusal, when pressed by Mignet, the historian of the French Revolution, to accept the *fauteuil* made vacant by the death of Casimir Delavigne. Later in his life, it was reserved for the Empress of the French to solicit in the most graceful and delicate manner the honour and privilege of soothing the poet's declining years; but here, too, the simple *chansonnier* gratefully refused, alleging that the annuity which he received from Perrotin, the possessor of the copyright of his songs, was amply sufficient for his humble wants.

The poetry of Béranger needs no criticism. Benjamin Constant spoke of him as one "qui fait des odes sublimes en ne croyant faire que des chansons"; while another elegant critic, M. Jouy, has alluded to him in language which I willingly adopt as the exponent of my own ideas:—"Un poète doué de la grâce et de la finesse d'Horace, d'un esprit à la fois philosophique et satirique, d'une âme vive et tendre, d'un caractère qui sympathise avec toutes les gloires, avec tous les maux de son pays, s'assied, la lyre en main, sur le tombeau des braves, et fait répéter à la France en deuil les plaintes harmonieuses qu'il exhale dans les chants sans rivaux et sans modèles. J'ai nommé Béranger. Poète national, il a créé parmi nous ce genre de chansons, et s'est fait une gloire à part dans toutes les autres. Par un talent, ou plutôt par un charme qu'il a seul possédé, il a su rassembler dans ses poèmes lyriques de la plus petite proportion la grâce antique et la saillie moderne, la poésie philosophique et le trait de l'épigramme, la gaieté la plus vive, et la sensibilité la plus profonde; en un mot, tout ce que l'art a de plus raffiné, et tout ce que la nature a de plus aimable."* We have two criticisms on Béranger from the pen of Ste. Beuve,—one in 1835, in the *Portraits Contemporains*, and the other in 1856. The critic considers him as one of the greatest, but not the greatest, of the poets of our age; and places him in the second group with Burns, Horace, and La Fontaine. I am here reminded of a paper in the *Cornhill Magazine*, of February, 1868, entitled "The Three Lyrists, Horace, Burns and Béranger."

I have spoken of the aristocratic pretensions of the grandfather and father of our poet. To these the latter was indebted for the feudal particle which appears before his name, and which was conferred upon him in the register of his birth. At this he was the first himself to laugh:—

* *Essai sur la Poésie légère.*

"Hé quoi ! j'apprends que l'on critique
Le *de* qui précède mon nom !
Êtes-vous de noblesse antique?
Moi, noble? Oh ! vraiment, messieurs, non,
Non, d'aucune chevalerie
Je n'ai le brevet sur vélin.
Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie
Je suis vilain, et très-vilain."

When Lamartine was dining with Rogers, the latter asked him what sort of man Béranger was, and what he was about just then. "Je ne le connais pas," replied the French poet; "Je vous plains," retorted the English one.

I have several editions of the *Chansons* of Béranger, including one published ten years after his death, but I do not find in any of these an octave of verses which he wrote on Delille, which forms the epigraph to a "Notice" of that facile versificator, prefixed to an edition of his works published by Gosselin :—

"Notre siècle, penseur brutal,
Contre Delille s'évertue ;
Tel vécut sur un piédestal,
Qui n'aura jamais de statue !
Artiste, poête, savant,
A la gloire en vain on s'attache ;
C'est un linceul que bien souvent
La postérité nous arrache . . ."

In one of the happiest songs of Thomas Love Peacock,—in the opinion of Thackeray, among the best of their age,—the one entitled "Three Times Three," in *Headlong Hall*, contains the lines—

"He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear but when he died,"

embodying, as Mr. Sheehan has pointed out, an exquisitely pathetic sentiment in the "Roi d'Yvetot" of Béranger, the song which gave him his first fame :—

"Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira,
Que le peuple qui l'enterra,
Pleura ;"

—but I do not wish to imply that Mr. Peacock, at that early day, had ever read the French song, which had not long been published.

"The portrait of Béranger, the great song-writer of the French," says a well-informed writer in *All the Year Round*, "is absolutely perfect. The good old Pagan,—for Pagan he was as much as Anacreon or Socrates, —is represented to the life, as he sat in the prison to which he was condemned for a song that hit the Bourbons rather hard in the days of Charles the Tenth, surrounded by all the good things of this life, with which his friends took care to supply him ; calm, severe, and utterly unambitious either of fame or fortune, as happy in singing as a lark in the morning sky, and as utterly careless of the future. He had, in his later days, but an income of twelve hundred and fifty francs (fifty pounds) per annum ; but he made it suffice for his modest wants, though he confessed that it was supplemented by presents from known and unknown friends and admirers ; and that he often received a case of Pommard, his favourite wine, from an anonymous benefactor, whom he

could never discover, but whose health he religiously drank every day that the wine lasted."

There is fitness and "concatenation accordingly" in Shakespeare's picture of the

> "———oak whose boughs were mossed with age,
> And high top bald with dry antiquity,"

which was not to be found in Béranger's external man. Physically, as Swift intellectually, he began to "die at top." He was bald at twenty-three; the aspect of his forehead, which made him look like forty-five when he was only thirty, enabling him to elude the vigilance of the police who made eager search for refractory conscripts. Few of the portraits which profess to represent him, possess any historical value. One of the best is the drawing by Charlet, an etching from which is prefixed to his *Autobiography*, whether in French or in English.* I well remember that *bourgeois* figure, that every attitude, that "skull of St. Chrysostom with a face of Bacchus,"—as one of his friends described it;† and can thus speak from personal knowledge as to the fidelity of the sketch of Maclise before us, which is eminently truthful and characteristic. I made the acquaintance of the *chansonnier* in the *atelier* of my friend, the late J.-J. Grandville, an artist who has succeeded in investing animals, birds, insects, flowers and stars with human passions and attributes better than any other man, except, perhaps, the German, Kaulbach, whose designs for the *Reneke Fuchs* of Goethe are absolutely unrivalled in this line of art. Grandville illustrated a host of books, including *Robinson Crusoe*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and the *Fables* of La Fontaine. His *Cents Proverbes* is well known; and his *Fleurs Animées* (Paris, 1847, 2 tom. 8vo), and his *Etoiles, Dernière Féerie*, posthumously published about the same time, which exhibit a most refined and poetic fancy. His illustrations of the song-writer are issued under the title of *Album Béranger* (Paris, 1858, 8vo). His fancy, rather, as it seemed to me, Teutonic than Gallic in character, became at length morbid in its exaggeration. He saw the animal beneath the man, till the one and the other became indistinguishable. Human beings seemed animated flowers, and the stars of heaven were angels with flowing garments and gleaming coronals. He was finally removed to the *maison de santé* of Vanves, where, after a terrible agony of three days and three nights, on March 17th, 1847, the arts sustained an irreparable loss by the death of this illustrious designer, at the early age of forty-two.

In 1856, the death took place in Paris of the well-known republican David d'Angers. His funeral was attended by a great concourse, with the whole Parisian world of students and artists. Quiet was preserved till the corpse had been consigned to its narrow resting-place. It was then that the old Béranger was espied, and the *fervida juventus* burst forth into an irrepressible shout for the poet and liberty. The attendant *sergens* made

* *Ma Biographie, Ouvrage Posthume de P.-J. de Béranger. Avec un Appendice, Orné d'un Portrait en Pied dessiné par Charlet* (Paris, 1857, 8vo). The English translation, inferior of course in point of taste, is entitled *Memoirs of Béranger, Written by Himself. Second Edition. With Numerous Additional Anecdotes and Notes hitherto unpublished* (London, 1858, 8vo). The additional notes occupy some sixty pages at the end of the volume, and render the translation of importance to the reader, even if he possesses the original.

† *Béranger et Lamennais* (Paris, 1861).

a charge, and several of the *jeunes imprudents* were captured, lodged in gaol, and subsequently sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Hearing of this, Béranger indited the following exquisite verses, which, despite all the repression of authority, flew like wildfire from mouth to mouth. They have all the fire and polish of his former productions, although probably the last that flowed from his pen. I transcribed them, in Paris, at the time, and give them here, as certainly not contained in the earlier editions of his *Chansons*, even if they have been preserved in more recent collections :—

"Pauvres enfans, quoi ! vous croyiez encore
Qu'on peut crier 'Vive la liberté !'
Et sous les plis du drapeau tricolore
Fêter celui qui l'a toujours chantée !
Mes méchans vers dont vous gardez mémoire,
Oubliez-les ! Je viens les renier ;
Si j'y croyais, je maudirais ma gloire !
Ah ! pardonnez au pauvre chansonnier !

"Par quel côté ce temps qu'on fait revivre
Ressemble-t-il aux jours rêvés par moi ?
Moi, qui jamais n'ai cessé de poursuivre
Laquais, flatteur, empereur, prêtre, et roi !
Si j'ai chanté pour le grand capitaine,
C'est quand il fût sans sceptre et prisonnier ;
Brumaire était puni par Sainte-Hélène !
Ah ! pardonnez au pauvre chansonnier !

"Nisard pour moi serait-il l'éloquence,
Et Leverrier un second Arago ?
Suis-je l'ami de la nuit, de la silence,
Et Belmontet me tient-il lieu d'Hugo ?
Enfin, mon Dieu, si clément, si bonhomme,
Est-ce le Dieu des sbires, des geoliers ?
Est-ce le Dieu que l'on protége à Rome ?
Ah ! pardonnez au pauvre chansonnier !

"Si j'ai chanté cette époque héroïque
Des habits bleus par la victoire usés,
C'était les fils de notre République
Battant vingt ans les rois coalisés,
Mais ce soldat bien brossé qui nous guette,
Qui nous tuerait pour passer d'officier,
N'est pas le mien trinquant à la guinguette
Ah ! pardonnez au pauvre chansonnier !"

BÉRANGER is essentially the poet of the French people,—the best representative, in modern times, of the *esprit Gaulois*. Versatile in his mood as the fabled son of Thetys,—glowing with love, scathing with satire, melting with pathos, firing with liberty, sparkling with wit,—he has touched every chord in the gamut of sentiment and passion,—*sive risus essent movendi* (as Johnson said of Goldsmith), *sive lacrymæ*, *affectuum potens at lenis dominator*. Profoundly original in genius, he has invested the simple ballad with a dignity which it did not previously possess, and which future lyrists will seek in vain to bestow. He has concealed his exquisite art with an art so perfect as often to lull the very suspicion of its existence. He had not, as he confesses in one of his charming letters, "the happiness of knowing Greek," and Horace was to him as the "unknown God ;" yet he has divined and reproduced the finish of classic

times. He is the rival of Anacreon, Tyrtæus, and Horace ; and has added to the lyric poetry of a nation which already boasted of a Ronsard, a Malherbe, a Rousseau, and a Chénier. He has handled the expressive idiom of his country with a skill which seemed lost since the days of Molière and La Fontaine. He has expressed familiar thoughts with an epigrammatic terseness, an urban refinement, a curious felicity, in which the fastidious severity of a Vida or a Despréaux finds no ground for reclamation. Some of him may perish ; but his *maxima pars* will assuredly live with his language, and his glory be gratefully cherished by the great people with whose joys, and griefs, and hopes, he so profoundly sympathized, so long as it retains a taste for elegant letters.*

I have far exceeded my proportional limits, and must bid farewell to the great French national poet, in the stanzas addressed to him by his friend, Antier, in 1821, "au moment ou il va entrer en prison" :—

"Honneur à toi ! La chanson libre et fière,
Sur la Parnasse a droit de se ranger ;
La France encore ne compte qu'un Molière ;
La France aussi n'aura qu'un Béranger.

"Tous deux, bravant une crainte servile,
Sans nul égard des couleurs ni des rangs,
Ont, à la cour, flétri, comme à la ville,
Le ridicule et les intolérants.

• • • • • • • • •

"Tremblez, cafards ! Son vers ridiculise
L'hypocrisie et ses pieux excès.
Tremblez, ingrats ! Son vers immortalise
Les détracteurs du courage Français.

"Soit qu'il proclame, ou qu'il chante, ou qu'il peigne
Un Dieu de paix, nos plaisirs, nos travers ;
C'est tour à tour Collé, Rousseau, Montaigne ;
C'est la nature : elle inspire ses vers.

"D'un goût exquis, d'un commerce modeste,
Toujours prodigue et du zèle et des soins,
Quoique bien pauvre, il trouve encore du reste
Pour obliger ses amis au besoin."

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* Béranger, notre grand poëte populaire, est mort, et c'est dans Paris un deuil ou plutôt un culte pour sa mémoire, qui se manifeste sous toutes les formes. Sa médaille, son buste, son portrait lithographié, ou gravé, remplissent les étalages et se vendent dans les rues. Depuis l'effigie artistique jusqu' à la grossière image qui vaut quelques centimes, tous ces portraits sont ressemblants ; ils rendent bien la tête puissante et pensive du poëte, et son air d'ineffable bonté. Mais ce n'est pas assez pour le peuple de ressaisir ces traits ; il veut encore entendre, et garder quelque chose de cet esprit, qui est comme la glorification du sien. Les musiciens ambulants de Paris ont parfaitement compris ce sentiment ; il n'est pas une maison d'ouvriers où ne se fasse entendre tous les jours quelque chanson de Béranger. La vielle, l'accordéon, et la harpe jouent les airs bien connus, tandis que des chanteurs, jeunes et vieux, hommes ou femmes, entonnent avec précision ces chants qui sont la gaiete et la gloire du peuple."—*Quarante-Cinq Lettres de Béranger, et Détails sur sa Vie publiés par Madame Louise Colet* (Paris, 1857, 8vo).

LVIII.—MISS JANE PORTER.

THE gallantry of a Frenchman will never, it is said, allow him to admit that one of the *beau sexe* can possibly be "old;" and we, coarser-minded Britons, holding that age with man is a matter of *feeling*, and with women of *looking*, must stoutly contend against the applicability of such an epithet to the dignified and ladylike personage before us, albeit,—for *literæ scriptæ* tell sad tales,—she must have been, when Maclise sketched her, at "the Falstaffian age of some seven and fifty, or, by'r Lady! inclining to three-score."

She was born at Durham in 1776, her father being surgeon to the Enniskillen Dragoons. He came of a right good stock, numbering among his ancestors Sir William Porter, who distinguished himself on the field of Agincourt; Endymion Porter, of classic and loyal memory; and Lord Chief Justice Porter, who transplanted his branch of the tree to Ireland. On her mother's side, her genealogical pretensions were no less respectable; and among her family connections she numbered John Tweddell, the celebrated scholar and traveller in Greece, who, cut off by a premature death, now reposes at Athens, beneath the congenial shade of the temple of Theseus.

I know nothing of her earliest book, *The Spirit of the Elbe*, which dates from the last century, as it appeared in 1800. Her most famous novel, *Thaddeus of Warsaw* (1803, 4 vols. 12mo), gave her name, fame and wealth; and is of no small literary importance as having, in all likelihood, suggested to the author of *Waverley* that commixture of truth with fiction which is the characteristic of the modern historical romance. It had the honour of being proscribed by the first Napoleon,—made its way by translations into nearly every country in Europe,—and gained for its authoress, her election, at the instance of the Grand Duke of Wurtemburg, as lady-canoness of the Teutonic Order of St. Joachim. A relative, moreover, of the eminent Polish patriot, Kosciusko, sent her a gold ring, containing a miniature of the hero; and General Gardiner, who was then British ambassador at the court of Stanislaus, could hardly be brought to believe that the scenes and events in the earlier chapters could have been described by one who had not been an eye-witness. In 1810, appeared *The Scottish Chiefs*, which, perhaps in a greater degree even than *Thaddeus*, —as admitted by Sir Walter Scott himself to George IV., at Carlton House,—was the veritable begetter of the "Waverley Novels." This was followed by *The Pastor's Fireside; Duke Christian of Luneburgh*,—the subject of which was suggested by the king himself;—some of the *Tales Round a Winter's Hearth* (1826, 2 vols. 8vo); and the *Field of Forty Footsteps*. Miss Porter was also a contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and wrote the life of her old friend, the Rev. Percival Stockdale. At a much later period of her life she appeared as editress of a Robinson Crusoeish kind of book, entitled *Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck*, etc., 1735–49 (1832, 3 vols. 8vo; 2nd ed. 1841, 2 vols. 8vo), of which there is a more recent edition, without date, with a preface by the late W. H. G. Kingston, as well as an "abridgment" in *Longman's Travellers' Library*. I believe that this was actually written by Dr. W.



THE AUTHORESS OF 'THADDEUS OF WARSAW.'

Ogilvie Porter, the physician, her elder brother. The "Lady Seaward" of the narrative was a certain Eliza Clark, to whom some verses addressed "To Eliza," and signed "B.," will be found at page 329 of *The Casket: a Miscellany of Unpublished Poems* (1829, 8vo). These, as attested by a MS. note by Mrs. Booth, a friend of both, were written by Dr. Porter. The manuscript "Remains of Eliza Clark, relating to the Costume of the Ancients, with Remarks on the Temple of Ægina," was announced for sale in the catalogue of Kerslake, of Bristol, 1852, together with a portrait of the same lady lying on her death-bed, engraved by Lewis, with the inscriptions, "Lady Seaward," and "Eliza," and an interesting notice of the last days of her life at the back, in the handwriting of Dr. Porter. There was a good deal of verisimilitude about the "narrative;" and one of the leading reviews thought it worthy of an elaborate disproval. Miss Porter was often pressed as to the real origin of the work, and was wont to reply, "Sir Walter Scott had his great secret; I must be allowed to keep my little one." The reader may now possess some slight clue to the mystery; but if his curiosity be further excited, I may refer him to the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlviii. p. 480, and *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. v. pp. 10, 185, 352.

Towards the close of the year 1844, Jane Porter became the recipient of a somewhat extraordinary compliment. A large deal case from the United States was delivered at the Mansion House, consigned to the care of the then Lord Mayor, by the Hon. John Harper, Mayor of New York. This was accompanied by a letter which stated that the said case contained "an arm-chair, made in New York, by order of its literary inhabitants, to be presented to Miss Jane Porter, the English authoress, in testimony of the high and respectful consideration they entertain for one to whose pen their country holds itself indebted for some of the purest, noblest, and most delightfully imaginative productions in the wide range of British literature;—her name having spread over the length and breadth of the land, and her works, found everywhere, gracing alike the abodes of the wealthy, and the humble dwellings of the poor." His lordship, it may be supposed, lost no time in putting the distinguished lady in possession of his trust. It need not be said that the chair was of fine workmanship; the frame was of carved rosewood, the cushion of crimson velvet, and the outside covered with richly fluted silk to match. It was further accompanied by an address, beautifully engrossed on white vellum, and signed by some of the most eminent personages in the city, the name of the Hon. John Harper, the Mayor, heading the list. It was commented on, as a singular coincidence, that at the very moment of the arrival of this appropriate present, the venerable authoress was engaged in the revision, for an illustrated republication, of the very works commemorated in the gift.

The younger sister, Anna Maria, who also obtained celebrity—though in inferior degree,—as a novelist, was born in 1781. Her *Artless Tales* (1793, 2 vols. 12mo) appeared when she was but in her thirteenth year, and was followed by several other publications in prose and fiction, now forgotten. Her charming portrait, engraved by Woolnoth from a drawing by Harlowe, is before me; and there is a similar one of Jane, in her Canoness-habit, in Fisher's *Drawing Room Scrap-Book*, where we recognize,—as also in the sketch of Maclise,—the "stately figure and graceful manners," which Crabb Robinson had noted more than twenty

years before. The contrast offered by the two sisters is admirably described by the late Mrs. S. C. Hall, who enjoyed their intimacy:—"No two sisters of the same parents could have been more opposite in appearance: Anna Maria was a delicate *blonde*, with a *riant* face and an animated manner:—I had almost written she was peculiarly Irish, rushing at conclusions where Jane would have paused to consider and calculate. The beauty of Jane was statuesque, her deportment serious though cheerful, a seriousness quite as natural as her sister's gaiety. They both laboured diligently, but the labour of the one seemed sport when compared with the careful toil of the other. The mind of Jane was of a lofty order; she was intense, ponderous perhaps, and obviously felt more than she said; while Anna Maria said more than she felt. They were a pleasant contrast, yet the harmony between them was complete. Indeed, an artist might have selected them as apt subjects for portraits of L'Allegro and Il Penseroso; certainly of Thalia and Melpomene."

So far back as 1832, Miss Porter had lost this younger sister, and literary associate. Her favourite brother, however, was still alive. This was Sir Robert Ker Porter, the well-known artist and traveller. In early life he had studied under Benjamin West, and attaining high and early success in art, had been appointed historical painter to the Emperor of Russia. While exercising his art in that country, he gained the affections of the Princess Marie, daughter of Prince Theodore von Scherbatoff, whom he eventually married. In 1813 he was knighted by the Prince Regent; and in 1826 was appointed Consul at Venezuela. There he remained till 1841, when he left his mission on leave of absence, and, accompanied by his sister, proceeded to St. Petersburg, to visit his daughter. In this city, on May 4th, 1842, when on the point of starting on his return to England, he was seized in his carriage by an apoplectic fit, which proved fatal.* This must have been a terrible shock to his sister, who returned alone to England. She took up her abode with her brother, Dr. Porter, at Bristol, and there passed her remaining days, retaining her intellectual faculties to the last, and that serenity of disposition which during her long life had won the admiration of all who knew her.

Maginn, with high admiration for the good looks and stately bearing of the lady, speaks of the novels of the authoress with no great enthusiasm. He evidently thinks *Thaddeus*, which beguiled him of his tears in youth, the best and most enduring. In *The Scottish Chiefs*,—one of the delights of my own boyhood,—he says "Wallace" is drawn as "a sort of sentimental dandy, who faints upon occasion, is revived by lavender-water, and throughout the book is tenderly in love." To the *Pastor's Fireside*, which met with less success, he is willing to concede some good passages. He further commemorates Miss Porter "as a philosophical or ethical writer," in respect of her collection of the aphorisms of Sir Philip Sydney, and her contributions to *Fraser*. "In private," he concludes, "she is a quiet and good-humoured lady, rather pious, and fond of going to evening parties, where she generally contrives to be seen patronizing some sucking lion or lioness,—in which occupation may she long continue, devoting her mornings to the Prayer-book, and her evenings to the *conversazione*—

And may no ill event cut shorter
The easy course of Miss Jane Porter."

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* For some interesting remarks upon Sir Robert Ker Porter as an art-student, reference may be made to the *Somerset House Gazette*, 1824, vol. i. p. 304.



AUTHOR OF "O'DONNEL".

The "Doctor's" obsecration, in this concluding distich, was not unheard; but still,—*nec pietas moram*,—wrinkles and old age came on at last, in spite of all. S. C. Hall records a visit to her at Bristol, in her brother's house, when "she was but the shadow of her former self, and could not rise from her couch without assistance." Yet she had still, he says, "the grace and dignity that appertain to honoured old age, and was still beautiful,—still the same gentle, holy-minded woman she had ever been, bending with Christian faith to the will of the Almighty—biding her time." The time presently came; she continued to reside to the end with her brother; and at his house, Portland Square, Bristol, she died May 24th, 1850, in the seventh-fifth year of her age. Dr. Porter, himself, the last survivor,—unless the daughter of Sir. R. K. Porter, who was married in Russia, is still alive, or has left issue,—of this clever and distinguished family, followed his sister to the grave within three months.

The following remarks, which appeared at the time of her death in the *Athenæum*, appear to afford a happy description of this distinguished lady:—

"In society, Miss Jane Porter was amiable rather than brilliant. There was a touch of old-world and sentimental eloquence in her manner, which we shall hardly see reproduced. She conversed like an accomplished woman, who had kept much 'worshipful company' in her time,—without, however, the slightest parade or pretension. On the contrary, her cordiality to, and admiration of, the authors of a younger generation can never be forgotten by those who have either witnessed or enjoyed it. She was actively kind in deed, as well as indulgent in word."

Her library, pictures, and miscellaneous effects, with much that had belonged to her brother, were sold by Christie and Manson, July 24th and 25th, 1850.

LIX.—LADY MORGAN.

"And dear Lady Morgan! Look, look, how she comes,
With her pulses all beating for freedom like drums;
So Irish, so modish, so *mixtish*, so wild,
So committing herself, as she talks, like a child;
So trim, yet so easy; *petite*, yet big-hearted,
That truth and she, try all she can, won't be parted.
. . . . . .
She'll put on your fashions, your latest new air,
And then talk so frankly, she'll make you all stare;—
Mrs. Hall may say "Oh,' and Miss Edgeworth say 'Fie,'
But my lady will know all the what and the why.
Her books, a like mixture, are so very clever,
The god himself swore he could read them for ever;
Plot, character, freakishness, all are so good;
And the heroine's herself playing tricks in a hood.
So he kiss'd her, and called her 'eternal good wench';
But asked, why the devil she spoke so much French?"

Ecce iterum Crispinus! Once more I claim the services of the author of *Ultra Crepidarius*, to introduce "Miladi," as she sits before a cheval glass, in her "baby-house" in William Street, trying on the last sweet

thing in bonnets, at that happy epoch when the female head-gear was modelled upon the coal-scuttle rather than the pork-pie.

It was a well-known fact that no subtlety of inquiry could entrap LADY MORGAN into any admission about her age. She hated dates, and carefully obliterated them from all her old letters. "I enter my protest against DATES," she wrote, "cold, false, erroneous, chronological dates! I mean to have none of them." There is some truth and sound philosophy in this, for we all know that anything may be proved by figures, which are cited every day in support of theories and statements which melt away on the morrow into the limbo of detected fallacies. When the countryman in Joe Miller was informed that the unfortunate he saw swinging at Tyburn was hanged for forgery, he exclaimed, "Ay, that comes of knowing how to read and write!"—and when, in spite of evasion and denial, we are often able to fix approximately the birth of a blue-stocking, it is because *literæ scriptæ manent*, and a dated book leaves a foot-print on the sands of time. I have before me *The Wild Irish Girl* (1801, 3 vols. 12mo) * ; *The Novice of St. Dominick* (1806, 4 vols. 12mo) ; *The Lay of an Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragments* (1807, 8vo) ; *St. Clair, or the Heiress of Desmond* (2nd ed. 1811, 2 vols. 12mo) ; *Patriotic Sketches of Ireland* (1807, 2 vols. 12mo), etc. These literary productions, the work of her spinster days, render it probable that the date assigned by S. C. Hall to her birth,—1777,—may be correct, but do not disprove the assertion elsewhere made that the important event took place six years later.† Anyway, it was in Dublin that she first saw the light; her father being a song-writer, composer, actor, and theatre-manager of some merit and note, named Robert Owenson,—the Anglicised form of Macowen, the name which Maginn says he bore, in his pre-dramatic days, when he acted the humbler part on life's stage of a gentleman's gatekeeper. "Great was he," adds the Doctor, "in 'Pan' in *Midas;* and there never was an Irishman yet who, when he sang the "Cruiskeen Lawn," in the contest against Apollo, would not have coincided in the judgment of Midas." He also boasted of being a relative of Oliver Goldsmith, and was the first friend and patron of the unfortunate Irish poet, Thomas Dermody.

It was in 1812, that his daughter, Miss Sydney Owenson, married Sir Charles Morgan, M.D.—"an apothecary," Maginn irreverently says, "who suffered the penalty of knighthood from some facetious lord lieutenant,—which accounts for her ladyship." I believe that the fact is that this gentleman was physician to the household of the Marquis of Abercorn, by whom he was greatly esteemed ; and that it was at the special instance of the latter that the dignity was conferred upon him, a few hours only before his marriage, by the Duke of Richmond. He was a man of high standing in his profession, liked by his Irish patients, modest, well-informed, kind-hearted, and accomplished. He was an Englishman by birth ; the friend and correspondent of Jenner ; and a widower,—though five or six years younger than the fascinating "Glorvina." The marriage proved a happy one ; though he was the very opposite of his wife, who was as busy, restless, energetic and pushing, as he was modest, retiring,

* There is also *The Wild Irish Boy*, by Charles Robert Maturin (1808, 3 vols. 8vo).

† Mr. Hall states that her first book was published in Dublin in 1801, and afterwards in London, 1806, by Sir Richard Philips. He says that he once bought one of her books, with the tell-tale date 1803, and showed it to her. Her ladyship "lifted her hands, and looked unutterable things."

artless and unaffected. He became, on the removal of the couple to London, physician to the Marshalsea Prison ; but his chances of practice among the higher classes in London were somewhat impaired by the publication of his book, *Sketches of the Philosophy of Life* (1818, 8vo),* which gave offence to the orthodox, as being supposed to favour the materialistic views advocated by Bichat, and the late eminent surgeon Sir William Lawrence, in his celebrated *Lectures on Physiology, Zoology, and the Natural History of Man*, delivered before the Royal College of Surgeons in 1816–18. These bold speculations on the nature of life and organization, introduced with some unwisdom into scientific lectures, had excited a perfect storm of opposition and reprobation ; a whole library of pamphlets *pro* and *con* appeared ; and in the end the rash lecturer was induced to withdraw his publication, and subsequently, in order to obtain a coveted appointment at Bridewell and Bethlem, openly recanted and expressed his deep regret that he had sent forth such injurious opinions to the world. Thus it was that Sir Charles Morgan found leisure for literary labour ; and the better part of some of his wife's books, especially those on France and Italy, were contributed by him in the form of chapters on the more serious subjects of law, medicine, the press, etc. In stability of character and soundness of judgment he was greatly superior to his vivacious helpmate ; and, unlike her, is said to have possessed a critical knowledge of the French language. He was, moreover, a man of high accomplishments and culture, with a nature upright, simple and noble. He is described by Mr. Hall as "in all senses of the word, a gentleman,—a man of great erudition, speculative power, and singular observation." He died in August, 1844, greatly regretted by the wife who loved, respected, and confided in him.

To revert to the immediate subject of this memoir. In 1811, Lady Morgan published *The Missionary; an Indian Tale* (3 vols. 18mo). This, with *The Wild Irish Girl*, etc., is pronounced by Maginn "sheer stuff, *sans phrase*"; but I do not forget that it was extravagantly admired by Lord Castlereagh, who was, says Lady Morgan's literary executor, in her *Memoirs*, "perhaps the greatest admirer *The Missionary* ever found." This may not go for much ; but then, again, *The Missionary* was eulogized in terms of equal warmth by Shelley, who makes several allusions to the book in his letters. In one of these he writes, "It is really a divine thing ; 'Luxima,' the Indian, is an Angel. What a pity that we cannot incorporate these creations of fancy ; the very thoughts of them thrill the soul ! Since I have read this book I have read no other." †

Maginn says of her work on France, that it was "dedicated to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte was a most distinguished friend to liberty, and that his sole object in reigning was to propagate free opinions." However this may be, it was pretty well demolished by John Wilson Croker in the *Quarterly*, in a review which even Maginn admits was "far too harsh," and in which the authoress was charged with "licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism." But "Miladi" had her revenge ; and though the term "female Methuselah," which her adversary hurled at her in the midst of the contest, was as a

* See the *British Review*, August, 1819; the *Quarterly Review*, July, 1819, etc. It was followed by a supplemental volume, *The Philosophy of Morals*.

† *Shelley's Early Life*, etc., by Denis Florence MacCarthy (London, Hotten, 1872, 8vo), p. 352.

barbed arrow in her vitals, her bitter portraiture of the critic as the son of Crawley the gauger, in her *Florence Macarthy*, must have pierced the *æs triplex* of her foe, and inflicted a wound immedicable by herbs or time. Besides this, the popularity of the book was enhanced by the indiscriminate abuse; and as she was not allowed to revisit France on account of it, she almost fancied herself another De Stael. As Maginn says, "The lady certainly did talk bad politics, and sport chambermaid French, and describe chambermaid manners; but the petticoat should be a protection against the hard things which it pleased the then Secretary of State to utter."

Her subsequent work, *Paris in* 1829-30, was reviewed by Theodore Hook, who quotes the lines, as having been somewhere seen with satisfaction by her ladyship :—

> "*Stendhall*, MORGAN, *Schlegel*,—ne vous effrayez pas
> Muses ! ce sont des noms, fameux dans nos climats."

By her work on Italy (1821),—in which, as was said, she elaborated a six weeks' tour into two immense quartos,—she offended the Italians as much as she had the French by her books on France. It gave rise to numerous pamphlets and criticisms in which her ladyship's alleged inaccuracies and prejudicies are commented upon with no superfluous gallantry or courtesy. One of these, from its pungency and terseness of style, is worthy of commemoration. It is entitled, *La Morganiche: ossia Lettere Scritte da un Italiano a Miledi Morgan, sopre varii articoli relativi a Milano ed al Regno d'Italia che si trovano nel tomo primo della sua Italia* (Edinburgh, W. and C. Tait, 1824, 8vo). The most interesting part of this pamphlet, which is evidently the production of a writer well acquainted with the then condition of politics and society in his country, is that which relates to the history of Milan and the character and conduct of the Viceroy, Eugène Beauharnois. The following vituperative address to the English is ridiculous enough. After a glowing expression of his love for Milan, the author says :—"You have indeed visited our country, and found no shadow of that mighty kingdom, and that brilliant capital, which, even in the depth of its desolation,—the infamous product of the vileness and perfidy of your own ministers,—has served as a refuge to you when fugitives from the dark and fearful agitations of your own country." Surely the lady against whom this pamphlet is directed, never committed herself to such utter rubbish as this !

In 1822 was published by Colburn a volume, entitled *The Mohawks: a Satirical Poem, with Notes*, now of considerable rarity, and affording some curious glimpses of men and manners. This has been attributed to Sir T. C. and Lady Morgan; but the author of *The Press, or Literary Chit-Chat: a Satire* (1822, 12mo), is unwilling to believe that "even Lady M. could write some parts of it of a most *unladylike* nature," and judge "from the frequent employment of similes culled from the 'Pharmacopœia Londinensis,' that it originated from the pericranium of her spouse."

Lady Morgan's *Book of the Boudoir* (1829, 2 vols. 8vo), savagely reviewed by *Blackwood* (vol. xxvi.), is, say what you will about it, a very amusing and readable miscellany. The manner of its publication, as given by the fair authoress in her address "To the Reader," affords us a humorous picture. We see her ladyship just setting off—"the horses literally putting to"; the arrival of Colburn, furious with excitement at

the success of *The O'Briens;* "future engagements," "flattering propositions,"—obduracy of authoress; finally, "a scrubby MS. volume, which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage," catches the eye of despairing publisher. "What is that?" Reply, "One of many volumes of odds and ends." A glance is enough. "This is the very thing," says "the European publisher," who pockets the book, and departs in triumph, and leaves "Miladi" to pursue her journey. What a thing it is to be a fashionable authoress!

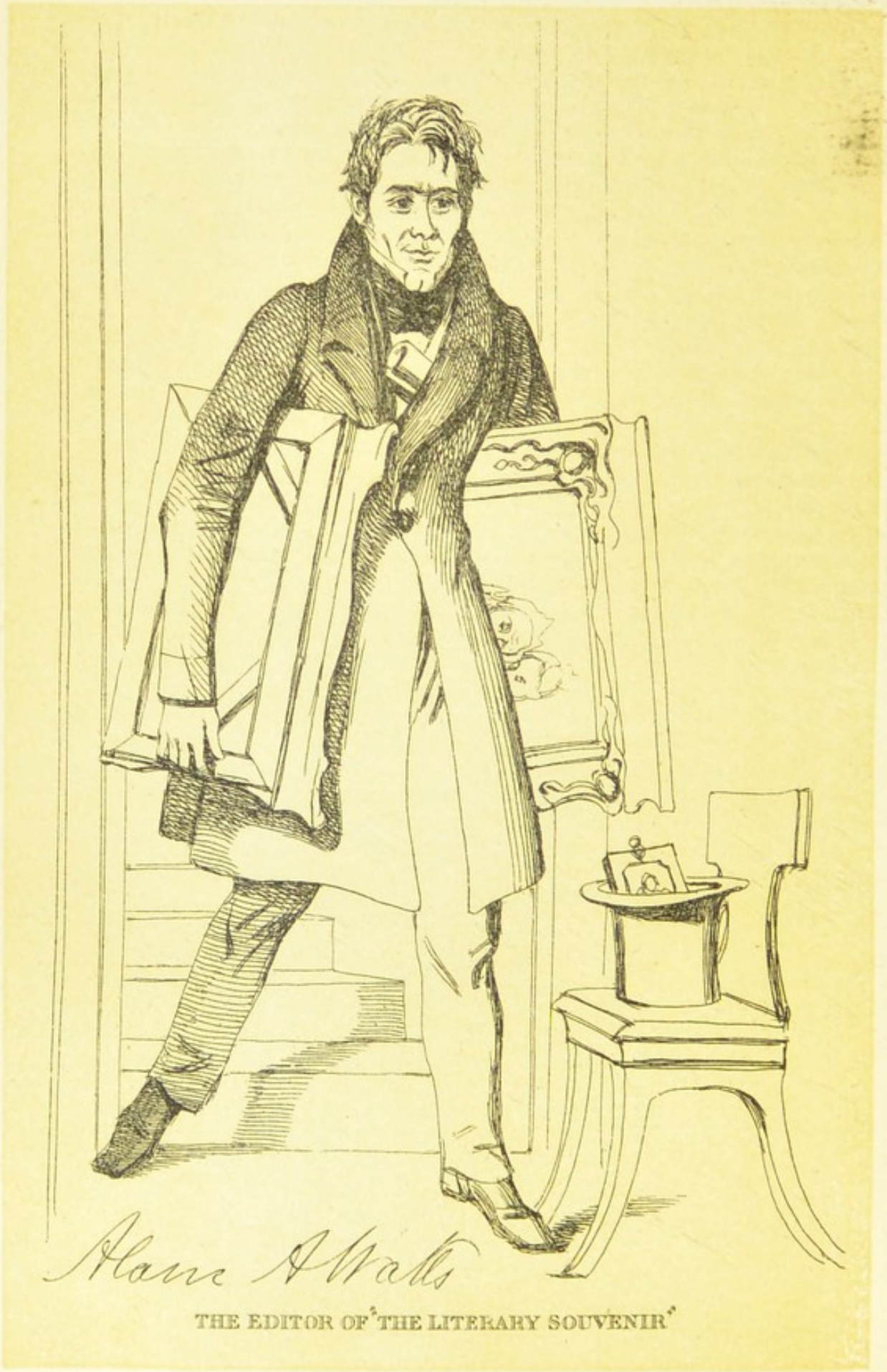
Guéret has written *La Guerre des Autheurs;* Hogarth drawn the *Battle of the Pictures;* Parny chronicled *La Guerre des Dieux;* and the witty Dean of St. Patrick's added a bright leaf to his chaplet of *immortelles* by his *Battle of the Books.* It was yet reserved for the clever countrywoman of the latter to strike the first blow in the "Battle of the Chairs." The erudite reader probably needs not to be told that at Rome is said to be religiously preserved the very chair upon which St. Peter is stated to have sat and taught in that city. Lady Morgan, in her book on Italy,—which Lord Byron pronounced "an excellent and fearless work,"—proclaimed this "relic" to be of spurious manufacture, and stated,—upon the authority of two eye-witnesses, Denon and Champollion, travellers and Oriental scholars of the highest character and learning,—that the *bassi-rilievi* with which it is ornamented represent the feats of Mohammed, and that it bears the inscription, in Cufic characters, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is His Prophet." The book containing this blasphemous allegation was relegated to the Index, and the champions for the chair buckled on their harness. In 1833 was published at Rome, *Remarks on Lady Morgan's Statements regarding St. Peter's Chair, preserved in the Vatican Basilic.* By N. Wiseman, D.D., etc., Rector of the English College, and Professor of Oriental Languages in the Roman University, 8vo. In this pamphlet the learned author endeavours to prove, in defiance of all archæology, that the slandered chair is a veritable Roman *sella curulis;* that the sculpture represents the exploits of the monster-killing Hercules; and that the Mohammedan inscription had no existence at all. It must suffice here to state, with regard to this dissertation, that it is a tissue of solecisms in archæology, history and art, and wholly plagiarized, without acknowledgment, from the chapter "De Cathedrâ ligneâ S. Petri," in the *Annales SS. Apostolorum Petri et Pauli* of V. Alex. Constantius, printed in Latin, in 1770. This was answered to good effect, although she was fast losing her sight when she went forth to battle against his Eminence, by a *Letter to Cardinal Wiseman, by Sydney Lady Morgan.* The question was next taken up by a competent classical scholar, who communicated anonymously his arguments, in support of her ladyship's original statement, to the *Daily News,* where they attracted considerable notice by their force and learning. The author, having obtained further proofs of the absurd delusion which had so long existed, and a "professed portrait" of the chair itself, amplified his matter into a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, which he published in 1851, under the title of *The Legend of Saint Peter's Chair.* By Anthony Rich, Jun., B.A. To this was prefixed a woodcut of "the Relic called St. Peter's Chair, which, according to the legend, formerly belonged to a Roman Senator, named Pudens, who presented it (*circa* A.D. 45) to St. Peter, from whom it descended as an heirloom to the Vatican Basilica, where it is supposed to be now preserved"; together with another en-

graving of a second chair, alleged to be the one in which St. Peter sat at Antioch, and now preserved for the edification of the faithful in the Patriarchal Church at Venice. After all, we know nothing about this marvellous chair, or even whether it is still in existence. According to Severanus, it refused to burn, and like the *Lituus* of Romulus,* was saved by a miracle, when a conflagration in the Basilica consumed everything else in its vicinage. But if destroyed, as sceptics will be too ready to assert, what more easy than to supply its place by one from some Jew broker in the Ghetto, and so by a pious fraud avoid the loss of such a potent aid to faith? This may have been the article described by Champollion and Denon, and hence the difference between this and the chair of which an engraving is given, from the old authorities, by Mr. Rich. Whatever it may actually be, this *triste lignum* is pronounced by Gavazzi "a bit of rotten upholstery, which modern imposture exalts to a pinnacle of shameless fraud," and is a fit associate for that statue of Jupiter,—"*Jew Peter*," as some one has it,—which, consecrated by a Pope, with bronze toe and door-key instead of thunderbolt, receives the osculations and daily adorations of crowds of "Christians."†

Lady Morgan continued to reside in William Street after the death of her husband. Here, on her well-known evenings of reception, she loved to see congregated in her miniature but dainty rooms, all the lions of the hour, artistic, scientific and literary. Queen regnant of the motley crowd was the vivacious hostess, omnipresent among the heterogeneous conglomerate; with a smile for one, a tap with her memorable green fan for another, and an arch compliment for a third; blending into an harmonious whole, and reconciling, with unerring tact, the most incongruous elements,—Russian and Pole, Orangeman and Papist, Author and Critic, Royalist and Rebel, Bohemian and Banker, the thread-bare journalist and the sprig of aristocracy,—when she could catch him. Nay, it is even said that when an indignant Milesian presented himself with the expressed intention of reproaching her with her absenteeism, and desertion of the "Liberator," she sent him away with the conviction that she was a *femme incomprise*,—that her heart was in "dear old Dublin,"—and that she only lived in England to benefit the Irish, and prevent them from being imposed on by the Sassenach! She was a woman who wore well, and to her was still applicable the description of one who had known her long ago at "the Castle," as—"hardly more than four feet high, with a slightly curved spine, uneven shoulders and eyes,—gliding about in a close cropped wig, bound by a fillet, or solid band of gold, her face all animation, and with a witty word for everybody"; Prince Pückler Muskau, who made a tour in Ireland in 1828, was struck by her as "a little frivolous, lively woman, neither pretty nor ugly, and with really fine and expressive eyes."

* Valerius Maximus, lib. i. cap. viii. "De Miraculis," § ii.

† This momentous question is far from being yet settled. The subject is exhaustively handled in a series of papers on "The Festival of the Pope's Chair," in *Notes and Queries*, sixth Series, vol. vii. pp. 47, 72, 90, 110, 151, and in the numbers for March, 1883. The history and character of the "Chair" has been discussed by Febeo, De Rossi, Padre Garrucci, Brownlow, Northcote, Cardinal Newman, Godfrey Higgins, Ashpitel, Nesbitt and others. It is the Pope's Chair,—it isn't the Pope's Chair,—it is the Pope's Chair in one sense, but not in another; it is a Curule Chair, it is a Cathedra, it is a Throne; there are half a dozen such chairs; it has a Mohammedan inscription, and it has no such thing; and, finally, Lady Morgan made "an amusing blunder," for when she was examining it at Venice, she somehow thought she was in Rome!



THE EDITOR OF "THE LITERARY SOUVENIR"

Another admirable pen-portrait of her at a later period, in the midst of her London glories, was contributed by her friend, Mrs. S. C. Hall, to the charming *Memories* of the husband of the latter, where her marvellous tact as one of the queens of society is pointed out,—her brilliant talents, her expressive features, and the singularly pleasant intonations of her voice.

Of course there are plenty of portraits of so celebrated and charming a personage. David d'Angers modelled her in France, Sir Thomas Lawrence painted her in England, and Samuel Lover in Ireland. There is a portrait in *La Belle Assemblée* for August, 1824, engraved by H. Meyer from a drawing by W. Behnes, which cleverly preserves her archness of expression; and we get a good profile view from the medallion by Wyon, engraved in relief by the Collas process, and published by Tilt, in the *Authors of England*, 1838, 4to.

In the early part of 1837, she became the recipient, through Lord Melbourne, of a pension from the Civil List of £300, "in acknowledgment of the services rendered by her to the world of letters;" and it might be added, of the sacrifices she had made, and the odium she had incurred, in the promotion of advanced and liberal opinions. This income, added to that brought to her by her writings, and the property left by her husband, placed her in easy circumstances, and enabled her to live her own life in London on a scale of liberality and elegance. It only remains for me to say that she reached a good length of days,—happy and cheerful, in spite of the loss of her sight,—kind, loquacious, shrewd and respected by all who knew her,—and that she died at her last residence in Lowndes Square, April 13th, 1859, in the seventy-seventh year of her age. She was buried in the cemetery at Brompton, where a tomb, the production of Sherrard Westmacott, has been placed to her memory by one of her nieces, Mrs. Inwood Jones.

In 1850 she had published *Passages from My Autobiography* (Bentley, 8vo); and after her death the "Fata Morgana" were further exposed to view by *The Career, Literary and Personal, of Lady Morgan.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick (1860, 8vo); and her *Memoirs, Autobiography and Correspondence* (1862, 2 vols. 8vo), by her literary executors, Hepworth Dixon and her niece, Geraldine Jewsbury. She is also included by Julia Kavanagh among her *English Women of Letters.*

LX.—MR. ALARIC ATTILA WATTS.

"I DON'T like that ALARIC ATTILA WATTS!
Whose verses are just like the pans and the pots,
Shining on shelves in a cottager's kitchen,
Polish'd and prim. Now a greyhound bitch in
The corner,—a cat,—and some empty bottles,
A chubby fac'd boy, and the Lord knows *what* else;
All taken together's a picture, which in
My humble opinion is just as rich in
Domestic detail, without the 'what-nots,'
That smooth down the verses of ALARIC WATTS."

There humorous lines, which I am not desirous of being supposed necessarily to endorse, are supposed to be sung by Mr. Jesse Morgan,

author of the *Reproof of Brutus*, at one of the *Symposia*, in Fraser's memorable "back-room," No. 215, Regent Street. There was an old feud, —probably some newspaper quarrel,—between Watts and Maginn. The latter had assisted Watts in the *Literary Souvenir*, contributing his beautiful story, "The City of the Demons," to the volume for 1828, and his "Vision of Purgatory" to that for 1829. Nothing from the "Doctor's" pen appears in the volumes for 1830 and 1831. In the *preface* to that of 1832, we find a sort of apology from the editor for the unusual introduction into such a work, of a "satirical squib." He adds, "If the general reader be amused, and the culprit amended, the leading aim of the author will have been achieved. The only persons who are likely to take offence at any strictures, are those who, from the indifference they are accustomed to exhibit to the feelings of others, will have but little right to complain." The satire in question will be found at page 222 ; it is entitled "The Conversazione : a Fragment," and extends to some five hundred and fifty lines It touches upon the mutual puffery of Allan Cunningham and the Ettrick Shepherd ; the lampoons of the "mock-Montgomery ;" the novels of Patmore, the "Count Tims" of *Blackwood;* the boozing-matches of Crofton Croker and Maginn, at the "Pig and Whistle" ; Hugh Fraser, and his connection with the *Foreign Quarterly ;* Bulwer's satire, *The Siamese Twins;* the "Literary Union" ; Churchill (*a Fraserian*), "one of the second-hand wits of the mock-Blackwood" ;—*cum multis aliis*,—and concludes with the wish that his worst enemies could only see his "rural Tusculum," with its pictures, its books, and its busts,—embowered amid apple-blossoms and jasmine-tendrils. The lines on Maginn, which immediately follow those on Crofton Croker, may be cited :—

"And, cheek-by-jowl, his brother twin,
In all but dulness, Pat Maginn ;
Who though he write the LL.D.
After his name, will never be
A whit the graver than he is,—
Less fond of drunken 'deevilries ;'
Less ready for a vulgar hoax ;
Addicted less to pot-house jokes ;
And all the rough plebeian horse-play,
He will so oft without remorse play !
Give him a glass or two of whiskey,
And in a trice he grows so frisky,
So full of frolic, fun, and satire,
So ready dirt around to scatter,
And so impartial in his blows,
They fall alike on friends and foes ;
Nay, rather than his humour balk,
His mother's son he'd tomahawk !
And so he can but set once more
His boon companions in a roar,
Will scruple not, good-natured elf,
To libel his illustrious self !
A task so difficult, I own,
It can be done by him alone !
And yet, to give the devil his due,
He'd neither slander me nor you,
From any abstract love of malice,
But only in his humorous sallies ;
For, of his friends he'd lose the best,
Much rather than his vilest jest !"

There are no bones broken here, it is true, but the sword was fairly drawn. The *Literary Souvenir* was commenced in 1824; Mr. Watts, then engaged at Leeds in the conduct of the *Intelligencer*, having been invited by Hurst, Robinson & Co., of London, to co-operate with them in the publication of an annual volume, as already introduced into this country by old Rudolph Ackermann, of the Strand, on the plan of the well-known German Literary Almanacks or Pocket-books. The editor certainly manifested great judgment in the selection of pictures by the first artists for the engravings, and the accompanying sketches, in prose and poetry, from the most popular writers of the day. The enterprise was eminently successful, the sale of some of the volumes amounting to 14,000 or 15,000 copies. Ten volumes of the *Literary Souvenir* were published between 1824 and 1834. In 1835 the Annual appeared in a slightly modified form, under the title of the *Cabinet of Modern Art*, of which three volumes only were published. If the illustrations and text of these and similar volumes were not, according to modern notions, of the most elevated character, they had at least a tendency to refine and instruct; and if Mr. Watts is correct in estimating the amount expended by him in bringing them out, during these fourteen years, at £50,000, it must be admitted that he has rendered important services to art and literature. It would appear that, in the latter part of its career, the sale of this annual had fallen off. Mr. Watts chose to attribute this to a quiz upon it in *Fraser's Magazine*, which purported to be written by an exiled Pole, who rejoiced in the name of "Quaffy-punchovics." He was, moreover, irate at the metamorphosis of his second Christian name from "Alexander" to "Attila"; but this was an old joke of Lockhart, who, perceiving that he always signed himself "Alaric A. Watts," thought that the second name should match the first, and supplied the picturesque *agnomen*, by which he was thenceforth always known. It appears that some years before this, some kind of controversy had arisen between "Alaric" Watts, and "Satan" Montgomery, in which,—according to a veridical statement in *Fraser*,—one of the objects of discussion "concerned the names of the distinguished disputants." Watts maintained that the author of the *Omnipresence* was the son of a clown at Bath named "Gomery"; in return, Montgomery, who, allowing that as Watts was the lawfully begotten son of a respectable nightman of the name of Joseph Watts, on the New Road, he had a fair title to the patronymic, denied that he had any claim to the Gothic appellation of "Alaric." "The man's name," said Montgomery, "is Andrew." In addition to all this, the irate poetaster chose to construe his portrait in the "Gallery," into an attempt to imply that he had been guilty of the felonious abstraction of pictures; and the hints of a "mystification" in his matrimonial relations as an insinuation that his union with "Zillah Madonna" was not of a moral character. All this will not be very apparent to the reader, who may think, too, that Watts had provoked attack. But Jeremy Bentham defined a "libel" to be "anything which any man may think may, in any way, annoy him"; and so Mr. Watts thought he had grounds for an action. The case accordingly came on, December 5th, 1835, in the King's Bench, Westminster, before Lord Denman and a special jury. Fraser was ably defended by Mr. Erle, K.C., whose speech will be found *in extenso* in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1836, the result being a verdict for the defendants on the first count,—for the plaintiff on the second count:—Damages, one hundred and fifty

pounds. The defendants, upon this, applied for a new trial, and obtained a rule *nisi;* but upon the case being heard *in banco*, some five or six terms afterwards, the trial was refused on a technical point.

A. A. WATTS was born in London, March 19th, 1797. Before he adopted literature as a profession, I believe that he was employed as a private tutor. In 1823 he published an elegant little volume of poetry, entitled *Poetical Sketches*, of which a private impression had been in circulation during the preceding year. This volume became very popular, and five editions, at least, were sold. In Leeds he lived for three years, as editor of the *Intelligencer;* proceeding thence to Manchester to establish the *Manchester Courier*. In 1827 he was invited to co-operate with Mr. Charles Baldwin and Dr. Giffard in the establishment of the *Standard;* and in 1833 set on foot the *United Service Gazette*. Quarrels with his partner in this led to Chancery suits, with ruinous results to both parties. He then resumed his relations with the *Standard*, and in 1847 gave up all connection with the newspaper press. I believe that it was with Mr. Watts that the system originated of printing parts of newspapers in the metropolis, and forwarding them to various parts of the country, according to order, to be filled up with local advertisements and news.

He is thus described in *Fraser* at the epoch (January, 1835) of the taking of his portrait: "He has some talent in writing verses on children dying of colic, and a skill in putting together fiddle-faddle fooleries which look pretty in print. In other respects, he is forty-one years old, of an unwashed appearance, no particular principles, with well-bitten nails, and a great genius for backbiting. There is not a man to whom he has been under an obligation,—from Jerdan to Lockhart, from Theodore Hook to Westmacott, from Andrews to Whittaker, from Crofton Croker to Carter Hall, from Wordsworth to Byron, from Scott to Southey, from Landseer to Wilkie—from the man who has fed him from charity to the man who has, from equal charity, supported his literary repute, whom he has not, in his poor way, libelled. We are sorry for it for his own sake; such a course redounds to a man's mischief."

We get a glimpse of Watts in the home of which I have spoken from a letter written by Gerald Griffin to his sister, dated London, June 27th, 1829. "I have also," wrote the Irish Novelist, "seen Mr. Alaric Watts, reposing amid all the glorious litter of a literary lion-monger,—sofas, silk cushion, paintings, portfolios, etc. He is a little fellow, very smart and bustling, with about as much of sentiment as you have of bravery,—I mean bloody field of battle bravery."*

In 1851 he published a very charming volume, worthy of a place by the side of the *Italy* and the *Poems* of Rogers. This was entitled *Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems*. It contained forty-one line engravings, after Lawrence, Stothard, Leslie, etc., and was issued with "plain" and "proof" impressions, to suit the taste or pocket of purchasers. In this are reprinted the earlier poems, two of which—"The Death of the Firstborn," and "My Own Fireside," had excited the warm commendation of Sir Robert Peel, who wrote to the author that "to have written these would be an honourable distinction to any one." Eighteen years later, the recollection of these poems induced the great statesman to place at the disposal of the poet a Treasury appointment for his son,

* *Life of Gerald Griffin*, by his brother, Daniel Griffin, M.D. (London, 1843, 12mo).



TRANSLATOR OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

and to continue his interest till his lamented death. In 1853 a pension of £100 per annum was conferred upon Mr. Watts by her Majesty, "in consideration of services rendered by him to literature and the fine arts." This, together with an appointment in the Income-tax Department of Somerset House, rendered easy the latter years of his life. He died at Kensington, April 5th, 1864, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

As I have mentioned Mrs. Zillah Madonna Watts,—herself a poetess,—it may be well to record that she was the youngest sister of J. H. Wiffen, the well-known translator of Tasso, and Garcillasso de la Vega, and for many years private secretary and librarian to the Duke of Bedford.

LXI.—LORD FRANCIS EGERTON.

As the *Peerage of the British Empire*,—whether compiled by Burke, Debrett or Dod,—is the "Englishman's Bible," and to be found,—where the Bible should be,—on every table, there is no need of genealogical prolixity when treating of one of those whose family pedigrees are so minutely detailed in its heraldic pages. It is therefore supererogatory, except for uniformity, or to save my reader the trouble of turning to another book, to state here that the subject of this notice was born in January, 1800;—that he was the second son of the first Duke of Sutherland; that he was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere;—that, through his grandmother, he succeeded to the great Bridgwater estates, and thence assumed the surname and arms of Egerton; and that he died February 18th, 1857.

At the period at which the limning of his lordship before us was produced (July, 1835) he is described in the accompanying pen-portraiture as "an indefatigable M.P., and, in spite of the bad example of his brother, the Duke, a sturdy tory;—a good fellow, fully alive to all the delights of society, from wine and women, up to sermons and soda-water,—a general favourite with all classes whose favour is most to be coveted,—with Theodore Hook and the wits, with A, B, C, X, Y, Z, and the beauties, and with Howley, Philpotts, Carr, and all the other ornaments of the Episcopal benches;—witty, good-humoured, a tall man of his inches, as handsome a fellow as you can pick out in the round town, in the very flower and vigour of his days, and a most staunch and pious disciple of Mother Church." To all this may be added that he was famed for having the best cook in London after Ude; "a small competency of about £90,000 per annum,—with Bridgwater House for a *pied à terre* in town,—Oaklands, hallowed by recollections of Mary Ann Clarke and black-eyed Mercandotti, for a box,—and we know not how many cool old *châteaux*, for autumnal recreation, in the provinces besides."

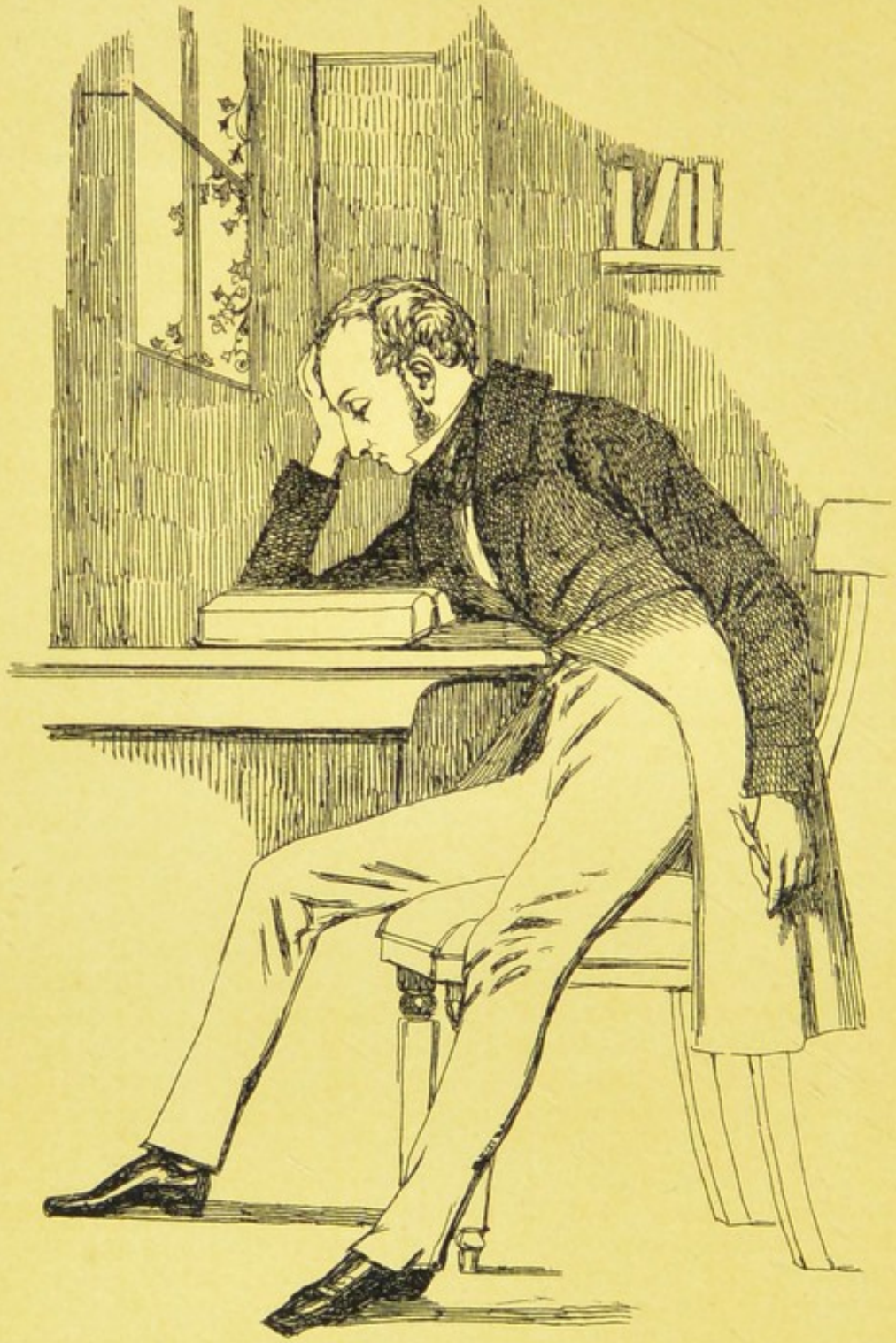
His lordship early worshipped the Aonian nymphs, though the offerings which bespoke his devotion have gravitated below the surface of the stream of time. I shall not attempt to give a minute account of the various productions, which have, at one time or another, "fallen under my eye." Many are beyond the reach of legitimate criticism, as only printed

for private circulation. Among these are the volume known as *Mediterranean Sketches;* a poem of considerable merit, *The Pilgrimage;* several dramatic pieces, parodies, monodies; and lastly, "*The Mill,*" a volume which I have never taken the trouble to hunt up, because I fancied that it dealt with the *picturesque* rather than the *pugilistic.*

It is, however, by his metrical translation of the *Faust* of Goethe that this noble author is best known. Maginn says of him and it: "In fact, laying Byron and Mahon aside, we look upon the youth opposite as the most decent lord-author of his generation. His *Faust*, notwithstanding all that has been done in prose by Hayward, and in verse by Anster, to say nothing of such brainless and tuneless ragamuffins as Blackie, Syme, etc., etc., his *Faust* holds its place. We are inclined to the opinion lately expressed by Heraud, or Wordsworth, or Taylor, or some other first-rate poet, that from no other one *translation*, could a stranger to the German tongue form so high a notion of old Goethe's merits. The lyrics are really beautiful; and the whole story of poor Margaret is brought out so as to fill the heart, if you have one, and the eyes, if you be under seventeen."

To this inconsiderate eulogy it may be added that if Lord Leveson Gower's translation "held its place" in the year of our Lord 1835, it certainly does not in 1883. It perchance did some service in its day as a pioneer, when German was but little cultivated, and *Faust* regarded as obscure as the *Cassandra* of Lycophron, or the *Sordello* of Browning. It was lauded to the skies in the *Quarterly Review;* and *Blackwood* (July, 1823) bedaubed it with extravagant praise, and quoted the worst passages to justify its admiration. I am not unaware, too, that it received a certain amount of approbation,—qualified, however, if one comes to analyse it,—from so eminent a critic as A. W. von Schlegel; and that Allan Cunningham gave credit to the taste which "sobered down" the original when too "startling and grotesque." On the other hand, we have the opinion of Goethe himself, conveyed *vivâ voce* to Dr. Granville, that it was only as author of Faustus *travesti* that the noble translator would be held to have succeeded, so completely had he "overset" the tragedy itself; and Mr. A. Hayward, in the preface to his most excellent prose translation has, once for all, demolished any pretensions to accuracy of this preceding metrical version. Of its author, this competent critic says, "a combination of circumstances has enabled him to cast a blot on the fame of the original, which nothing but the most unsparing exposure can efface"; and adds that, "considered as a whole, Lord F. Gower's translation is about as unfaithful as a translation can be; and that, far from bringing to his task a thorough knowledge of the language of his original, he has hardly construed any two consecutive passages aright." There is no doubt that this allegation is true. Passages are wholly omitted,—by which an immoral, or irreligious tendency is given to the poem, which it does not possess; other parts are mutilated, and their meaning misconstrued; and innumerable words are erroneously translated.* There is no doubt that individual passages may be found exhibiting great beauty of expression, and which none but a mind of high poetic order could have produced; but still, it cannot but be regarded as unfortunate that Lord Egerton was first in the field. His rank and wealth,—his reputation for taste and talent,—and the belief which was entertained of the pro-

* See Mrs. Austin's *Characteristics of Goethe,* vol. i. pp. 265-73.



Henry O'Brien

AUTHOR OF "THE ROUND TOWERS OF IRELAND".

fundity of his German acquirements,—all tended to give his translation a fictitious currency, and keep men out of the field, who might have discharged the task with greater ability. Among such was Shelley, whose fragmental "Prologue in Heaven," and the "May-Day Night Scene," full of misconceptions as they are, show what he might have done with a twelve month's study of German; and Coleridge, whose version of *Wallenstein*, made from a MS. copy before the poem was printed, while it does not contain lines subsequently added, possesses original additions and improvements of his own, which Schiller actually has translated and adopted from his English translator in the after editions of the *Piccolomini*.

LXII.—HENRY O'BRIEN.

"IN the village churchyard of Hanwell (*ad viii. ab Urbe lapidem*) sleeps the original of yonder sketch, and the rude forefathers of the Saxon hamlet have consented to receive among them the clay of a Milesian scholar. That 'original' was no stranger to us. Some time back we had our misgivings that the oil in his flickering lamp of life would soon dry up; still we were not prepared to hear of his light being thus abruptly extinguished. 'One morn we missed him' from the accustomed table at the library of the British Museum, where the page of antiquity awaited his perusal: 'another came—nor yet' was he to be seen behind the pile of 'Asiatic Researches,' pouring over his favourite Herodotus, or deep in the Zendevesta. 'The next' brought tidings of his death,—

> 'Au banquet de la vie infortuné convive,
> J'apparus un jour, et je meurs;
> Je meurs, et sur la tombe où jeune encore j'arrive,
> Nul ne viendra verser des pleurs.'

His book on the 'Round Towers' has thrown more light on the early history of Ireland, and on the Freemasonry of these gigantic puzzles than will ever shine from the cracked pictures of the 'Royal Irish Academy' or the farthing candle of Tommy Moore. And it was quite natural that, he should have received from them, during his life-time, such tokens of malignant hostility as might sufficiently 'tell how they hated his beams.' The 'Royal Irish' twaddlers must surely feel some compunction now, when they look back on their paltry transactions in the matter of the 'prize essay'; and though we do not expect much from such an emasculate specimen of humanity, still it would not surprise us if 'Tom Brown the younger,' or 'Tom Little,' the author of sundry Tomfudgeries and Tomfooleries, were to atone for his individual misconduct in a white sheet, or a "blue and yellow" blanket, when next he walks abroad in that rickety go-cart of drivelling dotage, the *Edinburgh Review*.

"While Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered in the suburbs of Syracuse the neglected grave of Archimedes, from the circumstance of a symbolical cylinder indicating the pursuits and favourite theories of the illustrious dead. Great was his joy at the recognition. No emblem will

mark the sequestered spot where lies the Œdipus of the Round Tower riddle—no hieroglyphic,—

'Save daisies on the mould
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.'

But if you wish for monuments to his memory, go to his native land, and shore,—*circumspice!*—Glendalough, Devenish, Clondalkin, Innisscattevy, rear their architectural cylinders; and each, through those mystic apertures that face the cardinal points, proclaims to the four winds of heaven, trumpet-tongued, the name of him who solved the problem of 3000 years, and who first disclosed the drift of these erections.

"Fame, in the Latin poet's celebrated personification, is described as perched

'Sublimi culmine tecti
Turribus aut altis.' *

That of O.'B. is pre-eminently so circumstanced. From these proud pinnacles nothing can dislodge his renown. Moore, in the recent pitiful compilation meant for 'a history,' talks of these monuments as being so many 'astronomical indexes.' He might as well have said they were tubes for the purposes of gastronomy. 'Tis plain *he* knew as little about their origin as he may be supposed to know of the 'hanging tower of Pisa,' or the 'torre degli asinelli,' or how the nose of the beloved resembled the tower of Damascus.

"Concerning the subject of this memoir, suffice it to add that he was born in the Kingdom of Iveragh, graduated in T. C. D. (having been classically brought up at the feet of the Rev. Charles Boyton); and fell a victim here to the intense ardour with which he pursued the antiquarian researches that he loved.

'Kerria me genuit; studia, heu! rapuere; tenet nunc
Anglia: sed patriam turrigenam cecini.'

Regent Street, August 1st, 1835."

The foregoing beautiful tribute to the memory of the young Irish antiquary, with which I cannot forbear from gracing my pages, is reprinted among the *Reliques of Father Prout* (Bohn's ed. p. 162), as the production of the "functionary who exhibits the 'literary characters'"; and this I believe to have been for the nonce the incumbent of Watergrasshill himself.

HENRY O'BRIEN was, as stated, *more Virgiliano*, in the distich above, a native of the county of Kerry, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated B.A. in 1831. Having proceeded to London, he applied himself to the preparation for the press of the Essay by which he is best known. This was written in competition for a prize, offered by the Royal Irish Academy, for the best dissertation on the subject. He was not successful in obtaining the prize, but his essay was considered so learned and ingenious, that the Society awarded a pecuniary recompense to the author. With this the latter was not content, and an angry correspondence ensued.

In 1833, the "Essay" greatly enlarged, and with illustrative embellishments, made its appearance. It was entitled *The Round Towers*

* *Æneid* iv.

of Ireland; or, the History of the Tauth-de-Danaans (being the Mysteries of Freemasonry, of Sabaism, and of Buddhism), for the first time unveiled (2nd ed., 1834, 8vo).

Now the various theories as to the origin and object of these mysterious Towers * are about as numerous as the Towers themselves,—and far more discrepant with one another. John Lynch,† Peter Walsh, Ledwick,‡ Dr. Molineux and others contend that they are of Danish origin, and were erected as Watch Towers; but that the Christian Irish changed them into Clock or Bell Towers. General Vallancey argues that they are of Phœnician, or Indo-Scythic origin, exhibiting the results of an intimate connection between Ireland and the East; and that they were erected as Fire-Temples,—Stations from which Druidical festivals were announced,—Sun-dials (Gnomons), and Astronomical Observatories,—Buddhist or Phallic Temples.§ Beauford considers that they were built by the Persian Magi who overran the world at the time of Constantine the Great, in place of the Vestal mounds, and who combined their fire-worship with Irish Druidism; and that the Irish Round Towers were built in imitation of their Magian Towers. Dr. Charles O'Conner, of Stowe, supports the Astronomical theory, and considers that they were erected as "Celestial Indexes,"—an opinion in which he is supported by Lanigan and Moore. Windele, and the South Munster Antiquarian Society, together with Sir William Betham and others, started the theory that they were "Hero Monuments," and took, as proofs of the truth of this, bones which happened to have been thrown into the Towers, or the casual underlying of ancient cemeteries. Dean Richardson, followed by Walter Harris, Dr. King, Dr. Milner, and others, suggested that they were erected for the use of Anchorites or Hermits, because St. Simon Stylites is recorded to have lived on a pillar sixty feet high, and other enthusiasts have chosen to adopt a similar miserable and ridiculous manner of existence, for the purpose of gaining a reputation for sanctity, Dr. Smith, discovering that the Irish word for a penitential round or journey is *turas*, jumps, in his *History of Cork*, to the conclusion that the Round Towers were simply places for penal incarceration. Finally, George Petrie, one of the most profound of Irish antiquaries, has attempted to show that all the foregoing theories are either erroneous or unproved, and assigning the erection of the Towers to Christians of the sixth or seventh century, contends that they were intended and used as Belfries, as Depositories for Reliques, church valuables and records, as Sanctuaries, as Watch Towers and Beacons, and as places of retreat from fire, or the sudden attack of an enemy. But after all, as will be seen from a cursory glance at the various volumes which have been written on the subject, the modern writers on these Round Towers have been more successful in their attempts to show that preceding theorists were wrong, than in supporting their own hypotheses; and we are forced to the conclusion that we have little hope of ascertaining definitely what these mysterious structures were, and must rest satisfied with knowing what they are not. Thus, it seems evident that they were *not*

* *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, vol. xx. (Dublin, Hodges and Smith).
† *Cambrensis Eversus.*
‡ *Antiquities of Ireland.*
§ Vallancey's *Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language*, 1772, and his *Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis.*

Watch Towers, for many of them are on low-lying ground, and they are too close to each other,—*not* places of retreat, for they are too narrow,—*not* Fire Towers, devoted to the worship of Baal, or the Sun, for their construction is not suitable for the perpetual burning of a light on the summit,—*not* built by the Danes, for they were long anterior to the settlement of that people in the country,—*not* penitentiary towers, after the fashion of those of the Stylite and others,—*not* Belfries, for they were erected before the use of Bells was known, and many of the churches in their vicinity had belfries of their own. The most feasible conjecture,—and this does not go very far,—is that they were erected before the introduction of Christianity into Ireland, and had some connection with the ancient superstition ; and that the early missionaries sought to avail themselves of existing prejudices, by erecting the places of worship for the new faith in the vicinity of the religious monuments which were consecrated to the old one.

Coming now to the "Phallic Theory," which Thomas Davis says, "never had any support but poor Henry O'Brien's enthusiastic ignorance, and the caricaturing pen of his illustrator," I will briefly say that it is this which is expounded in the volume so highly eulogized by Father Prout. This hypothesis is, that the Round Towers of Ireland were Temples constructed by the early Indian colonists of the country in honour of the fructifying principle of Nature, emanating, as was supposed, from the sun, under the denominations of Sol, Phœbus, Apollo, Abad, or Budh, etc. ; and from the Moon, under the epithets of Luna, Diana, Juno, Astarte, Venus, Babia, or Batsee, etc. This it was that excited the religious worship of the Egyptians and Greeks, as symbolized by the obscene *Phallos ;* and by the Indians, under the form of the not less indecent *Lingam.* This was the object of that singular form of Priapic worship discovered by Sir William Hamilton to be existing within the last hundred years at Isernia, in the Kingdom of Naples, and so learnedly commented on by Richard Payne Knight, in his privately printed volume.* This also was the origin and design of the most ancient Pagodas of the East ; of the Phallic tower, of extraordinary height, of which Lucian speaks, as existing in Syria † ; of the *crux ansata* of the ancients ; of the two pillars of molten brass, which Hiram, King of Tyre, set up in the porch of the Temple of Solomon ;‡ of the May-poles of our own village greens,—of the grey Monolith of the plain,—and even of the village spire, which towering amid the gentle landscape, directs the worshipper to the house of the Christian's God, and points to the promised heaven.

There was a controversy between O'Brien and Thomas Moore, the latter of whom, according to "Prout," who said he had the correspondence before him, "negotiated by letter with O'Brien," to extract his brains, and make use of him for his meditated *History of Ireland.* I am not able to say what was the upshot of the matter. O'Brien charged Moore with adopting his ideas without acknowledgment ; and Moore accused O'Brien of plagiarism from the *Nimrod* of the Hon. Reginald Herbert (London, 1826), whose leading idea is that the Round Towers were erected as Fire-Altars,—an altogether different theory.

* *Account of the Worship of Priapus, etc., to which is added a Discourse on the Worship of Priapus, and its Connection with the Mystic Theology of the Ancients* (London, 1786, folio).

† *De Deâ Syriâ.*

‡ 1 *Kings* vii.



Michl Th Sadler.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAW OF POPULATION".

Some remarks on the "Pillar-Towers," will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and a letter, in defence of the view there taken, was addressed by him to "Mr. Urban," in the same serial, vol. ii. p. 365.

On June 28th, 1835, at the early age of 35, Mr. O'Brien was found dead in his bed, at the Hermitage, Hanwell, the house of a friend, where he had spent the preceding day; and he lies buried in the churchyard of that village. He had for some time held the situation of tutor in the family of the Master of the Rolls; had been presented at Court; and received as a guest at Lansdowne House.

Maclise has commemorated the early death of the young Irish scholar by a fine etching in the *Reliques of Father Prout*, reminding us in its sentiment of Mr. Wallis's celebrated picture of the "Death of Chatterton."

LXIII.—MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER.

"THERE is a sadness," writes *Fraser*, commenting upon the death of this now forgotten political economist, which had just then (July 29th, 1835), taken place, "not unmitigated, indeed, but not the less deep and lasting, connected with our personal memorial for the present month.

"SADLER is dead—MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER! He who truly earned, and without the least descent into cant or affectation, the title of *the poor man's friend.*

"His career as a public man has been short, but it has been long enough to leave a name that will not soon be forgotten. Many men have, in a period equally short, gained more *distinction*, and far better served *themselves*,—Macaulay, to wit,—but few have realized or deserved equal *honour.*

"The secret of his Parliamentary career was briefly this: instead of coming there, like many others, with an empty head but a voluble tongue, —with wit, and repartee, and smartness, and party audacity,—Sadler came there with his mind and heart overcharged with schemes and plans for the good of the working classes. During the whole time of his attendance on the House of Commons, *politics*, properly so called, did not occupy the tithe of his time or his thoughts. He was ever brooding over some scheme for the relief of the Irish poor, or the bettering the state of our own agriculturists, or the emancipation of the infant slaves of our factories. His range of topics was entirely his own; and as they were ever crossing and thwarting the common current of daily politics, it was no wonder that he became reckoned, by the dandies of the House, as an odd and impracticable sort of a fellow.

"His manner, too, of dealing with these topics, had the fault of Burke and of Mackintosh,—it was the style and manner of a *student*, of one who had gone to the bottom of his subject, and who insisted on taking with him even those careless or reluctant hearers who had hardly patience to skim the surface for a few moments.

"Yet, with all these disadvantages against him, he was appreciated by the excellent among the people. Scarcely during his absence from Parliament could a vacancy occur, in any place having a respectable con-

stituency, without his being the first name mentioned. The applications he was perpetually receiving, and from such places as Bath and Marylebone, were not to be reckoned by units, but by scores.

"His fame, however, is of higher class than that of a Parliamentarian. His was the hand which, after a hundred fruitless attempts, and those by men of no mean rank—his was the hand that threw down, and broke to pieces, and stamped into powder, that Moloch principle, long worshipped as an idol by many, of *the superfecundity of the human species*. The Malthusian theory was by him, at once and for ever, put an end to. It is true that the numerous disciples of that heresy will still adhere to it 'for the term of their natural lives.' But it is now a detected imposture, and its fate is sealed.

"The public life of Mr. Sadler may be reckoned to have fallen within the last eight years. His great work, on the *Evils of Ireland, and their Remedies*,—a book which has been publicly declared by political opponents to be 'the best ever written on that subject,' was published in 1827. He entered Parliament in 1829, and retired from it at the dissolution in December, 1832. His labours had then so far aided a constitutional malady, as to have excited the anxious apprehensions of his friends; but within the last year the symptoms of its advance became unquestionable. His age was, we believe, about fifty-four or fifty-five.

"He was a man of rare natural endowments, and of extraordinary accomplishments; but these qualities could only be known, in their variety, to his private circle and friends. His enthusiastic devotion to the welfare of the poor was the leading feature of his character; and in this point his value was felt and appreciated by the people generally. We perceive that the men of Leeds are claiming the honour of rearing and possessing his monument. But there must be a record of his labours and his doings, of a more extensive and durable character than a local column, or tablet, or statue. Seldom has a nobler subject for the pen of the biographer been afforded, and we are glad to hear that it will not be allowed to pass unnoticed."

The career of MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER was so entirely political, that I shall not find it necessary to add much to the fine tribute to his memory and character which accompanies his portrait. He was born at Snelston, a village in the south of Derbyshire, in January, 1780. He was educated principally at Rome, and made great proficiency in the mathematical sciences at a very early age. He died at New Lodge, near Belfast, July 29th, 1835, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

Bulwer, in his now forgotten satire, *The Siamese Twins* (London, Colburn, 1831, 8vo), has an allusion to Sadler:—

> "So far, so good! the Siam nation
> Is somewhat thin of population;
> And (there, as here, two sects are clamorous,
> The Economic and the Amorous),
> It must have charmed the Siam Saddlers,
> This doubling on the Malthus Twaddlers!" *

—adding, in a note:—

"Mr. Sadler, on whom his Godfathers bestowed the most just of all epithets by the most prophetic of all initials—Mr. M. T. (commonly pro-

* Page 11.



AUTHOR "OF YES AND NO".

nounced *Empty*) Sadler, has lately published a book in opposition to the followers of Malthus ; the size of it is very remarkable."

Sterne,—working upon the idea of the charming old Gascon essayist, Montaigne,—discusses the effect which the name given to a man may have upon the development of his character. Such appellations as Cæsar and Pompey, he suggests, may, by their "mere inspiration," have rendered the bearers worthy of them ; while many individuals "might," as he says, "have done exceedingly well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed, and Nicodemus'd into nothing."* Nay, some among the learned have gone so far as to assert that good or bad fortune is so indissolubly and inexplicably associated with names, that, when these are changed, the issues of life are turned in another direction.† Be this as it may,—and this is not the place to pursue the subject,—it would appear that, with regard to the giving of names, another responsibility, undreamt of in the philosophy of Sterne, attaches to sponsors,—viz. to take heed that the initials of the names bestowed upon a child do not form a word which may influence the character of, bring ridicule upon, or suggest a nick-name for, the unfortunate and unconscious nominee, in his after life. "Empty" Sadler is a case in point ; and I could adduce another in which one of the Christian names has been elided in order to get rid of the initial which was a co-efficient in the formation of an objectionable word. A little foresight may prevent an accident like this ; but such contingencies as are involved in "Namby-Pamby" Willis, "Babbletongue" Macaulay, "Harassing" Ainsworth, "Attila" Watts, "Juggle-us Jeer-all," "Monkey" Milnes, Walter Savage "Gander," "Mrs. Jollop," "Bath Bunn, Esq.," "Sir Pelham Little" Bulwer, Bart., W. M. "Thwackaway," Thomas "Snarlyle," Gilbert Abbot à "Briefless," and the rest, are too remote for prevention, and must be left to chance.

There is *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of M. T. Sadler, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.* (London, Seeleys, 1848, 8vo, pp. 664), with Portrait.

LXIV.—EARL OF MULGRAVE.

HERE we have the aristocratic lineaments and courtly form of the nobleman who is better known to the present generation,—if, indeed, known at all,—as the MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

"Among literary men," says *Fraser*, who introduces him as the then ex-Governor General of Jamaica, the president of the Garrick, and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, "he is known or heard of, as the author of several novels which have not materially contributed to swell his repute ;

* Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, chap. xix.

† "Sunt qui e nominibus et literarum numeris ita vaticinantur, ut raró fallant. Notarunt nonnulli infaustorum nominum impositione fortunam hominum labefactari, eorum immutatione quoque immutari. Quidam e tetricis nominibus, quos reos criminis suspicati sunt, tales quæstione instituta deprehenderunt."—Morhofi, *Polyhistor*, ed. 1708, tom. i. p. 124.

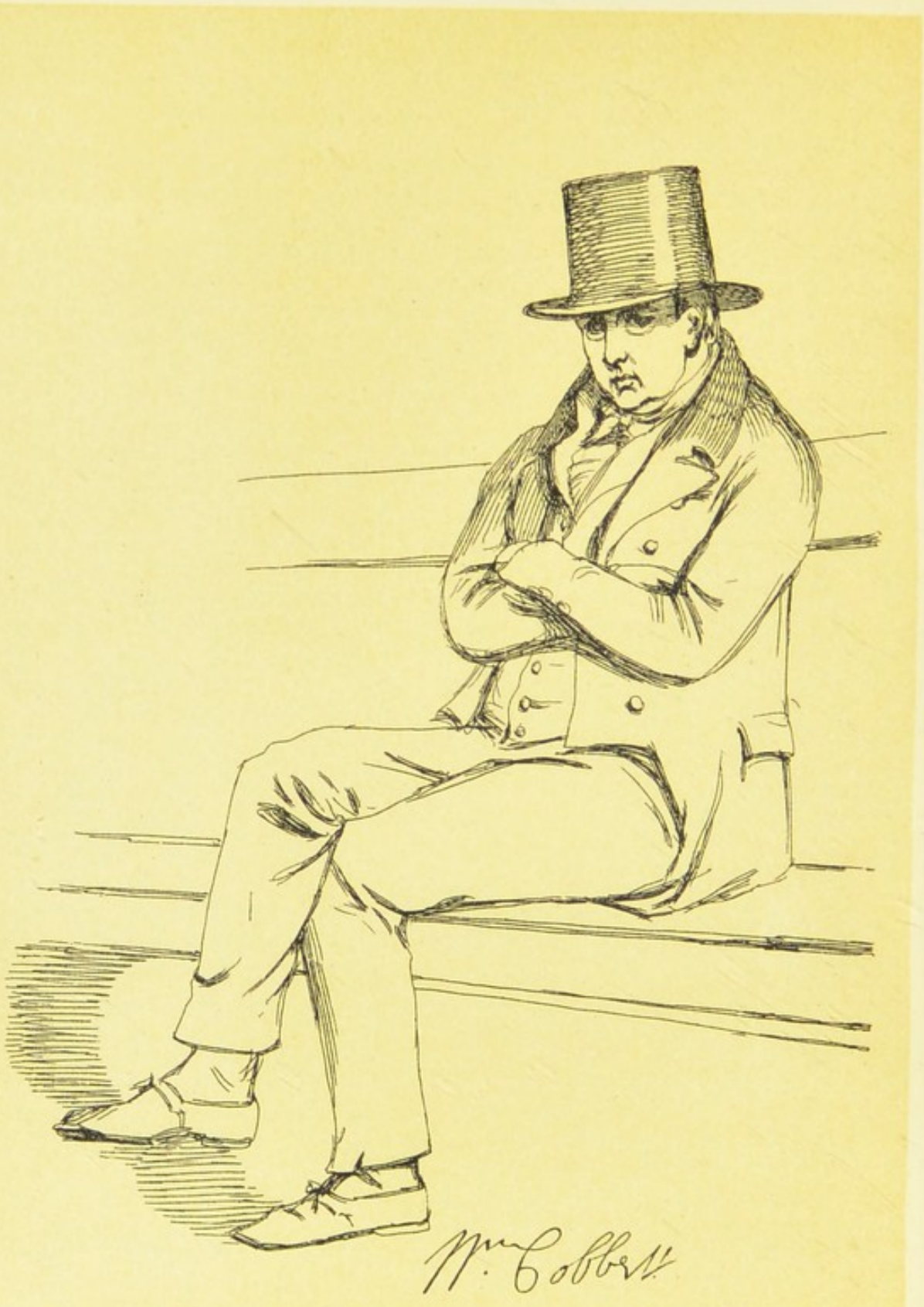
among fashionable people he is distinguished as an amateur actor, who is equally meritorious in the performance of *Hamlet* and the *Cock*,"—and so on to similar purport.

With regard to the portrait, the same contemporary commentator adds: "Our artist is rather too favourable to Mulgrave. Thanks to Delcroix, or some other artist of that profession, the locks look exuberant still; but woe worth the day! crows feet tell about the temples, and deep wrinkles beseam the well-rouged face. But still, when duly curled, oiled, painted, and lighted up, he does look passably well, and might be trusted in a third-rate walking gentleman cast. He is at present showing off in a part for which he is just as much fitted as he is for enacting *Romeo;* but one in which he can do more mischief than could attend the most vigorously hissed performance that ever disgraced a theatre."

The career of Mulgrave was political and diplomatic, rather than literary; and need find no minute record here. As a *politician*, from the time he entered the House as member for the borough of Scarborough, he assumed a course of action, as a somewhat advanced Reformer, which was entirely opposed to the traditions of his family,—his father had been the friend of Pitt,—and of course prevented him receiving anything but hard measure from the tory *Fraserians*. As a *diplomatist*, he was certainly one of the most popular Viceroys who have held court at the Castle; and was pronounced by O'Connell to be "the best Englishman Ireland has ever seen."

Of his post-Fraserian doings I have not to say much. In 1838, he was created Marquis of Normanby, by letters patent; in 1839, he resigned the Irish Lieutenancy, and was appointed Secretary for the Colonies; and at the end of that year he became Home Secretary, an office which he held till September, 1841. In 1846, he was appointed Ambassador for France, and remained there till the *coup d'état*, when he was superseded by Lord Cowley. In 1854, he accepted from the government of Lord Aberdeen, the post of Minister at the Court of Tuscany, which he resigned in 1858, and returned to England. He died at his residence, Hamilton Lodge, South Kensington, July 28th, 1863, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Of his lordship's literary achievements I have nothing to say which can interest the readers of these desultory sketches. After contemplating the seedy black of CHARLES LAMB, the bourgeois simplicity of BÉRANGER, and the homespun attire of WILLIAM COBBETT, the eye of the modern Teufelsdröckh cannot but dwell with peculiar satisfaction on the purple and fine linen of this representative of the "silver-forkers,"—as *Regina* has it. But this feeling ends with the gratification produced by the external aspect of the Dandiacal body; in other respects, the comparison is in favour of the plebeians. Where are his lordship's "works"? Who ever read *Yes and No*, *Matilda*, *The Contrast*, *The Prophet of St. Paul's*, or *Clarinda?* While we regard the slightest fragment of CHARLES LAMB with almost religious veneration,—a quatrain from a girl's album, or a pair of volumes of juvenile poetry "discovered" in Australia;—while the carelessest couplet of BÉRANGER shakes the idol in the temple, or the King on the throne;—while the hasty pamphlet of COBBETT drives home a truth—or a lie,—with all the force of the sledge-hammer of Thor;—the prolusions of the EARL OF MULGRAVE now only



AUTHOR OF "THE POLITICAL REGISTER".

exist as the lining of circumforaneous trunks,—if, indeed, they have escaped the speedier doom afforded by transmission.

> "———in vicum vendentem thus, et odores,
> Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

In the way of prose, in 1856, we have from the pen of his lordship, a narrative of the stirring events of 1848, under the title of *A Year of Revolutions*.

The widow of the Earl,—the late Dowager Marchioness of Normanby,—died so recently as October 20th, 1882, in the eighty-fourth year of her age, at Mulgrave Castle, Lythe, near Whitby. She was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Ravensworth; resided with her husband at Paris, when he was British Ambassador there; and also in Jamaica, when he was Lieutenant-Governor of that island. She had also been Mistress of the Robes to the Queen, by whom she was much beloved. Her only son, the present Marquis, is Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria.

LXV.—WILLIAM COBBETT

IN the career of this extraordinary man is implied the whole political history of this country during the earlier third of the present century. In taking a brief survey of its main incidents, I must be careful to hug the shore closely, not to drift unconsciously seaward on that illimitable ocean.

Although, from his own statement, WILLIAM COBBETT was born in 1766, it would appear from the fact of his christening having taken place, according to the register at Farnham, on April 1st, 1763, that the event should be assigned to a date at least four years earlier. The best account of his early years is to be gleaned from an autobiographical sketch published when he was in America.* From this, which has been reprinted in various forms in this country, it may be gathered that his first occupation was frightening birds from the early seed, hoeing pease, weeding wheat, and holding the plough. He remembered no period at which he did not earn his own living; and had little or no schooling beside what his father gave him in winter evenings. In 1782 he went to visit a relation near Portsmouth; here he first beheld the sea, and felt that sudden impulse to become a sailor, which he believes to be as natural to an English boy as the desire of taking the water is to a duck. He tried to get his name enrolled as a sailor on board a man-of-war; was refused, and returned to the plough,—but was for ever spoilt for a farmer.

In 1783, when preparing to go to Guildford Fair, another impulse led him to mount a London coach, which dropped him at Ludgate Hill, with half a crown in his pocket. Here he got a situation as copying clerk to

* *The Life and Adventures of Peter Porcupine, with a Full and Faithful Account of all his Authoring Transactions; being a sure and infallible Guide for all enterprising Young Men who wish to make a Fortune by Writing Pamphlets.* By Peter Porcupine himself (Philadelphia, 1797, 8vo, pp. 58).

a lawyer in Gray's Inn, where he remained nine months,—the only period of his life, says he, which was wholly unattended with pleasure. Leaving his desk in disgust, he proceeded to Chatham, where, believing that he was entering the Marines, he enlisted in a marching regiment, the service companies of which were in Nova Scotia. He remained at Chatham a year, improving his education as well as he was able, and learning the structure of his own language from Lowth's Grammar. He was soon raised to the rank of corporal, and at length sailed from Gravesend for Halifax, N.S. His regiment proceeded to New Brunswick, where it remained till September, 1791. It was then relieved and sent home; and Cobbett, then a sergeant-major, received his discharge, on "earnest application," together with a certificate of "honest and faithful service." Shortly after his arrival in England, he married. "Werther" fell in love with "Charlotte" when she was cutting bread-and-butter; Cobbett was smitten by the charms of a young girl of thirteen, who was scrubbing out a wash-tub on a cold winter's morning. "That's the girl for me," said he, when he had got out of hearing; and he looked at the matter as being "settled as firmly as if it had been written in the book of fate." I will not spoil the narrative,—one of the most beautiful stories of love, courtship and married life that has ever been told,—but refer to the words of Cobbett himself.* Shortly after his arrival in England, he brought certain charges of corruption and misconduct against some of the officers of his regiment, and demanded a court-martial. "If my accusation," says he, in a letter to the Judge-Advocate General, "is without a foundation, the authors of cruelty have not yet devised the tortures I ought to endure. Hell itself, as painted by the most fiery bigot, is too mild a punishment for me." The trial was granted (March, 1792); but on the appointed day no Cobbett appeared; an adjournment took place, but he was again absent. On further inquiry, he was found to have absconded. The articles of charge were read over before his fifty-two witnesses, who had not a word to say; and the defendants were consequently acquitted. The conclusion of the authorities was that the charge was wholly "destitute of foundation, and wilfully and maliciously set on foot for the purpose of calumniating the characters of the three officers in question, and of putting them to expense, the accuser not hesitating, in order to obtain this end, to deceive the Crown, and make a mockery of public justice."† No further explanation was ever given, so far as I know, of this extraordinary business.

In 1792 he went to France, where he spent the "six happiest months of his life." Here he intended to stay a while to study the language; but, hearing at Abbeville of the king's dethronement, and the murder of his guards, he turned off towards Hâvre, and embarked thence for America. He landed at New York in 1792, and proceeded to Philadelphia. Here he opened a bookseller's shop, and commenced a periodical paper, or rather a succession of pamphlets, under the signature of "Peter Porcupine," which was marked by the simple force of style and expression which continued to be the distinguishing characteristic of the author during his long literary career. As the French or Democratic party in America was then in the ascendant, England was liberally abused by

* *Advice to Young Men, and (incidentally) to Young Women, in the Middle and Higher Ranks of Life*, by William Cobbett (1837, 8vo, Letter III. p. 97).

† *Proceedings of a General Court-Martial*, etc. (London, 1809, 8vo, pp. 32).

political writers. Of course Cobbett, if only from the spirit of contradiction, did battle as the champion of his native land. Some of his blows happened to reach a certain Dr. Rush, who brought an action against him for libel, and recovered damages to the tune of 5000 dollars. This finally disgusted Cobbett with the new country, and he left for England in 1800.*

In 1801 he settled in London, opening a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, under the sign of "The Bible, the Crown, and the Mitre"! Here he established a morning paper, under the title of *The Porcupine*, in which he supported the principles of Pitt. Upon the cessation of this, he started *The Register*,—a serial which he continued to produce with almost undeviating regularity for thirty-three years, till his death; and which contains, both as regards quantity and quality, the most remarkable mass of political writing which any one man has ever produced. In 1805, from a Church and King man, Cobbett became a violent radical, and was for years a grievous thorn in the side of the ministry. A political prosecution is found sometimes a convenient gag for a troublesome opponent, and Cobbett laid himself open to this by strictures upon a case of military flogging at Ely, when five hundred lashes each upon insubordinate English militiamen, were inflicted by our German mercenaries. He received a sentence of two years' imprisonment in Newgate, and a fine of £1000. He underwent the former, and the latter was paid by a subscription,—with the result, of course, of exacerbating Cobbett's feelings against the government. By this time the sale of the *Register* had risen to the unprecedented number of 100,000 per week, and Cobbett had been enabled to purchase a valuable estate at Botley, in Hampshire.

Among my *Cobbettiana* I find a record of a trial which has escaped the notice of biographers. The title, which I give below,† sufficiently indicates its nature. The verdict was for the plaintiff, with ten pounds *damages*.

In 1818 Cobbett, whose affairs were not, from various causes, so prosperous as they had been, set sail once more for America,—as Henry Hunt alleges, to avoid the importunity of his creditors. ‡ However this may be, he returned to England in the following year. Upon passing his effects through the Custom-house at Liverpool, the contents of one of his boxes is said to have excited the "silent horror" of the spectators. "There, gentlemen," said Cobbett to the horrified officers, "there are the mortal remains of the immortal Thomas Paine." Cobbett had formerly written, "There is nothing too absurd for the people of England to swallow; they are, in this way, the grossest feeders the world ever saw." He was now to test these powers of "swallow." What his *former* opinion of Thomas

* For all the gossip and scandal relating to Cobbett's residence in America, with notice of literary and political squabbles in which he was engaged, see *The Porcupiniad: a Hudibrastic Poem, in Three Cantos. Addressed to William Cobbett by Matthew Carey*" (Philadelphia, 1790, 8vo, pp. 80).

† *Cobbett's Oppression!! Proceedings on the Trial of an Action between William Burgess, a poor labouring Man! and William Cobbett, the Patriot and Reformer!! for employing William Aslett and John Dubber to assault and falsely imprison the Plaintiff*, etc. (London, 1809, pp. 28).

‡ *The Preston Cock's Reply to the Kensington Dunghill: a Twopenny Exposure of Cobbett's Fourteen-pennyworth of Falsehoods.* By Henry Hunt, Esq., M.P. Addressed to the Electors of Preston (London, 1831, 8vo, pp. 16). Reference may also be made to another pamphlet of the same period, full of ready wit and smart repartee,—*The Address of Charles Wilkins, Esq., to the People of Manchester, on the Incompetency of Mr. William Cobbett to represent them in Parliament* (8vo, pp. 24).

Paine had been,* may be ascertained from the pamphlet entitled *Cobbett's Ten Cardinal Virtues*, † where his contradictory sentiments at various periods are neatly tabulated for reference; or a similar publication called *The Beauties of Cobbett*, in three parts, where much curious matter is to be found. *Now*, Tom Paine was everything that was glorious and noble, and Cobbett thought that it would be a profitable speculation to exhume his bones from the field where they lay,—the Quaker sect to which he belonged having refused him burial;—bring them over to England; exhibit the skeleton at so much a head; and afterwards make up the hair, —the "ugly, uncombed locks" of a former day,—into gold rings, and "sell them at a guinea apiece beyond the cost of the gold and the workmanship." These superfluous guineas were to be employed in the erection of a monument to the memory of Paine. The affair caused a great sensation. In the House of Lords it was asked by Earl Grosvenor "whether any subject had ever been treated with more laughter, contempt, and derision than the introduction of those miserable bones;" and in the House of Commons it was stated, by Mr. Wilmot, that "the man who had dug up the unhallowed remains had brought them to this country for the purpose of stirring up impiety, by the exhibition of this wretched mummery." ‡ Well,—to make a long story short,—the necessary guineas were never collected, and the twenty waggon-loads of flowers not required, which were to strew the road before the great man's hearse. The "bones" remained in the possession of Cobbett till his death. Shortly after this event the eldest son, who was executor of his father's will, was arrested for debt; and a receiver was appointed to the estate, into whose care was committed the box of bones. The effects of Mr. Cobbett were sold by auction, in 1836; and the bones brought forward to be offered for competition. The auctioneer, however, refused to put them up; and they were withdrawn, and remained in the possession of the receiver. This gentleman, desiring to be relieved, awaited the orders of the Lord Chancellor; but the latter, upon the matter being mentioned to him in court, refused to recognize them as part of the estate, or make any order respecting them. The receiver thus continued to hold them; but finding that none of the creditors would relieve him of them, or, indeed, made inquiry about them, he transferred them, in 1844, to a Mr. Tilley, who retained them in his possession until a public funeral could be arranged. I have never heard that this has been done, and know nothing more of these *Thomæ venerabilis ossa*.§

I had arrived at the year 1819. Cobbett, once more in England,

* "How Tom gets a living now . . . I know not, nor does it much signify. He has done all the mischief he can in the world; and whether his carcase is at last to be suffered to rot on the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of very little consequence. Whenever or wherever he breathes his last, he will excite neither sorrow nor compassion; no friendly hand will close his eyes, not a groan will be uttered, not a tear will be shed. Like *Judas*, he will be remembered by posterity; *men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous, by the single monosyllable*— PAINE!"—*Life of Thomas Paine*, by William Cobbett.

† Manchester (Ambery), 1832, 8vo, pp. 34.

‡ *Cobbett's Gridiron* (1822, 8vo, p. 21).

§ *Ode to the Bones of the Im-mortal Thomas Paine, newly transported from America to England, by the no less Im-mortal William Cobbett, Esq.*, by Thomas Rodd, Senr., the Bookseller (London, 1819, 4to). *A Brief History of the Remains of the late Thomas Paine, from the time of their disinterment, in* 1819, *by the late William Cobbett, M.P., down to the year* 1846 (London, Watson, 1847); and *Notes and Queries*, Fourth Series.

threw himself into the political life of the time ; took an active part in the cause of Queen Caroline ; and made unsuccessful attempts to get into Parliament as member for Coventry, and for Westminster.

During his absence he had sold his estate at Botley ; he now took a farm at Barnes Elms, in Surrey, where he attempted to grow sundry trees and plants which he had brought from America, and also to introduce Indian corn as a substitute for the "infamous potato," as he called it.* He printed his *Register* on paper made from the husks of this corn, and established *depôts* for the sale of its flour and bread ; but the project was not ultimately successful. He left Barnes, and entered upon the occupation of the farm of Normandy, about seven miles from Farnham, his native place.

In 1831 he was indicted for the publication of a libel, in the *Weekly Political Register* of December 11th, 1830, "with intent to raise discontent in the minds of the labourers in husbandry, and to incite them to acts of violence, and to destroy corn-stacks, machinery, and other property." The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty," and defended himself in person. The jury could not agree, six being of one opinion and six of another, and prayed for their discharge, which was granted.†

In 1832, after the passing of the Reform Act, Cobbett was returned to Parliament for the newly made borough of Oldham. In the House of Commons every man finds his level, and it would have been doubtless better for his reputation if he had been unsuccessful in obtaining a seat in the representative assembly. He possessed neither the temper nor the tact necessary to constitute a ready and effective debater ; he scarcely made an important speech ; and his Parliamentary career was thus a disappointment to his friends and admirers, who, perhaps, hardly made sufficient allowance for age and failing health. Moreover, there is but little doubt that his fatal illness was, in a great measure, attributable to the fatigue and labour of his Parliamentary duties. Without entering upon further details, which will be found in a letter from his son in the *Register* of June 19th, 1835, it must suffice to state that the extraordinary man who had founded that serial, and guided its course for thirty-three years, died on the preceding day, at Normandy Farm, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

In the course of the same year the will of the deceased was proved. The effects were sworn to be under the value of £1500 ; there were no specific legacies, but the testator bequeathed the copyright of his works, and all his other property, to his eldest son William.

Of his personal appearance, Hazlitt has left us a graphic record :— "The only time I ever saw him, he seemed to me a very pleasant man,— easy of access, affable, clear-headed, simple and mild in his manner, deliberate and unruffled in his speech, though some of his expressions were not very qualified. His figure is tall and portly. He has a good, sensible face—rather full, with little grey eyes, a hard square forehead, a ruddy complexion, with hair grey or powdered, and had on a scarlet broadcloth waistcoat, with the flaps of the pockets hanging down, as was the custom for gentlemen farmers in the last century, or as we see it in

* *A Treatise on Cobbett's Corn ; or, Cobbett's Corn-book* (8vo).

† *Full and Accurate Report of the Trial of William Cobbett, Esq., before Lord Tenterden and a Special Jury, on Thursday, July 7th*, 1831, *in the Court of King's Bench, Guildhall* (1831, 8vo, pp. 48).

the pictures of members of Parliament in the reign of George I. I certainly did not think less favourably of him for seeing him."*

As a political writer, he was at once the most able, the most ready, and the most prolific of the age. In simplicity, correctness, clearness and strength of style, he had no equal since the day of Defoe and Swift. In advocating his views, he seized upon favouring circumstances with marvellous tact; detected and exposed the shifts of his opponents with profound skill; was a master of irony and innuendo; was apt in illustration, and powerful in description. He addressed himself to all, to be understood by all; and we may search in vain through his hundred volumes to find a sentence which is ambiguous or unintelligible. He was a bitter hater, a remorseless enemy, and befouled those who incurred his ire with the coarsest terms of invective and abuse. In sarcasm, and especially the art of giving nicknames that "stuck," he was pre-eminent,—the greatest master since the days of Aristophanes. Burdett was "Old Sir Glory"; Hunt, "the great liar of the South"; Baines, "the great liar of the North"; Brougham, "a mixture of laudanum and brandy, with a double allowance of jaw." The clergy of the Established Church were "Black Slugs"; Printing-house Square was "Puddledock"; the *Morning Herald*, "Grandmother"; and the *Morning Advertiser*, "Sap Tub." Then there is "Sancho" Hobhouse; "Mons. de Snip" Place (the Benthamite tailor-political-economist of Charing Cross); "Little Shilling" Attwood; "Pis-aller" Parkes; "Bott" Smith (Egerton Smith, of the *Liverpool Mercury*); "Roaring" Rushton; "Gaffer" Gooch; "Slate-face" Cropper; "Prosperity" Fred; and a host of other epithets which will occur to the memory of those who are familiar with the political writings of the period. Besides this, Cobbett has shown better than any one besides the translators of the Bible, and Shakespeare, how powerful an exponent of thought our simple, home-spun Anglo-Saxon may be made. The vocabulary which he had at command was all-sufficient for his purpose. He dealt in no subtle refinements, or nice discriminations of thought and feeling; and had no *thesaurus* of classic or composite phrase at command, like that with which Shakespeare, when he chose, could incarnadine his multitudinous verse.

From an incident in his early life it is evident that the style of Swift had a great charm for him, and it was upon this probably that he unconsciously modelled his own. "When a poor boy at eleven years of age," says he, "with 3d. in my pocket for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock-frock, and with red garters tied outside my knees, when I perceived in a bookseller's window a little book labelled '*Tale of a Tub*, price 3d.' If I spent my 3d. on it I could have no supper: still, in I went, and bought the little book, which I was so impatient to examine, that I got over into a field, at the upper corner of Kew Gardens, and sat down to read on the shady side of a haystack. The book was so different from anything I had read before; it was something so new to my mind, that though I could not at all understand some of it, it delighted me beyond measure, and it produced what I always considered a sort of birth of intellect. I read on till it was dark, without any thought of supper or bed. When I could see no longer, I put it into my pocket, and fell asleep by the side of the stack, till the birds in Kew Gardens awaked me in the morning, and then I started off, still reading

* *Spirit of the Age*, by W. Hazlitt (1825, 8vo).

my little book. The gardener at Kew, where I got employment, lent me some books on gardening, but I could not relish them after the *Tale of a Tub*, which I carried about with me wherever I went, till about twenty years old I lost it in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy."

Gilfillan, seeking for a single epithet whereby to epitomize Cobbett, pronounces him "the genius of common sense." Robert Hall styles him, "a firebrand, not a luminary—the Polyphemus of the mob,—the one-eyed monarch of the blind." Wyndham declared, in the House of Commons, that he deserved that a "statue of gold" should be erected to him. Hazlitt, in his fine portraiture, says :—"He is a kind of *fourth estate* in the politics of the country. He is not only the most powerful political writer of the present day, but one of the best writers in the language. He speaks and thinks plain, broad, downright English. He might be said to have the clearness of Swift, the naturalness of Defoe, and the picturesque satirical description of Mandeville ; if all such comparisons were not impertinent."

A few words about his principal literary works. He said, himself, of what he termed "The Cobbett Library,"—"When I am asked what books a young man or young woman ought to read, I always answer, let him or her read *all* the books that I have written. This does, it will doubtless be said, *smell of the shop*. No matter. It is what I recommend ; and experience has taught me that it is my duty to give the recommendation." He then goes on to enumerate *thirty-nine* distinct books other than the "Register." Of these I can only glance at one or two.

"ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN."—This is just the kind of book which would have been termed on its title-page, "opus aureum" by the old publishers. It is in six letters ; addressed to the "Youth," "Bachelor," "Lover," "Husband," "Father," and "Citizen." In each of these relations of life, the author, with the most perfect sincerity, and the most amusing simplicity, holds up himself as the model for imitation. To the Rev. R. Polwhele he elsewhere wrote (July 14th, 1834), "Good God ! what I have seen, what I have done, since I had the pleasure of seeing you ! I am the completest instance that ever was known of the effects of diligence, sobriety, and fortitude."* With him, as with the Greek sage, the αὐτος ἔφα is confirmation strong as Holy Writ, and cannot possibly admit of demur. Here (Letter II. p. 75) is the capital account of Ireland's Shakespeare forgeries, and his ridicule of the exaggerated worship of the bard ; for Cobbett hated humbugs as heartily as Carlyle, and never lost a chance of exposing a sham sentiment. In a word, this book is the most extraordinary specimen of common-sense, egotism, manliness, iconoclasm, prejudice, and *Englishism*,†—expressed in the tersest, simplest, naturallest style,—that the world has ever yet seen ; and should be in the possession of every one than can read. It is reprinted, and can be got for a florin.

"HISTORY OF THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION."—This book (2 vols. royal 8vo, 1829), for vigour of composition, hardihood of paradox, and crassitude of ignorance, is without a parallel in the language. It is a true curiosity of literature, and one of the most amusing of books,—if only from the courageousness of its prejudice, and absence of all the qualities that go to make up a philosophical history. It must be read, as some critic has directed, sentence by sentence, by the rule of contrary. Of course, the author was said to be a Romanist at heart ; but the fact seems to be that

* Polwhele's *Reminiscences*, vol. ii. p. 88.
† A word coined by Charles Reece Pemberton.

he was desirous of showing what could be said on the Romish side of the question, and of doing this better than it had ever been done before.* He did not get many thanks for his pains from the sect he had so effectually served, and is reported to have said with an oath, that, if he had taken the other and stronger side, he could have roused all England against the Romanists, and put off their emancipation till the eve of St. Tibb.† Of course, "answers" appeared by the dozen,—among which may be noticed the counter *History of the Protestant Reformation*, by McGavin ;‡ *Strictures*, by Philanthropos ;§ and a volume by an anonymous author, entitled *The Great Apostacy*.‖

"ENGLISH GRAMMAR." This appeared in 1819, and was "intended for the use of Schools, and of young persons in general,—but more especially for the use of Soldiers, Sailors, Apprentices, and Ploughboys." It was, however, in the form of a series of letters addressed to his son James, when he was fourteen years old. "I made him copy the whole of it," says the author, "before it went to press, and that made him a *grammarian at once*." He elsewhere speaks of his "famous grammar for teaching French people English, which has been for thirty years, and is still, the great work of this kind throughout all America, and in every nation in Europe." He has a good reason for his self-laudation and egotism :—"For me not to say that I deem my *English Grammar* the best book for teaching this science, would be affectation, and neglect of duty besides ; because I know that it is the best ; because I wrote it for the purpose ; and because hundreds and hundreds of men and women have told me, some verbally, and some by letter, that though (many of them) at grammar schools for years, they really never *knew* anything of grammar till they studied my book. I, who know well all the difficulties I experienced when I read books upon this subject, can easily believe this, and especially when I think of the numerous instances in which I have seen *university* scholars unable to write English with any tolerable degree of correctness."¶ Apart from this, the book is as interesting as a romance ; perspicuous in arrangement, and amusing in illustration. The author finds faults in Blair and Johnson ; but it must be remembered that no writer in a language like ours,—certainly not Cobbett himself,—can bear such a minute criticism as is here applied. The microscope will detect faults where the naked eye, which is the natural instrument, can only perceive beauties. Besides this, Cobbett's *Grammar* must be read *cum grano ;* and not with implicit faith as a scientific treatise. Of the two hundred and eighty-five paragraphs, within which his rudiments are comprised, no less than sixty-six are animadverted on, and corrected, in a pamphlet, published by Wright, 46, Fleet Street, entitled, *A Critical Examination of Cobbett's English Grammar ;* and a subsequent writer,

* Cobbett, if his reading had permitted, might have referred to a chapter in Ant. Gallonius *De SS. Martyrum Cruciatibus* (Parisiis, MDCLIX., 4to), "De Catholicis, ac præcipue Religiosis, et Sacerdotibus, quorum ventres ab Hæreticis, nostro sæculo, dissecti sunt," p. 207.

† See a paper on "Editors and Newspaper Writers of the last Generation," in *Fraser's Magazine*, February, 1862.

‡ Glasgow, 8vo, several editions.

§ Glasgow, 1825, 8vo.

‖ London, 1839, 8vo.

¶ A forcible and amusing illustration of this may occur to the reader, as afforded by the letters of a certain "Head-Master," in relation to a scholastic dispute, published in the *Times* some ten years ago.

whose able treatise has fallen into unmerited neglect, speaks of it as "a mischievous book," and cautions "the juvenile reader, in the earliest stage of his grammatical progress, to avoid with all possible care, the very sight of a certain publication, professing to be grammatical, but being in reality the exact reverse," adding that "the whole work does not contain ten paragraphs that can be tolerated in any book; much less can they be sanctioned by an impartial grammarian."*

A few words might be said on some of Cobbett's other works. There are his letters on the Treaty of Amiens, which Müller, the Swiss historian, said were more eloquent than anything which had appeared since the days of Demosthenes; his *Manchester Lectures*, full of shrewd common-sense and political information; the *Sermons*,—some beautiful, all good (except the thirteenth, on "Good Friday, or God's Judgment on the Jews"†), of which the author says "more of these sermons have been sold than of the sermons of all the church parsons put together since mine were published,—there are some parsons who have the good sense and virtue to preach them from the pulpit"; the *Legacy—to Parsons,—to Labourers*,—and *to Sir Robert Peel*,—in three pocket 12mos; the *Rural Rides*, with its beautiful descriptions and hearty love of country, which will find it admirers as long as a taste for pure English survives among us; *The History of the Regency and Reign of George IV.* (London, 1830, 2 vols. 8vo), *Twopenny Trash*, the various *Porcupine Tracts*,—all of which are worthy of some notice beyond the mere reference with which I must here content myself.

Fraser exactly hits the mark in his estimate of Cobbett. He describes three classes of characters as especially conspicuous in the political hemisphere of that day. The prominent characteristics of these were—I. *Enthusiasm;* II. *Political Trading;* III. *Self-will.*

Of the *first* of these classes, Michael Thomas Sadler is selected as the type,—a man whose whole heart and soul, mind and strength were so *preoccupied*, that he could not fully enter into the politics of the hour, and render that service to his party which his undisputed power might have enabled him to effect.

In the *second* class, were the Broughams, the Grants, the Macaulays, and the Palmerstons. They all talked volubly of philanthropy. Brougham first defended slavery, and then became an Abolitionist. Grant and Macaulay wrote against Reform in the *Edinburgh Review*, only to refute their own articles, when it became politic to do so, on the floor of the House of Commons. Their game was open and obvious. They had a certain amount of talent to sell, and they watched the market to get the best price they could for it. Macaulay, adds *Fraser*, sold his article for £10,000 a year,—and no one could doubt his talent as a huckster; Grant and Brougham for £5000 each,—and so on.

Now, William Cobbett, *Fraser* goes on to say, illustrates the *third* class, which is perfectly distinct from the other two. "His mind was

* *A Philological Grammar of the English Language*, etc., by Thomas Martin (London, Rivington; Birmingham, Beilby and Knott, 1824, 8vo, pp. 402). I knew the author well; and remember him, a tall, attenuated old man, glad to earn a few coppers from the inferior keepers of book-stalls in Birmingham, by printing paper lettering-labels, for the backs of old books. He died in such poverty that the local newspapers, so fulsome over the demise of a Geach or a Mason, did not think it worth their while to make any note of the "when" and the "how" of his *exit*.

† This was added subsequently, and is not to be found in all editions.

not full of zeal for the good of others, like Sadler's; nor could he stoop to the marketing plan of the 'young men of talent.' He rather aimed to force his way by dint of muscular power, and to a certain extent he succeeded. His sympathies were with the people; and had he but possessed some moral and religious principle, he would probably have wrought out great things for them. But though not of such a sordid soul as the regular place-hunters of the third class, he was yet a *self-seeker*. The first idea in his mind was ever,—WILLIAM COBBETT. It was this that effectually prevented his usefulness. Whatever whim he took up, right or wrong, it became his rule, for the exaltation of himself, to force down the throats of his followers. But these hobbies of his were often mere senseless vagaries, and men could not submit to be rough-ridden by one of themselves. . . . The one thing that he wanted was sound moral principle, flowing, as it ever must, from correct religious knowledge. In the absence of these essentials, his career was that of a barque on a trackless ocean, without a compass, and beneath a cloudy sky. Often on a right tack, but ever so by accident, we see in him a striking example of the waste and inutility of the most stupendous talents, when, unchecked and undirected by correct principles, they become the senseless agents of *self-will*."

Leigh Hunt, writing from Hammersmith, in January, 1853, says:—"Carlisle and Hetherington were both, I believe, honest, sincere men, as well as Mr. Watson; and honesty and sincerity are always good public company. The only associate I should object to is Cobbett; because, though he suffered, he assuredly did not know 'how to suffer'; and though he 'fought,' he assuredly *did* know how to run away; and though he beat me hollow as a political journalist, and I believe also did good to the cause of reform, it is to be doubted whether he was ever earnest in anything but selling his journal and finding fault." He goes on to suggest that there are two men who will refine and exalt the list "in spite of Cobbett,"—and those are Gilbert Wakefield, the scholar, who was two years in Dorchester gaol, for writing a "libel" against the war with France; and James Montgomery, the venerable poet, who suffered in like manner for the cause of reform, while editor of the Sheffield *Iris*.

In February, 1861, a lecture was delivered in Birmingham, by that admirable speaker, the late George Dawson, M.A., on "William Cobbett: Ploughboy, Soldier, Author and Member of Parliament." Mr. Dawson possessed that rare, but essential, faculty in a lecturer, of throwing himself heart and soul into the life of his subject, and entirely sympathizing,—not necessarily agreeing,—with his thoughts, feelings, pursuits, and actions. In this way, whether he is discoursing on Horace Walpole, Charles Lamb, Bunyan or Swift, he seems for the moment to adopt or express the ideas of the man, and speak the very words which he himself would have used. Thus, in this lecture on Cobbett, we come across a passage which might have been written by the demagogue himself. "Cobbett," says he, "who hated revolutions, left France and went to America, where he came in contact with Dr. Priestley who had been driven from this town (Birmingham), by the fanaticism of a brutal mob, hounded on by a miscreant magistracy, and an ignorant and brutal gentry. Dr. Priestley was, of course, not over well-disposed to England, and when Cobbett heard of some of his statements, his back was up, for he was then a downright good Tory, with an instinctive belief that England was the best country in the world. He thought her grass the greenest, her

daughters the fairest, her sons the most beautiful ; he thought her Constitution came next to the Bible and Prayer-book. He thought the Kings, Lords and Commons came next to the Trinity, and were almost as sacred, and without knowing the least about it, he swallowed the whole thing. And here (the lecturer went on) I must discharge my conscience of one little matter before I go further. My soul doth loathe that species of modern Liberal with whom it is a matter of instinct, when this country and any other country go to quarrel, to take it for granted that all other nations are right, and that England is wrong. Before I know a question, I go for old England ; after I know it, I try to go for the truth. But there are men, who, if there is a war between England and nasty, dirty Yehs and Chinamen, before they know anything of the matter, say the enemy is right. Before I know, I am sure England, my own country, my Jerusalem, my people, are right, until I prove them wrong. It must be proved to me before I go with the new-fangled Liberals of to-day in supposing that England is always wrong, while Chinese, Hindoos, Zulus, Caffres, Niggers, and all other such nastinesses, are always right."

In February, 1877, died, at his residence, South Kensington, John Morgan Cobbett, M.P. for Oldham, the second son of William Cobbett. He was born in 1800, and called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1830. He was the author of *Letters from France, containing Observations on that Country during a Journey from Calais to the South as far as Limoges, etc., commencing in April, and ending in December*, 1824. From 1852 to 1865 he sat for Oldham, the same constituency which his father had represented from 1832 to 1835 ; having twice before contested the borough unsuccessfully, and also been defeated at Chichester. In 1872, he was re-elected for Oldham, and again in February, 1874. He was a Conservative in politics ; but upon a few questions his views were somewhat in advance of those held by his party. Thus he was a warm supporter of the Ballot Bill, and one of the most remarkable of his speeches was delivered on the second reading of this. He was J.P. for Sussex, and chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the western division of that county.

In 1870, the Rev. John Selby Watson, the author of the *Life of Richard Porson* (1861, 8vo),—to the terrible termination of whose career I have already made allusion,—produced *Biographies of John Wilkes and William Cobbett* (Blackwood and Sons, 8vo). A hundred years ago, Horace Walpole said that Wilkes was a Phœnix who was always rising from his own embers. The words seem just as applicable now ; for, in the words of the *Athenæum*, who reviewed Mr. Watson's book (May 7th, 1870), " Mr. Thorold Rogers has hardly roasted this bird, and scattered its ashes to the four winds of heaven," when a new biographer lights the fires anew.

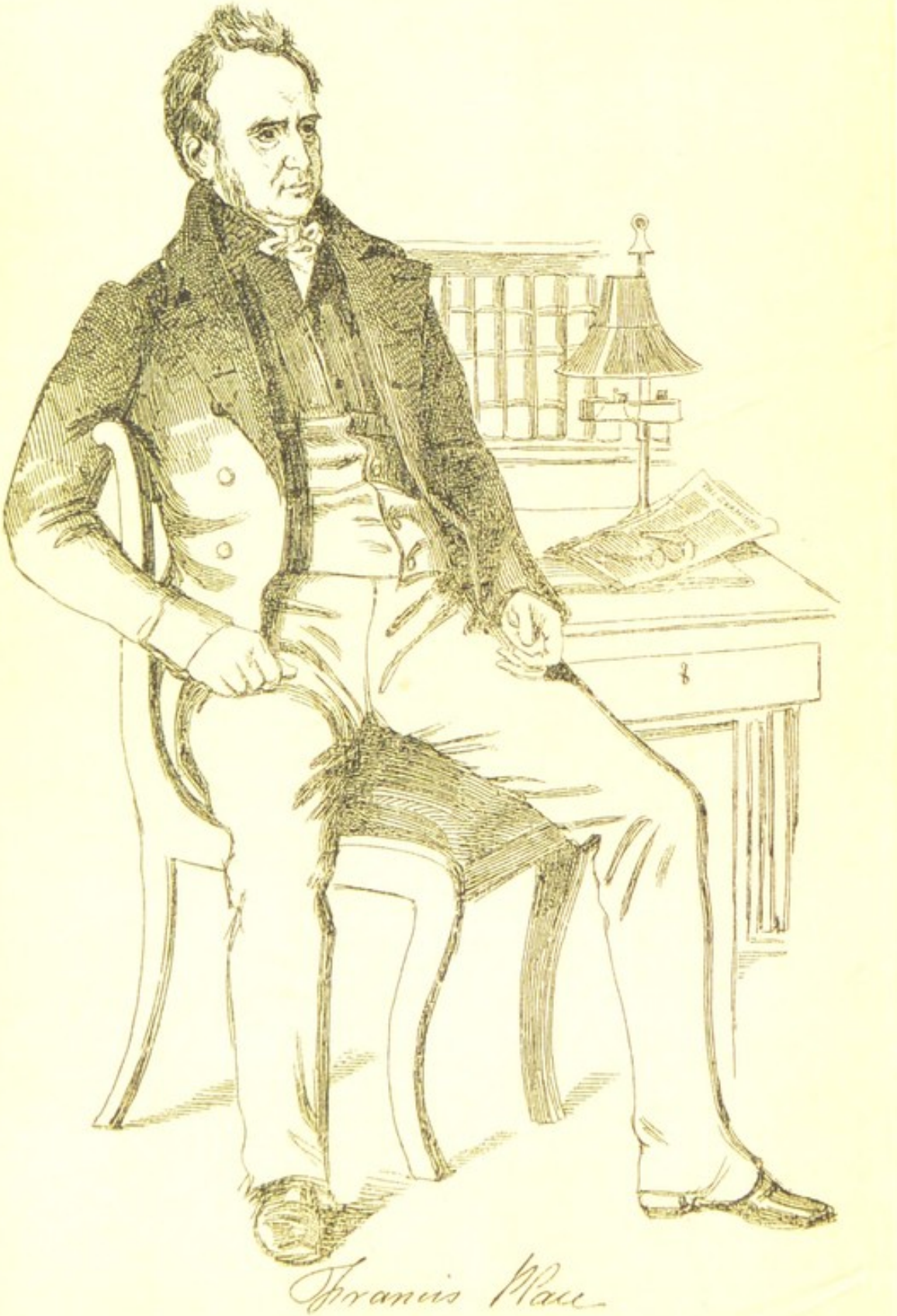
Enough. I have been thus diffuse in my notice of WILLIAM COBBETT for three reasons. The *first* was the sheer necessity of the case ; the *second*, because I anticipate that his successor in the "Gallery" will hardly afford me a " Place," for illustration, or a peg of interest on which to hang a note ; and the *third*, because it is my belief that this extraordinary man,—in his egotism, his prejudice, his one-sidedness, his humour, his shrewdness, his sagacity, his obstinacy, his pluck, his pugnacity, his inability to accept defeat,—and perchance a dozen other qualities,—was a marvellously typical specimen of that bundle of heterogeneous attributes which have come to be associated with the term " Englishman," as Eliza Cook has sung, and Ralph Waldo Emerson described him.

LXVI.—FRANCIS PLACE.

THE late Augustus de Morgan, in his entertaining volume, *A Budget of Paradoxes* (Longmans, 8vo, 1872, pp. 119, 120), says, "I once had a conversation with a very remarkable man, who was generally called, "Place the Tailor;" but who was politician, political economist, etc., etc. He sat in the room above his shop,—he was then a thriving master-tailor of Charing Cross,—surrounded by books enough for nine,—to shame a proverb. The 'blue-books' alone, cut up into strips, would have measured Great Britain, for 'oh-no-we-never-mention-'ems,'—the Highlands included. I cannot find a biography of this worthy and able man. I happened to mention William Frend, and he said, 'Ah! my old master as I always call him. Many and many a time, and year after year, did he come in every now and then, to give me instruction, while I was sitting on the board, working for my living, you know.' Place, who really was a sound economist, is joined with Cobbett, because they were together at one time, and because he was in 1800, etc., a great Radical. But for Cobbett he had a great contempt, etc."

The following account of the *genesis* of PLACE,—a personage whose *raison d'être* in Regina's "Gallery of the Illustrious," I am not able satisfactorily to show forth,—is given, I know not with what truth, by the responsible exhibitor. "This hero," he says, "was found, we believe, in a dust-pan, upon the steps of a house in St. James's Place, about sixty years back, by an honest Charlie, who forthwith conveyed him to the next workhouse, where (for these were unenlightened times) the little stranger was kindly taken care of. He was christened *Francis*, that being the surname of his wet-nurse; while, in lieu of patronymic, they gave him *Place*, as a memorial of the locality where he had been discovered. Such were the bulrushes out of which Westminster drew the future Moses of the Preventive Check,—a philosophical decalogue well worthy to supersede the first, which it so boldly contradicts, particularly in the absurd article about *murder*."

Further on, I find him termed "the sagest of snips," and the story told how "he soon learned to take a just measure of the fundamental features of the old system, and declared war, to the scissors' point, against those grievous humbugs, the Boroughs, the Peers and the Church;—how, "not finding it convenient to withdraw his attention wholly from the shop, he delegated the task of parliamentary warfare to various subservient journeymen in succession, such as Burdett, Hobhouse and Evans";—and how he may look with confidence to see himself in the House, being as well entitled to sit there as any philosopher of the era, not excepting Buckingham, Wakley, Bowring and Roebuck. "Like him," says my authority, "they all are, we believe, Westminster Reviewers,—but it is well known that Place's articles were always more prime than any of theirs. He had a wider range, too; being, in fact, in its palmier days, at once the Jeffrey, the Playfair, and the Sidney Smith, the critic-poetical, the critic-mathematical, and the critic-theological, of the grand organ of Benthamism."



Francis Place

AUTHOR OF "THE PRINCIPLE OF POPULATION."

Fraser goes on in the hard-hitting style, characteristic of the day, and for which,—inasmuch as it breaks no bones, and is not dealt behind the back,—I must confess to a liking, at all events, for present reading :—"We desire to see such men in Parliament,—nay, in office : it is our fervent wish to see Place himself in Downing Street, where he would certainly look the thing a good deal better than Spring Rice, whom, we are confident, he would pronounce a disgrace to any reputable shop-board. We are weary of seeing the loaves and fishes abandoned, by those who have the real power in this land, to such miserable mendicant imbeciles, the very dregs and sweepings of the doomed and fated aristocracy, as Johnny Russell, Morpeth, Mulgrave, and Duncannon, together with such a handful of time-serving scamps, traitors to the *plebs* that spawned them, as Hobhouse, Rice, Ellice, Wood and Tallow Tomson. Away with these paltry mimes!—the time is come when the real actors ought to be bounding on the stage ; while such despicable tools should shrink behind the scenes, there to perform the obscure, as well as dirty work, for which alone nature and art have qualified them. Away with these dwarf monsters! despised, far below the mark of that rather respectable sentiment called hatred, by every Tory,—loathed in his soul by every Liberal, who does not happen either to have been begotten by 'some tenth transmitter of a foolish face,' or to have first fawned upon, and then spurned, the crawling nastiness of his native mud. Away with all such, we say. Give us men to whose proceedings we can apply some rational standard of calculation,—honest, outspoken fractions of men even ; anything but this base convention of hypocrisy and cowardice, whose God is their belly."

Although referred to in the foregoing paragraph (being a Tailor) in his fractional capacity, Place seems, to judge from his portraiture, fully competent to give a sneering world "assurance of a man." I could fancy, however, that he sits somewhat uneasily on his chair, as one might do who is more accustomed to the oriental fashion of the shop-board ; or who, perchance, has not totally escaped all of those physical inconveniences, to which Ramazzini informs us his craft is obnoxious,—"*Sarcinatores autem dum vestimenta consuunt, cum fere ex necessitate crurum alterum super femur inflexum cogantur detinere, crurum stupore, claudicatione, ischiade, non raro tentari solent; et ob vitam sedentariam, et inflexam corporis figuram, dum totâ die sedentes in opificinis suis incumbunt, curvi sunt, gibbosi, obstipo capite.*" *

Few characters about Town were better known in their day than the personage of whom I am discoursing ; but I do not suppose that his career as a politician, a tailor, or a man, is capable of exciting much interest at the present moment. He began his public life as early as 1793, when only twenty-one years of age, by becoming Secretary to the Constitutional Association ; and participated, later, in the active operations of the Anti-Corn Law League, and the agitation which obtained for us the Penny Postage. He lived and carried on business, at No. 16, Charing Cross, and is described in the London Directory for 1808, as a "Tailor and Mercer." He was, as I have already noted, a great political economist, and became the friend of Jeremy Bentham and the elder Mill. He gathered together a large number of books ; such of which as he had bound,—collections of pamphlets, for instance,—may be known by their drab sides, vellum

* *De Morbis Artificum* (1718, 4to, p. 384).

backs, and the Porson-like caligraphy of the lettering thereupon. A vast number of these fell into the possession of a late Taxing Master in Chancery, Joseph Parkes; and a "heap" of them was possessed, as he informed me, by the late John Camden Hotten, who wrote, "both the man and his books gave me the idea of an *intense* Quaker." He acquired a widely extended influence, especially among the lower classes of Westminster; and perhaps it is to this, as well as the exhaustion of "characters" more truly "illustrious" in a literary sense, that we are to ascribe his admission into the "Gallery." He amassed a fortune, and died at his residence, Foxley Terrace, Kensington, on January 2nd, 1854, in the eighty-third year of his age.

The reader may hunt up, if he think it worth his trouble, the old volumes of *Fraser's Magazine*, where (1832, p. 247) he will find the witty "Epistles to the Literati," No. II.—(I.) Place to Wilson; (II.) Wilson to Place.

Queen Elizabeth, who boasted that she had a cavalry regiment, whereof neither man nor horse could be injured,—her regiment, namely, of *Tailors* on *Mares*,—is said to have addressed a deputation of eighteen Tailors, with a "Good morning gentlemen, *both!*" There is a story, moreover, of a duellist, who, having accepted a challenge from a Tailor, and not putting himself into attitude, when on the ground and in face of his opponent, replied to a question as to the cause of his delay, by the statement, that he was "waiting for the other eight!" I believe his exasperated adversary shot him dead without further ado.

In Charles Lamb's fanciful essay, "On the Melancholy of Tailors," he says, "I have known some few among them arrive at the dignity of speculative politicians." It is just possible that the renowned Tailor of Charing Cross was in his mind when he indited the remark; and though Political Economy or Benthamite Utilitarianism was not much in his way, he may have, perchance, listened there to discussions, as profitable, if less agreeable, than those which he records as being held at the shop of his tonsorial friend, in Flower de Luce Court, Fleet Street.

The *Tailor*,—why I do not know,—holds the same position of obloquy with us as the *Epicier* does in France; and from the earliest time of our literature has been considered a fair mark for the shafts of derision and satire. So Shakespeare, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, makes "Petruchio" exclaim, when he would have none of the "paltry cap," and gown "curved like an apple-tart," which the nameless tailor had fashioned for "Katharine,"—

> "————Thou liest, thou thread,
> Thou thimble,
> Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
> Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket thou:—
> Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of thread!
> Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
> Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard,
> As thou shalt think on prating while thou liv'st!"

Massinger, in his *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, introduces a Tailor, whom the profligacy of "Master Wellborn" has reduced to a "mere botcher," but even his sad plight evokes no pity from the dramatist, who adds injury to insult by inveighing on the absurdity of paying for clothes with punctuality, inasmuch, as "Master Wellborn" remarks, "if a Tailor

is paid but once in twenty years, he seldom is a loser." Douglas Jerrold, in more recent days, has improved upon this, and in his historical drama of *Nell Gwynne*, makes the merry Monarch lay down the rule that you should "Never pay a Tailor, because *sin* was the occasion of their trade."

I am here reminded of that fine piece of dramatic humour, *The Tailors (or "Quadrupeds"), a Tragedy for Warm Weather*, in three acts, with its clever Prologue by David Garrick. This piece was first performed at the Haymarket in 1767, under the management of Foote, and has consequently been, though as I think erroneously, attributed to the pen of our "English Aristophanes." Just at the time of its appearance there had been serious differences concerning wages between the master-tailors and their journeymen, and this circumstance was thought by the author to afford a favourable groundwork for a mock tragedy, in which imitations of dramatic authors, and parodies of passages in the most popular plays of the day, should be introduced with ludicrous gravity, in blank verse. The piece met with approbation; and afterwards, as abridged and slightly altered by Colman, occasionally formed part of the summer entertainments at the Haymarket. Subsequently to this, the piece, which naturally requires considerable familiarity with the dramatic productions of the period for its due appreciation, had fallen into some neglect; when Dowton conceived, from the great success which had attended the revival of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, as "altered" by Kane O'Hara, that the *Tailors* also might be advantageously resuscitated, and consequently announced it for his benefit, on August 15th, 1805. The tailors, however, considered that their "craft was in danger"—of ridicule; and threatened the management that, if the piece was brought forward, they would proceed in a body to the house, and take vengeance. These threats, and the anonymous letters which showered in upon manager and actor, were disregarded; and on the appointed evening nearly a thousand tailors were waiting for admittance at the doors of the theatre. The first piece was the *Birthday*, and when Dowton made his appearance in the character of "Captain Bertram," a pair of tailor's scissors and a thimble were hurled at his head from the shilling gallery. By and by the uproar grew so furious, that a magistrate was sent for. Special constables from the theatrical body were sworn in; Bow Street officers were summoned, and the commanding officer at the Horse Guards was invited to the Theatre, with a full body of men to assist him in keeping the peace. In the end, thirty-two of the ringleaders having been apprehended, the *Birthday* was performed in tolerable quietude. The second piece was *Katharine and Petruchio*, during the performance of which the audience often crying eagerly for the *Tailors*, the manager announced that if no disturbance was created by the act in which the memorable Tailor figures, their wish should be gratified. Shakespeare's play was brought to an end without opposition; but when the third piece came on, and the curtain drawing up, three Tailors were discovered, seated on a board, tumult again uprose, and the words of the actors were drowned by angry vociferation. Fresh arrests were made, and the piece went on; but, in consequence of the interruptions, it was not concluded till a late hour, a party of the Horse Guards patrolling the Haymarket till the angry crowd had dispersed. In due time the prisoners appeared before the magistrates, when, on the charge of "riotously and tumultuously

assembling, with divers others, in the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, to the disturbance of the public peace, violently opposing the performance of the night, and throwing a pair of scissors at Mr. Dowton, Comedian, and endangering his life therewith," sixteen were admitted to bail, and the rest, except four who were remanded, were discharged. All were Tailors, but one.

After this affair *The Tailors* slumbered, till it was revived at the Lyceum to afford Mr. Lovegrove an opportunity of displaying his rich humour in the part of "Abrahamides." He was admirably supported by Oxberry, and the success of the piece was great. At a subsequent period, the same part was most admirably represented by that inimitable master of the burlesque, the late John Reeve.

In the once threepenny, now priceless, *Gallery of Comicalities*, No. I, is a capital woodcut after Robert Cruikshank, representing a pair of tailors, at mortal fence with their yard sticks, and superscribed "Measure for Measure." One of the combatants, "goose" in hand, as he runs the other through the body with his inglorious weapon, exclaims, "Through thy gizzard—thou *Dung!*" while the victim responds with his last breath, "Flinty monster! thou hast *cabbaged* my very existence!" Here a reference to Hotten's *Slang Dictionary* will inform the reader that, by the opprobrium term "Dung" is signified "an operative who works for an employer who does not give full, or 'society' wages;" and by "cabbage" we are to understand "pieces of cloth purloined by tailors."

When the retired tobacconist set up his carriage, and applied to a more learned friend for an appropriate motto for his "arms," he was supplied with the words "*Quid* rides," and did not see the joke: so, it was suggested by some way to Nihil, the celebrated London tailor, that he could not find anything more suitable in this way than the well-known axiom, "Ex Nihilo nihil *fit*."

It is rather a favourite trick just now of writers of fiction, to make their heroines discard an aristocratic suitor, and bestow themselves and their affections on "Knights of low degree." Thus Mr. Anthony Trollope,—that admirable novelist whose death the reading world at the present moment (December, 1882) deplores,—makes, "Lady Anna," in his novel of that name, reject a lord of wealth and accomplishments, and persist in having none other than a journeyman tailor, whose sphere of operation is a shop-board in the establishment of a West-End firm! The mother, who has made vast sacrifices for her daughter, is so outraged at the persistence of the journalist,—journeyman I mean,—but it's all the same,—who will not give her daughter up, that she discharges a pistol at him. The ball takes effect; but not sufficiently, I am sorry to say, to definitively prevent the misalliance. Mr. Trollope was fond of Tailors. In *Ralph the Heir* he introduces another London breeches-maker, a "Mr. Neefit," who, in language and manners, bears about the same relation to an actual West-End tradesman, as one of Rowlandson's or Gillray's spindle-shanked Frenchmen does to a Parisian *flaneur* of the present day. We recognize, and profess to be outraged by, caricature and exaggeration in graphic art, but fail to be moved by a much stronger dose in the prose fiction of our most eminent writers.

Let us not forget that one of the most celebrated characters of history, "Peeping Tom of Coventry," was a Tailor.

So far jest; let me conclude in earnest. Tailor-jokes, and tailor-

literature would fill a volume; but instead of commemorating the members of the gentle craft who have gained an immortality of ridicule, I prefer to think of those who have dignified the "board" by learning, wisdom or virtue. I love to call to mind that learned tailor of Buckingham, whom Mr. Spence, aforetime "Poetry Professor" at Oxford, has ventured to compare with Magliabechi; *—that erudite Tailor of Norwich, who was sent by Prideaux to Oxford, where he became a celebrated Hebraist, was employed to transcribe Oriental MSS. in the Bodleian, and translated the *Al-Mesra*, or "Mahomet's Journey to Heaven" into English; †—that generous Tailor of Paris (*O, si sic omnes!*) who lent Thackeray a thousand francs when the author was hard up, and to whom the latter, in gratitude, dedicated his *Paris Sketch-book;* ‡—the political Tailor of London, Francis Place, of whom I have been just now speaking; —that gentle and simple Tailor of Dalkeith, *Mansie Wauch*, whose story, as imagined by "Delta" Moir, has never been surpassed in beauty and pathos; §—and finally that "Scottish Tailor," *Tammas Bodkin*,‖ whose "humours" are clothed in the "hodden grey" of his native land, that homely but expressive Doric of the north, which under the combined influence of education and intercourse, is gradually being supplanted by the "Queen's English," to survive alone in the works of Ramsay, Ferguson and Burns.

But such citations as these in which I have been indulging, are, I am afraid, *caviare* for the general, in whom exists an inherent prejudice which progressive civilization seem impotent to uproot. Hear "Professor Teufelsdröckh":—

"If aught in the history of the world's blindness could surprise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species in physiology,—not men, but fractional parts of men. Call any one a *Schneider* (cutter, tailor) is it not, in our dislocated, hoodwinked and indeed delirious condition of society, equivalent to defying his perpetual, fellest enmity? The epithet *Schneidermässig* (tailor-like) betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity. We introduce a 'Tailor's Melancholy,' more opprobrious than any leprosy, into our books of medicine; and fable, I know not what of his generating it by living on cabbage."¶

All this is sadly true; and so also, I fear, in his prophecy:—"Upwards of a century must elapse, and still the bleeding fight of freedom be fought, whoso is noblest perishing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars, like Pelion on Ossa, and the Moloch of iniquity have his victims, and the Michael of justice his martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last wound of suffering humanity be closed."

* *A Parallel in the Manner of Plutarch, between a most celebrated Man of Florence and one scarce ever heard of in England*, by the Rev. Mr. Spence (Strawberry-Hill, 1757, 8vo).

† *Selections of Curious Articles from the "Gentleman's Magazine,"* vol. iii. p. 266.

‡ *Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters*, by Theodore Taylor (J. C. Hotten), p. 84.

§ *Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith*, by D. M. Moir (Blackwood, 1828, 8vo).

‖ *Tammas Bodkin: or The Humours of a Scottish Tailor* (Edinburgh, etc., 1864, 8vo).

¶ *Sartor Resartus*, by Thomas Carlyle, chap. xi.

Well: I have done herein what little I could to speed this happy day; and so bid adieu to FRANCIS PLACE, Tailor and Politician, with the humble aspiration from Garrick's Prologue :—

"May he who *writes* 'a skilful tailor' seem,
'And like a well-made coat', his present theme;
'Tho' close, yet easy; decent, but not dull;
Short, but not scanty; without buckram, full!'" *

LXVII.—ROBERT MACNISH.

AS a "favourite contributor" † to the pages of *Regina*, it was but fitting that ROBERT MACNISH should have a special place and notice in her "Gallery" of worthies. He did not survive the honour long. Another month brought another number of *Fraser;* a brief fortnight more,—and the grave closed over all that was mortal of THE MODERN PYTHAGOREAN!

Robert Macnish belonged to that noble profession, which Virgil calls *ars muta;* whose members, as I believe, have done more for literature than those of any other calling; and who, according to Cicero, approach more nearly to the Divine nature in the accomplishment of their health-giving mission. He was born February 15th, 1802, at Glasgow, where his father was a surgeon in respectable practice. At school he was chiefly noticeable for extreme dullness. He has recorded that he abhorred his teachers as insufferable tyrants; that no boy was ever more flogged than he; and that he looked back to the wranglings, fightings and heart-burnings of his schoolboy days with the greatest loathing. At the age of thirteen he left school, and shortly afterwards commenced the study of physic. Here, again, we may accept his own testimony. "I never was good at anything," he wrote in the *Phrenological Journal*, in reference to a cast of his head, which he had forwarded to Mr. Cox, the phrenologist, "until I attained the age of sixteen, when I became a tremendously hard-working student in medicine and general literature; two subjects which I liked, and which I pursued with an intensity which I may safely say was never surpassed."

It is a customary thing nowadays to be invited to an evening *séance*, there to meet the shade of one of the illustrious departed, who will take up one of his familiar subjects, and discourse to us thereupon in a style of grammar and manner, which will force his audience to the conviction that he must have been corrupted by confoundedly evil communication, in the supposed higher "sphere" to which he has been translated. Well, I will assume the office of "medium" myself for the nonce; and if I invite the shade of Maginn to revisit the glimpses of the Moon, it shall be, at least, to repeat none other than his own nervous language :—

"ROBERT MACNISH, who with learned pen has anatomized Sleep and Drunkenness, and, with something more searching than pen, cut up those bodies which, while alive, we subject to the genial or drowsy influence of drunkenness and sleep, is the hero of our present month's "Gallery."

* Prologue to the *Tailors, a Tragedy for Warm Weather* (1767, 8vo).
† *Fraser's Magazine* ("Preface to our Second Decade"), vol. xxi. p. 23.



R. Macnish

AUTHOR OF "THE ANATOMY OF DRUNKENNESS"

It would be needless to recommend to the favourable notice of the readers of this Magazine the friendly countenance of the Modern Pythagorean. His history is brief—enough to be squeezed without any effort of condensation on our part into the customary page. Glasgow, city of St. Mungo and rum-punch, saw his birth some thirty years ago. He was initiated into the preliminary miseries of mankind, *i.e.* education, in the ducal city of Hamilton, not far from the residence of the first and shabbiest Duke of Scotland. Here he pursued his infantile studies with such success as to be looked upon as the greatest blockhead of his time, the lowest seat in the class being his by such prescriptive title that if chance dethroned him from it by the substitution of another, the day of so marvellous an event was considered to be one of such wonder and rejoicing as to demand a holiday. Emancipated from this tutelage, he was doomed to be what, in Scottish language, is called a writer—a personage who in more southern latitudes is designated an attorney; but Macnish showed symptoms of conscientiousness, and resolutely determining not to lower his character by becoming a lawyer, commenced a most successful career as a body-snatcher :—

> 'Tis better from the grave the dead to draw,
> Than clasp the living in the tomb of law,'—

as some poet, whose name has never yet been divulged to the public, remarks in a poem which still remains in MS. *penes nos*.

"Acting on the principles laid down in this distich, Macnish set about his medical studies with the zeal of a philosopher and the muscle of a resurrectionist. We sincerely believe that there is no ground for accusing him of being involved, to any considerable extent, in the scientific practices, carried, soon after the commencement of his professional career, to their perfection by Messrs. Burke and Hare; at least, it never was brought home to him, or anything which appeared to us to be of sufficient testimony. That he was sent on a mission of medicine to slay the Caithnessians, close by the neighbourhood of the far-famed house of John O'Groats, cannot be denied. Equally certain is it, that while ravaging the whole of that hospitable—though, according to works on geography, inhospitable—coast, he laid up ample materials for arranging the phenomena afterwards dissertated upon in his *Essay on Drunkenness*. Thence, qualified by the civilization of the North, he proceeded to Paris; and there he was bitten with an ambition for authorship. He began with *Drunkenness*, and naturally proceeded to *Sleep*. Both are good books; the author, of course, thinks that that which the public least regarded, *Sleep*, is superior to that which met with the larger degree of popular favour. *Blackwood's Magazine* received his first monthly effusion,—it was something about a metempsychosis; to which he affixed what was, of course, the most appropriate signature, "A Modern Pythagorean." The *sobriquet* has stuck to him, and a Modern Pythagorean he will be to the end of the chapter; though he should eat as much venison as an alderman, and outlive his modernness as much as George Colman the Younger has outlived his youth. The *Book of Aphorisms*, the greater part of which originally appeared in our pages, is one of his most popular works, being composed on the model of the most celebrated authors; such as Solomon, Confucius, Aristotle, O'Doherty, Cato the Censor, Theognis, the golden verses of the ancient Pythagoras, Rochefou-

cauld, and other eminent personages, whose writings are, or should have been, engraved in letters of gold, on pillars of alabaster.

"He is now in the prime of life and full vigour of increasing practice. During the prevalence of cholera in Scotland, his unwearied services were of eminent advantage in quelling or averting the plague; and though we do not wish for its return to afford him a new opportunity of displaying his zeal and ability, we hope that the ordinary fate of mankind will keep him amply at work as an M.D., while more hilarious influences will constantly bring him before the public as the M. P."

At seventeen he began to contribute to a local periodical. At eighteen he received the degree of *Magister Chirurgiæ;* and became assistant to Dr. Henderson, of Clyth, Caithness, corresponding, in the midst of his labours, with the *Inverness Courier*, and beginning to lay up materials for his *Anatomy of Drunkenness*. After some eighteen months of professional and literary work, his health began to fail; and he returned to Glasgow. After a short stay in his native city, he proceeded to Paris, in order to complete his medical studies. He attended the lectures of Broussais, and other eminent physiologists; and also heard a course by Gall, whose name is associated with that of Spurzheim, as one of the founders of the so-called science of Phrenology. It was while listening to one of the lectures of the latter, that he was pointed out to his fellow-students by the lecturer as an instance of the remarkable development of the organ of comparison, which happened then to be the subject of illustration. In Paris he remained about six months, taking small part in the gaieties of the city, and caring little for French literature. In 1825 he returned to Glasgow, where he received his diploma from the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, presenting to this body his *Anatomy of Drunkenness* as his inaugural thesis. This essay, mere sketch as it was, was well received. It was published by McPhun, of Glasgow, and has since passed through many editions. The last before his death appeared in 1834; this was the *fifth*, and had again received the corrections and additions of the author, rendering it probably as perfect and complete as he could make it. It must now be regarded as a classic; and in perspicuity of method, elegance of style, and felicity of illustration, has no rival since the elegant essay of Dr. Trotter on the same subject. It was reviewed by Professor Wilson, in *Blackwood*, who wrote:—"This little book is evidently the production of a man of genius. The style is singularly neat, terse, and vigorous, far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind; the strain of sentiment is such as does infinite honour to the author's heart; and the observation of human life, by which every page is characterized, speaks a bold, active, and philosophical intellect. As a medical treatise it is excellent; but its merit is as a moral dissertation on the nature, causes, and effects of one of the most deplorable and pernicious vices that can degrade and afflict the ongoings of social life. . . . To those who stand in need of advice and warning, this treatise is worth a hundred sermons."

Macnish had hitherto confined his more literary lucubrations to the minor periodicals of Glasgow and Edinburgh. In 1826 he essayed a higher flight by the contribution to *Blackwood's Magazine*, then in the height of its early glory, of his extraordinary tale, "The Metempsychosis," which was made the "leading article" in the number for May. This at once gave its author a place among the brilliant band of men of genius

who rallied round *Ebony*, and suggested the pen-name which he thenceforth adopted, of the "Modern Pythagorean."

An able critic in *Fraser's Magazine* * thus speaks of this celebrated story :—"It appears to us to be the best fiction of its kind in our language. The humour is exquisite,—rich, easy, flowing and unforced. There is nothing like antithesis or point in the sentences : and so much the better, for such sparkles and tricks of wit take away very much from the general effect of the whole piece ; and, to repeat the old maxim, the perfection of style is *de ne pas en avoir*. There is a fine faith, too, about the narrative, which, strange and wild as it is, from the earnest manner in which it is related, has a convincing air, and bears the character of a truth. Hoffman's *Diableries* have this merit in a high degree ; and perhaps Macnish was a little indebted to him for his fantastical notions, and his manner of treating the subject."

For some time after the publication of this story, Macnish continued to be a regular contributor to *Blackwood*. He became intimate with Wilson, Moir, De Quincey, Thomas Aird, Hogg and others ; passed occasionally the jug round at "Awmrose's," and occasionally is mentioned in the *Noctes*,—but does not appear, so far as I remember, as an interlocutor.

Besides contributing to *Blackwood*, Macnish occasionally wrote for some of the "Annuals." In the *Forget-me-Not* and *Friendship's Offering* are to be found articles in prose and poetry from his racy pen. Among these may be mentioned "The Vision of Robert the Bruce," and "The Covenanters,"—which latter was dramatized a few years later, and had a "run" of some length at the English Opera House.

In 1830 he published his next more important work, *The Philosophy of Sleep*, which he dedicated to his father, then president of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons at Glasgow." Certain redundancies and inaccuracies were removed and corrected, and important illustrative matter added, in the later editions. In the advertisement to the *third*, which appeared in 1836, he stated that, in its improved form, the work contained as good an account of Sleep as he was capable of producing, and that it was not probable that any further change would be made. He had previously removed some obscurities which existed in the first impression, by openly embracing the doctrines of Phrenology, which he believed alone capable of affording a satisfactory explanation of the various phenomena of Sleep. The second edition of this treatise was translated into German, and in that language published at Leipzig.

He now became a contributor to *Fraser*, where the curious story appeared, "Singular Passage in My Own Life," and his burlesque essay, "The Philosophy of Burking," which may have been, in some measure, suggested by De Quincey's humorous dissertation, *On Murder considered as One of the Fine Arts*.

Among his fugitive pieces,—many of which are poems both humorous and serious,—may be mentioned a tale entitled *The Psychological Curiosity*. This is not included among his collected works, and first appeared as the production of James Hogg, in the *Scottish Annual*. It was afterwards published in *Fraser's Magazine* for June, 1839, where it is pointed out as a hoax played off by Macnish on the simple "Shepherd."

In 1834 he managed to escape from his professional labours, and made

* June, 1839, p. 686.

a trip to the Continent, his notes on which he shortly after published in *Fraser*. In this same year, too, appeared his *Book of Aphorisms;* "twelve dozen" of which had previously seen the light in *Fraser*, with a running commentary by "Sir Morgan O'Doherty," of whose own worldly wise *Maxims* I have already made mention. They were all written, the author tells us, "in the evenings of September, 1832, for the purpose of whiling away a few idle hours."

In 1836 he published an elementary treatise on Phrenology, in the form of question and answer, of which two thousand copies were sold in a few months. This is one of the clearest and most convincing books that has yet appeared, and was translated into French, by H. Lebeau, under the title of *Introduction à l'Étude de la Phrénologie par Demandes et Réponses* (1838, 18mo). He also edited Dr. Brigham's very interesting little work, *On the Influence of Mental Cultivation, and Mental Excitement upon Health*, of which two editions appeared. Neither of these have I seen; my own copy (seventh edition, 1844) appears to be edited by "James Simpson, Esq., Advocate," whose preface is dated December, 1835.

In America, the various works of Macnish have gained a high reputation, and passed through many editions. In 1836, he received the information that the degree LL.D. had been conferred upon him, in recognition of his merits, by Hamilton College, United States.

In December, 1836, Dr. Macnish was attacked by a "cold,"—that disorder which the author of *A Diary of a late Physician* warned us to consider as "a chill, caught by sudden contact with the grave." On January 3rd, 1837, he took to his bed; typhoid symptoms manifested themselves; he sank into a state of extreme debility; became comatose; and so remained to his death, on January 16th, 1837, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

At the time of his decease, which cut short a career which seemed destined for high intellectual distinction, he had been engaged on a second edition of his *Treatise on Phrenology*. This appeared at a later day, when praise and blame were alike to the gifted author.

Shortly after his death, *The Metempsychosis*, and a number of other tales and fugitive pieces of the same author were collected and published in two volumes under the title of *The Modern Pythagorean*, (1838, Blackwoods, small 8vo), prefaced by an interesting and copious biography by Dr. Moir, who says of his early lost friend:—"I loved him as David loved Jonathan—with almost more than a brother's love."

The two companion works, *The Anatomy of Drunkenness*, and *The Philosophy of Sleep*, together with *The Book of Aphorisms*, and two anonymous pieces, "The Confessions of an Unexecuted Femicide," and "The Angel and the Spirit: a Mystery,"—a duologue in blank verse,—were published in cheap form, in one volume, by W. R. McPhun, of Glasgow and London (1859, small 8vo), with a preliminary "Biographical Sketch."



REGINA'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

LXVIII.—REGINA'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

"IT is just a year ago, since we gave a jolly row of our friends whose sex is male, seated at a table round; where, o'er claret, punch, or ale, or what liquor could be found, they, with song, or chant, or tale, made the jocund night resound. Now, as William Wordsworth says, now another day has come (you'll find the line among his lays), of purer thought and fairer doom; and behold a company, every one a lovely she, very busy taking tea, or coffee, as the chance may be.

"He who from the imperial lord of Rome derives his haughty name, or else the foe of Julius' fame may the title high afford, Cæsar or Pompey, careful black, one of Afric's injured line, standing behind a lady's back, offers, not the cups of wine, but the cups, as Cowper sings, which cheer and not inebriate, and don't leave behind the stings, which gentlemen who sit up late, often find the morning brings, to parched tongue and aching pate.

"What are they doing? What they should; with volant tongue and chatty cheer, welcoming in, by prattle good, or witty phrase, or comment shrewd, the opening of the gay new year. MRS. HALL, so fair and fine, bids her brilliant eyes to glow,—eyes the brightest of the nine, would be but too proud to show. *Outlaw* he, and *Buccaneer*,* who'd refuse to worship here. And next the mistress of the shell (not of lobster but the lyre), see the lovely L. E. L., talks with tongue that will not tire. True, she turns away her face, out of pity to us men; but the swan-like neck we trace, and the figure full of grace, and the *mignon* hand whose pen wrote the *Golden Violet*, and the *Literary Gazette*, and *Francesca's* mournful story (isn't she painted *con amore?*) Who is next? MILADI dear. Glad are we to see you here. Naughty fellows, we must plead, that with voice of angry organ, once or twice we did indeed, speak not civilly of MORGAN; but we must retract, repent, promise better to behave. *She*, we are certain, will consent all our former feuds to wave; and as we know she hates O'Connell, who calls her now a blockhead old, we shall say that in *O'Donnell*, and in other tales she told, there is many a page of fun,—many a bit for hearty laughing,—some to shed a tear upon,—some to relish while we're quaffing; and that she can use the mawleys, she has shown upon the "Crawleys." Prate away, then, good Miladi,—gossip, gossip, bore and bore,—all for him, who to the shady grove has gone for years a score,—for the sake of old Macowen, and his song of "Modereen Roo,"—for your father's sake we are going never more to bother you.

"Full the face that flashes near her; can we draw away our gaze? Vision nobler, brighter, dearer, did ne'er on human eyeball blaze. Front sublime and orb of splendour, glance that every thought can speak; feeling proud, or pathos tender, the lid to wet, to burn the cheek; or, my halting rhyme to shorten, can't I say 'tis MRS. NORTON? Heiress of a race to whom genius his constant boon has given, through long descended lines to bloom in wit of earth or strains of Heaven! Oh! if thy Wandering Jew had seen those sunny eyes, those locks of jet, how vain, how

* In allusion to two of Mrs. S. C. Hall's novels.

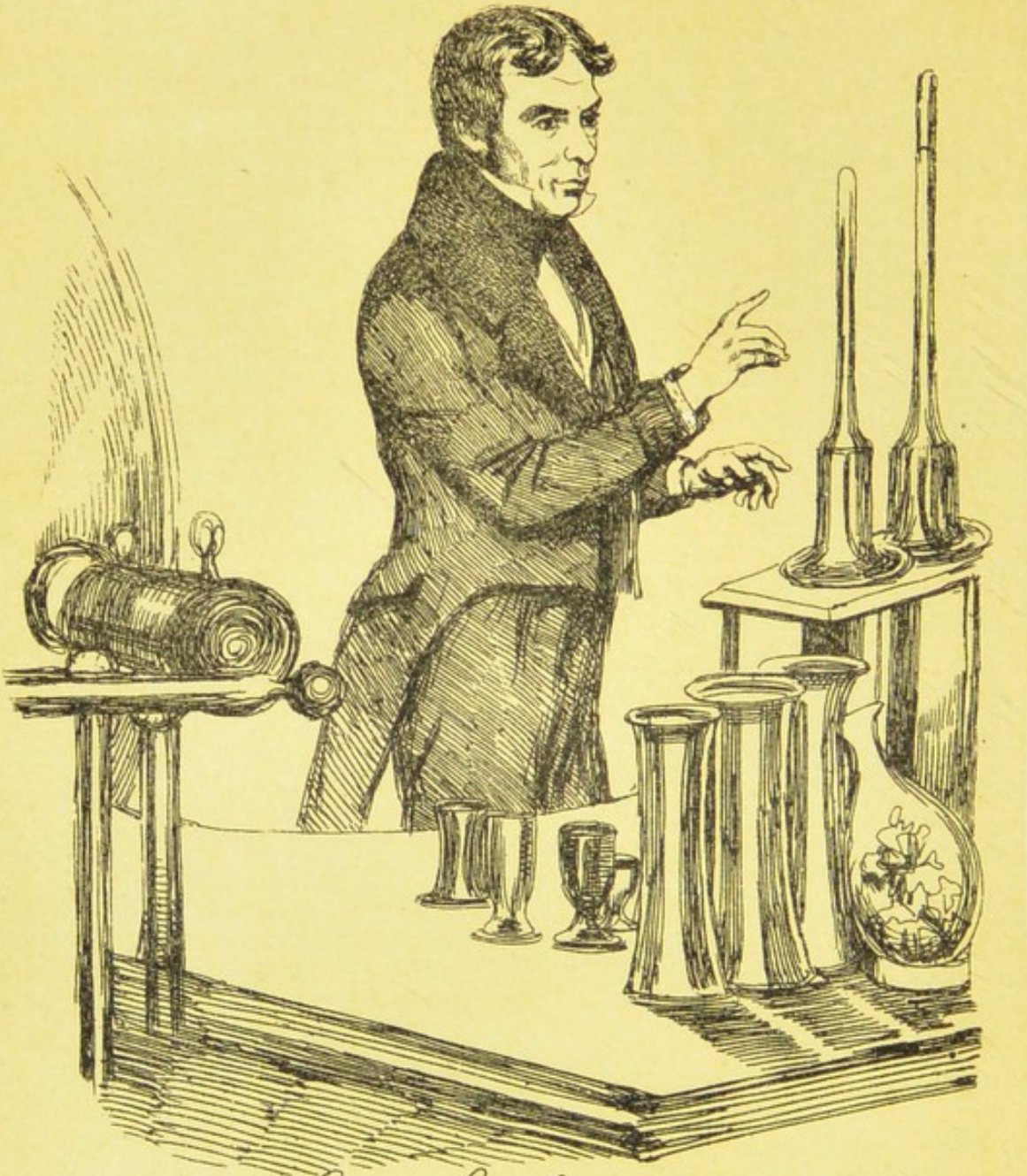
trifling would have been the agony of fond regret which in thy strains he's made to feel for the creations of thy brain,—*those* wounds thou say'st he lived to heal,—thee lost, he ne'er had loved again! Oh, gorgeous COUNTESS! gayer notes for all that's charming, sweet, and smiling, for her whose pleasant tales our throats are ever of fresh laughs beguiling. Say, shall we call thee bright and fair, enchanting, winning? but, no! far hence such praise as ours; what need she care for aught beyond Sir Thomas Lawrence? Go, try to read, although his quill is too mean and dull, what she inspired even in so great a sumph as Willis; and if that Yankee boy admired, who can a Christian person blame, if he, all Countess-smit, pretends that, if she lets him near the flame of her warm glance he'd think it shame that, like her book, she and he should look as nothing nearer than Two friends?

"Our Muse then, in a hurry, passes the pretty ladies by the glasses, and comes to where MISS PORTER (JANE) is her sweet cup of coffee stirring, and in a soft and easy strain of Mrs. Skinner's parties purring. Miss MARTINEAU, with serious brow, beside the author fair of *Thaddeus*, is meditating, grimly, how she can prevent the very bad use that people have in this sad earth of putting things into confusion, by giving certain matters birth, in spite of theories Malthusian. And last, the jolliest of them all, soft-seated on a well-filled bustle, her coffee sips, by Mrs. Hall—dear, darling MITFORD (MARY RUSSELL). Long may she live with graphic touch (though Croquis paint her here left-handed) our English scenes in pencillings Dutch, as neat as ever Douw commanded, in all their easy, quiet beauty—their modest forms, or grave, or gay,—their homely cares, their honest duty, with heart all English to display.

"And now that all around the table we thus have taken our full career, we drink the Ladies (while we are able) in the first bumper of the year. Long may they flourish ere they fix, at last, their final home in Heaven! We wish them joy through THIRTY-SIX—we'll do the same in THIRTY-SEVEN!"

Molière, in his inimitable comedy, *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, makes Monsièur Jourdain exclaim, "Il y a plus de quarante ans, que je dis de la prose, sans que j'en susse rien!" And here we have our Mystagogue, his Pegasus afire with his subject, covering, in equal ignorance of the fact, a whole page of introductory matter with very decent poetry. Some, indeed, may dispute this, and with Molière's "Mâitre de Philosophie," assert that "tout ce qui n'est point vers est prose;" but, as I take it, it is much more like poetry than the balder-dash so-called of the present day, foisted upon the public by the members of a "Mutual Admiration Clique," and be-pushed and be-praised into some degree of ephemeral and "market-gilded popularity."

From Actæon who played the spy on bathing Diana, to Clodius who profaned the mysteries of *Bona Dea;* from Clodius to Peeping Tom of Coventry, who dared gaze on the nude charms of Godiva; from the last hero to that modern lordling who venturing to pollute the sacred floor of the harem with his masculine foot, was qualified on the very spot, for his pains, to sing treble in the papal choir,—dire pains and penalties have been deservedly incurred by those rash individuals of the inferior sex who have dared to intrude upon the sacred rites and mysteries of the ladies in secret conclave assembled. True, there are here none of the symbols of secrecy. The rose is on the cheek instead of the ceiling, and a coffee-cup



AUTHOR OF 'CHEMICAL MANIPULATION'.

interposed between finger and lip. But still we shall not pry farther; for what more do we want to know? Each member of the graceful sisterhood,—except one,—has already received a notice at my hands; and the one who yet awaits her turn has her own niche,—*last*, it may be, in the "Gallery," but not *least* in my own or general estimation. Something might doubtless be said on the subject of millinery. But here Leigh Hunt himself refuses to be explicit :—

> "I tell not the dresses. Suffice it that Titian
> Had own'd himself conquer'd at *this* exhibition;
> So rich were the colours! such Autumn! such May!
> For spirits and years made them more or less gay;
> And the elder in orange and russet came, queenly;
> The younger, in lily and rose, sprinkled greenly;
> The buxom, uniting both tastes, fill'd the doors
> With their shoulders and frills, *à la Louis Quatorze;*
> Or, with robes *à l'antique*, and with crowns from their graperies:
> Blest were the eyes that beheld their broad draperies." *

Though,—by and by, when the god has fairly revealed himself in person to these, his favourite daughters,—how finely does the poet describe the saltatory revels of the active deity with these fair daughters of men :—

> "Now with one, now with t'other he danced, now with ten!
> For your god in his dancing is several men.
> FANNY BUTLER he waltz'd with; he jigg'd it with MORGAN;
> With HALL he developed the rigadoon organ;
> To PARDOE he show'd Spain's impassion'd velocity;
> NORTON, the minuet's high reciprocity.
> Then he took LANDON, ere she was aware,
> Like a dove in a whirlwind, and whisk'd her in air:
> Or, a Zephyr might catch up some rose-haunting fay,
> Or as Mercury once netted Flora, they say;
> And then, again, stately, like any *Sultaùn*
> With his Queen, he and BLESSINGTON trod a *pavâun*,—†
> Which meaneth a 'peacock-dance.' Truly, 'twas grand to see
> How they came spreading it, *pavoneggiàndosi!*" ‡

Referring the reader who may wish to know more of the sesquipedalian and dentifrangibulous word at the end of these clever lines to a paper on "The Poetry of Motion," in the *New Monthly Magazine* for May, 1836, p. 24, I make my bow to REGINA'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

LXIX.—MICHAEL FARADAY.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY being once asked to give an account of some of his great discoveries in science, he mentioned one after another, concluding with the words: "But the greatest of all was MICHAEL FARADAY." The chemist was right; for the man who discerns a great

* *Feast of the Violets.*

† The "Pavon" is a dance of considerable antiquity, and is said to have been a favourite saltatory exercise of Queen Elizabeth.

‡ *Feast of the Violets.*

mind or a good heart beneath the debasements of poverty, and the incrustations of vice, and brings it to light, is a discoverer in the best sense of the word,—though possibly with less personal advantage than if he had picked up a nugget in the Australian gold-fields, or a bit of crystallized carbon in a South African washing-trough.

MICHAEL FARADAY was born in 1791, in the parish of Newington Butts, near London, and commenced business-life as a newspaper boy, as soon as he could toddle about. His father, a poor blacksmith, managed by-and-by to apprentice him to an obscure bookbinder, named Ribeau, in Blandford Street, where the lad pursued his humble calling till he was twenty-two years of age. It chanced at that epoch, that "Ned Magrath," afterwards secretary to the Athenæum club, entered the shop of Ribeau, and observed "one of the bucks of the paper bonnet zealously studying a book he ought to have been binding." The book was a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and it was open at "Electricity." A conversation with the "greasy journeyman" ensued, from which it appeared that he was "a self-taught chemist of no slender dimensions." Among the books which he had had an opportunity of reading was Mrs. Marcet's *Conversations on Chemistry*, by which he was deeply interested; and in after-life he availed himself of every opportunity of expressing his obligations to the writer. Magrath presented him with a ticket of admission to the chemical lectures of Sir Humphry Davy at that same Royal Institution which was destined to become the scene of his own discoveries, and the place where he was to announce them, when he succeeded Sir Humphry in Albemarle Street. I need not say that he sedulously availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded him,—took full notes of the lectures,—and eager to escape from the mechanical drudgery of trade, which he thought "vicious and selfish," while science, he fondly imagined, "made its pursuers amiable and liberal," * ventured to send these to the great lecturer, with some expression of his desire to enlist himself in the service of science. Shortly after, an interview took place; at which, the aspirant records, Sir Humphry "smiled at the notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on the matter." The result of all this was that, in 1813, he was appointed Assistant in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution; and soon became the favourite pupil and friend of his master. In the same year, he accompanied him to the Continent, giving aid in experiments, and assisting as secretary; and in 1815, returned to his place in the Institution. Here he continued to work, steadily promoting the advance of chemical science, till 1821, a year which was specially signalized by that discovery of the reciprocal relations of Electricity and Magnetism, which was the starting-point of those continued researches which are identified with his name, and contributed most largely to his scientific reputation.

In 1823, he was elected one of the eight foreign Associates, or corresponding Members of the Academy of Sciences of Paris. In 1824, he was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, and received its gold

* Letter of Faraday to Dr. Paris,—see the *Life of Sir Humphry Davy*,—that "great and good man," says Maginn (whose account of Faraday's introduction to him I have adopted, as not inconsistent with Faraday's own statement), "so abominably caricatured by the ass Paris."

medal, as also the Rumford medal. In 1829, he was appointed to deliver the Bakerian lecture "On the Manufacture of Glass for Optical Purposes,"—a subject to which he had previously given considerable attention.

The various scientific discoveries of Faraday had been announced, from time to time, in a series of papers, with consecutively numbered paragraphs, commencing in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1831; and these, as subsequently collected and republished in three volumes (1839, 1844 and 1855), under the title of *Experimental Researches in Electricity*, have been said to constitute the most perfect examples of pure and well-regulated induction to be found in this or any other language. It is difficult to mention any department of experimental philosophy or scientific manufacture which is not indebted to the sagacity and research of this illustrious man. The Electric Telegraph, and medical Electricity, are the outcome of his chosen pursuit; while a host of useful inventions,—the condensation of gases, the whole series of aniline dyes, various manipulatory processes, etc.,—have resulted from his collateral labours, and enriched others in a commercial sense, without producing that pecuniary emolument to himself which he so much disregarded.

Title, Faraday might have had; but he always declined it in any form. He, however, did not disdain the honorary degree of D.C.L., from the University of Oxford, which he received in 1832. In the year following, the Chair of Chemistry in the Royal Institution was founded by Mr. Fuller; and at his express desire, Dr. Faraday was nominated the first Fullerian Professor. For many years he lectured also in the Military School at Woolwich; and he acted as scientific adviser, in the department of Lighthouses, to the Trinity Board.

In 1835, the government of Lord Melbourne marked its appreciation of the value of Dr. Faraday's scientific discoveries by the grant of a pension of £300 per annum. But this, it appears, was not obtained without some little difficulty and delay. Sir Robert Peel had conferred an annuity of this amount upon Mr. Airy, the Astronomer Royal; and had promised a similar favour to our philosopher. After some considerable interval, the latter received an intimation from "Tom Young" that Lord Melbourne desired to see him; and accordingly proceeded to Downing Street. Arrived there, no allusion was made to the intentions of Sir Robert Peel, or the scientific claims and reputation of the visitor; but, instead of this, inquiries on the part of Young as to his religious opinions,* and whether, holding such, he would feel justified in accepting a pension. Faraday was not disposed to stand much of this, and at last was ushered by the subordinate into the presence of the great man. Here he did not fare much better. Lord Melbourne soon grew excited,—declared that he "hated the name of a pension, and looked upon the whole system of giving pensions to literary and scientific people as a piece of gross humbug, which was not done for any good purpose, and never ought to have been done,—it was gross humbug from beginning to end!" Faraday at this point rose, and with the observation that he "perceived that his business with his lordship was ended," made his salutations and retired from the presence. Young got Broderip to write a defence of his master, which some one persuaded Hook to print in the *John Bull*; but there was a strong current of public feeling

* Faraday was, I believe, a "Sandemanian."

the other way,—*Regina* spoke out,—REX himself interfered,—"Rat Lamb" apologized,—and "Michael's pension" became an accomplished fact.*

Faraday was held in the highest respect and admiration by the late Prince Consort. In 1858, a residence at Hampton Court Palace,—"Hamptincurta," as Grotius, when eulogizing its beauties, Latinized it,†—was granted to him by the considerate kindness of the Queen. Here, he more latterly spent his summers, occupying his apartments at the Royal Institution during a portion only of the year.

About twenty years ago occurred one of those epidemic hallucinations to which the human mind is subject; and men and women, of all classes of society went mad on the subject of TABLE-TURNING. The phenomena were actual; and were variously referred to electricity, galvanism, odylic force, attraction, the rotation of the earth, some unrecognized physical power, supernatural agency, and the machination of the Devil.‡ All these causes can be investigated by the natural philosopher,—except the last; and that is beneath his notice, as the suggestion of an effete credulity and superstition. The philosophical mind of Faraday was startled by the revelation of the mental condition of educated people in the nineteenth century, afforded by their reception of a purely physical phenomenon. He was thus led to devote his attention to the subject, and to devise an instrument which should conclusively show that the true and only cause of these movements of inanimate bodies was a *quasi* involuntary muscular action on the part of those whose hands were superposed. To detect this,—whether, in other words, the hands moved the table or the table the hands,—Faraday constructed an ingenious little instrument, consisting of a lever which had its fulcrum on the table, while its short arm was attached to a pin fixed on a piece of cardboard, which could slip on the surface of the table, and its long arm projected as an index of motion. The result of this was, that if the table moved before the hands of the operator, which were placed on the cardboard, the index moved *in the same direction*, the fulcrum, of course, going with the table. If, on the other hand, the hands moved before the table, the index went *in the opposite direction*. Lastly, if neither table nor hands moved, the index itself *remained immoveable*. The especial value of this apparatus was the corrective power which it possessed over the mind of

* *Memoirs of Lord Melbourne*, by McCullagh Torrens (1878, 8vo).

† The epigram may be read with interest at a moment when this historical palace,—the Versailles of London,—has so narrowly escaped destruction in the epidemic of fires:—

"Si quis opes nescit (sed quis tamen ille?) Britannas,
HAMPTINCURTA tuos consulat ille Lares,
Contulerit toto cum sparsa palatia mundo,
Dicet, ibi reges, hic habitare Deos."
Hugonis Grotii, *Poëmata* (Lugd. Bat. 1617, 8vo), p. 370.

Here the conceit in the last line was evidently suggested by the celebrated epigram of Sannazarius, "De Mirabili Urbe Venetiis," where, comparing Rome with Venice, he says,—

"Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos."

‡ *Table-Turning, the Devil's Modern Master-Piece; being the result of a Course of Experiments*, by the Rev. N. S. Godfrey, S.C.L. (1853). *Table-Turning Tested, and Proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency*, by the Same (London, Seeleys, 1853). *Des Tables Tournantes, du Surnaturel en Général, et des Esprits*, par Le Cte. Agénor de Gasparin (Paris, 1854, 2 vols. 8vo).

the operator. The consciousness of the latter that the direction of impulse was made visible by the index, invariably resulted in the motionlessness of the table. All power was gone ; for the index made apparent involuntary or mechanical pressure, and the table-turner was no longer able to deceive himself. The little instrument was afterwards improved, so as to act independently of the table, and was to be seen at the shop of a well-known philosophical instrument maker,—Newman, 122, Regent Street. One question, however, still remains, which being psychological rather than physical, seems to have been ignored by Faraday, as not coming within his own domain. How is it that people can and do *unconsciously* exercise the vast amount of muscular action necessary to set in motion, by the mere pressure of the tips of their fingers, ponderous tables, and other articles of furniture? It has also been asked how it is that vertical pressure can produce lateral or horizontal movement ; but this seems answered by a statement made somewhere by Lord Bacon,* to the effect, that if force is applied to a body in a direction (say downward), in which it cannot move, the force is not lost, but will produce motion in some other direction (say the lateral), in the way of which no obstruction exists. Possibly, however, the actuality of the alleged phenomena requires confirmation ; at all events, I have never succeeded in gaining evidence of them myself.

Faraday was by no means an austere and apathetic man of science. "The future Baronet," says Maginn, "is a very good little fellow ; . . . playing a fair fork over a leg of mutton, and devoid of any reluctance to partake an old friend's third bottle. We know few things more agreeable than a cigar and a bowl of punch (which he mixes admirably) in the society of the unpretending ex-bookbinder." This somewhat unexpected quality of good-fellowship was doubtless enhanced by his keen perception of the ridiculous,—a faculty which the perfect kindliness of his disposition prevented finding vent in satire ; and an under current of original humour which blended and contrasted admirably with his graver moods and preoccupations. But besides these less important characteristics, Faraday was distinguished by those higher virtues that complete the adornment of the Christian philosopher. His love of truth, his tenderness of heart, and the energy of his mind, were, according to his biographer, Dr. Bence Jones, the leading characteristics of his character ; while his conscientious adherence to the high standard of duty which he had set before himself, as the expressed will of God in His written word, his childlike simplicity and humbleness, flowed naturally from the deep religious principles which, like a thread of gold, ran through the skein of his daily life and practice.

I have never been sufficiently fortunate to hear Faraday lecture ; but I have reason to believe that as an oral teacher of science he was unrivalled. His methods of experimentation were elegant, simple, accurate and dexterous ; and his book on *Chemical Manipulation*, published in 1827, will give an idea of the variety of his resources, and the delicacy of his management. His language was simple and earnest, and his manner exhibited an equal ardour to gain and to impart knowledge. His talent, moreover, was only exceeded by his humility.

* I suppose the appellation "Lord Bacon" is defensible on the Horatian principle, "si volet usus" ; but it is otherwise as erroneous as would be that of "Lord Disraeli," applied to the Earl of Beaconsfield. Yet we laugh at Frenchmen, who speak of "Sir Peel," and such like !

It is sad to know that the mental faculties of this great and good man became unsettled a short time before his death. He was obliged to withdraw from his public labours, and did not long survive his retirement. He died at Hampton Court, August 25th, 1867, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.*

I began with the name of Sir Humphry Davy. How applicable is the epithet engraved upon his tomb in the burying-ground without the walls of distant Geneva,—"Summus Arcanorum Naturæ Indagator,"—to his no less illustrious pupil, friend and successor; and how appropriate to the latter, too, the lines suggested by the recent death of Davy to his friend, Sotheby, at the third meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Cambridge in June, 1833:—

> "High aims were thine—all nature to explore,
> Make each new truth developed gender more,
> And upward traced through universal laws,
> Ascend in spirit to the Eternal Cause."

LXX.—REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

"I WILL play at BOWLS with the Sun and Moon," was the epigraph chosen by Lord Byron, as from an "old song," for the title-page of a pamphlet in controversy with the original of the portrait before us; the veteran poet replied by his *two letters* to the noble lord, bearing on *their* fore-front the significant motto,—"He that plays BOWLS must expect RUBBERS."

"The portrait in *Fraser*," says a namesake and a contemporary,† "represents Bowles in the act of composing a Sonnet on the subject of a Hat's obligation to an Umbrella, in cases of excessive heat, not less than rain. It is one of the best likenesses of the long series of Literary Characters immortalized by Croquis. The page of memoir contains a capital joke of the midnight STAR that guided Bowles from the playhouse to the pleasaunce of sepulchral Sam." Moreover, when the poet died, his obituary in the *Illustrated News* was accompanied by a portrait on wood, "from a clever characteristic sketch which appeared some years since in *Fraser's Magazine*."

Bowles, it seems, had left the tranquil retirement of Bremhill to attend the musical festival in Westminster Abbey. He was domiciled under the hospitable roof of his brother bard, Samuel Rogers; from which he "amused himself now and then during his stay, as old Crabbe had done in like circumstances before him, with an evening stroll to the theatres, where, in the sweet security of *incog.*, he might either laugh his sides sore at Liston, or strain his optics dim at Taglioni." It was on one of these occasions that the adventure occurred, which constitutes him, in his happy verdancy, "the Parson Adams of Poetry." If the reader cares to

* A notice of Faraday will be found in *Autobiographical Recollections of the Medical Profession*, by J. F. Clarke (1874, 8vo, p. 399), and there is *The Life and Letters of Faraday*, by Dr. Bence Jones, Secretary to the Royal Institution (Longmans, 2 vols. 8vo).

† *Fraser's Literary Chronicle*, 4to, p. 215.



W.m L. Bowles

AUTHOR OF 'FOURTEEN SONNETS. 1786.'

learn further particulars of this "capital joke," let him turn to *Fraser's Magazine* for March, 1836. There is another good story told to illustrate the characteristic absence of mind of this "fair specimen of your old shovel-hat," to the effect that, when once presenting a Bible to a friend, he testified blandly on the blank-leaf that it was "Presented by the Author."

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES must be regarded as one of those poets who are indebted, in a degree, to certain adventitious circumstances which surrounded their advent, for a reputation to which the abstract merit of their poetry might hardly have entitled them. The old formal school of classicism had become utterly effete and soulless, with no claim to attention beyond mechanical facility; the new school on the other hand, by the mere force of reaction, was characterized by a puerility, affectation and ruggedness which had a tendency to repel the readers of poetry. A *juste-milieu* seemed to be offered by the *Sonnets* of Bowles, where was manifest a polish of construction, a grace of rhythm, and a naturalness of sentiment, which, in spite of occasional feebleness and affectation, created an admiration, at the time of their appearance, unintelligible on other grounds; and still maintain for their author a position of some importance in the history of poetical literature. It was to his poetry that Wordsworth,—a far greater poet,—was indebted for his first *impetus*. It was from his *Sonnets* in particular that the fire of genius was lighted in the soul of Coleridge,—again a higher genius. He learnt them by heart,—made forty autograph copies for his most valued friends,—and declared himself "enthusiastically delighted and inspired by them."* To Bowles, he dedicated his own poetry, and Charles Lamb loved his friend for the grateful deed. Southey, again,—whom as a poet, too, I should place in a higher rank than Bowles,—writes to him, "There are three contemporaries, the influence of whose poetry on my own I can distinctly trace,—Sayers,† yourself, and Savage Landor. I owe you something, therefore, on the score of gratitude." Now, it may be laid down as an axiom that the sacred flame of genius was never enkindled in the human soul but by genius itself,—however feebly the primal spark may have burnt. Thus we must pronounce Bowles a man of some genius, though not of the highest order or foremost rank. His poetry so far belongs to the old school, that it is characterized by polish rather than by strength, and is intellectual rather than imaginative. It is conversant with the softer emotions of our nature, but seldom rises into passion. The enthusiasm of the lyrist seems subdued by the taste of the scholar; and "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," find no place in the tender unimpassioned strain. Still, if the poet fails to stir the deeper waters in the well of soul, he warms the surface with sunshine; if he plays not with the thunderbolt, nor rides upon the storm, he leads us on a tranquil and flowery path, beneath placid skies, and with measured step.

Bowles was born at King's Sutton, in Northamptonshire, September 25th, 1762, of a family of some note; his father and grandfather had both

* *Biographia Literaria*, chap. i.

† Frank Sayers, M.D., Born 1763, Died 1817. An early friend of Southey and William Taylor of Norwich, by the latter of whom we have *The Collective Works of the late Dr. Sayers; to which have been prefixed some biographical particulars* (Norwich, 1823, 2 vols. 8vo), reviewed by Southey, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. 69, pp. 175-220.

been clergymen, and he boasted of Sir Isaac Newton as one of his nearest relatives. He was educated on the Wykeham foundation at Winchester, under Joseph Warton, D.D., and in 1781 was elected a scholar of Trinity College, Oxford,—which he chose because Thomas Warton (whom he resembles in a higher degree, probably, than any other poet) was then resident there. In 1783 he gained the Chancellor's prize for Latin verse, by his lines, "Calpe Obsessa,"—the Siege of Gibraltar,—which find a place in his collected poems. He left the University before a Fellowship had fallen to his lot, and did not proceed to his M.A. degree till 1792. A disappointment in love at this period led him to travel. He wandered over his native country, and along the borders of the Rhine. Of these solitary rambles his *Sonnets*, published in 1789, in the fashionable 4to, were the fruits. These were followed by his *Verses to John Howard*, and the *Grave of Howard*, in 1790. These, and other subsequent poems, were well received, and went through many editions; the impression of 1792 being illustrated by that elegant draughtsman Thomas Kirk, whom Leigh Hunt calls "the best artist, except Stothard, that ever designed for periodical works; and the best artist Scotland ever produced, except Wilkie."*

Bowles now entered holy orders, and became a Wiltshire curate. This he remained till 1804, when, as an act of gratitude for services received from his maternal grandfather, Archbishop Moore presented him with the valuable vicarage of Bremhill, in Wiltshire, in his gift, as an option *pro hâc vice*. This beautiful and romantic spot, on which he has conferred celebrity by his verse, is near to Devizes, not far from Bowood, the seat of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and Sloperton Cottage, the memorable home of the poet, Moore. In the same year he was collated by Bishop Douglas to the prebend of Stratford, in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury. In 1818 we find him styling himself Chaplain to H.R.H. the Prince Regent; and in 1828 he was elected a canon-residentiary of Salisbury.

Besides the longer poems of Bowles, which were published at various periods during his incumbency of Bremhill, his various labours as an antiquary, a theologian, a critic, and a controversialist, demand some notice at my hands. In 1798, appeared *Coombe Ellen*, and *St. Michael's Mount;* in 1799, *The Battle of the Nile;* in 1801, *The Sorrows of Switzerland;* in 1805, *The Spirit of Discovery by Sea*,—by many thought his best work; in 1815, *The Missionary of the Andes;* in 1822, *The Grave of the Last Saxon;* in 1828, *Days Departed, or Banwell Hill;* in 1832, *St. John in Patmos;* etc. As an archæologist, his *Parochial History of Bremhill* (1828, 8vo), and his *History of Lacock Abbey*, deserve mention; as well as his *Hermes Britannicus; or a Dissertation on the Celtic Deity Teutates, the Mercury of Cæsar, in Further Proof and Corroboration of the Origin and Designation of the Great Temple of Avebury, in Wiltshire.* As a dissertation upon an historical subject, though not without a certain charm of its own, I do not know that this volume has ever been held in any great esteem; the speculative and imaginative character of the poet rather appearing than the calm and cautious character of the antiquary. The same remark may be held also to apply to his *Life of Thomas Ken, D.D.*, the deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells (1830–1, 8vo), which is, nevertheless, a book of considerable interest and merit.

* *The Indicator*, by Leigh Hunt (lxiii. "My Books").

Of the various works which proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bowles in more immediate connection with his professional functions, it is not within my province here to speak.

I believe that the duties of parish priest were, notwithstanding his literary avocations, discharged by Mr. Bowles in the most exemplary manner. He took great interest in the education of the poorer members of his parish, and endeavoured zealously to promote the welfare of the rural population. According to the reprehensible English custom, he united the duties of the magistrate to those of the parson. Clerical members of the bench are usually distinguished by the severity of their decisions; but it is to be recorded to the credit of Mr. Bowles, that while he was unremitting in attention to the duties of his office, he was lenient to an extent that, on more than one occasion, incurred the censure of his brother magistrates. One instance of this was his energetic and successful remonstrance against a sentence of unparalleled severity pronounced by a fellow-magistrate on an unfortunate woman for some trifling theft. His conduct in this affair came under the notice of Lord Lansdowne, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, and received his approbation, as well as that of every feeling and honourable mind.

"Farewell, dear old bard!" affectionately ejaculates Maginn. "Long may you continue to enjoy your morning fiddle and your evening pipe,—the affectionate respect of your parishioners, and the worshipful admiration of your brethren of the clerisy. And whenever you revisit the great city, even Babylon the mistress of abominations, be sure to remember not to forget that OLIVER has a rump and dozen at your service,—and that our niece, Miss FITZYORKE, will see you safe home to No. 22."

Whether the simple-minded poet revisited town,—stretched his old-world Hessians under Fraser's hospitable "mahogany,"—or accepted that gentle escort, which, as slily insinuated, might prevent the dangers of promiscuous hospitality,—I know not. Some few years before his death, the poet resigned his living of Bremhill, and quitted, after a residence of nearly a quarter of a century, his vine-mantled rectory in the sequestered English valley,—the home which his geniality of character and charm of conversation had made a centre of attraction to a host of friendly admirers distinguished alike by rank and talent. He removed to the neighbouring Salisbury, where he passed the remainder of his days in perfect retirement, necessitated by increasing bodily and mental debility. He died at his residence in the Close, in that city, April 7th, 1850, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

I have purposely omitted to the last all mention of one of the most important incidents in the literary career of Bowles,—the celebrated controversy in which he was engaged with the poets Campbell and Byron, the critics McDermott, Octavius Gilchrist, and others, on what they termed "The Invariable Principles of Poetry." This was commenced by Bowles, through a critical proposition in an essay on the poetical character of Pope, which occurred in the last volume of an edition of that poet, which he edited, in 1807, in ten volumes, 8vo, and for which he had received a sum of £300. The proposition was to the following effect:—That all images drawn from what is beautiful or sublime in the works of *nature*, are more beautiful and sublime than images drawn from *art*, and are therefore more poetical. In like manner, those passions of the human heart which belong to nature in general, are, *per se*, more

adapted to the higher species of poetry than those which are derived from incidental and transient manners." As an illustration, the critic goes on to say, "A description of a forest is more poetical than that of a cultivated garden; and the passions which are portrayed in *The Epistle of Eloisa*, render such a poem more poetical than one founded on the characters, incidents, and modes of artificial life; for instance, *The Rape of the Lock*." This position was attacked, with some amount of misrepresentation, in an article by Jeffrey,—who said that Bowles will only be remembered by this controversy,—in the *Edinburgh Review;* and by Campbell, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and the very elegant and able "Essay on English Poetry" (part iii.), which accompanied his *Specimens of the English Poets*. Bowles, of course, replied; and Lord Byron took up the cudgel for Pope,—whom he always eulogized, but certainly did not gain his fame, as a poet, by imitating. Maginn says that Bowles was "wrong in the dispute"; but, as I think, he had decidedly the best of the argument,—except, perhaps, as regarded the incidental question of the moral character of Pope, on which he had been unduly severe, and might reasonably have modified his strictures. It was the misfortune of Campbell and Byron to be not only weak in their logic, but to afford, in their own most esteemed poems, an illustration of the truth of their opponent's principles. In fact, they would have been silenced at once if Bowles, by omitting to lay sufficient stress upon what may be termed the mechanics of poetry,—the perfection and co-ordination of materials,—had not allowed his antagonists to back out from their main position, and carry on the battle on this merely subsidiary issue, however important it may be in itself, of the original argument. The sound of the blows dealt by these doughty champions summoned several minor critics from their obscurity, who took up one or the other side; and whose lucubrations, contained in nearly twenty pamphlets before me, illustrate this controversy, which must be considered a very interesting and important one in the annals of poetical criticism. APPENDIX F.

LXXI.—MRS. S. C. HALL.

THAT she was "Wittie aboue her sexe" was recorded upon stone of a "Good Mistris Hall" of a former day,*—and well might it be so, for she was the daughter of SHAKESPEARE! No such rich heritage of genius *can* belong to the graceful and accomplished writer to whom we devote these few notes, though the same sentiment would not be thought inappropriate to her, by any who knew her, personally or through her writings.

MRS. S. C. HALL, whose maiden name was Anna Maria Fielding, was born in Dublin, about 1802, of Huguenot descent; but was removed in infancy to Bannow, in the county of Wexford, where she was brought up in the home of her grandfather. At the age of sixteen she came to

* "Wittie aboue her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistris Hall.
Epitaph in Stratford Church.



Anna Maria Hall

AUTHOR OF 'THE BUCCANEER.'

reside in London ; and there becoming acquainted with Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, a member of a Devonshire family, and a barrister-at-law,—but not following his profession,—she was married to him on September 20th, 1824.

The path of Mrs. Hall has lain in the quiet ways of life. The career, indeed, of a married lady,—the ruler of her household ; the adviser and assistant of her husband in his literary undertakings ; the writer, gaining fame by independent genius ; the friend, of ever-ready love and sympathy ; the earnest and zealous promoter of charitable schemes,—and all this may be said of Mrs. Hall,—presents, fortunately for herself, few points of salient interest to a biographer. There remains, then, to be noticed little besides the main incidents of her literary career ; on which I am not inclined to be diffuse, as these will be found fairly recorded in *Men (and Women) of the Time*, and such like publications.

Her first work, I think, was entitled *Sketches of Irish Character*, and appeared so far back as 1829. Mrs. Hall is by birth an Irishwoman herself, and though she came to this country at an early age, and has become, by long residence and social ties, naturalized, as it were, here, she is one of the most skilful delineators of the manners and character of the people among whom her earliest and most impressionable days were passed. I fancy that there are few who have not read her *Lights and Shadows of Irish Character*,—one of the stories of which ("The Groves of Blarney," vol. i.) was dramatized by her, and brought out at the Adelphi with success in 1838. Then came *Marian ; or, a Young Maid's Fortunes*, published in 1839, which has passed through several editions, and been translated into German and Dutch, as well as, if I mistake not, French. This, which is perhaps the most popular of her tales, was the predecessor of the well-known *Stories of the Irish Peasantry*, which appeared originally in *Chambers's Journal* (a magazine which contains some of the best stories, and the most useful writing in the language), and were subsequently collected and published (1840) in a substantive form. One of Mrs. Hall's last publications,—if not the last,—relates to the same country. The title of this is *The Fight of Faith : a Story of Ireland* (1868–9). I always sit down with an anticipation of pleasure to one of Mrs. Hall's Irish tales, and am never disappointed. They are simple, natural, graceful and pathetic. I do not, however, possess a sufficient knowledge of Ireland to enable me to speak positively as to the local truth of these stories ; or to define the relative position of their authoress in regard to the other great writers who have sought by fiction to illustrate the national character,—Edgeworth, Carleton, Lover, Banim, Lever and Griffin,—though I should certainly give her a high place on the list. Her important topographical work, *Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc.* (1840), produced in conjunction with her husband, is a standard work of beauty and permanent value, and is said to give "a better and more truthful picture of Ireland and the Irish than any other book in the language."

It was Mrs. Hall who established, and originally edited, the well-known monthly, the *St. James's Magazine*.

As a novel-writer, it was with *The Buccaneers* that Mrs. Hall made her *début*, in 1832,—the scene of which is laid in England, during the Protectorate of Cromwell. Then we have *Tales of Women's Trials* (1834) ; and *The Outlaw*, a novel of the reign of James II., published in 1835. There is also *Uncle Horace*, which I have never seen ; *The White Boy*, published in 1845 ; *Can Wrong be Right?* in 1852 ; and *A Woman's Story*, in 1857.

In 1859, in conjunction with her husband, she published *The Book of the Thames*, an elegant work which has gone through many editions, and still holds its place as one of our choicest illustrated books. *The Book of South Wales* is another important contribution to topographical literature by herself and her husband; and to this may be added her *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, an interesting and beautifully illustrated work of which the title sufficiently indicates the subject. I ought not to omit at least to mention that most fascinating and graceful story of Irish fairydom, *Midsummer Eve*, which, originally appearing in the *Art Journal* so far back as 1847, with nearly two hundred exquisite cuts, from drawings made directly on the wood-blocks by Maclise, Clarkson Stanfield, Creswick, Ward, Goodall, Elmore, Frost, Noel Paton, Hulme, Sir E. Landseer, Topham, Kenny Meadows, etc., was tastefully republished in 1870 by J. C. Hotten. The motive of the story is the popular belief, common to all parts of Ireland, that a child whose father has died before its birth is placed by Nature under the peculiar guardianship of the fairies; and that, if born on Midsummer Eve, it becomes their rightful property. As I reach down my copy of this charming book to refresh my memory, I am sadly reminded of the gifted authoress to whom I am indebted for its possession, and whose autograph inscription it bears.

As a dramatist—besides *The Groves of Blarney*, already mentioned,—Mrs. Hall has given evidence of no small ability by her play, *The French Refugee* (1836), which had a run of ninety nights at the St. James's Theatre, when under the management of Braham.

Mrs. Hall is also author of some very graceful stories for children, among which I may mention *Chronicles of a Schoolroom* (1830). The attempt to write for the young is an evidence of a tender and loving disposition; but to write for them with success,—to amuse without affectation, and teach without tiring,—is a faculty granted to very few. William Jerdan, whose friendship for Mrs. Hall dated from a very early day, speaks in the highest terms of this lady's compositions for juvenile readers, which he pronounces absolutely free from the general error of marring really good lessons by bad illustrations,—and values "even as much as the most popular of those she has produced for mature age."

Besides the larger works I have mentioned, Mrs. Hall is the author of many essays and tracts, chiefly relating to women's duties, or in eloquent advocacy and illustration of the benefit of temperance,—of all secular teaching the most important, and that of which, as a nation, we stand most in need. I can only allude to her *Boons and Blessings*, in which, as her husband by his *Trial of Sir Jasper*, and *An Old Story*, she has vigorously advocated the cause. All these various books, in which our foremost artists,—Tenniel, G. Cruikshank, Millais, Birket Foster, Gustave Doré, Alma Tadema, E. M. Ward and his wife, Elmore, Dobson, Noel Paton, Faed, and others,—have given help, have already passed through many editions, and have been largely useful in platform readings, and lectures illustrated by illuminated transparencies. Besides her labours in the cause of temperance, Mrs. Hall, with her husband, has been foremost in the promotion of many philanthropic movements. Thus the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton is greatly indebted to her. She was the originator of the "Nightingale Fund"; and in her drawing-room the first subscription was made, her husband, in conjunction with the Hon. Sidney Herbert, acting as secretary. When in 1857, the

subscription list was closed, the sum collected amounted to £45,000, and the Institution for the Training of Hospital Nurses and Attendants was established on a firm basis. I can only further allude to the Governesses' Institution, and the Pensioners' Employment Society, as being, in a great measure, indebted to Mrs. Hall for their origin and success. When, besides all this, it is considered that the books, large and small, which proceeded from her industrious pen number many more than a hundred,—we are assured, indeed, that the literary works, either written or edited by herself and her husband, amount to upwards of three hundred and forty,* and that her object had uniformly been to combine with amusement the purest moral teaching, it will not be thought that the Crown pension of £100 per annum which she enjoyed was bestowed either prematurely or unworthily.

I have already mentioned that the husband of this accomplished lady was Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, F.S.A., the founder (1839) and for forty-two years conductor of that well-known and elegant magazine, the *Art Journal*. The fine arts are greatly indebted to Mr. Hall for his conduct of this publication, which, after one or two changes of form, has long obtained a firm hold on public favour. Mr. Hall has often exposed, with cost and courage, the attempted impositions of picture-dealers; and by this, and his judicious criticisms in the *Journal*, has done much to foster a taste for the genuine, truthful works of the modern school, more especially the English, in place of the "Raphaels, Correggios and stuff," of Wardour Street manufacture, which were at that period almost the only things that excited the cupidity of the collector. He himself states, that he has been present more than once at a private view of the Royal Academy, when, during the whole day, not a single picture has been sold! He once commissioned six young artists, among whom were Frith, Ward and Elmore, to paint six fancy portraits at ten guineas each. This was in 1840; and when Finden, who had engraved them, exhibited them in the Strand with a view to sell them at cost price, he could not find a single buyer! They would now be estimated at over two hundred guineas each! The interests of art manufacture, in our great centres of production, have received equal benefit from Mr. Hall, by the beautifully illustrated papers which have also appeared in his *Journal*. He succeeded Campbell, and preceded Hook, in the conduct of the *New Monthly Magazine*; and was editor of that charming "annual," the *Amulet*, commenced in 1824, of which eleven volumes in all appeared. He was one of the founders of the Crystal Palace Art Union, which, with other institutions of similar nature, derived great benefit from his counsel and aid; and to him we are indebted for an illustration and permanent record of the varied industrial and artistic treasures of the International Exhibitions, from the parent one of London, of 1851, to that of Philadelphia in 1876. Without entering into further details of his useful labours, it is pleasing to record that, on his retirement from the *Journal* which he had conducted so long and so faithfully, a pension of £300 per annum was conferred upon him by the proprietors. Some "words of farewell" were given in its columns by the venerable editor, who, after an interesting account of the state of art when he began his work, and the success of his labours, adds the words:—"I do not think the history of literature supplies a parallel case: that of an editor commencing a publication, and continuing

* *Men of the Time*, 1872, p. 459.

to edit it during forty-two years, and retiring from it when it had attained vigorous age,—its value augmented and not deteriorated by time." The *Art Journal* still exists, under new management, and in altered form; but is no exception, at least in my opinion, to the law of deterioration under change, although now adorned by the inevitable "etchings" of the day, which all look as if they were turned out by a Joint Stock Company. In the preface to the second edition of his charming *Book of Memories*,—about which I may presently have a word to say—Mr. Hall states that he is occupied in preparing for the press *Recollections of a Long Life*. Bearing in mind that he was intimately acquainted with Ireland so far back as 1816, that he published a book in 1820, that he became a parliamentary reporter in 1823, that he commenced the *Art Journal* in 1839, and has been an editor for nearly sixty years, we may surely anticipate that these promised "Recollections" will afford a "feast of fat things," of which we may say in truth, "hæc olim meminisse juvabit." But it is time to bid adieu to my friend S. C. Hall, with whom, it is true, I have only incidentally to do. But I make no apology, for in this "marriage of true minds," the husband is truly identified with the wife, and the one and the other so strictly formed what has been called a "dual unit," that a single narrative must perforce contain a record of both.

In 1871 appeared, with the name of S. C. Hall on the title-page as author, a very interesting and truly beautiful book, of which the title sufficiently explains the nature: *A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the Age, from Personal Acquaintance* (Virtue and Co, 4to, pp. 488). I scarcely know a volume more difficult to lay down when once taken up. It is charming throughout; but especially so are the brief "Memories of Artists," at the end of the volume, which are models of what such notices should be,—terse, genial, appreciative, and wholly free from that "cant of criticism," which is the most odious of all the "cants that are canted in this canting age." The following passage occurs in the preface:—"These memories will derive much of their value from the aid I receive from my wife. We have worked together for more than forty years; with only few exceptions my acquaintances were hers. I have had no hesitation in availing myself of her co-operation in this undertaking, have freely quoted her views of the characters I depict, and occasionally called upon her for her 'Memories' to add to mine." I am very proud of my own copy of this delightful book, with the autograph inscriptions of author and authoress, and their signed photograph portraits to boot; and preserve it among my choicest *Keimelia*.

The graceful acknowledgment to his wife's assistance which I have just transcribed, is before the world; but I have under my eyes another tribute of affection in the shape of a copy of beautiful and touching verses, which, as printed for distribution among private friends only, I may venture to place on record here:—

"AFTER FORTY YEARS.

(January 6th, 1864.)

"Yes! forty years of troubles,—come and gone,—
I count, since first I gave thee hand and heart!
But none have come from thee, dear Wife—not one!
In griefs that sadden'd me thou hadst no part,—
Save when, accepting more than woman's share
Of pain and toil, despondency and care,

My comforter thou wert, my hope, my trust :
Ever suggesting holy thoughts and deeds ;
Guiding my steps on earth through blinding dust,
Into the Heaven-lit path that Heaven-ward leads.

" So has it been, from manhood unto age,
In every shifting scene of life's sad stage,
Since—forty years ago,—a humble name
I gave to thee, which thou hast given to fame :
Rejoicing in the wife and friend, to find
The woman's lesser duties—all—combined
With holiest efforts of creative mind.

" And if the world has found some good in me,
The prompting and the teaching came from thee !

" God so guide both that so it ever be !

" So may the full fount of affection flow :
Each loving each as—forty years ago !

" We are going down the rugged hill of life,
Into the tranquil valley at its base ;
But, hand in hand, and heart in heart, dear Wife :

" With less of outer care and inner strife,
I look into thy mind and in thy face,
And only see the Angel coming nearer,
To make thee still more beautiful and dearer,
When from the thrall and soil of earth made free,
Thy prayer is heard for me, and mine for thee !

"S. C. HALL."

This was as it should be : the husband indebted to the wife, and glorying in the avowal of the indebtedness ; while both looked back, hand-in-hand, upon nearly half a century of honest, earnest, united work. Ten years more brought the united pair to their "*Goldene Hochzeit*,"—the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day. It was then thought by many of their friends that the occasion was a fitting one "to organize the presentation to them of some suitable testimonial of personal regard and consideration for their long and valuable services to literature and to art ;" and accordingly a committee was formed, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury, to collect subscriptions. It was on September 20th, 1874, that Mr. and Mrs. Hall completed their half century of married life; and on that day their "golden wedding" was duly celebrated. The day was Sunday ; and the venerable pair attended Divine worship at Kensington, and received together the Holy Sacrament. The congratulations of assembled friends followed, and the lines which I have cited above were distributed, with the heading altered to "After *Fifty* Years." Meantime, the exertions of the Testimonial Committee had resulted in the collection of a sum of more than fifteen hundred pounds, obtained without any difficulty. Nine hundred pounds of this were absorbed in the purchase of an annuity of one hundred pounds per annum on the joint lives of the beneficiaries ; and the remainder, some six hundred pounds, was presented to them in cash, together with an album containing five hundred congratulatory letters, received from people of every station in life, and the various civilized countries of the world. The presentation was made at the house of Frederick Griffin, Esq., the treasurer to the fund, by Lord Shaftesbury, who made a suitable complimentary speech on the occasion,

in the course of which he appropriately said that "Domestic life, by the all-merciful providence of God, is the refuge and stronghold of morality; the honour, dignity and mainstay of nations." Besides this, the occasion was rendered still more memorable by the presentation to Mrs. Hall of the copy of a bust of her husband, modelled from life, and issued in Parian, the execution of which was mainly effected by the exertions of the friend of both, Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt.

Subsequently to this event, Mrs. Hall when in declining health, had the gratification of receiving from the Queen a pleasing evidence of her Majesty's thoughtful kindness. This was a large-size and exquisitely finished portrait of the Queen, and earlier lithograph likenesses of herself and the Prince Consort. These gifts were rendered yet more acceptable by the autograph letter which accompanied them, in the course of which her Majesty said, "she had the greatest pleasure in presenting them."

A year or two more passed away, and a "DIAMANTISCHE HOCHZEIT," —a "Diamond Wedding,"—seemed possible. But this was not to be; and in 1881, it was announced in the *Christian World*, that, "On the Sabbath evening, January 30th, Mrs. S. C. Hall left earth life, at Devon Lodge, East Moulsey." Thus the husband so completely identified with the wife, in actual life and work, as in the preceding sketch, is left, with that support and guidance which he knows where to seek, to finish his journey alone; cherishing among his dearest "Memories" that realization —imperfect though it may seem to him,—of the fond wish so natural to form, but not granted to him whose sorrows were commemorated by the Roman poet :—

"——sperabat longos, heu! ducere soles,
Et fido acclinis consenuisse sinu."

LXXII.—SIR JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.

"MY BOY HOBBY."

"WHAT made you in Lob's pound to go,
My boy Hobby?
Because I bade the people throw
The House into the Lobby.

"You hate the House: why canvass, then,
My boy Hobby?
Because I would reform the den,
As member for the mobby.

"And who are now the people's men,
My boy Hobby?
There's I and Burdett, gentlemen,
And blackguards Hunt and Cobby.

"And when amidst your friends you speak,
My boy Hobby,
How is't that you contrive to keep
Your watch within your fobby?

"Now, tell me why you hate the Whigs,
My boy Hobby?
Because they want to run their rigs
As under Walpole Bobby."



AUTHOR OF "THE MISCELLANY."

Whether or not the foregoing verses are by Byron I cannot possibly say; I transcribe them from a private quarto print, of eight pages, from the collection of the late Thomas Rodd, sen., which contains a number of pieces,—such as the satirical verses on Rogers,—all which are by or attributed to that poet, so that it is very probable that these are also from his pen.

Perhaps there is some little truth in *Fraser's* hint that Hobhouse was, in early life, somewhat of a "butt" to his noble college friend, just as Ben Jonson, in the memorable wit-combats with Shakespeare at the "Falcon," felt the effects of his adversary's light artillery before he could bring his own heavy metal to bear upon him. Hobhouse, of heavy aspect and ponderous conformation, gave little earnest of the ability which he really possessed, though he was fluent and communicative in conversation and occasionally warmed into force and energy of expression. The real opinion which Byron entertained of his friend may be gathered from the frequent reference to him in his letters, and especially the preliminary letter to the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, where he reverts in thought to his old fellow-traveller:—"To one," says he, "whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting." Elsewhere, too, he speaks of the same trusty friend as "the most interesting of companions, and a fine fellow to boot." Medwin, on the other hand, speaks of him as "a cold calculating and original mathematical mind," and contrasts him as a companion with Shelley.*

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE was the eldest son of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, Bart.,† and was born at Redland, near Bristol, June 27th, 1786. He was educated at Winchester School, from which he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1808. At the University he had made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, and, upon the latter taking up his abode at Newstead Abbey, aided him, in conjunction with some half-dozen other choice spirits, to emulate the doings of John Wilkes, the profligate Lord Sandwich, and others, who, at Medmenham Abbey, on the banks of the Thames, had, a few years before, established a brotherhood, with all the mummery of hood and corded gown, for the combined worship of Bacchus and Venus. I do not mean, however, to imply that the orgies of the younger confraternity were characterized by the grossness of those of Medmenham; or that the members were guilty of acts more reprehensible than keeping bad hours and quaffing Burgundy from a human skull. Grantley Berkeley gives a humorous account of a pedestrian march to London, projected by Hobhouse and C. S. Mathews, who was one of the brotherhood. The friends started merrily enough; but, quarrelling on the road, arrived at their destination in mutual silence and dudgeon.

All about Hobhouse's travels to Greece is well known. In 1812 he published a record of these in his *Journey through Albania and other*

* *Shelley Papers*, 1833, 12mo, p. 32.

† The elder Hobhouse was, too, a traveller, and printed for private circulation an interesting and elegant volume, entitled *Remarks on several Parts of France, Italy, etc., in the Years* 1783, 1784, *and* 1785, by Benjamin Hobhouse, Barrister-at-Law (Bath: Printed by R. Cruttwell, MDCCXCVI., 8vo). In my copy is a MS. statement to the effect that, at the sale of the library of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the volume was sold for six guineas. See *Public Characters* for 1807, p. 113.

Provinces of Turkey with Lord Byron. If the slightest spark of the love of freedom exists in the soul of a traveller, one cannot conceive that a visit to the shores of Hellas could fail to kindle it into a flame. He was in France, too, during the Hundred Days, and on his return, wrote, after the Battle of Waterloo, his *Letters of an Englishman* (1816), in which he avowed himself a supporter of Napoleon. The dangerous tendency of his opinions led to an imprisonment of four years in Newgate; but gained him an influence among the people which insured his return when, in 1820, he became a candidate for the representation of Westminster in the Liberal interest. His friend Byron had happily described him somewhere as one of those who "foamed into patriots to subside into Newgate;" and he became of course a mark for the writers whose war-cry was "King and Constitution." Among these was Theodore Hook, who had just then, with the assistance of his friend Daniel Terry, and the occasional collaboration of James Smith, started the now excessively rare periodical, *The Arcadian*, which opened with a kind of poetical address to Hobhouse, which is worth preservation here as a specimen of the poetical squib of that day. It is entitled:

"CARMEN ÆSTUALE.

"*A Song for the Summer, to be sung by J. C. H——, Esq. Now a prisoner in his Majesty's Gaol of Newgate.*

"Where have ye been a' the spring,
My boy Cammy?
Where have ye been a' the spring,
My boy Cammy?
I have been in Newgate keep,
Doomed to dine, to drink, and sleep,
Side by side with rogue and sweep,
In dungeon dark and clammy.

"What took you to Newgate keep,
My boy Cammy?
What took you to Newgate keep,
My boy Cammy?
I did once my goose-quill take,
To show a Whig a small mistake,
Did you do't for freedom's sake?
Freedom's my eye and Tammy!

"What, then, did you do it for,
My boy Cammy?
What, then, did you do it for,
My boy Cammy?
Because I thought if I were sent
To jail, for libelling Parliament,
I might chance to circumvent
Next election, Lamby.

"How would that throw out George Lamb,
My boy Cammy?
How would that throw out George Lamb,
My boy Cammy?
Because with tag, rag, and bobtail,
Nothing does but going to jail;
We have seldom found it fail,
Voyez-vous, mon ami!

"How do you make *that* out,
My boy Cammy?
How do you make *that* out,
My boy Cammy?
See what all the rest have done—
Abbott, Burdett, Waddington,
Blandford, Hunt, and Wat—son,
And now, like them, here am I!

"Did the Speaker talk to you,
My boy Cammy?
Did the Speaker talk to you,
My boy Cammy?
No;—my visit to papa,
Wrecked my prospects of *éclat*;
I was never at the bar,
Where I thought they'd ha' me.

"Why, then, 'tis a stupid job,
My boy Cammy?
Why, then, 'tis a stupid job,
My boy Cammy?
No;—because when I come out
They'll have a car, without a doubt,
And, in triumph, all about,
The biped beast will draw me.

"You've mistaken quite your game,
My boy Cammy?
You've mistaken quite your game,
My boy Cammy?
Of fulsome stuff, like that, we're sick;
Besides, we all see through the trick;
Before we drag, we'll see you 'kick'
Before your prison, d—mme!"

Cobbett, whose felicity in giving nicknames I have already alluded to, christened Hobhouse "Sancho" from his obsequious servility to Sir Francis Burdett, to whom, says *Fraser*, "he bore the same relation as the greasy clown did to his mistaken, but chivalrous master," the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. This is alluded to in the following doggrel lines which were contributed to an early number of the *John Bull* by an anonymous writer,—supposed to have been Lord Palmerston,—who received a touching hint when they were republished in 1832, to the following effect:—"When the author of these lines re-reads them to-day, and recollects that he really wrote them, we should think that he must have some compunctious visitings. As far as we are concerned, he is safe; but surely he cannot hide them from *himself!*" Hook kept his word, and the name of the actual writer was never permitted to transpire. The lines are as follows:—

"THE PROPHECY.

"I don't care a l———
For I—— C—— H——e;
He may fume and may fret,
And may toady Burdett,
He may think himself witty,
Cut a dash in the city.
Vent vulgar abuse,
Or hiss like a goose;
To St. Paul's he may ride,
With a sword by his side!
Or may follow the Queen,
Like a Jack on the Green;
But, do what he will,
He's a little man still!
He'll be laughed at and scouted,
Be pump'd, and be flouted;
Ignoble his fate,
Be it early or late,
He will live in a splutter,
And die in a gutter."

Turning for a moment to the spirited pen-sketch * which I am now attempting to illustrate, I am reminded by the aquiline colour of the face of the orator as he is gesticulatorily haranguing a Westminster mob, of another allusion to him, in a scarce contemporary print :—

"Yon hook-nos'd loud Macaw has been abroad,
A linguist bird of odd unequal powers ;
His Greek or Tuscan tone you would applaud,
Though oft he swears seditious oaths for hours,
Betraying in a real or feigned rage,
The manners of his Covent Garden cage." †

Hobhouse, on his election for Westminster, had associated himself with other members of the Radical party, in setting on foot the *Westminster Review*, in which he vigorously attacked the Tory section under Canning. But his political opinions toning down with time, he received, in 1831, the appointment of Secretary of State for War in the cabinet of Earl Grey ; and, in 1833, became Secretary of State for Ireland. "The usual change," wrote Maginn in 1836, "has taken place ; the brawling patriot has been transformed into the lick-spittle placeman." In 1833, an inconsistent vote,—I fancy on the question of army-flogging,—cost him his seat ; but in 1834, when Sir Robert Peel came into office, he was returned for Nottingham, which he represented till 1847. As an orator, his strength lay chiefly in attack ; and now, as an opponent to the Premier, he had every opportunity of turning his forensic ability to account. He was the Marcellus of the day, and brought every oratorical weapon,—ridicule, irony, sarcasm,—to bear upon his antagonist. Still, when he himself was the subject of attack, his power was gone, and Sir Robert was then more than his equal. The warfare never ceased till the resignation of the Minister. From 1847 Hobhouse had sat for Harwich, and this he continued to do till he was raised to the Peerage in 1851, under the title of Lord Broughton of Gyford. After his elevation to the Upper House, he took little or no part in politics. He held the offices of Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, and President of the India Board of Control under Lord Melbourne, and again held the latter office during the Administration of Lord John Russell, 1846–52. He was made a G.C.B. ; and after a short career as a member of the Coalition ministry of 1853, he retired finally into private life. Maginn, *apud* "Fraser" (1836), briefly and contemptuously summed up his political career. "Its records," said he, "are short ; the man has done nothing because nothing was in him. *Ex nihilo nil fit*,—there's no getting blood from a turnip ; and it is one of our misfortunes that we should be compelled to write about such people at all. But the amber of office embalms them for their day. Shrined for a while in that, we are allowed to observe the forms of creeping things, our wonder at which,—a small one under existing circumstances,—secures the tribute of a page even to 'my boy Hobbio.'"

Lord Broughton died June 3rd, 1869, in the eighty-third year of his age. He married the daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, but left no male issue. Part of his income was derived from Whitbread's Brewery, in which he was a sleeping partner ; but he was not, I believe, in any

* The features of Hobhouse are well preserved,—albeit the position of the figure is somewhat constrained,—in a stipple portrait before me, engraved by I. Hopwood from a drawing by A. Wivell.

† *Slop's Shave at a Broken Hone*, 1820, 8vo, p. 32.

sense of the word a rich man, which may account in some measure for the noiselessness of his exit from the world. Lord Broughton left a vast mass of papers behind him, much of which relates to political matters and the offices of public trust which he had filled in the course of his octogenarian life. As publication might compromise men yet living, or complicate matters of controversy still open, he provided by his will that these papers should not be divulged, nor even read, till the present century shall have closed, and not then published without the consent of the Sovereign who should then occupy the throne. It was a rule with Lord Palmerston that official correspondence should never be produced while the negotiations to which it referred were still pending; and it is one of the axioms attributed to Talleyrand that if letters were only left long enough they would answer themselves. The conclusion is obvious. It is useless to produce documents when affairs are settled; and no one will care about reading letters that refer to the doings of an official board, or the character and ability of its members, when they have all been in their graves for half a century.

The chief publications of Lord Broughton were,—*Imitations and Translations from the Classics, with Original Poems* (London, 1809, 8vo); *Journey through Albania and other Provinces of Turkey with Lord Byron** (1812, 4to; 2nd ed. 1818); *Substance of some Letters written by an Englishman resident at Paris during the last Reign of Napoleon. With an Appendix of Original Documents* (1816, 2 vols. 8vo); *Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold," containing Dissertations on the Ruins of Rome, and an Essay on Italian Literature* (London, 1818, 8vo); etc. He was, moreover, a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, and *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's Magazine*.† His *Recollections of a Long Life* (privately printed), was reviewed in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. cclxxii., April, 1871.

Of all the literary works of Lord Broughton, I should regard the *Historical Illustrations of "Childe Harold"* as the most interesting; and this chiefly from its more discursive character, and its relation to the career and poetry of Byron. The author possessed little imaginative power, but described what came under his personal observation truthfully and well. In his remarks upon the monuments of Italy he has not added materially to our stock of knowledge, or risen above the average of ordinary books of travel. His "Essay on the Present Literature of Italy" is, however, an interesting dissertation. His taste was sound, he was fond of the subject, and had given it considerable attention. His remarks upon the living or recently deceased Italian writers, especially the poets, are the result of intelligent study, and are still worthy of note. Cesarotti, who had ably translated Homer and Ossian into his native language, died in 1808 (p. 353); but Mazza, his school-fellow and friend, was still alive (p. 362), and Hippolito Pindemonte (p. 413), to whom Ugo Foscolo dedicated his *Sepolcri*. Hobhouse does not appear to have

* Ably criticized in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. x. pp. 175–298.

† I perceive that Lowndes also attributes to Hobhouse two volumes of clever satirical poetry, entitled *Sketches from St. George's Fields*, by Giorgione di Castel Chiuso (Series I. 1820; Series II. 1821, small 8vo). I think the bibliographer must be in error; and that the authorship should rather be ascribed to Peter Bayley, editor of the *Museum*, who died March 25th, 1823, in a carriage, as he was on his way to the Opera House. Series II. is dedicated to J. C. Hobhouse, though this, of course, implies nothing.

enjoyed a personal acquaintance with these celebrated men, though he had evidently read them with attention. Of Alfieri, who died in 1804, he gives a very interesting account (p. 395), as well as of Vincenzo Monti, who wrote in the *Terza Rima*. Neither did he know the great moral poet Joseph Parini, who died in extreme poverty, and sleeps without a stone to mark the resting-place of one who exercised so extraordinary an influence upon his age :—

"———E senza tomba giace il tuo
Sacerdote, o Talio, che a te cantando
Nel suo povero tetto educò un lauro
Con lungo amore, e t'appendea corone." *

Of Ugo Foscolo, the writer of these lines,—that greatest of modern Italian poets, who died in London, September, 1827, and whose bones were exhumed, within the last ten years, from their exile's grave at Chiswick, to be transported with all the honours of an acknowledged patriot to Santa Croce,—Hobhouse has given a succinct and pleasing account (p. 452); with some interesting, if not very profound, remarks upon that remarkable book *Ultime Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*,—a work which has exercised an influence over the rising intellect of Italy not inferior to that which the *Werther's Leiden* of Goethe has had over the mind of Young Germany.

LXXIII.—MR. SERJEANT TALFOURD.

"CUT is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man ;
FAUSTUS is gone." †

As an early contributor to the *London Magazine*,—as the friend of Lamb, Coleridge, Carey, Godwin, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Bulwer and Dickens,—and as the author of *Ion*,—the name of TALFOURD will ever find honourable mention in the annals of his country's literature.

He was born, May 26th, 1795, at Reading, where his father "won his bread by supplying other people with beer,"—in other words, was a brewer,—and after a preliminary education of two years at the Protestant Dissenters' Grammar School at Mill Hill, was sent to complete his training, to that of his native town, then under the celebrated Dr. Valpy, a pedagogue for whom ever after he felt an almost filial reverence. I have an imperfect recollection of a poem in the *Statesman* newspaper, addressed to Sir Francis Burdett, on his liberation from imprisonment in the Tower of London, which I believe was Talfourd's earliest venture in print. While still at Reading School he published a slender volume of verse, entitled *Poems on Various Subjects*, the subject of the first being "On the Education of the Poor," suggested to him, while at Mill Hill, by a visit thereto of the celebrated Joseph Lancaster. The little volume contained other pieces of merit, but it was this poem on education in particular which gained him influential friends, by whose advice and assistance, on

* *Dei Sepolcri.*

† Marlow's *Doctor Faustus.*



T. N. Talfourd

AUTHOR OF "ION."

proceeding to London to study for the bar in 1813, he became a pupil of the eminent pleader, Chitty, whom, during his four years' pupilage, he largely assisted in the preparation of his standard work on "Criminal Law." In the same year, he wrote for the *Pamphleteer* a long essay, entitled "An Appeal to the Protestant Dissenters of Great Britain on Behalf of Roman Catholics."

Mary Russell Mitford, who had known him at an earlier period, expressed, in a letter to a friend, her high opinion of his abilities, and prognosticated his success. "You should know," she proceeds, "that he has the very great advantage of having nothing to depend upon but his own talents, and industry; and those talents are, I assure you, of the very highest order. I know nothing so eloquent as his conversation,—so powerful, so full; passing with equal ease from the plainest detail to the loftiest and most sustained flights of imagination; heaping, with unrivalled fluency of words and ideas, image upon image, and illustration upon illustration. Never was conversation so dazzling, so brilliant."

There is an old alliance between Law and Poetry;—was not Themis styled the *Parnassian* by the ancients? Yet Goddess and Muse are so jealous alike, that the presumptuous mortal who ventures to sacrifice in their temples alternately, will ten to one get his offerings spurned by both for his pains. In *sermo pedester*, a Jack at all trades is master of none; and inasmuch as very unusual abilities are required to succeed either as orator, poet, or lawyer, instances are by no means common of one and the same person rising to distinction in all three. But this is what Talfourd did in verification of the prophecy of the authoress of *Our Village*. Thus he was amusingly described by Maginn as "a gentleman who woos at once the Nine Muses and Five Justices of the Common Pleas, and cultivates with equal assiduity the graces of Clio and his Clients; who has studied Blackstone, and has not deemed it necessary to imitate him in bidding a farewell to the Muse; but who furnishes briefs to Macready to plead the cause of 'Ion' before the judges of Covent Garden, as readily as he receives those which send himself to plead the causes of the everlasting Does and Roes of Westminster Hall."

It is of course this last-named tragedy that now brings him into the court of *Regina;* and it would be out of place to say much about his legal essays, many of which, published about this time, although of an ephemeral character as discussing questions of the day, are still worth reading for their elegant style, argumentative skill, and striking illustration. Among these may be mentioned a reply to certain objections taken by Cobbett to the Unitarian Relief Bill; a pamphlet of great ability, entitled *Strictures on Capital Punishments, with Observations on the True Nature of Justice, and the Legitimate Design of Penal Institutions;* another, *Observations on the Punishment of the Pillory;* and *An Appeal against the Act for Regulating Royal Marriages.* For several years he reported circuit cases for the *Times* newspaper, and was a large contributor to the *Law Magazine.*

Turning to his labours in elegant literature, it is important to mention that so early as 1815, he had published, as an original contribution to the *Pamphleteer* (No. x. vol. v.), an elaborate essay, entitled "An Attempt to estimate the Poetical Talent of the Present Age, including a Sketch of the History of Poetry,"—a paper which is remarkable as exhibiting a full appreciation of the genius of Wordsworth, which had not then obtained a

due recognition among poetical critics. In 1817, when enfranchised from the routine labours of Mr. Chitty's office, he became a large contributor to the *Retrospective Review*, in association with Henry Southern, Sir Harris Nicolas and others; and to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, for which he wrote the articles on Homer, the Greek Tragedians, the Greek Lyric Poets, etc. Between 1820 and 1832, he was a pretty constant writer in the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Review* and the *London Magazine*.

In 1821, Talfourd was called to the Bar by the society of the Middle Temple after four years' successful practice as a special pleader; he joined the Oxford Circuit and Berkshire Sessions, and soon succeeded in obtaining a large and lucrative practice. In 1826, he nevertheless found time to prepare a memoir on the life and writings of the celebrated writer of romance, Mrs. Radcliffe, which is prefixed to her posthumous works. Nor were his legal studies neglected among more literary employment, and he superintended a new edition of Dickenson's useful *Guide to the Quarter Sessions*. In 1833, he was called to the degree of Serjeant at Law, with a patent of precedence; and also became Recorder of Banbury.

In 1835 he was returned to Parliament at the general election for his native town. In his legislative capacity he introduced a useful measure, the "Custody of Infants Act," and another, the "Copyright Act" of 1841. For his exertions in this question he is entitled to the lasting gratitude of literary men. One memorable expression of this is enshrined in the graceful dedication to him of the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1837), by Charles Dickens, who says to his friend:—"Many a fevered head and palsied hand will gather new vigour in the hour of sickness and distress from your excellent exertions; many a widowed mother and orphan child, who would otherwise reap nothing from the fame of departed genius but its too frequent legacy of poverty and suffering, will bear, in their altered condition, higher testimony to the value of your labours than the most lavish encomiums from lip or pen could ever afford." Three years later were published, by Moxon, *Three Speeches delivered in the House of Commons in favour of a Measure for an Extension of Copyright, by T. N. Talfourd, etc.; to which are added the Petition in favour of the Bill, and Remarks on the Present State of the Copyright Question* (1840, 12mo).

In 1848, Talfourd received the honour of knighthood, and was made a judge of the Common Pleas. He had the reputation of discharging his judicial functions with ability, discretion, and conscientiousness.

The reputation of Talfourd chiefly depends upon his beautiful tragedy *Ion*. This was printed for private circulation towards the close of 1834; and two editions were thus disposed of. A notice of it appeared in the *Quarterly Review*;* and at length the author consented to its production at Covent Garden Theatre, for Macready's benefit, May 26th, 1836, when it achieved a decided success. I need not remind the reader that the title of this play is borrowed from a tragedy of Euripides, where will also be found the primal idea of the "situation,"—that of a foundling youth, educated in a temple, and ministering in its services. To involve such a character in circumstances which would naturally excite the passions of the mind, recourse was had to the old Greek notion of Destiny,—to the accomplishment of a prophecy,—and "to the idea of *fascination*, as an engine

* September, 1835, vol. liv. p. 505.

by which Fate might work its purposes on the innocent mind, and force it into terrible action most uncongenial to itself, but necessary to the issue." Whether "groups surrounded with the associations of the Greek Mythology, and subjected to the capricious laws of Greek superstition, could be endowed by genius itself with such present life as to awaken the sympathies of an English audience," the author himself considered a subject of doubt. He felt that he was asking too much for a *spectator* to grant, but hoped that yet he might engage the *reader*. "This drama," says he, "may be described as the phantasm of a tragedy,—not a thing of substance mortised into the living rock of humanity,—and therefore incapable of exciting that interest which grows out of human feeling, or of holding that permanent place in the memory which truth only can retain." So much as to the *genesis* of the tragedy, of whose merits and destination its author forms a a correct idea. *Ion* is not a work of genius, but of exquisite refinement, learning and taste. It is classical and graceful in conception; instinct with subtle pathos and sentiment. These are its merits. Its defects are chiefly those of execution; the idea is hardly worked out with consistency, —the style not sufficiently dramatic—and the poetry, although refined, deficient in imagination. With a deep sense of classical grace awakened in his mind by the early teachings of Dr. Valpy, and the representations of Greek tragedy superintended by that able scholar, Talfourd had been debarred by the conscientious scruples of friends from an early acquaintance with English dramatic literature. It was from the "Sacred Dramas" of Hannah More that he derived his first sense of the enjoyment produced by the idea of dramatic action. His mind, as yet incapable of appreciating "the deep humanities" of Shakespeare, took delight in the "brocaded grandeurs" of Dryden, Rowe and Addison. Hence grew up the "idle wish" to write a tragedy, and hence were derived those materials which, treasured up by memory and co-ordinated by the imagination, form the basis of the tragedy of *Ion*. Maginn hits the mark when he says, "Much may be said in its praise; but it will never succeed on the stage. It is to be applauded and forgotten. Neither can we, with fear of Homer and Co. before our eyes, pronounce it to be Greek in spirit . . . 'Ion' himself is a puling creature. There is, however, good stuff in the tragedy, and Talfourd will do better things." As an acting play, *Ion* has not retained its place; but it will never be without charm for the tasteful reader. A similar remark is also applicable to Talfourd's two later dramas, *The Athenian Captive*, and *Glencoe; or, the Fate of the Macdonalds*.

It was to the author of *Ion* that Bulwer dedicated his charming *Lady of Lyons*, as one "whose genius and example have alike contributed towards the regeneration of the national drama;" and Leigh Hunt, who appears to have been prevented by illness from witnessing the first representation of the tragedy, addressed a set of pleasing verses to his friend, the author.*

In April, 1840, an indictment was preferred against Henry Hether-

* See Leigh Hunt's fine lines "To the Author of *Ion*."

"A great, good age!—greatest and best in this,—
That it struck dumb th' old anti-creeds, which parted
Man from the child,—prosperity from the bliss
Of faith in good,—and toil of wealth outwarted
From leisure crown'd with bay, such as thine is,
TALFOURD! a lawyer prosperous and young-hearted," etc.

ington, a bookseller in the Strand, for selling Haslam's *Letters to the Clergy of all Denominations*, in penny numbers, charging them as libels on the Old Testament. The cause was tried before Lord Denman, in the Court of Queen's Bench, December 8th, 1840, when the defence was conducted by the defendant himself, mainly on the ground of right to publish all matters of opinion, and that the work in question fairly came within the operation of that principle. He was, however, convicted, and underwent an imprisonment of four months in the prison of Queen's Bench. While this prosecution was pending, Mr. Hetherington, who was a man of considerable ability, conceived the design of prosecuting, in his turn, several booksellers for the sale of the complete edition of the Poetical Works of Shelley which had recently been published by Moxon (1840, 8vo), to range with the collected works of Crabbe, Byron, Charles Lamb and others. Indictments were preferred against various vendors; but Moxon, as the publisher, caused his own name to be entered the first of the series to be tried. The cause eventually came on in the Court of Queen's Bench, June 23rd, 1841, before Lord Denman and a special jury. Mr. Thomas appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd for the defence. Lord Denman concluded his observations by the expression of his opinion that "the most effectual method of dealing with obnoxious doctrines is to refute them by argument, rather than by persecuting their authors." The jury retired for a quarter of an hour, and returned a verdict of *Guilty*, unaccompanied by any observation. If any task could awaken the soul of poetry in an advocate, it would surely be the defence of such a man as Moxon for publishing such a poet as Shelley. What, then, would be its effect on Talfourd? His speech for the defendant was, as we should expect it to be, an eloquent "Defence of Poetry,"—a noble burst of enthusiasm. He argued that there was a radical difference between the cases of Hetherington and Moxon; that whereas in the *former*, the offensive matter formed the staple of the publication,—was issued with a view to bring God and religion into contempt,—and was thrown, by the lowness of its price, in the way of those whom it was most likely to injure; in the *latter*, the passages indicted as being profanely libellous were not the three-hundredth part of the whole volume,—should not be judged apart from their context,—were not the mature opinions of the author,—and were only given to the world as necessary elements in the consideration of his intellectual development. He pointed out the price of the book,—twelve shillings,—as likely to confine it to educated readers; showed that, if the prosecution was successful, true bills of indictment might be obtained against any one who had sold a copy of Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, Ovid or Juvenal; of Shakespeare and our own dramatists; of Milton, even; of Byron; of "the vast productions of the German mind;" of "that stupendous work" *Faust*; and that, as to this last, a jury might be asked "to take it in their hand, and at an hour's glance to decide whether it is a libel on God, or a hymn by Genius to His praise." He pleaded the respectability of the publisher,—the whole tenor of his life,—and his association and friendship with Rogers, Lamb, Coleridge and Southey,—and concluded by committing the cause of the defendant, as that of Genius, Learning, History and Thought, into the hands of the jury. This fine speech he revised and published in the following year (Moxon, 1841, 8vo, pp. 58).

The death of this able and amiable man was awfully sudden. In association with Mr. Justice Wightman, he opened the Commission at Oxford, March 6th, 1854, and that at Stafford on the 11th of the same month. On the following day he attended Divine service, and on Monday morning, after an early walk, entered the court at the usual hour, and commenced his address to the Grand Jury. While commenting upon the state of the calendar,—which contained a list of more than one hundred prisoners, a great proportion of whom were charged with atrocious offences,—he observed that many of these might be traced to the vice of intemperance, and took occasion to deplore the want of sympathy between the higher and lower classes, and urged upon the former the duty of their taking a more lively interest in the welfare of the latter. At these words he was observed to become excited and flushed, and to manifest a thickness and hesitancy of utterance. Suddenly he fell forward with his face on his book, and was immediately caught in the arms of his senior clerk and his second son, who acted as his marshal. Dr. Holland and Dr. Knight, two magistrates, who were on the bench, rushed to his assistance. He was carried at once to the judges' lodgings, in the proximity of the court, when it was found that life was extinct. He was in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

In his charge to the grand jury at the Derby Assizes, the following feeling tribute was paid by Mr. Justice Coleridge to his departed friend and brother judge:—"His literary performances you can scarcely be ignorant of; but, indeed, he was much more than a distinguished leader, an eminent judge, or a great ornament of our literature. He had but one ruling purpose of his life—the doing good to his fellow-creatures in his generation. He was eminently courteous and kind, generous, simple-hearted, of great modesty, of the strictest honour, and of spotless integrity."

The younger brother of the judge, Mr. Field Talfourd, born in 1815, was well known as a portrait and landscape painter, in oil, water and crayons. He died in March, 1874.

In 1855, a bust of Talfourd by Lough was placed in the Crown Court at Stafford. It is considered an excellent likeness, and bears, on a tablet beneath, the inscription:—

"On the Judgment Seat of this Court,
While addressing the Grand Jury,
On March XIII., MDCCCLIV.,
died

SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD, KNT., D.C.L.,
One of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas,
An accomplished Orator, Lawyer, and Poet.

The Members of the Oxford Circuit
Erected this Memorial
Of their Regard and Admiration,
For their former Leader, Companion and Friend." *

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* There is an article on the "Life and Writings of the late Mr. Justice Talfourd," in the *North British Review*, No. xlix., May, 1856.

LXXIV.—SIR JOHN SOANE.

"WHILOM by silver Thames's gentle stream,
In London town there dwelt a subtle wight;
A wight of mickle wealth and mickle fame,
Book-learn'd and quaint, a virtuoso hight:
Uncommon things and rare were his delight;
From musings deep his brain ne'er gotten ease,
Nor ceasen he from study day nor night;
Until (advancing onward by degrees)
He knew whatever treads on earth, or air, or seas."

. . . . . .

"His rich museum, of dimensions fair,
With goods that spoke the owner's mind was fraught;
Things curious, ancient, value-worth and rare,
From sea and land, from Greece and Rome were brought,
Which he with mighty sums of gold had bought.—
On these all tydes with joyous eyes he pored,
And, sooth to say, himself he greater thought,
When he beheld his cabinets thus stored,
Than if he'd been of Albion's wealthy cities lord." *

The smart French adage, *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*, seems, in some sort, exemplified by the original exhibitor of the "Gallery," who protests against any one being "so besotted as to fancy, from the appearance of yonder venerable effigy, that decrepitude and dotage are the best recommendations to a niche"; and asking if he has not already hung up in the *pinacotheca* of "REGINA," "Cephalus" Ainsworth, "Narcissus" Bulwer, and "Parisian" D'Orsay, diverts the attention of observers to "Old Soane, of the Antiquarian Society, ex-architect to the old lady in Threadneedle Street, *an. æt.* LXXXII., delineated at full length,—

'Veluti votivâ picta tabellâ forma senis,'

—as a set-off to the fascinations of that distinguished trio."

However this may be, if SIR JOHN SOANE had possessed the combined talent of VITRUVIUS and PALLADIO, it may shrewdly be suspected that, in his character of mere architect, he would possess little interest for the readers of these Notices. Let us, then, cast about in search of such other elements in his career as may seem to have given him *locus standi* among our "ILLUSTRIOUS."

It is astonishing how many persons there are,—ay, and Londoners, too,—whose philosophy has never dreamt that there is such an institution as "Sir John Soane's Museum," or who, aware of its existence, have never thought it worth their while to inspect its contents. Yet here they may pass, as I have often done, a right pleasant hour or two,—wander at will, from room to room, just as the old architect lived and worked in them,—gaze upon the fine ceilings painted by his friend and frequent visitor, Henry Howard, R.A.,—and revel at leisure among the treasures of art which his liberality has placed at the service of the public. Here may be seen "The Rake's Progress," by HOGARTH,—eight paintings in

* Akenside, *The Virtuoso.*



John Soane

AUTHOR OF "DESIGNS OF BUILDINGS."

oil, purchased for 570 guineas,—with the four "Election" pictures by the same great master, which cost the collector 1650 guineas; paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Danby, Hilton, Calcott, Eastlake, Howard, Fuseli and Canaletti; drawings by Stothard, Turner, Barrett, Hamilton and Cosway; models by Flaxman, Gibson and Banks; antiques, busts, Flemish carvings, ancient capitals and friezes, terra-cottas, miniatures, bronzes, medals, and a vast assemblage of artistic and antiquarian curiosities. Here is the original copy of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* in the handwriting of Tasso; Sir Christopher Wren's watch; the pistol presented by Alexander of Russia to the first Napoleon, at the treaty of Tilsit in 1807; the ivory chairs and table of Tippoo Saib; Fauntleroy's illustrated copy of Pennant's *London*, which cost Soane 650 guineas; a Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, illuminated by Giovio Clovio for Cardinal Grimani;* a fine collection of ancient gems; a set of the famed Napoleon medals, selected by the Baron Denon for the Empress Josephine; the first four folio editions of Shakespeare, once owned by John Philip Kemble; sixteen original sketches and models by J. Flaxman, R.A., including one of the few plaster casts of the Shield of Achilles; several sketches and models by T. Banks, R.A., including the Boothby monument, considered one of his best works; *cum multis aliis*. Here, too, is the magnificent Egyptian Sarcophagus, discovered by Belzoni in 1816, in a tomb in the valley of Beban-el-Malook, near Gournon; and purchased by Sir John Soane, in 1824, from Mr. Salt, for £2000. It is constructed of one single block of alabaster or arragonite; translucent, as shown by a light placed within it, though nearly three inches in thickness, and covered within and without by hieroglyphics, with, on the inner bottom, a full length figure of the Egyptian Isis, the guardian of the dead. Although I have spoken of it as a *sarcophagus*, I do not forget that Sir Gardner Wilkinson rather considers this curious relic a *cenotaph;* and holds that the name inscribed is that of Osirei, father of Rameses the Great. The whole collection is distributed over twenty-four rooms; and every nook, corner and passage of the house is, in some way, turned to account. Besides this, there is an ingenious arrangement of moveable shutters for the display of the pictures, by which the wall-space is extended to the dimensions of a gallery. Altogether, the museum, which was formed with strict reference to the illustration of the arts, will be found to contain a great number of valuable and interesting objects; while even the less important part is not without its attractions, and hardly exhibits that *farrago* of "curious" rubbish which the antiquary of Burns had brought together—

* Julio Clovio, born in 1498, was one of the most admired of the Italian miniaturists of the 16th century. His productions are very rare in this country, his talents as an illuminator having been chiefly employed in the decoration of manuscripts for the Papal Library. The magnificent MS. in the Soane collection measures 18½ by 13 inches, and is written by Cardinal Grimani on 148 leaves of the finest vellum. A selection from the ornamental and illuminated borders, together with a portrait of the Cardinal, and various Arabesques and Medallions, were accurately copied, arranged and grouped, in illuminated and coloured lithography, by John Brandard, as illustrations of the *Musical Bijou* of 1847. The brothers BRANDARD,—Robert and John,—were natives of Birmingham. Robert was eminent as an engraver, and his water-colour drawings, of which there are specimens in the South Kensington collection, are quite *Coxy* in character. John was extensively and profitably employed by the London Music Publishers, in the production of illustrative designs, in plain and coloured lithography, but he fatally marred his career by dissipation, and died early.

"Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubal-Cain's fire-shovel and fender;—
A broom-stick o' the Witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass,"

—and which almost inevitably accumulates as the *caput mortuum* of a multifarious gathering.

The whole collection was valued at some £50,000, and was "settled and preserved" by its possessor for the benefit of the public, in perpetuity, by an Act of Parliament obtained in the year 1833, which came into operation at his death, four years later. Previously to this, an elaborate description was given to the world under the somewhat pompous title of *The Union of Architecture, Sculpture and Painting, exemplified in the House and Galleries of John Soane, etc.*, edited by John Britton, F.S.A. (1827, 4to, 29 plates).* In 1832 appeared another *Description of the House and Museum*, also in 4to, with 17 plates, chiefly lithographs. In 1835, while a new and enlarged edition was in preparation, the owner of the collection anticipated a portion of it by his *Description of Three Designs for the Two Houses of Parliament, made in* 1779, 1794 *and* 1796, *and of other Works of Art in the House and Museum of the Professor of Architecture of the Royal Academy, in a Letter to a Friend;* and shortly after appeared the *Description of the House and Museum on the North Side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Residence of Sir John Soane, etc. With graphic Illustrations and incidental Details.* With this volume, which contains 38 plates and vignettes, was given a copy of the Act, passed in 1833 for settling and endowing the Museum. It was not, however, printed for sale, 150 copies only being struck off for presentation to "illustrious personages in this and in foreign countries, to public literary and scientific institutions and to private friends."† A French translation was also printed; and an abridgment drawn up, in 1840, by Mr. G. Bailey, the old pupil of Sir John and curator of the Museum, where only it was to be obtained. To this little volume is prefixed an engraving of the splendid medal which the architects of Great Britain caused to be struck in March, 1835, and presented to Sir John Soane, in token of their approbation of his conduct and talents.‡ "A côté de ce bel exemple de dévouement civique vient se placer un acte non moins honorable, et qui honore autant les Architectes Britanniques que leur vénérable doyen. Je veux parler de la médaille qu'ils firent frapper en son honneur. L'antiquité, et les temps modernes du plus vif enthousiasme pour les Arts, n'offrent rien de plus glorieux. Félicitons-nous-en notre siècle, et puissiez-vous, Messieurs, ajouter un nouveau prix aux témoignages d'estime et de vénération dont M. Soane a été l'objet; puissiez-vous exprimer votre sympathie pour la louable démarche des Architectes Britanniques par une autre non moins honorable pour la Grande-Bretagne que pour la France, en addressant à l'auteur de la Banque d'Angleterre, et aux mêmes titres qui lui valurent la glorieuse distinction, le Diplôme de Membre Honoraire de notre Société." §

The celebrated mutilation of Sir John Soane's portrait, by William

* See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1827, p. 129.

† This volume is noticed in an article headed "A Batch of Architects," in *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1837.

‡ See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 524.

§ From a "Report on the House and Museum of Sir John Soane," by Mr. J. J. Hittorff, Architect, read before the "Société Libre des Beaux Arts," at Paris, November 20th, 1836.

Jerdan, was an episode in the history of the Literary Fund, with which it would be hardly worth while to enter at length but for the want of a better subject. Sir John had been a large subscriber, and a wish having been manifested to have his portrait in the committee-room, it was liberally offered by Maclise to paint and present it to the Society. Sir John accordingly "sat," and the portrait was achieved. At first it was considered a marvellous resemblance, and there is little doubt that it was so. But just as Queen Elizabeth, in her latter days, was wrath with the too-conscientious Master of the Mint who dared to represent the wrinkles of his Royal mistress on that unfortunate shilling, of which only one mutilated impression now remains to perpetuate the story, so was the octogenarian knight led to believe that the artist had dug "deeper trenches in his beauty's field" than Time himself in his eighty years' siege. Officious parasites at the great man's table fostered the idea; he became furious with wounded vanity, and ended with demanding, as the condition of the continuance of his subscription, that the too-truthful portrait should be handed to him, and replaced by a copy, which he offered to provide, of his likeness by Sir Thomas Lawrence. No objection was made to this, and matters might have been made pleasant had not Maclise demanded back his portrait, to which he certainly had a right. Sir John, on the other hand, insisted that it should be given up to himself, and the Committee was thus placed in a dilemma. If the portrait was handed over to Sir John, a gross injustice was inflicted on the artist; while, if Maclise received back his picture, there was an end to the foolish old knight's subscriptions. Hugely perplexed, the committee was gravely deliberating which course it should adopt, when "a poor half-witted fellow, very well known in the town, and who had by some means heard of the controversy, put an end to the dispute in the simplest manner possible."* Having surreptitiously obtained admission into the committee-room late in the evening, he deliberately cut the portrait into shreds, and took his departure, leaving behind him a note to the effect that he had "destroyed the bone of contention." The affair created, of course, a tremendous sensation, and it was even proposed to indict the offender for felony. Maclise, however, was generous, and the storm blew over, leaving little trace of its occurrence, but in a century or so of epigrams, all now forgotten, and of which the following is by no means the worst:—

"A PICTORIAL DESTRUCTIVE'S DEFENCE.

"*To the Literary Fund Committee.*

"'Tis past all question that Maclise
Has fail'd your friend, Sir John, to please;
Then never look at me askance;
For this, believe me, is the case,—
If I had not *destroy'd his face,*
You must have *lost his countenance.*"

As I have hinted above, the "poor half-witted fellow" was no other than William Jerdan. Mr. C. P. Roney had not long been elected to the office of secretary, and was, no doubt, horror-stricken at the sacrilege. Jerdan says†:—"I fancy the greatest shock he received in the discharge of his duties was when I cut Soane's portrait into ribands, and carried the slip of canvas with the eyes on it to show him at the opera, where

* *Dublin University Magazine* (Notice of Maclise), May, 1847, p. 605.
† *Autobiography of William Jerdan*, vol. iv. p. 402.

I knew he was, and which drove him in dismay from a ballet that no young Irishman could dream of leaving except under very violent pressure indeed. I was menaced with Heaven knows what vengeance for committing this atrocious (and I confess half-crazy) deed, but the impulse was defensible." The following epigram, or squib, which appeared at the time, may serve to further elucidate the matter, and set it in its true light :—

"The feud between SIR JOHN SOANE and the Literary Fund has at length 'in hollow murmurs died away'; the talented but too zealous perpetrator of the mutilation has been gently rebuked, and there the matter ends—unless, indeed, the suggestion given below be acted upon, which we scarcely anticipate :—

"(Dr. T. *loquitur.*

["Ochone! Ochone!
For the portrait of SOANE!
JERDAN, you ought to have let it alone;
Don't you see that instead of 'removing the bone
Of contention,' the apple of discord you've thrown?
One general moan,
Like a tragedy groan,
Burst forth when the picturecide deed became known.
When the story got blown,
From the Thames to the Rhone,
Folks were calling for ether and Eau de Cologne,
All shock'd at the want of discretion you've shown.
If your heart's not a stone,
You will forthwith atone:
The best way to do that is to ask Mr. RONE—
—Y to sew up the slits; the Committee, you'll own,
When it's once stitch'd together, must see that it's SOANE!" *

The muse of poor Laman Blanchard somehow came within the sphere of infection, and in due time exhibited the following eruption :—

"ON THE DESTRUCTION OF SIR JOHN SOANE'S PORTRAIT, BELONGING TO THE LITERARY FUND SOCIETY.

"'Dear Friend,' says Mr. J——, with truth's own grace,
'Your knight I've slaughter'd with my penknife's lance;
But then, if I had not *destroy'd his face*,
You would have surely *lost his countenance.*'

"A logical defence! Let none deride,
Or doubt that this each graver charge rebuts;
Our friend may boast he has not multiplied
A single picture into several cuts!

"But *is* the face destroy'd? Is hope, then, vain?
No! Cæsar stabb'd by Brutus doubtless ceases,
But what was Soane may yet be *sewn* again—
Although to give us peace, 'tis cut in pieces!" †

Maginn comments in eloquent strain upon the unhappy results of what Jerdan facetiously called "a *bone* of contention," and the offence given by the too faithful portrait. "We now learn," says he, "with sincere regret, that Sir John has allowed himself to be ear-wigged, by certain interested parties, into a withdrawal of his name and countenance from an unoffending charity on grounds so ridiculous. When those who

* Qy. Sewn?—*Print. Dev.*

† *Poetical Works of Laman Blanchard*, edited by his son-in-law, and godson, Blanchard Jerrold (1876, 8vo, p. 262).

are born to rank and influence open their purse to the distressed sons of literature they at best but discharge a debt ; but has *Sir John Soane* forgotten the year 1777, when a poor mason's son, on a pittance of sixty pounds, drawn from an institution like this, was enabled to lay the foundations of professional knowledge on which *he* has since had the good fortune to raise so gorgeous a superstructure of wealth, crowned with honourable distinction? In what has CHARITY offended? Is it HER fault that wrinkles *will* attend on good old age, that gums *will* become toothless, and cheeks collapsed? While INTELLECT survives, it is yet a noble ruin ; but when symptoms of decay, such as we would fain not have thus to record, make themselves *there* perceptible, we must only sigh out our sorrowful conviction, '*fis anus!*'

"Literature can do more for his fame than stone and mortar will ever achieve, and, if he be wise, he will make the Muses the caryatides of his renown. Ever since the art of printing arose, Glory has been in its gift, and Immortality at its disposal ; in the dark ages, says Victor Hugo, '*Les Iliades prenaient la forme de cathédrales.*' The contemporary mind painfully and laboriously sought to eternize itself in huge masses ; Masonry was the expression, Architecture the language of society. Nowadays, human thought becomes a myriad of birds, and wafts its simultaneous flight to the four corners of the earth. You can demolish a monument, but you cannot grapple with UBIQUITY ; a MS. may be destroyed, but EDITIONS defy torch and Turk ; a picture is cut in shreds, but REGINA'S GALLERY is flung open to the eye of ages yet unborn."

Ohe, jam satis! Enough of this pictorial squabble. Every one "has heard," says Maginn presuming on a knowledge which if it existed in his day, certainly does not now, "of the *fracas* at the Literary Fund,—of Maclise the painter, and of Jerdan the iconoclast. The removal of a shattered old *lutrin* furnished Boileau with materials for an epic ; the disappearance of a rotten old bucket fired the muse of Tassoni ; but the demolition of Soane's portrait is yet unsung. The grave objection taken to its *excessive* likeness must apply, we fear, equally to our sketch ; and it will be seen that the features of the case have not been improved by the penknife of the Gazetteer. Indeed, that exploit had not even the merit of originality : the experiment of rejuvenating a tough old subject, by the process of cutting up, was long ago tried on Pelias, king of Colchis, at the suggestion of Medea the witch, and was not found to answer."

The best existing portrait of Soane is that by Sir Thomas Lawrence, which remains at the Museum, and hangs in the Dining-room ; this was painted in 1829, and was almost the last work of the artist.* There is an earlier portrait (1804) by W. Owen, R.A. ; a third by Sam. Drummond, A.R.A.† ; and a fourth, in Masonic costume, by John Jackson, R.A. This painter, at the time of his death in 1831, was engaged on a portrait of Lady Soane, which in its unfinished state, is preserved in the Museum ; where is also a sketch in chalk by John Flaxman, R.A. A marble bust of Sir John, by Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., will be found in the Gallery, under the Dome.

The professional career of Sir John Soane was not free from the machinations of that envy which pursues successful merit as its shade.

* This portrait has been engraved by C. Turner, A.R.A.

† Engraved by T. Blood, 1813.

In 1788, the year in which he published his *Plans, Elevations and Sections of Buildings*, etc., folio, dedicated by permission to the King, he was appointed, after a sharp competition with thirteen competing rivals to succeed Sir Robert Taylor, as Architect to the Bank of England. This success of course procured him numerous enemies; "a *corps collectif*," he states in an unpublished autobiography, "was organized, which has since pursued me incessantly, on every opportunity, in every stage of my life, up to the present moment." A malignant attack upon his professional character was made in the *Observer* newspaper, in which he was styled "The Modern Goth," for having pulled down the Rotunda; and when James Wyatt gave a dinner, to celebrate the opening of the Globe Tavern, in Fleet Street, of which he was the architect, the obnoxious article was reprinted, and a copy placed on the plate of every guest. He also gave considerable offence to his professional brethren by his evidence on the occasion of an action brought against the county of Nottingham by Mr. Stoddart, to recover a charge of two per cent., for measuring the buildings of a newly erected gaol, in addition to the usual allowance of five per cent. to the architect or surveyor. Here Sir John Soane, who was the only professional witness called by the county, stood alone in combating the practice, which he thought extortionate; and the verdict was in favour of the plaintiff.

In an able article on the architecture of Wilkins's Nelson Column at Yarmouth (*Annals of the Fine Arts*, vol. iv. p. 511), it is suggested that the name of the architect should be inscribed on every building of importance, as, in many instances, it had become impossible to ascertain by whom an edifice had been designed. A competent critic, but a bad writer, James Elmes, in commenting upon this, says: "Of all living architects, Mr. Soane is the least likely to suffer from this cause, for every design that he ever made, from his machicolated porches at Norwich Castle to his superb Council Chamber at Whitehall, the most tasteful, elegant, and splendid room of the day, is stamped with his seal and impress, and marked on every moulding with his name. He has the merit of having introduced an elegant, ornamental, and chaste style into England, as florid as the richest of the Roman, and as chaste as the fane of the virgin goddess of the Athenian. With him, purity is not poverty; breadth, baldness; nor chasteness of style, coldness. Rich, ornamental and florid, wanting perhaps a little boldness in the larger parts, Mr. Soane has succeeded in founding a style, extremely original and entirely his own. He has enlarged the bounds of the art, not by the invention of a new order, but by the introduction of new species of the legitimate genius into England." *

A sixth order is the philosophers' stone of architects. Italy pursued the *ignis fatuus* in the 15th and 16th centuries; France was attacked by the mania in the reign of Louis XIV., when Pierre de la Roche announced, that, by adorning his capital with the nodding ostrich plumes of the Princes of Wales, he imparted to it a dignity and grace that far surpassed the Corinthian, and must ultimately supersede it. Sebastian Le Clerc gave two new orders; and our countryman, Sir William Chambers, who translated him in 1732, introduced and described no fewer than six, in his own treatise on Civil Architecture. Then came John Emlyn, architect to George III., who designed the modern Gothic screen

* *Metropolitan Improvements, or London in the Nineteenth Century*, 8vo, p. 126.

in St. George's Chapel; and Batty Langley, who, implying his own vast superiority to the correct Palladio, has expanded the Gothic style into five separate "orders." It is to Sir John Soane that we are indebted for the development of the capabilities of the Corinthian, and an acquaintance with its more splendid and striking varieties. Our knowledge of it, before his time, was limited to the example of the Pantheon; but he introduced to British architecture that variety of the order which is shown in the circular Temple at Tivoli, the Temple of Jupiter Stator in the Roman Forum, the Portico of Agrippa at Rome, and the modifications of the same order in Greece, particularly the gorgeous example of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. In the Ionic order, which, however, he used successfully in the interior of the Bank of England, as in the Doric, he has not evinced a similar daring of originality. The severity and chastity of these orders were at variance with his love of richness, and did not afford scope for that profusion of ornamentation which was the besetting sin of his style. I have already alluded to professional rivalry, and lay animadversion. The varieties which he introduced of an original order brought upon him the charge of inventing a new one. Early in his career, the scored walls and *antæ* of the Bank were satirized and abused in the doggrel verse of a poetaster whose name has escaped me. The angry architect brought an action against the scribbler, but got nothing but a long lawyer's bill for his pains. Bonomi the architect, gazing upon the insulated Ionic colonnade of Carlton House, once fronting Pall Mall, asked and answered in an epigrammatic distich worth preserving:—

"Care colonne, che fatti quà?
Non sapiamo, in verità!"

—of which I remember I know not whose version:—

"Just venture to ask them, 'Pray what brings you there?
They'll answer, ''Pon honour, can't say, we declare.'"

A similar question has been often put by captious critics to the side porticoes of the fine row of dwelling houses, on the east side of Regent Street, designed by Soane. This, which can hardly be said to belong to any particular order, but, in ornamentation, is rather an example of the Etruscan School, was considered, at the period of its erection, one of the most striking and elegant specimens of street architecture in the whole metropolis. But he who judges shall be judged himself; and the strictures which had been passed by Sir John Soane upon the work of his contemporaries were, fairly enough, turned upon himself by a witty critic. In *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, No. iv. 1824, appeared an article, which I should attribute to the editor, smartly satirizing the general style of the buildings of Professor Soane, with especial reference to this Regent Street row. The writer began by bewailing the loss by the moderns of a sixth order of architecture, which, from its original employment at Thebes, was called κατ' ἐξοχὴν, THE BŒOTIAN. It is described, he said, in the celebrated treatise of Pancirollus, *De Rebus Memorabilibus sive Deperditis;* and further developed in the ponderous lucubrations of a supposititious Dutchman, the learned Vander von Bluggen, "Amstel. 15 tom. folio," whence a great architectural genius of our own days had brought it to light, and given it a new habitation, if not name, in the British metropolis.

According to the veridical asseverations of Von Bluggen, the most perfect specimen of the order, to be found in ancient times, was exhibited by the Temple of Hermaphroditus at Thebes; but as this was unfortunately involved in the entire demolition of the Cadmean city by Alexander, when nothing but the house of Pindar was spared, we can only judge of its merits by "the columns of the central portico of the pile of building in Regent Street, a part of which is distinguished as the emporium of Messrs. Robins & Co., Auctioneers and Land Agents." The critic next sportively touches upon Dulwich College, which he says, "is a very fine specimen of Mr. Soane's own original and best style," and indites a capital parody of Gray's "Ode to Eton College," as an address to it :—

"Ye vases five, ye *antic* towers,
That crown the turnpike glade,
Where art, in dingy light adores
Her *Bourgeois'* ochrey shade;"

and then goes on to apostrophize the superior of the College, who, by the will of its founder, Allen, the celebrated comedian, must always bear the same name as himself,—

"Say, MASTER ALLEN, hast thou seen
The connoisseuring race,
Breathless, amazed, on Dulwich-green,
My lines of beauty trace?
Who foremost now delights to stop
To look at 'God's gift'* picture shop;
Is't NASH, or SMIRKE, or GWILT?
Do not the knowing loungers cry,
'My eye!' at my sarcophagi,
And guess by whom 'twas built!"

But enough of this; here again the ire of the architect, who could not bear adverse criticism on his own works, was enkindled, and he sought to tongue-tie the satirist by the law. He brought an action for damages against the publisher, and put Nash, Smirke, Gwilt, and Elmes into the witness-box. But, once more, the verdict was for the Defendant, and Sir John had to pay the piper.

Now, by way of concluding this already too lengthy notice, a few facts in brief summary of the more important land-marks in the professional career of Sir John Soane. He was a native of Reading, of patronymic, as some have it, originally *Soan* or *Swan*,†—where he was born September 10th, 1753. He became a pupil of Dance, and later, of Holland. He gained in 1772 the silver medal at the Royal Academy for the best drawing of the Banqueting House, Whitehall; and in 1776, the gold one for the best design for a triumphal bridge. He was brought by Sir William Chambers under the notice of the King, through whom he was sent to Italy, with the Academy's allowance of £60 per annum for three years, and as much more for travelling expenses; and remained abroad till 1780. In 1788, as I have already said, came his appointment as architect to the Bank of England, on the death of Sir Robert Taylor; a circumstance which mainly led to his reputation and fortune. In 1795, he was appointed architect to the Woods and Forests; and elected a

* The name given by the founder to the College.
† *Fine Arts Almanack*, 1850, p. 38.

Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, and an Associate of the Royal Academy. He was also made grand superintendent of work in the United Fraternity of Freemasons, of whose Hall he was the architect. In 1802, he obtained the full honours of the Academy; and in 1806 on the retirement of his old master, George Dance, R.A., from the office, was appointed Professor of Architecture to that body, when he thought fit to revive the practice, long fallen into abeyance, of delivering lectures to the students. It happened, however, in the course of these that he felt it his duty to pass certain strictures upon the works of a brother Academician, under the belief that it was part of his Professorial function to comment upon the designs of a living artist, if he considered his example to be pernicious. This led to a resolution of the Council of the Academy, to the effect that the Professor should not review or criticize the works of contemporary architects of his own country; and the course was suspended at the fourth Lecture, January 29th, 1810, and not resumed till an interval of two years had elapsed. In 1824, he became architect to the Royal College of Surgeons; and in September, 1831, received the honour of Knighthood. In 1833, he completed the new State Paper Office in St. James's Park, which was the last of his professional works.

On October 16th of the same year, with impaired sight, borne down by domestic calamities, and already an octogenarian, he retired from the profession in which he had been engaged for more than sixty years, for forty-five of which he had been in the service of the Bank of England, the governor and directors of which, when he tendered his resignation, expressed their high recognition of the value of his labours.

He died at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, without the slightest pain, and imperceptibly to his attendents, on January 20th, 1837, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. His remains lie in the burying-ground appertaining to the parish of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, where two large cypress-trees denote his grave. Here are also buried a brother Academician,—John Flaxman,—his wife and sister.

Sir John Soane was not happy in his domestic relations; but perhaps it is as well that I have no space to dwell upon these, especially his lamentable disagreement with his son George, which is at the end of my pen. He had been liberal enough in his support of public charities,—notably the Artists' and the Literary Fund; he bequeathed, as we have seen, his house and his collections to the nation; and he gave a thousand pounds towards the Duke of York's monument. It was this latter donation, especially, which subjected him to the charge of allowing his nearest relatives to live in a state of pauperism, while he was lavishing his money for the gratification of a selfish and absurd vanity. He alludes to this charge in the MS. autobiography to which I have referred; and states, in refutation, that he had set apart a sum of £20,000, in the names of Francis Chantrey, R.A., and others, as trustees for a grandson and three grand-daughters who are specially interested.

To the very last, his Museum engaged his attention; he made important alterations in the disposition of its contents, and a few months only before his death, purchased, for a sum of £500, the valuable collection of drawings, by his old master, the eminent architect, George Dance, R.A.

Not to mention in detail various literary essays connected with his

profession, and dating from the last century, in 1828 he published an important volume, entitled *Works: consisting of Designs of Public and Private Buildings*. London, royal folio, 56 plates.

There are *Memoirs of Sir John Soane*, by John Britton, F.S.A. (London, 1834, royal 8vo); and *a Review of the Professional Life of Sir John Soane, Architect, R.A., M.I.B.A., F.R.S., and Member of Various Foreign Academies; Deceased January 20th, 1837. With some Remarks on his Genius and Productions. Read at the First subsequent Ordinary Meeting of the Institute of British Architects, held Monday, 6th February, 1837*. By Thomas Leverson Donaldson, Fellow and Honorary Secretary, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, etc. (London, John Williams, etc., 1837, 8vo, pp. 32). At the end of this volume is a chronological account of the events in his career, drawn up by George Bailey, M.I.B.A., followed by a list of the more important designs and compositions made by him.

LXXV.—LORD LYNDHURST.

"IT is hardly possible to conceive a prouder situation than that which is now occupied by Lord Lyndhurst. He is the recognized leader of the most honourable party in what, considered on public grounds as a whole, and without reference to the factious fraction which he opposes, is the noblest body in the world; and he owes this lofty station to his own overwhelming talents. In an assembly which comprises men who have filled the greatest offices, governed vast provinces, led victorious armies, conducted important missions, presided over courts of justice, represented large constituencies,—who have, in short, fulfilled with distinction the highest functions of public life, in every department;—in an assembly where we find princes and marshals, viceroys and ambassadors, chancellors and judges, orators and statesmen, knights and nobles, the presence of any one of whom, with a few disgraceful exceptions, would be considered to be an ornament in any company in the world;—in this assembly, illustrious as it is by high birth, ancient descent, polished breeding, and not more so than by great talent, knowledge and eloquence, its most illustrious portion has, without a dissenting voice, chosen Lord Lyndhurst as its organ and its chief. It is a distinction of which any man might justly be proud; and that just pride must be enhanced by the consciousness that he executes the duty intrusted to him so as to excite the admiration of his noble allies, and, what is a tribute no less decisive, the bitter fury of his ignoble antagonists.

"It is quite unnecessary that we should attempt the slightest sketch of the life of a man so long before the public. The bawling demagogue of the day has threatened to expose his private history, and he may indulge his slanderous propensities with impunity, for all people duly appreciate the reason which dictates the lies he may publish in some obscure journals. They feel that in his sinking estate,—for sinking he is, in spite of his swagger and bluster,—he attributes his fall to the eloquence of that eminent orator whom we have enrolled in our Gallery. The celebrated



AUTHOR OF "SUMMARY OF THE SESSION."

speech which closed the last session demolished the reputation of the unfortunate Government, or rather shadow of a Government, stridden over by O'Connell. All parties agree that it had the most withering effect. The Whigs were silent, in breathless rage or fear; the Tories, entranced in admiration and mute wonder, as the eloquent periods flowed from the lips of the stately speaker. It is generally reported that O'Connell was present under the gallery while Lord Lyndhurst addressed to him, in one of his speeches, the passage directed by Cicero against Catiline, and that the triple-bronzed beggar-man shrank away in abashment. Yet that passage pleased us not. It was not fair to Catiline to compare him who, as Sallust tells, was '*nobili loco natus*,' who never shrank from danger of any kind in the midst of the stirring period of human history, whose hands are free from the stain of money, and who died gallantly fighting, at last, amid his brave companions,—

> 'Each stepping where his comrade stood
> The instant that he fell,'—

with one whose name is unconnected with any honourable action, whose whole life has been one scene of skulking from dangers into which he had drawn others, and who is occupied from one end of the year to the other in devising plans of drawing enormous fortunes from squalid beggary.

"What Lord Lyndhurst is as a politician and lawyer is known to all. In both characters he is pre-eminent. We shall invade his private life no further than to say that the orator of the Senate is the wit of the dinner-table,—the profound lawyer of the bench or woolsack, the gayest of the gay in drawing-room and boudoir. Our artist has been happy in catching his likeness at a moment when, the robes of office or nobility being thrown aside, he aims at no other character than one in which he is so well qualified to shine—a gentleman. A pleasanter fellow does not exist; and in his case, at least, the fair author was mistaken when she said that 'the judge and the peer is a world-weary man.'

"It is rarely that a man of genius leaves behind him a son, also a man of genius. It has been so, however, in the present case. But little could Copley have contemplated, when he was painting his celebrated picture of the death of Chatham, that his own son was destined to equal the fame of Chatham in such an assembly as that on which he was employing his pencil."

So far Maginn *apud* Fraser (October, 1836)—a fine notice, characteristic of the writer, and as applicable now as it was half-a-century ago; it leaves me to add but a few lines by way of supplement.

"Studiis vigilare severis" was the motto chosen by this eminent statesman for the gift-rings, when, in 1813, he assumed the coif. The sentence is appropriate, for LORD LYNDHURST afforded, in his own splendid career, an illustration of the power of mental labour,—of that "capacity for taking trouble,"—which, if not genius, simulates genius in its manifestations and results.

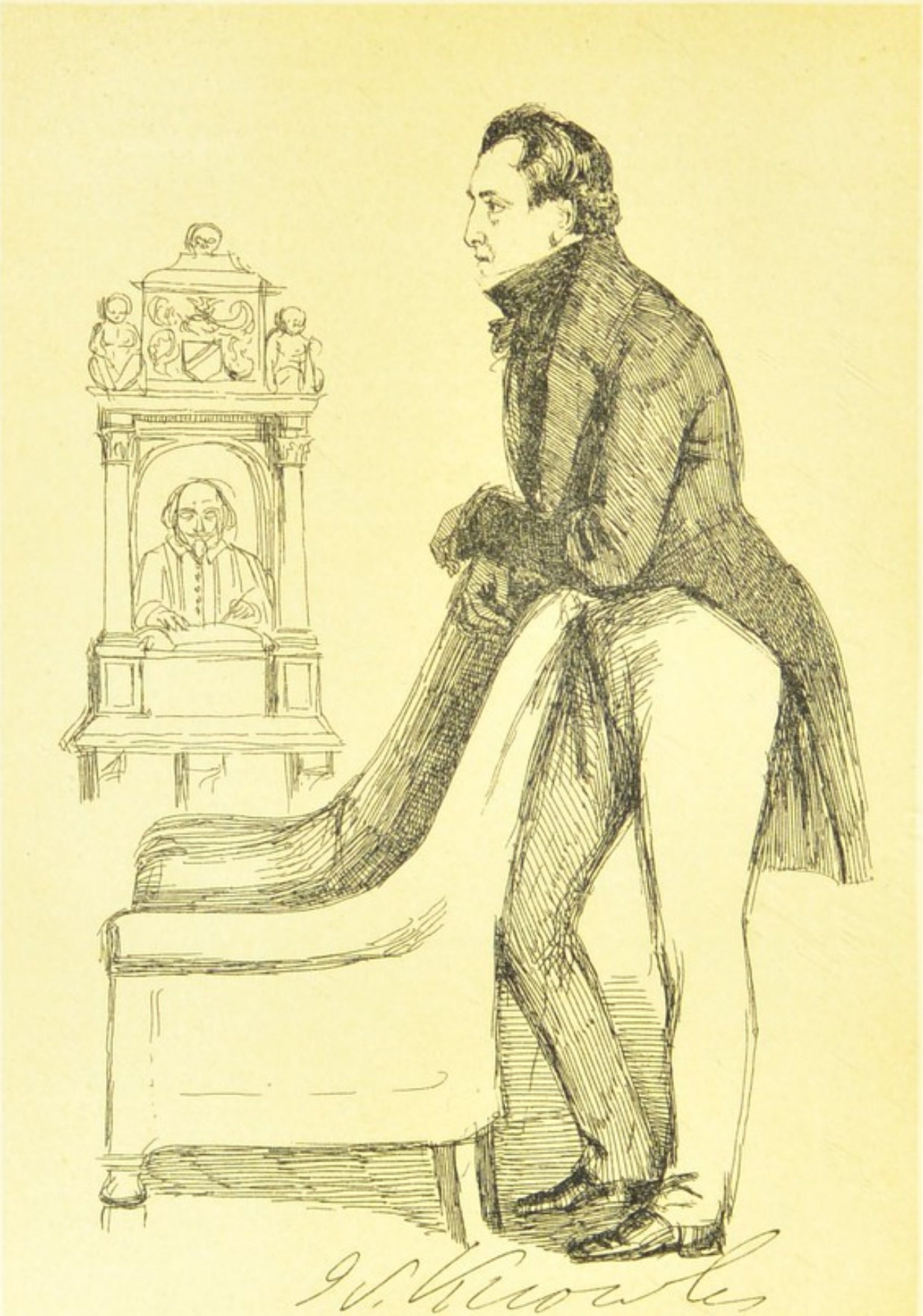
Lord Lyndhurst was born at Boston, in New England, May 21st, 1772, and was the only surviving son of John Singleton Copley, the Royal Academician, whose paintings, "The Death of Chatham" and the "Death of Major Pierson," are so familiar to us, the former from being in the national collection at South Kensington, and both from the

engravings respectively of Bartolozzi and Heath.* The son was destined for the profession of the father, and attended the lectures of Reynolds and Barry. He probably saw that he did not possess the elements of success in art, for he shortly turned his attention to the Church. Having read for some time with the Rev. Mr. Horne, a private tutor, he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1790, where he graduated B.A. in 1794, as second Wrangler, and Smith's Junior Mathematical Prizeman. It is worthy of record that he was, while at Cambridge, a private pupil of the celebrated William Frend, who was tried in 1792 for sedition and opposition to the Liturgy, and banished—not expelled, as is generally said,—the University. This once celebrated scholar,—pray excuse the *obiter dictum*,—died in 1841, leaving a daughter, Sophia Elizabeth, the accomplished wife of another renowned mathematician, the late Augustus de Morgan, whose life she has lately (October, 1882) written. Lyndhurst was elected Fellow of his College in 1797, and soon decided upon the law as a profession, entering himself as a student at Lincoln's Inn. Before he left Cambridge he had been appointed one of the "Travelling Bachelors" of the University, in which capacity he visited the United States, with the celebrated Volney, author of *Les Ruines*, as a companion. He was called to the Bar in 1804, and became eventually the acknowledged leader of his circuit. In 1813 he was made a Serjeant; and about this time, in a well-known trial respecting a lace-patent, had an opportunity of showing, by his practical acquaintance with chemistry and mechanics, how conducive to success in one profession may be made collateral knowledge, at first sight remote and distinct from it. Perhaps, however, it was on the occasion of the celebrated trial of Watson and Thistlewood for high treason, in 1817, when he aided Sir Charles Wetherell in the successful defence of the prisoners, that Copley found his first important opportunity of displaying forensic ability on an occasion of great public interest. From this period his rise was rapid; he became Solicitor-General, and was knighted in 1819; his first official employment of importance being that of counsel, with Sir Robert Gifford, for the Crown, in the conduct of the notorious proceedings against Queen Caroline. On the unsuccessful termination of these, Gifford having been removed from the post, he became Attorney-General in 1823; and Master of the Rolls in 1826.

When Canning became Premier in 1827, he offered the Chancellorship to Sir John Copley, who was then created Lord Lyndhurst. He held the office through the ministries of Goderich and Wellington; but was displaced by Lord Grey, when he accepted the office of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

On the resignation of Lord Melbourne, in 1834, Lord Lyndhurst again became Chancellor. The Wellington ministry lasted only a few months, but was signalized by the passing of several important measures. In 1840 Lord Lyndhurst was elected Lord High Steward of the University of Cambridge; and in the following year, on the downfall of the Melbourne administration, was, for the third time, appointed Chancellor. He held office through the ministry of Sir Robert Peel; supported the grant to Maynooth, and the repeal of the Corn Laws; and finally retired from the Chancellorship in 1846.

* Copley died in 1815, aged 78, having lived to witness the early forensic triumphs of his son, whose portrait he painted the year before his death.



AUTHOR OF 'THE HUNCHBACK'.

Although now approaching towards the completion of his eighth decade, the talents and influence of this illustrious man had suffered no diminution. He was prominent in the great "Bridgwater case"; he pleaded for the removal of Jewish disabilities; he foresaw, and warned the peers against, the aggressive tendencies of the Roman Church; and, at the age of eighty-five, put himself at the head of the opposition to the scheme of the Wensleydale Peerage, which involved the question of "Life Peers." Towards the last, it must have been a noble and touching sight, that of this "old man eloquent," on the very verge of ninety, with tottering gait and shrunken limbs, grasping the hand-rail purposely attached to the bench below, holding the House entranced by the *verba ardentia*, the forcible and polished rhetoric of an earlier day, as if to show how independent of time and matter is the immortal principle of which these are but the accidents. To him, as "the serenest and most accomplished master (of oratory)," Lord Lytton, in March, 1860, dedicated his fine poem, *St. Stephen's*.

He died at his house, George Street, Hanover Square, October 12th, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age.

There is a fine portrait of Lord Lyndhurst, in his Chancellor's robes, engraved by J. Brown from a drawing by F. Roffe; and a severely realistic likeness, in greater age, engraved by D. J. Pond from a photograph by Mayall.

LXX.—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

'Now finish my song with one visitor more;
The good old boy's face—how it bloom'd at the door!
Hazlitt, painting it during its childhood, turn'd grim,
Saying, 'D——n your fat cheeks!' Then, out louder, 'Frown, Jim!'
Those cheeks still adorn'd the most natural of souls,
Whose style yet was not so,—JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.
His style had been taught him in those, his green days,
His soul was his own, and brought crowds to his plays." *

I think I have already recorded that this well-known author and actor was, like Maginn and Maclise, a Corcagian. He was born in the "beautiful city," in 1784, and was the only son of James Knowles, distinguished as a lexicographer, and a man of considerable talent and learning. Before he had entered his teens, his mind showed its natural bent by the composition of a drama, in which his school-fellows took part. At fourteen, he wrote the ballad, and, it is thought, composed the music, of *The Welsh Harper*, which was his first publication. He early became acquainted with William Hazlitt, who seems, from the lines above, to have tried his "prentice hand" on the lineaments of the chubby lad. By him he was introduced to the Lambs, and acquired their love and esteem; and by-and-by, when he produced his *Virginius*, the following lines were indited to him by gentle Charles:—

* Leigh Hunt, *Feast of the Poets.*

"Twelve years ago I knew thee, Knowles, and then
Esteemed you a perfect specimen
Of those fine spirits warm-soul'd Ireland sends,
To teach us colder English how a friend's
Quick pulse should beat. I knew you brave and plain,
Strong-sensed, rough-witted, above fear or gain;
But nothing further had the gift to espy.
Sudden, you reappear. With wonder I
Hear my old friend (turn'd Shakespeare) read a scene
Only to *his* inferior in the clean
Passes of pathos: with such fence-like art—
Ere we can see the steel 'tis in our heart.
Almost without the aid language affords,
Your piece seems wrought. That huffling medium, *words*,
(Which in the modern Tamburlaines quite sway
Our shamed souls from their bias) in your play
We scarce attend to. Hastier passion draws
Our tears on credit: and we find the cause
Some two hours after, spelling o'er again
Those strange few words at ease, that wrought the pain.
Proceed, old friend: and, as the year returns,
Still match some new old story from the urns
Of long-dead virtue. We, that knew before
Your worth, may admire, we cannot love you more."

At the age of seventeen, a commission was procured for the young dramatist, and he commenced the business of life as a soldier; but this was not to his taste, and he soon retired from the army. He became an actor in Cherry's company, and appeared with some success in Dublin and elsewhere; but having proceeded to Belfast in search of an engagement, he was somehow induced to abandon the stage, and turned schoolmaster. On the establishment of the Belfast Academical Institution, he was offered the appointment of head-master of the English department. Through his wish, his father was actually appointed to the post, his son becoming his principal assistant. Knowles now devoted himself to dramatic composition, and achieved at once a large measure of success. His first piece was *Brian Boroihme*,—rather an adaptation of another author's work than an original composition. His next was, *Caius Gracchus*, which was first performed in Belfast, February 13th, 1815, with a success which it excited in a lower degree when brought out in London, several years later, although the part of the hero was powerfully acted by Macready.

His third piece had for its plot,—

"No story, piled with dark and cumbrous fate,
And words that stagger under their own weight;
But one of silent grandeur—simply said,
As though it were awaken'd from the dead!
It is a tale made beautiful by years,
Of pure old Roman sorrow—old in tears!
And those you shed o'er it in childhood may
Still fall, and fall for sweet Virginia:"

—a plot that has inspired the muse of Jean Mairet (1628), Le Clerc (1645), and Campistron (1683), in France; of our own Webster, in his *Appius and Virginia* (1654, 4to); John Dennis, in his tragedy bearing the same title (1709, 4to); Henry Crisp, in his *Virginia* (1754); Frances Brooke, in her tragedy, *Virginia* (1756); Mrs. Gunning, in a poem in six parts,

entitled *Virginius and Virginia* (1792); and Bidlake, in his *Virginia, or the Fall of the Decemvirs* (1800). To all of these pieces, with the single exception of that of Webster, the tragedy of Knowles is superior. Original in conception and treatment, it is built on the eternal foundation of human interest and feeling, rather than on the accidents of time and place. Hence "Virginius" excites our interest, more by the exhibition of paternal emotion than that which belongs to his character as a Roman and a patriot. It is a play, simple in construction, and so, intelligible at once to an audience. It possesses, moreover, that force of dramatic situation which is essential to the success of an acting drama, and which the practical experience of its author enabled him to impart. It is said that it was written for, and at the request of, Kean; but if so, that great actor did not appear in it, and the principal part was taken by Macready, who, by his admirable acting, raised both himself and the author to the highest rank in their respective professions. It appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, May 17th, 1820.

I think that *William Tell* came next. This piece is not without high merit of its own; though it unfortunately provokes comparison with the admirable play of Schiller, founded on the same incidents, and pronounced by A. W. von Schlegel, the best of all the dramatic works of that great poet. *The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green* was uproariously condemned on the first night of its appearance, and failed, on second representation, to obtain a reversal of judgment. To this want of success, however, we are indebted for *The Hunchback*, which "recommenced," as the author tells us, "in the pleasant walks about Birmingham, and completed on the sands of Newhaven," came out at Covent Garden, April 5th, 1832. Here the author is in his proper element, the social and romantic drama, as distinct from the tragic. This was followed by the Mantuan tale, *The Wife*, which appeared at Covent Garden in 1833, and, like its predecessor, acquired and still retains an amount of popular favour which renders criticism supererogatory. In quick succession after these appeared a number of other dramatic pieces, of which I cannot do more here than record the titles:—*The Daughter* appeared at Drury Lane in 1836; *The Love Chase*, at the Haymarket, in 1837; *The Maid of Mariendorpt*, at Covent Garden, in 1838; *Woman's Wit, or Love's Disguises*, in 1838; *John of Procida*, at the same house, in 1840; as also, *Old Maids*, in 1841; *The Rose of Arragon*, in 1840; and *The Secretary*, in 1843. Of these pieces it may be said generally that the poetry which they possess is that of thought rather than superficial expression. They are moral in sentiment, legitimate in construction, and elevated in feeling; but they are inharmonious in rhythm, trivial in dialogue, and often turgid in passion. They have made their way in spite of the absence of the adventitious aids of rhetoric and imagery, and will long keep their place upon the stage from their more purely dramatic qualities, and the hold which they have by their frequent appeals to those feelings which make all mankind kin. Above all, the female sex should be grateful to Sheridan Knowles, for it is to him, of all modern dramatic writers, that women are indebted for their restoration to their due position in the drama, and upon the stage. From the time of Shakespeare, in whose plays woman occupies a legitimate place,—down through Congreve, Shadwell, Wycherly, Southerne, Colman and Sheridan,—she had suffered dethronement; and it was first in the plays of Sheridan

Knowles that she was reinstated in the position of dignity and grace which she holds in nature, society and the other branches of fiction.

In many of the plays of which I have thus spoken, the author appeared himself,—sustaining in some the leading characters. He also delivered lectures at various places, on rhetoric, dramatic poetry, and other cognate subjects. These were pronounced by Christopher North, "admirable, full of matter, elegantly written, and eloquently delivered. Knowles is a delightful fellow, and a man of true genius." *

His *Dramatic Works*, collected, were published in 1847, 3 vols., 8vo, and there have been subsequent issues of these by Routledge in 2 vols., and in 1 vol.

It is not pleasant to know that the earnest and strenuous efforts of this able and amiable man to reconstitute and uphold our national drama were hardly productive to him of adequate results. "How partial," remarks a clever and now veteran author, "and rasping has been the reward of Mr. Knowles for setting his shoulder to the wheel to restore the manly style of the old comedy. *Francis the First* did not 'draw' half so much as *The Hunchback;* yet Miss Kemble,—besides the amount gained by the sale of many editions,—received about £800 from the theatre, the greater part of which was paid out of the receipts for *The Hunchback*, whose author did not receive more than half that sum. Everything that ought to be is reversed." †

Sheridan Knowles was also author of several stories, some of which were collected into a volume, and published by Moxon in 1832, under the title of *The Magdalen, and other Tales.* I also remember two novels, *George Lovell*, and *Fortescue*, which latter was originally contributed to the *Sunday Times*, and republished in 1847, (3 vols., 8vo), with a dedication to his relative, the Honourable Mrs Norton.

Knowles paid more than one visit to America, where he was well received. He also travelled on the Continent, and made many friends there. Under the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, a pension of £200 per annum was bestowed upon him by the Crown, as an acknowledgment of his services in the cause of literature.

Maginn is angry with Knowles on the score of politics. "He thinks proper to be a Whig," says he, "and he makes speeches on that side of the question sufficiently absurd. Now this, in all men, or imitations of men, wrong, is in Sheridan Knowles peculiarly culpable. All actors and dramatists worth a fig's end have been, in all ages, essentially Tory. They were Cavaliers, and fought like the best of Cavaliers, in the days of Charles; and such should ever be their characteristic politics. . . . In the name of Melpomene and all her sisters, we put it to him, who *can* write a play, to say honestly and truly what is his opinion of a party which is led by the author of *Don Carlos;* in which the author of the *Siege of Constantinople*, or something of the same kind, holds a conspicuous place; and which sends Mulgrave, whom Knowles would not employ as cad to a call-boy in any theatre, to govern his native country in the badly filled cast of first gentleman?"

Maginn was a famous hater; a gallant, if reckless, partisan. With him a political opponent was a miscreant, upon whom the Almighty had

* *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, No. xlviii.

† *Exposition of the False Medium and Barriers excluding Men of Genius from the Public*, by R. Hengist Horne (London, 1833, 8vo), p. 260.

set the seal alike of physical deformity, moral hideousness, and intellectual poverty. It thus speaks volumes for the geniality of Knowles that, in spite of his Whiggism, his critic is compelled to say that "it would be awfully wrong to conclude his page without saying that the gentleman opposite is one of the best of good fellows."

His talents, moreover, as actor and dramatist, meet with fair,—indeed adequate appreciation at the hands of the often ruthless critic. If he performed in his own plays he would find the precedents of Aristophanes and Shakespeare, while he had too much good sense to expect it to be proclaimed that his plays would "cut as great a figure in the world" as the ΙΠΠΕΙΣ or HAMLET. But, adds Maginn, "there is good stuff in them, nevertheless. Knowles is to Beaumont and Fletcher what those literary brothers are to Shakespeare"—a sum in the "Rule of Three" which I leave my readers to work out in their own way,—"let him not think that this is a niggard allowance of praise."

During the last fifteen years of his life Knowles abandoned dramatic literature, and employed his pen chiefly in theological polemics. His great object was to expose the errors of Romanism, which he combated with no mean ability as a controversial essayist in his *Rock of Rome, or The Arch-Heresy* (1849, 8vo), and *The Idol demolished by its own Priest* (1851, 8vo), in answer to Cardinal Wiseman. He also became a Baptist preacher, and acquired considerable reputation by the earnestness of his convictions, and the eloquence of his language. To one who "interviewed" him at Torquay, and published an interesting record of the conversation, he said, in answer to the question if he ever wrote poetry then,—"No, I don't want to look back after putting my hand to the plough; not that the writing of a play would necessarily be wrong, but my thoughts are now occupied with other and better things, and I wish them to continue so to the end." He still, however, retained an interest in the dramatic profession, and had no need to forget the labours of his earlier life, for he had never written a single line, as an author for the stage, which he could wish expunged, as a minister of the gospel.

Sheridan Knowles was genial, loveable, and generous in disposition. He possessed great information, and had so good a memory that he could repeat the entire gospel of St. John in the original Greek. He was the second cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and a descendant, on his mother's side, of the great judge Sir Matthew Hale. He became in his latter years a martyr to rheumatism, which almost deprived him of the use of his limbs. He died at Torquay, November 30th, 1862, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was survived by his second wife, who, under her maiden name of Elphinstone, had been well known as an actress. Although an Irishman by birth, he looked upon Scotland as the land of his adoption; and it was understood that his remains were to be interred in Glasgow, where he enjoyed the affection and respect of all who knew him.

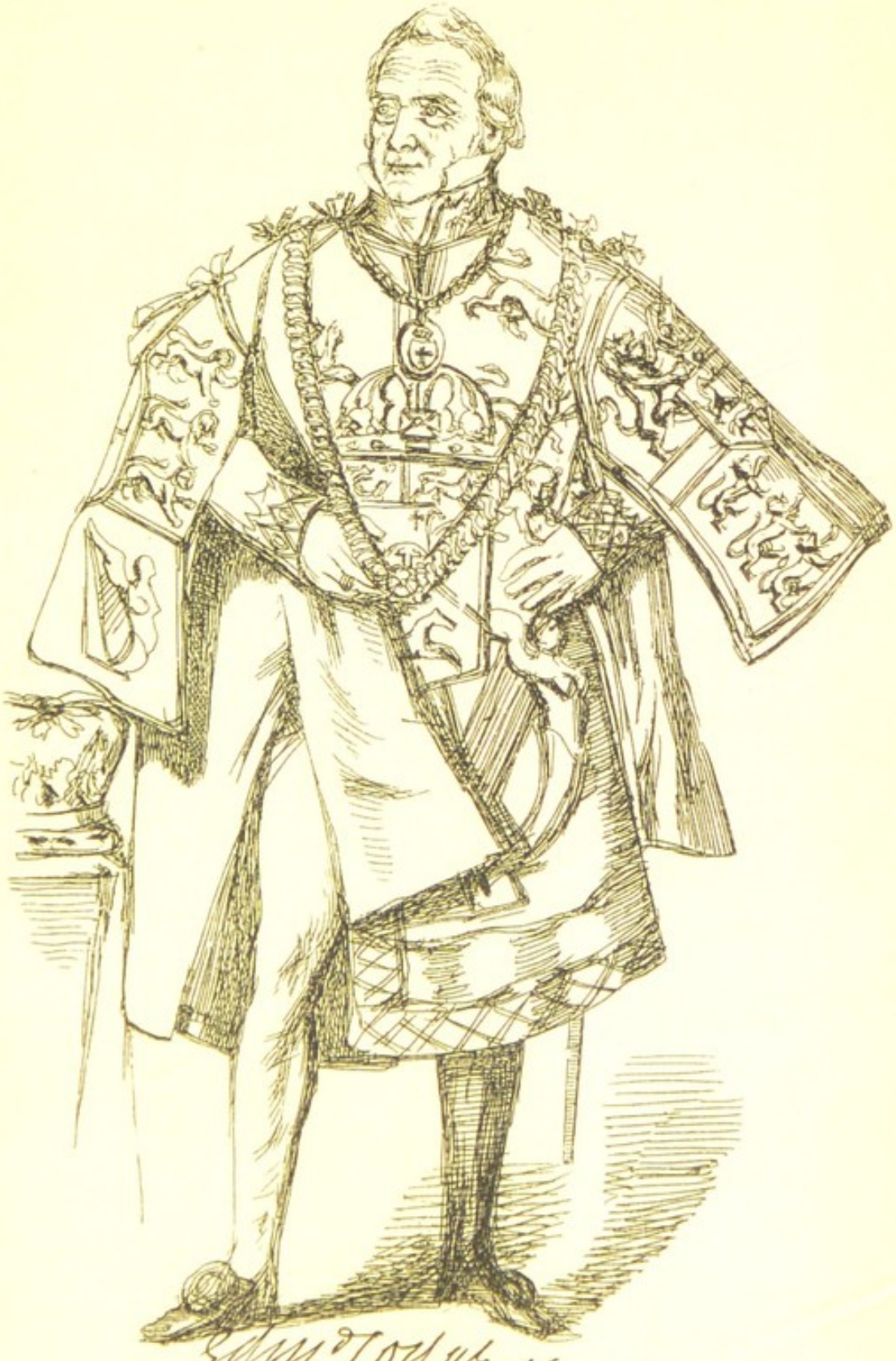
In Brydges Street, Covent Garden, opposite to the principal entrance to Drury Lane Theatre, as London night-birds know, is a snug tavern which takes its name from this distinguished dramatist. Here met, years ago, the worshipful society of "The Owls,"—some two hundred strong,—with such men as Leman Rede and Pierce Egan for members; Augustine Wade as president; and James Sheridan Knowles as patron and chancellor. I have known nothing of the proceedings of this society

in late years since my lines have fallen into other waters. The old birds have all departed to final roost, and I know not if their places have been filled by a younger brood.

A few words, as I conclude, to the memory of an estimable man of letters who has but recently departed from among us. On January 28th, 1882, died somewhat suddenly and unexpectedly, Richard Brinsley Knowles, the only surviving son of the dramatist. Born at Glasgow in 1820, he inherited something at least of the dramatic faculty of his father, as evinced by his play, *The Maiden Aunt*,—the only production of his in this way that I remember,—which met with fair success at the Haymarket Theatre, where it was produced, with Farren and Mrs. Glover in the chief parts. Early in life he gave up an appointment which he held in the office of the Registrar General, Somerset House, to study for the Bar. He entered at the Middle Temple, and was "called" in 1843. But he gradually became absorbed in literature,—was one of the earliest editors of the *Weekly Register*, and conducted for some time the *Illustrated London Magazine*. In 1849, he was perverted to Romanism, and susceptibilities were awakened which led him to take offence at some action on the part of the then proprietors of the *Standard*, on which in 1857, he was one of the chief writers ; and his engagement was abruptly terminated. It is a strong evidence that he was not well treated in the matter, that the late Prof. Brewer, who then conducted that journal, took the part of his colleague, and relinquished his post. Mr. Knowles then edited for a time the *London Review;* and was engaged on the staff of the *Morning Post*, till failing health compelled him,—it was hoped temporarily only,—to cease from literary work. To historical literature he contributed an edition of the Chronicle of John de Oxenedes, a MS. copy of which was found in the collection of the Duke of Newcastle ; it was included with another edition of that work (based upon the Cottonian MS. copy) by the late Sir Henry Ellis, and published in 1859, in the Rolls Series of Chronicles and Memorials. Since 1871, he was occasionally engaged as inspector under the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts ; and contributed to some of the Commissioners' Reports interesting and instructive accounts of the important family documents entrusted to him for examination, among which may be mentioned those of the Marquis of Bath, Lord Denbigh, Lord Ashburnham, Colonel Towneley, and other Catholic families.

LXXVII.—EDMUND LODGE.

EDMUND LODGE was a true antiquary of the old school,—industrious in research, minute in trifles, laborious in composition, suave in manners, and a Tory in politics. He was the son of the Rev. Edmund Lodge, Rector of Carshalton, in Surrey, and was born in Poland Street, London, on the 13th of June, 1756. His first choice of a profession was the army, and in 1772 he became a Cornet in the King's Own regiment of Dragoons. His military ardour, however, waxed cool before a growing taste for literature and antiquities ; and in 1782 he resigned his commission for the more congenial appointment of Blue Mantle Pursuivant-at-Arms. In 1787



AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES."

he was elected a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; in 1793 he was promoted to be Lancaster Herald, and in 1822 Norroy King of Arms. In 1832 he was nominated Knight of the Order of the Guelphs of Hanover, and on the 30th of July, 1838, became Clarencieux King of Arms.

His talents as an elegant and conscientious editor were first evinced by the publication of the Talbot, Howard, and Cecil papers in the College of Arms, which appeared in 1791, under the title of *Illustrations of British History, Biography and Manners in the Reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth and James I.* (3 vols. 4to).* He was also author of the "Memoirs" attached to Chamberlaine's *Imitations of Original Drawings by Hans Holbein*, which were published in parts between 1795 and 1800. In 1810 he published, anonymously, *The Life of Sir Julius Cæsar; with Memoirs of his Family and his Descendants*,—a handsome quarto volume, with numerous portraits.† He was, moreover, an occasional contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, where he wrote the notice of the "Sadler Papers," of the "History of London," and of the "Works of Swift," as edited by Sir Walter Scott. To his pen are also to be ascribed the "Preface" to the second edition of the *Antiquarian Repertory*, and that to the collected poems of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.‡ I believe that I have now enumerated, so far as they are known, the literary labours of Mr. Lodge, with the exception of those connected with the valuable publication with which his name is chiefly associated, and which demands a somewhat more extended notice at my hands.

I allude to that celebrated and important work, originally published in 1821–34, 4 vols. folio, containing 240 plates, and entitled *Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain.* Of this splendid performance,—which Lockhart justly terms "a magnificent book,"—it is hardly too much to say that, whether we regard the authenticity of the portraits, the technical excellence of the engraving, or the admirable style of the accompanying text, no more important or valuable illustrated work of biography has ever appeared. Sir Walter Scott, who received a copy, "*ex dono auctoris*," acknowledged the gift in a beautiful letter of eulogy,

* Subsequently re-issued by Chidley; and later on, by H. G. Bohn.

† To this is added *Numerus Infaustus*, an historical essay, by Charles Cæsar.

‡ The first edition of the "Odes" of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams appeared in 1763, 12mo; the second in 1780, and was edited by Joseph Ritson, whose labours, according to Joseph Hazlewood, his biographer, did not extend beyond collating the proof sheets. This edition has the reputation of having been suppressed, I know not with what reason; any way, it is scarce, as is also its successor, the third, "improved," in 1784. The best edition is certainly that of 1822, 3 vols. crown 8vo, with notes by Horace Walpole, the preface by Lodge, and a dedication (afterwards withdrawn) to Lord John Russell. Dr. Johnson spoke contemptuously of "our lively and elegant, though too licentious lyric bard, Hanbury Williams," and said he has "no fame but from boys who drank with him" (Boswell's *Johnson*). Madden says of him:—"Sir Hanbury Williams, the celebrated sayer of *bons mots*, and composer of pointed epigrams, a man of astounding audacity in turning sacred subjects into ridicule, and treating the most solemn subjects with flippant jocularity and revolting levity, sat in the House of Commons, a silent member, wrapt in gloom, which terminated in insanity and suicide" (*Life of Lady Blessington*, i. 364). The last edition of this licentious poet produced a severe criticism from the *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxviii. pp. 46–59, where it is stated that "specimens of obscenity and blasphemy more horrible than we have before seen collected into one publication," are to be found in the volumes, and that they are a "stigma to good manners, good morals and literature, which no man of sense or woman of delicacy can allow to be seen on their table." I presume that Lodge *did* write the preface to this work, for which we have the authority of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I should otherwise have attributed it to Jeffery, the publisher.

which is printed in the preface to Harding's re-issue of the work in 1835. He speaks of it as "A collection which at once satisfies the imagination and the understanding, showing us by the pencil how the most distinguished of our ancestors looked, moved and dressed; and informing us by the pen how they thought, acted, lived and died." He adds, moreover,—referring to the earlier *Illustrations of British History*,—that the text exhibits "the same patient powers of collecting information from the most obscure and hidden sources, and the same talent for selecting the facts which are the rarest and most interesting, and presenting them to the general reader in a luminous and concise manner."

The national predilection for Portraiture is an old subject of satiric notice. Dr. Johnson remarks:—"That the painters find no encouragement among the English for many other works than portraits has been imputed to national selfishness. 'Tis vain, says the satirist, to set before any Englishman the scenes of landscapes or the heroes of history; nature and antiquity are nothing in his eye; he has no value but for himself, nor desires any copy but of his own form." * There is much truth in this. Among a people with whom art is an exotic, and even at this day has small part in the national feeling, and ministers to no universal appetence, it is natural that, when fashion and example direct the patronage of painting, the special branch should find most favour that flatters sentiments so general as self-love and personal vanity. Hence the ejaculation of Dryden:—

> "Good heaven! that sots and knaves should be so vain,
> To wish their vile resemblance to remain;
> And stand recorded, at their own request,
> To future times a libel or a jest!" †

Here the allusion of the satirist is to the "*obscurorum virorum icones*," which, if bad, only serve as *palimpsests*, and, if good, may retain a place from the merit of the artist, while the very name of the archetype is forgotten. But of the truly illustrious,—the Conscript Fathers of learning, valour and piety,—it must ever be held that the portraits, no less than the biographies, are the most valuable incentives to rivalry and imitation. That such was the effect in his day is asserted by the philosophic Roman historian:—"*Nam sæpe audivi, Q. Maximum, P. Scipionem, præterea civitatis nostræ præclaros viros, solitos ita dicere, cum majorum imagines intuerentur, vehementissime sibi animum ad virtutem accendi. Scilicet non ceram illam, neque figuram, tantam vim in sese habere; sed memoria rerum gestarum eam flammam egregiis viris in pectore crescere; neque prius sedari, quam virtus eorum famam atque gloriam adæquaverit.*" ‡ Horace,—though here he is rather speaking of the lessons conveyed by dramatic representations,—points out the advantage over oral teaching possessed by those images,—

> "———quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
> Ipse sibi tradit spectator."

So also Jonathan Richardson, who says:—"Let a man read a character in Lord Clarendon (and certainly never was a better painter in that kind), he will find it improved, by seeing a picture of the same person by Vandyck." § And Horace Walpole says that "a portrait of real authen-

* *The Idler*, No. 45. † *Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller.*
‡ Sallust., *Bellum Jugurthinum.*
§ *The Works of Jonathan Richardson* ("The Theory of Painting"), 1792, 4to, p. 9.

ticity calls up so many collateral ideas as to fill an intelligent mind more than any other species of painting."

Besides this, it is a desire common to humanity to save some part of ourselves from Libitina, and continue to live, if only *ad simulacrum*, amongst that ever renewed minority which we have quitted. One of our obscurer poets (Thomas Flatman, 1674) has a couplet in allusion to a famous old English engraver of portraits :—

> "A 'Faithorne sculpsit' is a charm to save
> From dull oblivion and an early grave,"

—and Hayley, in one of his poetical epistles to George Romney, the rival of Reynolds, ejaculates :—

> "Blest be the pencil which from death can save,"

illustrating, in a note, "the sweet illusion of this enchanting art," as prettily expressed in a letter of Raphael to his friend, Francesco Raifolini, a Bolognese painter. The two artists had, it appears, agreed to exchange portraits of themselves, as memorials of friendship; and Raphael, on receiving the likeness of his friend, thus speaks of it, in a letter which he addressed to him :—"Messer Francesco mio caro ricevo in questo punto il vostro ritratto; egli è bellissimo, e tanto vivo, che m'inganno talora, credendomi di essere con esso voi, e sentire le vostre parole." *

The charm of portraiture, and the illusive power of a good portrait to bring the absent and beloved original before us, is beautifully described in Latin elegiacs by a friend of Raphael, the accomplished Count Balthasar Castiglione, in a poetical epistle, written in the name of his Countess, Hyppolyte, to her husband :—

> "Sola tuos Vultus referens Raphaelis imago
> Picta manu, curas allevat usque meas;
> Huic ego delicias facio, arrisuque jocoque
> Alloquor, et tanquam reddere verba queat.
>
> "Assensu, nutuque mihi sæpe illa videtur
> Dicere velle aliquid, et tua verba loqui,
> Agnoscit, balboque Patrem puer ore salutat,
> Hoc solor, longos decipioque dies." †

So Cowper, in those most touching lines, "On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture out of Norfolk," found that he "liv'd his childhood o'er again," as he looked into—

> "The meek intelligence of those dear eyes,"

—and exclaiming :—

> "Blest be the art that can immortalize,
> The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
> To quench it!"

concluded, with exulting boast,—

> "And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
> And I can view this mimic show of thee,
> Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
> Thyself remov'd, thy pow'rs to soothe me left.

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* *Raccolte di Lettere sulla Pittura*, etc., tom. i. p. 82.

† *Poëmata Italorum* (ed. Alex. Pope), tom. ii. p. 248.

Query. Might not an interesting collection be made of the epigrammatic lines so frequently found beneath old engraved portraits? Take those by Ben Jonson,—*exempli gratiâ*,—which accompany the Droeshout frontispiece to the first folio Shakespeare of 1623, as a specimen :—

"This figure, that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdoo the life.
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpasse
All that was ever writ in brasse,
But, since he cannot, reader, looke
Not on his picture, but his booke."

So much for the value of portraits. As for our own alleged preference for them, I need not say that Continental collections date at least a century earlier than any in this country. A splendid gallery of this kind was formed by the munificent Peyresc, who was wont to request from the eminent men he had obliged,—Grotius, De Thou, Scaliger, Salmasius, Casaubon, etc.,—a portrait, as the sole acknowledgment of his favours.* Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velasquez, formed a curious gallery, by sketching down the likenesses of all the men of merit who were in the habit of visiting his *atelier*. In the long career of this artist, the number amounted to upwards of three hundred, among whom were Cervantes, Quevedo, Herrera, etc. Then there are the portraits of the Doges in the ancient hall of the Great Council at Venice, painted by Tintoretto, Bassano, and the younger Palma, with the lugubrious frame, containing a black tablet in place of a portrait, with the inscription,—"Hic est locus Marini Falethri, decapitati pro criminibus." In the gallery *degl' Uffizj*, at Florence, is a unique collection of portraits of painters, taken by themselves,—Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Paolo Veronese, Michael Angelo, Guido, Vasari, Angelica Kauffman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, etc., with many of our own immediate contemporaries. A splendid collection of engraved portraits was formed by Charles Theodore, Elector of Bavaria, and Francis I., Emperor of Austria. In number it amounted to about eighty thousand, which were arranged in eight hundred portfolios. Nearly equal to this, in later times, was the famous collection of M. Debure, comprising sixty-five thousand portraits, arranged in alphabetical order, in one hundred and ninety-two portfolios. A word, finally, should be bestowed on the magnificent collections of portraits formed by our countryman, M. Crauford, an Englishman by birth, but a Frenchman by adoption. One of these was seized during the Reign of Terror : and the second, equal to the former in extent, was sold after his death, in 1819. From this sale came the fine portrait of Bossuet, by Rigaud, in the Louvre, concerning which some curious details will be found in the notice appended, by M. Barrière, to the *Mémoires de Madame de Hausset*," of which M. Crauford was the original editor.

A hundred years before anything of the kind appeared in this country, the Continent had produced important and beautiful works of engraved portraits and illustrative text, in prose or verse. There is the *Promptvaire* of Roville (1553), with its exquisitely executed heads, on wood, from

* *Œuvres de Lemontey* ("Éloge de Peiresc"), tom. iii. p. 116.

Adam to Jeanne d'Albret; the *Icones* of Theodore Beza (1580), with a portrait of James VI., to whom the book is dedicated; and the *Icones Virorum Illustrium*, of Boissardus, engraved by Theodore de Bry (4 vols. 4to, 1597–9). The curious reader may be referred for description of, and *fac similes* from, these works,—we have made no progress in art since,—to the *Bibliographical Decameron* of T. F. Dibdin (vol. i. p. 276). Here, too, will be found the most copious account of Henry Holland's work,—*Heroologia Anglica, hoc est clarissimorum aliquot et doctissimorum Anglorum qui floruerunt ab anno Christo M.D., usque ad præsentem annum MDCXX., veræ Effigies, Vitæ, et Elogia*, published at Arnheim, and containing sixty-six portraits. But the erudite doctor has overlooked here (though he mentions it in a *note* in his *Library Companion*) a very important biographical work, of the same class as the collections mentioned above, with dozens of heads grouped on a page, and finely engraved by Kilian. This is entitled *Theatrum Virorum eruditione singulari clarorum, in quo Vitæ et Scripta Theologorum, Jurisconsultorum, Medicorum, et Philosophorum, a seculis aliquot ad hæc usque tempora florentium repræsentantur.* The author is Freherus, and the work was published at Nuremburg, 1688, 2 vols. folio. Neither does he mention a still earlier and rarer tome:—*Atrium Heroicum Cæsarum, Regum, aliorumque Summatum ac Procerum* (Augsburg, 1600), containing portraits of our own Elizabeth, her brother, her successor and the Earl of Leicester. Who has not heard of the Fugger family of Augsburg?—those merchant princes of the sixteenth century, whose vast wealth led to the belief that they possessed the philosopher's stone, and who, entertaining Charles V., as he passed through their city, on his expedition against Tunis, piled the grate of their guest with billets of cinnamon, and lighted them with his own promissory note for a large sum which he had borrowed from them! Their story is told, and their lineaments preserved in the fine volume, *Fuggerorum et Fuggerarum, etc., Imagines*, published by Dominic Custos, at Antwerp, 1593 (2nd ed. 1618, 3rd ed. 1620), with one hundred and twenty-seven portraits, engraved on copper. After this, we have the *Vrais Pourtraits et Vies des Hommes Illustres* of Thevet, of whose text Morhof writes in praise, a splendid folio, of not infrequent appearance, published in 1648. Next came the fine work of Perrault, *Les Hommes Illustres* (Paris, 1696–1700, 2 vols. folio); the *Bibliotheca Belgica*, of Foppens (Amst. 1739, 2 vols. 4to); and the *Portraits des Hommes Illustres de Dannemark*, of Tycho Hoffmann (Copenhagen, 1746, 4to), a rare and beautiful book, of which the reprint in 1773 (3 vols. 4to) is very inferior as regards the impressions of the plates.

During all this time we had been lagging behind. In 1713, Edward Ward had published his *History of the Grand Rebellion*, in three octavo volumes, with its rude prints and doggrel rhymes. For anything decent in art we had to have recourse to the Continent, and the portraits for the *Heroologia* were from the *burin* of Simon Passe. So in the splendid work of Dr. Birch, *Heads of the most Illustrious Persons in Great Britain, with their Lives and Characters* (London, 1747, folio), it was by a Dutch engraver, Houbraken, that the portraits were, for the most part, executed,—aided, at least, in the earlier part of the work, in this country, by the faithful and elegant Vertue. In point of art, this is truly a magnificent production, and rivals the most splendid works of other countries. But while the biographer, Dr. Birch, has done his task well, so far as the

recital of fact is concerned, it must be admitted that he has neglected the graces of style and language. Houbraken, on the other hand, has sacrificed truth to the elegances of his art; and working in a foreign country, ignorant of our history, and careless as to the authenticity of the drawings provided for him, he has been so far imposed upon, that the statement made by an anonymous but well-informed writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, cited by Mr. Lodge, is probably not much exaggerated, that, with regard to these portraits,—"Thurloe's, and about *thirty* of the others, are copied from heads painted for no one knows whom." From this, with all its faults, magnificent and important volume, I must pass in my hurried retrospect, to the *Portraits of the Illustrious Persons of the Court of Henry VIII.*, designed by Holbein, and engraved by Bartolozzi, of which, as I have already stated, the biographical notices were from the pen of Mr. Lodge. This was published by Chamberlaine, in fourteen parts, 1792, folio. The engravings were made from original drawings in the royal collection; they are eighty-two in number, and are delicately engraved in stipple. The volume was republished in a smaller folio size in 1812, like its predecessor, under the auspices of Nicol. The notices in this book are admirably written; but it is well to note that, with regard to the portraits, Dr. Dibdin has pointed out *one* instance,—that of Margaret Roper, the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Moore,—of flagrant infidelity, and has, moreover, thrown grave suspicions on the general trustworthiness of Bartolozzi, as a copier, especially as contrasted with the truth and delicacy of the reproductions of Frederick Lewis.* In 1795 was published the first volume of S. Harding's *Biographical Mirrour, comprising a Series of Ancient and Modern English Portraits of Eminent and Distinguished Persons, from original Pictures and Drawings.* A second volume of this interesting work appeared in 1798; and a third in 1802. With it should be associated the *Scottish Gallery* of John Pinkerton, engraved by the Hardings and others, royal 8vo, 1799. With one word to an elegant volume of more local interest,—*The Lives of Eminent and Remarkable Characters born or long resident in the Counties of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk*, 68 portraits (London, 1820, 8vo), I arrive at a handsome folio, *Memoirs of the Celebrated Persons comprising the Kit-Cat Club; with a Prefatory Account of the Origin of the Association; illustrated with Forty-eight Portraits, from the original Paintings by Sir Godfrey Kneller* (London, 1821). Here, if space permitted, I might enlarge upon the history of the Club,† and discuss the origin of its quaint appellation. Kneller was a painter of considerable merit, and had enjoyed in his artistic career, the singular good fortune of numbering no less than ten monarchs among his sitters.‡ The portraits of the members of this celebrated society are still in existence, in the possession of Mr. R. W. Baker, the representative of the Tonson family at Bayfordbury, in Hertfordshire. Engravings from them were made by Faber, and published without letterpress in

* *Library Companion*, 1st ed., p. 502, *note;* Tuer's *Bartolozzi and his Works* vol. i. p. 33.

† See Ned Ward's *Secret History of Clubs;* and Charles Knight's *Shadows of the Old Booksellers*, p. 62.

‡ These were Charles II., James II., his Queen, William and Mary, Ann, George I., Louis XIV., Peter the Great, and the Emperor Charles VI. Kneller has also left us portraits of Dryden, Pope, Newton, Locke, Addison, Congreve, and Wortley Montague. Seven of the heads in the Gallery of "Admirals" are also from his brush.

1725, the year before the death of Jacob Tonson. They were re-engraved for the edition of which I speak, and accompanied by "Memoirs," attributed by Lowndes to James Caulfield, but which I believe to have been written by A. A. Watts. By whomsoever they may be, they are pronounced by Croker,* "one of the most blundering pieces of patch-work that the scissors of a hackney editor ever produced"; while Charles Knight styles the volume, "one of the dullest of books, manufactured out of the commonest materials." The portraits are also said to be "deficient in characteristic resemblance," and to exhibit that kind of family likeness which is to be found in all Kneller's faces.

By this artist, too, were depicted for William of Orange, the celebrated "Beauties" at Hampton Court. But as works of art these are inferior to the Windsor "Beauties" of Sir Peter Lely,—him, who, in the words of Pope,—

> "———on animated canvas stole
> The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul."

It is well remarked by Mrs. Jameson, in her "Introduction" to the beautiful book, *Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second, with their Portraits after Sir Peter Lely and other Eminent Painters* (1833, 4to; 3rd ed. "enlarged," H. G. Bohn, 1851, royal 8vo), that Kneller's portraits, "with due deference to the virtues of the ladies they represent, are, as subjects, not to be compared in interest and beauty, to their naughty mammas and grandmammas of Charles the Second's time. There is a chalkiness in the flesh, and a general rawness in the tints, which will not bear a comparison with the delicacy of Lely's carnations, and the splendour of colouring in his landscapes and draperies; and they all have a look of studied stiffness and propriety, which, as it is obviously affected, is almost as bad as the voluptuous negligence of Lely's females."

I must bestow a word on that fine work, *The British Gallery of Contemporary Portraits* (published by Cadell, in 1822, 2 vols.), the large paper copy of which, in folio, form an appropriate companion to the folio edition of Lodge; and I hardly like to pass without notice the very elegant *Physiognomical Portraits of Distinguished Characters, from Undoubted Originals, with Biographical Memoirs by Thomson* (1824, 2 vols. 4to), with plain or India paper plates, and twenty-five copies in folio, with proof impressions on French paper. This beautiful work was projected and published by the late Edward Walmsley, to whom we are indebted for the sumptuous reprint of Dibdin's *Bibliomania* (1842). Finer specimens of the engraver's art can scarcely be found than these portraits, though perhaps they are a little deficient in novelty.

There is a couple of very elegant volumes, *Portraits of the British Poets, from Chaucer to Cowper and Beattie* (1824, 8vo). These portraits, one hundred and forty in number, are drawn with minute fidelity by Thurston, Clint, Uwins, Green, Whittock, John Jackson, etc., from the originals in various collections,—exquisitely engraved,—and preceded by a charming vignette title-page from a drawing by Stothard. The series is worthy of record on its own merits: but I should give it notice here, if only to mention that, in 1824, was published by J. Carpenter and Son, a volume designed to illustrate it. This, which bears the title, *Effigies Poeticæ: or the Portraits of the British Poets, Illustrated by Notes*

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxvi. p. 425.

Biographical, Critical and Poetical, was, I believe, written by Bryan W. Procter ("Barry Cornwall"); and forms, especially in the "large paper" copies, a capital book for *Grangerization*.

After my rapid retrospect of this department of literature and art, which I do not, of course, profess to be exhaustive, or free from the charge of noticing works of comparative insignificance to the exclusion of those of greater value, I come to a pause at the point at which I took my departure,—the publication, in 1821–34, of the *Illustrated Biography* of Mr. Lodge. My own shelves would, indeed, enable me to supply the title of many books which I have not thought of sufficient importance to mention in chronological sequence. Among such are the *Pontificorum Maximorum Elogia et Imagines* of Onuphrius Panvinus (Venet. 1575, folio); [the *Elogia* of Paulus Jovius (1575, folio); the *Bibliotheca, sive Thesaurus Virtutis et Gloriæ* of Boissardus, engraved by Theodore de Bry (1628–32); the *Effigies et Vitæ Professorum Academiæ Groningæ et Omlandiæ*, by Nicolai (1654, folio); the *Illustrium Imagines of* Theodore Galle (1606, 4to); the *Lyceum Patavini* of C. Patinus, with the fine portraits by T. Galle (1632, 4to); the *Illustrium Virorum Elogia Iconibus Illustrata* of Tomasinus (1630, 4to); the *Templum Honoris* of Spizelio and Haffner (1673, 4to); the *Iconografia* of Giovanni Canini, engraved by Picart (Romæ, 1669, folio; Amsterdam, 1731, 4to); the *Virorum Illustrium ex Ordine Eremitarum D. Augustini Elogia et Icones* of Curtius, with the fine heads by Theodore Galle (Antwerpiæ, 1636, 4to); the *Favissæ* of H. Spoor (1707, 4to); the *Ritratti del Alcuni celebri Pittori del Secolo XVII.* (Romæ, 1781, 4to); the *Académie des Sciences et des Arts* of Bullart, with 274 portraits (Bruxelles, 1682, 2 vols. folio); the *Champions* of our own Ricraft (1647, 8vo); and the *Worthies* of Vicars (1647, 8vo); with a host of others,—but I have rather contented myself with the indication of those which seemed to me most significant as enabling the reader to estimate the value of Mr. Lodge's labours, by affording some information as to what had been previously achieved by a similar co-operation of art and biography, in commemorating the lives of illustrious men and women of all ages.

Having descanted at such length upon Portraits in general, it is meet to say a word upon the one before us. It is a free-handed and vigorous sketch; and I have no doubt,—though I cannot affirm it from actual knowledge,—that it affords a faithful presentment of the renowned poursuivant. "There he stands," writes Maginn, "in the regal robes of Norroy, in all the glory and grandeur of heraldic costume. He looks, indeed, every inch a king; and long may he continue to reign. We should be excessively sorry, if, in these innovating days, the hand of the Destructive should be laid upon Benet's Hill. The minute philosopher, or the grovelling utilitarian, may sneer at heraldry, and think the continuance of the Heraldic College a piece of idle folly; but for the opinions of these gentlemen we have little respect. They connect the present time with times past, and make us feel that we belong to a country which is not of yesterday, and that those who went before us did deeds worthy of being marked with honour and distinction. Who that enters the Heralds' College, as his eye glances on the *portcullis* of the Plantagenets, the *three legs* of the Isle of Man, the *eagle's claw* of the Stanleys, but must feel that he is of a race renowned in ages past all over the world, and think himself called upon to take care that it suffers



THE AUTHOR OF "VICTORINE."

no disgrace from him. The arms of a man's family ought to remind him that he has other people to think of besides himself, and that no blot is to be cast by him on the escutcheon of his fathers. And albeit we confess ourselves but little skilled in the science of blazon, we know enough of it to be sure that it requires no small quantity of multifarious information, and a great share of acuteness and ability. Of one thing we are certain that those who would depose the heraldic kings from their thrones, would be ready to pay the same compliment to another king whose empire is more substantial."

It now only remains to state that Mr. Lodge died on January 16th, 1839, at his residence in Bloomsbury Square, in the eighty-third year of his age. A portrait of him, after a drawing by Maclise, engraved by Smith, is prefixed to the edition of the *Illustrations of British History*, published in 1838.

The "boast of heraldry" awaits now as ever "the inevitable hour." Farewell, LODGE! Thy embroidered Tabard has fallen upon other shoulders; thy coronet of gold, with its sixteen strawberry leaves, adorns the brow of a successor in office; and unclasped for ever for thee is thy gilt collar of "esses." But the KING never dies; and thus we may still cry, "with lungs as stentorian as we can command,"—

Vive Clarencieux!

LXXVIII.—JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

MAGINN, half a century ago,—

> "———assiduo labuntur tempora motu,
> Non secus ac flumen,"—

called the attention of his readers, as I do now that of mine, to "our queer looking little friend, with his usual 'aids to reflection' before him"; and added that he was so well known to the play-going world of London that it was scarcely necessary to describe him. "His odd countenance," said he,—"his quaint manner—his whimsical gesture—his indescribably droll voice,—have made so deep an impression on theatrical London, that we may safely hold ourselves excused from further dilating upon the merits or peculiarities of Buckstone, the *actor*."

But Buckstone, the *author*, he seemed to think required introduction; calling him the *Scribe* of England, and pronouncing him almost as indefatigable as his French contemporary, and, in the handling of his characters, quite as original. As to the former quality, his dramatic output consists of some hundred and fifty pieces; and as to the latter, if he adapted, plagiarized, borrowed, and nationalized the histrionic productions of our more fertile neighbours, the great Scribe himself is known to have organized a dramatic workshop, where the journeymen of Thalia rough-hewed the work, to be afterwards shaped and signed by the master-hand. These works of Buckstone I shall neither attempt to denominate, or criticize, individually. His drama was conventional in treatment; and is now somewhat obsolete, as belonging to a bygone age. But it was national in character; marked by a healthy

humour,—albeit a little coarse for these mealy-mouthed days; and pervaded by human interest and simple pathos. Many, indeed, of his pieces,—such as the *Husband at Sight*, *Green Bushes*, *Our Mary Anne*, *The Irish Lion*, *A Lesson for Ladies*, *Luke the Labourer*, *Popping the Question*, *Box and Cox*, *The Wreck Ashore*, *Good for Nothing*, *Last Year*, *Victorine*, *Married Life*, *Single Life*, *The May-Queen*,—with others more or less dimly seen through the vista of memory as I write,—possessed considerable merit, and may probably yet hold possession of the stage for a time. *The Flowers of the Forest*, written for Madame Celeste,—*Ellen Wareham*, for Mrs. Yates,—and *The Dream of Life*, performed at the Haymarket,—were pieces of somewhat higher order. Miss Braddon, in one of her fine novels, shows that a once popular piece was still fresh in her memory. "Just," she says, seeking for a simile, "as in Mr. Buckstone's most poetic drama, we are bewitched by the wild huntress sitting at the feet of her love, and admire her chiefly, because we know that one man upon all the earth could have had power to tame her." *

Moreover, in addition to his talent as dramatic author, Buckstone possessed that, hardly less essential to an *impresario*, of enlisting good writers in his service. Among these may be mentioned the late Tom Taylor, Leicester Buckingham, Planché, John Oxenford, Dr. Westland Marston, Stirling Coyne, Falconer, T. W. Robertson, Byron and Gilbert. Thus his programme included pieces of the celebrity of *Pygmalion and Galatæa*, *The Favourite of Fortune*, *Everybody's Friend*, *The Unequal Match*, *David Garrick*, *New Men and Old Acres*, *The Overland Route*, *A Dangerous Friend*, and *Our American Cousin;* while his company consisted, at various epochs, of such efficient actors as Howe, Chippendale, Compton, Sothern, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, I. S. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and Miss Sedgwick.

As an *actor*, Buckstone must, of course, be judged by the standard and requirements of his day. The poet tells us that—

"He who lives to please must please to live,"

and if it is the function of the player to hold a mirror up to nature, the surface of this must reflect the image presented to it. Still, admitting that much of his success depended upon that trick of facial contortion which is growing more and more obsolete every day, and an unctuous exaggeration of humour which would now be pronounced vulgar in comic impersonation, it is no less true that Buckstone was one of the first comic actors of the time,—perhaps *the* first, if merit is to be measured by the amount of cachinnation which he evoked. "He has chosen," says Maginn, writing of him as a contemporary, "his peculiar department in his profession, and that department he fills in a manner not to be surpassed. Long practice in dramatic composition enables him, on the spur of the moment, to improvise a scene when actually on the stage, when the influence of the jolly god renders Reeve reckless of what is set down for him, and Jack commences composing, *ad libitum*, according to the dictates of his flowing fancies; if, as we have been assured, Buckstone is so deaf that he cannot distinctly hear what is said on the stage, this faculty of divining the vagaries of Reeve, and playing up to them, without pause or hesitation, is very remarkable." The parts which he has most completely identified with his name are "Sir Andrew Aguecheek," "Bob Acres," and "Tony

* *John Marchmont's Legacy*, 1863, vol. iii. p. 55.

Lumpkin," in the older comedy; and in the more modern, "Squire Chevy" in *David Garrick*, "Major Wellington de Boots" in *Everybody's Friend*, "Mr. Lovibond" in *The Overland Route*, "Asa Trenchard" in *Our American Cousin*, "Bunter" in *New Men and Old Acres*, "Chrysos" in *Pygmalion and Galatæa*, "Dr. Botcherby" in *An Unequal Match*, "Aminadab Sleek" in *A Serious Family*, and "Bobby Trot," in his own comedy of *Luke the Labourer*. How he came to be pitch-forked into the *serious* drama, I do not know; but certain it is that when Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean commenced their magnificent Shakespearian revivals at the Haymarket, by the performance of *Macbeth*, Master "Bucky" got cast for the "First Witch!" It is said that John Philip Kemble, who never believed in the authenticity of Ireland's Shakespearian forgeries, when he came to act in *Vortigern and Rowena*, so maliciously intoned the line :—

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er,"

—as to materially promote the condemnation of that fictitious piece. Buckstone, of course, had no such "little game" to play, and doubtless tried to look his gravest. But the familiar, fun-provoking *mug*, as its owner appeared before the curtain, was the signal for roars of laughter; while his question, "When shall we three meet again?" gave the finishing touch, and, in the exquisite fun of the situation, put a final stop to tragedy for the night. In domestic comedy, however, he was an important member of the Haymarket company, under the management of the Keans, till this was assumed by himself in 1853.

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, though of an old Derbyshire family, was a Londoner born and bred, having first seen the light at Hoxton, in 1802. He received his education at the Grammar School, Walworth; whence he was transferred, in the capacity of midshipman, to the deck of a man-of-war. Maritime life not suiting his taste, he tried the land, and had a brief spell, as articled clerk, in the office of an attorney. But this, too, did not hit his fancy; so, at the age of nineteen, he quitted the lawyer's desk, and joined a company of strolling players, making his first appearance at Wokingham, Berkshire, in the character of "Gabriel," in *The Children in the Wood*. After a novitiate in the provinces of some four years, he attracted the notice of Edmund Kean, and in 1824, obtained an engagement at the Surrey Theatre, where he first appeared in the character of "Peter Smirk," in *The Armistice*. He remained at the Surrey about four years; leaving, in 1828, for the Adelphi, and subsequently, the Haymarket. In 1840, he made a trip to the United States, where he hardly met with the reception he was entitled to expect. On his return to England, he joined, as I have already noted, the company of the Keans; and continued to form part of this, till, in 1853, their theatre, the Haymarket, was transferred to himself. This he continued to conduct till 1877; his management having been characterized throughout by energy, sagacity, liberality, and good taste. But all this notwithstanding, misfortune and embarrassment were creeping on apace. It is well for the "poor player," above all men, when the call-boy rings the bell for an early *exit*. Buckstone lived too long; and surviving the generation which had known him in his genial prime, exhibited to a younger one which had no subduing memories, the painful spectacle of a palsied veteran lagging "superfluous on the stage." There were possibly other, and reprehensible circumstances; but I care not to "point a moral" with

further disclosure of the manager's career. It is sufficient, then, to record that, in March, 1878, an adjudication of bankruptcy was made against him, as "of the Haymarket Theatre;" and that in the following July he made application to pass the Court, upon a statement of affairs which showed unsecured debts to the amount of nearly £7000,—secured, £2600,—partly secured, £4054,—and assets, *nil*. The bankrupt appeared in a very weak state of health; and in consideration of the unsatisfactory character of his balance-sheet, was not then allowed to pass his examination.

The next I heard of him was in August 21st, 1879, when the following painful letter called attention to his case:—

"*To the Editor of the 'Times.'*

"Sir,—You may be able at this season to spare a corner, and enable me to call attention to the miserable state of one who has delighted the public for more than fifty years.

"Buckstone,—the exquisite actor, successful author, generous manager and true English gentleman,—lies on that, I fear, is his death-bed, in absolute want. He had a second paralytic stroke a few days ago, and with his six children dependent upon him, is destitute. The Bank of England (Western Branch), Burlington Gardens, W., will receive subscriptions to the 'Buckstone Fund,' to which cheques and post-office orders should be made payable; and to be of use, I fear that what is done, should be done quickly.

"Your obedient Servant,
"WILLIAM FRASER."

In a subsequent communication to the *Times*, Sir William Fraser states that he had received a letter requesting him to "assure Mr. Buckstone of the Queen's sympathy with him in his affliction, and to tell him that her Majesty had inquired after him;" that the royal lady had been graciously pleased to send £50 as a donation to the "Buckstone Fund;" and that he had had an intimation, in reply to his application to the Prime Minister, that Lord Beaconsfield would recommend a sum of £100 to be granted to the distressed actor from the Queen's Royal Bounty. The writer adds, "Were your readers to see Mr. Buckstone, as I have seen him to-day, poor and paralyzed, they would, I feel sure, do much to relieve his absolute want."

I have no information as to the amount collected, but do not suppose it to have been large. The physician's maxim is "accipe dum dolet;" and the comic actor's should be, "Get what you can while your power of pleasing lasts,—and take care of it." Gratitude, which has been defined as a lively sense of future favours, is apt to be inert when none are to be looked for. Moreover, it is too much to expect that one generation will pay over again for the amusement which has been afforded to another. Any way, poor Buckstone did not require assistance long after application was made for it, dying in the early morning of Friday, October 31st, 1879, at his residence, Bell Green Lodge, Lower Sydenham. Here in February, 1880, his effects were brought to the hammer. His library comprised some 450 volumes; there was a portrait of Buckstone himself by Maclise, and paintings by Reynolds, Landseer, Calcott, Greuze and others, together with some fine proof engravings, relics of his palmy days, after Sir Edwin Landseer.

Another "Buckstone Fund" was organized in 1880, on behalf of Frederick, the son of the celebrated comedian. In the appeal, dated January 29th, we are informed that this gentleman was "laid up suffering

from consumption; that the disease was brought on chiefly through privation and anxiety during the last two years; that he was 42 years old, and had, for the last twenty years, been struggling for a living as a landscape-painter, but through want of means had been obliged to sell his pictures to dealers and others at ruinously low prices, living from hand to mouth, and being consequently unable to give his time to more important works with a view to public exhibition, so as to gain a fair start in his profession; and that he was then quite unable to work, and entirely without the means of subsistence."

Of Buckstone's daughters, many will remember Lucy, as one of the attractions of her father's old theatre, the Haymarket, under the management of Sothern. She married; and in accordance with the wish of her husband, retired from the stage. She lived for a time in America; but it was understood, in December, 1882, that she was on her way back to England, with the intention of returning to the boards, where the re-appearance of such a bright and clever actress would be warmly welcomed by the public.

It is perhaps just worthy of mention that the original of the picture by Millais, "Cinderella," reproduced in December, 1882, as the Christmas supplement to the *Illustrated London News*, was Miss Trissie Buckstone, the youngest daughter of the subject of this notice.

Buckstone, in his busy life, had other labours than those of manager, actor and author. He was one of the most active promoters of the General Theatrical Fund, of which he acted as Master and Treasurer; he was also one of the honorary Treasurers of the fund for the establishment of the Dramatic College near Woking for the benefit of aged actors. He had been for nearly five and twenty years a member of the Garrick Club.

Some years before his death it was rumoured that he was engaged in the preparation of an autobiography in which would be embodied the events of his own life, and the vast amount of anecdotal information, relating to his dramatic and literary contemporaries, which he had collected in the course of his long public career. What has become of these materials? The world anticipated much from the performance of a task which Mr. Buckstone was so peculiarly qualified to execute; and possessed in anticipation a record no less valuable than the *Apology* of Colley Cibber, and the *Reminiscences* of O'Keefe, Michael Kelly, and Dibdin. By the way, I am rather astonished that the idea has occurred to no enterprising bibliopole of collecting and publishing Buckstone's admirable speeches at the Dramatic Fund dinners, and other occasions. They would form a most amusing volume! *Verb. sap.*

I have felt it sad to record that one who had been so considerate and liberal himself in his dealings with others, should have fallen, in his latter days, into poverty and apparent neglect. But *fiat justitia;* poor Buckstone had himself to blame. When he piped for us in the Haymarket, did we not dance? He amused his generation, and his generation liberally paid him; he sowed no seed for posterity, and his abundant harvest was in his own day. There is no charge of public ingratitude; he and the world might well cry "quits." But it is well to be generous as well as just; and it is pleasing to know that the man who had entertained a bygone generation was not altogether without sympathy and aid from the present one. His aims,—like those of his

class,—may not have been the most elevated, his theory of life the most serious, or his example the most dignified; but his function, as mere laugh-compeller, was neither unimportant nor unworthy. Homer said that man was the most miserable animal in creation; and Addison pronounced him the merriest. Both are right; for if he is subjected to a host of evils from which other beings are exempt, he has sources of pleasures,—and, *inter alia*, those which arise from that peculiar concatenation of ideas which constitutes the ludicrous,—which, to some extent at least, counterbalance these. The risible faculty and appetence, peculiar to man,—

"——Smiles from reason flow,
To brutes denied,"—

as Milton has it,—require a judicious *pabulum* for their gratification and sustenance. We may be thankful that, when the gods kicked Momus from Olympus, the merry dog chanced to tumble among ourselves. We were wise enough to give him a hearty welcome; and relish his satire hugely—when it is not directed against our own individual foibles. Let us still entreat the rogue kindly; for we cannot, in faith, do without him. Man,—like Venus of old,—is φιλομμειδὴς; and, in a world whose hard grip extorts from so many eyes the tears of HERACLITUS, we may well be thankful to him whose lighter touch can, even for a brief while, bid these give place to the laughter of DEMOCRITUS.

LXXIX.—SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH.

As the Cornish baronet was not,—*is* not, perhaps I should rather say,—one of those characters, want of knowledge of whom,—*quoad* literature, at least,—implies that one is not known oneself, I will confess to some ignorance as to the minute details of his career; and, exclaiming with Canning's knife-grinder,—

"Story! God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir,"—

proceed to indite the baldest and most perfunctory of notices.

If my readers have ever wondered for a moment, how, when, and where the "sittings" were given for the series of portraits which I have had the honour of exhibiting to them, the natural emotion may perchance be satisfied by a sentence in which,—so far, at least, as regards the drawing before us,—we are let into the secret. "By an ingenious stratagem," says *Fraser*, "our artist penetrated into the baronet's sanctuary in Belgrave Square, attired like a ticket-porter. He produced a note, as from an Irish member, requesting a loan of three-and-sixpence, to pay a score at the Reform Club. While Sir William Molesworth was meditating whether he should produce the money,—while he wrote a line signifying that the request was granted, and kindly enclosed the mopuses in an envelope,—young Croquis watched, marked, surveyed him,—and made the admirable portrait opposite, unobserved, on his thumb-nail.

"Sir William lies on a luxurious sofa; his limbs are enveloped in a



Wm Molesworth

EDITOR OF "LONDON & WESTMINSTER REVIEW."

damask robe; a Grecian cap, marvellously embroidered, ornaments his sconce; his legs are crossed in an attitude of profound meditation. It is thus our great statesman appears in his closet, and meditates upon cosmogony, or the state of human affairs. Not political alone engage his mind: he is a profound metaphysician; as a linguist, stupendous; as a mathematician, he has attained a depth which is more easily imagined than described. Sir Isaac Newton once said, in our hearing, when Sir William, as a lad, came up to Trinity, 'Dash my wig, Mr. Yorke! that young man beats me all to shivers.' We speak within compass when we say, that Sir William Molesworth reads you off a page of Chinese with great ease, and the true Pekin accent; that Professor Whewell is a ninny compared to him in mathematics; and we have even heard that he not only admires, but understands, Jeremy Bentham. Our artist remarked nothing further in the chamber, except that, on his entrance, Sir William was occupied reading an enormous folio of French mathematics, and that by the honourable baronet's side lay the ashes of four and twenty cigars. Trifling particulars; but interesting to those who love to penetrate into human character, and are eager to know the smallest circumstances relating to good or great men.

"He lives in a fine house in Belgrave Square, which is remarkable, as being also the residence of the hon. member for Westminster. These two great statesmen (to use a polite phrase) pig together, and have their mansion in common. We do not mean to say that Orestes wears the pantaloons of Pylades, or *vice versâ;* but that, convinced that their party will dissolve, unless rallied round one particular standard, they have set up this liberty-flag in Belgrave Square. They keep a French cook, and feed their less fortunate political brethren,—a generosity noble on their part, but, indeed, necessary; for the wholesome quality of the victuals serves to keep these Radicals from starving, and likewise greatly elevates the *morale* of the men. With a few more such dinners at Pimlico, we expect to hear Mr. Wakley talking English, and Mr. Harvey looking like a gentleman."

As for myself, so far from endorsing the epithet "admirable," as to the portrait before us, I should pronounce it one of the least satisfactory of the entire series; and but for the statement above about "young Croquis," —a phrase which possibly was used generically or without due thought,— should have been more inclined to attribute it to "Alfred Crowquill" (pseudonym of A. H. Forrester), or even to the pencil in aid of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" (the pen-name of Thackeray).

But to return to the "honourable baronet," SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH, who was, as *Fraser* informs us, "of ancient family, of Cornwall breed, and possessed many fat acres in that and the neighbouring county." He was born in London, on the 23rd of May, 1810; and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, the seventh baronet, at the age of thirteen. He was entered in due course at the University of Cambridge, where he underwent a sentence of rustication for challenging his tutor to fight a duel. He next studied classics, mathematics, and metaphysics at the University of Edinburgh; completing his education in a German University where he bestowed especial attention upon philology and history. He then made the usual tour of Europe; and was still in his minority when he returned home in 1831. His first appearance in public was at a Cornish county meeting, on the agitation for Parliamentary reform, in that

year, and his juvenile speech was remarked for its earnest advocacy of that measure.

In 1832, he was returned, with Mr. W. L. Trelaway, unopposed, as member of Parliament for the Eastern division of Cornwall, in which county, at Pencarrow, his ancestors had settled in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and where is still the seat of the family. He subsequently sat for Leeds, having been returned for that borough in 1837, as colleague of E. Baines, the well-known proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury*; and in 1845 was elected, in the Liberal interest, for Southwark, which he continued to represent till his death, in Eaton Place, London, on October 22nd, 1855, in the 46th year of his age. In 1842, he served the office of High Sheriff of Cornwall, for which county he was also Deputy Lieutenant and Magistrate; in 1853, he accepted the office of First Commissioner of Public Works; and subsequently became her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, a post which he had well earned, but did not live long to enjoy.

Although it is not as a public man and a politician that Sir William Molesworth is entitled to a niche in our Pinacotheca, I cannot refrain from a passing word on a career which extorted respect and admiration from men of all shades of opinion. As a debater, he could hardly be ranked among the first; nor were his speeches numerous, though they were always valuable. He advocated the ballot; and this not only to further the interests of democracy, but to protect the people at large against demagogic ascendancy. He did good public service by his fearless inquiry into the Orange Lodges. He laid bare the system of penal transportation; and was the zealous promoter of systematic colonization. He was an advocate of free trade; of electoral and administrative reform, and of a more philosophical and rational system of international law; and was in all respects, a large-minded and enlightened pioneer of liberal opinion. "The best monument,"—said the *Times*,—"that could be raised to him would be a complete collection of his Parliamentary speeches;—the noblest epitaph that could be inscribed on his tomb would be the title of 'the Liberator and Regenerator of the Colonial Empire of Great Britain.'"

In his literary capacity, much does not remain for me to say of the subject of this notice. He was a large contributor to the *Westminster Review*, of which he was, for some period, both proprietor and editor. It is, however, as the editor of Hobbes that he is best known in literature. He had always been a great admirer of the illustrious and sceptical "philosopher of Malmesbury," and had devoted the leisure of his busy and useful life to the collection of materials for the life of his favourite author. In 1839, he commenced a reprint, in handsome style, of the writings of this unpopular and little understood man. The Latin and Philosophical Works, including the "obsolete mathematics," occupy five octavo volumes; and the "English Works," illustrated with expensive engravings, were comprised in eleven more. The whole entailed a cost for publication of many thousand pounds; the intended biography was said to be far advanced at the time of the author's death, and I presume still remains in manuscript uncompleted.

Sir William Molesworth has often been spoken of as a friend of Bentham; but this could hardly have been, as the great utilitarian died in 1832, at the very commencement of the career of the wealthy young baronet.



Yrs Sydney Smith

AUTHOR OF "PLYMLEY'S LETTERS ON THE CATHOLICS"

With James Mill he was, however, intimate ; and it was in the company of Grote that he pursued his travels. His studies were by no means confined to politics and metaphysics. He had read extensively in English and foreign literature ; had studied deeply architecture and engineering ; and was minutely versed in the science of botany.

Further,—as was remarked at the time of his death, by the *Athenæum* —" In private life, his kindliness of heart, and the child-like simplicity with which he accepted everything meant to give him pleasure, were remarkable and endearing ; and great is the number of those who will join us in feeling their bereavement in the withdrawal from the world of one of those able and true men in whom public worth is borne out and adorned by private amiability."

One sister survived him, the wife of Richard Ford, Esq., F.S.A., author of Murray's admirable *Handbook of Spain,* and other esteemed works. The title devolved on a cousin, the Rev. Hugh Henry Molesworth, Rector of Little Petherick, Cornwall.

LXXX.—REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

I HAVE often, in the course of these " Memoirs," longed for some such mastery over space and quantity as that symbolized by the magic tent of which we read in the Oriental tale, which, though it could be contained in the closed hand, was capable, when unfolded, of sheltering a mighty army within its periphery. Pascal apologized for the length of his letter on the ground of the shortness of the time in which he was compelled to write it ; but what would he have done if he had had to contend against exiguity of paper, *par dessus le marché?*

SYDNEY SMITH, " the wisest of witty men, and the wittiest of wise men," as the Hon. Mrs. Norton called him, was born at Woodford, in Essex, in 1771 ; and was sprung from ancestors of whom he has himself said that " they never had any arms, and invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs." He was educated at Winchester College, where he became " Captain " of the school, his school-fellows signing a round-robin declining to try for prizes, if he, or his brother Courtnay, should enter in competition. After a few months passed in France to acquire the language, he was, by virtue of his position at Winchester, elected to a scholarship in New College, Oxford. " I was at school and college," wrote he in his *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton,** " with the Archbishop of Canterbury ; fifty-three years ago, he knocked me down with the chessboard for checkmating him,—and now he's attempting to take away my patronage ! " At Oxford, in due course, he graduated with honour, and, at the age of twenty-two, obtained a fellowship ; not, however, proceeding M.A. till 1796. His own inclination was towards the bar as a profession, but in compliance with the strong desire of his father, he entered holy orders. His first curacy was at Netheravon, in the midst of Salisbury Plain, where he fully realized his own description of a country curate—

* First Letter.

"the poor working man of God—a learned man in a hovel, good and patient—the first and poorest pauper of the hamlet, yet showing in the midst of worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor." Here he did not remain long. The squire of the place, Mr. Hicks-Beach, M.P. for Cirencester, took a fancy to him, and engaged him to accompany his eldest son to the University of Weimar. Before he got there, however, with his young charge, Germany became the seat of war, and the travellers were forced, "by stress of politics," to put into Edinburgh, "that garret of the earth—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oatcakes and sulphur," as he put it,—where he spent five years in "discussing metaphysics and medicine." Here he became preacher in a small Episcopalian chapel, in the Canongate, where his senior colleague was the Rev. Archibald Alison, Prebendary of Salisbury, author of *Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste* (1790, 4to; 1811, 2 vols. 8vo),—"author and treatise," *teste* Maginn, "long since alike dead and buried,"—and father of that better known Sir Archibald Alison, who, as was said, wrote an elaborate work in ten volumes to prove that God was a Tory. Here, too, it was that he made the acquaintance of Jeffrey, Horner, Playfair, Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Brougham, and other men of mark in the modern Athens; and here, enacting the part of "the emollient potato in this hyperborean salad," he lived, as he describes it, "amid odious smells, barbarous sounds, bad suppers, excellent hearts and most enlightened understandings." Towards the close of his residence in that "energetic and infragrant city," where philosophers

"————————think unknown,
And waste *no* sweetness on the desert air;"

—and amongst a people who, as he said, required a surgical operation to get a joke well into their understandings, he proposed to Jeffrey to start a "Review." The idea was received with acclamation, and the "Blue and Yellow" was the result. A motto was thought a matter of some importance, and Smith suggested part of a line from Virgil,—

"Tenui Musam meditamur avenâ,"

—in the vernacular, "We cultivate the Muse on a little oatmeal." But objections were made to this; and finally the sentence from Publius Syrus—

"Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur,"

—an author whom the junto confessed never to have read, but whose truculent apophthegm lay ready to their hand in some *Florilegium*,—was adopted, and still stands, *in terrorem*, on the fore-front of the book. He himself acted as editor till he left Edinburgh, and then transferred it to Jeffrey and Brougham, to attain an unprecedented popularity and success, contributing from England those articles which now form an important part of his collected writings. Meantime, in 1799, he had married Miss Pybus, an English lady to whom he had been long engaged,—tossing into his bride's lap six battered tea-spoons, with the cheery exclamation, "There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune!" and at his wife's suggestion, removed to London in 1804. There he soon became a popular preacher. He had obtained the appointment of evening preacher at the Foundling Hospital through Sir Thomas Barnard, preaching

alternately there and at Fitzroy Chapel, and he was also morning preacher at Beverley Chapel, where his sermons attracted vast crowds of the wealthy, curious, dignified and learned. He also delivered a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy and the *belles lettres* at the Royal Institution. These, too, attracted overflowing audiences, for every one could enjoy and understand the wit, sense and manly vigour by which they were characterized. He was the right man in the right place. "No one else," says Horner, "could have executed such an undertaking with the least chance of success; for who could have made such a mixture of odd paradox, quaint fun, manly sense, liberal opinions and striking language?" These admirable lectures were privately printed at the time; but it was not till after the death of their author that, at the instance of Lord Jeffrey, they were presented to the public. Then it was that Lord Byron made the acquaintance of the witty preacher, of whom he spoke, in *Don Juan*, as—

> "The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,
> The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with,"—

giving us, in the same poem, his portrait, in these—

> "———his livelier London days,
> A brilliant diner-out, though but a curate,
> And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,
> Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,
> (O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!
> Who could suppose thy gifts sometimes obdurate?)
> Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er Lincoln,
> A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.
>
> "His jokes were sermons, and his sermons jokes,
> But both were thrown away amongst the fens;
> For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks:
> No longer ready ears and shorthand pens
> Imbibed the gay bon-mot, or happy hoax;
> The poor priest was reduced to common sense,
> Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,
> To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick throng." *

With regard to "preferment," the reverend subject of these stanzas himself informs us that, till he was thirty, he never received a farthing from the Church; that then he had £50 per annum for two years; then nothing for ten years; then £500 per annum, increased for two or three years, to £800; till, in his grand climacteric, he was made Canon of St. Paul's. Further than this, that he had built a parsonage-house, with farm offices on a large scale, at a cost of £4000, and had reclaimed another from ruin at an expense of £200. This, however, is anticipatory; the allusion in Byron's lines is to the promotion of Smith to the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, valued at £500 per annum, which he received from Lord Erskine, under the "Talents" administration, in 1806. In his own words:—"A diner-out, a wit, and a popular preacher, I was suddenly caught up by the Archbishop of York, and transported to my living in Yorkshire, where there had not been a resident clergyman for a hundred and fifty years. Fresh from London, not knowing a turnip from a carrot, I was compelled to farm 300 acres, and, without capital, to build a parsonage-house." All this, however, did not occur till 1808,

* Canto xvi. st. lxxxii.

on the passing of Mr. Perceval's "Residence Bill," previously to which he had lived in London, and appointed a substitute, who lived, I suppose, where and how he could, to do the duty.

But the new rector was not of a nature to be daunted by obstacles. He managed to build a house,—truly a tabernacle in a wilderness,—partly furnished it, and removed to it with his wife and children. There was no time, and as little disposition, for grumbling; deficiencies were supplied by ingenuity, and difficulties met with good humour, so that before long, as his daughter records, they were "the happiest, merriest, and busiest family in Christendom." The parson soon became a magistrate, and had to study "Blackstone," to qualify himself for the duties of the office; he turned schoolmaster to educate his son, because he could not afford to send him to school; he made himself a farmer, because he could not let his land; he was clerk of the works and caterer for his household; and, in odd times, he wrote for the *Edinburgh*, and indited his ever-memorable *Letters of Peter Plymley*, which appeared in 1807. In everything he was healthy, cheerful, manly and energetic. "*Faber meæ fortunæ*," he says, was his adopted motto, and false shame existed not in his household. Another important office he was also able to fill with more or less success. In early life he had studied medicine and anatomy with much assiduity, with a view of adopting the profession of physic. The knowledge thus obtained now stood him in good stead, and he was enabled to enact the part of village Æsculapius, without the disastrous results which generally attend the amiable labours of clergymen who undertake the *rôle*. From his own account, his practice was simple. Let us visit his consulting-room:—"'Where is Annie Kay? Ring the bell for Annie Kay.' Kay appeared. 'Bring me my medicine-book, Annie Kay. Kay is my apothecary's boy, and makes up my medicines.' Kay appears with the book. 'I am a great doctor; would you like to hear some of my medicines?' 'Oh yes, Mr. Sydney.' There is the *Gentlejog*, a pleasure to take it; the *Bulldog*, for more serious cases; *Peter's puke; Heart's delight*, the comfort of all the old women in the village; *Rub-a-dub*, a capital embrocation; *Dead-stop* settles the matter at once; *Up-with-it* needs no explanation; and so on. Now, Annie Kay, give Mrs. Spratt a bottle of *Rub-a-dub*; and to Mr. Coles a dose of *Dead-stop*, and twenty drops of laudanum.'"

Still, with all his care, the amateur doctor met with some misadventures. On one occasion, his horse "Peter the cruel," swallowed two boxes of opium pills, instead of a ball, in his bran-mash, boxes and all; but did not sustain any damage from the bolus. Another time, his pigs all got tipsy on fermented grains, administered by himself, and tumbled about the stye, grunting "God save the King!" And once his footman, who had a passion for dough, surreptitiously ate some prepared with arsenic for the vermin, which had been left on the dresser. "He swallowed," said his master, "as much arsenic as would have poisoned all the rats in the House of Lords; but I pumped lime-water into him night and day for many hours at a time, and there he is!"

Many of his inventions at this happy period, forced upon him by mother Necessity, seem humorous enough on specification. One was his "patent Tantalus," devised to overcome the sluggishness of his horse "Calamity." It consisted of a small sieve of corn suspended on a semi-circular bar attached to the end of the shafts, just beyond reach of the

horse's nose. The rattling of the corn, and the hope of overtaking the receptacle, stimulated the animal to greater exertions that any quantity of the cereal actually put down his throat, could possibly have got out of him. Another was suggested by his love of "cheap luxuries, even for animals." This was a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, and thus constituting an "universal scratcher." He had observed that all animals have a passion for "scratching their backbones;" and his happy device, being adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb," even, as he said, "the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn." At this time, he was, too, a Justice of the Peace, in which office, in striking contradistinction to the generality of clerical magistrates, his judgments were tempered with mercy and consideration. He was especially averse from committing juvenile offenders; and found, that when a lad proved refractory under his admonition, a call to his man,—"John, bring me my private gallows,"—never failed to bring the culprit to his knees.

At Foston he was visited by many of his most valued friends, who loved to rusticate awhile in his secluded parsonage. Among others came Thackeray—and Jeffrey, whom he found, on his return home, bestriding his donkey, Bitty, and saluted with the *impromptu*:—

> "Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
> As great a Jacobin as Gracchus;
> Short, though not as fat, as Bacchus,
> Riding on a little Jackass!"

Of the renowned Jeffrey, by the way, an interesting glimpse, on one of his London visits, is afforded us by the wife of Carlyle:—"Lord Jeffrey," says she, "came unexpectedly while the Count (D'Orsay) was here. What a difference! The prince of critics, and the prince of dandies. How washed out the beautiful dandiacal face looked beside that little clever old man's. The large blue dandiacal eyes, you would have said, had never contemplated anything more than the reflection of the handsome personage they pertained to, in a looking-glass; while the dark penetrating eyes of the other had been taking note of most things in God's universe, even seeing a good way into mill-stones." *

Preferment, for which Sydney Smith had long so patiently waited, was now at hand. In 1828,—the year in which he lost his eldest son,—he was presented with a stall at Bristol by Lord Lyndhurst, who forgot the politician in the friend; and in the following year he exchanged Foston for the living of Combe-Florey, in Somersetshire. In 1831, he was appointed by Lord Grey, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; and by-and-by became comparatively a rich man by succeeding to a third of some £100,000, on the death of his brother Courtnay, intestate.

In the autumn of 1843, he was visited by Tom Moore, who made a stay of a few days at his hospitable parsonage. In reply to a letter written to him after his departure by his host, referring to sundry imaginary articles left behind by the careless poet, including "a right-hand glove and odd stocking," Moore dispatched some verses, balancing the account complimentarily with what

> "_____*he* took slily away,—
> Rich treasures to last him for many a day:

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* *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, by J. A. Froude (1883, 8vo).

Recollections unnumbered of sunny Combe-Florey ;
Its cradle of hills, where it slumbers in glory ;
Its Sydney himself, and the countless bright things
Which his tongue or his pen, from the deep shining springs
Of wisdom and wit, ever flowingly brings.
Such being, on both sides, the 'tottle' amount,
We shall leave to your Reverence to settle th' account."

From this period no change took place in his ecclesiastical condition. Five and twenty years before, the King had read his reviews, and prophetically said that "he was a very clever fellow, but would never be a bishop." And so it turned out. *Nolo episcopari* was not his motto ; but his political friends lacked the courage to try the experiment, and Sydney saw mitre after mitre descend upon other brows, while his own remained unadorned. Lord Melbourne had at least the grace to repent of this. Not that the Canon himself complained ; for this he was at once too proud and too contented in disposition. So he continued to make, as he always had done, the best of his lot ; employed his pen occasionally, but no longer anonymously ; discharged with strict attention his capitular duties, and was a wise steward of the revenues ; was an admirable preacher, and a striking exemplar of clerical decorum and Christian conduct. To a Frenchman, M. Eugène Robin, who, in the year before his death, had asked for some details of his life for an able article on his writings which appeared in the *Revue de Deux Mondes* for October, 1844, he thus wrote :—"I am seventy-four years of age ; and being Canon of St. Paul's, in London, and rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living among the best society in the metropolis ; am at ease in my circumstances ; in tolerable health ; a mild Whig ; a tolerating Churchman ; and much given to talking, laughing and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country ; passing from the sauce of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man ; have found the world an entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it." And this, despite the gout—(mark, in our portrait, the portly form, the double chin, the

"Magister artis, ingenique largitor
Venter"

of the professed diner-out),—which made him feel, as he said, "as if he was walking on his eye-balls !"

But the grim sergeant was now hanging about the snug rectory, and only waiting his opportunity to lay his hand upon the shoulder of the genial incumbent. The soft, relaxing air of Combe-Florey seems to have had a prejudicial effect on his health, and his periodical attacks of gout became more and more severe. A gradual declension in his bodily health,—as indeed might have been expected at his age,—showed itself ; and an illness, which proved to be his last, set in towards the close of the year 1844. He does not seem to have feared *death*, though,—to use a just distinction made by himself,—the process of *dying* was not without terror for him. His mind, however, remained in full vigour ; and his unfinished pamphlet (*A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church*, London, Longmans, 1845, 8vo, pp. 32) was pronounced by Jeffrey to be

his most powerful production. In despite of occasional fits of depression, his temper retained its habitual gaiety, and very shortly before his death, when describing to a friend his attenuated condition, he said that he looked "as if a curate had been taken out of him."

He died at his residence, in Green Street, Hyde Park, February 21st, 1845, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

"It is a pleasant task," says S. C. Hall, in his interesting "Memories" of this good and accomplished man, "to write of one whose history is as a sound of trumpets, mingled with the music of joy-bells." This history is an important one. It has taught that a man may be an exemplary parson, and a cheery, jovial, witty companion; that a man of genius and imagination is not necessarily devoid of prudence, common-sense, and business habits; that there is no generic connection between orthodoxy and dulness, or, as he himself puts it, "between piety and paralysis";* that merry nights need not always be followed by sorrowful days; that the laughing philosopher may yet be a feeling man; that wit and humour may be exercised without malice and ill-nature; and that a man may possess a power of satire, ridicule and sarcasm equal to that of Swift, without one drop of the *sæva indignatio* which ate into the heart of the renowned Dean of St. Patrick's.

As remarked by some contemporary,—I forget whom,—a remarkable degree of success seems to have attended everything which was undertaken by Sydney Smith. At college, as I have already recorded, he graduated with honour, and obtained a fellowship at an early age, when the aid it afforded was most important to him. He projected, contributed to, and edited, a Review, which has enjoyed the highest reputation and prosperity; he attempted an ambitious style of preaching with a vigour of talent which distanced all rivalry; he became a public lecturer with such acceptation that all Mayfair thronged to Albemarle Street, to enjoy his wit and be instructed by his learning; he published political pamphlets which have gone through editions so numerous, that as many as 20,000 copies of some of them have been sold, he enjoyed every comfort in life which affluence, good constitution and exuberant animal spirits could give him; he was happy in his domestic relations; and he lived long enough to enjoy his reputation, and reach a greater age than falls to the lot of average humanity, and yet those who can appreciate wit, and admire learning,—and are disposed to honour the man who ever employed both kindly and judiciously—will be inclined to say that, old as he might have been, he died too soon.

Macaulay styled Sydney Smith "a great reasoner." But this he hardly was, if by the epithet we understand a man possessing a penetrative insight into the laws and conditions of mind, and successful in analyzing the principles of thought. But his intellect was clear, logical and perspicient. It was said of him by Everett, that, "if he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day, he would have been accounted one of the wisest"; and if he did not originate and discover, he had a marvellous skill of converting theory into practice, the abstract into the concrete, and making the ideas of loftier minds intelligible and popular, by simple language and felicitous illustration.

* Preface to his *Sermons*, 2 vols. 12mo.

A writer of genius, in a poem the brilliancy and vigour of which should have made it better known, asks

> "Where shall we find thy rival, sportive SYDNEY?
> Tory in heart, and Whig alone in name,
> (Their solemn spleen was never of thy kidney)
> Yet making of them both thy lawful game,
> *Swift's* living portrait, in a Canon's frame!
> Now kicking Peachum, and now trouncing Lockit;
> Time only giving brightness to thy fame,
> Thy humour burning broadest, in its socket,
> Thou'rt gone with all thy blaze, thou reverend Congreve-rocket!" *

In the spontaneous and felicitous exercise of the lighter and more brilliant faculties of the intellect he was pre-eminently great,—a wit *emunctæ naris*,—a humorist of most superlative excellence. There was this, too, about his wit, that while it was manly, original, graceful, and genial, it rarely lacked a substratum of earnest purpose. His jokes were intended to make you think and feel, and thus had no resemblance to those of Hook and others, which are only designed to make one laugh. His humour was like the rough staff of Brutus, which contained a rod of gold within it. It is never an idle play upon words, or a purposeless sport of the brain; it is always logical, sensible, good-natured, and decorous; and never transcends the limits of that "allowable pleasantry" which even Barrow pronounces to be "expedient." And the marvel of all was, that the possessor of this extraordinary quality conducted his affairs, saved money, and preserved his health, like the dullest among us;—rendering applicable to himself his own description of some similar prodigy:—"He has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined." Yet this is the man of whom George Daniel could find nothing better to say, in 1814, than that he had "too much lead";† and of whom he could learn nothing in the twenty years following to make him see that the modified phrase, "leaden Sydney,"‡ was most absurdly inapplicable!

Grantley Berkeley describes him somewhat disparagingly as "a clergyman of the facetious school, midway between the extreme liberality of Rabelais, Walter de Mapes, Dean Swift and Laurence Sterne, and the jocose absurdity of Rowland Hill and John Spurgeon. . . . He seemed ever anxious to hide his gown under a suit of motley. Wherever he went, his ambition was, apparently, not merely to set the table in a roar, but the chairs, the sideboard, and the family portraits. He was as successful a hoaxer as Theodore Hook,—sparing neither age nor sex."§

His colloquial witticisms, indeed, authentic and putative, would fill a jest-book; no account of him is complete without, at least, a specimen or two. His compliments to the fair sex were peculiarly graceful. Of a group of ladies he said, "they were all so beautiful, that Paris could not have decided between them, but would have cut his apple into slices"; and of Lady Murray's mother, "Her smile is so radiant, that I believe it would force even a gooseberry-bush into flower." To a charming girl who, walking through his garden, told him that she feared a certain pea

* *The Modern Orlando*, by the Rev. George Croly (1848, 8vo), p. 164.
† *The Modern Dunciad*, 1814, p. 71. ‡ *Ibid.*, 1835, p. 47.
§ *Life and Reminiscences*, vol. iii. pp. 159, 160.

would never come to perfection, he gallantly said, as he conducted her to the plant, "Permit me, then, to lead perfection to the pea." But to another, who asked for a motto for her dog, "Spot," he was not so polite;—"Out, damned Spot," was his reply to her request;—while he struck horror to the soul of a matter-of-fact old lady, by his sudden proposition, in the heat of the summer,—"Let's take off our flesh, and sit in our bones!" How admirably he describes,—at too great length, alas! to allow repetition,—an obese lady,—a sort of female Daniel Lambert,—whom a friend was about to marry.*

But men of his own cloth,—especially the superior clergy,—were the chosen mark of his harmless pleasantries. "A Bishop," said he, "should be a grave, elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice, and the preter-pluperfect tense." Archbishops, he thought, should be tall,—"they ought not to take them under six feet, without their shoes and wigs." He heard that Lord Liverpool meant to elevate Kaye, the Bishop of London, if the see of Canterbury had become vacant in his time:—"The Church could not last twenty years with such a little man," quoth he; for, as he once remarked, he had "but one illusion left, and that was the Archbishop of Canterbury." To a young lady who sat next him at table he whispered,—"You are afraid of me, you are crumbling your bread. I do it when I sit by the Bishop of London, and with both hands when I sit by the Archbishop." The "upper parsons," he would complain, "live vindictively, and evince their aversion to a Whig ministry by an improved health. The Bishop of —— has had the rancour to recover after three paralytic strokes, and the Dean of —— to be vigorous at eighty-two; and yet these are men who are called Christians!" He it was who suggested the combustion of a Bishop,—"even if it was only Sodor and Man,"—to prevent the locking up on railways; while of some unfortunate Dean he said, that he "deserved to be preached to death by wild curates."

In his *letters* there is much that is witty and amusing; especially his occasional habit of throwing his ideas into Latin. Thus, dilating on the alarming state of the country, he expresses to one of his correspondents the opinion, that, "we are all going—

> ——————ad veteris Nicholai tristia regna,
> PITT ubi combustum DUNDASque videbimus omnes."

There is plenty of nonsense, it must be admitted, in these genial letters; but then it is the perfection of nonsense, and it must be remembered that they were written *ad Familiares*, and not under the impulse of that feeling which led another witty man to exclaim, "Stop! let's talk seriously; here's a fool coming!"

All this may seem very terrible to matter-of-fact people, and betray a sad amount of levity and irreverence. To me, it seems but the "buoyancy of a great heart," the exuberance of a rich and noble nature. As we read in his "Memoirs,"—"He was sometimes mad with spirits, and must talk, laugh,—or burst." It was well said to him by an old college friend, "Your sense, wit and clumsiness, Sydney, always give me the idea of an Athenian carter."

We have, all of us, probably heard of the "Tractarians," however

* *Eminent Men and Popular Books from the "Times"* (1859, 8vo), p. 103.

vague may be our knowledge of their peculiarities; but it may be news to many that the sect once bore another, and equally appropriate, appellation. Newman (the present Cardinal, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, Birmingham) and Pusey (late Regius Professor of Hebrew in Oxford), being at the head of the Oxford Tract-Schism, Sydney Smith bestowed upon it the title "Newmania." The public, however, thinking Dr. Pusey the most ostensible personage, called it "Puseyism"; while the schismatics themselves, from the Ninety Tracts, have been sometimes styled "Nonagenarians,"—thus :—

> "*Newmania!* name from Reverend Sydney heard—
> To him be thanks for giving us the word—
> The pun to Europe's lost, but not the schism;
> To all but Britain 'tis plain *Puseyism;*
> *Nonagenarians* ye! whose words and acts
> Are mystified by ninety Oxford Tracts." *

It seems an odd matter that folks who pique themselves on doing everything else well, take no shame to themselves for *writing* badly. Sydney Smith wrote an execrable hand,—and, indeed, declined to decipher his own manuscript when it was twenty-four hours old. He described it himself "as if a swarm of ants, escaping from an ink-bottle, had walked over a sheet of paper without wiping their legs." One would think that chirography was a matter of no importance,—an art in which it was either not worth while, or beyond one's power, to obtain skill. I hold a different opinion; regard caligraphy as a branch of the fine arts; and love to gloat over the flourished copy-books of Bland, Cocker, Snell, Gething, Vaux, and the host of fine writers who contributed to the grand *Universal Penman* of Master Bickham. This, however, is now one of the lost arts.

But while garnering a few of the stray witticisms of this genial and large-hearted humorist, we must not forget the more serious and important achievements of his public life. I adopt the record of a contemporary biographer :—

"When his 'quips and cranks' are lost and forgotten, it will be remembered that he supported the Roman Catholic claims, and that they were conceded; that he strenuously assailed the game-laws, and that they underwent great modification; that he compelled a large portion of the public to acknowledge the mischief of our penal settlements; that he became the advocate of the wretched chimney-sweepers, and their miseries were alleviated; that he contended against many of the unjust provisions of the Church Reform Bill, and they were amended; that whereas, before his time, a man accused at the bar of a criminal court might be hanged before he had been half heard, now every prisoner has the benefit of a defence by counsel. It will further be freely acknowledged, that no public writer was more successful than he in denouncing a political humbug, or demolishing a literary pretender; that he was, on the whole, an upright, and benevelent man; and, as the world goes, a disinterested politician; that he had opportunities of improving his fortune, which he nobly rejected; and that having lived with unostentatious respectability, he died without accumulating wealth. His generous presentation of the Rectory of Edmonton, after declining it for himself, to the Rev. Mr. Taite, when it

* *The Newmania, or Puseyism*, 2nd ed. (London, C. A. Bartlett, Paternoster Row, etc., 1847, 8vo, pp. 36).

fell to his gift by the death of that gentleman's father, will be fresh in the reader's recollection." *

It was then, but may not be so now; we must refer the reader to Lady Holland's memoirs of her father,—or to the charming *Memories* (p. 406) of Mr. S. C. Hall, who tells the story, and rightly adds that it is "one of the best monuments ever placed by child over a father's grave." The reverend joker was practical in his charity. He was not only benevolent, but beneficent; and had contempt for those good-natured folks who like to play the good Samaritan, "without,"—as he put it,—"the oil and the twopence." His advice was, to form a resolution, on rising in the morning, to make some one person happy during the day. "Look at the result," said he; "that is 365 in the course of the year. Suppose you live forty years after you commence, that is 14,600 human beings made happy by you." That must have been a fine-natured man who gave utterance to the sentiment, setting aside the carrying it out in practice.

I am not acquainted with many portraits of Sydney Smith, and fancy, that the one before us is just a little caricatured,—but it must be remembered that he was a diner-out and a septuagenarian. Mr. "Theodore Taylor" (the late John Camden Hotten?), in his interesting monograph on Thackeray, says:—"He had certainly seen Sydney Smith. A quaint, half-caricature, outline sketch of the latter was contributed by 'Titmarsh' to *Fraser's Magazine*, at an early period of his connection with that journal." Is it possible that the sketch before us is from the hand of the great humorist? There is certainly something like his manner to be seen, and both it and that of Sir W. Molesworth appear wanting in the delicacy and refinement of their predecessors. Landseer, it is apocryphally said, once expressed a wish, at the table of Miss Berry, to take his likeness; but the proposition was wittily met by the question of King Hazael to Elisha,—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

The eldest daughter of Sydney Smith became the wife of the eminent physician, Sir Henry Holland, to whom she was married in 1834. She wrote the life of her father, which was accompanied by a selection from his letters, edited by the elegant writer, Mrs. Austin, and published in 1855, in two volumes, 8vo.† Lady Holland died in Italy, towards the end of the year 1866.

On March 10th, 1845,—three weeks after the death of his brother,—died, at his residence in London, in his seventy-sixth year, the almost equally eminent and accomplished Robert Percy Smith,—familiarly known as "Bobus" Smith,—formerly Advocate General of Bengal, and M.P. for Lincoln. Of him I can only here record that he indeed must have been a remarkable man, whose language, according to Canning, was "the essence of English"—whose "wonderful powers of argument and exquisite French," were the delight of Madame de Staël;—of whom an eminent author wrote to Sir Henry Holland,—"I never knew a man with so gigantic a grasp";—of whose influence in India it is recorded by Sir James Mackintosh, that "his name among the natives is greater than that of any pundit since the days of Menu";—and, finally, of whose death,

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxiii. p. 439.

† Reviewed in the *Times* of August 10th and 14th, 1855; and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xliv. p. 255.

his niece, Lady Holland, wrote, "of the genius, learning, and virtue, that were lost to the world in that grave, I dare not attempt to speak. . . . To me my uncle's death was as the death of a second father,—the extinction of all I have ever known, or conceived, that was brightest and best in the world!" The following touching and characteristic hexameters were found in his desk after his death; they were supposed to be of recent composition, and may not inappropriately close a record of these two brothers who, by their virtues and talents shed such lustre on the *gens Smithica*,—the great clan *Smith*,—and exerted in their day an influence so great and for so long a period :—

"Hîc jacet!—O humanorum meta ultima rerum!
Ultra quam labor, et luctus, curæque quiescunt,
Ultra quam penduntur opes et gloria flocci;
Et redit ad nihilum vana hæc et turbida vita:
Ut te respicerent homines! Quæ bella per orbem,
Qui motus animorum, et quanta pericula nostra
Acciperent facilem, sine cæde et sanguine, finem!
Tu mihi versare ante oculos, non tristis imago,
Sed monitrix, ut me ipse regam, domus hæc mihi cum sit
Vestibulum tumuli, et senii penultima sedes."

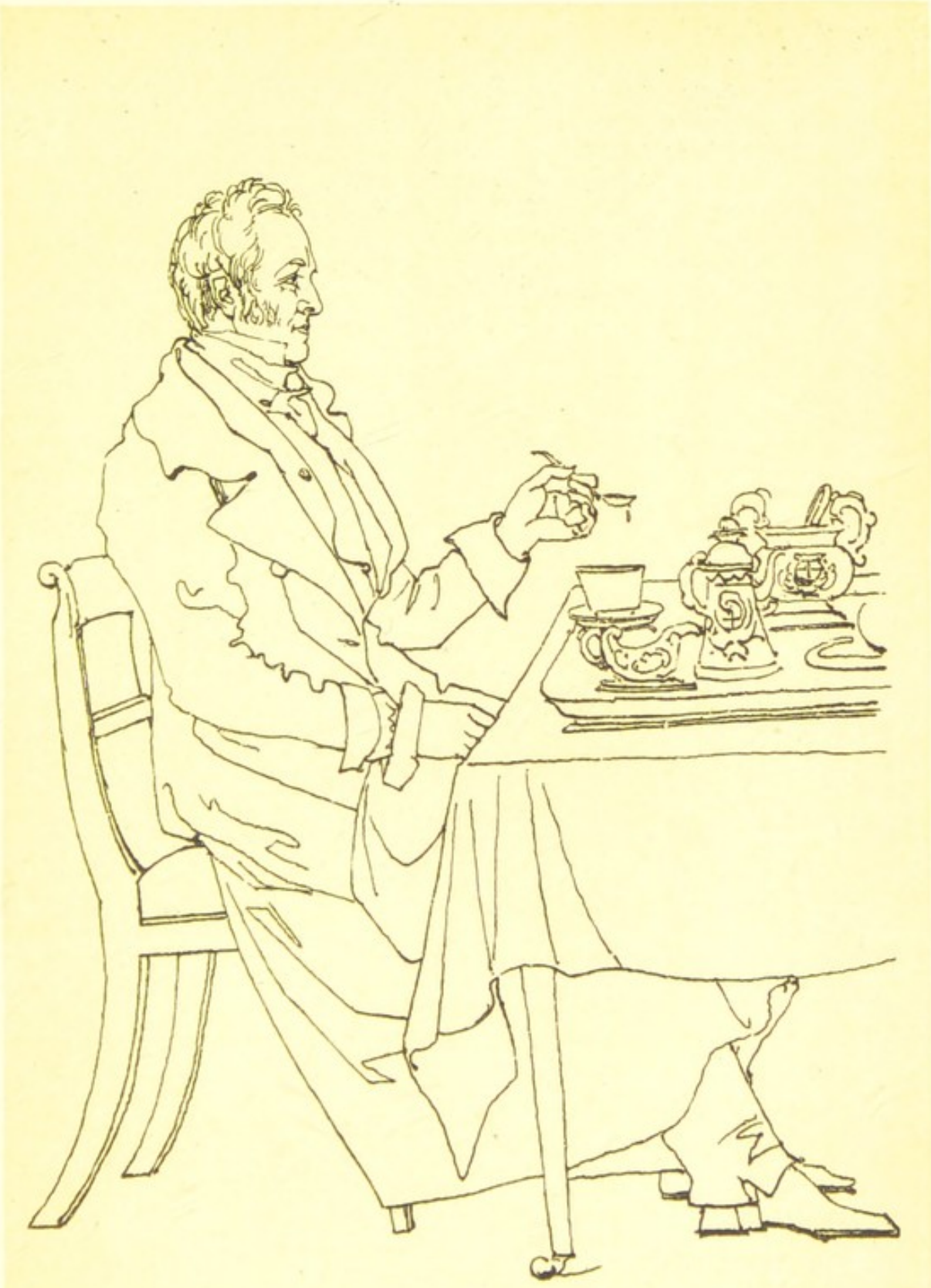
LXXXI.—HENRY HALLAM.

THE portrait of HENRY HALLAM, with which I have now the gratification of enriching our "Gallery," does not form one of the published series; as, however, it was found with the others, it is concluded that it properly belongs to them, and it is, therefore, restored to the place, of which, from some cause unexplained, it has been so long deprived.

Passed chiefly in the retirement of domestic life, and in the preparation of works which required rather the study of books than of cities and men, the long life of Henry Hallam was singularly obscure and uneventful. He was born at Windsor in 1777; his father was Dean of Bristol; and among his ancestors was that Bishop of Salisbury who, in the year 1414, represented the English clergy in the Council of Constance. He was educated at Eton, where he attained eminence among his fellow students, and gained for the early productions of his muse a place in the *Musæ Etonenses*. From Eton he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated in 1799; and on leaving the University, took up his residence in London. Here he took an active part with Wilberforce, in the great movement for the abolition of the Slave Trade, and was one of the earliest contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, where, *inter alia*, may be mentioned an article from his pen, on Sir Walter Scott's edition of Dryden, remarkable for its candid tone and critical ability.* It was thus, as a regular contributor to the *Blue and Yellow*, and as an ally of the great Whig families, that he came, later, to be associated by Byron with those truculent *condottieri* of the pen who stand pilloried for ever in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. We all know the distich :—

"Smug Sydney, too, thy bitter page shall seek,
And classic Hallam, much renown'd for Greek;"

* *Edinburgh Review*, October, 1808.



(UNPUBLISHED AND NOT IDENTIFIED)

which the *Annual Register** takes as a genuine compliment, extorted from the angry bard by the critic's admitted acquaintance with the niceties of classical literature. That the epithet was ironical will, however, be learnt from a note to Byron's satire, to the effect that Hallam, reviewing the *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*, of Richard Payne Knight, was "exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein;" and that "not discovering till too late that the lines were Pindar's, the critique stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity." So also the author of a powerful satire, lashing the would-be Longinuses and Scaligers of modern times :—

> "But while they *may*, in short-lived monthly page,
> They fret and fume their hour upon the stage;
> Through thick and thin they slash and criticize,
> E'en from the Theban bard they tear the prize;
> More nice than *wise*, their blind resentment wreak
> On Fox's English, or on *Pindar's Greek*,
> Their insect-eye each trifling blemish sees,
> But grasps not Demosthenic Deinotes,"†

Here it may not be uninteresting to recall and investigate the precise facts, especially as every reference to them,—as, for instance, the note to Byron,—manifests some error and ambiguity. R. P. Knight, who was a good Greek scholar, had, in the work I have alluded to, animadverted upon the "flippant confidence" of certain monthly critics, which led them "to pronounce the most peremptory decisions upon the most abstruse points of learning, without understanding even its first elements."‡ He evidently had in view the writers of the *British Critic* (a review better known since as "My Grandmother's," from Byron's contemptuous designation), who had proclaimed themselves to be "among the first critics and scholars of the age." These gentlemen had passed judgment with much solemnity on the various Greek translations of Gray's *Elegy;* and concluded by offering a version of *The Bard*, as a specimen of "what the splendid imagery and genuine grandeur of diction exhibited in this immortal poem might be in the language best adapted to do them justice." This was examined with nice severity by Mr. Knight, who, citing the lines representing the fine passage beginning, "On a rock whose haughty brow," attempted himself to express in Greek monostrophics the sublime image which his predecessors had "so bunglingly mangled and debased." Mr. Knight's book received in the *Edinburgh Review*§ a notice in which, on the whole, justice was done to the extensive learning and philosophical spirit which it exhibited; but, when the reviewer found his craft assailed, he felt bound to take sides against the author. He admitted it was presumptuous for Scotchmen to contend about Greek at all, and hints, too, at the possibility of a *critic-trap*. But he was caught nevertheless. Taking up Mr. Knight's version line by line, he remarks on the phrase, "ὁ μελαγχλαινος ανηρ," that it can mean nothing else than a *parson*. Mr. Knight, in a note to the fourth essay (1808), is jocular upon this, and says that, if this is so, the μελαγχλαινοι Πριηποι at Bion's funeral must be

* *Annual Register*, 1859, p. 428.

† *Hypocrisy: a Satire in Three Books*, by the Rev. C. Colton, A.M., Cantab. (Tiverton, 1812, 8vo, p. 22).

‡ *Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste* (1805, 8vo, p. 249).

§ No. xiv. vol. vii.

the vicar and curate,—or, perhaps, the dean and chapter officiating on the occasion, as a reverend gentleman appears officiating in the funeral scene of Hogarth's "Harlot's Progress." That such critics, he indignantly adds, "should know anything of the distinct use of the article in Homeric, Pindaric, and Attic composition, it would be absurd to expect."

By-and-by, the reviewer comes to the twelfth line of Mr. Knight's version, and pronounces it, briefly, "nonsense." Now this line,—

"Θερμὰ δὲ τέγγων δάκρυα στοναχαῖς,"—

is, as the classical reader need not be reminded, a verbatim interpolation from the tenth Nemean of Pindar (v. 141); and, as Mr. Knight added, in a subsequent edition of his book, had been "until a Synod of North British critics peremptorily pronounced it to be nonsense," "universally thought to express with peculiar force and delicacy the mixture of indignation and tenderness so appropriate to the grief of the hero of the modern as well as of the ancient ode." So it may have done with its own Pindaric context, ὄρθιον φώνασε, which I think it would have been better to have supplied; but when dislocated from this, and interpolated into another sentence, it is just possible that, with all the skill of Mr. Knight, its significance may have been impaired. But the plain truth is, it *is* nonsense,—either as it stands in Pindar or Payne Knight,—unless we give to τέγγων the signification of "shedding," or "pouring forth," for which I do not know that there is any authority in Greek literature. However, as the critic does not descend to particulars, we do not know what it is that he finds fault with. The line might have been written, τέγγων τὰς στοναχὰς (σὺν) δακρύοις; but without mending the matter much. Damm, in his *Lexicon Pindaricum*, suggest "miscens lucrymas suspiriis: quod poetice dictum"; with which slight straining of the word from its general purport of "moistening," or "wetting," we must be content, as there is no ground to suspect a corruption of the text.

The next question to be considered is, who was the Reviewer who actually committed the alleged "blunder"? The late Professor de Morgan, in a very curious and interesting miscellany,* the publication of which by his widow was posthumous, though the greater part of the volume had already appeared in the *Athenæum*, says that "Byron's mistake about Hallam, in the Pindar story, may be worth placing among absurdities;" but offers no hint towards an elucidation of the matter. Hallam, himself, was wroth at the imputation, and remonstrated with the satirist. Byron, notwithstanding, in subsequent editions of his poem, left the lines as they were; but made an addition to his note to the effect that, if Mr. Hallam would tell him who *did* review Payne Knight's book, the real name should find a place in the text, *provided nevertheless* the said name were of two orthodox musical syllables, and would come into the verse; but that, till then, "Hallam" must stand for the want of a better. Now, the desiderated information was not far to seek, and I wonder that the noble bard was never supplied with it. I wonder, too, that De Morgan, who was on the threshold of the truth, did not discover it. He remarks that Byron carelessly represented Hallam as criticizing *the Greek* of all the lines of Payne Knight, and not discovering that the "lines,"—(it is only *one* that is in question)—were Pindar's till after publication. Giving credit to Byron for too much scholarship to have made

* *A Budget of Paradoxes*, by Augustus de Morgan (London, 1872, 8vo, p. 434).

such a blunder, he infers that he either accepted the statement from report, or else took satirical license. The former was the fact, as I can conclusively show. When Crabb Robinson was at Corunna, he was invited to dine at the house of a certain lion-feeder of his acquaintance, a Madame Moschera. Here he met Lord and Lady Holland,—an honour which appears to have nearly overwhelmed him. In the train of these mighty ones came the "domestic physician" of the noble household, a certain "Mr. Allen," who was popularly spoken of as "Lady Holland's Atheist"; but "better known," adds the *Diarist*, as "an elegant scholar, and Edinburgh Reviewer, who, in that character, fell into a scrape, by abusing some Greek that was by Pindar."* Here, then, is an easy explanation of the whole matter. Either Byron, or some one through whose ears the story had passed, had been misled by the similarity of sound between "Allen" and "Hallam." Down went the latter name as the most familiar, and down it will remain, with its unjust aspersion on the critical sagacity of the historian, as long as *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* remains extant! But enough about a trifle,—the historical character of which may serve as my apology for thus having seemed to wander *in immensum*.

It was in the year 1818 that Hallam gave to the world the fruits of his severer labours in his *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*,—an elaborate work which to adequately criticize is a task at once beyond my powers and my space. Maginn, in a satirical book, purporting to be written some three centuries and a half hence, in the year of our Lord 2227, alludes to the "illustrious Hallam" as being the only man of his day who approached Sam Rogers as a wit; and as being author, as he learns from some of the principal critical works of the age, of a "jocular treatise on the Middle Ages which has not come down to posterity, but which, in his own generation, appears to have excited a universal laugh wherever it was mentioned."† Well, this is funny enough; but it is with Maginn that I can laugh and not with Hallam; and I must confess that often as I may have referred to the volumes of the latter, I have never experienced the slightest twitch of my *risorius Santorini*. But even were it so, better the loudest and most prolonged cachinnation, than the slumber-compelling effect attributed in a smart French epigram, to a learned tractate on the same subject, by a brother historian on the other side the channel:—

"Michelet, dont ou voit l'image
Offre un contraste assez plaisant;
Il a réveillé le moyen âge,
Et fait dormir l'âge présent!"

During the ensuing nine years, Hallam was engaged in the preparation of his second great historical work, which saw the light at the conclusion of that period. This was his *Constitutional History of England;* of which I will only say here that it was savagely attacked in the *Quarterly Review*, in an article attributed to Southey, who seized the opportunity of assailing, through the historian, the Whig principles of his old associates.

Having thus illustrated the national and political history of Europe, Mr. Hallam had begun to exercise his powers in the investigation of the

* *Diary of Crabb Robinson*, vol. i. p. 277.

† *Whitehall: or the Days of King George IV.* (1827, 8vo, p. 85).

literature of the same period, when his life became darkened by a dire domestic calamity. He had married, earlier in life, a daughter of Sir Abraham Elton, of Clevedon, in Somersetshire, and had had by her two sons and two daughters. The eldest son, Arthur Henry, had, by his rare qualities of mind and disposition, excited the highest hopes of his parents and friends. His precocity of intellect was such that, at the age of seven, he had learnt to read Latin fluently in a year. He had earned distinction at Oxford; was engaged in the study of the law; and had already taken honours in literature. In the summer of 1829, he had accompanied his father on a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford; of which, and an excursion to Melrose Abbey, a pleasing memorial is preserved in his privately printed *Remains*, and transferred by Lockhart to his *Life* of Sir Walter. This son, so justly endeared to all, was snatched away by death in 1833, in the very flower of age and intellect. He was buried at Clevedon; his sorrowing father recording his virtues and talents in a memoir for private circulation, than which affection has made no more graceful and touching offering to unfulfilled promise; while Tennyson,—whose sister was his affianced bride,—in the exquisite series of verses, entitled *In Memoriam*, has embalmed the memory of his friend in tears more precious than those which were shed by Moschus over the tomb of Bion.

This Clevedon, thus associated with one of the finest poems of the century, has now became a fashionable watering-place on "the broad waters of the west," as the Bristol Channel is styled by the Laureate. It was to a "pretty cot" in the primitive village on the old headland, that S. T. Coleridge brought his young wife on his marriage. This humble, but much-loved home, to which he bade farewell in some tender lines, is now divided into two labourers' cottages. Near to this is Clevedon Court, the seat of Sir Arthur Hallam Elton, of the same family as Charles Abraham Elton, the well-known translator of Hesiod. Thus Clevedon, with the touching group of monuments in its church to the Hallam family,—its memories of the happiest days of Coleridge,—and its associations with Tennyson, who tells how the letters on his friend Arthur's monument "slowly glimmer in the moonlight" as they shadow forth the touching inscription,—is already a haunted spot to the pilgrim of memory.

The poet tells us :—

> "Nature hath assign'd
> Two sovereign remedies for human grief:
> Religion—surest, firmest, first and best;
> And strenuous action next."*

Neither influence was wanting to Hallam; and, bowing in resignation, he sought a further balm for sorrow in the resumption of his interrupted labours. The third of his great works, the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, now far advanced, in due time was completed and given to the world. The historian was now declining in years. In the battle of life, if we do not fall early ourselves, we see those we love stricken at our side; it is a sad but almost inevitable dilemma. It falls to the lot of few of the married to record of themselves :—

* *Roderick: the last of the Goths*, by Southey, cant. xiv.

"Unus hymen, mens una; duos mors una, diesque,
Junxit; ut una caro, sic cinis unus erit;" *

and Hallam was not among the number. He first lost a daughter; and then, in the death of his wife, experienced that calamity which rendered dark and purposeless the life of Jeffrey,† robbed the labours of Southey of their best incentive,‡ and which James Hannay, speaking of its dire effect on Aytoun, describes as "the most dreadful pain inflicted on mortals by any weapon in the armoury of doom."§ One son only now remained; and in him the father's hopes centred, as giving promise of a future no less bright than that of which the death of his elder brother had forbidden the attainment. But here again a terrible blow fell upon the old man. This son likewise, when travelling on the Continent, was suddenly and mysteriously removed by death, in 1850, at the age of twenty-six, just after his call to the bar; and the grave at Clevedon was once more opened that his remains might be deposited by the side of his brother, his sister, and his mother. One daughter was yet left to the bereaved father. She was married to Colonel Cator; and in her home, and attended by her solicitous care, the philosopher passed his last days. In his seventieth year he had published a thick volume of "Supplementary Notes" to his great work on the Mediæval History of Europe, correcting errors of fact, and doing justice to the labours of those who had detected and investigated them. His other works were revised, annotated and completed by him with most curious and conscientious care, so that each edition was an improvement on the one which preceded it. He retained much of the clearness and vigour of his intellect till his death, which took place, in his eighty-third year, on January 21st, 1859,—a year especially sad for Clio, who, besides Hallam, had, in it, to mourn the loss of Macaulay, Washington Irving, Prescott, and Mountstuart Elphinstone, who has been termed the Tacitus of Indian historians. There are a few lines to his memory in Clevedon Church; but his real epitaph—from the pen of Dean Milman, or possibly Lord Macaulay,—must be read in St. Paul's Cathedral.

To myself, the work I have last mentioned, the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, is the most interesting of Hallam's productions, and the most frequently in my hands for reference. Dealing, however, as it does, with so extended a period,—the 15th, 16th, and 17th century,—it cannot be expected that the treatment should be other than somewhat general and superficial in character; and that in the investigation

* Epitaph on Sir Richard Maitland and his wife.

† "I took no interest in anything which had not some reference to her. . . . All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely. You know how indolent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune. But it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling. . . . Now I have no interest in anything, and no object or motive for being in the world."—*Life of Lord Jeffrey*, vol. i. p. 165.

‡ "Such consummation of my work will now
Be but a mournful close,—the one being gone,
Whom to have satisfied was still to me
A pure reward, outweighing far all breath
Of public praise."

SOUTHEY, *Inscriptions*, xlv

§ *North British Review*, vol. xlv. p. 85.

of special departments,—our own rich and varied literature for instance,—more detailed information must be sought from other sources. Such are the able *Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England* (Charles Knight, 1844-5, 6 vols. 12mo) of the late Geo. L. Craik, LL.D., Professor of History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast,—a work, which, appearing in humble form and with small pretensions, never obtained the reputation it deserved. A revised edition appeared in 1861, under the title of *A Compendious History of English Literature, and of the English Language, from the Norman Conquest; with numerous specimens* (London, 2 vols. 8vo); and this has been again reprinted in 1866. This is a work which affords an adequate and comprehensive survey of its subject, and, "without pretending to any deep philosophy, or original criticism, maps out the whole period of English literature with creditable scholarship and patient learning."* This able writer was followed by Professor Morley, who, in 1864, gave us the first instalment of a work of so far higher pretension, as it professed to narrate in more philosophical spirit "the story of the English mind." Before the completion of this work, the writer was anticipated to a great extent, in the performance of his task, by a French writer, who, in dealing with the history of our literature, from its very birth to the present day, has exhibited a freedom from prejudice, a liberality of criticism, and an extent of knowledge, not generally possessed by those of his nation who have dealt with our letters, our history, or our manners.†

In 1830,—I may just mention,—Hallam received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals, instituted by George IV., for eminence in historical composition; the other being awarded to Washington Irving.

It is obvious that in dealing in a few lines with such works as those which have made the name of Hallam illustrious, I have been confined to the merest generalities of expression. Nor is there need for more: they are already classics, and find their place in every historical library with any pretensions to completeness. They are written for the earnest student, rather than the more idle reader; and may not by some be thought rich in those *ad captandum* tricks of style which are employed by writers who court popular favour. But they contain the results of a vast reading, of the most careful industry and research, and are everywhere marked by that reference to principles which marks the philosophic writer. Their grand characteristic is stern judicial impartiality. Erudition as profound, elegance more captivating, logic not less cogent, acuteness equally sagacious, and discrimination as subtle, may be exhibited by other historians; but I question if Hallam has ever been surpassed in stern integrity, honest singleness of purpose, and subjugation of personal prejudice. He has left us in his works a storehouse of historical fact, political wisdom and original opinion,—rendering applicable to himself, in a large degree, the judgment of the learned Lipsius on the historian of Alexander:—"*Historicus, me judice, probus, legitimusque, si quisquam fuit. Mira in sermone ejus felicitas, in narrationibus lepos. Astrictus idem et profluens, subtilis et clarus; verus in judiciis, argutus in sententiis, in orationibus suprà quam dixerim facundus.*"

* *Edinburgh Review*, No 248, p. 290.

† *Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise*, par H. Taine (Paris, 1863, 3 tom. 8vo) *Complémentaire, Les Contemporains* (Paris, 1864, 1 tom. 8vo).



W. M. Thackeray

AUTHOR OF "VANITY FAIR."

LXXXII.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"AND there came up a Lion out of Judah!" was the exclamation of Charlotte Brontë, after she had long gazed in silence at Lawrence's portrait of the great humoristic novelist. Thackeray, like Francis Mahony, although a prominent member of the staff of "REGINA," and having place in the grand cartoon of the "Fraserians," did not attain the honour of separate portraitship in the "Gallery." This honour he now, albeit posthumously, enjoys; we felt that the series was incomplete without his massive and leonine front; and knowing that the Garrick Club possessed a fine portrait in oils,—"drawn and presented by Sir John Gilbert,"—which had never been engraved, caused special application to be made to the committee for permission to reproduce it. This was kindly accorded; a photograph was taken; and from this was produced the admirable lithographic copy, with which I have the satisfaction to enrich our Pinacotheka.

I think that it was Kohl, the flippant Austrian traveller, who passed some silly comments upon a statue of Lord Nelson at Birmingham, in which the sculptor,—Westmacott,—had shown the hero forth with armless sleeve to his coat. The idea of the German was that great men should be handed down to posterity, in statuary or painting, rather in the restored and glorified form which they may be supposed to assume after death, than with the mutilations and disfigurements which were the accidents of their mortal passage. Possibly some such idea was in the mind of the artist, for on studying this portrait of Thackeray we find that he has given to the nasal organ of his subject the acquiline contour which characterized it before it received the indentation which those who knew him personally so well remember. "What a misfortune it is," wrote a sprightly authoress, "to have a broken nose, like poor dear Thackeray! He would have been positively handsome,—and is positively ugly in consequence of it. John (Kemble), and his friend, Venables, broke the bridge of Thackeray's nose when they were schoolboys playing together. What a mishap to befall a young lad just beginning life."* A similar accident, it may be remembered, had befallen the great Florentine sculptor; and it is not impossible that his defaced lineaments, as seen in portraits and medals, may have suggested to the mind of Thackeray the incongruous pen-name of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," which he has more completely identified with himself than any other.

Of portraits of Thackeray there is no lack. The Garrick Club also possesses one, in pen or pencil, by Maclise, which was probably intended at one time to enter into our series. I have before me a not altogether pleasing, but probably faithful, copy from a photograph by Herbert Watkins; and a very admirable woodcut by Butterworth and Heath, in which Thackeray is represented in his arm-chair, seated in his library. He is conspicuous in our grand Fraserian cartoon, glass in eye, the fourth on the right hand of Maginn; and John Leech† has depicted him, in

* *Records of a Girlhood*, by Frances Anne Kemble (London, 1879), vol. iii. p. 162.
† *Pictures of Life and Character*, by John Leech, 3rd Series, No. 66.

"Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball," where, in the orchestra, among the men who at that time composed the Punch staff, "mooning over all is Thackeray,—big, vague, childlike,—playing on the piccolo." *

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY was born at Calcutta in 1811; † his father being a member of the Bengal Civil Service, his uncle a physician at Chester, and his great-grandfather, Dr. Thomas Thackeray, the predecessor of Sumner as head-master of Harrow School, where he had the honour of educating Sir William Jones, and Samuel Parr, who wrote of his early preceptor,—"I have reason to love and revere him as a father as well as a master." In 1817, the young Anglo-Indian was sent to England to be educated, and on his voyage home saw Napoleon in his island prison, who was pointed out to him by his black servant as eating "three sheep every day, and all the children he could lay his hands on!" When about twelve years of age, he was sent to the Charterhouse School, then under the head-mastership of Dr. Russell, whose death occurred in the same year as that of his celebrated pupil. At this institution he made satisfactory progress; and proceeded in due course (about 1828) to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had for fellow-students the late J. M. Kemble, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, and Alfred Tennyson, the laureate-poet. Here he made his earliest literary effort by the publication of *The Snob: a Literary and Scientific Journal*, the first number of which appeared on April 6th, 1829, and which enjoyed an existence of eleven weeks. At the University he kept seven or eight terms, but left without taking a degree. In 1831, he betook himself to Weimar, where he visited Goethe, saw Schröder Devrient in "Fidelio," drew caricatures in the Fräuleins' albums, and had the good fortune to possess himself of the court sword of Schiller, the poet, which hung in his study to the day of his death, as a memorial of the happy *Wanderjahre* of his youthful life. Years after, he wrote to his friend, G. H. Lewes, a charming letter relating to his Weimar experiences and his visits to Goethe, which is inserted in the life of the great German, and where we read:—"With a five and twenty years' experience, and an acquaintance with an immense variety of human kind, I think I have never seen a society more simple, charitable, courteous, gentlemanlike, than that of the dear little Saxon city where the good Schiller and the great Goethe lived and lie buried."

We next hear of Thackeray at Rome; and by-and-by find him in Paris, where he busied himself day after day in copying pictures at the Louvre, in pursuance of the determination which he had now formed to devote himself to art as a profession. In literature, as we have seen, he had already made essay; and he continued to cultivate his talent for writing by occasional contributions, chiefly on art-criticism, to the English periodicals. Whether his taste for literature gained the ascendancy over that for art, or whether he acquired the conviction that he hardly possessed the talent calculated to insure high distinction as a painter, cannot now be ascertained with certainty. In 1834, when he was hardly three-and-twenty, he seems to have begun in earnest a more exclusively literary career, and became a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, where, under the pseudonyms of "Michael Angelo Titmarsh," "George Fitzboodle,"

* *North British Review*, vol. xlii., March, 1865, p. 239.

† Thackeray was probably thinking of his Indian birth when he wrote of Swift: "It seems to me that he is no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo."

"Charles Yellowplush," "Lancelot Wagstaffe," and "Ikey Solomons," he subsequently raised himself to a prominent place among that brilliant staff which rendered "REGINA" famous wherever English Literature was known. This magazine,—I quote the words of Mr. "Theodore Taylor,"—"was at that time under the editorship of the celebrated Maginn, one of the last of those compounds of genius and profound scholarship with reckless extravagance and loose morals, who once flourished under the encouragement of a tolerant public opinion. There can be no doubt that the editor and Greek scholar who is always in difficulties, who figures in several of his works, is a faithful picture of this remarkable man as he appeared to his young contributor." All this we know; but it is pleasing to add the record, on the authority of the late Mr. Hannay, that later on, when Maginn was down and beaten,—when, like Burns before him,—

"Thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name;"

—and the most brilliant, versatile and universal scholar of the day was a prisoner in the Fleet—Thackeray lent, or rather gave, the broken man,—for this was one of the cases where lending is giving,—£500; one instance, out of many which might be cited, of the constancy of his friendship and the generosity of his nature.*

But I have anticipated. It was just at the time that art and literature seemed struggling in rivalry for the more exclusive devotion of the worshipper whose offerings might have glorified either, that an unpretending work announced the advent of a mighty master in the domain of humoristic fiction. The immortal *Sketches by Boz* had appeared; and now Dickens the writer, and Seymour the caricature-artist, were collaborating in *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, to further exhibit, by pen and pencil, the sayings and doings of Cockneydom. Two or three numbers only of this had appeared, when the unfortunate artist committed suicide in a moment of derangement.† Another graphic hand was wanted; and Thackeray, who had illustrated his own "Yellowplush Correspondence," in *Fraser*, in a peculiar and characteristic style, probably suggested by the outline portraits of Maclise, and to which he afterwards adhered, bethought himself that he might fill the vacant place. He accordingly took his way, with two or three sketches in his hand, to the chambers of the great novelist in Furnival's Inn, to offer his services as the new illustrator. His drawings, "strange to say," as he himself records, "were not found suitable." In this judgment he later acquiesced, and was wont to allude good-humouredly to his rejection, as "Mr. Pickwick's lucky escape"; still, in the immediate sense of mortification, it is possible that he may have uttered the exclamation which has been attributed to him:—"Well, if you will not let me draw, I will write."

Write, he accordingly did. But here, unlike Dickens, who became soon his intimate friend, he had a long period of probation to undergo. The growth of his reputation was, indeed, singularly slow and gradual: and, writing for *Fraser*, for the *Comic Almanac* of his friend George

* A newspaper paragraph, which I transcribe here for want of a more appropriate place, affords an equally pleasing record of another act of liberality on the part of one of Maginn's old literary associates:—"The widow of Maginn died lately. She had comfortable quarters at Bath, procured for her by the untiring activity of her husband's friend, John Gibson Lockhart."—*Illustrated News*, June 11th, 1859.

† This sad event took place April 20th, 1836.

Cruikshank, for *Punch*, * for the *Westminster*,† for the *Times*, publishing his *Paris Sketch-Book* (1840), his *Second Funeral of Napoleon*, and *The Chronicles of a Drum* (published together in 1841), and his *Irish Sketch-Book* (1843), it was not till *Vanity Fair* had fairly taken the world by storm (1847), and the *Edinburgh Review* had given him a generous and appreciative article (January, 1848), that it came at length to be recognized that we had "a new master of fiction among us, destined to make a name second to none in English literature in its own field."

"He kept his show-box, with no mirrors, where
You saw Eternity, whose worlds we pass
Darkly by daylight, but with many a glass
Reflecting all the humours of the Fair,
The thousand shapes of vanity and sin;
Toy-stalls of Satan; the mad masquerade;
The floating pleasures that before them played;
The foolish faces following all a-grin,
He slily prick'd the bubbles that we blew." ‡

Thackeray was now in the full swing of literary activity. In 1844, he had received from a friend a free pass for a voyage in one of the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the result of which we have in his *Notes of a Journey from Cornhill to Grand Cairo*, published at Christmas, 1845. He was still contributing to *Fraser*, as of old, and in 1846 several important articles appeared from his pen. Among these may be mentioned his review of Bulwer's *Memoirs of Laman Blanchard*, his paper on "Illustrated Christmas Books," and his proposal to Alexandre Dumas to write a continuation of *Ivanhoe*. In January, 1847, appeared his "Grumble about Christmas Books," which, so far as I know, is his last contribution to the Magazine. These illustrated "Christmas Books" were now in great demand, and Thackeray, like Dickens, felt bound to produce his annual novelet. In December, 1847, appeared *Mrs. Perkins's Ball;* in the following year, *Our Street;* in 1849, *Dr. Birch and his Young Friends*, and *Rebecca and Rowena;* and in 1850, *The Kickleburys on the Rhine.*

Meantime, Thackeray had commenced by monthly numbers the publication of another of his more important works of social fiction. This was the *History of Pendennis: his Fortunes and Misfortunes, his Friends and his greatest Enemy. With Illustrations by the Author*, which was ultimately completed in two volumes. It was a criticism on this work in the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Examiner* that gave rise to his letter of January 8th, 1850, addressed to the editor of the former journal, in which the dignity of literature and the charges against himself of "fostering baneful prejudices" with regard to it, are handled in so manly and able a manner. Shortly after this little passage of arms, the publication of the *Kickleburys* as a Christmas Book, had given occasion to a hostile criticism in the *Times*, which possibly may be attributed to the facile pen of the

* *Punch* was started in 1841. In it appeared "Jeames's Diary," the "Snob Papers," the "Fat Contributor," etc.

† It was in 1840 that, under the signature of the Greek letter Θ, Thackeray contributed to this review the illustrated and appreciative article on the genius of George Cruikshank. This, which we are told was a labour to which the writer frequently referred as having given him a peculiar pleasure, was republished in a separate form in 1840, by Hooper, of Pall Mall. The monograph is now very scarce.

‡ Anonymous. in *Good Words.*

late Samuel Phillips.* Thackeray replied to this in the preface to the second edition of his little book, under the heading of "An Essay on Thunder and Small Beer," in which the mimic artillery of the critic and the pomposity of his "high falutin'" style, were handed with equal humour and severity. This skirmish between Thackeray and "Jupiter and Jeames" of Printing House Square, is not unworthy of mention, as to it may probably be ascribed the curtness of the *Times* obituary, and the circumstance that the leading journal, alone among the daily papers, had no article on the genius of this remarkable man, and the loss which literature sustained by his comparatively early death.

It was in 1851 that Thackeray, quitting awhile the easel and the desk, and ascending the platform, commenced the course, as a lecturer, which was to prove more advantageous to his fortune than pencil, or even pen, had been. This was by the delivery, at Willis's Rooms, of the six lectures on the English Humorists, which, as subsequently published, rank among the most interesting and instructive of his writings. The subjects were :— 1. Swift ; 2. Congreve and Addison ; 3. Steele ; 4. Prior, Gay and Pope ; 5. Hogarth, Smollett and Fielding ; 6. Sterne and Goldsmith. These lectures were a great success, and attracted the wit, learning and fashion of the metropolis. Among the audience was the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, who speaks of the "furore" which they occasioned :—"They are a sort of essays," says she, "characterized by his own peculiar originality and power, and delivered with a finished taste and ease, which is felt, but cannot be described." They were afterwards delivered in other parts of England ; in Edinburgh ; and finally in America, where the English author received a hearty welcome, promising his audience in gratitude not to write a book about them on his return. More than this, he kept his word.

In 1852, just before his departure for America, he gave to the press a work of fiction, by many considered the ablest of his writings, and probably suggested to his mind by a course of reading undertaken as a preparation for his lectures. This was *The Adventures of Henry Esmond*, a book of which the plot is laid in the Augustan days of Queen Anne, the style of writing and cast of thought of which are sought to be reproduced. I must confess my own inability to thoroughly appreciate *Esmond*. I regard the attempt to write systematically in the idiom and spirit of a bygone day as a mistake, and the result an anachronism, attended with more or less of unsuccess. *Est locus unicuique suus.*

In 1855 appeared *The Newcomes*, a work in which the author endeavoured to show that, besides the tendency to cynicism which, it was alleged, was too generally apparent in his writings, he possessed a keen

* Samuel Phillips was a man of very considerable talent, who, after receiving his education at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, travelled over the greater part of Europe as private tutor in a certain noble family, and finally settled in London, with the view of adopting literature as a profession. He became connected with the *Times*, to the columns of which he contributed those admirable pieces of biography and criticism, which were subsequently collected and published by Murray (1851), in two vols. 8vo, under the title of *Essays from the "Times"; being a Selection from the Literary Papers which have appeared in that Journal.* He is also known as the author of *Caleb Stukeley*, and other novels ; and a volume of tales, originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine;* and subsequently (1854) collected by Routledge, under the title of *We're All Low People There.* Mr. Phillips had long been the subject of consumption ; and, in 1854, his death took place from the hæmorrhage occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel. It was in this last year of his life that he produced his excellent *Guide to the Crystal Palace and Park*, which was, in subsequent editions, newly arranged and revised by Mr. Shenton.

appreciation of moral beauty, and an unsuspected quality of tenderness and pathos. In the following year, he made a second voyage to the United States, where he delivered those charming and discursive lectures on the "Four Georges," which are better known to English readers by their appearance in the *Cornhill Magazine*,* and their subsequent publication in a separate form. These discourses, eminently successful in America, were as successfully repeated in England, and even more so in Scotland. From Edinburgh, in November, 1856, he wrote:—"I have had three per cent. of the whole population here; if I could but get three per cent. out of London!"

Fired with the ambition of making a figure in Parliament, Thackeray, in 1857, was induced to offer himself as a candidate for the representation of the city of Oxford, in the ultra-Liberal interest. He was unsuccessful in his candidature; and in the same year solicited the suffrages of a wider and more favourable constituency by the publication of *The Virginians*, the last of his longer works of fiction.

We now arrive at the most important event of the later years, at least, of Thackeray's literary life. This was the establishment of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the first number of which bears the date of January, 1860. This proved a great success. There was novelty and boldness in the design; and although the price was a shilling instead of the traditional half-crown, it was not found that the quality or quantity of the matter had suffered by the depreciation. Here appeared the "Roundabout Papers," the most subjective, and on this account not the least interesting of the author's writings,—"Lovel the Widower," and the story of "Philip on his Way through the World," both of which are of somewhat inferior merit. Thackeray soon derived a good income from his editorship, and felt justified in removing from the house, 36, Onslow Square, where he had long resided, to a tumble-down mansion on the west side of Kensington Palace Gardens, which he purchased with the intention of restoring, but finished by taking down, and building a handsome brick mansion, faced with stone, from a design of his own, in its place

But Thackeray was not destined to a long enjoyment of the house which he had built, the position in literature which he had so well earned, or the affluence which was its legitimate result. It seems appropriate to conclude this narrative with an abruptness like to that which marked the close of the career of which it is the record. The Christmas festival of 1863 was near at hand. No paper from the pen of the editor had appeared in the last two numbers of the *Cornhill*, but he was to commence another serial story with the new year, and of this, four numbers, it appears, were already written. He was known to have been ailing for a day or two; but he made light of his illness, from which he had often suffered before. On December 23rd, he was somewhat worse; in the evening he was in much suffering; and on the following day, December 24th, 1863, when his valet brought in coffee, at nine in the morning, he discovered that his master, lying in bed in tranquil attitude, with his arms, according to wont, stretched over the coverlet, had already ceased to live. An autopsy was made by his medical attendants, who pronounced effusion on the brain to have been the immediate cause of death.†

* They were commenced in the number for July, 1860.

† The brain of Thackeray was found to be very large, weighing no less than 58½ oz. The average weight is rather less than 50 oz. Cuvier's brain weighed over 64 oz.

The funeral took place on December 30th, when a vast concourse, amounting, it was said, to nearly two thousand in number, assembled at Kensal Green Cemetery, where the body was to be interred, to show respect to the memory of the great writer thus suddenly removed from among us. Among the crowd might be seen Dickens, the brother humorist; Mark Lemon, the editor of *Punch;* Millais and Creswick, the Academician painters; George Cruikshank, the greatest caricaturist of the day; Leech, the comic artist; Russell, the *Times* correspondent in the Crimea; Robert Bell, the critic; Anthony Trollope, the novelist; Bradbury, the publisher; G. H. Lewes, the biographer of Goethe; Theodore Martin, the translator of Horace; Browning, the poet; Shirley Brooks and Tom Taylor, the dramatists; Louis Blanc, the historian and lecturer; Charles Mathews, the actor; Miss Braddon, one of the most genial and natural, yet withal the best abused, among modern novelists; together with a host of others from every class of society and representing every variety of life and thought,—including, assuredly, not a few whose bond of sympathy was known only to themselves,—all assembled to mourn over one "whose mind and heart were a hundred-gated city," and to make evident that they regarded the untimeous quenching of this great intellectual light as no less than a national calamity.

With the death of Thackeray came a general attempt, through the voice of the press, to estimate the value of the great mind we had lost. Charlotte Brontë, who had preceded her illustrious master to the tomb by nearly ten years, had written of him:—"Thackeray is a Titan of mind. . . . He likes to show us human nature at home as he himself daily sees it; his wonderful observant faculty likes to be in action. . . . Some people have been in the habit of terming him the second writer of the day; it just depends on himself whether or not these critics should be justified in their award. He need not be the second. God made him second to no man."* John Sterling wrote to his mother:—"I got hold of the two first numbers of the 'History of Samuel Titmarsh and the Great Hoggarty Diamond,'† and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? The man is a true genius, and with quiet and comfort might produce masterpieces that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers. There is more truth and nature in one of these papers than in all ———'s novels put together." But these were opinions of a bygone day. Among those which the death of Thackeray drew forth, it is especially pleasing to cite the generous testimony of Edmund Yates, as this gentleman was the accredited writer of the inconsiderate sketch of the great humorist in *Town Talk* of June 12th, 1858, which had led to the unhappy dissensions in the Garrick Club, and the long-existing coolness between Thackeray and Dickens. He now wrote:—"Thackeray is dead; and the purest English prose-writer of the nineteenth century, and the novelist with a greater knowledge of the human heart as it really is than any one, with the exception, perhaps, of Shakespeare and Balzac,‡ is suddenly struck down in the midst of us."

* *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, by E. C. Gaskell, pp. 316, 386.

† Commenced in *Fraser's Magazine*, September, 1841.

‡ The reader not arrived at appreciation of Balzac may wonder to find him thus bracketed with Shakespeare. He may be reminded of the Eastern saying, that there are only two creatures who can surmount the Pyramids,—the eagle and the——snail!

"Thackeray," said, at a subsequent period, the *Athenæum*, "was the master of one of the finest prose styles in literature. It is the perfection of conversational writing. Graceful, yet vigorous; adorably artificial, yet incomparably sound; touched with modishness, yet informed with distinction; easily and happily rhythmical, yet full of colour, and full of malice and intention; instinct with urbanity, and instinct with charm; Thackeray's style is a type of a certain order of high-bred English, a climax in a certain order of literary art. He may have been a little man, but assuredly he was a great writer; he may have been a faulty novelist, but assuredly he was a fine artist in words. The style he wrote, considered merely as style, is probably less open to criticism than that of any other modern Englishman. He was neither super-eloquent, like Mr. Ruskin, nor a Germanized Jeremy, like Carlyle; he was not marvellously emphatic, as Landor was, nor was he slovenly and inexpressive, as was Sir Walter Scott; he neither dallied with antithesis, as did Macaulay, nor rioted in verbal vulgarisms, as Dickens did; he abstained from technology and sapience as carefully as George Eliot indulged in them; and he avoided conceits as sedulously as Mr. Meredith goes out of his way to find them. He is in some sort a better writer than any one of these, in that he is always a master of speech and of himself, and that he is always careful, yet natural and choice, yet seemingly spontaneous. It was his to write as a very prince among talkers, and in words to interfuse and interpenetrate the elegant and cultured fashion of the men of Queen Anne with the warmth, the glow, the personal and romantic ambition peculiar to the century of the second Renaissance,—the century of Byron and Wordsworth, of Landor and Dickens, of Ruskin and Tennyson and Carlyle."

How finely another great novelist (Anthony Trollope, *ob.* December, 1882), whose removal from amongst us we are all just now lamenting, speaks of his lost friend:—"The fine grey head, the dear face with its gentle smile, the sweet manly voice which we knew so well, with its few words of kindest greeting; the gait and manner, and personal presence of him whom it so delighted us to encounter in our casual comings and goings about the town,—it is of these things, and these things lost for ever that we are thinking. We think of these as treasures which are not only lost, but which can never be replaced. He who knew Thackeray will have a vacancy in his heart's inmost casket, which must remain vacant till he dies. One loved him almost as one loves a woman, tenderly and with thoughtfulness—thinking of him when away from him as a source of joy that cannot be analyzed, but is full of comfort."

Thackeray, the satirist of Snobs, was, according to Miss Martineau, himself a Snob. Well, this was as it should be,—*furem fur agnoscit, et lupum lupus.* Any way, Thackeray exhibited in perfection the three most salient *criteria* of snobbery: viz. (1) a sensitiveness about the letter "H"; (2) a habit of using French phrases when English ones would do just as well; and (3) an inability to get over a page without somehow dragging a man of "title" into it.

Among the foolish, imitative, catch-pound fashions of the day are *éditions de luxe*,—a term devised to lay hold of those who think the value of a thing mightily enhanced if it only chance to bear a continental appellation. Thackeray's "Works" have appropriately appeared,—he, himself, would have rejoiced in the designation,—under this character,

at a cost which seems fabulous. The edition consisted of 1000 copies; the cost of the production of which, amounting to between £15,000 and £20,000, would have been increased by at least another £10,000, if the steel-plates and woodcuts had not been already in existence. The substance known in modern days as "China paper" was used for the illustrations; and the waste in striking off these was so great that 80,000 pieces had to be cancelled as unfit for use. Messrs. McQueen, the eminent copper-plate printers, undertook the management of the plates; and it is stated by this firm that each part of the work passed through seventeen distinct stages, and that no similar one had ever been printed before. The greatest difficulty was experienced by the printers of the woodcuts interspersed about the text, which are all upon India paper, in so mounting them as to prevent the "cockling," or warping of the sheets of letter-press. The publishers adopted the plan of dealing with booksellers only, and refused to receive private subscriptions. The booksellers were left free to fix the price to their customers, and the publishers reserved to themselves the right of raising this at any time. As a matter of fact, the price has already been subjected to this process four times, and is now some fifty per cent. higher than it was originally.

It was always understood that Thackeray did not wish any biography of himself to be published. It was rumoured, however, in the summer of 1882, that a Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd had in preparation, to be published in two handsome volumes uniform with this so-called *édition de luxe*, the *Life, Letters and Uncollected Writings in Prose and Verse* of the great author. The announcement of this led to legal proceedings. In November, 1882, in the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division), before Vice-Chancellor Sir. J. Bacon, in the action Smith *v.* Shepherd, Mr. Hemming, Q.C., moved for an injunction to restrain the defendant from printing, publishing or editing the aforesaid book, or publishing any drawings, sketches, pictures, caricatures, designs, etchings or other works of art.

It appeared that Thackeray died intestate, December 24th, 1863, and that letters of administration were taken out by his two daughters. They, in the following August, assigned and leased to Smith, Elder and Co., all their father's works, published and unpublished. In 1865, Bradbury and Evans assigned all their interest to the plaintiff, who was then the sole representative of his firm. A solicitor who appeared for the defendant asked his lordship to allow the motion to stand over for a week to enable the defendant to answer the plaintiff's affidavits. The Vice-Chancellor assented, and an interim injunction was granted.

Copyright difficulties of a similar nature also occurred on the publication, by the late John Camden Hotten, of the amusing and valuable volume, entitled, *Thackerayana* This consisted of certain biographical and other matter, illustrating and illustrated by some six hundred roughly executed woodcut designs, facsimiled from the original caricature sketches in pen or pencil, with which the great humorist, even from his school-boy days, had been wont to adorn the margins and fly-leaves of the books which he read. The volumes so illustrated had been dispersed at the sale of his library in March, 1864; but a sufficient number had been then secured, or had subsequently been brought together, to afford materials for the volume of which I am speaking. The publication, however, of this was looked upon with disfavour by the daughters of the artist who

"regretted that it should be thought to give a fair example of his feeling for art." Some modifications were accordingly made in a "second edition," and certain extracts from Thackeray's published works replaced by anecdotal matter. It was then thought by the daughters "that it might be well to publish some of the later drawings, which more adequately represent his gift, and are more genuinely himself than the slight caricatures and imitations of his early school and college days." Accordingly appeared in 1876 the handsome quarto volume, *The Orphan of Pimlico, a Moral Tale of Belgravian Life. By Miss M. T. Wigglesworth, many years Governess in the Nobility's Families, and Authoress of "Posies of Poesy," "Thoughts on the Use of the Globes," and other Sketches, Fragments and Drawings, by William Makepeace Thackeray. With some Notes by Anne Isabella Thackeray* (London: Smith, Elder and Co.). Prefixed is a portrait of the novelist, "copied by Mr. Thackeray, from a drawing by D. Maclise about 1840." The illustrations, which were produced in strict facsimile by Maclure and Macdonald, are from originals in pencil, pen and ink, colour and Indian ink wash. The world, which is loth to admit high excellence in more than one direction, has never fitly recognized Thackeray's great gift as a comic draughtsman. Here he will be found advantageously represented; inferior, it is true, to the unjustly neglected Hablot Browne ("Phiz"), but often equalling, if not sometimes surpassing, the greatly overrated John Leech. In further illustration of this remarkable talent there is a paper in the *Cornhill Magazine*, for January, 1865, entitled, "A Memorial of Thackeray's School Days," with some characteristic woodcuts.

I conclude with the critical remarks of the late Mr. Hannay, which appear to me to be among the justest and best considered of any which have appeared:—

"The position of Mr. Thackeray as a novelist is easily defined. He represented the English novel as the direct representative of Fielding. Other men wrote more popular stories. But he excelled all men in an intellectual representation of intellectual English life,—in reflecting the thought, sentiment, taste, of the classes whose character determines the opinion of posterity about each generation. He was even more a philosopher than a painter, and more a thinker than a humorist, although he was an admirable painter and an admirable humorist. His culture supplied an adequate basis to his observation. He probably knew no English writers better than he knew Horace and Montaigne, and he was always grateful to Charterhouse for the discipline which enabled him, though his life was not properly a studious one, to interpenetrate his thoroughly modern dissertation with the essential spirit of the purest classical subtlety.

"Those who were honoured with the friendship of this memorable man,—who saw him at home,—who knew the real truth about his disposition and private conduct,—are alone able to do him justice in these respects. He was one of the kindest men living of his time—hospitable, generous, charitable, tolerant, in a degree which would have been a distinction of itself to a man distinguished for nothing else. His principles, too, were conspicuously sound. He honoured above all men those writers who had devoted their lives to the service of virtue; and, shrinking as he did from everything like cant, he never lost an opportunity of paying his personal homage to the religious institutions and sentiments of the country."

The article from which the preceding extract was taken originally appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* (January 5th, 1864), and has since been reprinted in a separate form, by Oliver and Boyd, of that city, and by Routledge, of London, under the title of *Studies on Thackeray*, by James Hannay. There is also a well-written monograph, *Thackeray, the Humorist and the Man of Letters; the Story of his Life*, etc., written by the late able and enterprising John Camden Hotten, under the assumed name of "Theodore Taylor," published originally in January, 1864, 8vo, and subsequently reissued in cheaper form. I should also mention a study on Thackeray by the late Anthony Trollope, in the "English Men of Letters" series.

Thackeray married, somewhere about 1836, Miss Shaw, an Irish lady of good family, and sister of Captain Shaw, an Indian officer, who was one of the mourners at his funeral. His matrimonial felicity was not, however, of long duration, as two or three years after marriage, his wife exhibited decided symptoms of mental alienation. By this lady he had two daughters, who both survived him, and by the elder of whom was written the remarkable "Story of Elizabeth," which was published in her father's magazine.

In wit and wisdom there is a correlation, no less of quality than of phrase; the bells on the jester's hood can discourse most eloquent music; the motley coat has a lining, when occasion calls for display, of sober colour and most precious texture. How touchingly and tenderly *Punch* commemorated the death of this most valued member of his staff:—

"WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"(DECEMBER 24TH, 1863.)

"He was a cynic: by his life all wrought
Of generous acts, mild words and gentle ways:
His heart wide open to all kindly thought,
His hand so quick to give, his tongue to praise.

"He was a cynic: you might read it writ
In that broad brow, crowned with its silver hair;
In those blue eyes with childlike candour lit,
In the sweet smile his lips were wont to wear.

"He was a cynic: by the love that clung
About him from his children, friends and kin:
By the sharp pain, light pen and gossip tongue
Wrought in him, chafing the soft heart within.

"He was a cynic: let his books confess
His *Dobbin's* silent love; or yet more rare,
His *Newcome's* chivalry and simpleness;
His *Little Sister's* life of loving care.

"And if his acts, affections, works and ways
Stamp not upon the man the cynic's sneer
From life to death, oh, public, turn your gaze—
The last scene of a cynical career!

"These uninvited crowds, this hush that lies,
Unbroken, till the solemn words of prayer
From many hundred reverent voices rise
Into the sunny stillness of the air.

'These tears, in eyes but little used to tears,
These sobs, from manly lips, hard set and grim,
Of friends, to whom his life lay bare for years,
Of strangers, who but knew his books, not him.

"A cynic? Yes—if 'tis the cynic's part
To track the serpent's trail, with saddened eye,
To mark how good and ill divide the heart,
How lives in chequered shade and sunshine lie:

"How e'en the best unto the worst is knit
By brotherhood of weakness, sin and care;
How, even in the worst, sparks may be lit
To show all is not utter darkness there.

"Through Vanity's bright-flaunting fair he walked,
Marking how puppets dance, and jugglers play;
Saw Virtue tripping, honest effort baulked,
And sharpened wit on roguery's downward way;

"And told us what he saw: and if he smiled,
His smile had more of sadness than of mirth—
But more of love than either. Undefiled,
Gentle, alike by accident of birth,

"And gift of courtesy, and grace of love,
When shall his friends find such another friend?
For them, and for his children God above
Has comfort: let us bow: God knows the end."

(APPENDIX G.)

LXXXIII.—DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

"CAN we part from our GALLERY,"—asked Maginn, when, at the completion of the first score of volumes, he adverted to this special feature of his Magazine,—"without saying a word or two about him to whose pencil we are indebted for it, our old and much-honoured friend, Croquis?" I, at the conclusion of my own labours, have asked myself the same question, and the answer being once again negative, rejoice to be able to give completion to our Collection by a portrait of the distinguished artist indicated by this pseudonym, and accompany this by a few biographical "Memoirs."

DANIEL MACLISE,—or MCCLISE, as earlier in life he wrote his name,—was, like Barry,—that great artist whose vigour of mind and originality of conception did so much to awaken taste and classic feeling in art,—a native of Cork, where he was born January 25th, 1811. His father was a respectable tradesman of that city, and his grandfather a Scotch Highlander, of the clan MacDonald, some of whose members, from having taken too active a part in the rebellion of the Old Pretender against the house of Brunswick, had lost their estates by confiscation, and returning to their homes, after the establishment of peace, thought it prudent to assume the name of MacLeish. This grandfather early in life entered a Volunteer regiment, "The Highland Watch;" served in the Netherlands under William, Duke of Cumberland; was present at the battles of Fontenoy, Bergen-op-Zoom, Maestricht, and Dettingen; was sent to Ireland;


Dan. Madison

married into the family of the Hills ; retired from the army, with pension and half-pay ; and settled finally in Dublin, in 1750. Here he was blessed with a family of seventeen children, all of whom died young, with the exception of Alexander, the father of the painter. He obtained an ensign's commission in the Elgin Fencibles, stationed at Cork ; and here he married Miss Rebecca Bohanan, of a respectable Bandon family ; left the army when his regiment was disbanded ; and became, with ill-success, the proprietor of a tan-yard at Cork, where he undertook, during the war, several Government contracts for the troops embarking at Cove. He had ten children, the eldest of whom was Daniel ; and when his accounts with the world came to be closed, was found hardly better off than he was when he entered it. The artist had thus, on the paternal side, a strong admixture of Scotch blood in his veins.

An Academy for the study of the fine arts had been opened in the city of Cork in 1822. Here it was, in the study of the models of classical antiquity, that Hogan, the sculptor, attained that mingled purity and grandeur of conception which characterizes his works ; and Forde, the early lost, felt the first awakenings of the genius so soon to be extinguished in death. Here, too, came young Maclise to enrol himself as a student in art, when the conviction that in that direction lay his inevitable destiny, led him to abandon for ever cash-book and ledger, desk and counter. The youth soon gained a patroness, in the person of Miss Spratt, an old maiden-lady, whose portrait he painted. By her he was introduced to the family of Mr. Newenham, of Summerhill, a banker and a sculptor, in whose gallery he had every opportunity of improving his taste, and even gaining practical skill, for both Mr. Newenham and his daughter were proficients in art. Meantime, he worked at the Academy with unceasing ardour, and made certain and rapid progress. He became acquainted also with that learned art-lover and profound antiquary, Mr. Sainthill, in whose library he had an opportunity of storing his mind with that lore of antiquity without which the historical artist, whatever his genius or talents, can never reach permanent fame. The celebrated phrenologist, Dr. Spurzheim, happened to be at this time in Cork, and to him the young artist was taken by his old lady-patroness. The Doctor manipulated with unusual care, and pronounced the oracular dictum, "A painter indeed!" which might have had some effect, if need were, to strengthen the predilections of the patient, and fulfil its own prediction. Maclise also dissected with assiduity at the Anatomical School of Dr. Woodroffe, and attended the lectures of that eminent surgeon. He sketched and copied everything that came in his way ; and so worked out his destiny, till a fortuitous circumstance occurred,—such as often offers, but of which it is reserved to genius alone to take full advantage,—to give a new impulse to his efforts, and determine the course of his future career.

It was in the autumn of 1825 that Sir Walter Scott, accompanied by Miss Edgeworth and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Lockhart, made a hurried tour in Ireland. Among the places visited was Cork ; and while there the illustrious traveller made a call at the shop of Mr. Bolster, a respectable bookseller. Among the crowd of literary persons attracted to this spot was the young artist, who had chosen a favourable position for making some outline sketches of the great author. Selecting the best of these, he worked upon it all night, and produced by morning an elaborate pen-

and-ink drawing, which he brought to his friend, the bookseller, who placed it in a conspicuous position in his shop. It did not fail to attract the attention of Sir Walter, who, expressing admiration of its power and truth, inquired the name of the artist. Maclise, who was at hand, was brought forward, and introduced to the great man, who shook him by the hand, wrote his name at the bottom of the drawing, and predicted that he would attain a high position. The drawing was lithographed, and 500 copies struck off, which were sold as soon as printed.* The artist was induced by the reputation which this little sketch gained for him, to open a studio in Patrick Street, which was soon crowded with sitters; commissions for portraits and book-illustrations flowed in upon him; till, in the spring of 1827, in accordance with the advice of Sir Thomas Deane and Mr. Sainthill, he determined to leave Cork and proceed to London, to prosecute his art-studies in the schools of the Royal Academy. A drawing which he had previously forwarded to Somerset House had secured his admission, and he at once took apartments in Newman Street, and sedulously devoted himself to the study of his profession. Crofton Croker, to whom he had letters of introduction from Sainthill, invited him to his house, which was the centre of a large literary circle; and the refined hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose influence in the world of literature and art was equally important, was generously extended to the young artist. Years before, in 1820, Mr. Hall had seen him, copying from the antique, in the Academy of Cork, and had said,—"My little friend, if you work hard and *think*, you will be a great man one of these days." Half a century after this first meeting, it was the lot of the same accomplished gentleman to pay a last affectionate tribute to the genius and character of the friend whose race was then run, and register the fulfilment of his prophecy made a whole lifetime before!

There is an incident in the early life of James Barry, R.A.,—a Corcagian too,—of which one is reminded when telling of the kindly encouragement given by Sir Walter to his youthful delineator. Barry, when quite a young man, had walked from Cork to Dubiin, with his first picture, "The Conversion of the Pagan Prince of Cashel by St. Patrick," and managed to get it hung in the Exhibition of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts, etc. It was in an out-of-the-way corner, but chanced to catch the attention of Edmund Burke, as he strolled through the rooms. He was struck by the merit of the picture, and applied to the attendant for the name of the artist. "I don't know," was the reply; "but it was brought by that young man." Burke then asked the latter, who stood bashfully close by, where he got it from; and on being told that it was his own production, exclaimed that this was impossible. The youth burst into tears and rushed from the room; but was followed

* My greatly regretted friend and correspondent, the late J. Milner Barry, M.D., of Tunbridge Wells,—a Corcagian, a gentleman and a scholar,—wrote to me, a year or two ago, a long account of a visit he had paid to the South Kensington Museum, to examine the Forster bequest of Maclise drawings, etc., then recently acquired. Of this juvenile sketch he said:—"The portrait of Sir W. Scott, taken in Cork, when Maclise was only fourteen, is a wonderfully executed drawing, and, if not afterwards retouched, displays the extraordinary talent of the boy-artist. It is a profile, head and shoulders. The shape of the head, indicative of the massive brain, and the shrewd pawky expression of the features, are more fully apparent than in any other of the portraits of Sir Walter Scott I have seen. The portrait by Newton, also in the Forster collection, looks tame and bucolic when contrasted with the pencil-portrait of the juvenile Corcagian."

quickly by the kind-hearted statesman, who soothed him, and promised that friendship and protection which he continued to afford through the unhappy career of the wayward artist.

To return. In the very year of Maclise's arrival in London, another event occurred, which, like the visit of Sir Walter Scott to Cork, had the effect of bringing the name and talents of Maclise prominently before the public. This was the first appearance on the stage of Charles Kean (who, by the way, was born in the same year), October 1st, 1827, in the character of "Young Norval" in Home's tragedy of *Douglas*. Maclise secured a place in the pit, as near as possible to the stage, with the intention of making a sketch of the aspirant. This he accomplished; executed a finished drawing from it on his return; had it, through his friend Croker, lithographed and published next day; and managed, from its extensive sale at ten shillings a copy, to pocket a handsome sum when all expenses were paid.* Hence he became known as a rising artist, and got profitable employment for portraits in pencil and water-colours. He still, nevertheless, studied hard at the Academy, where he gained, at the competitive exhibitions of the students, every honour which it had to award. Among these was the medal for the best drawing from the antique—the last one given by Sir Thomas Lawrence; the medal for the best copy of a picture from Guido,—the "Fortune," I believe; and, in 1829, the highest prize within reach of a student, the gold medal for the best historical composition, on a subject selected by the Academy, "The Choice of Hercules." This was the height of his ambition; he was eulogized by his countryman, Sir Martin Archer Shee, the new President; noticed by all the papers; and received a note from L. E. L., telling him that his well-merited success had given her "every pleasure but surprise." This distinction, moreover, placed at his command the travelling studentship of the Academy, tenable for three years; but he refused, from native independence of character, to avail himself of the bounty, and thus, like that great self-formed genius, Correggio, the glory of the Venetian school, attained his distinction without visiting the galleries of Italy.

Having dwelt somewhat at length upon the early life of Maclise, my retrospect of his art-career in London must be necessarily brief. In 1829, he became for the first time an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the subject of his picture being taken from the *Twelfth Night* of Shakespeare. In 1830, he exhibited no less than seven pictures, among which was a portrait of Campbell, of Mrs. S. C. Hall and of Miss Landon. In 1831, he exhibited six pictures; and in 1832, a beautiful composition from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,—"Puck disenchanting Bottom." In this year he revisited his native city, where he met Hogan, the sculptor, who chanced to return at the time to the scene of his early studies. An enthusiastic reception was given to both artists; and a public meeting convened in the rooms of the Society of Arts, where a gold medal was voted to each,—that of Maclise bearing the inscription,—"*Alumno suo Danieli Maclise egregie in Picturâ merenti Societas Artium Corcagiensis. Sep.* 26, 1832." In this year he had also painted a scene from Moore's *Lalla Rookh*,—"Mokanna the Prophet revealing his Features to Zelica,"—and to this was awarded by the Liverpool Academy the prize of £50 for the best painting in oil. This picture, together with the one mentioned above from Shakespeare, was exhibited at the British Institu-

* This sketch is now in the possession of the artist's niece, Miss Banks.

tion in 1833. In this year he produced, from sketches which he had made in Ireland, his extraordinary picture of "All Hallow Eve, or Snap-apple Night," which appeared in the Exhibition of 1833, and contains portraits of Sir Walter Scott, Crofton Croker, the artist's sisters (whom he was fond of introducing into his pictures), Perceval Banks (his brother-in-law), and the old Priest, who was host at this annual gathering. This picture created a great sensation, and is well known from the engraving; a better description of it can hardly be found than is afforded by a poem in *Fraser's Magazine*, for May, 1833, p. 628, from the pen of "O'Doherty" (Dr. Maginn).

I am here reminded of Maclise's connection with "REGINA," so often alluded to before, and about which much does not remain to be said. On his arrival in London he found his townsman, Maginn, who in consequence of some differences with *Blackwood*, had quitted the modern Athens, installed in the metropolis, and already wielding a censoral *virgula* of no light weight. The month of February, 1830, saw the birth of *Fraser's Magazine;* and in the fifth number,—that for June,—appeared the outline portrait of William Jerdan, and the inauguration of that redoubtable critic as Coryphæus of the "Gallery of ILLUSTRIOUS Literary Characters." The novel feature pleased; and thenceforward each succeeding month produced its portrait, till some four-score had appeared, and the Magazine had reached its fifteenth volume. Here occurs a breach of continuity. The editor expressed his fear that the readers of the Magazine would miss "Our old familiar Faces,—the peculiar feature of the Magazine,—our monthly Gallery." He adds that he cannot avoid seeing that the original compact of giving sketches of *illustrious* literary characters can hardly be kept up; and that complaints have reached him that some occasionally presented do not fulfil the condition. Thus he proposes to let the "Gallery" department lie fallow for a time, in the hope that a "new crop will turn up fit for the industry of the labourers." Accordingly we find no portraits in vols. xv. and xvi., and only two in vol. xvii., which were duly garnered with the others,—the harvest-men never troubling themselves to look for an aftermath. From the satirical character of some of the portraits, and especially the accompanying notices, it was desirable that the identity of both artist and writer should be invested with some degree of mystery. The earlier portraits have no signature; and it is not till February, 1832, that the pseudonym "Alfred Croquis" appears, at the foot of the portrait of the Ettrick Shepherd. But it was pretty well known who was meant, and half revelations were often designedly made. At the great Fraserian banquet, commemorated by the inimitable cartoon which forms the frontispiece of this volume, Crofton Croker gets up to make a speech, and "orates" as follows:—

"Mr. Fraser and Gentlemen,—What I want to say is, if not confined in a nut-shell, at least walled in by a wine-glass. While we were all chattering and gabbling about the affairs of all kinds of writing people, we were forgetting that there was sitting among us a decent fellow, who has the art of making faces in a manner never beaten yet. I do not like mentioning names, for it is dangerous in these cross times; but there he is, Dan,—I beg pardon, for I was uncommonly near making a slip of the tongue,—there he is, Mr. Alfred Croquis, sitting cheek by jowl to Mr. Barry Cornwall; and a neat article he is,—I mean Croquis, equally as well as I mean Cornwall. There he is, as prim and demure as a young

lady at a christening, and good luck to him ; only he is caricaturing us all the whole time he is sitting there as quiet as if he were a mouse in a cheese. Nevertheless I give his health, and long may he live to sketch and etch. Here's your health, Dan, my boy!—Alfred, I mean, only it's the same thing." *

Here, however, it seems right to remark that there appears to be some want of accord between the artist of "The Fraserians," and the writer of the article. Although thus alluded to as being present at the banquet, the features of Maclise will be in vain sought for round the circular table. We are led to suppose that the guest seated between Barry Cornwall and Perceval Banks, to the right of Maginn, is intended for Maclise ; but there can be little doubt that the portrait is that of Southey. His name, it is true, is not mentioned in the article, but the aquiline contour of the face undoubtedly belongs to the Laureate, and the identification is corroborated by Mahony in his reproduction of the plate for Bohn's edition of the *Reliques of Father Prout.*

Later, when the time came to bid farewell to the "Gallery," our artist is named with eulogy as its originator, and the identity of "Croquis" and Maclise broadly asserted :—"But can we part from our Gallery without saying a word or two about him to whose pencil we are indebted for it,—our old and much-honoured friend, Croquis? Watts, in the enlightened and impartial style of censorship which distinguishes that amiable gentleman, described the sketches as contemptible daubs, the work of some mean artist, got up for some shabby purpose ; at the which Croquis only laughed, and drew a flattering likeness of the critic, which instantly attracted Watts's patronage in a most peculiar manner. Other judges took a far different view of the case, agreeing that for fidelity of likeness and strict excellence of drawing and design,—often for shrewd and humorous conception, and frequently for their execution as etchings or engravings,—there are few artists who could produce ; fewer, if any, who could surpass them. People, indeed, are generally so good as to allow that he *does* know something of art ; and yet, so great is his natural and national modesty, that the name of Alfred Croquis never appears in the catalogues of the Exhibition. The name of a friend of his, or at least of one who ought to be so, is to be found there pretty often ; and we believe that *his* pictures are not to be sneezed at, even by the most Gothic of barbarians. He is rising every year to higher honours and renown, and displaying fresh proofs of unwearied genius ; and though the pictures which he exhibits are of greater splendour and loftier aspiration, yet, in their own way, we maintain that the sketches of Croquis display as much talent as any production of the best R.A. or A.R.A. of the lot,—ay, even if you named MACLISE himself." †

I have already recorded my own opinion and that of others as to the transcendant merit of these sketches, and made allusion to the article in *Notes and Queries*, which led to their republication. This latter was immediately followed by an admirable paper from the pen of Mr. D. G. Rossetti, in the *Academy*, of April 15th, 1871, p. 217, from which I extract the following remarks :—"I suppose no such series of the portraits of the celebrated of any epoch, produced by an eye and hand of so much insight and power, and realized with such a view to the actual impression of the sitter, exists

* *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1835, p. 17.
† *Ibid*, vol. xxi. p. 26.

anywhere; and the period illustrated possessed abundant claims to a worthy personal record. . . . Each produces the impression of absolute trustworthiness as in a photograph. . . . Both in rendering of character, whether in its first aspect or subtler shades, and in the unfailing knowledge of form, which seizes at once on the movement of the body beneath the clothes, and on the lines of the clothes themselves, these drawings are on an incalculably higher level than the works of even the best professional sketchers. Indeed, no happier instance could well be found of the unity for literary purposes of what may be justly termed 'style,' with an incisive and relishing realism."

It may be interesting to record that the original sketches,—drawn on any odd scraps of paper, and sometimes on both sides, requiring a glass both at back and front for their exhibition,—were sold at the sale of the artist's effects, and secured, in great part, by the late John Forster. On the death of this gentleman, the South Kensington Museum in 1876 acquired by his bequest a valuable collection of drawings, among which are twenty-four of these original sketches by Maclise, either in pencil or water-colour. These are now framed, and displayed on the walls and revolving stand; some exhibiting important variations, and some not having appeared in the "Gallery." Of that of Sir Walter Scott, which is extremely interesting, I have already spoken. The cartoon-drawing of "The Fraserians,"—the frontispiece of this volume,—will be regarded with interest; as also a smaller drawing, containing a smaller number of compotators. There is a coloured drawing of Eyre Evans Crowe, seated at breakfast, which reminds one somewhat of the one of Hallam. We find a front-faced portrait of "Father Prout," not unlike that which is given in this volume. There are several sketches of Crofton Croker; a drawing representing the *début* of Paganini; a portrait of Thackeray; one of Charles James Apperley, better known as "Nimrod";* a portrait of Lytton Bulwer (dated 1832), seated in an easy-chair, with his legs fully stretched out, smoking a pipe, the straight stem of which reaches down to his slippers; a pencil sketch of J. M. W. Turner, as it is supposed, on a high stool, in front of a large easel; the pencil sketch from which the effigy of Goethe was engraved, and which has very much the appearance of having been copied from a lithograph; and lastly,—to omit others,—the original sketch for the Earl of Munster, which Mr. W. B. Scott (*Academy*, January 3rd, 1874) specially singled out, as being "artistically inferior to all the others," and decidedly not the production of Maclise!

But the contributions of Maclise to the Magazine were not confined to these graphic productions. The man who is nothing but an artist, is most assuredly not even that. Maclise was much more; he was a musician, a

* Author of *The Chase, the Road and the Turf* (contributed originally to the *Quarterly Review*, and republished by Murray in a handsome octavo volume, with the unsurpassable illustrations by Alken); *The Life of John Mytton, Esq., of Halston;* etc. "Nimrod" stands alone as the most accomplished writer on sporting subjects which the world has ever seen. His letters on Hunting, and the Condition of Hunters, are classical compositions, which will take their place in future ages with Arrian's *Treatise on Coursing*, and the *Cynegeticus* of the younger Xenophon. Of his contributions to the *Sporting Magazine*, in its palmy days, the late Capel Lofft said that they were "admirable compositions in their way,—written with the ease of a gentleman; the spirit, zest and thorough knowledge of a true sportsman; the elegance of a classical scholar; and the tact, keenness and discrimination of an accomplished man of the world" (*Self-Formation*, i. 172). "Nimrod" died May 19th, 1843, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

writer, a poet, an antiquarian,—in every sense of the word, an accomplished gentleman. On his own peculiar subject, the Fine Arts, he was an able and elegant writer; and an evidence of his poetical abilities may be found in a long poem from his pen, entitled "Christmas Revels: an Epic Rhapsody, in Twelve Duans," in *Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1838, pp. 635–644. With Maginn he was on intimate terms to the last, and the following reminiscence, contributed to a biographical notice of that remarkable man, is a striking testimony alike to his genius and character:—"With every desire to do what you request, I find myself embarrassed in contributing the slightest memorandum of my acquaintance with the late Dr. Maginn. Does he not strike you to have been precisely the person of whom it would be most difficult to convey (to one who had not known him) a true impression? I cannot boast of having seen as much of the Doctor as I was ambitious of seeing; for, although known to him from my first arrival in London, yet, whether from his own, and perhaps my active occupation, the usual separating tendencies and distractions of town, differences of pursuit, etc., our interviews were not after all so frequent as I could have wished; and when we consider over how many years they were spread, anything I could say of him must of necessity assume the tone of the highest panegyric, and I find it difficult to satisfy myself in the choice of any expression sufficiently powerful to convey my idea of his great abilities as a writer and conversationalist, and of his excellent nature as a man. He comes upon my general recollection always crowded round by the most pleasant associations, and I can conjure him up in particular situations,—the morning walk of my early acquaintance, and more recently the morning visit, when I had but to listen and be delighted. Indeed, his various gifts and brilliant qualities ever met with prompt acknowledgment, and where wit and wits abounded one always had the satisfaction of seeing him commanding attention."*

A later episode in the life of Maclise was his intimate friendship with Charles Dickens. In 1847, the latter having gone to Paris, the artist had arranged to join him there with their common friend, John Forster; but his heavy engagements forbade the execution of this pleasant project, and he wrote to the latter a metrical farewell, which happily illustrates his gay and sportive humour:—

"Go where pleasure waits thee,
But while it elates thee,
Oh! remember me.

"When by the Seine thou rovest,
With the friend thou lovest,
Oh! still remember me.

"When through the Louvre gazing
On those works amazing,
(Especially) *then* remember me.

"When Dumas thou meetest,
And Jules Janin thou greetest,
Even then remember me.

"If Sue or Victor Hugo,
George Sand, or Kock, to you go,
Still, still remember me.

* *Dublin University Magazine*, January, 1844, p. 88.

"If Horace Paul or Ary
You meet, oh! still be wary;
Forget not Mac—and me.

"In Père la Chaise while walking,
O'er Montmartre while stalking,
Be sure remember me.

"While you hear the Peers debating,
While you hear the Commons prating,
Even then remember me.

"On top of Vendôme column,
On July's pillar solemn,
Even then remember me.

On Notre-Dame's high towers,
Versailles and Saint Cloud's bowers,
Still, still remember me.

"When with Dickens thou art dining,
Think of him at 14 pining,
Oh! *do* then think of me.

When with him Lafitte drinking,
Let not your spirits sinking,
On Lincoln's Inn then thinking,
A tear bedew your e'e.

"Be not such foolish asses,
But while the bottle passes,
Fill, fill your sparkling glasses,
And *then* remember me."

In reverting to the more public career of Maclise, I find that the space at my command now forbids anything but a cursory notice of its leading incidents. In 1834, he exhibited "The Installation of Captain Rock," which, passing through the collection of John Miller, of Liverpool, came into that of Joseph Gillott, of Birmingham; and in 1835, that gorgeous picture, "The Chivalrous Vow to the Ladies and the Peacock," the subject of which was suggested to the artist by a note of Sir Walter Scott to his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and, in its turn, inspired the muse of Miss Landon, who published her beautiful poem, *The Vow of the Peacock*, in the course of the same year. In 1836, at an unusually early age for such an honour, he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. This was the last exhibition at Somerset House before removal to Trafalgar Square, and Maclise, in 1836, exhibited a picture of "Macbeth and the Witches," the figure of the Scottish thane being taken from his friend, Macready; and another, representing "The Interview of Charles I. with Cromwell." At the first opening of the Academy in the new rooms, he exhibited seven pictures, among which may be mentioned "The Bohemian Gipsies," a very fine performance, which also formed part of the renowned Gillott collection; and, in 1838, five pictures, one of which was a representation of "Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall," of which the "Epic Rhapsody," in *Fraser's Magazine*, of which I have spoken, is a poetical description. In 1839, he exhibited four pictures, among which was the well-known "Robin Hood"; and on February 2nd, 1840, he was advanced to the full honours of the Academy, in company with his friend, Solomon A. Hart, who had been elected Associate also on the same night with himself. His "diploma picture" was entitled

"The Wild Huntsman"; and he exhibited four pictures besides,—"The Banquet Scene in Macbeth," a "Scene from Gil Blas," another from *Twelfth Night*, and a portrait of his friend, Charles Dickens. In 1841, we have four pictures,—one of which was "The Sleeping Beauty," and another "Hunt the Slipper at Farmer Flamborough's," from *The Vicar of Wakefield*. In 1842, were exhibited "The Return of the Knight," "The Origin of the Harp," and the "Play Scene in Hamlet,"—the last, the best known and most popular, if not the greatest of all his works. In 1843, came that fine picture, "The Actors' Reception of the Author," from *Gil Blas* (which was purchased at 750 guineas, and formed part of the great Gillott collection, Birmingham, sold 1872), together with "A Waterfall in Cornwall"; and in 1844, a portrait of W. H. Ainsworth, the novelist. He also painted the Hon. Mrs. Norton, as "The Muse of Poetry,"—a picture that turned up in one of the sales of the late Charles Birch, of Birmingham,—of whom more anon. In 1844, we have also "A Scene from Comus," and some others of minor importance. In 1845, he did not exhibit; but in the next year contributed to the competitive exhibition of the works of artists desirous of executing mural paintings for the Palace at Westminster, his beautiful design of "Alfred in the Danish Camp," which was selected by the Commissioners, who requested him to prepare a design for one of the subjects proposed to be executed. In accordance with this, he produced his fresco-painting, "The Spirit of Chivalry," which he was ordered to reproduce on the walls of the House of Lords. This work he achieved in 1847,—having found time, moreover, to prepare in the interval, for the Exhibition of 1846, the very interesting picture known as "The Ordeal by Touch."

A year or two later he executed in oil another piece of symbolical character, as a companion to "The Spirit of Chivalry." This was "The Spirit of Justice"; and here it may be interesting to record that the Hon. Mrs. Norton posed for Astræa, while portraits of Macready and other celebrities are preserved in the accompanying group. For this fine composition, Government awarded a premium of 250 guineas to the artist, and, as in the case of its companion, ordered him to reproduce it in fresco for the Palace of Westminster. This commission was carried out, and both designs are now to be seen in the House of Lords over the Strangers' Gallery. The original paintings,—one in fresco and the other in oil,—for these great national works were purchased direct from the artist by the late Charles Birch, of Metchley Abbey, Harborne, Birmingham, an art speculator, and private dealer, of great reputed taste and judgment. When this gentleman finally left Harborne, his collection of pictures, oak furniture and other works of art, was sold by auction, in February, 1857, by Messrs. Foster, of London. An elegant sale-catalogue,—a copy of which is now before me,—was got up for the occasion, containing well-executed woodcuts of the more important pictures and articles of furniture. Among these were "The Spirit of Justice," and "The Spirit of Chivalry";—the former, an oil painting, sold and "delivered" in London; the latter, a fresco, fixed in the dining-room of the Abbey, and "delivered" there. At the sale, "The Spirit of Chivalry," on account of its cumbrous and risky character, was sold for a song; but "The Spirit of Justice" fared somewhat better, being bought by Mr. W. Holmes,—a dealer in high-class pictures in Birmingham, whose judgment in, and knowledge of, modern works of art are equalled by

few,—for the sum of £350, and resold by him to another Birmingham collector, the late William Sharp, of Endwood Court, Handsworth, who retained it in his collection till his death in 1881.

Now fashion dictates, and taste varies, in matters of art as well as in other things; a reputation enjoyed in one age may not be maintained in another; and the new generation will, likely enough, reverse the judgment of its predecessor. All this is natural, and accounts, to some extent legitimately, for the alterations of value to which works of art are found to be subject. But extremes are not indicative of a healthy state of things anywhere; and just as teetotalism is correlative with intemperance, so in matters of art is extravagant appreciation in one direction with undue neglect and under-estimate in another. It is in a country like this, where art is a thing of comparatively recent birth, and love for it can hardly be said to form part of the national character, that this condition of the picture "market" exists. The productions of artists are valued chiefly for what they will "fetch," and are, with the majority of collectors, mere objects of speculation and investment. Hence, when from any circumstance, fortuitous or otherwise, the works of an artist are "rising," the fact soon gets winded about, and no others will then go down with the public. There is an enormous and increasing demand from that vast majority, the *imitatorum servum pecus*, which only buys what other people like, and thus the works of the chance favourite of the hour are pushed up to a value absurdly out of relation to their comparative merit; while the productions of other men, who have had their day, are depreciated, as it were, in exact counterpoise. How far these remarks are applicable to the present subject I leave others to determine. Forty years ago, MACLISE was in the ascendant. As one of the "forty" he commanded the "line" at the Academy; and his productions found ready purchasers at handsome, though not outrageous, prices. On the other hand, the works of his contemporary, the short-lived WILLIAM MÜLLER, were neither quick of sale, nor renumerative in price; and moreover, when sent to the Academy, were so scandalously "hung,"—either close to the ceiling or the floor,—as to "induce the belief that there existed a conspiracy to ruin him." The death of the outraged artist took place within eighteen months of this diabolical act, and S. C. Hall, commenting on the proceedings of that "hanging" Committee of 1845,—which surely ought not to be allowed to slumber on "unwhipt of justice,"—asserts with no reticence of phrase, that "they were as much accessory to his death as if they had plunged a knife into his side."* But Time came with its reversals and reparations. At the death of Mr. Sharp, an octogenarian, in 1881, his long hoarded collection was dispersed, under the potent hammer of Messrs. Christies. In this fine gallery were included two large pictures by Müller, the history of which is somewhat curious and instructive. One of them, known as "Arab Shepherds" † was originally commissioned from the artist, in 1842, at the price of £28, by the same Charles Birch of whom I have spoken. That gentleman, calling at Müller's studio, saw the picture on the easel, and critically examining it in the absence of the artist, made some disparaging remarks upon it, and hinted that the legs of the sheep were too long. This

* *Book of Memories*, p. 472.

† Described in the *Life of Müller*, by Neal Solly, p. 141, and photographed as an illustration to that work.

was reported to Müller on his return ; and he consequently thought himself at liberty to accept the larger offer of £40 from that first-rate judge of pictures, the late Mr. Rought, of Waterloo Place, Regent Street, who did not find much difficulty in disposing of it for double that amount to Mr. Sharp. The investment, like most of that gentleman's art-transactions, did not prove a bad one ; for at his sale, it fetched no less a sum than £2730, it being purchased by Agnew, on behalf of a Committee which presides over the formation of an Art-Gallery for the town which had already been its home for so many years. At the same sale the other picture, "Prayers in the Desert," * originally acquired by Mr. Sharp from the late Charles Hawker, a man who did much to foster a love for art in Birmingham, for £180, was purchased for the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, for the sum of £1890, and has been since liberally presented by him to that same town of Birmingham, which he so ably represents ; and where the two masterpieces are again hanging in juxtaposition, though now in a public and permanent gallery, and accessible to everyone.

At this self-same sale, "The Spirit of Justice" of Maclise,—an excellent specimen of a great artist ; of national importance and interest, as the original of a mural fresco in the House of Lords ; and with especial suitability as a gallery picture, measuring 8 feet 6 inches by 5 feet,—was allowed to slip, I will not presume to hint with what judgment, for a paltry 210 guineas ! I was also astonished to find that on the same occasion, an exquisite monumental drawing,—"The Doge Marino Faliero condemning his Son," by John Flaxman, R.A.—essentially the artisan's artist,—in a carved oak frame worth the money, was not thought worth acquiring for a paltry five-pound note ! But then, as the leading journal remarks,—and this is the moral of the story,—"These things are not in fashion ; nobody has written up Flaxman ; no Royal personage has given out that he is collecting him ; he has nothing to support himself upon, but the admirable grace and beauty of his workmanship, and the severe delicacy of his style." †

Resuming my hurried retrospect of the career of the Fraserian artist, I briefly record that, in 1847, he exhibited three pictures, one of which was that noble work, "Noah's Sacrifice," which, though the subject, at the time, of much adverse criticism, is now considered one of the finest productions of the master.

In 1848 need be noted only the portrait of his friend, Mr. Forster, in the character of "Kitely" ; a portrait of Mrs. Charles Dickens ; and the outlines for Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." In 1849, he was not an exhibitor. In 1850, he produced "The Spirit of Justice," of which I have already spoken, and "The Gross of Green Spectacles" from *The Vicar of Wakefield.* In 1851, a portrait of Bulwer ; another of Macready as "Werner" ; and his noble picture of "Caxton Showing his Printing Press to Edward IV., in the Almonry at Westminster." In 1852, "Alfred in the Tent of Guthrum the Dane." In 1853, no picture. In 1854, one only, "The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva," one of the most important of his works. This picture was painted for Lord Northwick for the sum of £2000. The Fine Arts Commissioners desired the artist to paint a

* See *Life of Müller*, p. 162, where it is described and photographed. It has also been engraved in the *Art Journal.*

† *The Times*, February 28th, 1883, p. 9. The drawing, however, cost Mr. Sharp no more than this amount.

replica in fresco for the Painted Chamber, or Conference Hall, in the Houses of Parliament; but the remuneration offered, £1500, was considered inadequate, and the reproduction was not effected. Coming into the market in these later days, the picture was purchased by Sir Richard Wallace for the small sum of £700, and has been by him presented to the Dublin National Gallery, where it now is deposited.

In 1855, Maclise exhibited one picture, "Orlando about to engage with the Wrestler"; and in the same year was appointed one of the Fine Art Jurors for the Paris Exhibition. In 1857, we have "Peter the Great working as a Shipwright in Deptford Dockyard," and the series of forty-two sketches, some of them elaborately finished, illustrative of "The Story of the Norman Conquest." We got nothing, I think, from his easel in 1858; and in 1859 the picture of "The Poet to his Wife" was his only exhibited work.

A long interval now occurred, during which the name of Maclise was absent from the catalogues of Exhibitions. This was occasioned by his engagements in connection with the frescoes in Westminster Palace,—a business which cost him nearly ten years of his life, dire injury to his health, serious loss to his pocket and bitter disappointment to his expectations. The matter is too long and complicated to enter upon here; neither are the precise facts ascertained. It was, doubtless, the premature death of Prince Albert,—a patron of art as generous as he was enlightened,—that led to interference with the fulfilment of the original recommendation of the Commissioners, and the ultimate rescission of the agreement made with Maclise. With the expression of my own conviction that a gross injustice was inflicted upon a sensitive and high-minded man of genius, I must refer to the pages of Mr. O'Driscoll, his biographer, for a *resumé* of the circumstances, so far as they have been made known.

In July, 1859, was completed the splendid cartoon, forty-two feet in length, representing "The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the Field of Waterloo," now the property of the Royal Academy. This picture, which was characterized by the most faithful attention to the *minutiæ* of historical detail, and is possibly the one upon which his fame will chiefly rest, was the subject of general wonder and admiration; while the brother-artists of Maclise, both in and out of the Academy, paid a graceful tribute to the genius of their friend, in the shape of a massive *porte-crayon* and a "round robin," on vellum, circumscribed by forty-three names. In this year, too, acting on the advice of the Prince Consort, the artist paid a visit to Berlin, with the view of making himself acquainted with the "stereochrome," or "water-glass" method of mural painting in that city. On his return, he drew up an excellent Report, which was printed among the Parliamentary Papers on the subject, recommending "water-glass," as a medium.

At the completion of the "Wellington and Blucher" fresco, Maclise commenced that of the "Death of Nelson." This he had just finished, when a domestic calamity occurred, to add to the gloom produced by his professional disappointments. He had never married; but his elder sister, Isabella, whose intense affection for her brother had forbidden her to separate from him, had ever remained the companion of his solitude, and ministered to his comforts with tender solicitude. She died in 1865, and Malise never properly got over the blow. His own health became more impaired; he accepted no commissions; and habits of seclusion

and solitude became farther confirmed. These circumstances, together with the innate modesty of his nature, may have concurred to cause him to refuse the Presidency of the Academy,—as Sir Edward Landseer afterwards did—when, on the death of Sir Charles Lock Eastlake, in 1865, it was in due turn offered to him. For certain obvious reasons he also declined the "honour" of knighthood. "In mind and body,"—to quote the words of the *Athenæum*,—"one of the most knightly of men, he was about the furthest removed from knights of the modern make."

With some slight improvement in health, Maclise exhibited in 1866 and 1867. In 1868 he produced "The Sleep of Duncan." In 1869, the charming picture of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," which was considered one of the gems of the Exhibition. In 1870, was exhibited his important work, "The Earls of Desmond and Ormond," the last picture that proceeded from his easel. He designed the Turner gold medal for the Royal Academy, and that for the International Exhibition of 1862.

By this time the health of the artist was visibly declining. He had suffered from a cough during the winter, which did not leave him. No danger was, however, apprehended; but in the early part of April he was seized with pneumonia. The disease ran a rapid course; he was attended by Drs. Murchison and Stewart, and everything was done that medical science could suggest. But all was in vain; the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl broken; and the world learnt that the great artist had passed away, without pain or struggle, on the morning of April 25th, 1870. The cemetery at Kensal Green received his remains, in the same vault where were already sleeping his father, his mother, his brother and his sister.

Maclise left behind him two brothers, Alexander and Joseph,—the latter a surgeon of considerable eminence in London, and author of valuable works of Comparative Osteology, and Surgical Anatomy. His sister, Anna, also survived him. Her husband was Perceval Weldon Banks, a member of the English Bar, one of the brilliant staff of "REGINA," and a compotator in the Fraserian banquet, where he is seen seated between Southey and Thackeray. He died in 1850. One of his daughters, Miss Rhoda Banks, is an artist herself of considerable ability; excited the warm affection and interest of her uncle, and sat for the *Beggar Maid* in the picture of "King Cophetua."

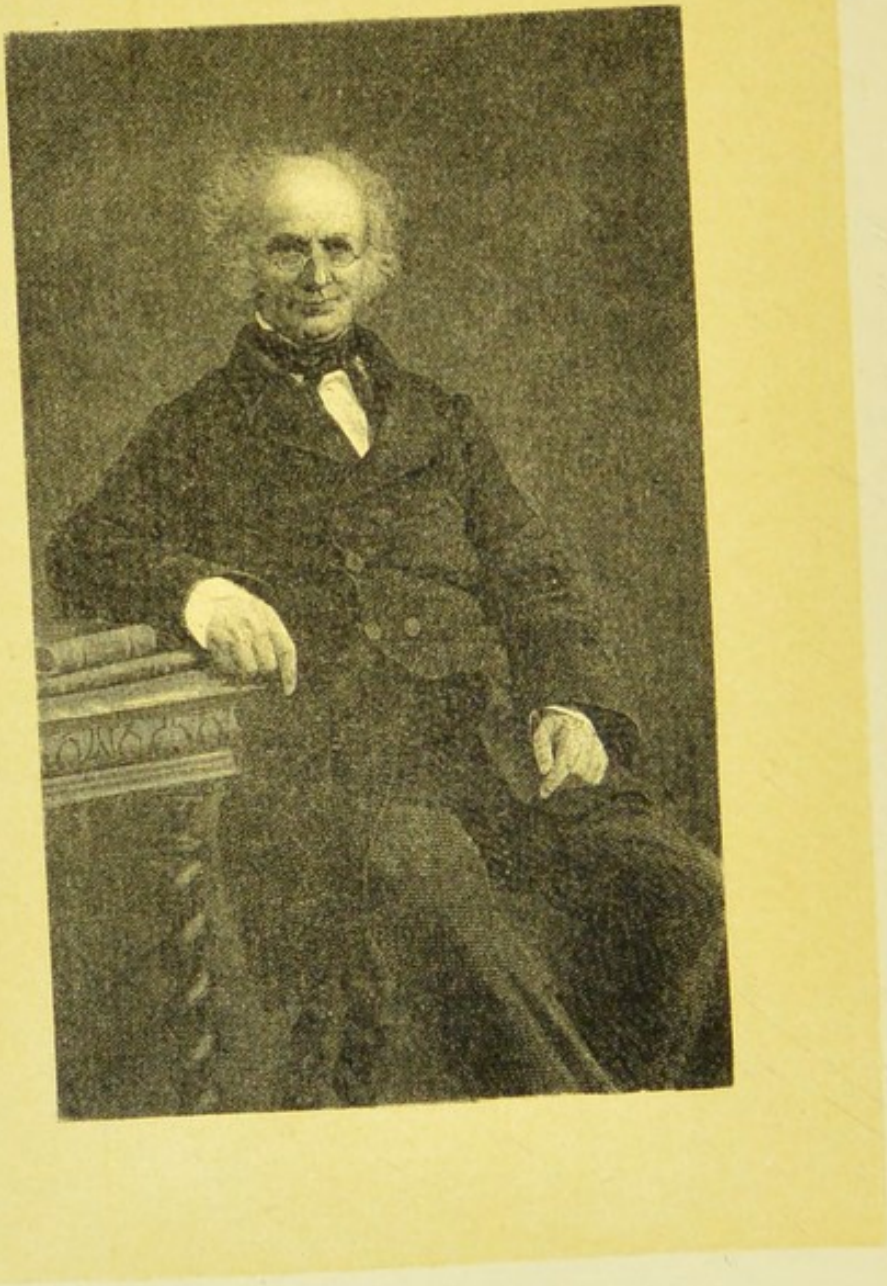
In my rapid summary of the works of Maclise, I have only spoken of his exhibited pictures. These are but a part of the labours of his life, which include a prodigious number of works of every description. Among these are book-illustrations,—for *The Keepsake*, for Prout's *Reliques*, for Bulwer's *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, and *Leila, or the Siege of Granada*, for Moore's *Irish Melodies*, as published by Longmans, for Crofton Croker's *Fairy Legends*, etc.; portraits, of Sir John Soane, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Lord Lytton, Dickens, Forster, Kean, Macready, and a host of others less known to fame; together with important and well-known pictures too numerous to mention; and not less than three thousand studies and sketches.

It is to be inferred from what I have written that I entertain deep reverence for the character of Maclise as an artist. Yet I am not insensible to the defects which may be urged against him. It cannot be said that he is a great or harmonious colourist. His tints are often heavy,

opaque, chalky, and meretricious ; his figures too academical ; his faces deficient in nature and variety ; his action theatrical and extravagant ; his movement too uniformly vivid, and unbalanced by the repose which so sweetly charms the wearied eye. Nationality may be for much in some of these points, which involve more than a question of abstract right or wrong in art. Any way, they are but of the limitations of which every genius has its own. On the other hand, he is a consummate master of design, especially of large crowds in vehement action. His composition is picturesque and varied ; his feeling poetic ; his drawing firm and correct ; his conception prodigally inventive ; his technical excellence, even in accessory detail, superlatively great. He had many—if not all,—of those gifts which go to make up a great painter ; and a distinguished place must assuredly be assigned to him in the future Walhalla of British Art.

In favour of his character as a man too much cannot be said. Mr. S. C. Hall proclaims that "he was in all respects one of nature's gentlemen" ; and adds that, from a knowledge of fifty years, he could say much of his "genial nature, high mind and generous heart." But Mr. Hall judiciously refrains, feeling that his own sentiments could not possibly find more eloquent and touching expression than that afforded by the graceful allusion to the recent death of his friend in the speech of Charles Dickens, at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, which took place on the very day appointed for the funeral of its illustrious member :—"I cannot forbear, before I resume my seat, adverting to a sad theme to which his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales made allusion, and to which the President referred with the eloquence of genuine feeling. Since I first entered the public lists, a very young man indeed, it has been my constant fortune to number among my nearest and dearest friends members of the Royal Academy who have been its grace and pride. They have so dropped from my side, one by one, that I already begin to feel like the Spanish monk of whom Wilkie tells, who had grown to believe that the only realities around him were the pictures which he loved, and that all the moving life he saw, or ever had seen, was a shadow and a dream. For many years I was one of the two most intimate friends, and most constant companions of the late Mr. Maclise. Of his genius in his chosen art I will venture to say nothing here, but of his prodigious fertility of mind, and wonderful wealth of intellect, I may confidently assert that they would have made him, if he had been so minded, at least as great a writer as he was a painter. The gentlest and most modest of men, the freest as to his generous appreciation of young aspirants, and the frankest and largest hearted as to his peers, incapable of a sordid or ignoble thought, gallantly sustaining the true dignity of his vocation, without one grain of self-assertion, wholesomely natural at the last as at the first, 'in wit a man, in simplicity a child,' no artist, of whatever denomination, I make bold to say, ever went to his rest, leaving a golden memory more pure from dross, or having devoted himself with a truer chivalry to the Art-goddess whom he worshipped."

Alas ! even while the novelist was yet speaking, the curtain was about to fall on the busy and brilliant drama of his own life,—the iron gate of Time opening through which he was so shortly to follow the friend to whose death he had just made so touching an allusion. Six weeks only after the death of Maclise, the eulogy on his character which Dickens had pronounced might have been repeated, with slight variation, on the



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("FATHER PROUT")

occasion of his own sudden removal from among the living. He died June 9th, 1870.

The sketches, unfinished pictures and cartoons of the deceased artist were sold in July, 1870, and realised £3000.

A *Memoir of Daniel Maclise, R.A.*, has been written by his old friend, W. Justin O'Driscoll, M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law, and published by Longman & Co., 1871, 8vo. A brief sketch of his life, with a portrait, will also be found in the *Dublin University Magazine* for May, 1847; and there is an excellent likeness of him, engraved by Pound, from a photograph by Mayall, among "The Drawing-Room Portrait Gallery of Eminent Personages," presented with the *Illustrated News of the World.*

LXXXIV.—REV. FRANCIS MAHONY.

("FATHER PROUT.")

"Pasco libatis dapibus; PROUT cuique libido est." *

If you had chanced, somewhere among the "sixties," to drop into the well-known reading-room of Galignani at Paris, you might have observed a short and spare, but thick-set figure of an elderly man, buried in a newspaper, or exchanging a few snappish incisive words with some journalistic friend or chance acquaintance of the place. By-and-by, he would start up suddenly, push away his paper with a jerk, waste no valediction on his interlocutor, and start forth briskly into the open air. You watched him as he disappeared, and set him down as an oddity. His hat, unconscious of brush, was set well back on his occiput, displaying a broad intellectual forehead; his nose was in the air; his keen blue-grey eyes peered out over the rim of his spectacles; his "roguish Hibernian mouth" was mobile with the mocking humour within; his hands were thrust into his pockets, or otherwise, his right arm was clasped behind him in his left hand; his coat, of scholarly black, was loose, threadbare and greasy; his shirt was buttonless, and not too white; his face was smooth-shaven; he stooped in figure and shambled in gait; and he turned his head from side to side with the quick movement of some "strange old bird." If you had asked an habitual frequenter of the room who this queer personage might be,—with the air of a scholar, the cut of a cleric, and the shabby slovenry of a mendicant,—you might have been informed that it was no other than the REV. FRANCIS MAHONY, French correspondent, and part proprietor, of the *Globe* newspaper, and known wherever English letters had found their way as FATHER PROUT, "Incumbent of Watergrass-hill, in the county of Cork."

Among that remarkable cluster of men who rallied about the "Standard Bearer" in the service of "REGINA," none was more remarkable for racy scholarship, learned fun, refined wit, original humour, and varied talent, than this extraordinary character;—whom Mr. SALA well describes in few words as "the wittiest pedant, the most pedantic wit, and

* Horat. *Sat.* vi. *lib.* ii. 67.

the oddest fish" he ever chanced to meet with. A Fraserian of Fraserians, he occupies no niche in the "Gallery"; though his spectacled face is conspicuous in our grand frontal cartoon, beaming in post-prandial jollity, on the left hand of Maginn, between Irving and Gleig. It is only, then, in completion of the supposed original intention that his portrait is here supplied, engraved from a photograph by M. Weyler of Paris; and that I round off these "Memoirs" with some brief notice of the "Padre,"—last, but assuredly not least, of the four score and odd "ILLUSTRIOUS" men and women with whom they have been conversant.

An Irishman by birth, an ecclesiastic by profession, a journalist by occupation, and a cosmopolite by habit, the story of the life of Francis Sylvester Mahony is soon told. He was born in Cork, in 1804, of parents strictly belonging to the middle class; but with traditions, as a matter of course, of descent from a family of aboriginal antiquity. At the age of twelve, he was sent abroad for education to the Jesuit College of St. Acheul, at Amiens; after a brief stay at which he was transferred by his preceptors to their Parisian seminary in the Rue de Sèvres.

Destined by his friends, as it is said, but with no natural aptitude, for the priesthood,—like Erasmus in a former day,—he passed the customary two years of novitiate at this establishment; or, alternately, at it and the *maison de campagne* of the Fathers, at Montrouge, near Paris. Here, while passing through the schools of theology, logic and philosophy, he breathed a very atmosphere of Latinity. Latin was the language of every-day life, as well as of *thesis* and disputation; and the constant study of the poets of the golden age had formed part of the Humanity course at Amiens, as it does in the great public schools of our own country. Thus he learned Latin colloquially, as Erasmus, Scaliger, Barclay, Buchanan, Casaubon, and the great peripatetic Latinists of the 15th and 16th century had done before him; and thus he had become saturated with the spirit and beauty of classic verse, the urban salt, and the *jucundis gratia verbis*, of the Augustan lyre.

In due course, Mahony proceeded to the Jesuit College at Rome; received the tonsure and four minor orders; and was advanced to the diaconate. At this epoch of his career, it was intimated to him by the Provincial that he was considered by his superiors to have no vocation for the Priesthood, or qualification for admission into the Society. Nevertheless, he obtained permission to continue his probationary efforts; and having returned, as the state of his health rendered necessary, to his native land, he obtained the position of "Prefect of Studies," and subsequently, "Master of Rhetoric," at the College of Clongowes Wood, in county Kildare, the Irish sister of our own Stonyhurst.

This was in 1830; and here, it may be well to mention, he found among his pupils JOHN SHEEHAN, afterwards a barrister in London, and known far and wide, under his quaint pen-name of "The Irish Whiskey Drinker," as author of the "Tipperary Hall" papers in *Bentley;* and FRANK STACK MURPHY, the most brilliant Grecian of them all, who became in due time well known as Serjeant Murphy, Commissioner in Bankruptcy, and collaborated with his *quondam* tutor in the concoction of the polyglot version of *The Groves of Blarney*.

But Mahony's career as a pedagogue, after a brief couple of months, came to an abrupt termination. A holiday for the whole College having been announced, a select band of the Rhetoricians, under the special

charge of their young Master, set forth on a hare-hunting expedition, in coursing-line across country, with the intention of dining frugally at Maynooth, and returning to college before nightfall. But *Dîs aliter visum.* The Maynooth dinner had been partaken of moderately in accordance with the programme; but the "tea and turn out" at Celbridge,—the hospitable house of John Sheehan's father—proved a fatal turning point to the hare-brained hare-hunters. "I don't know how many songs we sang," ingenuously confesses the Irish Whiskey Drinker himself, in recounting the doings of that memorable afternoon, "how many patriotic toasts and personal healths we proposed, how many speeches we made, how many decanters we emptied." There were "huge flagons of mountain dew freshly distilled, capacious bowls of sugar, and ample jugs of screeching water, renewed with proportionate frequency."—

> "Then the shindy that rose, and that came nigh to blow,
> All description surpasses!
> Such angry orations, and Latin quotations,
> And jingling of glasses!—
> You'd swear, never yet, such an uproarious set
> Of rhetorical ranters,
> Together all spouting, and cheering, and shouting;
> Till both those enchanters,
> To stop the mad din, Kate and Molly stepp'd in,
> And swept off the decanters!" *

Suffice to say, the party, stupefied by potheen within, and drenched by a thunder-shower without, bound with ropes to the top of their peat-loads by some charitable bog-men, managed in most dilapidated condition to reach the college about midnight. Watchers were on the look-out with lanterns, and the whole establishment was in commotion. The Rector was naturally very wroth with every one who had taken part in the disgraceful orgie, and especially with the young Master on whom the chief responsibility had devolved. As a natural result, ensued the resignation of his chair, and his return to the continent.

Passing through Paris, he made a short stay at the College of the Jesuits at Freiburg; whence he proceeded once more to Rome, where he occupied two years in attendance upon theological lectures. At the end of this period, his strong desire of being ordained to the priesthood, even as a secular, still remaining in full force, although in direct opposition to Jesuit opinion, dimissory letters were obtained from the Bishop of his native city, and he was anointed at Lucca with the sacred chrisom, and made a "priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedek."

It has been stated that, shortly after his ordination, he was sent by his Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Murphy, to join the Cork Mission; and that he not only did so, but acted for a time as chaplain to one of the hospitals in his native city, during the period of the cholera visitation, in 1832. Mr. Kent, his biographer, denies the truth of this, and asserts that, as a matter of fact, he never visited Cork after his confirmation; but an apparently well-informed writer speaks of his having "zealously faced death for his people," in those terrible days, and terms Mr. Kent's denial of the fact "a painful error." †

* *The Clongownian*, a short-lived monthly periodical, published *permissu Superiorum.*

† Mr. George Noble Plunkett, in *Hibernia*, February 1st, 1882.

Finding himself again in congenial London, where he occasionally said Mass, and preached from the pulpit of the Spanish Ambassador's Chapel, or did occasional duty for that same worthy, Dr. Magee, who was dubbed by O'Connell "the Abbot of Westminster," Father Mahony lost little time in enrolling himself, under the auspices of his townsman, Maginn, the responsible editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, among that brilliant brotherhood, who had crowned REGINA queen of the "monthlies," and made her, in wit, learning, vigour, originality and audacity, the rival in London of the renowned EBONY of Edinburgh, notwithstanding its start of thirteen years.

It was then, that, under the character of "Father Prout,"* the "lone incumbent of Watergrasshill,"—a worthy pendant of that immortal priest of a sister communion, the "Vicar of Wakefield," the creation of a countryman of our *Padre*,—appeared the first of those papers, which, sparkling with wit, humour, scholarship and classical illustration, at once obtained for their author a foremost place among those who were contributing to the lighter and more elegant literature of the time. This was in April, 1834, when the "Apology for Lent,"—recording the death, obsequies and elegy, in rhyming Leonines, of the shrewd and simple priest, whose *colloquium mensale* the essay professed to embody,—burst, as a distinct revelation, upon the reading public; and thenceforth, month by month, through twenty-four nearly consecutive numbers of *Fraser*, the "Reliques" continued to appear, and formed a chief and distinctive attraction of the magazine.

Mahony had just entered upon his fourth decade when he was thus at once admitted to the foremost rank among that remarkable band of wits and scholars that formed the court of REGINA. His contributions were well described by James Hannay as "a piquant mixture of toryism, classicism, sarcasm and punch." He showed his love for the classic authors, as the same able writer so admirably puts it, "as a father shows his love for his children,—by playing with them"; and at the same time he proved that his mastery over French and Italian was not less precise and familiar. These acquirements were evinced in the May number, which contained his second article, "A Plea for Pilgrimages," in which appeared, as a triple polyglot, the immortal "Groves of Blarney." The original words of this celebrated ballad,—if I may so term it,—were written by a well-known wit of his day, Dick Millikin, of Cork,—also author of the equally popular song, "Saint Patrick was a Gentleman,"—and had been introduced by the admirable comic actor, Tyrone Power, into Lord Glengall's farce, *The Irish Tutor*. The Greek version, in rhyming Anacreontics, was not the work of Mahony, but was written by Serjeant Murphy, who at Clongowes Wood, and Trinity College, Dublin, was admitted to be *facile princeps* in his command over the language of the Teian. Mahony, himself, has the credit of the Latin and French renderings; to which, at the time, was appended the fragment of a version in Celtic, which purported to have been transcribed from a MS. in the Royal Library at Copenhagen. Five and twenty years later, he produced an Italian translation, which he stated to have been sung by Garibaldi, in May, 1859, when bivouacking

* There was, it may not be amiss to record, a *real* Father Andrew Prout, who was many years,—say from 1800 to 1834, the year of his death,—parish priest of Watergrasshill, a village about seven miles from Cork. He was an intimate friend, and frequent visitor, of the Mahony family, and only remarkable for his quiet, simple manners.

in the woods about Lake Como. This version, "I Boschi di Blarnea," I look for in vain in the collected *Reliques*, though Mr. Sheehan pronounces it one of the best things that Mahony has ever done, and that more than one educated Italian have declared it to be "perfection." It should certainly be given with the others, if only in justice to the polylingual translator, who has, by this latest addition, presented us with the quaint Irish song so "disguised in the picked phrases of Catullus and Pindar, of Béranger and Ariosto, that the Muses of all nations seem dancing a jig in a motley masquerade."

The next piece, the hilarious report of "Father Prout's Carousal," appeared in the number for June, 1834; and for the greater part of this the *Padre* was also indebted to his old Clongowes pupil, Murphy, writing as "Frank Cresswell, of Furnival's Inn." Three odes, at least, had been contributed by this coadjutor to the earlier "Prout Papers"; and there can be little doubt that the fine rhyming Latin sapphics * into which Campbell's "Battle of Hohenlinden" was upset at the "Carousal," were also the production of the young Irish barrister. Some of the "Prout Papers," like many of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads," were the happy result of joint handiwork; and it is as difficult in the former case, as in the latter, to apportion the authorship. There were contributions certainly also by Maginn, whose command of Latin, classical and canine, was equal to that of "Prout"; but as I can offer nothing beyond conjecture, I will not attempt to identify, and leave the "Doctor" and others to echo the plaintive lines of the prince of Latin poets, when Bathyllus bore away the honours that belonged to himself. The method and style, however, of Prout are so marked that it is not difficult to distinguish his versions from those of his collaborators. Voltaire somewhere says,—I quote from memory,—"*Malheur aux traductions littérales,—c'est là vraiment où la lettre tue*";† and Mahony has conformed to the implied rule in its utmost significance, with the result that, rather than a mere translator, he is to be considered a free and diffuse,—though brilliant,—paraphrast.

The fourth paper appeared in *Fraser* for July, 1834, under the title of "Dean Swift's Madness: a Tale of a Churn." Here the *Padre* points out, without, however, formulating a charge of plagiarism, that the fine image of the Eagle, stricken by a dart feathered from his own wing, to which Byron likens the premature death by over-study of Kirke-White, in his eloquent apostrophe to that poet, in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, had been previously employed by "a young French poet, who died in early life, worn out by his own fervour." Mahony might have gone further, and shown how the same impressive figure was used by Æschylus, in his powerful fragment, ΜΥΡΜΙΔΟΝΕΣ; by Waller; by Sir Roger L'Estrange; by Tom Moore, in his poem "Corruption;" and others, till it has become common property. I enlarge upon the matter here, because Mr. Charles Kent, the editor of the last edition of the *Reliques*, has fallen into an error in speaking of the "young French poet" as a "purely imaginary" being, and supposing that the French verses were Prout's own composition. The "wolf" sometimes comes, let the shepherd raise a false cry never so often;

* The reader may like to be reminded of the version, in classical Latin Alcaics, "Prælium Lindenium," of the Rev. William Fellowes, A.M., in the *Sabrinæ Corollæ* (1850, 8vo), p. 155.

† I hold, nevertheless, with Dr. Johnson, that, "the less a translator changes in his original beyond the language, the better."

and on this occasion the poet cited had an actual existence. Charles Lionet de Chênedollé, the author of the lines in question,—

> "Souvent il meurt brûlé de ces célestes feux . . .
> Tel quelquefois l'oiseau du souverain des dieux,
> L'aigle, tombe du haut des plaines immortelles,
> Brûlé du foudre qu'il portait sous ses ailes!"—

was born at Vire in 1769, was "Inspecteur de l'Académie de Caen," and in 1830, "Inspecteur Général de l'Université," and died in 1833.

Passing from this paper, I come to that which, in several respects, must be considered the most remarkable of the *Reliques*. This is the one entitled "The Rogueries of Tom Moore"—a *jeu d'esprit* which certainly constitutes one of the most audacious jokes, the wickedest literary impositions, ever conceived or perpetrated by reckless scholiast, or mischief-loving wit. As an able critic says of Prout generally, "he was above all a humorist,—all his gifts and acquirements run to humour; and it is humour thoroughly Irish,—in its brilliance, its extravagance, and its waywardness of fanciful epigram,—a kind of practical joking in literature, as if he pulled a curule chair from under you, just when you were going to sit down, or put attic garlic into your omelette when your back was turned." All this is especially applicable to the paper I am speaking of, which, if we read it with implicit credence to the artless "Prout," and no *granum salis* to qualify the flavour, we should be led to the conclusion that the *Irish Melodies* had been foreshadowed,—either in the French of the unfortunate Marquis de Cinq-Mars, or the Comtesse de Chateaubriand,—in the Latin of the *Pretaccio* himself,—or in the Greek of one Στακκος Μορφιδης, an "obscure Greek poet, who composed an ode on whiskey or negus, somewhere about the sixteenth Olympiad, from which Moore borrowed his 'Wreathe the bowl, with flowers of soul,' etc."*

A hundred years before, a daring attempt had been made by the notorious WILLIAM LAUDER to convict Milton himself of the grossest imitation and plagiarism. Selecting passages from certain obscure modern Latin poets, omitting lines which did not suit him, and interpolating others which did, either of his own composition, or taken from Hogg's translation of *Paradise Lost*, he endeavoured to show that Milton, in many cases, was a mere translator.† Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, took up the defence, and conclusively exposed the malignity and dishonesty of the attempt ‡ (which had received, moreover, such authority as the name of Samuel Johnson could give it), and threw its author into irretrievable discredit and contempt. Thus, if the object and mode of Lauder differed from those of Prout, so did the result of his ingenious machinations—

> "—*ille* CRUCEM tulit,—*hic* DIADEMA—"

The one had to leave his native country in disgrace, and seek a new home in a distant colony, where he lived in poverty and died in misery; while the other has left a name which will ever gather new fame as it

* These clever Anacreontics were contributed to Prout's paper by his literary collaborator, F. Stack Murphy.

† *An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his "Paradise Lost"* (London, 1750, 8vo).

‡ *Milton Vindicated from the Charge of Plagiarism brought against him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himself convicted of several Forgeries and gross Impositions on the Public*, by John Douglas, M.A., etc. (London, 1751, 8vo).

"——along the stream of Time . . .
Expanded flies."

But this was not the only occasion on which the originality of "the little lascivious butterfly,"—as Sheridan termed Moore,—has been impugned. In a very racy and genial tome, *Brallaghan, or the Deipnosophists*, written by the late Edward Kenealy (London, 1845, 8vo), is a paper entitled "The Plagiarisms of Tom Moore," in which the "rogueries" of the small man are further illustrated through some forty pages, and by means of fifty-six very curious instances of what must be considered literary or poetical coincidences. But the writer regards them in a more unfavourable light. "Moore's plagiarisms," says he, "are intolerable. There is not a single original thought, conception, metaphor or image, in the whole range of his works,—from the *Posthumous Poems of Tom Little* to his last dying speech,—*The Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion.* Even the title of this nonsense is stolen from Erasmus's *Peregrinatio Religionis ergo.* The man is an indefatigable thief. He has laid under contribution every imaginable book, from the biography of his namesake, Tom Thumb, to the portly folios of the fathers of the Church. Perfectly unscrupulous in his marauding expeditions, and impartial in his attacks, he is found at one moment rifling a saint, and in the next pillaging a sinner. Every outpouring from the wells of literature has brought grist to his mill, and now that he has filled his bags, he laughs at the world, clothes himself in sackcloth and ashes for his youthful misdeeds, and exhibits to the profane another incident for the chapter of literary curiosities; an incident which perhaps has no parallel—namely, that of commencing life with the most disgusting pruriency, and closing it with drivelling polemics."

In all this, as in the more elaborated attack of "Father Prout," it was the *Politician* that was aimed at through the *Poet.* Whigs, Radicals, Utilitarians, and all *similis farinæ homines*, were regarded by the Conservative Fraserians as malignant enemies of Church and State,—miscreants devoid of all moral principle, and upon whom, *pour surcroît*, Providence had set the seal of physical hideousness and deformity. Thus, Tom Moore,—who, with Sydney Smith and others, had used similar weapons with infinite grace and skill,—now became, in his turn, an appropriate butt, as the pet, the wit, the laureated satirist, of Holland House and the great Whig party.

The witty little volume to which I have alluded is now scarce; but it is well worth hunting up as the work of a Corcagian and a Fraserian, and a meet companion for the *Reliques.*

But the special paper which has seduced me into the short *excursus* from which I return, is again remarkable as containing the little poem which is the best known among Mahony's few metrical compositions. This is the beautiful Horatian ode, "The Shandon Bells,"—a piece in which the author has attempted, as Millikin had previously done in his "Groves of Blarney," to transfer to the English language the constantly recurring assonantal or vowel rhymes of the original Irish songs.* The verses are characterized by that easy and skilled mastery of rhythm which is only acquired by long and careful practice, and informed by a tenderness of sentiment, and feeling of home-love, the more captivating, because,

* Dr. Petrie's *Ancient Memoirs of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 2; Bourke's *College Irish Grammar*, p. 243.

to some extent, unsuspected. But it is well to avoid that exaggeration of eulogy which so surely brings on reactionary judgment, and admit at once that the verses, which have certain structural defects of their own, are quaint, mellifluous and pathetic, but, in no sense grand or sublime. They are included by Crofton Croker in his *Popular Songs of Ireland* (p. 236); and will ever be read with interest from their subjective relation to their author, who now slumbers within shadow of the spire which contains the "Bells" of which he has sung with such loving grace and pathos. The church to which it belongs is built on the ruins of the old castle of Shandon, and has been described as being "for its dimensions probably the most repulsive edifice ever reared by human hands." The spire itself is a prominent object from whatever side the wayfarer approaches Cork, the "beautiful." At its foot repose, as the poet himself informs us, "some generations of his kith and kin;" and thus we may suppose that it was with tender reminiscence and warm affection that he composed this exquisite lyric, instinct with a mingled power and sweetness hardly to be surpassed in their own way, and which invest with a new and enduring interest the crumbling old tower which contains those—

"———Bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

"There is nothing, after all," says Prout, "like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear, when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier, countries."

I need not attempt to analyse minutely the contents of a book so well known, and so readily procurable, as the *Reliques*. Not the least interesting of the papers,—one of the most genial in tone and richest in illustration,—is that in which Mahony so loyally eulogizes the JESUITS, points out the services which they have performed for literature and education, and expresses in the words of Cicero (*Pro Archiâ poet.*), his entire indebtedness to them for his own attainments and reputation;—"Si quid est in me ingenii, judices (et sentio quam sit exiguum), si quæ exercitatio ab optimarum artium disciplinis profecta, earum rerum fructum, sibi, suo jure, debent repetere." In this paper, too, occurs his excellent "upsetting" into English Hudibrastics, of the humorous poem, "Vert-Vert;" the story of the talkative Parrot of the Visitandines of Nevers, from the French of the "friend of his youth, whose sincerity and kindness will ever be embalmed in his memory," the accomplished Jesuit, J. B. Louis Gresset,—"the best specimen of graceful harmless humour in the literature of France":—

"Alas! what evils I discern in
Too great an aptitude for learning!
And fain would all the ills unravel
That aye ensue from foreign travel;
Far happier is the man who tarries
Quiet within his household 'Lares';
Read, and you'll find how virtue vanishes,
How foreign vice all goodness banishes,
And how abroad young heads will grow dizzy,
Proved in the underwritten Odyssey."

We now have "The Songs of France," illustrated in four consecutive chapters; two dissertations on "The Songs of Italy; and a paper now called "Barry in the Vatican," instead of, as originally, "Notte Romane nel Palazzo Vaticano,"—from which, it is well to mention, the latest editor, Mr. Kent, has "struck out with the scorn to which they are alone entitled," certain "flippant remarks" in which "the great master of fiction who had but just then created a soul under the ribs of death by repeopling with pagan life the disentombed solitudes of Pompeii, was insolently denounced for what was in reality an achievement in literature, as though he had been guilty, on the contrary, of perpetrating some high crime and misdemeanour."*

"The Days of Erasmus,"—illustrating no less happily the life and times of that

"———glory of the priesthood, and the shame,"

than Charles Reade has subsequently done in *The Cloister and the Hearth*,—appeared in the ensuing number of *Fraser* (May, 1835). Then came an essay on "Victor Hugo's Lyrical Poetry," prefaced by a criticism on the *Notre Dame de Paris* of that writer; followed by a triad of pleasantly learned dissertations on the "Modern Latin Poets," illustrated by singularly felicitous renderings from the "Bombyx" of Hieronymus Vida,—the "Apes Barberinæ" of Sarbievius,—the "Prædium Rusticum" of Vanière,—and the fine ode to Henry II. of France, "Post Victos Galetes," of George Buchanan.

In *Fraser* for March, 1836, appeared "Father Prout's Self Examination,"—a half serious, half comic, introspective review of the doings and writings of the supposititious "priest of the upland." Then (July, 1836) came the first of the five papers on "The Songs of Horace," containing the admirable version of the 9th Ode of the 1st Book, "Ad Thaliarchum,"—

"Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
SORACTE,"—

in which, as has been happily said, "not only the words, but the thoughts and feelings underlying them, have been caught and echoed back in another tongue to a very miracle." The last instalment of "The Songs of Horace" (*Fraser*, December, 1836), is also the last of the "Prout Papers."

Besides these longer Menippean essays, there will be found, either in *Fraser* or in *Bentley*, various minor lyrical pieces of great beauty, nearly a score of which have been collected by the last editor of the *Reliques*, under the heading of "Miscellaneous Pieces." The first number of *Bentley's Miscellany* appeared in January, 1837, under the editorship of Charles Dickens; and contained no fewer than four contributions by Mahony,—"The Bottle of St. Januarius,"—"The Sabine Farmer's Serenade" (with the delicious Latin version of Hudson's "Barney Brallaghan's Courtship,"—the only good Irish song, say the Irish, that has ever been written by a Saxon),—the "Hot Wells of Clifton" (a triglot ode "in praise of Rum-punch," purporting to have been "picked up" in the Holborn garret where Chatterton died, by an Irish housemaid),—

* The reader, curious to see the passage thus eliminated, which of course relates to Bulwer, is referred to *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1835.

and the so-called "Original of 'Not a Drum was heard'" (of which more anon). These pieces are happily characterized in an editorial foot-note by "Boz," himself:—"Our Watergrasshill correspondent," says he, "will find scattered throughout our pages the other fragments of the defunct *Padre* which he has placed at our disposal. Every chip from so brilliant an old block may be said to possess a lustre peculiarly its own; hence, we may not fear to disperse them up and down our Miscellany. They are gems of the purest whiskey." "In this way," adds Mr. Kent, "the opening leaves of the new periodical refreshingly sparkled with mountain dew." These poetical "fragments" purported to be transmitted by "Teddy O'Dryskull, Schoolmaster at Watergrasshill"; who veraciously states that the *Reliques* of "the late P. P. of this parish—his soul to glory!" had been sent down from Dublin, for the use of his boys, by order of the National Education Board, "with directions to cram the spalpeens all at once with such a power of knowledge that they may forget the hunger,—which plan, between you and me (though I say it that oughtn't) is all *bladderum-skate:* for, as Juvenal maintains—*jejunus stomachus*, etc., etc.,—an empty bag won't stand; you must first fill it with praties." Among these pieces may also be mentioned, "Burns and Béranger;" "Lover and Ovid;" and "The Redbreast of Aquitania,"—a touching ballad remonstrance to Harrison Ainsworth, who had "left the the tale of *Crichton* half-told, and had taken up with 'Blue Skin,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Flitches of Bacon,' and 'Lancashire Witches,' and thought such things were 'literature!'"

But his displeasure against his literary ward,—for such Prout considered Ainsworth to be,—was not always expressed in so refined tone, or verses of like melodious tenderness. In 1842 had come the blow-up in "Burlingtown" (Burlington Street),—the secession of George Cruikshank,—and the "dis-Bentleyfication" of Ainsworth,*—all of which necessarily awoke the ire of the *Padre* and the bibliopole. Hence, "The Redbreast of Aquitania: an humble Ballad," which appeared in the *Miscellany* (1842, vol. xi. p. 144). But this allegorical apostrophe to the "gentle Sheppard," was as the letting out of water. I hardly see why Prout's "piece of lacrymose ornithology on the subject of 'Who killed Cock Robin?'" as "Mr. Buller of Brazennose" termed it, should have given much annoyance to Ainsworth or his allies, for the tone of the "Redbreast," is complimentary rather than contemptuous. But the novelist thought some kind of "retort courteous" was necessary; and accordingly there appeared in his *Magazine* (vol. i. p. 190), a clever imitation, or parody, of Prout's verses, under the title of "The Magpie of Marwood: an humble Ballade," with the "Spanish proverb," as text, "Dios me guarde de mis amigos!" At the conclusion of this we get, with the

* "Within yon sunless cage, through many a year,
The imperial bird hath droop'd, . . .
. . . . . .
But thou . . .
. . . . . .
Off from thy eagle spirit hast dash'd aside,
Lightly as Samson's withe, the unworthy chain,—
AINSWORTH—I joy to see thee now sustain
Thy self-borne course! *thou art dis-Bentleyfied!*"
Ainsworth's Magazine, i. 191.

initials of Ainsworth, "L'Envoi to Father Prout and Richard Bentley," of which the former, with its marginal commentary, only concerns us :—

"Father Prout, incited by ye scurvie booksellerre Dickon, abuseth, in drivellinge rhymes, his olde friende, at whose boarde, in bygone dayes, he hathe often caroused jollilie. A warninge to alle men how they put faithe in Jesuites."

"To the man of rhyme,
Train'd in far clime,
Whose gifts sublime
His soul exalt
Above the respect,
Which the Turks (blind sect !),
Are apt to connect
With bread and salt."

It takes two, proverbially, to "make a quarrel" ; and here we have the needful factor. We get hints farther on in the serial (p. 261), that the *Padre* was smarting under his recent "castigation," and was "breathing vengeance." This soon took tangible form. In the same volume of *Bentley*, in which the "Redbreast" had appeared, came from his pen a comico-satirico burlesque of very different character, and pervaded by a spirit of the most cruel sarcasm, ridicule and contempt. It is entitled "The Cruel Murder of Old Father Prout by a Barber's Apprentice : a Legend of Modern *Latherature*, by Mr. Duller, of Pewternose" ; and extends over six magazine pages. The purport of the ribald doggrel is that "a flashy lad from Manchester, called Billy" (Ainsworth), had been articled to a famous court barber (Bentley) ; but that his tonsorial master had to get rid of him, in consequence of his propensity for "tedious yarns all ending in a halter," and "maudlin tales of cut-throats." Thereupon, the misguided youth resolved to set up a barber's shop, "however cheap and nasty," on his own account ; and so it was that—

"———the Cockneys, with amaze, saw bill-stickers placarding
The palisades with '*Ainsworth's easy shave for twopence farden : Try the new shaving-shop !*' was scrawled from Camberwell to Holborn,
A touch of art beyond the skill of BENTLEY, TAIT or COLBURN."

Now came the time to ask the question—

"Where was old Father Prout ? alas ! far off beyond Mount CENIS,
Or, on the DANUBE or the RHONE, at ATHENS or at VENICE ;
And, while his boy bad counsel took from GRANT, the penny-a-liner,
The *Père*, who might have guided him, was away in ASIA MINOR."

But news of what his pupil was doing reached him when in Gascony ; and—

"———when he heard . . . of all his *latherary* frolics,
Of his funny Cruikshank *georgies*, and his Kensal Green *bucolics*,"—

he kindly dispatched to him "A wholesome Warning, from Nostradamus,"* entitled, "THE IDES OF MARCH," in which the quatrain occurs :—

"Keep your temper besides, or beware of the IDES,
And of perils *periodical ;*
Keep your fingers aloof from the bellows of 'PUFF,'
And of *self-praise* be less prodigal !"

---

* Nostradamus, celebrated for his *True Prophecies and Prognostications* ("Translated and Commented by Theophilus de Garencières, Doctor in Physick, *Colleg. Lond.*," London, 1674, folio), was Physician to Henry II., Francis II. and Charles IX. of France. A distich upon him, attributed to Stephen Jodelle, would not have been an inappropriate motto for Father Prout himself :—

"Nostra damus cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est ;
Et cum falsa damus, nil nisi nostra damus."

Time went on :—

"From Eastern climes old PROUT came home. Our Figaro (the Vandal)
Saw not the sacred dust of GREECE adhering to his sandal ;
All that the barber's boy could see was that his chin was hairy,
And that a customer had come for his shave-shop latherary."

But Prout had misgivings, and in spite of "many a wheedling hint of former days,"—

"Calmly deferred doffing his beard, till BENTLEY came, or FRASER,"—

and, in reply to all that was urged, and requested by the renegade barber,—

"————————————('twas all that passed between 'em),
The Father, puffing his *chibouk*, said 'Quære peregrinum,'"

while he Anglicises in a footnote, "*Look out for a greenhorn!*" By all which we are to understand, that Ainsworth wanted to seduce Prout from *Bentley*, and enlist his services, enriched with the fruits of travel, for his own *Magazine*. Failing in his attempt, the disappointed barber goes back to his shop,—

"————————————but a dark chasm
Yawned in his gloomy soul, created by that gentle sarcasm,"

—and he lays a plan to murder Prout "by cutting his '*carotid.*'" In pursuance of this diabolical scheme, he pens the following "smooth cajoling *billet-doux*" to his old benefactor :—

"Thrice welcome, honoured Father, from the land of PIPE and TURBAN !
What say you to pot-luck here at my domicile suburban ?
Here you will meet one BULLER, fresh from BRAZENNOSE, a gownsman,
And, if you list, I'll ask MACLISE, your celebrated townsman."

The bait took :—

"Old PROUT, who from his childhood with delight had met the latter,
Would with MACLISE take bread and cheese, e'en from a barber's platter."

and so accepted the invitation, and went in blind confidence to "Ainsworth's tent," where a disappointment awaited him :—

"No painter came that day,—an absence Prout thought of the oddest, he
Met only him of BRAZEN NOSE, and him of brazen modesty,
Yet nothing loth, he sat with both, draining the tankard's fullness,
Till lull'd to soft oblivion by their joint-stock powers of dullness,—
Gladly the gentle 'Sheppard' seized the wished-for opportunity,
To wreak his plan on the old man, and *burke* him with impunity.
On his own hearth his hospitable carving-knife he whetted,
While BULLER, hight of BRASENNOSE, both aided and abbetted ;
To cut my story short, he, with his trencher-man and fugleler,
Remorseless cut the old man's throat,—the *trachea* and the *jugular!*"

The whole finishes up with :—

"LATEST PARTICULARS.

"*Non-apprehension of the Criminals!*

"Up to the latest hour of post we've only time to mention
That the two murderers, dull rogues ! are hard of apprehension,
Indeed, the whole account itself seems very doubtful, very,
For *we* have seen PROUT yesterday,—he was ALIVE and merry,
And if to tickle such small fry the old man thinks his pains worth,
We trust to have another laugh at BRAZENNOSE and AINSWORTH."

Now all this, it may be fairly admitted, is coarse and brutal enough. The thrusts are savage, the blade clumsy, and the edge jagged. With keener weapon, with lighter stroke, but with even more lethal effect, would VOLTAIRE,—to whom Prout has been likened, in his satire,—have done a similar deed. But Prout, apart from the truculence and malignity of his satire, must have had some strong reason that we cannot get at now, to make him so far forget himself as to reproduce, in footnotes, passages requesting eulogistic notices and literary aid, from Ainsworth's private letters! He cannot be forgiven for this. It was a detestable act of perfidy and meanness, which no provocation could justify, and which had few examples, even in those days of literary licence and rowdyism, when, if the hitting was hard, it was generally in front, and above the waist-band. Besides the coarseness of the piece, it is obscure, *more Proutico;* and read it as often as we may, we hardly catch its full bearing and significance, and sometimes fail to see the fun of the thing.

Prout did not allow to pass unheeded the hint in Ainsworth's "L'Envoi," that he was unmindful of the obligations of commensality; but must have felt hardly put to it when his only defence was a "tu quoque" retort. "This gentleman," says he, in a footnote to the poem under discussion, "who talks so sentimentally of 'bread and salt,' puts into the mouth of Lady Harriett D'Orsay certain significant lines,* which no one believes were ever written by *her*. Has he forgotten that he was fed at the table of Lady Blessington? not, surely, for the sake of companionship? for a duller dog never sat at a convivial board." A "duller dog"! Had, then, the *Padre*,—not to seek to penetrate his innuendo,—so soon forgotten the "bright spirit,"—the "child of air"—whose literary fate he had so tenderly bewailed in his "Redbreast"?—of all his sad thoughts—

"————————of one
Whom I well had known
In my earlier days,
Of a gentle mind,
Of a soul refined,
Of deserts designed
For the Palm of Praise?"

Of a verity, here we have one of those cases, where,—change of feeling leading to change of opinion,—is illustrated the advantage of having a good memory!

I am not aware that "The Cruel Murder" extorted any reply from Ainsworth; except, indeed, in an editorial notice to correspondents at the back of page 379, of his *Magazine* (November, 1842), where it is pointed out that a poem entitled "The Praise of Porter," which had appeared in the number of *Bentley* for the preceding month, had unfortunately been previously published in the *Monthly Magazine* for February. "The only difference," writes the editor, "between the two versions of the poem is, that Bentley's is decidedly inferior to the other, from certain alterations which have been made in it, and which, slight as they are, have affected its spirit; while the long and stupid notes attached to it, would seem to emanate from the Jesuit scribe who publishes his friend's private letters, and who can perhaps explain how the verses came to be palmed off as original on the stolid bookseller."

* See "A Sketch," by the Countess Harriette D'Orsay, *Ainsworth's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 177.

This truculent satire,—"The Cruel Murder,"—finds no place among the collected *Reliques;* a fact which I hope will be held to justify the lengthy *excursus* into which it has seduced me. At the same time, I have no doubt that many will think that the editor has acted with sound taste and judgment in excluding it. "One effusion," says he, "I have as carefully abstained from reproducing as I would shrink from allowing one of the effigies from the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's to take its place in a gallery of genuine works of art. I allude to a certain revolting gibe entitled 'The Cruel Murder,' hurled, apparently in a moment of aberration,* by Prout, like some chance missile picked up in the kennel, at the comely head of one of his contemporaries who, until then, had as freely and as frankly as any true gentleman could, interchanged with him the grip of the right hand of friendship. . . . Those were times among literary belligerents for the flinging of vitriol, and the wielding of bludgeons." But I must confess that, for my own part, I should not have been so reticent. Without such records the future D'Israeli would lack materials for supplementary "Quarrels of Authors"; and republication could do no harm,—now, at least, that "Jesuit Prout" and "Gentle Sheppard" have alike gone to their final rest, and the literary acerbities that marred their friendship are allayed for ever in the impervious seclusion of the grave :—

> "Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt."

Among the more serious metrical pieces which Mahony has left behind him to attest the capacity of his muse for higher flights, should not be forgotten his beautiful and exquisitely finished poem, "The Mistletoe." The burthen of this,—the symbolical relation of the mystic parasite to the advent of Christianity,—he tells us was suggested by a *noël*, or Christmas carol, which he once heard sung in Brittany, where tradition assigned the theory involved therein to a scholastic philosopher,—a Breton himself,—the renowned and unfortunate Abelard. This appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany* for January, 1842, and may fairly be ranked among those pieces which,—like Parnell's "Hermit," Pomfret's "Choice," Smollett's "Ode to Independence," Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Key's "Star-Spangled Banner," Brydges's sonnet, "Echo and Silence," and some few others,—must be held to constitute their authors poets, even if they have written nothing else, or nothing worth remembering. If these fine verses have a fault, it is a certain complexity and obscurity of meaning which we often meet with in the compositions of their author. But if they require some close study to enable us to pluck the heart out of their mystery, they are not of the kind which weary by iteration,—*decies repetita placebunt;* and, with their condensation of thought and suggestiveness of imagery, are worthy of being read anniversarily, wherever poetry is loved, and Christmas held in honour.

In December, 1837, Mahony, who, as we have seen, was a contributor

* I differ here from Mr. Kent, who seems to think that Prout, in this miserable attack, was *impar sibi*. It was in no "moment of aberration," but in *malice prepense*, that he "hurled the gibe" at the head of his former host; it was no "chance missile picked up in the kennel," but one that bore a mark, like a backwoodsman's bullet, to indicate whence it came. Nothing could be more characteristic of the man and his temper,—*Ex ungue, leonem!*

to the initial page of the initial number of *Bentley*, indited from "Genoa, the Superb," "A Poetical Epistle from Father Prout to Boz," which appeared in the first number of the same serial for the ensuing year :—

"Write on, young sage!
Still o'er the page
Pour forth the flood of fancy;
Divinely droll!
Wave o'er the soul
Wit's wand of necromancy.
Behold! e'en now
Around your brow
Th' undying laurel thickens!
For SWIFT or STERNE
Might live and learn
A thing or two from DICKENS!"

With similar feelings of personal attachment and admiration, twenty-three years later, when, in January, 1860, THACKERAY,—that well-loved friend and ally of old Fraserian days,—started a cheap shilling magazine of his own to rival the old half-crown ones, Mahony contributed "An Inaugural Ode to the author of *Vanity Fair*," which appeared in the commencing number of the *Cornhill Magazine*,—the allegorical design on the cover of which he is also said to have suggested. But this song of welcome, as we now have it, differs greatly from the "Inaugurative Ode" as originally written by Mahony, the first draft of which is before me. This somehow did not please the fastidious taste of Thackeray, and he accordingly sent it back to Mahony with MS. additions, alterations and the following jocular introductory verse :—

"Friend, hereby I acknowledge,
(From my apartment near the Irish college
In Paris the Imperial)
Thy letter of advertisements the oddest;
What? Thou dost not aspire
To set the Thames on fire?
How modest!
Still, I say welcome to thy Cornhill cereal,
Of wit there's sad *inopia*,
So prythee empty out thy Coruncopia."

I give this because, not having been adopted by Mahony, it does not form part of the "Ode," as we now have it in the *Cornhill*, and the *Reliques*. Many, however, of Thackeray's suggestions were carried out; with the result, that the piece, if not exactly in the case of Sir John Cutler's black worsted stockings, in the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, which had been darned with silk so often that none of the original fabric remained, smacks as strongly of "Titmarsh" as of "Prout," in the more highly finished, if somewhat weakened, form in which we now see it. (APPENDIX H.)

I have reserved to the last, and for special mention, a *jeu d'esprit*, which, as one of Prout's most successful efforts in the way of mystification, has excited a large amount of attention; and, indeed, is termed his *chef d'œuvre* by the "Irish Whiskey Drinker." This is the piece of which I have already spoken, entitled "The Original of 'Not a Drum was heard'"; in which the veridical *Padre*, in an equal number of French quatrains, kindly undertook to "put the public on the right scent," as to the

"origin" of the well-known poem, "On the Burial of Sir John Moore." This noble ode,—which Byron pronounced one of the finest in the language,—which Goethe said was one of the most impressive he had ever read,—and which Prout himself speaks of as "unparallelled in the English language for all the qualities of a true lyric, breathing the purest spirit of the antique, and setting criticism completely at defiance,"—has had a singular fate. No fact in literature is better ascertained than that it was the production of a native of Dublin, the Rev. Charles Wolfe, A.B., Curate of Donoughmore, in the Diocese of Armagh, who died February 21st, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age; and in whose *Remains*, edited by the Rev. John A. Russell, M.A., Archdeacon of Clogher, of which there are many editions, it will be found, with a full detail of the circumstances under which it was composed. Yet notwithstanding this, the authorship of the poem seems always under question; and the claimants are more numerous than the towns which squabbled about the nativity of Homer. In this manner, it has been claimed for "Doctor" Marshall, a Durham "Vet,"*—for a Mr. Macintosh,† an Edinburgh student,—for Lord Byron, himself,—for some anonymous German, who wrote it, it is averred, in honour of the Swedish hero, Torstenson, who fell at the siege of Dantzic,‡—and lastly (*teste* Father Prout) for a French poet, unknown to fame, who composed it in commemoration of a "Breton officer," Colonel de Beaumanoir, who was shot, in 1749, at the siege of Pondicherry:—*Fides sit penes lectorem*, wishes the *Padre!*

It is with the last attribution that I have alone to do. We are told that these French verses, "which bear some resemblance to those attributed to Wolfe," are to be found in the appendix to the *Memoirs* of Lally Tolendal by his son, and were possibly, it is hinted, communicated to the young Irish clergyman by his relative, Theobald Wolfe Tone, on his return from France, and thereupon translated into English. But this external evidence does not bear examination. Pondicherry was not taken in 1749,—the date assigned by Prout to the death of the French colonel,—but in 1761; and I feel sure that the verses will be sought for in vain in any of the pamphlets published by the Count Lally Tolendal,—many of which are before me,—on the affair of his unfortunate and ill-used father.

But the *internal* evidence is still more conclusive against the originality of the French version. I hold it as an axiom that no one can possess two languages in equal perfection. One he will know as *native*, and the other as *acquired;* a distinction which will still remain, even if practice has reversed the appellations. It may be possible,—I do not say that it is,—that a man may get to speak an *acquired* language as perfectly as if it were his mother tongue; but by the time that he has

* This was a mere hoax, set on foot by Mr. Crighton,—a solicitor of Newcastle-on-Tyne,—Mr. J. H. Dixon, and others. See the *Courier*, November 3rd, 1824, where the claim is made, and the *Morning Chronicle*, where the imposture is exposed. The line in the Ingoldsby parody, "With his *Marshall* cloak around him," refers to the North Country "vet," whose habits were convivial rather than literary. Other poetic claims were made for him; as, for instance, "The Prisoner's Prayer to Sleep," the authorship of which was thereupon avowed by Professor Wilson. See the *Borderer's Table-Book*, vii. 195–205.

† See the *Athenæum*, 1841, No. 700, p. 243.

‡ General Torstenson, by the way, died comfortably in his bed, and his monument is to be seen in a Church at Stockholm.

arrived at this, he will have lost just so much of the latter, and speak and write it, as if it were *acquired*. Hence it is no disparagement to Mahony's linguistic acquirements,—seeing that he had lost none of his own vernacular,—to say that if he was a Frenchman among Irishmen, he was an Irishman among Frenchmen. Thus his version, with beauties of its own which not one Frenchman out of a hundred could have thrown into it, has faults,—faults of prosody, syntax, grammar and idiom,—which not one Frenchman out of a hundred would have committed. To quote the comment of a native :—"Elle est sans doute très-incorrecte, par endroits, mais elle a parfois aussi un fier accent." What Frenchman, for instance, would have employed the verb "fixer," in the sense of "regarder,"—in the fourth stanza? And what skilled French versifier, "to the manner born," would have written the line—

"Nommer l'illustre mort d'un ton amer—ou fol,"

—where the word at the end is a mere expletive to rhyme with "sol;" and, with other anomalies, indicates, beyond question, the "versio Proutica"? As a writer says in *L'Intermédiaire*, where the vexed question has been pretty closely hunted up, "Mieux vandrait du bas-breton que ce français qui a l'air de la traduction à côté de l'anglais, lequel a l'air de l'original. . . . Les stances anglaises s'appliquent littéralement au héros dout elles racontent les funérailles, et sont incomparablement supérieures aux stances françaises et allemandes; eufin elles ont seules la mâle simplicité dantesque qui les fit attribuer à Lord Byron."* But still, in the minds of many, the authorship is not definitely settled. M. Amédée Pichot† says: "Le dernier mot de l'enigme n'est pas encore dit"; and the subject crops up once again in the *Sixpenny Magazine* (p. 350), where, under the title of "A Curiosity of Literature," the old charge of plagiarism against Wolfe is revived, and the three versions,—English, German and French,—given for comparison. The paper concludes :—"An attentive consideration of the three poems will show, not only that they are so much like one another that each of them might be considered a translation of the other, but also that both the French and English translations (for the German ode being the oldest one, the other poems are of course translations) were made with consummate ability; in both of them, despite the difficulties presented by the dissimilarities of the respective languages, the characteristic tone of the original is most happily imitated, and the peculiar rhythm of the German poem, which the French translator must have found extremely difficult, is so faithfully rendered, that the music of the three poems, if we may say so, is equally striking and impressive."

A second German version, of equal spirit and vigour, was executed by that elegant scholar, the Rev. Edward Craven Hawtrey (*ob.* January, 1862), late Provost of Eton, and will be found in his privately printed volume, *Il Trifoglio, ovvero Scherzi metrici d' un' Inglese* (London, 1839, 8vo), page 59, as a professed translation from Wolfe.

The curious reader may also find it in Latin Elegiacs by the Rev. James Hildyard, B.D., Rector of Ingoldsby, Lincolnshire, in that "labor ineptiarum," the *Arundines Cami* (Cantab., 1841, 8vo), p. 207; and

* *L'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et Curieux*, tom. ix. p. 195.

† *Revue Britannique*, Février, 1876.

there is a Greek translation, "By a Scottish Physician," in the *Arundines Devæ* (Edinburgh, 1853, 12mo), p. 41. As for parodies, there are several. The more character and individuality a piece possesses, the more obnoxious it is to this kind of thing; and the more striking the imitation will be. I need hardly refer to the excellent one by another Bentleian, the Rev. Richard Harris Barham, of "Ingoldsby" fame, which has been attributed to Praed and others; but that by Mr. J. H. Dixon, which is scarcely less excellent, is not so well known.

We have had "Reliques" and "Final Reliques"; but there are still doubtless, in unsuspected corners, the wherewithal to reward the search of future gleaners. Take, for instance, the tender and graceful lines,—*penes me in serinio*, as Prout himself would say,—written by him in a certain lady's album to illustrate a sketch by Crofton Croker, on the opposite page, of "Sunday's Well," about a mile from Cork :—

"In yonder well, there lurks a spell,
It is a fairy font;
Croker himself, poetic elf,
Might fitly write upon't.

"The summer day, of childhood gay,
Was spent beside it often;
I lov'd its brink; so did, I think,
Maginn, Maclise, and Crofton.

"Of early scenes, too oft begins
The memory to grow fainter;
Not so with me,—Crofton, nor thee,
'The Doctor,' or the Painter.

"There is a trace, Time can't efface,
Nor years of absence dim;
It is the thought of yon sweet spot,
Yon fountain's fairy brim."

This sportive piece has escaped the industry of Prout's several editors, and will hardly be thought out of place in this desultory memoir.

In those earlier days—"calidus juventâ, consule Planco,"—Mahony,—a convivial Hibernian, an accomplished literator, a brilliant conversationist, an unattached and unemployed priest, a suspected spy for the Order (*teste* Mr. S. C. Hall)—had for a time set up his nomad tent in London. He was nowhere more at home,—cosmopolite as he was,—than within its murky precincts, and his earliest and best-loved friends were among the Fraserian brotherhood. The Fraserians, like other literary *coteries*, met not, in those days, in luxurious clubs or palatial hotels, but rather in snug Temple chambers, or the dark cosy bar-parlours of Fleet Street or Covent Garden. Among their favourite haunts were the Museum Club in Northumberland Street; Offley's in Henrietta Street; Eastey's Hotel; the Coal Hole; the Widow's in St. Martin's Lane; Anderton's Hotel in Fleet Street; the Crown Tavern in Vinegar Yard;—together with such societies as "The Eccentrics," which met in May's Buildings; the "Hooks and Eyes," founded, named and presided over by Douglas Jerrold; and the "Tumbler" club, near the Piazzas, Covent Garden, of which the ruling spirit was James Hannay. Here Mahony, "a half-pay soldier of the Church" (as the latter puts it), "*minus* the half-pay," and always clad in black, of fashion more or less

sacerdotal,—was a welcome and familiar figure. Leading a free and easy life, he took his ease in his inn, *more Falstaffiano*, and mixed his tumbler among the wits of the metropolis with perfect freedom. "The 'Inquisitor of Saragossa,'" adds my authority,—there is a good story about this title, if I had space to tell it,—"might be seen eating oysters in the Strand; the son of Loyola blowing a pleasant cloud in the Haymarket."* Otherwise, he would be dining at Gore Lodge, Kensington,—next to Lady Blessington's,—with his old friend John Sheehan, Barrister-at-Law of the Inner Temple, "The Irish Whiskey Drinker;"† or, in company with Maclise and others, at Kensal Lodge, the hospitable home of Harrison Ainsworth, the novelist. Nor must be forgotten the memorable *symposia* of the Regent Street round table; one of which,—the incident was no supposititious or infrequent one,—forms the subject of the admirable cartoon which serves appropriately as frontispiece to this volume. Here Mahony was a constant and welcome visitor, delighting with conversation that seemed an unpublished "relique" of Prout, and holding his own against the feathered shafts and needle-gun shots of the practised wits around him. Here, too, came many another whom the artist had not "room and verge enough" to immortalize. Among these,—or the other associates of Mahony—may be mentioned Sheridan Knowles, Laman Blanchard, T. K. Hervey, Frank Stone, R.A., Joseph Crowe (son of Eyre Evans Crowe, the Irish novelist), James Hannay, W. Burcham (Police Magistrate, and Classical Examiner to the University of London), Douglas Jerrold (and later on, his sons), Moriarty, William Costello (the lithotritist, whom Prout christened "Gulielmus a Lapide"), William Lawrence (of Bartholomew's, Sergeant-Surgeon to the Queen), McDowall (the sculptor),—with numerous other brilliant men of letters and wits about town—all of whom, nearly,—with the Padre himself have now passed away. But I am anticipating. Mahony, though, as I have said, a quintessential Fraserian, and perhaps more at home than elsewhere in the *cari luoghi* of snug familiar London, had acquired gipsy‡ habits in earlier life, and found it impossible to settle down for long in one place. Possibly he felt that mysterious "languishment for skies Italian," of which poor Keats speaks, in one of his fine sonnets; possibly the increasing susceptibility of his *bronchi* warned him to exchange for a more genial clime—

> "Quod latus mundi nebulæ, malusque
> Jupiter urget,"—

in which phrase, as he was wont to say, his favourite Venusian had to the letter described England in winter, "with its leaden sky, pestiferous fogs, and dreary leafless woodlands."

About 1837, while still a regular contributor to *Bentley*, Mahony bade adieu to his London haunts and literary associates, and took his way through Paris into Italy. With sufficient means independent of literature, no ecclesiastic duties or domestic ties, he was free to roam where he listed; and so wandered discursively through Germany, Hungary, Asia

* *North British Review*, vol. vi. N.S., p. 103.

† Editor of the last and best edition of the *Bentley Ballads* (London, 1869, 8vo).

‡ It is the right thing, I am aware, to use the word "Bohemian," instead of that which I have employed. But I prefer the latter to the former, which we have taken, according to custom, servilely from the French, where it means something, as with them a gipsy is styled a Bohemian. But with us, the word has no original significance or applicability whatever.

Minor, Greece and Egypt, till, in 1841, he found himself once more in the south of France.

By-and-by, he was again in London, where he found that a new generation of literary men had sprung up, sons—some of them—of his old Fraserian and Bentleian collaborators. With these younger friends he loved to associate, delighting his auditors with the prodigality of his learning, and the lavish profusion of his cosmopolitan anecdote. "He was a remarkable figure in London," writes one who knew him well. "A short spare man, stooping as he went, with the right hand clasped in the left behind him; a sharp face with piercing grey eyes that looked vacantly upwards, a mocking lip, a close-shaven face and an ecclesiastical garb of slovenly appearance,—such was the old Fraserian, who would laugh outright at times, quite unconscious of bystanders, as he slouched towards Temple Bar, perhaps on his way to the tavern in Fleet Street, where Johnson's chair stood in the chimney-corner."

But this even tenor of way was destined soon to suffer disturbance. In the winter of 1845, on the establishment of the *Daily News* as the first cheap diurnal, under the editorship,—which was to prove so brief and disappointing,—of CHARLES DICKENS, the latter invited Mahony, who regarded the genius of his young friend with the warmest admiration, to take up his abode in Rome, and there assume the office of Italian correspondent for the new paper. Thus it came to pass that:—

> "Starting from France across Mont Cenis,
> Prout visits Mantua and Venice;
> Through many a tuneful province strolls,
> 'Smit with the love' of Barcarolles,
> Petrarca's ghost he conjures up,
> And with old Dante quaffs a cup;
> Next, from his jar Etruscan, he
> Uncorks the muse of Tuscany.'

In his new journalistic capacity, it fell to the lot of Mahony to tell the story of the close of the Pontificate of Gregory XVI.,—"the fag end of a long reign,"—and the earlier years of the wonderful rule of Pio Nono. He had by this time cast the skin of his Fraserian Conservatism, and wrote in the new paper as an advanced Liberal. Stirring times came on; and, finally, when the Pope had abandoned the Eternal City,—when Garibaldi had established his bivouac in the grand Piazza of St. Peter's,—when the churches of the Inquisition were sacked,—and the modern triumvirate, Mazzini, Saffi and Armellini, was first menaced and then overthrown by the French under Oudinot,—Mahony became the historian of the patriots, and with Gavazzi as the chaplain, sent home his weekly fardel of news. His letters, in which his love and zeal for the Italian cause break forth, were models of what foreign correspondence should be,—terse, simple, factful, showing insight into national character, and sparkling with classic and poetic illustration. They were published, on his return, under the title of *Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk. Addressed to Charles Dickens, Esq., being an Appendix to his "Pictures"** (London, Bentley, 1847, 8vo), and are well worth possessing in this compact form. Of Mahony's more social hours in the city of the Cæsars we get a pleasant glimpse in

* It will be remembered that it was in this paper, of large promise and little fruit, that Dickens commenced the publication of his *Pictures from Italy*.

the records of Anna Jameson, whose delightful Sunday evening parties he was wont to frequent, enjoying pleasant converse with his fair hostess and her guests,—with John Gibson, Charles Hemans, Overbeck, Penry Williams, Richard Wyatt and others—"wearing an ineradicable air of the Priest and Seminarist, in strange combination with his frank Bohemianism."*

Settling finally in Paris, in spite of the cold dry winter winds which he found as harmful to his sensitive thorax as the *nebulæ* of London, and where Jupiter was hardly more propitious,—he passed there the last eight years of his life as Paris Correspondent for the *Globe* newspaper, of which he held to the last some shares, which were sold by his representatives. His *habitat* was an *entresol* in a grand old Hotel in the Rue des Moulins, possibly now "expropriated;" and calling on him there, S. C. Hall found him toasting a mutton-chop for his dinner, with a not over-clean *serviette* for a table-cloth, amid books, newspapers, MSS. and letters. "His habits," says the authority I have just referred to, "were indeed those of a recluse; he saw little or no society, kept no servant, and lived a life the very opposite to that of a gentleman."† His celibacy was enforced by the rule of his Church, and he probably had as little desire as fitness for home-life and domestic ties. Yet he could appreciate the value of such influences; and we can fancy that it was with some feeling of regret that they were not in his lot, that once, after visiting Newstead Abbey, he wrote: "What a host of memories and thoughts the various spots suggested. From the tomb of Swift to the place of Byron's wild revels, the transition is perhaps not very natural; but there is one moral deducible from both. Had either clung to and cultivated a real affection, one would not have died mad, and the other a victim of debauchery and recklessness in a far-off land."‡

I have spoken of Mahony in connection with his sacerdotal character. It is not right to say that he was forced into the priesthood by his family, as his prototype, Erasmus, had been by his guardians. It was rather the obstinacy and pugnacity of his own character, which revolted against opposition, and caused him to persevere in a course which he might otherwise have abandoned. Any way, his sense of want of vocation became in later days utterly painful, and led him, in 1863, to draw up a document in which he sought permission to "retire for ever from the sanctuary," and resort thenceforth to lay communion. His petition, which was prepared at the suggestion of the Abbé Rogerson, and transmitted by him to Rome, was, in regard to its terminology and Latinity, so remarkable a composition, that it excited the wonder and admiration of the Roman ecclesiastical lawyer into whose hands it came; and, written as it was in a couple of hours and after years of disuse, may challenge the astonishment of ourselves, who know something more of the petitioner's remarkable command over the language in which it was embodied. I may just add that the permission sought for was granted; with, at the same time, a dispensation, in consideration of failing eye-sight and advancing age, to substitute the Rosary or the penitential psalms for his daily office in the Breviary. But it must be here understood that though a Voltairian scoffer at *men* and *things*, the shafts of his wit were never

* *Life of Anna Jameson*, by her Niece, Geraldine Macpherson, p. 239.
† *Book of Memories*, p. 238.
‡ *Final Reliques of Father Prout* (Letter in *fac-simile*).

aimed at his *faith*, or his *Church*. No serious charge was ever brought against him by his ecclesiastical superiors; and once, when the *Tablet* referred to him as a "suspended priest," he promptly challenged its editor to substantiate the allegation in a court of law, and laying his damages at £2000, extorted an instant apology and unconditional withdrawal of the imputation.

I now approach the end. Mahony had long been a sufferer from chronic bronchitis, and in his later years this malady had been complicated with the enfeebling and depressing effects of diabetes. In the spring of 1866, the state of his health became alarming; though he was still able to continue the dispatch of his diurnal letters to the *Globe*,—which, in fact, he managed to do till within a fortnight of his decease. Three years previously, his friend and spiritual adviser, Mgr. Rogerson, had restored him,—though, to the regret of the latter, only in the degree of lay communion,—to that practical life in his Church from which he had lapsed. It now became the duty of the same faithful friend to pronounce to the penitent the words of absolution, and then to raise him up and lay him on his bed, "as he would have treated such a little wanderer of a child." Two days later, at the hands of the same spiritual friend, and in accordance with the words, "Holy Oils,"—the last pronounced by the dying man,—he received the rite of extreme unction; and, in the evening of the same day, May 18th, 1866, tranquilly expired, in the presence of his sister, Mrs. Woodlock, who had come from Ireland to be with him, and his confessor, Mgr. Rogerson. "Probably no man,"—wrote James Hannay, on the following day, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*,—"with whom he was brought into contact, friendly or otherwise, but will hear with satisfaction that a sister of his blood and a priest of his faith cheered the death-bed of the lonely old wit and scholar, and helped to make his last hours pass tranquilly away." To which his last biographer, Mr. Charles Kent, the Barrister, adds:—"more tranquilly, as will be evident now upon unquestionable authority, he could not well have passed the awful boundary line that divides time from eternity."

His remains were brought from the foreign soil on which he died to his native land, where they found fitting sepulture, with much sacerdotal pomp and circumstance, in the city of his nativity, on the banks of the river Lee, in the vaults of the church of Shandon, among the dust of his ancestral generations, and within sound of those "Bells" which he has consecrated for all time in his lyrical masterpiece. A subscription was set on foot by Mr. Dillon Croker, in 1873, for the purpose of placing a Memorial Tablet in the Library of Cork. But the present age, like that of Tacitus, is "incuriosa suorum;" and when Mr. Dillon made a "final appeal" in 1882, only £30 had been collected in ten years,—just £3 per annum—and, so far as I know, there is yet no record to mark the grave of Mahony in the city which he has honoured.

Mahony was not a genial man. He was unobservant of the courtesies that soften life; was choleric, disputatious and intolerant of opposition; preferred his own convenience to that of others; and was involved in his own thoughts and mental occupation. You did not know when to have him; it was for him, and not you,—if you gave in to him,—to prolong or shorten an interview; and however close may have been your converse in the evening, he might choose hardly to recognize you in the morning. A celibate and solitary life, "of mingled anchorite and sensualist," had

developed odd peculiarities of character natural to him, and which became incompatible with social life. "He was terse, sharp and bitter," says S. C. Hall; who tells how the *Padre* would pay him a visit after long absence,—make some abrupt remark about curtain or carpet,—and leave in three minutes, without removing his hands from his pockets. As Mr. Kent observes, there was a caustic irony about his remarks, repellant of friendship, and which reminded you of Sydney Smith's metaphor of the sword-stick, out which, though seemingly innocent and harmless, suddenly leapt forth something keen, glittering and incisive. He was, for all this, a man of warm heart and tender memories. His affection for his friends, and especially his old literary associates, was tender and enduring. He cherished keen resentment for injuries, and had bitter scorn for political opponents. For shallow pretenders in any line, illiterate literates, and "Latinless lubbers,"—as pedantic "Lord Vincent" in Bulwer's *Pelham* styles those who have not drunk at classic founts,—he felt and expressed unmitigated contempt.

"We think," wrote the late James Hannay, in an admirable estimate of the literary character of Mahony,—"and we love above all things to fix the historical position of a man preparatory to taking a good look at him,—that Father Prout may be most conveniently studied as an Irish humorist. He is almost exactly to the Irish what Professor Wilson was to the Scotch,—a representative of their peculiar talents and character in the guise of a humorist, but yet without the narrowness of a too marked nationality. From that vice (which produces in reality only provincial bores) Wilson was saved, not only by largeness of mind, but by an Oxford education and a Cumberland residence; as Prout has been by his Continental education, by London associations and by foreign travel. The two writers are national in genius and spirit rather than in detail, representing the wines of their nationalities, not the skin and stone of the grape only. Wilson writes about Burns, Mahony sports with Moore. One glorifies the Highlands, the other the Bells of Shandon. One takes a lowly shepherd to speak through, the other an upland country priest."

For my own part, I do not speak of Mahony as a grand or sublime genius, but as a genuine humorist, an exquisite lyrist, and a man of peculiar and original mental gifts. He has been spoken of as an amalgam of Rabelais and Voltaire; but I see little of the profound wisdom that underlies the buffoonery, obscenity and triviality of the Curé of Meudon, if there is somewhat of the mocking spirit of the philosopher of Ferney. As well might we term him a mixture of Horace and Béranger,—his prime favourites; and say that he exhibits the *curiosa felicitas* of the Venusian, with the tenderness, the pathos and the art-concealing art of the Parisian. But all such comparisons are but misleading and unsatisfactory. In his own words, "Prout's chest and its contents are matters apart and unique." We ask with Horace, "Quando ullum invenient parem?" and wait in vain for a reply. Francis Mahony was,—"Father Prout":—

"None but himself can be his parallel,"—

and, if like Rousseau, he had written his *Confessions*, he might, with equal truth, have commenced them in the words of that erratic genius: "Je ne suis fait comme aucun de ceux que j'ai vus; j'ose croire n'être fait comme aucun de ceux qui existent. Si je ne vaux pas mieux, au moins

je suis antre. Si la nature a bien ou mal fait de briser le moule dans lequel elle m'a jeté, c'est ce dont on ne peut juger qu'après m'avoir lu."

Essentially Hibernian, the wit and genius of Mahony were racy of the soil which gave him birth; but acuminated and polished in foreign schools. If the garb was of homely frieze, it sparkled with gems from the mines of Greece and Rome; and the shamrock of Erin alternated with classic parsley in the button-hole. He invited you to a stroll in the Groves of Blarney, and you found yourself "unbeknownst" in those of the Academy. He mixed his punch with the pure lymph of Hippocrene, and laced the phrase of Horace with rich Corcagian accent. In his own immortal words,—and none could describe him better, he was "a rare combination of the Teian lyre and the Irish bagpipe; of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with Attic salt."

The original, and handsomest edition of the *Reliques*,—now a very scarce book, and worth more than its published price of a guinea,—is that issued by James Fraser, of Regent Street, 1866, 2 vols. 8vo, with the beautiful etchings of Maclise. These are highly eulogized by the author himself. "Of the luminous effulgence," says he, "flung round all these matters by that brilliant enlightener (λαμπαδοφορος), Alfred Croquis, we know not in what style to speak fittingly, or where to find adequate terms of eulogy. 'Illustrated' books are, nowadays, common enough; but we must say that Prout has been singularly fortunate in meeting with such an Apelles as figures here. Posterity will be justly puzzled to decide whether the letterpress was got up to act as handmaid to the engravings, or whether the latter were destined to be ancillary to the book: just as it is a *quæstio vexata* among the learned whether Virgil composed his episode from having previously seen the Laocoon, or the sculptor his group from the outline in the *Æneid*. Our own opinion is so well expressed by Miguel Cervantes, that we shall content ourselves with quoting the original Spanish: 'Para mio solo nocio (Don Quixote) y yo para el, El supo obrar y yo escrivir, Solos los dos somos para en uno.' The present is the first continuous exploit of Croquis in this particular province of pictorial embellishment; the work of etching on copper, as well as the designs, being exclusively his handicraft. And, of a verity, since the day when the youthful genius of Hans Holbein decorated with woodcuts the *Praise of Folly* by Desiderius Erasmus, never has an experimental operation been so successfully performed. Truly hath our Alfred, already distinguished in the very highest departments of professional excellence, revealed himself to the gaze of men in a new and unexpected character; and while future ages will stand enraptured before the canvas over which he has flung, with that profusion so characteristic of opulent genius, the creation of his exuberant fancy, a voice will add that his was—

'The pencil of light
That illumined the volume.'" *

A second edition, in one volume, "revised and largely augmented," was published by H. G. Bohn, in 1860, as part of his "Illustrated Library." It contains the original etchings, not much the worse for wear, with portraits of Miss Landon and Béranger, together with the folding

* "Father Prout's Self-Examination," *Fraser's Magazine*, March, 1836.

plate, "The Fraserians," which had not appeared in the *editio princeps.* The augmentations consist of the triad of papers on "Modern Latin Poets," which, with sundry minor pieces, swell the volume to pp. 575. There is also an excellent *index*, which adds no little to the utility of the book. I take no account of intermediate "editions," which I believe to be mere reprints, or, worse, unsold copies with new title-pages,—"the staleness of the trick," says Mr. Hannay, adverting to the issue of 1866,—"is on a par with its morality,"—and proceed to the third and last, which was edited for Routledge, in 1881 (8vo, pp. 502), by Mr. Charles Kent, Barrister-at-Law, who has added a biographical introduction and notes. The memoir is interesting and valuable, though with certain errors; among which may be mentioned the statement, that, in 1881, the only "Fraserians" surviving, were Carlyle and Ainsworth. He has somehow overlooked, in his brief roll-call, the worthy rector of Ivy-church, the REV. GEORGE ROBERT GLEIG, who, *ter ævo functus*, is happily still among us, having exercised spiritual rule over as many generations of men, as Homer assigned to the temporal sovereignty of the Pylian monarch :—

"Τρὶς γὰρ δή μεν φασὶν ἀνάξασθαι γένε' ἀνδρῶν."

Mr. Kent has made important additions of shorter metrical pieces from *Fraser* and *Bentley;* and, on the other hand, has exercised his discretion in excluding several which I think should have been reproduced,—

"To lose no drop of that immortal man."

His *Prolegomena* supply us with valuable and interesting information, but,—he has cheated us of our *Index*, and the reader is lucky, if, after hunting for an hour for what he wants, he is able to follow the advice of "Captain Cuttle," and "make a note" of it himself for future use.

The result of this ingenious procedure is that the lover of "Prout" must have all three editions of the *Reliques*, for reasons as diverse as those which governed Theodore Beza in the choice of his three wives ! * We have besides *The Final Reliques of Father Prout*, Collected and edited by Blanchard Jerrold (London, Chatto & Windus, 1876, 8vo),—a volume in which a large amount of most interesting and valuable matter is brought together in very confused and immethodic fashion.

I have already alluded to the admirable paper on "Prout," in the *Universal Review*, for February, 1860, by the late James Hannay, British Consul at Barcelona. The same scholarly critic contributed to the *North British Review*, of September, 1866, an excellent paper on, "Recent

DE TRIBUS THEODORI BEZÆ UXORIBUS.

* "Tres mihi disparili sunt junctæ ætate puellæ ;
Hæc juveni, illa viro, tertia deinde seni.
Propter *opus* validis prima est mihi ducta sub annis,
Altera propter *opes*, tertia propter *opem*."
ÉTIENNE PASQUIER.

Edition *first* for Beauty's sake you seek ;
For Wealth of subject then the *next* bespeak ;
Yet still you'll hanker for a *third* indeed,
So much the Aid of *Index* you will need.

Thus FRASER, BOHN and ROUTLEDGE let not slip
A chance their fingers in your purse to dip !

Humorists: Aytoun, Peacock, Prout"; which, it may be supposed, suggested to a French writer his article, in the *Revue Britannique* of 1867, entitled "Trois Ecrivains Anglais,"—the humorists under notice being Hood, Prout and Thackeray. Finally, there is a paper by Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, in *Belgravia*, July, 1860, "Father Prout in Paris," which has been incorporated in the *Final Reliques;* and a short notice by Mr. Sheehan, in the last edition of the *Bentley Ballads*.

I might adduce imitations *galore* of the multilingual manner of Prout,—such as the *Trifoglio* of Hawtrey, and the *Brallaghan* of Kenealy,—of both of which I have already spoken. Then there are such magazine articles as "The Laments of all Nations on the Death of Mr. Simpson, late M.C. of the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall," in *Fraser's Literary Chronicle* —a serial having no connection whatever with *Fraser's Magazine*,— (London, 1836, 4to, No. v., p. 74), where we get occasional verses on that calamitous event in eight or ten different languages; and the polyglot contributions of "Mr. Buller of Brazennose," to *Ainsworth's Magazine*. But all such attempts are, more or less, nugatory. "No man," said Dr. Johnson, "was ever great by imitation"; and he who follows another must necessarily come after him. Hear the *Padre* himself,—and with his words I conclude my memoir: "To bend the bow of Ulysses, to wield the gridiron of Cobbett, to revive the sacred pigeon of Mahomet, to reinflate the bagpipe of Ossian, to reproduce the meal-tub of Titus Oates, or (when Dan goes to his long account) to get up a begging-box, must necessarily be hopeless speculations. Under the management of the original and creative genius these contrivances may work well; but they invariably fall into the hands of copyists and imitators."

APPENDIX.

A.

(Page 3.)

THE following verses, from the *Poetical Works* of poor Eliza Cook, afford a touching testimony to the critical mansuetude of JERDAN :—

TO THE LATE WILLIAM JERDAN.

If my poor Harp has ever poured
A tone that Truth alone can give ;
Thou wert the one who helped that tone
To win the echo that shall live.

For thou didst bid me shun the theme
Of morbid grief, or feigned delight ;
Thou bad'st me *think* and *feel ;* not dream ;
And "look into my heart and write."

And looking in that heart just now ;
'Mid all the memories there concealed ;
I find thy name still dearly claim
The thanks in these few lines revealed.

B.

(Page 42.)

JEREMIAH DANIEL MURPHY, who, as regards his linguistic attainments and general accomplishments, may be styled a second "Admirable Crichton," died, at the age of 18, of organic disease of the heart, January 5th, 1824. The following lines, elicited by his premature death, are worth preserving :—

"O flos juvenum,
Spes læta patris,
Non certa tuæ
Data res patriæ
Non mansuris
Ornate bonis,
Ostentatus,
Raptusque simul,
Solstitialis
Velut herba solet."

"Flower of our youth ! in thee are lost,
A father's hopes, a country's boast ;
With transient goods adorn'd ; just shown,
And wither'd near as soon as blown,
Like flowerets of solstitial zone."

Blackwood's Magazine, February, 1824, p. 250.

C.

(Page 43.)

The following song in English and Latin, by WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., is alluded to in my notice of that extraordinary genius. I have already expressed my opinion as to its merits, and am sure that it will be read with interest as a specimen of the Doctor's skill in humorous versification, whether in English or Latin :—

THE WINE-BIBBER'S GLORY.—A NEW SONG.

TUNE—"*The Jolly Miller.*"

"Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui
Plenum?" HOR.

1.

If Horatius Flaccus made jolly old Bacchus
So often his favourite theme;
If in him it was classic to praise his old Massic,
And Falernian to gulp in a stream;
If Falstaff's vagaries 'bout Sack and Canaries
Have pleased us again and again;
Shall we not make merry, on Port, Claret, or Sherry,
Madeira, and sparkling Champagne?

2.

First Port, that potation preferr'd by our nation
To all the small drink of the French;
'Tis the best standing liquor for layman or vicar,
The army, the navy, the bench;
'Tis strong and substantial, believe me, no man shall
Good Port from my dining-room send;
In your soup,—after cheese,—every way it will please,
But most *tête-à-tête* with a friend.

3.

Fair Sherry, Port's sister, for years they dismiss'd her
To the kitchen to flavour the jellies—
There long she was banish'd, and well nigh had vanish'd
To comfort the kitchen-maids' bellies;
Till his Majesty fix'd, he thought Sherry when sixty
Years old, like himself, quite the thing:
So I think it but proper to fill a tip-topper
Of Sherry, to drink to the king.

4.

Though your delicate Claret, by no means goes far, it
Is famed for its exquisite flavour;
'Tis a nice provocation to *wise* conversation,
Queer blarney, or harmless palaver;
'Tis the bond of society,—no inebriety
Follows a swig of the Blue;
One may drink a whole ocean, but ne'er feel commotion
Or headache from Château Margoux.

5.

But though Claret is pleasant to taste for the present,
On the stomach it sometimes feels cold;
So to keep it all clever, and comfort your liver,
Take a glass of Madeira that's old;
When 't has sail'd for the Indies, a cure for all winds tis,
And colic 'twill put to the rout:
All doctors declare a good glass of Madeira
The best of all things for the gout.

6.

Then Champagne! dear Champagne; ah! how gladly I drain a
Whole bottle of Œil de Perdrix;
To the eye of my charmer, to make my love warmer,
If cool that love ever could be.
I would toast her for ever—but never, oh! never,
Would I her dear name so profane:
So if e'er when I'm tipsy, it slips to my lips, I
Wash it back to my heart with Champagne!

TOPORIS GLORIA.—A LATIN MELODY.

To a Tune for itself, lately discovered in Herculaneum,—being an ancient Roman air,—or, if not, quite as good.

Cum jollificatione boisterosâ ; *i.e.* With boisterous jollification.

I.

Si Horatio Flacco de hilari Baccho
Mos carmina esset cantare.
Si Massica vina vocaret divina,
Falernaque sciret potare :
Si nos juvat mirè Falstaffium audire
Laudentem Hispanicum merum.
Cor nostrum sit lætum, ob Portum Claretum,
Xerense, Campanum, Maderum.

II.

Est Portum potatio quam Anglica natio
Vinis Galliæ prætulit lautis :—
Sacerdote amatur—et laicis potatur
Consultis, militibus, nautis.
Si meum conclave hoc forte et suave
Vitaverit, essem iniquus,
Post caseum—in jure—placebit secure
Præsertim cum adsit amicus.

III.

Huic quamvis cognatum, Xerense damnatum,
Gelata culinâ tingebat,
Vinum exul ibique dum coquo cuique
Generosum liquorem præbebat.
Sed a rege probatum est valde pergratum
Cum (ut ipse) sit sexagenarium—
Largè ergo implendum, regique bibendum
Opinor est nunc necessarium.

IV.

Claretum, oh ! quamvis haud forte (deest nam vis)
Divino sapore notatur ;
Hinc dulcia dicuntur—faceta nascuntur—
Leniterque philosophizatur.
Socialis potatio ! te haud fregit ratio
Purpureo decorum colore !
Tui maximum mare liceret potare
Sine mentis frontisve dolore.

V.

Etsi vero in præsenti Claretum bibenti
Videatur imprimis jucundum,
Cito tamen frigescat—quod ut statim decrescat
Vetus vinum Maderum adeundum.
Indus si navigârit, vento corpus levârit
Colicamque fugârit hoc merum ;
Podagrâ cruciato " Vinum optimum dato,"
Clamant medici docti, " Maderum."

VI.

Campanum ! Campanum ! quo gaudio lagenam
Ocelli Perdricis sorberem !
Ad dominæ oculum exhauriam poculum
Tali philtro si unquam egerem—
Propinarem divinam—sed percam si sinam
Nomen carum ut sic profanetur,
Et si, cum Bacchus urget, ad labia surgit
Campano ad cor revolvetur !

PARODIES BY DR. MAGINN.

SONNET.

I stood upon St. Peter's battlement,
And my eye wander'd o'er Imperial Rome,
And I thought sadly on the fatal doom
'Neath which her ancient palaces had bent;
Of temple and tower outrageously uprent,
Or moulder'd into dust by slow decay;
Of halls where godlike Cæsar once bore sway,
Or glorious Tully fulmined eloquent!
So shall all earthly fade! What wonder, then,
If Time can make such all-unsparing wreck,
If neither genius, art, nor skill of men,
Can e'er pretend his felon hand to check,
That this old coat, I've worn these three years past,
Should on each elbow want a patch at last?

TO A BOTTLE OF OLD PORT.

(Parody—"When he who adores thee."—MOORE.)

When he who adores thee has left but the dregs
Of such famous old stingo behind;
Oh! say, will he bluster or weep,—no 'ifegs!
He'll seek for some more of the kind.
He'll laugh, and though doctors perhaps may condemn,
Thy tide shall efface the decree,
For many can witness, though subject to phlegm,
He has always been faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of his earliest love,
Every rap in his pocket was thine,
And his very last prayer, ev'ry morning, by Jove,
Was to finish the evening in wine.
How blest are the tipplers whose heads can outlive
The effects of four bottles of thee;
But the next dearest blessing that heaven can give,
Is to stagger home muzzy from three!

THE ROUND TOWER.

In London, queen of cities, you may see
Facing the lovely house of Somerset,
A goodly, tall round tower: its base is wet
With Thames' fair waters rolling quietly;
Who was it built this tower? What may it be?
Say, was it piled by Druid hands of old!
Or rear'd by eastern magi, there to hold
The sacred flame, type of their deity?
Was it a hermit's calm retreat? or pile
Where hung sonorous the resounding bell?
Or is it such as in green Erin's isle
We see, whose uses nobody could tell?—
'Twas answer'd:—Who 'twas built it, know I not,
But 'tis, I know, the tower for Patent Shot.

NEW WORDS OF AN OLD TUNE.

(Parody—"I saw from the beach," etc.—MOORE.)

To the Finish I went, when the moon it was shining,
The jug round the table moved jovially on;
I staid till the moon the next morn was declining;
The jug still was there, but the punch was all gone.
And such are the joys that your brandy will promise
(And often these joys at the Finish I've known),
Every copper it makes in the evening ebb from us,
And leaves us next day with a headache alone!

Ne'er tell me of puns, or of laughter adorning
Our revels that last till the close of the night;
Give me back the hard cash that I left in the morning,
For clouds dim my eye and my pocket is light.
Oh! who's there that welcomes that moment's returning,
When daylight must throw a new light on his frame—
When his stomach is sick, and his liver is burning—
His eye shot with blood and his brow in a flame?

D.

(Page 58.)

The following, transcribed from the original autograph letter before me, affords an agreeable picture of the early married life of the writer:—

"King's Gate, 17th July, 1831.

"DEAR MRS. MOORE,

"I was very glad to get news of my darling, and I assure you I am thankful he is out of the poisonous smell of paint, which made me so ill I was forced to sleep at George Seymour's one night. There never was such a mess! But we are having the *nursery* done very nicely. We have changed the buff to stone colour, which makes it less like a garret, and larger and lighter looking, and I have ordered the white press to have new panes put in it, where they are broken, and to be grained and varnished as nearly as possible like your drawers which it stands on; with cloth or baize underneath, to prevent the drawers being scratched. The green windows make the house look so dark that we are going to have the house painted to look like stone; the balcony carried out to the end of Mr. Furnivall's, and two little *mock* windows to match the store-room—which will make the house at least 4 feet longer in appearance. There are improvements for you! I trust in heaven my little one will not have caught cold from the rain the night of your arrival, and that you have got comfortable lodgings. Tell me in your next letter more about them—whether they face the sea, and whether you have money enough, —how Spencer liked the steam-packet, and whether he has had any return of the relaxation and sickness, poor lamb. I miss him dreadfully, and am continually forgetting that he is not in the house, and listening for his little voice on the stairs.

"Mr. Norton still intends coming on Monday, but as he returns on Wednesday, I think an hotel would be as cheap as lodgings, unless the person *you* are with, could let us have a bedroom, and sitting-room for those two nights, which is hardly worth while. Perhaps Mr. Norton will let me stay one week at Ramsgate; in that case, if we had a little sitting-room, I could sleep with you if your bed is a good size,—or if they had a room with a single bed for *me*, we might eat our meals there, and have no sitting-room. Pray, dear old woman, ask about, and get

something low; I am sure if it is *cheap*, Mr. Norton will let me stay the week, and I am so poisoned here, that if I do not get a mouthful of fresh air, my little November baboon will be born with a green face.—Try, and manage this for me.

"Mr. Charles is gone to Portsmouth for a day or two, so I have sent to Vernon for a frank. You can enclose your letters all the same. Mr. Norton's new servant is come; he seems quick and quiet, but speaks like a country-clod,—that will soon go off in town. He had the best of characters, and can take care of the horse.

"The King is to sign the patent for Mr. Norton to be made honourable on Monday, and then it is to be hoped the John Bull paper will be satisfied. Mr. Norton is very glad, and Lord Melbourne has been very kind about it. Lady M. is better, and offered me two tickets for the House of Lords on Tuesday to hear the King's speech, but I must come to my too-too, who I hope will give me a ticket when *he* is Lord Grantley. Mem.—Kiss your old mother, and send me a message in the next letter. Here is a little picture for you. God bless you.

"CAROLINE NORTON.

"Can I get clean linen for the bed in the pantry?"

Mrs. Norton's hope was not destined to be fulfilled. Her "too-too,"—remark this earlier use of a cant phrase of modern æstheticism,—born July 10th, 1829, was carried off by death; and the title ultimately devolved on Thomas Brinsley, the "little November baboon," who was born November 14th, 1831. The husband from whom she suffered so much and so long, died February 24th, 1875, a short time only before his brother, the third Lord Grantley, and so missed, by a few months, the long expected barony. His death took place at Wonersh Park, near Guildford, of which town he had long been Recorder. His will was proved by William Frederick Johnstone, James Vaughan and William Mark Fladgate, the acting executors; power being reserved to prove later to Lord Grantley, brother of the deceased, the remaining executor. The personal estate was sworn under £12,000.

The word "picture," in the letter, refers to a sketch of herself, in pen and ink, at the foot of the sheet. The letter is addressed to "Mrs. Moore, No. 8, Prince's Street, Ramsgate;" and is franked by R. Vernon Smith.

E.

(Page 295.)

I avail myself of a permission given to me many years ago by the late Mr. Edward Moxon, the poet-publisher and the poets' publisher, to reproduce, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, the following most characteristic specimen of the genius of CHARLES LAMB, whose adopted daughter (Miss Isola) became his wife. It was published anonymously; and I feel justified in as loud a cackle of exultation over its detection,—*in sterquilinio margarita*,—as that which greeted the "discovery" of the *Poetry for Children* in South Australia. It is included by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, in his edition of the *Life, Letters and Writings of Charles Lamb* (Moxon, 1876, 6 vols. 8vo); but among the hundreds of thousands of readers which I anticipate for this volume, there will be many who content themselves with earlier issues of their favourite's author, and will, therefore, not be sorry to have brought before them in these pages the diabolical lampoon,—or *Lamb-pun* on the Devil,—as its author might have termed it.

It may be well, by way of anticipating objections, to admit, *in limine*, that the humorous piece, with all its dry wit and quaintness of expression, is open to a certain amount of reprehension on the score of flippancy and levity in the treatment of a matter held by many of awful import. But this is a case where an act may be fairly judged by its intention, and no one will accuse Charles Lamb with delibe-

rate and purposed irreverence in the consideration and handling of a subject abstractedly serious. The question of the personality of the Devil,—the anthropomorphic embodiment of the principle of evil,—has, unquestionably and necessarily, its conventional, familiar and, therefore, ludicrous aspect. In this light, Lamb has chosen to regard it; whether he should have done so,—whether, in short, the standpoint is a legitimate one,—is another question, which I am not now prepared to discuss.

SATAN IN SEARCH OF A WIFE;

WITH THE WHOLE PROCESS OF HIS COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE, AND WHO DANCED AT THE WEDDING.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

LONDON: EDWARD MOXON, 64, NEW BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXXI.

Price One Shilling.

DEDICATION.

To delicate bosoms that have sighed over the "Loves of the Angels," this poem is with tenderest regard consecrated. It can be no offence to you, dear Ladies, that the author has endeavoured to extend the dominion of your darling passion; to show Love triumphant in places to which his advent has never yet been suspected. If one Cecilia drew an angel down, another may have leave to attract a Spirit upwards; which, I am sure, was the most desperate adventure of the two. Wonder not at the inferior condition of the agent; for if King Cophetua wooed a beggar-maid, a greater king need not scorn to confess the attractions of a fair tailor's daughter. The more disproportionate the rank, the more signal is the glory of your sex. Like that of Hecate, a triple empire is now confessed your own. Nor Heaven, nor Earth, nor deepest tracts of Erebus, as Milton hath it, have power to resist your sway. I congratulate your last victory. You have fairly made an Honest Man of the Old One; and if your conquest is late, the success must be salutary. The new Benedict has employment enough on his hands to desist from dabbling with the affairs of poor mortals; he may fairly leave human nature to herself; and we may sleep for one while at least secure from the attacks of the hitherto restless Old Bachelor. It remains to be seen whether the world will be much benefited by the change in his condition.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

The Devil was sick and queasy of late,
And his sleep and his appetite fail'd him;
His ears they hung down, and his tail it was clapp'd
Between his poor hoofs, like a dog that's been rapp'd,—
None knew what the devil ail'd him.

II.

He tumbled and toss'd on his mattress o' nights,
That was fit for a fiend's disportal;
For 'twas made of the finest of thistles and thorn,
Which Alecto herself had gather'd in scorn
Of the best down beds that are mortal.

III.

His giantly chest in earthquakes heaved,
With groanings corresponding;
And mincing and few were the words he spoke,
While a sigh, like some delicate whirlwind broke
From a heart that seem'd desponding.

IV.

Now the Devil an old wife had for his dam,
I think none e'er was older;
Her years,—old Parr's were nothing to them;
And a chicken to her was Methusalem,
You'd say, could you behold her.

V.

She remember'd Chaos a little child,
Strumming upon hand-organs;
At the birth of Old Night a gossip she sat,
The ancientest there, and was godmother at
The christening of the Gorgons.

VI.

Her bones peep'd through a rhinoceros' skin
Like a mummy's through its cerement;
But she had a mother's heart and guessed
What pinch'd her son, whom she thus address'd
In terms that bespoke endearment:—

VII.

"What ails my Nicky, my darling Imp,
My Lucifer bright, my Beelzie?
My Pig, my Pug-with-a-curly-tail,
You are not well. Can a mother fail
To see *that* which all Hell see?"

VIII.

"O mother, dear, I am dying, I fear;
Prepare the yew and the willow,
And the cypress black, for I get no ease
By day or by night for the cursèd fleas,
That skip about my pillow."

IX.

"Your pillow is clean, and your pillow-beer,
For I wash'd 'em in Styx last night, son,
And your blankets both, and dried them upon
The brimstony banks of Acheron;—
It is not the *fleas* that bite, son."

X.

"Oh, I perish of cold these bitter sharp nights,
The damp like an ague ferrets;
The ice and the frost hath shot into the bone;
And I care not greatly to sleep alone
O' nights for the fear of Spirits."

XI.

"The weather is warm, my own sweet boy,
And the nights are close and stifling;
And for fearing of Spirits, you cowardly elf—
Have you quite forgot you're a Spirit yourself?
Come, come, I see you are trifling.

XII.

"I wish my Nicky is not in love"—
"O mother, you have nick'd it";
And he turned his head aside with a blush,—
Not red-hot pokers, or crimson plush,
Could half so deep have prick'd it.

XIII.

"These twenty thousand good years or more,"
Quoth he, "on this burning shingle
I have led a lonesome bachelor's life,
Nor known the comfort of babe or wife;—
'Tis a long time to live single."

XIV.

Quoth she, "If a wife is all you want,
I shall quickly dance at your wedding.
I'm dry nurse, you know, to the female ghosts"—
And she call'd up her charge, and they came in hosts
To do the old beldam's bidding.

XV.

All who in their lives had been servants of sin,—
Adulteress, wench, virago,—
And murd'resses old that had pointed the knife
Against a husband's or father's life,
Each one a She Iago.

XVI.

First Jezebel came,—no need of paint,
Or dressing, to make her charming;
For the blood of the old prophetical race
Had heighten'd the natural flush of her face
To a pitch 'bove rouge or carmine.

XVII.

Semiramis there low tender'd herself,
With all Babel for a dowry;
With Helen, the flower and the bane of Greece,
And bloody Medea next offer'd her fleece,
That was of Hell the houri.

XVIII.

Clytemnestra, with Joan of Naples, put in;
Cleopatra, by Anthony quicken'd;
Jocasta, that married where she should not,
Came, hand in hand with the daughters of Lot,
Till the Devil was fairly sicken'd.

XIX.

For the Devil himself, a dev'l as he is,
Disapproves unequal matches.
"O mother," he cried, "despatch them hence!
No Spirit,—I speak it without offence,—
Shall have me in their hatches."

XX.

With a wave of her wand they all were gone;
And now came out the slaughter:
"'Tis none of these that can serve my turn;
For a wife of flesh and blood I burn—
I'm in love with a tailor's daughter.

XXI.

"'Tis she must heal the wounds that she made,
'Tis she must be my physician.
O parent mild, stand not my foe,"—
For his mother had whisper'd something low
About "matching beneath his condition."

XXII.

"And then we must get paternal consent,
Or an unblest match may vex ye"—
"Her father is dead; I fetched him away,
In the midst of his goose, last Michaelmas day—
He died of an apoplexy.

XXIII.

"His daughter is fair, and an only heir—
With her I long to tether—
He has left her his *hell*, and all that he had;
The estates are contiguous, and I shall be mad,
Till we lay our two Hells together."

XXIV.

"But how do you know the fair maid's mind?"
Quoth he, "Her loss was but recent;
And I could not speak *my* mind, you know,
Just when I was fetching her father below—
It would hardly have been decent.

XXV.

"But a leer from her eye, where Cupids lie,
Of love gave proof apparent;
And from something she dropp'd I shrewdly ween'd,
In her heart she judged that a *living Fiend*
Was better than a *dead parent.*

XXVI.

"But the time is short, and suitors may come
While I stand here reporting;
Then make your son a bit of a beau,
And give me your blessing before I go
To the other world a-courting."

XXVII.

"But what will you do with your horns, my son?
And that tail,—fair maids will mock it."
"My tail I will dock, and as for the horn,
Like husbands above, I think no scorn
To carry it in my pocket."

XXVIII.

"But what will you do with your feet, my son?
"Here are stockings fairly woven:
My hoofs will I hide in silken hose;
And cinnamon-sweet are my pettitoes—
Because, you know, they are *cloven.*"

XXIX.

"Then take a blessing, my darling son,"
Quoth she, and kiss'd him civil;
Then his neckcloth she tied; and when he was dress'd
From top to toe in his Sunday's best,
He appear'd a comely devil.

XXX.

So he took his leave :—but how he fared
In his courtship,—barring failures,—
In a Second Part you shall read it soon,
In a bran-new song, to be sung to the tune
Of the "Devil among the Tailors."

PART THE SECOND.

CONTAINING THE COURTSHIP AND THE WEDDING.

I.

Who is she that by night from her balcony looks
On a garden where cabbage is springing?
'Tis the tailor's fair lass, that we told of above;
She muses by moonlight on her true love;
So sharp is Cupid's stinging.

II.

She has caught a glimpse of the Prince of the Air
In his Luciferian splendour,
And away with coyness and maiden reserve!
For none but the Devil her turn will serve,
Her sorrows else will end her.

III.

She saw when he fetch'd her father away,
And the sight no whit did shake her.
For the Devil may sure with his own make free;
And "it saves besides," quoth merrily she,
"The expense of an undertaker.—

IV.

"Then come, my Satan, my darling Sin,
Return to my arms, my hell-beau;
My Prince of Darkness, my crow-black dove"—
And she scarce had spoke, when her own true love
Was kneeling at her elbow.

V.

But she wist not at first that this was he,
That had raised such a boiling passion;
For his old costume he had laid aside,
And was come to court a mortal bride
In a coat-and-waistcoat fashion.

VI.

She miss'd his large horns, and she miss'd his fair tail,
That had hung so retrospective;
And his raven plumes, and some other marks
Regarding his feet, that had left their sparks
In a mind but too susceptive.

VII.

And she held it scorn that a mortal born
Should the Prince of Spirits rival,
To clamber at midnight her garden fence—
For she knew not else by what pretence
To account for his arrival.

VIII.

"What thief art thou," quoth she, "in the dark
That stumblest here presumptuous?
Some Irish adventurer I take you to be—
A foreigner, from your garb, I see,
Which besides is not over sumptuous."

IX.

Then Satan, awhile dissembling his rank,
A piece of amorous fun tries;
Quoth he, "I'm a Netherlander born;
Fair virgin, receive not my suit with scorn;
I'm a Prince in the Low Countries—

X.

"Though I travel *incog.* From the Land of Fog
And Mist I'm come to proffer
My crown and my sceptre to lay at your feet;
It is not every day in the week you may meet,
Fair maid, with a Prince's offer."

XI.

"Your crown and your sceptre I like full well,
They tempt a poor maiden's pride, sir;
But your lands and possessions—excuse if I'm rude—
Are too far in a northerly latitude
For me to become your bride, sir.

XII.

"In that aguish clime I should catch my death,
Being but a raw new-comer."
Quoth he, "We have plenty of fuel stout;
And the fires, which I kindle, never go out
By winter, nor yet by summer.

XIII.

"I am Prince of Hell, and Lord Paramount
Over monarchs there abiding.
My Groom of the Stables is Nimrod old;
And Nebuchadnezzar my stirrups must hold,
When I go out a riding.

XIV.

"To spare your blushes, and maiden fears,
I resorted to these inventions—
But, imposture, begone; and avaunt, disguise!"—
And the Devil began to swell and rise
To his own diabolic dimensions.

XV.

Twin horns from his forehead shot up to the moon,
Like a branching stag in Arden;
Dusk wings through his shoulders with eagle's strength
Push'd out; and his train lay floundering in length
An acre beyond the garden.

XVI.

To tender hearts I have framed my lay—
Judge ye, all love-sick maidens,
When the virgin saw in the soft moonlight,
In his proper proportions, her own true knight,
If she needed long persuadings.

XVII.

Yet a maidenly modesty kept her back,
As her sex's art had taught her:
For "the biggest fortunes," quoth she, "in the land
Are not worthy"—then blush'd—"of your highness's hand—
Much less a poor tailor's daughter.

XVIII.

"There's the two Miss Crockfords are single still,
For whom great suitors hunger;
And their father's hell is much larger than mine—"
Quoth the Devil, "I've no such ambitious design,
For their dad is an old fishmonger;

XIX.

"And I cannot endure the smell of fish—
I have taken an anti-bias
To their livers, especially since the day
That the Angel smoked my cousin away
From the chaste spouse of Tobias.

XX.

"Had my amorous kinsman much longer staid,
The perfume would have seal'd his obit;
For he had a nicer nose than the wench,
Who cared not a pin for the smother and stench,
In the arms of the Son of Tobit."

XXI.

"I have read it," quoth she, "in Apocryphal Writ"—
And the Devil stoop'd down and kiss'd her;
Not Jove himself, when he courted in flame,
On Semele's lips, the love-scorch'd dame,
Impress'd such a burning blister.

XXII.

The fire through her bones and vitals shot—
"Oh, I yield, my winsome marrow—
I am thine for life"—and black thunders roll'd—
And she sank in his arms through the garden mould,
With the speed of a red-hot arrow.

XXIII.

Merrily, merrily, ring the bells
From each Pandemonian steeple;
For the Devil hath gotten his beautiful bride,
And a wedding dinner he will provide,
To feast all kinds of people.

XXIV.

Fat Bulls of Bashan are roasted whole,
Of the breed that ran at David;
With the flesh of goats, on the sinister side,
That shall stand apart, when the world is tried;
Fit meat for souls unsavèd!

XXV.

The fowl from the spit were the Harpies' brood,
Which the bard sang near Cremona,
With a garnish of bats in their leathern wings impt;
And the fish was—two delicate slices crimpt,
Of the whale that swallowed Jonah.

XXVI.

Then the goblets were crown'd, and a health went round
To the bride, in a wine like scarlet ;
No earthly vintage so deeply paints,
For 'twas dash'd with a tinge from the blood of the Saints
By the Babylonian Harlot.

XXVII.

No Hebe fair stood cupbearer there,
The guests were their own skinkers ;
But Bishop Judas first bless'd the can,
Who is of all Hell Metropolitan,
And kiss'd it to all the drinkers.

XXVIII.

The feast being ended, to dancing they went,
To a music that did produce a
Most dissonant sound, while a hellish glee
Was sung in parts by the Furies Three ;
And the Devil took out Medusa.

XXIX.

But the best of the sport was to hear his old dam
Set up her shrill forlorn pipe—
How the wither'd beldam hobbled about,
And put the rest of the company out—
For she needs must try a hornpipe.

XXX.

But the heat, and the press, and the noise, and the din,
Were so great, that, howe'er unwilling,
Our reporter no longer was able to stay,
But came in his own defence away,
And left the bride quadrilling.

THE END.

F.

(Page 366.)

The following is a pretty complete list of the pamphlets to which I have referred. As it will not be found elsewhere, it may not be without its use to collectors and students.

"The Invariable Principles of Poetry : in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq., occasioned by some Critical Observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the Character of Pope." By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. London, 1819. 8vo, pp. 46.

"A Letter to the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, in answer to a Pamphlet, recently published under the title of 'A Reply to an Unsentimental Sort of Critic, the Reviewer of Spence's Anecdote in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1820.'" By Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., F.S.A. London, 1820. 8vo, pp. 42.

"A Reply to the Charges brought by the Reviewer of 'Spence's Anecdotes' in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1820, against the late Editor of Pope's Works, and Author of 'A Letter to Mr. Campbell' on 'The Invariable Principles of Poetry.'" By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. London, 1820. 8vo. (Inserted in the *Pamphleteer*, No. xxxiii.)

"A Second Letter to the Rev. William Lisle Bowles, in answer to his Second Reply (printed in the *Pamphleteer*, No. xxxiii.), etc." By Octavius Gilchrist, Esq., F.S.A. London, 1820. 8vo, pp. 36.

"Letter to . . . . . on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope." By the Right Hon. Lord Byron. London (Murray), 1821. 8vo, pp. 61.

"A Third Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, concerning Pope's Moral Character: including some Observations on that Person's Demeanour towards his Opponents during the recent Controversy on that Subject." By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. London, 1821. 8vo.

"Two Letters to the Right Honourable Lord Byron, in Answer to his Lordship's Letter to . . . . . on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope: more particularly on the Question, Whether Poetry be more immediately indebted to what is Sublime and Beautiful in the Works of Nature or the Works of Art?" By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. London, 1821. 8vo, pp. 104.

"Observations on the Poetical Character of Pope, further elucidating the Invariable Principles of Poetry, etc. With a Sequel, in reply to Octavius Gilchrist." By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 1820-1. (Inserted in the *Pamphleteer*, Nos. xxxiv. and xxxv.)

"Letter to Lord Byron, protesting against the Immolation of Gray, Cowper, and Campbell, at the Shrine of Pope." 1821. 8vo.

"A Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, in reply to his Letter to Thomas Campbell, Esq., and to his Two Letters to the Right Hon. Lord Byron; containing a Vindication of their Defence of the Poetical Character of Pope, and an Inquiry into the Nature of Poetical Images, and of the Characteristic Qualities that distinguish Poetry from all other Species of Writing." By M. M'Dermot. 1822. 8vo. (Inserted in the *Pamphleteer*, Nos. xxxix. and xl.)

"Letters to Lord Byron on a Question of Poetical Criticism. 3rd Edition, with Corrections. To which are now first added the Letter to Mr. Campbell, as far as regards Poetical Criticism; and the Answer to the Writer in the *Quarterly Review*, as far as it relates to the same Subject. 2nd Edition. Together with an Answer to some Objections and further Illustrations." By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. London, 1822. 8vo.

"Letters to Mr. T. Campbell, as far as regards Poetical Criticism, etc., and the Answer to the Writer in the *Quarterly Review*, etc. 2nd Edition. Together with an Answer to some Objections; and further Illustrations." 1822. (Inserted in the *Pamphleteer*, No. xl.)

"A Final Appeal to the Literary Public relative to Pope, in Reply to certain Observations of Mr. Roscoe, in his Edition of the Poet's Work. To which are added some Remarks on Lord Byron's Conversations, as far as they relate to the same subject and the Author. In Letters to a Literary Friend." By the Rev. W. L. Bowles, M.A., etc. London, 1825. 8vo, pp. 190.

"Lessons in Criticism to William Roscoe, Esq., F.R.S., in Answer to his Letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, on the Character and Poetry of Pope." 1826. 8vo.

G.

(Page 448.)

The following, transcribed from a letter in the autograph of the humourist, seems worthy of preservation here:—

"Kensington, W., August 7th, 1850.

"MY DEAR NED,

"This is the very best I can do for you. Look to it, I pray thee.

"When that old joke was new,
It was not hard to joke,
And puns we now pooh-pooh,
Great laughter would provoke.
True wit was seldom heard,
And humour shown by few,
When reign'd King George the Third,
And that old joke was new.

"Do you see that, my lad; but, perhaps you do not. You really ought to see the pith; you ought, indeed. But I am of opinion that you are too greatly taken up with love-making.

"Well, I will pardon you; and so here goes again.

"It passed indeed for wit,
Did this achievement rare,
When down your friend would sit,
To steal away his chair;
You brought him to the floor,
You bruised him black and blue,
And this w^d^ cause a roar,
When your old joke was new!

"Don't you perceive the humour of this? eh? You should do so, you Sly Fox, you. Perchance you don't, tho'; and I will pardon you. But how about that tripe? eh?

"Did you get home safely?—Well, on second thoughts, you shall answer that question when I see you again.

"Ever thine
"W. M. THACKERAY."

H.

(Page 477.)

When Thackeray, in January, 1860, realized his project of setting on foot a good magazine at a shilling to rival the old bad ones at half a crown, a "Song of Welcome" was not wanting from one who had stood by his side in the old fire-eating and whiskey-drinking Fraserian days. Mahony had left the "monthlies" for the "dailies,"—that is to say, his duties as a journalist absorbed his time, and he did little, or nothing, for the magazines which were so largely indebted to his abilities for their currency. But the daring enterprise of his old friend and ally awoke his slumbering muse, and he transmitted to London, for the initial number of the *Cornhill*—

FATHER PROUT'S INAUGURATIVE ODE.

I.

"Fudge," cries Squire THORNHILL,
When Lady BLARNEY of the West End glozes
Mid the PRIMROSES;
Such word of honest scorn ill
Suits thy new Magazine, my friend on CORNHILL!
Folks hail with joy ethereal
Thy welcome cereal;
Of wit there's sad *inopia*—
Empty thy Cornucopia!

II.

Nor wit alone dispense,
But sense,
And with thy cordial Xeres,
Let us have Ceres,
Of loaf thou hast no lack;
Nor settest, like idle zany forth,
With lots of sack,
Of bread a pennyworth.

III.

Still sprightly, yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous;
So mayest thou on this auspicious morn
Exalt thy horn
Throned on the Hill of Corn!

IV.

Of aught that smacks of surplice, sect, or synod,
Be thy grain winnow'd;
Nor deign to raise a laugh
With empty chaff.
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats,
Nor seek our siller
With meal from TITUS OATES,
Or flour of JOSEPH MILLER.

V.

Give all who come their fill,
There's corn in Egypt still,
(From Cairo to Cornhill)
All applicants among
Treat best the young;—
And hide with fond and brotherly prevision
The cup of gold in BENJAMIN'S provision!

VI.

Then, as to those
Who bring thee ponderous prose
Or heavier verse instead,—
O thou Calcutta-born!
Babe on the Ganges bred!
Bid them convey their lumbering lay
Next street to the HALL OF LEAD!

VII.

Dashing, and yet methodical,
So shall thy fascinating periodical
Through the dense underwood
Of Dunce and Dunderhood
Carve, hew, and hack her way,
Up! gallant Thackeray!

But this ode, fresh and vigorous as it is, failed somehow to please the fastidious Thackeray. He thought Stanza I. "hard to construe," and that "Squire Thornhill" was "lugged in head and ears." He said that "gallant Thackeray," in the last line, "would never do"; and was of opinion that Stanzas VI. and VII. were "personal." Accordingly, on sending Mahony "proof" of his Ode, he forwarded one of an amplified and altered version by himself, which he requested leave to publish. This Mahony seems to have received with an acquiescent graciousness which was hardly to have been expected from one usually so intolerant of opposition. An introductory stanza added by Thackeray (see p. 477) he declined to adopt; but allowed to remain, with modification, a concluding one, as "answering for the frontispiece,"—that is, the emblematical wrapper, which, by the way, is said to have been his own suggestion. Some of Thackeray's "humble amendments" found favour,—notably the beautiful last line of Stanza VI.—

"But slip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's;"

—others were made by Mahony; and finally the piece appeared as I now give it for comparison,—with *nine* Stanzas instead of *seven*,—and the title changed to—

INAUGURAL ODE TO THE AUTHOR OF *VANITY FAIR.*

I.

Ours is a faster, quicker age:
Yet erst in Goldsmith's homely Wakefield Vicarage,
While Lady Blarney, from the West End, glozes
'Mid the Primroses,
Fudge! cries Squire Thornhill,
Much to the wonder of young greenhorn Moses.
Such word of scorn ill
Matches the "Wisdom fair" thy whim proposes
To hold on Cornhill.

II.

With Fudge, or Blarney, or the "Thames on Fire!"
Treat not the buyer:
But proffer good material—
A genuine Cereal,
Value for twelvepence and not dear at twenty,
Such wit replenishes thy Horn of Plenty!

III.

Nor wit alone dispense,
But sense;
And with thy sparkling Xerez
Let us have Ceres.
Of loaf thou hast no lack,
Nor set, like Shakespeare's zany, forth
With lots of sack,
Of bread one pennyworth.

IV.

Sprightly, and yet sagacious,
Funny, yet farinaceous,
Dashing, and yet methodical—
So may thy periodical,
On this auspicious morn,
Exalt its horn,
Throned on the Hill of Corn!

V.

Of aught that smacks of sect, surplice, or synod,
Be thy grain winnowed!
Nor deign to win one laugh
With empty chaff,
Shun aught o'er which dullard or bigot gloats;
Nor seek our siller
With meal from Titus Oates,
Or flour of Joseph Miller.

VI.

There's corn in Egypt still,
(Pilgrim from Cairo to Cornhill!)
Give each his fill.
But all comers among
Treat best the young;
Fill the big brother's knapsacks from thy bins,
But slip the Cup of Love in Benjamin's.

VII.

Next as to those
Who bring their lumbering verse or ponderous prose
To where good Smith and Elder
Have so long held their
Well garnished Cornhill storehouse—
But them not bore us,
Tell them instead
To take their load next street, the Hall of Lead!

VIII.

Only one word besides.
As he who tanneth hides
Stocketh with proper implements his tannery:
So thou, Friend! do not fail
To store a stout corn-flail,
Ready for use, within thy Cornhill granary.
Of old there walk'd abroad,
Prompt to right wrongs, Caliph Haroun al Rashid:
Deal thus with Fraud,
Or Job, or Humbug—thrash it!

IX.

Courage, old Friend! long found
Firm at thy task, nor in fixt purpose fickle:
Up! choose thy ground,
Put forth thy shining sickle;—
Shun the dense underwood
Of Dunce or Dunderhood;
But reap North, South, East, Far West,
The world-wide Harvest!

How the new editor obeyed these injunctions the world knows. For three years he winnowed his chaff, performed his function of thresher—or thrasher,—as the case might be, and reaped such harvest as was allotted to his labours. But at the conclusion of this period,—on Christmas Eve, 1863,—the stout farmer was himself gathered into the garner; and Mahony, whose love for his old literary associates was a pleasing trait amid the "anfractuosities" (as Doctor Johnson would have said) of his character, was left to bear the blow as he best might. The following letter, which I take from a most interesting communication of Mr. George Noble Plunkett, to *Hibernia*, February 1st, 1882 (my indebtedness to which I gratefully acknowledge), attests in "its tremulous writing and uncertain wording," how greatly moved was the writer by the sad and unexpected intelligence. Tear-blurred as it is, it was issued in *facsimile* in April, 1866, just one month before Mahony himself closed his eyes upon this world:—

"Dear B.—It was truly kind of you to think of the absent in this hour of our common sorrow. I have no heart to write articles—I can only dwell in silence on the long and varied memories of over thirty years.

"With respect to what you mention, I have looked at the list of Directors, among whom our dear lost friend was to have figured. I see there the Chaplain-General Gleig, and his name made me look over the group of contemporaries once gathered round a board of 27 under the guidance of Maginn: there are but 6 left. I have marked them.

"Need I say I sympathize with you in the solicitude . . . inspires . . . assure your worthy good brother of my best feelings towards him. May you tide on through the coming year with less cause for affliction, and rest assured of my cordial sentiments towards one of the few remaining friends of old times.

"Yours, "FRANCIS MAHONY.

"19, Rue des Moulins, 1st January, 1864."

I.

The following humorous macaronics are worth preservation among the *deliciæ* of their period. They appeared originally in the *National Omnibus*, January 13th, 1832, p. 14. They have been variously ascribed to Maginn and Mahony; but were actually the production of the REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM,—Pauline,

Oxonian, and Bentleian,—and who will be known to all time as the "Thomas Ingoldsby" of the Magazines, and author of the "Ballads" that bear the name of the pseudonym he has immortalized. He was born at Canterbury, December 6th, 1788, and died in London, June 17th, 1845, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

EPITAPH ON A FAIR PATIENT OF ST. JOHN LONG'S.

Hic jacet in terris
Pulchra puella;
Voluit esse melior
Dum fuit wella.

Quæ causa mortis
Infelix virgo?
Aqua fortis
Urens a tergo!

Quantum quantitate?
Nescio sane.
Attamen vixero,
Si non any!

Quis administravit?
Sanctus Johannes!
Quibus recommendatus?
Plurimis Zanies!

Quis fuit ille
Johannes præfatus;
O'Driscoll Billy
Olim nuncupatus!

Medicus? Nequaquam,
Sed pictor signorum,
In Tipperariâ
Inops bonorum.

Nunc dives auri
Sedet sublimis,
In curru, celebratus
Prosa atque rhymis!

Quæ tantæ famæ
Fuit origo?
Venter solutus
Marchionis de Sligo!

Nunc particeps alter
Dementiæ vestræ?
Imo, sane, fuit
Dominus Ingestrie.

Ah! virgo infelix!
Tui quam miseresco!
Sine sheetis aut blankets,
Dormientis al fresco!

Ah! virgo infelix,
Hic intus jace
In longum a Longo,
Requiescas in pace!

SPUNGE.

At the lapse of half a century, a short notice of the extraordinary medical charlatan whose doings form the subject of the foregoing verses, may be neither needless nor uninteresting. ST. JOHN LONG was the son of an Irish basket-maker, and practised, in his early days, with some success, as a portrait-painter in Limerick. Coming to London, he obtained employment in the studio of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and was elected a member of the Royal Society of Literature and the Royal Asiatic Society. By-and-by, devoting his attention to the preparation of anatomical drawings for the medical profession, he picked up some knowledge of the human frame, and was induced to think that the practice of medicine offered a fairer employment for his abilities, than the prosecution of the fine arts. Acting upon this conviction, he invented an embrocation and a vapour, which, by means of friction in the one case, and inhalation in the other, were to cure all human diseases. He took a large house in Harley Street; and both this and the street itself, were speedily blocked up with wealthy patients and their carriages; his income amounting in one year, as was said, to the enormous sum of £13,400.* At length, in 1830, a young lady, who had been frightened by the quack's prediction that she would fall into a decline, allowed him to apply the embrocation to her back. A frightful wound was the result, from the exhausting effects of which, although Sir Benjamin Brodie was summoned to the

* This statement is made, apparently on good authority, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xix. (1843), p. 139.

rescue, the unfortunate victim sank, in her twenty-fifth year.* An inquest was held; when, in spite of the enormous interest to divert justice from its course, a verdict of manslaughter was given against the charlatan. A similar result followed his appearance in the dock of the Old Bailey, when, instead of being imprisoned, he was fined £250; a sum which he paid immediately, and left the court in the carriage of Lord Sligo. Resuming his practice, which was in no degree impaired by this catastrophe, another fatal case soon occurred, in the person of a Mrs. Lloyd. A coroner's jury once more found him guilty of manslaughter; but he was, this time, acquitted at the Old Bailey. So important and favourable was the evidence adduced on these trials, that his popularity seemed rather increased than otherwise. The profession, itself, came forward to defend him; and an anonymous pamphleteer (1831) compared his cures to those of] Jesus Christ. He retained his practice till his death,—an event which was not long in arriving. It was not exactly, perhaps, one of those cases so delightful to witness, of the "engineer hoist on his own petard," when consumption, the very disease which he professed the most successfully to combat, cut short his career, in the thirty-eighth year of his age, in the enjoyment of an income of fully £5000 per annum. An imposing monument in Kensal Green Cemetery records, in a fulsome inscription, his "remedial discovery," and provokes comparison with the pompous sepulchres of Ducrow, the Hippodamist, and Morison, the Hygeist.

The following quatrain on this once notorious personage comes to my memory as I write :—

"EPIGRAM ON ST. JOHN LONG.

"Behold, ye quacks! the vengeance strong
On deeds like yours impinging;
For here below lies *St. John Long*,
Who now must be *long singeing!*"

K.

To *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1831, was contributed, by MR. F. W. N. BAYLEY, a poem of a dozen stanzas, entitled "A Long Song of Ecstasy." This is a sort of eulogistic advertisement of the Magazine, and metrical summary of its contents, and as such was not admitted to companionship with the other articles, but found a place, as it was probably intended it should do, on the back of the title for the month. This leaf, not being included in the pagination, is generally consigned by the sapient binders to the *waste*, although it contains upon one side the "contents," and on the other, "notices to correspondents," and such pieces as

* Satirical folks might cite this as an illustration of the capital epigram by Jekyll :—

"One Doctor single like the sculler plies,
The patient struggles, and by inches dies:
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Waft him right smoothly to the Stygian shores;"

—which well deserves a Latin dress :—

"Unicus ægrotum dum tractat, remigis instar,
Paulatim Medicus disperiisse videt;
Navigio celeri Stygias defertur ad undas,
Cui duo dant Medici, dira biremis, opem."

A peculiarly felicitous application of this epigram was once made by Mr. Goulburn, the Commissioner in Bankruptcy, *in re* Kirkman Lane, solicitor (*The Times*, November 25th, 1856, p. 2, col. 3), to illustrate the absurdity of the employment of two attorneys instead of one, as was alleged to save expenses. See Willis's *Current Notes*, December, 1856.

that I now allude to, and consequently merits preservation. As two of these stanzas have reference to our "Gallery," I give them, though they have no special merit of their own to recommend them :—

"With *portraits* of our learned men
It makes the world acquainted ;
To see their phizzes pencill'd there
Is next to being sainted !
JERDAN was drawn, as Jerdan is
When evening dews are falling ;
SIR WALTER walk'd about his grounds
To his northern watch-dog calling ;
GALT warm'd his inexpressibles
Before a roaring fire !
And ROGERS look'd as much amused
As one could well desire.

"LOCKHART, the Comet of the North,
His brown cigar was smoking ;
MOORE gazed upon the clement skies
And look'd like Momus joking !
CAMPBELL, with lengthy pipe in hand,
Seem'd like a god in clover !
MAGINN, array'd in new brown scratch,
A gentleman all over ;
CROKER, the Irish fairy king,
And Oberon of the Moderns ;
With several others yet to come,
Who doubtless will be odd 'uns !"

As one of the Fraserian brotherhood, and an intimate ally of Maginn, this gentleman,—variously known in his short day as "Alphabet" or "Initial" Bayley, from the number of letters which appeared before his surname, and as "Omnibus" Bayley, from a penny weekly publication which he started and edited,—seems to demand some brief notice here. He was born in Ireland, and in very early life accompanied his step-father, a Peninsular and Waterloo officer, to Barbadoes. While resident there he collected materials for his *Four Years' Residence in the West Indies* (London, 1830, 8vo),—a book, which, from the vivid and graphic style in which it discoursed of the Leeward Islands and their inhabitants, gained him the friendship of Maginn, of whom he became an imitator, and introduced him into the literary *coterie* of which the latter was the ruling spirit. The standing which he had thus early acquired in literature led to his appointment as literary, dramatic and musical critic on the *Morning Post ;* during his connection with which journal he produced a three-volume novel, *Scenes and Stories by a Clergyman in Difficulties*, in which some very curious details will be found of the Queen's Bench and Fleet Prison, and the numerous celebrities who were, about that period, the casual tenants of those lugubrious abodes. We also have from his pen *Tales of the late Revolutions, with a Few Others* (London, 8vo, 1831) ; a *Life of William Cobbett ;* and a series of "Historical Poems," contributed to the *Times* newspaper.

In 1832, he issued a series of songs set to music, under the title of *The Nosegay ;* and wrote subsequently many well-known and once popular songs, among which may be mentioned "Jolly Holly Christmas," "He that careth in Summer," "The Sabbath Eve," "She gathers a Shamrock," a series of songs published by Williams, of Cheapside, under the title of *Home Gift Songs*, and *The Newfoundland Dog*, published by Purday, of St. Paul's Churchyard, and sung by Henry Russell, which had a sale of 5000 copies,—a mighty thing in those days.

In 1841, he published (Colnaghi, royal 4to, 10*s.* 6*d.*) the *jeu d'esprit* by which, at this moment, he is perhaps the best remembered. This was his *New Tale of a Tub*,—a story in verse of two Bengalese gentlemen, who picnicking on a sultry

plain within the shade of a huge tub, are disturbed by a prowling Tiger. They manage to dodge him round about the tub for a time; till at last in attempting to climb over it, their unwelcome visitor succeeds in overturning it upon himself, and thus becomes imprisoned within its capacious circumference. The friends jump upon it, and prevent the obstreperous captive from disturbing it in his struggles. At last, in course of his unsuccessful gyrations, his tail makes its appearance through the bung-hole. They take firm grip of this, and are wondering which will die first of starvation, themselves or the tiger, when a happy device occurs to one of them by means of which they may prevent its retraction :—

"The Tiger is free, yet they do not quail,
Tho' temper has all gone wrong with him;
No, they've TIED A KNOT IN THE TIGER'S TAIL,
AND HE CARRIES THE TUB ALONG WITH HIM;
He's a freehold for life, with a tail out of joint,
And has made his last CLIMAX
A TRUE KNOTTY POINT!"

The laughable, but certainly not over-clever, book contained illustrations designed by Lieut. Cotton, and drawn by Aubry, which are reduced for the smaller editions at a shilling, issued by Routledge.

Next came *Comic Nursery Rhymes* (1842, 12mo), including "Blue Beard," and "Little Red Riding Hood," both illustrated by "Alfred Crowquill" (Alfred Henry Forrester); and *The Model of the Earth*, in "The Little Folks Laughing Library" (Darton, 1851), with woodcuts by W. G. Mason after H. G. Hine.

It was Mr. Bayley to whom the public was indebted for the recasting of the *prose* translation of the opera of *Adelia*, produced at her Majesty's Theatre, into *verse;* a feat which he is said to have accomplished at a sitting, on the night previous to that of its representation.

He edited *The Illustrated Musical Almanack;* he wrote *The Souvenir of the Season, The Wake of Ecstacy, in Memory of Jenny Lind,* "with ideal illustrations by Kenny Meadows, lithographed by R. J. Hamerton" (London, 4to, 1848); and was author of *The Opera Glass*, and two Christmas books for 1851,—*The Humming-Bird Keepsake*, and *Gems for the Drawing-Room*,—the illustrations for both beautifully drawn and lithographed by Paul Jerrard of Fleet Street.

A good deal about "Omnibus" Bayley,—and that not much to his credit,—will be found in *Recollections of the Last Half-Century*, by the Rev. J. Richardson, LL.B. (London, 1856, 2 vols, 8vo). He is there described as "a tall awkwardly built man, with a huge head, from which descended and fell on his shoulders, in snake-like ringlets, a profusion of long, black, greasy hair. His face was broad and inexpressive, and only redeemed from perfect vacuity by a certain sinister expression of the eyes. He was, I believe, a West Indian Creole, originally from an Irish stock, with a slight streak of the Negro" (vol. ii. p. 179). I did not, myself, know Mr. Bayley well; though sufficiently so to enable me to speak to the general truth of the foregoing physical portraiture. He was a genial companion,—possessed brilliant conversational powers,—was gifted with a ready wit,—and exhibited a talent for metrical improvisation second, indeed, to that of Theodore Hook, but rivalling the happiest efforts of poor Charlie Sloman.

He died, in December, 1852, in Birmingham, of bronchitis; and was buried in one of the public cemeteries of that town. He must have received large sums for his literary and other labours, but, as a matter of course, left his family entirely unprovided for. He was only forty years of age.

To the very last he was a frequent contributor to a serial long since extinct, *The Cheerful Visitor;* and, by a curious coincidence, the last lines that he penned for it,—the conclusion of the introductory poem to No. 12,—are—

"This the fine moral Glory's Grave hath found you,
THE TOMB IS THE LAST SHELTER FROM THE STORM."

From similarity of name, no less than from the fact that he was a writer of popular songs, this Mr. Bayley is often mistaken for another poet, "his very opposite in all ways,"—and to whose graceful productions his own bore the same sort of resemblance,—to use the words of S. C. Hall,—"as does the pinchbeck of Birmingham to the pure gold of twenty carats."

To obviate any such confounding of persons, a word or two may be said about THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY,—a poet of altogether another stamp,—of infinitely greater sparkle, elegance, refinement and tenderness. Possibly Horace might not unfairly describe such poems as those which he produced, as—

"Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ,

—but still, as a lyric poet, Bayly possessed no mean ability, and his songs are all that is easy and graceful. He was author of two or three novels which I happen never to have read; and some thirty or forty pieces for the stage, which I never saw. Older theatre-goers may, however, remember his *Tom Noddy's Secret*, *Perfection*, etc.; and every one knows his beautiful songs, "Oh no, we never mention her," and "I'd be a Butterfly," which were the charm of every London drawing-room, while the writer was pining in sickness and distress. There is a charming little volume, PSYCHÆ; *or Songs of Butterflies. By T. H. Bayly, attempted in Latin Rhyme by the Rev. Francis Wrangham, M.A., F.R.S. (Archdeacon of the East Riding of York)*,* of which a few copies only were printed at Malton (1828, 8vo), for private distribution. In it occurs the following exquisite version of the song I have spoken of:—

"Ah sim Papilio, natus in flosculo,
Rosæ ubi liliaque et violæ patent;
Floribus advolans, avolans, osculo
Gemmulas tangens, quæ suave olent!
Regna et opes ego neutiquam postulo,
Nolo ego ad pedes qui se volutent—
Ah sim Papilio, natus in flosculo,
Osculans gemmas quæ suave olent!

"Magicam si possem virgam furari,
Alas has pulchras aptem mî, ehen!
Æstivis actis diebus in aëre,
Rosâ cubant Philomelæ cantu.
Opes quid afferunt? Curas, somnum rare;
Regna nil præter ærumnas, eheu!
Ah sim Papilio, die volans aëre,
Rosâ cubans Philomelæ cantu!

"Quemque horum vagulum dicis horrore
Frigora Autumni ferire suo;
Æstas quando abiit, mallem ego mori,
Omni quod dulce est cadente pulchro.

---

* This gentleman, one of the most amiable men and elegant scholars of his day, died December 27th, 1842, aged 73 years. S. C. Hall says: "I knew him well; he was a tall slight man, of exceedingly attractive and gentle manners, with the ease and grace of a Christian gentleman. He had a proneness to translate favourite poems into Latin verse, and usually had a copy or two in his pocket to present as a memorial where he had reason to think the gift would be acceptable." (*Book of Memories*, p. 178.) His graceful skill as a translator into English is evinced by his *Lyrics of Horace; being the First Four Books of his Odes* (Chester, 1832, 4to). "Only a few Copies, including Ten in Octavo, printed for Private Distribution." His portrait was admirably painted by John Jackson, R.A.,—an engraving from which is before me, inserted in the version of Horace of which I have spoken.

Brumæ qui cupiunt captent labore
Gaudia, et moras breves trahunto—
Ah sim Papilio ; vivam in errore,
Concidamque omni cadente pulchro. F. W.

"January, 1828."

One, and probably the best known, of Bayly's dramatic pieces, *Perfection*, had to contend with many difficulties before it found its way to the public. It was originally offered to a minor theatre, where Mrs. Waylett was performing; but was rejected, though subsequently that graceful actress made the principal part, "Kate O'Brien," one of her most successful characters. After this rejection, it was submitted to the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, during the engagement of Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington ; but was once more rejected, though the Irish heroine afterwards became one of this charming lady's favourite parts, when acting in the Provinces. Finally it was fortunately offered to Drury Lane ; and, instantly accepted by the management, achieved a great success in the original cast of Madame Vestris, and Mrs. Orger, supported by Messrs. Webster, Jones and Browne.

This play has been rather a favourite with amateur performers ; and its *personæ* have had aristocratic representatives. Thus, on the occasion of the "Christmas Festivities at Brakelow," January 1st, 1831, after the performance of Lady Dacre's comedy, *A Match or No Match*, it was successfully enacted by Viscount Castlereagh, the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Sophia Gresley, Sir Roger Gresley, and Mr. Lister. "Perfection" is printed in a very scarce volume entitled *Musings and Prosings*, by Thomas Haynes Bayly (Boulogne, 1833, 8vo), where also will be found the capital "Fashionable Eclogues," "Lunatic Lays," sundry poems and songs, and "The Proof of the Pudding," a burletta in one act, founded on and partly translated from the *Vatel* of Scribe, and performed at the Olympic, under the management of Madame Vestris.

Another volume in my hands,—rare also, as printed for private distribution only,—is *Fifty Original Ballads*, by Thomas Haynes Bayly (Bath, Printed by Mary Meyler, 1829, 4to, pp. 80). This is dedicated, "on the plea of relationship," to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington ; the fact being that the great-grandfather of the preceding Earl, and of the father of the poet, were brothers.

Mr. Bayly was thus of good family ; and was born in 1797, in Bath, where his father was a solicitor in good position. The latter made ample provision for his son ; but this was lost through the rascality of a trustee. The young man, who was in every sense a gentleman, of handsome person and distinguished manners, was thus thrown on literature as a resource. He was on the staff of the *John Bull*, during the editorship of Theodore Hook ; and was a frequent contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, when under the management of S. C. Hall. But his health broke down, and he died at Cheltenham, in the forty-second year of his age, April 22nd, 1839, leaving a widow and two children in adverse circumstances. A benefit at Drury Lane produced the sum of £200 for them ; and his widow, Helena Becher Bayly, edited his *Songs, Ballads and other Poems*, and prefaced them by a memoir (1844, 2 vols. 8vo).

In *Fraser's Magazine* (vol. iv. p. 52), will be found the "LAY OF THE TWADDLE SCHOOL, *a Pastoral Duet between* ROBERT MONTGOMERY AND THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY ;" of which I will only transcribe the lines which relate to the latter :—

"Satins and Silks I sang gravely and gaily,
And the bard of the boudoir was Thomas Haynes Bayly ;
With my butterflies, buttercups, butter-flowers daily,
I butter'd my bread,—heigh, for Thomas Haynes Bayly?
With my songs, and my sonnets, the girls I wooed frailly,
Tom Moore, the chaste model of Thomas Haynes Bayly ;

Apollo,—though radiant his rays,—shines but palely,
When the eyes of the fair shine on Thomas Haynes Bayly;
With 'Miniature Lyrics' the Muse did I waylay,
And a miniature picture of Thomas Haynes Bayly;
I sang about Bath, till I bother'd them really,
And eclipsed was Kit Anstey by Thomas Haynes Bayly;
Herrick, Waller, Burns, Byron, Moore, Morris and Shelley,
Were poor sing-song strummers to Thomas Haynes Bayly."

There is yet another BAYLEY,—PETER, to wit. This was a clever man about own, in the Georgian epoch, concerning whom very little is now known. He published a volume of *Poems* (1803, 8vo); and later on, became editor of *The Museum*. We have from his pen, though published anonymously, a very clever social satire, entitled *Sketches from St. George's Fields, by Giorgione di Castel Chiuso* (London, Robert Stodart, 1820, 8vo); followed, in 1821, by a second series, of equal bulk. I feel sure that Lowndes is wrong, in attributing these volumes, in his *Bibliographer's Manual*, to J. C. Hobhouse; and that "Olphar Hamst" (Ralph Thomas) is right in ascribing them, in his *Hand-Book of Fictitious Names assumed by Authors of the XIXth Century* (1868, 8vo), to the writer of whom I am speaking. They are illustrated throughout by woodcut head and tail pieces of rare excellence, from designs signed "B," which I should attribute to W. H. Brooke. In my copy these are carefully coloured; but I have seen no other in which they have been so treated. The book is well worth looking up, but it is no easy matter to get both series. Mr. Peter Bayley died March 25th, 1823, as he was proceeding in a carriage to the Opera House.

I have allowed myself inadvertently to get involved in a *Bailiwick*, from which I shall have some trouble to extricate myself. With a thankful feeling for the information I have derived from a pleasantly learned antiquarian book, I mention JOHN BAYLEY, author of the *History of the Tower of London*, 1821, 2 vols. 4to.

A word to PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, and I have done. It was this gentleman (born 1816), who, by the publication of *Festus, a Poem* (London, Pickering, 1839, 8vo), may be said to have given the primal start to the nuisance of poetic "spasm." Others, of greater or less power,—Alexander Smith, in his *Life Drama*, and Sydney Dobell, in his *Balder*—followed in his wake, and we had a new "school" of poetry. Next sprang up a "school" of criticism to match, and no balderdash was too rhapsodic in thought, or extravagant in language, to escape laudation. Among those whose taste, formed on the classic productions of ancient and modern times, was outraged by these monstrosities, was Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, who, by his admirable mock-heroical poem, *Firmilian; or, the Student of Badajos, a Spasmodic Tragedy*, by T. Percy Jones (1854, 8vo),* at once parodied the poetry, satirized the poetasters, and discredited the critics. Of such "poets" we may well say what Dr. Parr said of Mrs. Barbauld, when he was told that she had successfully imitated Dr. Johnson:—"Sir, she has the nodosity of the oak without its strength,—the noise of the thunder without its bolt,—the contortions of the Sybil without her inspiration!" The "school," regarded as a collective body, may be said to have now ceased to exist. Some of its members have achieved distinction, but, as in the case of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren in art, this has been by renouncing the absurdities of their youth; and some have shown, where they

* This masterpiece of burlesque is the least known, and perhaps the best, of Aytoun's writings. A specimen, so to speak, was contributed by him to *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1854; and purported to be extracted from an unpublished tragedy, which was gravely criticized in the ordinary fashion. So well was the thing carried out, that the newspapers took the part of the poet against the reviewer; and never dreaming that they were identical, pronounced the poetry excellent, and the critic altogether in the wrong! They begged "Mr. Percy Jones" to publish his volume, and—Aytoun obliged them with "a real roaring tragedy"! Even when this appeared, a few months afterwards, the public was not convinced, and the humorous poem was noticed by several critics as a genuine production of the spasmodic school.

have condescended to write like ordinary folks, that they had nothing but their absurdity to recommend them. The immediate begetter of the *Festus* of Bailey, was the *Faustus* of Goethe; of which the good Germans may cease to boast, for if our *Festus* be not greater, it is three or four times as long! It has gone through many editions; and with it is now incorporated *The Angel World* of the same author, originally published in 1850. I have expressed no opinion of my own on *Festus;* which has always appeared to me a poem containing some fine passages, and of considerable, if unequal, power. Much is expected where God, the Holy Ghost, the Son of God, Lucifer, and the Angels are interlocutors; though one can hardly but be shocked by the constant iteration, on the first page, of a name which has been thought by some too holy even to pronounce. It is my misfortune, I suppose, that I cannot quite say with Ebenezer Elliott, "that it contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets;" with Douglas Jerrold, that it is "truly wonderful"; or, with Alfred Tennyson, that "I can hardly trust myself to say how much I admire it, for fear of falling into extravagance."*

There are also by Mr. Bailey, *The Mystic, and other Poems* (1855, 8vo); *The Age: a Colloquial Satire* (Chapman and Hall, 1858, 8vo); and *The Universal Hymn* (1868, 4to).

L.

When the portrait of WILLIAM MAGINN, "The Doctor," originally appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for January, 1831, it was accompanied by an admirable page of illustrative text from the pen of his friend, John Gibson Lockhart. In this occur, as descriptive of the subject, two lines of verse, highly indicative of his nationality, and which are cited as "his own immortal words":—

"A randy, bandy, brandy, no Dandy,
Rollicking jig of an Irishman!"—

These lines will be found to form part of the song given below, a performance which may be pronounced unique in its humorous and suggestive excellence. It was sung by "O'Doherty," at "Awmrose's," and will be found in chap. i. of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. It also occurs in a little volume entitled *Whistlebinkie; or the Piper of the Party. A Collection of Songs chiefly for the Social Circle* (Glasgow, 1839, small 8vo), to which it was possibly contributed by Maginn, or, more probably, annexed directly by the editor, from the convenient pages of *Blackwood*:—

"THE LADY'S POCKET ADONIS.

"There was a lady lived at Leith,
A lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of all her teeth,
She fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman,
A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping,
Ranting, roaring Irishman!

"His face was no ways beautiful,
For with smallpox 'twas scarr'd across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog
Were almost double a yard across.
Oh! the lump of an Irishman!
The whiskey-devouring Irishman!
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue,
The fighting, rioting Irishman!

* See the six pages of "Notices and Literary Opinions," at the end of the "third edition, with additions," Pickering, 1848, demy 8vo.

"One of his eyes was bottle-green,
And the other eye was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs
Were more than two feet about, my dear.
Oh! the great big Irishman!
The rattling, battling Irishman!
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering,
Leathering swash of an Irishman!

"He took so much of Lundyfoot,
That he used to snort and snuffle, oh!
And, in shape and size, the fellow's neck
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh! the horrible Irishman!
The thundering, blundering Irishman!
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing,
Thrashing, hashing Irishman!

"His name was a terrible name, indeed,
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And when he'd emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he'd fill'd it full again.
The boozing, bruising Irishman,—
The 'toxicated Irishman—
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy,
Brandy, no dandy Irishman!

"This was the lad the lady loved,
Like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith,
Just by the way of jollity;
Oh! the leathering Irishman!
The barbarous, savage Irishman!
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads,
Were bother'd, I am sure, by this Irishman!"

M.

(Page 241.)

The following extracts from *The Age* newspaper may serve at once to illustrate the theatrical criticism of the period, and the quarrel between Kemble and Westmacott. Possibly the actor was angrier than he need have been, and attached a significance to a certainly obnoxious word which it was not intended to bear:—

"AN ODE TO COVENT GARDEN.

"Out, alas! the times are hard in
Thy great play-house, Covent Garden!
If they mend not, I assure ye,
You'll be dish'd clean by Old Drury:
See, to carry on the war,
They've recruited, near and far;
And have levied such a power,
As never London saw before,
Young and old, and short and tall,
Soldiers, 'pioneers and all,'
Tragic, comic, operatic,
In short, a perfect *corps dramatique*.
While these cohorts fill *their* trenches,
Your defence lies on two wenches,

Black-ey'd Susan, black-ey'd Fanny—
What can they against so many?
If of two the Town must choose one,
Who d'ye think will care for Susan?
And, tho' I love her, never can I
Dote alone on Tragic Fanny.
Pr'ythee change, then, Charlie Kemble:
If you don't, you well may tremble,
Soon you'll find your two pet doxies
Will leave you nought but 'empty boxes,'
And your prizes turn to blanks—
The public owe you but small thanks.
Be advis'd then;—haste and get a
Change for that long burletta,
A place for SUSAN straight engage,
Book her by the Deptford stage,
And tho' Fanny some admire,
Of Fanny always folks will tire.
Mutton's good, no doubt, for dinner;
But who was yet so great a sinner,
As to be condemned to munch
For supper, dinner, breakfast, lunch,
Nought but mutton?—Oh, the Dickens!
At the thought, one's stomach sickens,
'Toujours perdrix' who can pardon,
Or thy play-bills, Covent Garden?
Which, when reading, each one cries
'Nought but black eyes!—D——n their eyes!'
Happy should we be to lose one,—
Black-ey'd Fanny, or black-ey'd Susan,
Nay, without deep sorrow, can I
Spare Miss Susan and Miss Fanny.
Out, alas! the times are hard in
Thy great play-house, Covent Garden!"

Well, we know all about "black-ey'd Fanny;" but who, in the name of Thespis, was "black-ey'd Susan"? If, among my readers, there be some grey-bearded play-goer whose memory reaches back to this palæozoic epoch, he may, remembering,—not the dark orbs, for I think they were light,—but the graceful form that enchanted Lord William Lennox,—reply, "Why, Susannah Paton, to be sure!" But my octogenarian friend would be wrong. "Black-ey'd Susan" was no other than,—"Black-ey'd Susan!" *Scilicet*, the well-known, and once famous, nautical drama thus entitled, which, written by Douglas Jerrold, when a youngster of twenty, and with Gay's capital ballad, "All in the downs, etc.," written a hundred years before, had set the Thames fairly on fire at the "Surrey," under Elliston,—had retrieved the broken fortunes of old "Drury,"—and had had a run at the "Garden" of which the critic seems to have been getting as tired as must have been T. P. Cook, the original "William," who is said to have enacted the character nearly a thousand times!

There are prose criticisms on Fanny Kemble also to be found in *The Age*, commenting unfavourably upon her figure, bust, complexion, arms, eyes, and pronunciations; but nothing which by the most sensitive fastidiousness, could be tortured into an imputation on the moral character of the young lady. But, still, the flogging was not thrown away.

N.

The following exquisite lines were written by the younger DISRAELI in the album of the COUNTESS of BLESSINGTON, and refer to a young deaf and dumb grand-niece of the latter, "the favourite and petted and pitied plaything of her distinguished circle of guests":—

"TO A BEAUTIFUL MUTE.

1.

"Tell me the star from which she fell,
Oh! name the flower
From out whose mild and perfumed bell,
At witching hour,
Sprang forth this fair and fairy maiden,
Like a bee with honey laden.

2.

"They say that these sweet lips of thine
Breathe not to speak;
Thy very ears, that seem so fine,
No sound can seek;
And yet thy face beams with emotion
Restless as the waves of ocean.

3.

"'Tis well; thy face and form agree,
And both are fair.
I would not that the child should be
As others are;
I love to mark her, in derision,
Smiling with seraphic vision,—

4.

"At our arts of vulgar sense
That cannot stain,
Nor mar her mystic innocence,
Nor cloud her brain
With all the dreams of worldly folly,
And its creative melancholy.

5.

"To thee I dedicate these lines,
Yet read them not.
Cursed be the art that e'er refines
Thy natural lot;
Read the bright stars and read the flowers,
And hold converse with the bowers."

I question whether the following graceful verses, *penes me in schedis manuscriptis*, have ever appeared in print; any way, they will be new to many, and are worthy of preservation here. They were written by Disraeli in 1835:—

"TO A MAIDEN SLEEPING AFTER HER FIRST BALL.

"Dreams come from Jove, the poet says;
But as I watch the smile
That on that lip now softly plays,
I can but deem the while,
Venus may also send a shade,
To whisper to a slumb'ring maid.

"What dark ey'd-youth now culls the flower
That radiant brow to grace?
Or whispers in the starry hour
Words fairer than thy face?
Or singles thee from out the throng,
To thee to breathe his minstrel song?

"The ardent brow that ne'er can fail,—
The sigh that is not sad,—
The glance that tells a secret tale,—
The spirit hush'd, yet glad,—
These weave the dreams that maidens prove
The flattering dreams of virgin love."

O.

It appears to me that I can hardly round off this "Appendix" more appropriately than by placing on record, as briefly as may be, some few details of the origin, career, and final extinction of the Magazine to which I have had occasion so frequently to refer, and which, in its "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters," has afforded materials for this volume.

I have already stated that WILLIAM MAGINN was born in the year 1794, in Cork; a city, which by its love for literature, antiquarian research, and scientific investigation, has earned the title of the "Athens of Ireland." Maginn in earlier life, when assisting in his father's school, became one of a number of young ambitious men who had formed themselves into a literary society, and soon acquired distinction among his compeers for his deep and varied reading. Suitable prints for the display of his peculiar talents and learning were not very numerous in those days; but the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine* in Edinburgh, in 1817, seemed to offer the precise opportunity which he required. He commenced his correspondence with the editor in November, 1819, in the issue for which month appeared his extraordinary translation into Latin of the ballad of "Chevy Chase." Similar compositions followed,—*inter alia*, "Fytte Second" of the ballad in question. Mahony,—*Arcas alter*,—in his first essay on "Modern Latin Poets" (*Fraser's Magazine*, August, 1835), alludes to these happy *nugæ* in his own special way:—"O'Doherty," writes he, "in his younger days, deeply pondering on the fleeting nature of the beauties of modern compositions, and the frail and transitory essence of all living forms of speech, had a notion of rescuing these charming things from inevitable decay, and announced himself to the public as a poetical EMBALMER. He printed a proposal for wrapping up in the imperishable folds of Greek and Latin, with sundry spices of his own, the songs and ballads of these islands; which, in a few centuries, will be unintelligible to posterity. He had already commenced operating on 'Black-eyed Susan,' and had cleverly disembowelled 'Alley Croaker'; both of which made excellent classical mummies. 'Wapping Old Stairs,' in his Latin translation, seemed to be the veritable 'Gradus ad Parnassum'; and his Greek version of "'Twas in Trafalgar Bay' beat all Æschylus ever sung about Salamis. What became of the project, and why Sir Morgan gave it up, we cannot tell; he is an unaccountable character. But while we regret this embalming plan should have been abandoned, we are free to confess that in our opinion, 'Old King Cole,' in Hebrew, was his best effort. It was equal to 'Solomon in all his Glory.'"

With a word of caution to the literary enthusiast not to waste time in the search for these macaronic *delicia*, which may possibly prove hard to find, I offer for his delectation a happy specimen not mentioned by the *Padre*:—

"BYRON READS.

1.

"Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hande go colde:
But bellye, God sende thee good ale ynoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.
I cannot eat but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good;
But sure I thinke that I can drynke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I am nothing a colde;
I stuff my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Both foote and hande go colde:
But, belly, God send thee good ale enoughe,
Whether it be newe or olde.

2.

"I love no rost, but a nut-browne toste,
And a crab laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me stead,
Much breade I not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde, I trowe,
Can hurt me if I wolde:
I am so wrapt, and throwly lapt,
Of jolly good ale and olde.
Backe and syde go bare, etc.

3.

"And Tyb, my wyfe, that, as her lyfe,
Loveth well good ale to seeke;
Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see
The teares run down her cheeke:
Then doth she trowle to mee the boule,
Even as a mault-worme shuld;
And sayth, 'Sweete hart, I took my parte
Of this jolly good ale and olde.'
Backe and syde go bare, etc.

4.

"Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke,
Even as good felowes should doe:
They shall not mysse to have the blysse
Good ale doth bringe men to.
And all poore soules that have scowr'd boules,
Or have them lustely trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wyves,
Whether they be yonge or old.
Backe and syde go bare, etc."

"CANTAT DOHERTIADES.

1.

"Sint nuda dorsum, latera—
Pes, manus, algens sit;
Dum Ventri veteris copia
Zythi novive fit.
Non possum multum edere,
Quia stomachus est nullus;
Sed volo vel monacho bibere
Quanquam sit huic cucullus.
Et quamvis nudus ambulo,
De frigore non est metus;
Quia semper Zytho vetulo
Ventriculus est impletus.
Sint nuda dorsum, latera—
Pes, manus, algens sit;
Dum Ventri veteris copia
Zythi novive fit.

2.

"Assatum nolo—tostum volo—
Vel pomum igni situm;
Nil pane careo—parvum hab-
Pro pane appetitum.
Me gelu, nix, vel ventus vi-
Afficerent injuria;
Hæc sperno, ni adesset m-
Zythi veteris penuria.
Sint nuda, etc.

3.

"Et uxor Tybie, qui semper
Vult quærere Zythum bene,
Ebibit-hæc persæpe, nec
Sistit, dum madeant genæ.
Et mihi tum dat cantharum,
Sic mores sunt bibosi;
Et dicit 'Cor, en! impleor
Zythi dulcis et annosi.'
Sint nuda, etc.

4.

"Nunc ebibant, donec nictant
Ut decet virum bonum;
Felicitatis habebunt satis,
Nam Zythi hoc est donum
Et omnes hi, qui canthari
Sunt haustibus lætati,
Atque uxores vel juniores
Vel senes, Diis sint grati.
Sint nuda, etc."

But to return. Maginn, in his earlier communications with Blackwood, did not make his personality known, and corresponded with him under the signature of "R. T. S.," or, later on, as "Ralph Tucker Scott." For his earlier papers he did not seek payment; and it was only after considerable pressure from the liberal publisher that he consented to receive an *honorarium*. "Your contributions have now been so numerous and valuable," wrote the latter to his unknown assistant, "in the truest sense of the word, that I trust you will allow me to return you some acknowledgment, for I cannot repay you for the kind and valuable aid you have given me. If you will not accept money, I trust you will allow me to send you

books, and you would do me a singular favour, if you would send me a list of those that would be acceptable to you." As a result of this, a cheque was sent; which the Doctor acknowledged in a humorous letter, chaffing Blackwood for his simplicity, and exaggerating the difficulty he had had in cashing the draft with the endorsement of an imaginary person!

Blackwood was in its 9th vol. when Maginn made his appearance at Edinburgh *in propriâ personâ*, and took up his abode temporarily with the publisher. He soon gravitated to London; but kept up his connection with "Maga" till 1828, or 1830; in which latter year some disagreement with the publisher, difficult to get at now, having occurred, he determined to set on foot a London rival.

At this epoch there flourished in town a briefless barrister named HUGH FRASER. He had been among Maginn's earliest acquaintances in England, and congeniality of tastes and habits had produced a strict intimacy between the pair. I have reasons of my own for not enlarging upon the career of this worthy; so will content myself with saying that he was described by Kenealy, who ought to have known him, as "one of those clever, well-bred men of wit and honour about town, whom London produces in greater perfection and greater numbers than any other metropolis in the world,"* —and by S. C. Hall, as a man, "whose fate he understood was mournful, as his career had been discreditable."† Leaving the judicious reader to form what opinion of Hugh Fraser he chooses, from these discrepant statements, I may remind him that Maclise has left us an admirable presentment of his external man in the admirable Fraserian cartoon, where he will be discerned seated opposite to Maginn, on the right hand of Dunlop, drawing a copy of REGINA from the pocket of his swallow-tails, in eager converse we may guess, about an article, with Lockhart who sits at his right elbow.

The Doctor was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet; neither was his coadjutor. The preliminary details as to the form and character of the projected serial were soon arranged; and the articles for the first three or four numbers, nearly all written by the Doctor or his friend, completed. The allies then sallied forth, with the manuscript in their pockets, in search of a publisher. Strolling down Regent Street, and coming to No. 215, the Doctor exclaimed with hasty inspiration, "Fraser! here's a namesake of yours;—let us try him." The visit was auspicious. The publisher was inclined to give ear to the proposition, and the terms were soon arranged. The name of the Magazine was taken from *Hugh* Fraser, the editor, not *James* Fraser, the publisher; nor would the latter ever allow any one in his employment to style it otherwise than "The Town and Country," under which appellation it is always referred to in his books and correspondence. The first number appeared in February, 1830.

It is probably not too much to say that in brilliancy of wit, gracefulness of learning and versatility of character, the early volumes of the new *Magazine* have rarely, if ever, been excelled. Accordingly it soon attained a high position among contemporary periodicals, and a circulation at once extensive and respectable. All went well for a time, and the publisher had cause to bless the lucky star that brought his namesake and the Doctor to his sheltering door. But the ruling spirit of his staff was a literary Ishmael,—a "wild man," like his biblical prototype,—and careless where his hands fell. In August, 1836, appeared Maginn's scurrilous review of Grantley Berkeley's novel, *Berkeley Castle*. In the last sentence of this, *Fraser* (the Magazine) suggested to Lord Euston, to whose wife (the cousin of Berkeley) the novel was dedicated, to "borrow a horsewhip," and assured him that he might "use it with perfect safety." The hint was taken; but *mutatis mutandis*, it was Berkeley that procured the weapon, and *Fraser* (the publisher) who received the recommended flagellation! After all, this was justice, if of a rough kind. Some one deserved the flogging, it is certain; and although Berkeley ought to have made some attempt, through Fraser, to get at

* *Dublin University Magazine*, January, 1844, p. 87.
† *Book of Memories*, 1871, p. 158.

the actual writer of the article, before he commenced operations, it is well to remember that Fraser was quite aware of its libellous character. The fact is, it was scribbled off in about an hour by Maginn, to meet the demands of the press, in the publisher's memorable back-parlour, literally *currente calamo*, and when the whole party were half drunk. "Jemmy," said Father Mahony, as he glanced over the article, "you had better take care what you do,—this seems libellous." "Pooh," replied the publisher, "we have printed worse;—we are at the end of the month, and it must go in." Go in it did; what followed is well known,—the vapulation, the duel, and the action-at-law, all of which I have recorded (page 53), at sufficient length. Hugh Fraser acted as Maginn's second in the duel; and after the third ineffective shot he asked his principal if there should be another. The latter replied, *more Hibernico*, "Blaze away, by G—d!—a barrel of gunpowder!"*

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein." Perillus was baked himself in the brazen bull which he had invented for Phalaris; and Regent Morton decapitated by the "Maiden" which is said to have been his own device. It is a delicious sight,—that of "the Engineer hoist on his own Petard," or the critic flayed by the knout which he had provided for another. Here we have Fraser,—man, or magazine, it does not matter which,—recommending that Grantley Berkeley should receive the horsewhip; and, lo! the weapon is applied by the latter to his own shoulders. Just in the same way,—and the coincidence is somewhat curious,—Maclise puts a dog-whip in Westmacott's hat, as indicative of the use he was ready to make of such an instrument; and, alas! it is his own impudent person to which it is applied by Charley Kemble!

The unlucky publisher, by no means a strong man, is said never to have overgot the castigation, unnecessarily brutal in character, which had been inflicted on him by the angry author. He died, and his business fell into the hands of Mr. G. W. Nickisson, whose name first appeared in 1842, in vol. xxi. of the Magazine.

The literary history of *Fraser's Magazine*, with any minuteness of detail, would require a volume. I must skip over its intermediate annals and come to more modern times. In 1847 (vol. xxxvi.), it had been transferred to Mr. John H. Parker, of the West Strand, by whom, or by his successors, it continued to be published during the remainder of its existence, under its original form and title. The editorial functions were assumed by Mr. James Anthony Froude, some of whose essays were first published in its pages. His coadjutor in the conduct of the magazine was Mr. William Allingham, who contributed to it, under the pen-name of "Patricius Walker," some refined and charming sketches of rambles in English woods and lanes. When Mr. Froude resigned the editorship, he was succeeded by this competent gentleman, with the close of whose editorial career, the historic continuity of the magazine came to an end, and its identity was gone. It appeared with a different cover, and under a different editor; and although it maintained a certain literary character, it was no longer the magazine of old times. But its doom was sealed, together with that of the old, dull, respectable, high-class magazines. Douglas Jerrold struck the first blow by his *Shilling Magazine*; William and Robert Chambers† had long before this shown, by their three-half-

* Grantley Berkeley, in his *Reminiscences*, gives an account of this duel, and his transactions with Maginn generally. But it is entirely *ex parte*, and no dependence whatever is to be placed on it.

† While this sheet is passing through the press, the death of Dr. William Chambers is announced, May 20th, 1883, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Twice elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and holding the degree of Doctor of Laws, conferred upon him by the university of that city, in 1872, his literary merits and public munificence, great as they were admitted to be, were not found worthy of a baronetcy till so late in his protracted career, that his death actually took place before the bestowal of the distinction could be gazetted!

With the name of this eminent man will ever be associated that of his younger brother, Robert, who, born July 10th, 1802, died March 17th, 1871. These brothers

penny *Journal*, how possible it was to combine first-rate quality with cheapness; and, finally, the success of the *Cornhill*, under Thackeray, brought a host of shilling magazines into existence, and demonstrated practically that the day of the half-crowners had come to an end. One of the first to become extinct was that of which I have been speaking; and the announcement appeared in November, 1882, that "with the present number the publication of *Fraser's Magazine* will cease."

Thus REGINA, at the time of her death, had just outlived her half-century of existence. She had enjoyed a career, on the whole, successful and brilliant; and should not be allowed to "drop through the tissue of our literary history," without some words of record and farewell. It is the inevitable misfortune of a magazine, that, if its writers are good for much, they have a tendency to fall away from it into independent and more important work; if bad, they stand by the ship, and eventually sink it. The former, in great measure, was the lot of *Fraser;* but still, certain names seem to permeate its almost entire continuity. Thus Carlyle, who, fifty years ago, found, in *Fraser*, an exponent for his *Sartor Resartus*, when no one else would have to do with it, published, in the same sheltering pages, his last work on "The Early Kings of Norway," and his "Portraits of John Knox." Thackeray's earliest and best writings were contributed to REGINA.* Of Mahony,—"Father Prout,"—I need not say more; but it is worth while to record that a nephew of the *Padre*, Mr. Martin Francis Mahony, contributed a few years ago to *Fraser*, a masterly piece of political satire, in the form of an anonymous serial story, entitled "The Adventures of Mr. Catlyne, Q.C." This excited great attention, and much was expected from the future of so brilliant a writer; but he unfortunately broke down prematurely, and a career which promised such bright things, was closed by a too early death. To the pages of *Fraser* also, a writer of the last generation, who retained, as a Septuagenarian, all the sprightliness of humour, ingenuity of fancy, and reach of learning, which had characterized him in earlier days, contributed the last, if not the best, of his works. This was Thomas Love Peacock, whose *Gryll Grange*, written in 1860, exhibits the same favourite types of character which were originally made familiar to our grandfathers, and is characterized by a sagacity of criticism, a vigour of wit,

brought to their co-partnership a happy combination of gifts. William was the better business-man; Robert possessed the higher literary faculty. The great landmark in their career was the starting, on February 4th, 1832, of the well-known *Edinburgh Journal*, in its original cumbrous folio shape. This was a new type of magazine,—met a popular need,—and at once achieved a marvellous success. It soon attained an immense circulation; and this it has retained to the present day,—although it has no illustrations, is unsupported by names great or fashionable in literature, and has to contend with new and powerful rivals. It depends upon its inherent merits, its happy mixture of the instructive and the entertaining, and its elevation and purity of tone. It may, too, be considered an element in its general popularity, that, in politics and religion, it appeals to no sectarian interests; and that, in its moral teaching, it has kept strictly within the line of natural ethics. For the last half-century, the publishing house of the brothers has been a centre of vast literary activity. Every one is familiar, more or less, with its productions;—its admirable school-books; its "Miscellany of Tracts," which was crushed by the paper-duty; its *Book of Days*,—to which Robert owed his death,—modelled upon the *Every Day Book*, etc., of William Hone, to which in the matter alone of wood-cut illustrations it is vastly inferior; and a whole library of valuable and useful books. I will only further indicate a *Memoir of Robert Chambers, with Autegraphic Reminiscences of William Chambers* (Edin. and Lond., 1872, 8vo).

* It is curious to remember,—and the instance may be added to those recorded on page 78, in illustration of the inability of publishers to discern the elements of success in the works submitted to them,—that the *Vanity Fair* of Thackeray,—that masterpiece of modern fiction, by which its author was at once raised to the foremost rank of British novelists,—was, in the first instance, pertinaciously refused, both by the editors of magazines, and by the publishers, as a substantive work!

a refinement of satire, and a classic polish, in no way inferior to its predecessors of the *Headlong Hall* series, which were published half a century before.*

It seems almost invidious to mention, if only by name, a few out of the numerous writers of distinguished ability who contributed, in these later days, to maintain the reputation of REGINA. Among those which occur at once to memory will be Professor Cairnes, "A. K. H. B.," James Spedding, Isa Craig, "Shirley," Professor Leone Levi, William Hopkins, F.R.S., Major G. J. Whyte Melville, and a host of others.

Thus, old EBONY, which was flourishing in youthful lustihood when its London compeer started up in rivalry, is still extant, like the fabled Charon, in green senescence—

"Jam senior; sed cruda Deo, viridisque senectus,"

—while REGINA has come to a final close of career. In which condition of things may possibly be found some explanation of that quaint old prophecy, as to the purport of which Dr. Johnson, who took it from the lips of an aged crone, on his visit to the Hebrides in 1773 (see *Boswell*), was so terribly bothered :—

"Proud MAGA had been a bra' Magazine,
When REGINA she was nane;
And MAGA, I ween, will be still a Magazine,
When REGINA sall be gane!"

P.

(Page 143.)

EDWARD QUILLINAN, the poet, was born of Irish parents, at Oporto, August 12th, 1791. He was educated in England, and entered the army, as a cornet by purchase, in the Queen's Bays. When quartered at Canterbury, he formed an attachment to Jemima A. D. Brydges, the *second* daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, —not the *fourth*, as I have (page 223) inadvertently stated,—whom he married in 1817. This lady, by whom he had two daughters, met her death in 1822, by her dressing-gown catching fire, and lies buried in Grasmere churchyard, where is a monument to her memory from a design by Chantrey. Nearly twenty years after, in 1841, Mr. Quillinan married Dora Wordsworth, daughter of the poet, who too was taken from him, in 1847. His own death took place July 8th, 1851, at Grasmere, where, in the cemetery of St. Oswald's, his remains were interred, in acquiescence with the "REQUEST" expressed in a sonnet of exquisite tenderness and beauty :—

"Two graves, in Grasmere Vale, yew-shaded both,
My all of life, if life be love, comprise.
In one the mother of my children lies,
Fate's blameless victim in her bloom of youth :
The other holds the constancy and truth
That never fail'd me under darker skies,
When subtle wrongs perplex'd me. Her whose eyes
Saw light through every wildering maze uncouth.
Between those graves a space remains for me :
O lay me there, wherever I may be
When met by Death's pale angel; so in peace
My dust near theirs may slumber, till the day
Of final retribution or release
For mortal life's reanimated clay."

An interesting memoir of this most refined, and unjustly neglected poet, by his friend William Johnston, is prefixed to the elegant edition of his *Poems*, published by Moxon, 1853, 8vo, pp. 268.

* Published afterwards in book-form (London, Parker, Son and Bourn, West Strand, 1861, 8vo). Mr. Peacock died at Shepperton, near his favourite Thames, early in 1866, in the eighty-first year of his age.

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* "Eden Warwick" was the pen-name of George Jabet, solicitor, of Birmingham, who died at Handsworth, July 13th, 1873. He was author also of the elegant volume, *The Poet's Pleasaunce: a Garden of Pleasant Flowers* (1849, square 8vo).

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